

# **The Breitmann Ballads**

Charles G. Leland

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TO THE MEMORY  
OF THE LATE  
NICHOLAS TRUBNER

This Work is Dedicated  
by  
Charles G. Leland

Ad Musan.  
"Est mihi schoena etenim et praestanti corpore liebsta  
Haec sola est mea Musa meoque regierit in Herza.  
Huic me ergebo ipsum meaque illi abstatto geluebda,  
Huic ebrensaulas aufrichto opfroque Geschenka,  
Hic etiam absingo liedros et carmina scribo."

Rapsodia Andra, Leipzig, 17th Century

## Preface To the Edition of 1889.

——— Though twenty years have passed since the first appearance of the "Breitmann Ballads" in a collected form, the author is deeply gratified — and not less sincerely grateful to the public — in knowing that Hans still lives in many memories, that he continues to be quoted when writers wish to illustrate an exuberantly joyous "barty" or ladies so very fashionably dressed as to recall "de maidens mit nodings on," and that no inconsiderable number of those who are "beginning German" continue to be addressed by sportive friends in the Breitmann dialect as a compliment to their capacity as linguists. For as a young medical student is asked by anxious intimates if he has got as far as salts, I have heard inquiries addressed to tyros in Teutonic whether they had mastered these songs. As I have realised all of this from newspapers and novels, even during the past few weeks, and have learned that a new and very expensive edition of the work has just appeared in America, I trust that I may be pardoned for a self-gratulation, which is, after all really gratitude to those who have demanded of the English publisher another issue. My chief pleasure in this — though it be mingled with sorrow — is, that it enables me to dedicate to the memory of my friend the late NICHOLAS TRUBNER the most complete edition of the Ballads ever printed. I can think of no more appropriate tribute to his memory, since he was not only the first publisher of the work in England, but collaborated with the author in editing it so far as to greatly improve and extend the whole. This is more fully set forth in the Introduction to the Glossary, which is all his own. The memory of the deep personal interest which he took in the poems, his delight in being their publisher, his fondness for reciting them, is and ever will be to me indescribably touching; such experiences being rare in any life. He was an immensely general and yet thorough scholar, and I am certain that I never met with any man in my life who to such an extensive bibliographical knowledge added so much familiarity with the contents of books. And he was familiar with nothing which did not interest him, which is rare indeed among men who MUST know something of thousands of works — in fact, he was a wonderful and very original book in himself, which, if it had ever been written out and published, would have never died. His was one of the instances which give the world good cause to regret that the art of autobiography is of all others the one least taught or studied. There are few characters more interesting than those in which the practical man of business is combined with the scholar, because of the contrasts, or varied play of light and shadow, in them, and this was, absolutely to perfection, that of Mr. Trubner. And if I have re-edited this work, it was that I might have an opportunity of recording it.

There are others to whom I owe sincere gratitude for interest displayed in this work when it was young. The first of these was the late CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED of New York. With the exception of the "Barty," most of the poems in the first edition were written merely to fill up letters to him, and as I kept no copy of them, they would have been forgotten, had he not preserved and printed them after a time in a sporting paper. Nor would they even after this have appeared (though Mr. Bristed once tried to surprise me with a privately printed collection of them, which attempt failed) had not Mr. RINGWALT, my collaborator on the PHILADELPHIA PRESS, and also a printer, had such faith in the work as to have it "set up" in his office, offering to try an edition for me. This was transferred to PETERSON BROTHERS, in whose hands the sale became at once very great; and I should be truly ungrateful if I omitted to mention among the many writers who were very kind in reviews, Mr. GEORGE A. SALA, who was chiefly influential in introducing Hans Breitmann to the English public, and who has ever been his warmest friend. Another friend who encouraged and aided me by criticism was the late OCTAVE DELEPIERRE, a man of immense erudition, especially in archaeology, curiosa and facetiae. I trust that I may be pardoned for here mentioning that he often spoke of Breitmann's "Interview with the Pope" as his favorite Macaronic poem, which, as he had published two volumes of Macaronea, was praise indeed. His theory was, that as Macaronics were the ultra-extravagance of poetry, he who wrote most recklessly in them did best; in fact, that they should excel in first-rate BADNESS; and from this point of view it is possible that Breitmann's Latin lyric is not devoid of merit, since assuredly nobody ever wrote a worse. The late LORD LYTTON, or "Bulwer," was also kind enough to take an interest in these Ballads, which was to me as gratifying as it was amazing. It was one of the great surprises of my life. I have a long letter from him, addressed to me on the appearance of the collected edition, in 1870. In it he spoke with warmest compliment of the poem of "Leyden," and the first verses of "Breitmann in Belgium."

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In conclusion, I acknowledge the courtesy of Messers. DALZIELL BROTHERS for allowing me to republish here four poems which had appeared in the "Brand New Ballads" published by them in 1885. But to mention all of the people of whom I have grateful memories in connection with the work, who have become acquainted with me through it, or written to me, or said pleasant words, would be impossible. I am happy to think it would embrace many of the Men of the Times during the last twenty years — and unfortunately too many who are now departed. And trusting that the reader will take in good part all that I have said, I remain, — his true friend (for truly there is no friend dearer than a devoted reader),

CHARLES G. LELAND

## PREFACE

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When HANS BREITMANN'S PARTY, WITH OTHER BALLADS, appeared, the only claim made on its behalf was, that it constituted the first book ever written in English as imperfectly spoken by Germans. The author consequently held himself bound to give his broken English a truthful form. So far as observation and care, aided by the suggestions of well-educated German friends, could enable him to do this, it was done. But the more extensive were his observations, the more did the fact force itself upon his mind, that there is actually no well-defined method or standard of "German-English," since not only do no two men speak it alike, but no one individual is invariably consistent in his errors or accuracies. Every reader who knows any foreign language imperfectly is aware that HE SPEAKS IT BETTER AT ONE TIME THAN ANOTHER, and it would consequently have been a grave error to reduce the broken and irregular jargon of the book to a fixed and regular language, or to require that the author should invariably write exactly the same mispronunciations with strict consistency on all occasions.

The opinion — entirely foreign to any intention of the author — that Hans Breitmann is an embodied satire on everything German, has found very few supporters, and it is with the greatest gratification that he has learned that educated and intelligent Germans regard Hans as a jocose burlesque of a type which is every day becoming rarer. And if Teutonic philosophy and sentiment, beer, music, and romance, have been made the medium for what many reviewers have kindly declared to be laughter-moving, let the reader be assured that not a single word was meant in a bitter or unkindly spirit. It is true that there is always a standpoint from which any effort may be misjudged, but this standpoint certainly did not occur to the writer when he wrote, with anything but misgiving, of his "hearty, hard-fighting, good-natured old ex-student," who, in the political ballads and others, appears to no moral disadvantage by the side of his associates.

Breitmann in several ballads is indeed a very literal copy or combination of characteristics of men who really exist or existed, and who had in their lives embraced as many extremes of thought as the Captain. America abounds with Germans, who, having received in their youth a "classical education," have passed through varied adventures, and often present the most startling paradoxes of thought and personal appearance. I have seen bearing a keg a porter who could speak Latin fluently. I have been in a beer-shop kept by a man who was distinguished in the Frankfurt Parliament. I have found a graduate of the University of Munich in a negro minstrel troupe. And while mentioning these as proof that Breitmann, as I have depicted him, is not a contradictory character, I cannot refrain from a word of praise as to the energy and patience with which the German "under a cloud" in America bears his reverses, and works cheerfully and uncomplainingly, until, by sheer perseverance, he, in most cases, conquers fortune. In this respect the Germans, as a race, and I might almost say as individuals, are superior to any others on the American continent. And if I have jested with the German new philosophy, it is with the more seriousness that I here acknowledge the deepest respect for that true practical philosophy of life — that well-balanced mixture of stoicism and epicurism — which enables Germans to endure and to ENJOY under circumstances when other men would probably despair.

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Breitmann is one of the battered types of the men of '48 — a person whose education more than his heart has in every way led him to entire scepticism or indifference — and one whose Lutheranism does not go beyond "Wein, Weib, und Gesang." Beneath his unlimited faith in pleasure lie natural shrewdness, an excellent early education, and certain principles of honesty and good fellowship, which are all the more clearly defined from his moral looseness in details which are identified in the Anglo-Saxon mind with total depravity. In such a man, the appreciation of the beautiful in nature may be keen, but it will continually vanish before humour or mere fun; while having no deep root in life or interests in common with the settled Anglo-Saxon citizen, he cannot fail to appear at times to the latter as a near relation to Mephistopheles. But his "mockery" is as accidental and naive as that of Jewish Young Germany is keen and deliberate; and the former differs from the latter as the drollery of Abraham a Santa Clara differs from the brilliant satire of Heine.

The reader should be fairly warned that these poems abound in words, phrases, suggestions, and even couplets, borrowed to such an extent from old ballads and other sources, as to make acknowledgement in many cases seem affectation. Where this has appeared to be worth the while, it has been done. The lyrics were written for a laugh — without anticipating publication, so far as a number of the principal ones in the first volume were concerned, and certainly without the least idea that they would be extensively and closely criticised by eminent and able reviewers. Before the compilation the "Barty" had almost passed from the writer's memory, several other songs of the same character by him were quite forgotten, while a number had formed portions of letters to friends, by one of whom a few were published in a newspaper. When finally urged by many who were pleased with "Breitmann" to issue these humble lyrics in book form, it was with some difficulty that the first volume was brought together.

The excuse for the foregoing observations is the unexpected success of a book which is of itself of so eccentric a character as to require some explanation. For its reception from the public, and the kindness and consideration with which it has been treated by the press, the author can never be sufficiently grateful.

CHARLES G. LELAND  
London, 1871.

### INTRODUCTION BY THE PUBLISHER

—— "HANS BREITMANN GIFE A BARTY" — the first of the poems here submitted to the English public — appeared originally in 1857, in Graham's Magazine, in Philadelphia, and soon became widely known. Few American poems, indeed, have been held in better or more constant remembrance than the ballad of "Hans Breitmann's Barty;" for the words just quoted have actually passed into a proverbial expression. The other ballads of the present collection, likewise published in several newspapers, were first collected in 1869 by Mr. Leland, the translator of Heine's "Pictures of Travel" and "Book of Songs," and author of Meister Karl's Sketch-Book, Philadelphia, 1856 and "Sunshine in Thought," New York, 1863. They are much of the same character as "The Barty" — most of them celebrating the martial career of "Hans Breitmann," whose prototype was a German, serving during the war in the 15th Pennsylvanian cavalry, and who — we have it on good authority — was a man of desperate courage whenever a cent could be made, and one who never fought unless something could be made. The "rebs" "gobbled" him one day; but he re-appeared in three weeks overloaded with money and valuables. One of the American critics remarks: — "Throughout all the ballads it is the same figure presented — an honest 'Deutscher,' drunk with the New World as with new wine, and rioting in the expression of purely Deutsch nature and half-Deutsch ideas through a strange speech."

