

CHAPTER XXXIV

GREAT TRANSLATORS

FOR a long time I have been intending to give a short lecture on the subject of the great English translators of Foreign Poetry; but it is only now that the chance offers itself. In speaking of this kind of translation, I want first to impress upon you that it is a very difficult and very uncommon art. Of course there are thousands of people who translate or try to translate foreign poetry into English verse; but there have not been more than a dozen in the whole history of English literature who have done this well. To do it well, it is necessary that the translations should be in a form corresponding to the foreign form as closely as the English language will permit;—it is necessary that the translator should be as good a poet or nearly as good a poet as the foreign poet;—it is necessary, in fine, that we should get the spirit rather than the exact literal meaning of the foreign poem. The man capable of doing all these things, and of being a genius as well, is seldom found. The French are better advanced in literary knowledge and practice than perhaps any other people; and they have long recognized that to translate poetry into poetry is the privilege of few men indeed. Therefore French translations of foreign poets are now wisely made in prose, not in verse. The English stupidly keep to the habit of translating verse into verse, even to the present time, and this bad fashion results in the publication every year of a vast mass of rhymed rubbish. No other people have done so much bad work. If there is anything to admire about the production of such a man as Sir John Bowring, who translated into English the German poets and many others, it is simply the capacity

for producing verse by the mile. And in spite of all the translation of Goethe that have been made into English, by American as well as British translators, we prefer to read the prose translation of "Faust" made by Hayward and revised by Buchheim. I might quote a thousand examples. Who, for example, cares to read the English translations of the Persian poets,—Hafiz, Saadi, etc.? Nobody—because these men who made the translations, though scholars, were not poets for the most part. We prefer the French and German prose translations. There is indeed one astonishing exception—Fitzgerald's translation of Omar Khayyām. But this is much more than a mere translation: it is a recombination, and the work of a very rare genius. For one Fitzgerald, you have a hundred Bowrings. Another notable exception is to be found in the translations of Arabian poetry by Palmer; but still one rather goes to the French prose in order to obtain the exact spirit of the original. This is enough of preliminary. I only want to remind you that great translators are very few.

Of those few, some are so familiar that I need not say much about them. For example, I need not quote Carlyle's magnificent "Luther's Psalm" (*Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott*). That is equal to Luther himself; for it was the work of a mind and heart very much like his own. Individual examples of this kind may be mentioned; but it is not necessary to dwell upon them for the moment. Let me rather first illustrate exactly what a perfect translation is,—taking Rossetti for a guide. He is perhaps the greatest of all translators (English)—considering the immense volume of his work, far exceeding that of Fitzgerald, and in every case his translation is a re-creation. I have read to you the translation from Villon—"The Ballad of Dead Ladies;" but an example from more modern French will better show the nature of the art that we are considering. In Victor Hugo's drama "Les Burgraves" you will find two little songs,—one on Page 14 of the Hetzel-Quantin edition and one on Page 46 of the same volume. The first is this:

Dans les guerres civiles
 Nous avons tous les droits.
 —Nargue à toutes les villes,
 Et nargue à tous les rois!

Le Burgrave prospère.
 Tout est dans la terreur.
 —Barons, nargue au saint-père,
 Et nargue à l'empereur!

Règnons, nous sommes braves,
 Par le fer, par le feu!
 —Nargue à Satan, burgraves!
 Burgraves, nargue à Dieu!

The word “narguer” meaning originally to wrinkle up the nose as a sign of contempt, cannot be literally rendered into English: there is no equivalent for it. In order to appreciate Rossetti’s rendering of this fierce song, you must remember that in singing French verse the final “e,” though soundless in prose, becomes a syllable:

In the time of the civil broils
 Our swords are stubborn things.
 A fig for all the cities!
 A fig for all the kings!

The Burgrave prospereth:
 Men fear him more and more.
 Barons, a fig for his Holiness!
 A fig for the Emperor!