The poems are written in the dull broken English (not to be confounded with the Pennsylvanian German) spoken by millions of — mostly uneducated — Germans in America, immigrants to a great extent from southern Germany. Their English has not yet become a distinct dialect; and it would even be difficult to fix at present the varieties in which it occurs. One of its prominent peculiarities, however, is easily perceived: it consists in the constant confounding of the soft and hard consonants; and the reader must well bear it in mind when translating



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the language that meets his eye into one to become intelligible to his ear. Thus to the German of our poet, kiss becomes giss; company – gompany; care – gare; count – gount; corner – gornier; till – dill; terrible – derrible; time – dime; mountain – moundain; thing – ding; through – droo; the – de; themselves – demselves; other – oder; party – barty; place – blace; pig – big; priest – breest; piano – biano; plaster – blaster; fine – vine; fighting – vighting; fellow – veller; or, vice versa, he sounds got – cot; green – creen; great – crate; gold dollars – cold tollars; dam – tam; dreadful – treadful; drunk – troonk; brown – prawn; blood – ploot; bridge – pridge; barrel – parrel; boot – poot; begging – peggin'; blackguard – plackguart; rebel – repel; never – nefer; river – rifer; very – fery; give – gife; victory – fictory; evening – efening; revive – refife; jump – shoomp; join – choin; joy – choy; just – shoost; joke – choke; jingling – shingling;, or, through a kindred change, both – bofe; youth – youf; but mouth – mout'; earth – eart'; south – sout'; waiting – vaiten;' was – vas; widow – vidow; woman – voman; work – vork; one – von; we – ve, And hence, by way of a compound mixture, we get from him drafel for travel, derriple for terrible, a daple–leck for a table–leg, bepples for pebbles, tisasder for disaster, schimnastig dricks for gymnastic tricks, let–bencil for lead–pencil, The peculiarity of Germans pronouncing in their mother tongue s like sh when it is followed by a t or p, and of Germans in southern Germany often also final s like sh, naturally produced in their American jargon such results as shplit, shtop, shtraight, shtar, shtupendous, shpree, shpirit, c ish(is), ash(as), and, by analogy led to shveet(sweet), schwig(swig), We need not notice, however, more than these freaks of the German–American–English of the present poems, as little as we need advert to simple vulgarisms also met with in England, such as the omission of the final g in words terminating in ing (blayin' – playing; shpinnen' – spinning; ridin', sailin', roonin', We must, of course, assume that the reader of this little volume is well acquainted both with English and German.

The reader will perceive that the writer has taken another flight in "Hans Breitmann's Christmas," and many of the later ballads, from what he did in those preceding; and exception might be taken to his choice of subjects, and treatment of them, if the language employed by him were a fixed dialect – that is, a language arrested at a certain stage of its progress; for in that case he would have had to subordinate his pictures to the narrow sphere of the realistic incidents of a given locality. But the imperfect English utterances of the German, newly arrived in America, coloured more or less by the peculiarities of his native idiom, do not make, and never will make a dialect, for the simple reason that, in proportion to his intelligence, his opportunities, and the length of time spent by him among his new English–speaking countrymen, he will sooner or later rid himself of the crudenesses of his speech, thus preventing it from becoming fixed. Many of the Germans who have emigrated and are still emigrating to America belong to the well–educated classes, and some possess a very high culture. Our poet has therefore presented his typical German, with perfect propriety, in a variety of situations which would be imperceptible within which the the dialect necessarily moves, and has endowed him with character, even where the local colour is wanting.

In "Breitmann in Politics," we are on purely American ground.

In it the Germans convince themselves that, as their hero can no longer plunder the rebels, he ought to plunder the nation, and they resolve on getting him elected to the State Legislature. They accordingly form a committee, and formulate for their candidate six "moral ideas" as his platform. These they show to their Yankee helper, Hiram Twine, who, having changed his politics fifteen times, and managed several elections, knows how matters should be handled. He says the moral ideas are very fine, but not worth a "dern;" and instead of them proclaims the true cry, that Breitmann is sound upon the goose, about which he tells a story. Then it is reported that the German cannot win, and that, as he is a soldier, he has been sent into the political field only to lead the forlorn hope and get beaten. In answer to this, Twine starts the report that Smith has sold the fight to Breitmann, a notion which the Americans take to at once –

"For dey mostly dinked id de naturalest ding as efer couldt pefall For to sheat von's own gonstituents is de pest mofe in de came, Und dey nefer sooposed a Dootchman hafe de sense to do de same."

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Accordingly, Breitmann calls a meeting of Smith's supporters, tells them that he hopes to get a good place for his friend Smith, though he cannot approve of Smith's teetotal principles, because he, Breitmann, is a republican, and the meaning of that word is plain: – "... If any enlightened man will seek in his Bibel, he will find dat a publican is a barty ash sells lager; und de ding is very blain, dat a re–publican ish von who sells id 'gain und 'gain." Moreover, Smith believes in God, and goes to church, – what liberal German can stand this? – while Breitmann, being a publican, must be a sinner. As to parties, the principles of both are the same – plunder – and "any man who gifes me his fote, – votefer his boledics pe, – shall alway pe regardet ash bolidigal friendt py me."

This brings the house down. And when Breitmann announces that he sells the best beer in the city, and stands drinks gratis to his "bolidigal friendts," and orders in twelve barrels of lager for the meeting, he is unanimously voted "a brickbat, and no sardine."

After this brilliant success, the author is obliged to pause, in order to proclaim the intellectual superiority of Germans to the whole world. He gets tremendously be–fogged in the process, but that is no matter –

"Ash der Hegel say of his system,' Dat only von mans knew  
Vot der tyfel id meant; and he couldn't tell,' und der Jean  
Paul Richter, too,  
Who saidt, 'Gott knows, I meant somedings vhen foorst dis  
buch I writ,  
Boot Gott only weiss vot das buch means now, for I hafe  
forgotten it!"

But, taking the point as proved, our German still allows that the Yankees have some sharp–pointed sense, which he illustrates by narrating how Hiram Twine turned a village of Smith–voters into the Breitmann camp. The village is German and Democrat. Smith has forgotten his meeting, and Twine, who is very like Smith, and rides into the village to watch the meeting, is taken by the Germans for Smith. On this, Twine resolves to personate Smith, and give his supporters a dose of him. Accordingly, on being asked to drink, he tells the Germans that none but hogs would drink their stinking beer, and that German wine was only made for German swine. Then he goes to the meeting, and, having wounded their feelings in the tenderest point, – the love of beer, – attacks the next tenderest, – their love for their language, – by declaring that he will vote for preventing the speaking of it all through the States; and winds up by exhorting them to stop guzzling beer and smoking pipes, and set to work to un–Germanise themselves as soon as possible. On this "dere coomed a shindy," with cries of "Shoot him with a bowie–knife," and "Tar and feather him." A revolver–ball cuts the chandelier–cord; all is dark; and amidst the row, Twine escapes and gallops off, with some pistol–balls after him. But the village votes for Breitmann, and be "licks der Schmit."

The ballad, "Breitmann's Going to Church," is based on a real occurrence. A certain colonel, with his men, did really, during the war, go to a church in or near Nashville, and, as the saying is, "kicked up the devil, and broke things," to such an extent, that a serious reprimand from the colonel's superior officer was the result. The fact is guaranteed by Mr. Leland, who heard the offender complain of the "cruel and heartless stretch of military authority." As regards the firing into the guerilla ball–room, it took place near Murfreesboro', on the night of Feb. 10 or 11, 1865; and on the next day, Mr. Leland was at a house where one of the wounded lay. On the same night a Federal picket was shot dead near Lavergne; and the next night a detachment of cavalry was sent off from General Van Cleve's quarters, the officer in command coming in while the author was talking with the general, for final orders. They rode twenty miles that night, attacked a body of guerillas, captured a number, and brought back prisoners early next day. The same day Mr. Leland, with a small cavalry escort, and a few friends, went out into the country, during which ride one or two curious incidents occurred, illustrating the extraordinary fidelity of the blacks to Federal soldiers.

The explanation of the poem entitled, "The First Edition of Breitmann," is as follows: – It was not long after the war that a friend of the writer's to whom "the Breitmann Ballads" had been sent in MSS., and who had

## The Breitmann Ballads

frequently urged the former to have them published, resolved to secure, at least, a small private edition, though at his own expense. Unfortunately the printers quarrelled about the MSS., and, as the writer understood, the entire concern broke up in a row in consequence. And, in fact, when we reflect on the amount of fierce attack and recrimination we reflect this unpretending and peaceful little volume elicited after the appearance of the fifth English edition, and the injury which it sustained from garbled and falsified editions, in not less than three unauthorised reprints, it would really seem as if this first edition, which "died a borning," had been typical of the stormy path to which the work was predestined.

"I Gili Romaneskro," a gipsy ballad, was written both in the original and translation – that is to say, in the German gipsy and German English dialects – to cast a new light on the many-sided Bohemianism of Herr Breitmann.