Right well we hold our own
 With the brand and the iron rod.
 A fig for Satan, Burgraves!
 Burgraves, a fig for God!

You may say that line by line the translation is not the same as the original. But the verse is—the stanza is: it gives exactly the same sense and spirit of the French, even while changing certain words. “Saint-père” (Holy Father) is

well enough represented by the equivalent English term "His Holiness"; and the expression "nargue à" is excellently rendered by the English term of contempt "a fig for"—originally borrowed from the Italian. The measure is as much the same as English permits. And there is another thing to notice; the English verses are much stronger than the French; for instance, notice the splendid effect of the word "stubborn" in the second line of the first stanza. Anything translated by a genius from a Latin tongue into a Northern tongue ought, by virtue of the qualities inherent in the Northern speech, to gain in strength and it does so in this case. The strength of French becomes doubled in English.

This first song is intended to express the recklessness of strength and pride in rebellion. The next is intended to express the recklessness of passion in youth—a passion that devours the life of the person possessed by it:

L'hiver est froid, la bise est forte,
 Il neige là-haut sur les monts.
 Aimons, qu'importe!
 Qu'importe, aimons!

Je suis damné, ma mère est morte,
 Mon curé me fait cent sermons.
 Aimons, qu'importe!
 Qu'importe, aimons!

Belzébuth, qui frappe à ma porte,
 M'attend avec tous ses démons.
 Aimons, qu'importe!
 Qu'importe, aimons!

Here Rossetti has been obliged to leave the French measure as far as the first two lines of each stanza are concerned—he has had to lengthen these lines. If he could not reproduce the force of the original in an equally short line, we may doubt whether any other poet could have done

it. But remark that he keeps the burden within the same short compass as the French, syllable for syllable:—

Through the long winter the rough wind tears;
 With their white garment the hills look wan.
 Love on: who cares?
 Who cares? Love on.

My mother is dead; God's patience wears;
 It seems my chaplain will not have done.
 Love on: who cares?
 Who cares? Love on.

The Devil, hobbling up the stairs,
 Comes for me with his ugly throng.
 Love on: who cares?
 Who cares? Love on.

If there is anything lost in French, the loss is more than made up for by added strength in English. "It seems my chaplain will not have done" (meaning "I wonder if that priest will never get tired of wasting his time in talking to me") takes an irony that greatly surpasses the French irony. "The Devil" with the capital D does very well as the substitute for "Belzébuth", and the description suggested of the friends coming up the stairs led by their "hobbling chief" has a medieval grotesqueness not to be found in the French at all.

The last stanza is incomparably stronger than that of Victor Hugo. But, in his own way, Rossetti was greater than Hugo: and he understood Hugo perfectly. It was the case of one genius reading another. I put you to the trouble of comparing these texts only for illustrative purposes. Any English poem, which is a great translation of a foreign poem, ought to stand comparison equally well, and to gain in strength if the original express strength. If the original poem, on the other hand, be in Latin, and express tenderness, grace, delicacy, it will lose in English, not gain, no matter how clever be the translator. The English translation can give a force impossible to the Italian, French or

Spanish, but is much inferior to it in delicacy. No better example of this could be given than by Austin Dobson's attempt to translate Gautier's "Ars Victrix" (Art, the Victorious).*

The translation is pretty, of course, and gives a meaning, but there is not one stanza that even faintly could compare with the French in music and color and luminous grace. Yet Dobson is an excellent and delicate poet. But the subject is art and beauty; and the English language is not refined enough to express what the French can express on these subjects. It is still too harsh and stiff. Yet there have been English translators who came very near the beauty of the French in the renderings of light emotional verse. The rendering of emotion and memory is a much less difficult thing to accomplish than the rendering of the French art sense; and Thackery did the thing so well that, at all events, his verses have become famous for all time. The subject was chosen from Béranger,† and is entitled "The Garret". Béranger wrote a great many touching songs of student life; and the song translated by Thackery is one of the very best of these. Here is the English, describing the feelings of the student returning, when an old man, to look at the garret, where he lived in his student life:—