The readers of more than one English newspaper will recall that the idea of representing Breitmann as an Uhlan, scouting over France, and frequently laying houses and even cities under heavy contribution, has occurred to very many of "Our Own." A spirited correspondent of the Telegraph, and others of literary fame, have familiarly referred to the Uhlan as Breitmann, indicating that the German-American free-lance has grown into a type; and more than one newspaper, anticipating this volume, has published Anglo-German poems referring to Hans Breitmann and the Prussian-French war. In several pamphlets written in Anglo-German rhymes, which appeared in London in 1871, Breitmann was made the representative type of the war by both the friends and opponents of Prussia, while during February of the same year Hans figured at the same time, and on the same evenings for several weeks, on the stages of three London theatres. So many imitations of these poems were published, and so extensively and familiarly was Mr. Leland's hero spoken of as the exponent of the German cause, that it seemed to a writer at the time as if he had become "as regards Germany what John Bull and Brother Jonathan have long been to England and America." In connection with this remark, the following extract from a letter of the Special Correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph of August 29, 1870, may not be without interest: –

"The Prussian Uhlan of 1870 seems destined to fill in French legendary chronicle the place which, during the invasions of 1814 – 15, was occupied by the Cossack. He is a great traveller. Nancy, Bar-le-Duc, Commercy, Rheims, Chalons, St. Dizier, Chaumont, have all heard of him. The Uhlan makes himself quite at home, and drops in, entirely in a friendly way, on mayors and corporations, asking not only himself to dinner, but an indefinite number of additional Uhlans, who, he says, may be expected hourly. The Uhlan wears a blue uniform turned up with yellow, and to the end of his lance is affixed a streamer intimately resembling a very dirty white pocket-handkerchief. Sometimes he hunts in couples, sometimes he goes in threes, and sometimes in fives. When he lights upon a village, he holds it to ransom; when he comes upon a city, he captures it, making it literally the prisoner of his bow and his spear. A writer in Blackwood's Magazine once drove the people of Lancashire to madness by declaring that, in the Rebellion of 1745, Manchester 'was taken by a Scots sergeant and a wench;' but it is a notorious fact that Nancy submitted without a murmur to five Uhlans, and that Bar-le-Duc was occupied by two. When the Uhlan arrives in a conquered city, he visits the mayor, and makes his usual inordinate demands for meat, drink, and cigars. If his demands are acceded to, he accepts everything with a grin. If he is refused, he remarks, likewise with a grin, that he will come again to-morrow with three thousand light horsemen, and he gallops away; but in many cases he does not return. The secret of the fellow's success lies mainly in his unblushing impudence, his easy mendacity, and that intimate knowledge of every highway and byway of the country which, thanks to the military organisation of the Prussian army, he has acquired in the regimental school. He gives himself out to be the precursor of an imminently advancing army, when, after all, he is only a boldly adventurous free-lance, who has ridden thirty miles across country on the chance of picking up something in the way of information or victuals. Only one more touch is needed to complete the portrait of the Uhlan. His veritable name would seem to be Hans Breitmann, and his vocation that of a 'bummer;' and Breitmann, we learn from the preface to Mr. Leland's wonderful ballad, had a prototype in a regiment of Pennsylvanian cavalry by the name of Jost, whose proficiency in 'bumming,' otherwise 'looting,' in swearing, fighting, and drinking lager beer, raised him to a pitch of glory on the Federal side which excited at once the envy and the admiration of the boldest

## The Breitmann Ballads

bush-whackers and the gauntest guerillas in the Confederate host."

The present edition embraces all the Breitmann poems which have as yet appeared; and the publisher trusts that in their collected form they will be found much more attractive than in scattered volumes. Many new lyrics, illustrating the hero's travels in Europe, have been added, and these, it is believed, are not inferior to their predecessors.

N. TRUBNER.

### HANS BREITMANN'S BARTY.

HANS BREITMANN gife a barty;  
Dey had biano-blain',  
I felled in lofe mit a Merican frau,  
Her name vas Madilda Yane.  
She hat haar as prawn ash a pretzel,  
Her eyes vas himmel-plue,  
Und vhen dey looket indo mine,  
Dey shplit mine heart in dwo.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,  
I vent dere you'll pe pound;  
I valtzet mit Matilda Yane,  
Und vent shpinnen' round und round.  
De pootiest Fraulein in de house,  
She vayed 'pout dwo hoondred pound,  
Und efery dime she gife a shoomp  
She make de vindows sound.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,  
I dells you it cost him dear;  
Dey rolled in more ash sefen kecks  
Of foost-rate lager beer.  
Und vhenefer dey knocks de shpicket in  
De deutschers gifes a cheer;  
I dinks dot so vine a barty  
Nefer coom to a het dis year.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty;  
Dere all vas Souse and Brouse,  
Vhen de sooper comed in, de gompany  
Did make demselfs to house;  
Dey ate das Brot and Gensy broost,  
De Bratwurst and Braten vine,  
Und vash der Abendessen down  
Mit four parrels of Neckarwein.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty;  
Ve all cot troonk ash bigs.

HANS BREITMANN'S BARTY.

## The Breitmann Ballads

I poot mine mout' to a parrel of beer,  
    Und emptied it oop mit a schwigs;  
Und den I gissed Madilda Yane,  
    Und she shlog me on de kop,  
Und de gompany vighted mit daple-lecks  
    Dill de coonshtable made oos shtop.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty --  
    Where ish dot barty now?  
Where ish de lofely golden cloud  
    Dot float on de moundain's prow?  
Where ish de himmelstrahlende stern --  
    De shtar of de shpirit's light?  
All gonod afay mit de lager beer --  
    Afay in de ewigkeit!

### **BREITMANN AND THE TURNERS.**

HANS BREITMANN shoined de Turners,  
    Novemper in de fall,  
Und dey gifed a boostin' bender  
    All in de Turner Hall.  
Dere coomed de whole Gesangverein  
    Mit der Liederlich Aepfel Chor,[1]  
Und dey blowed on de drooms and stroomed on de fifes  
    Till dey couldn't refife no more.

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners,  
    Dey all set oop some shouts,  
Dey took'd him into deir Turner Hall,  
    Und poots him a course of shprouts.  
Dey poots him on de barell-hell pars  
    Und shtands him oop on his head,  
Und dey poomps de beer mit an enchine hose  
    In his mout' dill he's 'pout half tead!

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners;  
    Dey make shimnastig dricks;  
He stoot on de middle of de floor,  
    Und put oop a fify-six.  
Und den he drows it to de roof,  
    Und schwig off a treadful trink:  
De veight coom toomple back on his headt,  
    Und py shinks! he didn't vink!

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners:--

**BREITMANN AND THE TURNERS.**

## The Breitmann Ballads

Mein Gott! how dey drinked und shwore;  
Dere vas Schwabians und Tyrolers,  
Und Bavarians by de score.  
Some vellers coomed from de Rheinland,  
Und Frankfort-on-de-Main,  
Boot dere vas only von Sharman dere,  
Und he vas a Holstein Dane.

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners,  
Mit a Limpurg' cheese he coom;  
Vhen he open de box it schmell so loudt  
It knock de musik doomb.  
Vhen de Deutschers kit de flavour,  
It coorl de haar on deir head;  
Boot dere vas dwo Amerigans dere;  
Und, py tam! it kilt dem dead!

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners;  
De ladies coomed in to see;  
Dey poot dem in de blace for de gals,  
All in der gal-lerie.  
Dey ashk: "Vhere ish der Breitmann?"  
Und dey dremple mit awe and fear  
Vhen dey see him schwingen' py de toes,  
A trinken' lager beer.

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners:  
I dells you vot py tam!  
Dey sings de great Urbummellied:[2]  
De holy Sharman psalm.  
Und vhen de kits to de gorus  
You ought to hear dem dramp!  
It scared der Teufel down below  
To hear de Dootchmen stamp.

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners:—  
By Donner! it vas grand,  
Vhen de whole of dem goes valkin  
Und dancin' on deir hand,  
Mit deir veet all vavin' in de air,  
Gottstausend! vot a dricks!  
Dill der Breitmann fall und dey all go down  
Shoost like a row of bricks.

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners,  
Dey lay dere in a heap,  
And slept dill de early sonnen shine  
Come in at de vindow creep;  
And de preeze it vake dem from deir dream,  
And dey go to kit deir feed:  
Here hat dis song an ende —

BREITMANN AND THE TURNERS.

Das ist DES BREITMANNSLEID.

**BALLAD.**

BY HANS BREITMANN.

Der noble Ritter Hugo  
Von Schwillensaufenstein,  
Rode out mit shper and helmet,  
Und he coom to de panks of de Rhine.

Und oop dere rose a mermaid,  
Vot hadn't got nodings on,  
Und she say, "Oh, Ritter Hugo,  
Where you goes mit yourself alone?"

And he says, "I rides in de creenwood,  
Mit helmet und mit shpeer,  
Til I coomes into em Gasthaus,  
Und dere I trinks some beer."

Und den outshpoke de maiden  
Vot hadn't got nodings on:  
"I don't dink mooch of beoplesh  
Dat goes mit demselfs alone.

"You'd petter coom down in de wasser,  
Where dere's heaps of dings to see,  
Und hafe a shplendid tinner  
Und drafel along mit me.

"Dere you sees de fisch a schwimmin',  
Und you catches dem efery von:"—  
So sang dis wasser maiden  
Vot hadn't got nodings on.

"Dere ish drunks all full mit money  
In ships dat vent down of old;  
Und you helpsh yourself, by dunder!  
To shimmerin' crowns of gold.

"Shoost look at dese shpoons und vatches!  
Shoost see dese diamant rings!  
Coom down and fill your bockets,  
Und I'll giss you like efery dings.

**BALLAD.**

## The Breitmann Ballads

"Vot you vantsh mit your schnapps und lager?  
Coom down into der Rhine!  
Der ish pottles der Kaiser Charlemagne  
Vonce filled mit gold–red wine!"

Dat fetched him – he shtood all shpell pound;  
She pooled his coat–tails down,  
She drawed him oonder der wasser,  
De maiden mit nodings on.

### **A BALLAD APOUT DE ROWDIES.**

De moon shines ofer de cloudlens,  
Und de cloudts plow ofer de sea,  
Und I vent to Coney Island,  
Und I took mein Schatz mit me.  
Mein Schatz, Katrina Bauer,  
I gife her mein heart und vortdt;  
Boot ve tidn't know vot beoples  
De Dampfsschiff hafe cot on poard.

De preeze plowed cool und bleasant,  
We looket at de town  
Mit sonn–light on de shdeebles,  
Und wetter fanes doornin' round.  
Ve sat on de deck in a gorner  
Und dropled nopody dere,  
Vhen all aroundt oos de rowdies  
Peginned to plackguard und schvear.

A voman mit a papy  
Vos sittin' in de blace;  
Von tooket a chew tobacco  
Und trowed it indo her vace.  
De voman got coonvulshons,  
De papy pegin to gry;  
Und de rowdies shkreeded out a laffin,  
Und saidt dat de fun was "high."

Pimepy ve become some hoonger,  
Katrina Bauer und I,  
I openet de lit of mine pasket,  
Und pringed out a cherry bie.  
A cherry kooken mit pretzels,  
"How goot!" Katrina said,  
Vhen a rowdy snatched it from her,

### **A BALLAD APOUT DE ROWDIES.**



## The Breitmann Ballads

Und preaked it ofer mine het.

I dells him he pe a plackguart,  
I gifed him a biece my mind,  
I vouldt saidt it pefore a tousand,  
Mit der teufel himself pehind.  
Den he knocks me down mit a sloong-shot,  
Und peats me plack and plue;  
Und de plackguards kick me,  
Dill I vainted, und dat ish drue.

De rich American beoples  
Don't know how de rowdies shtrike  
Der poor hardtworkin' Sharman,  
He knows it more ash he like.  
If de Deutsche speakers und bapers  
Are somedimes too hard on dis land,  
Shoost dink how de Deutsch kit driven  
Along by de rowdy's hand!

### THE PICNIC

DE picknock oud at Spraker's Wood:–  
It melt de soul und fire de plood.  
Id sofly slid from cakes und cream;  
Boot busted oop on brandy shdeam.