With pensive eyes the little room I view,
 Where, in my youth, I weathered it so long;
 With a wild mistress, a staunch friend or two,
 And a light heart still breaking into song:
 Making a mock of life, and all its cares,
 Rich in the glory of my rising sun,
 Lightly I vaulted up four pair of stairs,
 In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

Yes, 'tis a garret—let him know 't who will—
 There was my bed—full hard it was and small;
 My table there—and I decipher still
 Half a lame couplet charcoaled on the wall.
 Ye joys, that time hath swept with him away,
 Come to mine eyes, ye dreams of love and fun;

* Note A. † Note B.

For you I pawned my watch how many a day,
 In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

One jolly evening, when my friends and I
 Made happy music with our songs and cheers,
 A shout of triumph mounted up thus high,
 And distant cannon opened on our ears :
 We rise,—we join in the triumphant strain,—
 Napoleon conquers—Austeritz is won—
 Tyrants shall never tread us down again,
 In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

Let us begone—the place is sad and strange—
 How far, far off, these happy times appear ;
 All that I have to live I'd gladly change
 For one such month as I have wasted here—
 To draw long dreams of beauty, love, and power,
 From founts of hope that never will outrun,
 And drink all life's quintessence in an hour,
 Give me the days when I was twenty-one !

That is as near to the tender seriousness of the French as English can allow. On the whole, however, few English translators have done well with French. They have done better in translating other languages, and in translating German, they have been wonderfully successful at times. Perhaps because the genius of German is so much nearer to the genius of English. At all events Coleridge so found it: and his very finest translations are from Schiller. One of them, "The Visit of the Gods," is quite as good as Schiller*: you can make the comparison for yourselves. It is a very difficult form of verse—extremely difficult; and for that very reason it will best serve us as an example of Coleridge's place as a great translator:—

Never, believe me,
 Appear the Immortals,
 Never alone :
 Scarce had I welcomed the Sorrow-beguiler,
 Iacchus! but in came Boy Cupid the Smiler ;

* Note C.

Lo! Phoebus the Glorious descends from his throne!
 They advance, they float in, the Olympians all!
 With Divinities fills my
 Terrestrial hall!

How shall I yield you
 Due entertainment,
 Celestial quire?

Me rather, bright guests! with your wings of upbuoyance
 Bear aloft to your homes, to your banquets of joyance,
 That the roofs of Olympus may echo my lyre!
 Hah! we mount! on their pinions they waft up my soul!
 O give me the nectar!
 O fill me the bowl!

Give him the nectar!
 Pour out for the poet,
 Hebe! pour free!

Quicken his eyes with celestial dew,
 That Styx the detested no more he may view,
 And like one of us Gods may conceit him to be!
 Thanks, Hebe! I quaff it! Io Pæan, I cry!
 The wine of the Immortals
 Forbids me to die!

This kind of measure, apparently, wild and irregular, but really full of music and requiring great art to perfect, is called "dithyrambic." The reason that it is called "dithyrambic" is that one of the Greek names for the Wine God was Διθύραμβος; and the songs sung in his honor were called after his name, διθύραμβος. But the origin of the name is not known and the etymology of the word seems to have been lost.

As all the allusions are classical, this may require explanation:

The poem is founded upon the old Greek idea that the poet was inspired by the Gods. They came to visit him;—they came to bring of their immortal wine. Some said that a particular poem was inspired by a particular God. But the German poet says to us, "Never, believe it! the poet is

never visited by only one God at a time; the Gods come always in company. I know it, because they visited me the other day. I had scarcely time to welcome the Wine God, when the smiling God of Love came in; and then suddenly descended from Heaven, the great God of Song and Poetry himself,—the Sun God Apollo. Then presently my house became filled with them. But I cried out: ‘How can I welcome you Gods in such a poor house as this? Rather lift me up into heaven that I may sing to you there’; and they lifted me up with them to Olympus; and I cried out for the wine of the Gods. Then they told Hebe the wine-giver, to pour out free, and to brighten my eyes with the dew of heaven, so that I might never see the River of Death and might think myself to be even as the Gods. And I thanked the wine-giver, and drank, and uttered the sacred cry, ‘Io Pæan’—knowing that I had drunk of immortality, and could not die.”