Mit stims of tender graceful ring,  
De gals begoon a song to sing;  
A bland mildt lied of olden dime–  
Deutsch vas die doon, und Deutsch de rhyme.

Wi's uff der Stross' wenn's finschter ischt,  
Und niemond in der Goss' mehr ischt,  
Nur Schone Madel wolle mer fonga,  
Wie es gebil'te Leut' verlonga.

At de picknock oud in Spraker's Wood,  
De Bier was soft–de gals were good:  
Oondil von feller, vild and rasch,  
Called out for a Yankee brandy–smash!

A crow vot vas valkin on de vall,  
Fell dead ven he hear dis Dootchmann call;  
For he knew dat droples coom, py shinks!  
Ven de Dootch go in for Yankee drinks.

### THE PICNIC

## The Breitmann Ballads

De Dootch got ravin droonk ash sin,  
Dey smash de windows out und in;  
Dey bust und bang de bar-room ein,  
Und call for a bucket of branntewein.

Avay, avay, demselfs dey floong,  
Und a wild infernal lied dey sung:  
'Tvas, "Tam de wein, and cuss de bier!  
Ve tont care nix for de demprance here!

"O keep a pringin juleps in,  
Und baldface corn dat burn like sin;  
Mit apple tods und oldt shtone fence,  
Ve'll all get corned ere ve go hence!"

Dey dash deir glasses on de cround,  
Und tanz dill'tvas all to brick-duss ground,  
Ven dey hear von man had a ten-dollar note,  
De crowd go dead for dat rich man's troat.

A demperance chap vot coomed dere in,  
Vent squanderin out mit his shell burst in;  
"It's walk your chawks, you loost your chance,  
Dis vot de call der Dootchmans' dance."

Boot ven de law, mit his myrmidon,  
Vas hear of dese Dootchmen's carryins-on,  
Dey sent bolicemen shtern und good,  
To pull dose Dootch in Spraker's Wood.

De Dootch vas all gone roarin mad,  
Und trinked mit Spraker all dey had;  
Dey shpend 'nuf money to last deir life,  
And each vas tantzin mit anoder man's wife.

Dey all cot poonish difers vays,  
Some vent to jug for dirty tays;  
Und de von dat kilt de demperance man  
Vas kit from de Alderman repriman.

Und dus it ran:—"A warnin dake,  
For you mightd hafe mate soom pig mishdake;  
Now how wouldt you hafe feeled, py shing!  
If dat man hat been in de whiskey ring?"

"Since you votes mine dicket, of course you know,  
I'm pound to led you shlide und go.  
Boot nefer on whiskey trink your fill,  
For you Dootchmen don't know who to kill."

## The Breitmann Ballads

Now Deutchers all—on dis warning dink,  
Und don't get troonk on Yankee trink,  
For neider you, or anoder man,  
Can pe hocks like de New York rowdies can.

So trink goot bier, mit musik plest,  
For if you tried your level best,  
You can't be plackguarts—taint in de plood:  
Dus endet de shdory of Spraker's Wood.

### I GILI ROMANESKRO.

#### A GIPSY BALLAD.

When der Herr Breitmann vas a jungling, he vas go bummin aroundt  
goot deal in de worldt, vestigatin human natur, roulant de vergne  
en vergne, ash de Fraentsch boet says: "go in from town to town;"  
seein beobles in gemixed sociedy, und learnin dose languages vitch  
ornamendt a drue moskopolite, or von whose kopf ish bemosst mit  
experience. Mong oder tongues, ash it would appeared, he shpoke  
fluently, Red Welsh, Black Dootch, Kauder—Waelsch, Gaunersprache,  
und Shipsy; und dis latter languashe he pring so wide dat he write  
a pook of pallads in it,—von of vitch pallads I hafe intuice him mit  
moosh droples to telifer ofer to de worldt. De inclined reader  
vill, mit crate heavy—hood blace pefore himself de fexation und  
lapor I hafe hat in der Breitmann his absents, to ged dese Shipsy  
verses properly gorrected; as de only shentleman in town who vas  
culpable of so doin, ish peen gonfined in de town—brison, pout some  
droples he hat for shdealin some hens; und pefore I couldt consoolt  
mit him, he vas rooned afay. Denn I fond an oldt vomans Shipsy,  
who vas do nodings boot peg, und so wider mit pout five or four  
oders more. Derfore, de errordoms moost pe excused py de enlightened  
pooplic, who are fomiliar mit dis peautiful languashe, vitch is now so  
shenerally fashionabel in laterary und shpordin circles.

#### F. SCHWACKENHAMMER.

-----  
I GILI ROMANESKRO.

Schunava, ke baschno del a godla,  
Schunava Paschomaskro.  
Te del miro Dewel tumen  
Dschavena Bachtallo.[3]

### I GILI ROMANESKRO.

## The Breitmann Ballads

Schunava opre to ruka  
Chiriklo ke gillela:  
Kamovela but dives,  
Eh'me pale kamaveva.

Apo je wa'wer divesseste  
Schunava pro gilaviben,  
M'akana me avava,  
Pro marzos, pro kuriben.

So korava kuribente,  
So korava apre drom;  
Me kanav miri romni,  
So kamela la lakero rom.

### DRANSLATION.

I hear de gock a growin!  
I hear de musikant!  
Gott gife dee a happy shourney  
When you go to a distand landt.

I hears oopon de pranches  
A pird mit merry shdrain,  
Goot many tays moost fanish  
Ere I coom to dis blace again.

Oopon some oder tay-times  
I'll hear dat song from dee;  
Boot now I goes ash soldier  
To war, o'er de rollin sea.

Und vot I shdeals in pattle,  
Und vot on de road I shdeal,  
I'll pring all to my true lofe  
Who lofes her lofer so well.

### STEINLI VON SLANG.

I.

DER watchman look out from his tower  
Ash de Abendgold glimmer grew dim,  
Und saw on de road troo de Gauer  
Ten shpearmen coom ridin to him:  
Und he schvear: "May I lose my next bitter,

STEINLI VON SLANG.

## The Breitmann Ballads

Und denn mit der Teufel go hang!  
If id isn't dat pully young Ritter,  
De hell-drivin Steinli von Slang.

"De vorldt nefer had any such man,  
He vights like a sturm in its wrath:  
You may call me a recular Dutchman,  
If he arn't like Goliath of Gath.  
He ish big ash de shiant O'Brady,  
More ash sefen feet high on a string,  
Boot he can't vin de hearts of my lady,  
De lofely Plectruda von Sling."

De lady make welcome her gast in,  
Ash he shtep to de dop of de shtair,  
She look like an angel got lost in  
A forest of audumn-prown hair.  
Und a bower-maiden said ash she tarried:  
"I wish I may bust mit a bang!  
If id isn't a shame she ain't married  
To der her-re-liche Steinli von Slang!"

He pows to de cround fore de lady,  
While his vace ish ash pale ash de tead;  
Und she vhispers oonto him a rede  
Ash mit arrow point accents, she said:  
"You hafe long dimes peen dryin to win me,  
You hafe vight, and mine braises you sing,  
Boot I'm 'fraid dat de notion aint in me,  
De Lady Plectruda von Sling.

"Boot brafehood teserves a reward, sir;  
Dough you've hardly a chost of a shanse.  
Sankt Werolf! medinks id ish hard, sir,  
I should allaweil lead you dis dance."  
Like a bees when it it booz troo de clofer,  
Dese murmurin accents she flang,  
Vhile singin, a stingin her lofer,  
Der woe-moody Ritter von Slang.

"Boot if von ding you do, I'll knock under,  
Our droples moost endin damit  
Und if you pull troo it,– by donder!  
I'll own myself euchred, und bit.  
I schvear py de holy Sanct Chlody!  
Py mine honor–und avery ding!  
You may hafe me–soul, puttons und pody,  
Mit de whole of Plectruda von Sling."

"Und dish ish de test of your power:–  
Vhile ve shtand ourselves round in a row,

## The Breitmann Ballads

You moost roll from de dop of dis tower,  
Down shdairs to de valley pelow.  
Id ish rough and shteepest ash my virtue:"  
(Mit schwanenshweet accents she sang:)  
"Tont try if you dinks id vill hurt you,  
Mine goot liddle Ritter von Slang."

An Moormoor arosed mong de beoples;  
In fain tid she doorn in her shkorn,  
Der vatchman on dop of de shdeeples  
Plowed a sorryfool doon on his horn.  
Ash dey look down de dousand-foot treppe,  
Dey schveared dey wouldt pass on de ding,  
Und not roll down de firstest tam steppe  
For a hoondred like Fraulein von Sling.

### II.

'Twas audumn. De dry leafs vere bustlin  
Und visperin deir elfin wild talk,  
Vhen shlow, mit his veet in dem rustlin,  
Herr Steinli coomed out for a walk.  
Wild dooks vly afar in de gloamin,  
He hear a vaint gry vrom de gang;  
Und vished he vere off mit dem roamin:  
De heart-wounded Ritter Von Slang.

Und ash he vent musin und shbeakin,  
He se, shoost ahead in his vay,  
In sinkular manner a streakin,  
A strange liddle bein, in cray,  
Who toorned on him quick mit a holler,  
Und cuttin a dwo bigeon ving,  
Cried, "Say, can you change me a thaler,  
Oh, guest of de Lady von Sling?"

De knight vas a goot-nadured veller,  
(De peggars all knowed him at sight,)  
So he forked out each groschen und heller,  
Dill he fix de finances aright.  
Boot shoost ash de liddle man vent, he,  
(Der Ritter,) ashtonished cried "Dang!"  
For id vasn't von thaler boot twenty,  
He'd passed on der Ritter von Slang.

O reater! Soopose soosh a vlight in  
De vingers of me, or of you,  
How we'd toorned on our heels, und gon kitin  
Dill no von vos left to pursue!  
Good Lort! how we'd froze to de ready!  
Boot mit him 'dvas a different ding;

STEINLI VON SLANG.

## The Breitmann Ballads

For he vent on de high, moral steady,  
Dis lofer of Fraulein von Sling.

Und dough no von vill gife any gredit  
To dis part of mine dale, shdill id's drue,  
He drafelled ash if he vould dead it,  
Dis liddle oldt man to pursue.  
Und loudly he after him hollers,  
Till de vales mit de cliffers loud rang:  
"You hafe gifed me nine-ten too moosh dollars,  
Hold Hard!" cried der Ritter von Slang.

De oldt man ope his eyes like a casement,  
Und laid a cold hand on his prow,  
Denn mutter in ootmosdt amazement,  
"Vot manner of mordal art dou?  
I hafe lifed in dis world a yar tausend,  
Und nefer yed met soosh a ding!  
Yet you find it hart vork to pe spouse, and  
Peloved by de Lady von Sling!

"Und she vant you to roll from de tower  
Down shteps to yon rifulet spot."  
(Here de knight, whom amazement o'erbower,  
Cried, "Himmels potz pumpen Herr Gott!")  
Boot de oldt veller saidt: "I'll arrange it,  
Let your droples und sorrows co hang!  
Und nodings vill coom to derange it-  
Pet high on it, Ritter von Slang.

"So get oop dis small oonderstandin,  
Dat to-morrow by ten, do you hear?  
You'll pe mit your trunk at de landin;  
I'll also be dere-nefer fear!  
Und I dinks we shall make your young voman  
A new kind of meloty sing;  
Dat vain, wicked, cruel, unhuman,  
Gott-tamnaple Fraulein von Sling."

De fiolet shdars vere apofe him,  
White moths und white dofes shimmered round,  
All nature seemed seekin to lofe him,  
Mit perfume und vision und sound.  
De liddle oldt veller hat fanished,  
In a harp-like, melotious twang;  
Und mit him all sorrow vas panished  
Afay from der Steinli von Slang.

III.

Id vas morn, und de vorldt hat assempled

STEINLI VON SLANG.

## The Breitmann Ballads

Mid panners und lances und dust,  
Boot de heart of de Paroness tremped,  
Und ofden her folly she cussed.  
For she found dat der Ritter vould do it,  
Und "die or get into de Ring,"  
Und denn she'd pe cerdain to rue it,  
Aldough she vas Lady von Sling.

For no man in Deutschland stood higher  
Dan he mit de Minnesing crew,  
He vas friendet to Heini von Steier,  
Und Wolfram von Eschenbach too.  
Und she dinked ash she look from de vinders,  
How herzlich his braises dey sang;  
"Now dey'll knock my goot name indo flinders,  
For killin der Ritter von Slang."

Boot oh! der goot knight had a Schauer,  
Und felt most ongommonly queer,  
Vhen he find on de top of de dower  
De goblum, pesite him, abbear.  
Denn he find he no more could go valkin,  
Und shtood, shoost and potrified ding,  
Vhile de goblum vent round about talkin,  
Und chaffin Plectruda von Sling.

Denn at vonce he see indo de problum,  
Und vas stoggered like rats at ids vim:  
His soul had gone indo de goblum,  
Und de goblum's hat gone indo him.  
Und de eyes of de volk vas enchanted,  
Dere vas "glamour" oopon de whole gang;  
For dey dinked dat dis veller who ranted  
So loose, vas der Ritter von Slang.

Und, Lordt! how he dalked! Oonder heafens  
Dere vas nefer soosh derriple witz,  
Knockin all dings to sechses and sefens,  
Und gifin Plectruda, Dutch fits.  
Mein Gott! how he poonished und chaffed her  
Like a hell-stingin, devil-born ding;  
Vhile de volk lay a-rollin mit laughter  
At Fraulein Plectruda von Sling.

De lady grew angry und paler,  
De lady grew ratful und red,  
She felt some Satanical jailer  
Hafe brisoned de tongue in her head.  
She moost laugh vhen she vant to pe cryin,  
Und vas crushed mit de teufelisch clang,  
Till she knelt herself, pooty near dyin,

STEINLI VON SLANG.



## The Breitmann Ballads

To dis derriple image of Slang.

Denn der goblum shoomp oop to der ceiling  
Und trow sommerseds round on de vloor,  
Right ofer Plectruda a-kneelin,  
Dill she look more a vool dan pefore.  
Denn he roll down de shteps light und breezy,  
His laughs made it all apout ring;  
Ash he shveared dere vas noding more easy  
Dan to win a Plectruda von Sling.

Und when he cot down to de pottom,  
He laugh so to freezen your plood;  
Und swear dat de booms ash he cot em  
Hafe make him feel petter ash good.  
Boot, oh! how dey shook at his power,  
When he toorned himself roundt mit a bang,  
Und roll oop to de dop of de tower,  
To change forms mit de oder Von Slang!

Denn all in an insdand vas altered,  
Der Steinli vas coom to himself;  
Und de sprite, vitch in double sense paltered,  
From dat moment acain vas an elf.  
Dey shdill dinked dat he vas de person  
Who had bobbed oop and down on de ving,  
Und knew not who 'tvas lay de curse on  
De peaudiful Lady von Sling.

Nun–endlich– Plectruda repented,  
Und gazed on der Ritter mit shoy;  
In dime to pe married consented,  
Und vas plessed mit a peautifool poy.  
A dwenty gold biece on his bosom  
When geporn vas tiscofered to hang  
Mit de inscript–"Dis dime dont refuse em"–  
So endet de tale of Von Slang.

Dresden, 1870.

## TO A FRIEND STUDYING GERMAN.

Si liceret te amare  
Ad Suevorum magnum mare  
Sponsam te perducerem  
– Tristicia Amorosa.

TO A FRIEND STUDYING GERMAN.

The Breitmann Ballads

Frau Aventure,  
von J. V. Scheffel.

VILL'ST dou learn die Deutsche Sprache?  
Denn set it on your card,  
Dat all the nouns have shenders,  
Und de shenders all are hard.  
Dere ish also dings called pronoms,  
Vitch id's shoost ash vell to know;  
Boot ach! de verbs or time-words-  
Dey'll work you bitter woe.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprche?  
Den you allatag moost go  
To sinfonies, sonatas,  
Or an oratorio.  
Vhen you dinks you knows 'pout musik,  
More ash any other man,  
Be sure de soul of Deutschland  
Into your soul ish ran.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?  
Dou moost eat apout a peck  
A week of stinging sauerkraut,[4]  
Und sefen pfounds of speck.  
Mit Gott knows vot in vinegar,  
Und deuce knows vot in rum:  
Dis ish de only cerdain vay  
To make de accents coom.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?  
Brepate dein soul to shtand  
Soosh sendences ash ne'er vas heardt  
In any oder land.  
Till dou canst make parentheses  
Intwisted-ohne zahl-  
Dann wirst du erst Deutschfertig seyn,[5]  
For a languashe ideal.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?  
Du must mitout an fear  
Trink afery tay an gallon dry,  
Of foamin Sherman bier.  
Und de more you trinks, pe certain,  
More Deutsch you'll surely pe;  
For Gambrinus ish de Emperor  
Of de whole of Germany.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?  
Be sholly, brav, und treu,  
For dat veller ish kein Deutscher

TO A FRIEND STUDYING GERMAN.

## The Breitmann Ballads

Who ish not a sholly poy.  
Find out vot means Gemutlichkeit,  
Und do it mitout fail,  
In Sang und Klang dein Lebenlang,[6]  
A brick-ganz kreuzfidel.

Willst dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?  
If a shendleman dou art,  
Denn shtrike right indo Deutschland,  
Und get a schveetes heart.  
From Schwabenland or Sachsen  
Where now dis writer pees;  
Und de bretty girls all wachsen  
Shoost like aepples on de drees.

Boot if dou bee'st a laty,  
Denn on de oder hand,  
Take a blonde moustachioed lofer  
In de vine green Sherman land.  
Und if you shoost kit married  
(Vood mit vood soon makes a vire),  
You'll learn to sprechen Deutsch mein kind,  
Ash fast ash you tesire.

Dresden, January 1870.

## LOVE SONG

Vulnerasti cor meum, soror mea sponsa.

O VERE mine lofe a sugar-powl,  
De fery shmallest loomp  
Vouldt shveet de seas, from pole to pole,  
Und make de shildren shoomp.  
Und if she vere a clofer-field,  
I'd bet my only pence,  
It vouldn't pe no dime at all  
Pefore I'd shoomp de fence.

Her heafenly foice, it drill me so,  
It oft-dimes seems to hoort,  
She ish de holiest anamile  
Dat roons oopon de dirt.  
De renpow rises vhen she sings,  
De sonnshine vhen she dalk;  
De angels crow und flop deir vings

LOVE SONG

When she goes out to walk.

So livin white, so carnadine,  
    Mine lofe's gomblexion show;  
It's shoost like Abendcarmosine,  
    Rich gleamin on de shnow.  
Her soul makes plushes in her sheek  
    Ash sommer reds de wein,  
Or sonnlight sends a fire life troo  
    An blank Karfunkelstein.

De uberschwengliche idees  
    Dis lofe poot in my mind,  
Vouldt make a foost-rate philosoph  
    Of any human kind.  
'Tis schudderin schveet on eart to meet  
    An himmlisch-hoellisch Qual;  
Und treat mitwhiles to Kummel Schnapps  
    De schoenheitsideal.

Dein Fuss seind weiss wie Kreiden,  
    Dein Ermlein Helfenbein,  
Dein ganzer Leib ist Seiden  
    Dein Brust wie Marmelstein-  
Ja-vot de older boet sang,  
    I sing of dee-dou Fine!  
Dou'rt soul und pody, heart und life  
    Glatt, zart, gelind, und rein.[7]

## DER FREISCHUTZ

AIR – "Der Pabst lebt,"  
WIE gehts, my frendts-if you'll allow-  
I sings you rite afay shoost now  
Some dretful shdories vitch dey calls  
Der Freyschutz, or de Magic Balls.

Wohl in Bohemian land it cooms,  
Vhere folk trink prandy mate of plooms;[8]  
Dere lifed ein Yaeger-Maxerl Schmit-  
Who shot mit goons und nefer hit.

Now dere vas von oldt Yaeger, who  
Says, "Maxerl, dis vill nefer do;  
If you shouldt miss on drial-tay,  
Dere'll pe der tyfel denn to bay.

## The Breitmann Ballads

"If you do miss, you shtupid coose,  
Dere'll pe de donnerwetter loose;  
For you shant hafe mine taughter's hand,  
Nor pe der Hertzhog's yaegersmann."

Id coomed pefore de tay vas set,  
Dat all de shaps togeder met;  
Und Max he fired his goon und missed,  
Und all de gals cot roundt und hissed.

Dey laughed pefore und hissed pehind;  
Boot von shap–Kaspar–saidt, "Ton't mind;  
I dells you vot–you stoons 'em alls  
If yoost you shoodt mit magic balls."

"De magic balls! oh, vot is dat?"  
"I cot soom in my hoontin' hat;  
Dey're plack as kohl, und shoodt so drue:  
Oh, dem's de kindt of balls for you.

"You see dat eagle vlyin' high,  
Ein hoondred miles oop in de sky;  
Shoot at dat eagle mit your bix,  
You kills hin tead ash doonderblix!"

"I ton't pelieve de dings you say."  
"You fool," says Kasp, "denn plaze afay!"  
He plazed afay, vhen, sure as plood,  
Down coom de eagle in de mud.