There is a double meaning in this beautiful spirits fancy—the immortality of the poet—through his work, being referred to equally with the immortality which is personal divinity. As for the name, Iacchus, it is the same as Bacchus, a name of the God of Wine;—Phoebus is an appellation of Apollo, God of Song and God of Sun; Olympus, the sacred mountain of Greece, was also supposed to be the home of the gods;—Styx was the river over which the souls of the dead had to pass, and ancient poets commonly spoke of it as the hated Styx; Hebe was the Goddess of Youth, who poured out the wine for the gods; she was given as a wife to Hercules after his apotheosis. The cry ‘Io Pæan’ was the cry of joy uttered at religious festivals, and often appears in the ancient lyric poetry. The meaning of the second word is, I believe, still disputed. So much for explanation. Every time you read this poem over, the more you ought to admire it. The choice of words is exceedingly beautiful—as in the use of the verb “float” in the 7th line of the 1st stanza; and the use of the verb “waft” in the 7th line of the 2nd stanza; and the use of the verb

“quaff” in the 7th line of the 3rd stanza. It is a wonderful translation—though rendering the spirit of the original more than the mere letter.

Among the early groups of the nineteenth century poets few were great translators except Scott and Coleridge, who loved both German and Italian study. Scott also translated some things which will never be dissociated from his name. From the German, for example, there are the ballads of Bürger, “Lenore” and “The Wild Huntsman.” In the case of “Lenore,” Scott actually improved upon the original. You will find his translation under the title of “William and Helen.” Scott also translated some Scandinavian prose and verse; but in this he has been made old-fashioned by later and more exact scholarship. He was most successful with ballads and songs—for his real genius was in that direction. Speaking of song, I must remind you that he translated admirably, and in identical measure (so that his words are still sung to the French air), the famous “Chant du Depart,” composed by Hortense de Beauharnais, sister of the Empress Josephine, and afterwards herself a queen. She is said to have composed both the music and words herself, while quite a young girl. If this be true, it is perhaps the only instance of a young girl composing both the words and music of a national song—a song that after more than a hundred years appeals to the ear and heart as strongly as ever. You will find Sir Walter Scott’s translation* beginning with “*It was Dunois*” in the volumes devoted to the poetry of France, among Longfellow’s great collection, “Poems of Places,” which is in the library.

Wordsworth was little or nothing of a translator,—he did not trouble himself much about the subject. Keats was too busy with original poetry and died too young. Shelley also died too young, but young as he was he left some Homeric poems which show how very great a translator he might have become. There are seven or eight of these. The best is “Homer’s Hymn to Venus,” but remember that none

* Note D.

of his work was fully finished. There are gaps in the lines; showing that Shelley intended to go over the poems again, supplying the missing words which had escaped him at first. Byron made translations from the Italian; but as a translator, Byron did not rise to the highest rank. When we come to the great group of Victorian poets, with Tennyson, there we naturally find great translators — for these groups carried form to a perfection never known before or since, and study of form especially demanded a study of classic and foreign models. Tennyson's translation of a passage from Homer's "Illiad" is one of the immortal things which he did, showing us how great a translator of Homer he might have been if he wished. Tennyson's translation from the Anglo-Saxon of "The Battle of Brunanburh," is also an immortal thing. Still translation was not Tennyson's particular field; he went there sometimes, just to amuse himself. Browning did better and more; for he translated Greek plays in a most astonishing way. Perhaps the best of this work is the version of the "Alcestis" of Euripides. Rossetti translated from Old French, Modern French, German (a whole romance) and Italian (a whole school of poets). He ranks as the greatest of translators, so far as modern languages are concerned. Swinburne's translations are chiefly from the Old French; and we have a right to regret that the best of Greek scholars among modern poets should have attempted no translation from the Greek. For the Greek anthology, the best translator of the age was Symonds, and the best translator of Latin was Calverley. Morris was a translator; and his great version of the Niblung Saga will probably always live. But in all the above bulk of work the very great things are not the long translations, but the short. The translations that rise into the very highest sphere of art are small fragments or detached lyrics.