"O was ist das?" said Maxerl Schmit:  
"Vhy! dat's de eagle vot you hit.  
You kills him vhen you plaze afay;  
Boot dat's a ding you nix verstay.

"Und you moost go to make dem balls  
To de Wolf's Glen vhen mitnacht valls.  
Dow know'st de shpot–alone und late"–  
"Oh ja–I know shim ganz foost–rate!

"Boot denn I does not like to co  
Among dem dings." Says Kasp, "Ach, 'sho!  
I'll help you fix dem tyfel chaps,  
Like a goot veller–dake some schnapps!"

("Hilf Zamiel! hilf")–"Here, dake some more!"  
Denn Kasp vent shtompin' roundt de vloer,  
Und coomed his hoompugs ofer Schmit,  
Dill Max saidt, "Nun–ich gehe mit!"

## The Breitmann Ballads

All in de finster mitternocht,  
Vhen oder folk in shleep vas lockt,  
Down in de Wolfschlucht, Kasp tid dry  
His tyfel–strikes und Hexery.

Mit skools und pones he mate a ring,  
De howls und shpooks pegin to sing,  
Und all the tyfels oonder croundt  
Coom preakin' loose und rooshin' roundt.

Denn Maxerl cooms along: says he,  
"Mein Gott! vot dings ish dis I see!  
I dinks de fery tyfel und all  
Moost help to make dem magic ball.

"I vish dat I had nix cum raus,  
Und shtaid mineself in bett to house."  
"Hilf Zamiel!" cried Kasp; "you whelp–  
You red Dootch tyfel–coom und help!"

Den oop dere coomed a tredfull shdorm,  
De todtengrips aroundt tid schvarm;  
De howl shoumped oop und flopt his vings  
Und toorned his het like avery dings.

Oop droo de croundt dere coomed a pot  
Mit leadt, und dings to make de shot;  
Und hoellisch fire in grimson plaze,  
Und awful schmells like Schweitzer kase.

Agross de scene a pine–shtick flew  
Mit seferal shail–pirds vastened to;  
Six treadtful shail–pirds mit deir vings  
Tied to de shticks mit magic shtrings.

All droo de air, all in a row,  
Die wilde Jagd vas seen to go;  
De hounds und teer all mate of pone,  
Und hoonted py a skilleton.

Dere coomed a tredful shpecdre pig,  
Who, shpitten' fire afay, tid dig;  
Und fiery drocks und tyfel–shnake  
A scootin' droo de air tid preak.

Boot Kaspar tidn't mindt dem alls,  
But casted out de pullet balls;  
Six vas to go ash he vouldt like,  
De sevent' moost for de tyfel shtrike.

Ad last, oopon de drial tay,

DER FREISCHUTZ

## The Breitmann Ballads

De gals cot roundt so nice und gay,  
Und den dey goed und maked a tantz,  
Und singed apout de Jungfernkranz.

Und denn der Hertshog—dat's der Duke—  
Cooms doun und dinks he'll dake a look;  
"Young mans," to Maxerl denn saidt he,  
"Shoost shoot dem dove oopon dat dree!"

Denn Maxerl pointed mit de bix,  
"Potzblitz!" says he, "dat dove I'll fix!"  
He fired his rifle at de Taub',  
When Kass rollt ofer in de Staub.

De pride she falled too in de doost,  
Dey gals dey cried, de men dey got coossed:  
Der Hertshog says, "Id's fery glear  
Dat dere has peen some tyfels here!

"Und Max has shot mit tyfels—blei!  
Pfui!—die verfluchte Hexerei!  
O Maximilian! O Du  
Gehst nit mit rechten Dingen zu!"

Boot denn a hermits coomed in late;  
Says he, "I'll fix dese dings foostrate;"  
Und telled der Hertshog dat yung men  
Vill raise der Tyfel now und denn.

De Duke forgifed de Kaspar dann,  
Und mate of him a Yaegersmann,  
Vhat shoodts mit bixen goon, und pfeil,  
Und talks apout de Waidmannsheil.

Und denn de pride she coomed to life,  
Und cot to pe de Maxerl's vife;  
Denn all de beoples gried "Hoorah!  
Das ist recht brav! und hopsasa!"

### MORAL

Py dis dings may pe oondershtood  
Dat vhat is pad works ofden goot:  
Or, Maximilia maximilibus curantur—if you will.

## **WEIN GEIST**

## The Breitmann Ballads

I STOOMPLED oud ov a dafern,  
Breauscht mit a gallon of wein,  
Und I rooshed along de strassen,  
Like a derriple Eberschwein.

Und like a lordly boar-pig,  
I doomplet de soper folk;  
Und I trowed a shtone droo a shdreed lamp,  
Und bot' of de classes I proke.

Und a gal vent roonin' bast me,  
Like a vild coose on de vings,  
Boot I gatch her for all her skreechin',  
Und giss her like efery dings.

Und denn mit an board und a parell,  
I blay de horse-viddle a biece,  
Dill de neighbours shkream "deat'!" und "murder!"  
Und holler aloudt "bolice!"

Und vhen der crim night waechter  
Says all of dis foon moost shtop,  
I oop mit mein oomberella,  
Und schlog him ober de kop.

I leaf him like tead on de bavemend,  
Und roosh droo a darklin' lane,  
Dill moonlighd und tisdand musik,  
Pring me roundt to my soul again.

Und I sits all oonder de linden,  
De hearts-leaf linden dree;  
Und I dink of de quick gevanisht lofe  
Dat vent like de vind from me.  
Und I voonders in mine dipsyhood,  
If a damsel or dream vas she!

Dis life is all a lindens  
Mit holes dat show de plue,  
Und pedween de finite pranches  
Cooms Himmel-light shinin' troo.

De blaetter are raushlin' o'er me,  
Und efery leaf ish a fay,  
Und dey vait dill de windsbraut comet,  
To pear dem in Fall afay.

Denn I coomed to a rock py der rifer,  
Vhere a stein ish of harpe form,  
-Jahrtausand in, oud, it standet'-



## The Breitmann Ballads

Und nopody blays but de shtorm.

Here, vonce on a dimes, a vitches,  
Soom melodies here peginned,  
De harpe ward all zu steine,  
Die melodie ward zu wind.

Und so mit dis tox-i-gation,  
Vitch hardens de outer Me;  
Ueber stein and schwein, de weine  
Shdill harps oud a melodie.

Boot deeper de Ur-lied ringet',  
Ober stein und wein und svines,  
Dill it endeth vhere all peginned,  
Und alles wird ewig zu eins,  
In de dipsy, treamless sloomper  
Which units de Nichts und Seyns.

Und im Mondenlicht it moormoors,  
Und it burns by waken wein,  
In Madchenlieb or Schnapsenrausch  
Das Absolut ist dein.

### **SCHNITZERL'S PHILOSOPEDE.**

Die Speer die er thut fuhren  
die ist sehr gross und lang,  
Das sollt du glauben mire,  
gemacht von Vogelsgang.  
Sein Ross das ist die Heide,  
das sollt du glauben mir,  
Darauf er nun thut reiten,  
fuhrwahr das sag ich dir.  
– Ein schon nerr Lied von dem Mai Und  
von dem Herbst. 16th century.

### **I. PROLOGUE.**

HERR SCHNITZERL make a ph'losopede,  
Von of de pullyest kind;

SCHNITZERL'S PHILOSOPEDE.

## The Breitmann Ballads

It vent mitout a vheel in front,  
And hadn't none pehind.  
Von vheel vas in de mittel, dough,  
And it vent as sure ash ecks,  
For he shtraddled on de axel dree,  
Mit der vheel petween his lecks.

Und when he vant to shtart it off  
He paddlet mit his feet,  
Und soon he cot to go so vast  
Dat efery dings he peat.  
He run her out on Broader shtreed,  
He shkeeted like der vind,  
Hei! how he bassed de vancy crabs,  
And lef dem all pehind!

De vellers mit de trottin nags  
Pooled oop to see him bass;  
De Deutschers all erstaunished saidt:  
"Potztausend! Was ist das?"  
Boot vaster shtill der Schnitzerl flewed  
On – mit a ghastly shmile;  
He tidn't tooch de dirt, py shings!  
Not vonce in half a mile.

Oh, vot ish all dis eart'ly pliss?  
Oh, vot ish man's soocksess?  
Oh, vot ish various kinds of dings?  
Und vot ish hobbiness?  
Ve find a pank node in de shtreedt,  
Next dings der pank ish preak!  
Ve folls, and knocks our outsides in,  
When ve a ten shtrike make.

So vas it mit der Schnitzerlein  
On his philosopede.  
His feet both shlippid outsidevard shoost  
When at his exdra shpeed.  
He felled oopon der vheel of coorse;  
De vheel like blitzen flew!  
Und Schnitzerl he vos schnitz in vact,  
For it shlished him grod in two.

Und as for his philosopede,  
Id cot so shkared, men say,  
It pounded onward till it vent  
Ganz tyfelwards afay.  
Boot vhere ish now der Schnitzerl's soul?  
Vhere dos his shbirit pide?  
In Himmel droo de endless plue,  
It takes a medeor ride.

SCHNITZERL'S PHILOSPEDE.

## II. HANS BREITMANN AND HIS PHILOSPEDE.

Vhen Breitmann hear dat Schnitzerl  
Vas quardered into dwo,  
Und how his crate philosopede  
To 'm tyfel had peen flew,  
He dinked und dinked so heafy,  
Ash only Deutschers can,  
Denn saidt, "Who mightd peliefet  
Dish is de ent of man?"

"De human souls of beoples  
Exisdt in deir ideas,  
Und dis of Wolfram Schnitzerl  
Mightd drafel many vays.  
In his Bestimmung des Menschen  
Der Fichte makes pelieve,  
Dat ve brogress oon–endtly  
In vhat pehindt ve leave.

"De shparrow falls ground–downvarts  
Or drafels to de West;  
De shparrows dat coom afder,  
Bild shoost de same old nest.  
Man had not vings or fedders,  
Und in oder dings, 'tis set,  
He tont coom up to shparrows,  
But on nests he goes aheth.

"O! vliest dou droo bornin' vorldts,  
Und nebuloser foam,  
By monsdrous mitnight shiant forms,  
Or vhere red tyfels roam;  
Or vhere de ghosdts of shky–rockets  
Peyond creation flee?  
Vhere e'er dou art, O Schnitzerlein,  
Crate Saindt! Look down on me!

"Und deach me how you maket  
Dat crate philosopede,  
Vhich roon dwice six mals vaster  
Ash any Arap shteed.  
Und deach me how to 'stonish volk,

## The Breitmann Ballads

Und knock dem oud de shpots.  
Coom pack to eart', O Schnitzerlein,  
Und pring id down to dots!"

Shoost ash dish vordt vent outvarts,  
Hans dinked he saw a vlash,  
Und oonterwards de dable  
He doompelt mit a crash.  
Und to him, moong de glasses,  
Und pottles ash vas proke,  
Mit his het in a cigar-box,  
A foice from Himmel shpoke:

"Adsum, Domine Breitmann!  
Herr Copitain, here I pe!  
So dell me rite honeste,  
Quare inquietasti me?  
Te video inter spoonibus,  
Et largis glassis too,  
Cerevisia repletis,  
Sicut percussus tonitru!"

Denn Breitmann ansver Schnitzerl;  
"Coarctor nimis, see!  
Siquidem Philistiim  
Pugnant adversum me.  
Ergo vocavi te,  
Ash Saul vocavit Sam-  
Uel, ut mi ostenderes  
Quid teufel faciam?"

Denn de shpirit (in Lateinisch)  
Saidt "Bene, dat's de talk,  
Non habes in hoc shanty,  
A shingle et some chalk?  
Non video inkum nec calamos  
(I shpose some bummer shdole 'em),  
Levate oculos tuos, son,  
Et aspice ad linteolum!"

Denn Breitmann see de biece of chalk  
Which riset vrom de vloer,  
Und signed a fine philosopepe  
Alone, oopon de toor.  
De von dat Schnitzerl fobricate,  
Und oonderneat' he see:  
Probate inter equites,  
(Try dis in de cavallrie).

Der Breitmann shtood oop from de vloer,  
Und leanet on a post;

## The Breitmann Ballads

Und saidt: "If dis couldt, shouldt hafe peen,  
    Dar vouldt, mightd peen a ghosdt;  
Boot if id pe noumenon,  
    Phenomenoned indeed,  
Or de soobyectif obyectedified,  
    I'fe cot de philosopede."

Denn out he seekt a plackschmit,  
    Ash vork in iron–steel,  
To make him a philosopede  
    Mit shoost an only vheel.  
De dings vas maket simple,  
    Ash all crate idees shouldt pe,  
For 'tvas noding boot a gart–vheel,  
    Mit a two–feet axel dree.

De dimes der Breitmann doomple,  
    In learnin' for to ride,  
Vas ofdener ash de sand–crains  
    Dat rollen in de tide.  
De dimes he cot oopsettet,  
    In shdeerin' left und righdt,  
Vas ofdener ash de cleamin' shdars,  
    Dat shtud de shky py night.

Boot de vorstest of de veadures  
    In dis von–vheel horse, you pet,  
Ish dat man couldt go so nicely,  
    Pefore he get oopset.  
Some dimes he co like plazes,  
    Und doorn her, extra–fine;  
Und denn shlop ofer – dis is vot  
    Hafe kill der Schnitzerlein.

Soosh droples ash der Breitmann hafe,  
    To make dis 'vention go,  
Vas nefer seen py mordal man,  
    Oopon dis vorldt pelow.  
He doomplet righdt – he doomplet left,  
    He hafe a dousand doomps;  
Dere nefer vas a gricket ball  
    Ash get soosh 'fernal boomps.

Boot – ash he'd shvearet he'd poot it droo,  
    He shvear't it moost pe tone;  
Dough he schimpft' und flucht' gar laesterlich,  
    He vish he't ne'er pegun.  
Mit "Hagel! Blitz! Kreuz–sakrament!"  
    He maket de Houser ring,  
Und vish der Schnitzerl vas in hell,  
    For deachin' him dis ding.

## The Breitmann Ballads

Nun – goot! At lasht he cot it,  
Und peautifool he goed,  
"Dis day," saidt he, "I'll 'stonish folk  
A ridin' in de road.  
Dis day, py shings! I'll do it,  
Und knock dings oud of sight:" –  
Ach weh! – for Breitmann dat day  
Vas not be–markt mit vwhite.

De noombers of de Deutsche volk,  
Dat coomed dis sighdt to see,  
I dink, in soper earnest–hood,  
Mighdt not ge–reckonet pe.  
For miles dey shtoodt along de road,  
Mein Gott! – boot dey wer'n dry;  
Dey trinket den lager–bier shops out,  
Pefore der Hans coom py.

Vhen all at vonce drementous gries  
De fery coondry shook,  
Und beople's shkreemt, "Da ist er! – Schau!  
Here cooms der Breitmann, look!"  
Mein Gott! vas efer soosh a sighdt!  
Vas efer soosh a gry!  
Vhen like a brick–pat in a vighdt,  
Der Breitemann roosh py?

Oh mordal man! Why ish idt, dou  
Hast passion to go vast?  
Vhy ish id dat te tog und horse  
Likes shbeed too quick to lasht?  
De pugs, de pirds, de pumple–pees,  
Und all dat ish, 'tvouldt seem  
Ish nefer hobby boot, exsepd,  
Vhen pilin' on de shdeam.

Der Breitmann flew! Von mighdy gry  
Ash he vent scootin' bast;  
Von derriple, drementous yell;–  
Dat day de virst – und lasht.  
Vot ha! Vot ho! Vhy ish it dus?  
Vhot makes dem shdare aghasht?  
Vhy cooms dat vail of vild deshbaire?  
Ish somedings cot ge–shmasht?

Yea, efen so. Yea, ferily,  
Shbeak, soul!–it ish dy biz!  
Der Breitmann shkeet so vast along  
Dey fairly heard him whizz.  
Vhen shoost oopon a hill–top point

## The Breitmann Ballads

It caught a pranch ge-bent,  
Und like an apple from a shling,  
Afay Hans Breitmann vent.

Vent droo de air an hoondert feet  
Allowin' more or lees:–  
Denn, pob–pob–pob – a mile or dwo  
He rollet along – I guess.  
Say – hast dou seen a gannon ball  
Half shpent, shtill poundin' on,  
Like made of gummi–lasticum?–  
So vent der Breitmann.

Dey bick him oop – dey pring him in,  
No wort der Breitmann shboke.  
Der doktor look – he shwear erstaunt  
Dat nodings ish peen proke.  
"He rollt de rocky road entlang,  
He pounce o'er shtock und shtone,  
You'd dink he'd knocked his outsites in,  
Yet nefer preak a pone!"

All shtill Hans lay, bevilderfied;  
He seemt not mind de shaps,  
Nor mofed oontil der medicus  
Hafe dose him vell mit schnapps.  
De schmell voke oop de boetry  
Of tays vhen he vas yoong,  
Und he murmulde de fragmends  
Of an sad romantish song:

"Ash sommer pring de roses  
Und roses pring de dew,  
So Deutschland gifes de maidens  
Who fetch de bier for you.  
Komm Maidelein! rothe Waengelein!  
Mit wein–glass in your paw!  
Ve'll get troonk among de roses,  
Und pe soper on de shtraw!

"Ash vinter pring de ice–wind  
Vitch plow o'er Burg und hill,  
Hard times pring in de landlord,  
Und de landlord pring the pill.  
Boot sing Maidelein – rothe Waengelein!  
Mit wein glass in your paw!  
Ve'll get troonk among de roses,  
Und pe soper on de shtraw!"

Dey dook der Breitmann homewarts,  
Boot efer on de vay

## The Breitmann Ballads

He nefer shpeaket no man,  
Und nodings else couldt say,  
Boot, "Maidelein – rothe Waengelein!  
Mit wein–glass in her paw,  
Ve'll get troonk among de roses,  
Und pe soper on de shtraw!"

Dey laid der Hans im bette,  
Peneat' de eider doun,  
Und sembelet all de doktors  
Who doktor in de town,–  
Dat ish, de Deutsche Aertzte,–  
For Breitmann always says,  
De Deutschers ish de onlies  
Mit originell ideas.

Der vas Doktor Moritz Schlinkenschlag,  
Dat vork ash Cafeopath,  
Und de learned Cobus Schoepfskopf,  
Who use de milchy bath;  
Und Korschaltitschky aus Boehmen,  
Vhat cure mit slibovitz,  
Und Wechselbalg, der Preusse,  
Who only 'tend to fits.

Dere vas Stobbich aus Westfalen,  
Who mofe all eart'ly ills  
Mit concentrirter Schinken juice,  
Und Pumpernickel pills.  
Und a bier–kur man from Munich,  
Und a grape–curist from Rhein,  
Und von who shkare tiseases  
Mit a dose of Schlesier–wein.

So dey meet in consooldation,  
Mit Doktor Winkeleck,  
Who proctice "renovation"  
Mit sauer–kraut und speck.  
Und dat no man shouldt pe shlightet,  
Or dreatet ash a tunce,  
Dey 'greed to dry deir systems  
Oopon Breitmann – all at vonce.

Dat ish, mit de exsceptdion  
Of gifin' Schlesier–wein:  
For de remedy vas dangerfull  
For von who trink from Rhein.  
Ash der Teufel vonce deklaret,  
When he taste it on a shpree,  
Dat a man, to trink soosh liquor,  
Moost a porn Silesian pe.



## The Breitmann Ballads

So dey all vent los at Breitmann,  
Und woonderfool to dell,  
He coom to his Gesundheit,  
Und pooty soon cot vell.  
Some hinted at Natura,  
Mit her olt vis sanatrix,  
Boot eash doktor shvore he curet him,  
Und de rest were taugenix.

I know not vot der Breitmann  
More newly has pegun;  
Boot dey say he talks day–dayly  
Mit Dana of de Sun.  
Dey talk in Deutsch togeder,  
Und volk say de end will be,  
Philosopedal shanges  
In de Union Cavallrie.

Gott helf de howlin' safage!  
Got helf de Indi–an!  
Shouldt Breitmann shoin his forces  
Mit Sheneral Sheridan!  
Und denn, to sing his braises,  
I'll write anoder lied:  
Hier hat dis dale an ende,  
Of Breitmann's Philosopede!

### **DIE SCHONE WITTWE[9]**

(DE POOTY VIDOW.)

#### **I. VOT DE YANKEE CHAP SUNG.**

DAT pooty liddle widow  
Vot ve dosh'nt vish to name,  
Ish still leben on dat liddle shtreet,  
A doin' shoost de same.  
De glerks aroundt de gorners  
Somedimes goes round to zee  
How die tarlin' liddle vitchy ees,  
Und ask 'er how she pe.  
Dey lofes her ver' goot liquoer,

DIE SCHONE WITTWE[9]

Dey lofes her liddle shtore;  
Dey lofes her little paby,  
    But dey lofes die vidow more.  
To dalk mit dat shveet vidow,  
    Ven she hands das lager round,  
Vill make der shap dat does id  
    Pe happy, ve'll be pound.  
Dat ish if we can vell believe  
    De glerks vat drinks das beer,  
Who goes in dere for noding elshe,  
    Put simply for to zee her.