I must say a word about Calverley's work. Greatest of modern translators from Latin his scholarship was nevertheless rather in the direction of exactness than in the direction of emotional values. He translated often in a very

curious way, always for the benefit of his students; for he became translator only because of his being a teacher at Cambridge University. He knew most of the English poets by heart; and he could take, without scruple, any phrase from Tennyson, or Browning, or Swinburne, or anybody else, that would give exactly the classical meaning and make harmony with the measure of the line. Thus some of his work is patch work. But it is greatly admired and thoroughly successful, and I ought to give you some examples of it. Here is an example translated from Virgil (Georgics III), entitled "The Dead Ox."

Lo! smoking in the stubborn plough, the ox
 Falls, from his lip foam gushing crimson-stained,
 And sobs his life out. Sad of face the ploughman
 Moves, disentangling from his comrade's corpse
 The lone survivor; and its work half-done,
 Abandoned in the furrow stands the plough.
 Not shadiest forest-depths, not softest lawns,
 May move him now; not river amber-pure,
 That tumbles o'er the cragstones to the plain.
 Powerless the broad sides, glazed the rayless eye,
 And low and lower sinks the ponderous neck.
 What thank hath he for all the toil he toiled,
 The heavy-clodded land in man's behoof
 Upturning? Yet the grape of Italy,
 The stored-up feast hath wrought no harm to him:
 Green leaf and taintless grass are all their fare;
 The clear rill or the travel-freshened stream
 Their cup; nor one care mars their honest sleep.

Another very fine example of Calverley's work may be found in the translation of Lucretius (Book II),—not the easier part, but the most difficult philosophical passages. Here is a part of the passage on the subject of superstition:—

For, as a young boy trembles, and in that mystery, Darkness,
 Sees all terrible things: so do we too, ev'n in the daylight,

Ofttimes shudder at that, which is not more really alarming
Than boys' fears, when they waken, and say some danger
is o'er them.

So this panic of mind, these clouds which gather around us,
Fly not the bright sunbeam, nor the ivory shafts of the Day-star:
Nature, rightly revealed, and the Reason only, dispel them.

Here are some lines translated from the magnificent
pages of Lucretius about the impermanence of all sub-
stance:—

Matter mingled and massed into indissoluble union
Does not exist. For we see how wastes each separate substance;
So flow piecemeal away, with the length'ning centuries, all things,
Till from our eye by degrees that old self passes, and is not.
Still Universal Nature abides unchanged as aforesaid.

* * * * *

Let but a few years
Pass, and a race has arisen which was not: as in a racecourse
One hands on to another, the burning torch of Existence.

Independent of exactness—though it is very exact—this
kind of translation rises into the first rank as noble poetry.
I suppose you know that the allusion in the last line of the
above translation is to the old Greek torch-race.

I did not intend to make this lecture even quite so
long. But I hope that it has some interest for you, because
the subject of literature in translation is too often slighted
by the student, who may imagine that no translation really
belongs to English literature as much as original poetry
does. This is a mistake. There are translated poems of
the very first rank in lyrical production. But there are not
many. Great translation is perhaps the hardest of all things
to do—except pure creation, which is almost impossible.

NOTE A

* THÉOPHILE GAUTIER

L'ART

QUI, l'œuvre sort plus belle
 D'une forme au travail
 Rebelle,
 Vers, marbre, onyx, émail.

Point de contraintes fausses!
 Mais que pour marcher droit
 Tu chausses,
 Muse, un cothurne étroit.

Fi du rythme commode,
 Comme un soulier trop grand,
 Du mode
 Que tout pied quitte et prend!

Statuaire, repousse
 L'argile que pétrit
 Le pouce
 Quand flotte ailleurs l'esprit;

Lutte avec le carrare,
 Avec le paros dur
 Et rare,
 Gardiens du contour pur;

Emprunté à Syracuse
 Son bronze où fermement
 S'accuse
 Le trait fier et charmant;

D'une main délicate
 Poursuis dans un filon
 D'agate
 Le profil d'Apollon.

Peintre, fuis l'aquarelle,
 Et fixe la couleur
 Trop frêle
 Au four de l'émailleur.

AUSTIN DOBSON

ARS VICTRIX

(Imitated from Théophile Gautier)

YES; when the ways oppose—
 When the hard means rebel,
 Fairer the work out-grows,—
 More potent far the spell.

O POET, then, forbear
 The loosely-sandalled verse,
 Choose rather thou to wear
 The buskin—strait and terse;

Leave to the tyro's hand
 The limp and shapeless style;
 See that thy form demand
 The labour of the file.

SCULPTOR, do thou discard
 The yielding clay,—consign
 To Paros marble hard
 The beauty of thy line;—

Model thy Satyr's face
 For bronze of Syracuse;
 In the veined agate trace
 The profile of thy Muse.

PAINTER, that still must mix
 But transient tints anew,
 Thou in the furnace fix
 The firm enamel's hue;

Fais les sirènes bleues,
Tordant de cent façons
Leurs queues,
Les monstres des blasons ;

Dans son nimbe trilobe
La Vierge et son Jésus,
Le globe
Avec la croix dessus.

Tout passe.—L'art robuste
Seul a l'éternité.
Le buste
Survit à la cité.

Et la médaille austère
Que trouve un laboureur
Sous terre
Révèle un empereur.

Les dieux eux-mêmes meurent.
Mais les vers souverains
Demeurent
Plus forts que les airains.

Sculpte, lime, ciselle ;
Que ton rêve flottant
Se scelle
Dans le bloc résistant !

—*Émaux et Camées*, édition
critique, publiée par Jacques
Madeleine (1927), pp. 94-96.

Let the smooth tile receive
Thy dove-drawn Erycine ;
Thy Sirens blue at eve
Coiled in a wash of wine.

All passes. ART alone
Enduring stays to us ;
The Bust out-lasts the throne,—
The Coin, Tiberius ;

Even the gods must go ;
Only the lofty Rhyme
Not countless years o'erthrow,—
Not long array of time.

Paint, chisel, then, or write ;
But, that the work surpass,
With the hard fashion fight,—
With the resisting mass.

—*Collected Poems*, Vol. I, pp.
214-216.

NOTE B

P.-J. DE BÉRANGER

LE GRENIER

AIR du Carnaval, de MEISSONNIER

Je viens revoir l'asile où ma jeunesse
De la misère a subi les leçons.
J'avais vingt ans, une folle maîtresse,
De francs amis et l'amour des chansons.

Bravant le monde, et les sots et les sages,
Sans avenir, riche de mon printemps
Leste et joyeux je montais six étages.
Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans!

C'est un grenier, point ne veux qu'on l'ignore.
Là fut mon lit bien chétif et bien dur;
Là fut ma table, et je retrouve encore
Trois pieds d'un vers charbonnés sur le mur.
Apparaissez, plaisirs de mon bel âge,
Que d'un coup d'aile a fustigés le Temps.
Vingt fois pour vous j'ai mis ma montre en gage.
Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans!

Lisette ici doit surtout apparaître,
Vive, jolie, avec un frais chapeau :
Déjà sa main à l'étroite fenêtre
Suspend son châle en guise de rideau.
Sa robe aussi va parer ma couchette;
Respecte, Amour, ses plis longs et flottants.
J'ai su depuis qui payait sa toilette.
Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans!

A table un jour, jour de grande richesse,
De mes amis les voix brillaient en chœur,
Quand jusqu'ici monte un cri d'allégress :
A Marengo Bonaparte est vainqueur !
Le canon gronde, un autre chant commence ;
Nous célébrons tant de faits éclatants.
Les rois jamais n'envahiront la France.
Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans!

Quittons ce toit où ma raison s'enivre.
Oh! qu'ils sont loin, ces jours si regrettés!
J'échangerais ce qu'il me reste à vivre
Contre un des mois qu'ici Dieu m'a comptés.
Pour rêver gloire, amour, plaisir, folie,
Pour dépenser sa vie en peu d'instant,
D'un long espoir pour la voir embellie,
Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans!

NOTE C

FRIEDRICH SCHILLER

DITHYRAMBE

Nimmer, das glaubt mir, erscheinen die Götter,
Nimmer allein.

Kaum dass ich Bacchus den lustigen habe,
Kommt auch schon Amor, der lächelnde Knabe,
Phöbus der herrliche findet sich ein.

Sie nahen, sie kommen, die Himmlischen alle,
Mit Göttern erfüllt sich die irdische Halle.

Sagt, wie bewirt' ich, der Erdegeborne,
Himmlischen Chor?

Schenket mir euer unsterbliches Leben,
Götter! Was kann euch der sterbliche geben?
Hebet zu eurem Olymp mich empor!

Die Freude, sie wohnt nur in Jupiters Saale,
O füllet mit Nektar, o reicht mir die Schale!

Reich' ihm die Schale! Schenke dem Dichter,
Hebe, nur ein!

Netz' ihm die Augen mit himmlischen Taue,
Dass er den Styx, den verhassten, nicht schaue,
Einer der Unsern sich dünke zu sein.

Sie rauschet, sie perlet, die himmlische Quelle,
Der Busen wird ruhig, das Auge wird helle.

NOTE D

(The following is quoted from the author's copy in the Hearn Library, Toyama Koto-gakko, in which Hearn annotated in Japanese *kana*, that his son might appreciate the original with greater ease.)

ROMANCE OF DUNOIS

The original of this little Romance makes part of a manuscript collection of French songs, probably compiled by some young officer, which was found on the field of Waterloo, so much stained with clay and blood as sufficiently to indicate what had been the fate of its late owner.

IT was Dunois, the young and brave,
Was bound for Palestine,
But first he made his orisons
Before St. Mary's shrine:

“And grant, immortal queen of heaven,” ナクナラヌ
 Was still the soldier’s prayer,
 “That I may prove the bravest knight,
 And love the fairest fair.”

His oath of honour on the shrine タツトキ
 He graved it with his sword,
 And followed to the holy land キヨイクニ
 The banner of his lord;
 Where, faithful to his noble vow,
 His war-cry filled the air,
 “Be honored aye the bravest knight,
 Beloved the fairest fair.”

They owed the conquest to his arm, カチイクサ
 And then his liege-lord said,
 ハ
 “The heart that has for honor beat,
 ウ
 By bliss must be repaid,—— ハウビ オヤル
 ビ
 My daughter Isabel and thou
 ト
 Shall be a wedded pair,
 シ
 テ
 For thou art bravest of the brave,
 ヨ
 She fairest of the fair.”
 ロ
 And then they bound the holy knot
 コ
 ビ
 Before St. Mary’s shrine,
 オ
 That makes a paradise on earth,
 ヤ
 If hearts and hands combine;
 ル
 And every lord and lady bright
 セ
 That were in chapel there,
 ヒ
 Cried, “Honored be the bravest knight,
 Beloved the fairest fair!”

Queen Hortense. Tr. Sir Walter Scott.