## II. HOW DER BREITMANN CUT HIM OUT.

Oh yes I know die wittwe,  
    Mit eyes so prite und proun!  
She's de allerschoenste wittwe  
    Vot live in dis here down.  
In her plack silk gown – mine grashious!–  
    All puttoned to de neck–  
Und a pooty liddle collar,  
    Mitout a shpot or shpeck.  
Ho! clear de drack you oder fraus–  
    You can't pegin to shine  
Vhen de lofely vidder cooms along–  
    Dis vidder ash ish mine!  
Ho! clear de drack you Yankee chaps,  
    You Englishers und sooch,  
You can't pegin to coot me out,  
    Mitout you dalks in Dootch.  
Ich hab die schoene wittwe  
    Schon lange nit gesehn,  
Ich sah sie gestern Abend  
    Wohl bei dem Counter Stehn.  
Die Wangen rein wie Milch and Blut  
    Die Augen hell und klar.  
Ich hab sie sechsmal auch gekusst–  
    Potztausend! das ist wahr.[10]

## BREITMANN IN BATTLE

"TUNC TAPFRE AUSFUHRERE STREITUM ET RITTRIS DIGNUM POTUERE ERIAGERE

## The Breitmann Ballads

LOBUM."

"Hiltibraht enti Hadubrant."

DER FADER UND DER SON.[11]

I DINKS I'll go a vightin'" – outshpoke der Breitemann.  
"It's eighdeen hoonderd fordy–eight since I kits swordt in hand;  
Dese fourteen years mit Hecker all roostin' I haf been,  
Boot now I kicks der Teufel oop and goes for sailin' in."

"If you go land out–ridin'," said Caspar Pickletongue,  
"Foost ding you knows you cooms across some repels prave and young.  
Away down Sout' in Tixey, dey'll split you like a clam"–  
"For dat," spoke out der Breitmann, "I doos not gare one tam!"

"Who der Teufel pe's de repels, und vhere dey kits deir sass?  
If dey make a run on Breitmann he'll soon let out de gas;  
I'll shplit dem like kartoffels; I'll schlog em on de kop;  
I'll set de plackquarts roonin' so, dey don't know vhere to shtop."

Und de outshpoke der Breitmann, mit his schlaeger py his side:  
"Forvarts, my pully landsmen! it's dime to run and ride;  
Vill riden, vill vighten – der Copitain I'll pe,  
It's sporn und horn und saddle now – all in de Cavallrie!"

Und ash dey rode droo Vinchesder, so herrlich to be seen,  
Dere coomed some repel cavallrie a riden' on de creen;  
Mit a sassy repel Dootchman – an colonel in gommand,  
Says he, "Vot Teufel makes you here in dis mein Faderland?"

"You're dressed oop like a shentleman mit your  
    plackquart Yankee crew,  
You mudsills and meganics! Der Teufel put you droo!  
Old Yank, you ought to shtay at home und dake your liddle horn,  
Mit some oldt voomans for a noorse" – der Breitmann  
    laugh mit shkorn.

"Und should I trink mein lager beer und roost mine self to home?  
I'fe got too many dings like you to mash beneat' my thoom:  
In many a fray und fierce foray dis Dootchman will be feared  
Pefore he stops dis vightin' trade – 'twas dere he grayed  
    his peard."

"I pools dat peard out py de roots – I gifes him such a dwist  
Dill all de plood roons out, you tamned old Apolitionist!  
You creenpacks mit your swordt und vatch, right ofer  
    you moost shell,  
Und den you goes to Libby stright – und after dat to h–ll!"

"Mein creenpacks and mein schlaeger, I kits 'em in New York,

II. HOW DER BREITMANN CUT HIM OUT.

## The Breitmann Ballads

To gife dem up to creenhorns, young man, is not de talk;"  
De heroes shtopped deir sassin' here und grossed deir sabres dwice,  
Und de vay dese Deutschers vent to vork vos von pig ding on ice.

Der younger fetch de older such a gottallmachty shmack  
Der Breitmann dinks he really hears his skool go shplit and crack;  
Der repel shoomps dwelfe paces back, und so he safe his life:  
Der Breitmann says: "I guess dem shoomps, you  
learns dem of your vife."

"If I should learn of vomans I dinks it vere a shame,  
Bei Gott I am a shentleman, aristograt, and game.  
My fader vos anoder – I lose him fery young–  
Der Teufel take your soul! Coom on! I'll split your  
vaggin' tongue!"

A Yankee drick der Breitmann dried – dat oldt gray–pearded man–  
For ash the repel raised his swordt, beneat' dat sword he ran.  
All round der shlim yoong repels vaist his arms oldt  
Breitmann pound,  
Und shlunged him down oopon his pack and laidt him on der ground.

"Who rubs against olt kittle–pots may keep vHITE – if he can,  
Say vot you dinks of vightin' now mit dis oldt shentleman?  
Your dime is oop; you got to die, und I your breest vill pe;  
Peliev'st dou in Moral Ideas? If so, I lets you free." [12]

"I don't know nix apout ideas – no more dan 'pout Saint Paul,  
Since I'fe peen down in Tixey I kits no books at all;  
I'm greener ash de clofer–grass; I'm shtupid as a shpoon;  
I'm ignoranter ash de nigs – for dey takes de Tribune.

"Mein fader's name vas Breitmann, I heard mein mutter say,  
She read de bapers dat he died after she rooned afay;  
Dey say he leaf some broperty – berhaps 'tvas all a sell–  
If I could lay mein hands on it I likes it mighty vell."

"Und vas dy fader Breitmann? Bist du his kit and kin?  
Denn know dat ich der Breitmann dein lieber Vater bin?"  
Der Breitmann pooled his hand–shoe off und shooked him py de hand;  
"Ve'll hafe some trinks on strengt' of dis – or else may  
I be tam'd!"

"Oh! fader, how I shlog your kop," der younger Breitmann said;  
"I'd den dimes sooner had it coom right down on mein own headt!"  
"Oh, never mind – dat soon dry oop – I shticks him mit a blaster;  
If I had shplit you like a fish, dat vere an vorse tisasder."

Dis fight did last all afternoon – wohl to de fesper tide,  
Und droo de streets of Vinchesder, der Breitmann he did ride.  
Vot vears der Breitmann on his hat? De ploom of fictory!

## II. HOW DER BREITMANN CUT HIM OUT.

## The Breitmann Ballads

Who's dat a ridin' py his side? "Dis here's mein son," says he.

How stately rode der Breitmann oop! – how lordly he kit down!  
How glorious from de great pokal he drink de beer so prawn!  
But der Younger bick der parrel oop und schwig him all at one.  
"Bei Gott! dat settles all his dings – I know dou art mein son!"

Der one has got a fader; de oder found a child.  
Bofe ride oopon one war–path now in pattle fierce und vild.  
It makes so glad our hearts to hear dat dey did so succeed–  
Und damit hat sein Ende DES JUNGEN BREITMANN'S LIED.

### BREITMANN IN MARYLAND.

DER BREITMANN mit his gompany  
Rode out in Marylandt.  
"Dere's nix to trink in dis countrie;  
ine droat's as dry as sand.  
It's light canteen und haversack,  
It's hoonger mixed mit doorst;  
Und if ve had some lager beer  
I'd trink oontil I boorst.  
Gling, glang, gloria!  
Ve'd trink oontil ve boorst.[13]

Herr Leut'nant, take a dozen men,  
Und ride dis land around!  
Herr Feldwebel, go foragin'  
Dill somedings goot is found.  
Gotts–donder! men, go ploonder!  
Ve hafn't trinked a bit  
Dis fourteen hours! If I had beer  
I'd sauf oontil I shplit!  
Gling, glang, gloria!  
Ve'd sauf oontil ve shplit!"

At mitternacht a horse's hoofs  
Coom rattlin' droo de camp;  
"Rouse dere! – coom rouse der house dere!  
Herr Copitain – ve moost tromp!  
De scouds have found a repel town,  
Mit repel davern near,  
A repel keller in de cround,  
Mit repel lager beer!!  
Gling, glang, gloria!  
All fool of lager beer!"

BREITMANN IN MARYLAND.

## The Breitmann Ballads

Gottsdonnerkreuzschockschwerenoth!

How Breitmann broked de bush!

"O let me see dat lager beer!

O let me at him rush!

Und is mein sabre sharp und true,

Und is mein var–horse goot?

To get one quart of lager beer

I'd shpill a sea of plood.

Gling, glang, gloria!

I'd shpill a sea of plood.

"Fuenf hoonderd repels hold de down,

One hoonderd strong are ve;

Who gares a tam for all de odds

Vhen men so dirsty pe."

And in dey smashed and down dey crashed,

Like donder–polts dey fly,

Rash fort as der vild yaeger cooms

Mit blitzen droo de shky.

Gling, glang, gloria!

Like blitzen droo de shky.

How flewed to rite, how flewed to left

De moundains, drees, und hedge;

How left und rite de yaeger corps

Vent donderin' droo de pridge.

Und splash und splosh dey ford de shtream

Where not some pridges pe:

All dripplin' in de moonlight peam

Stracks vent de Cavallrie.

Gling, glang, gloria!

Der Breitmann's cavallrie.

Und hoory, hoory, on dey rote,

Oonheedin' vet or try;

Und horse und rider shnort and blowed

Und shparklin' bepples fly.

Ropp! Ropp! I shmell de parley–prew!

Dere's somedings goot ish near.

Ropp! Ropp! – I scent de kneiperei;

Ve've got to lager beer!

Gling, glang, gloria!

Ve've got to lager beer!

Hei! how de carpine pullets klined

Oopon de helmets hart!

Oh, Breitmann – how dy sabre ringed;

Du alter Knasterbart!

De contrapands dey sing for shoy

To see de rebs go down,

## The Breitmann Ballads

Und hear der Breitmann grimly gry:  
Hoorah! – ve've dook de down.  
Gling, glang, gloria!  
Victoria, victoria!  
De Dootch have dook de down.

Mid shout and crash and sabre flash,  
And vild husaren shout  
De Dootchmen boorst de keller in,  
Und rolled de lager out;  
Und in de coorlin' powder shmoke,  
While shtill de pullets sung,  
Dere shtood der Breitmann, axe in hand,  
A knockin' out de boong.  
Gling, glang, gloria!  
Victoria! Encoria!  
De shpicket beats de boong.

Gotts! vot a shpree der Breitmann had  
While yet his hand was red,  
A trinkin' lager from his poots  
Among de repel tead.[14]  
"Tvas dus dey vent at midnight  
Along der moundain side;  
'Tvas dus dey help make history!  
Dis vas der Breitmann's ride.  
Gling, glang, gloria!  
Victoria! Victoria!  
Cer'visia, encoria!  
De treadful mitnight ride  
Of Breitmann's vild Freischarlinger,  
All famous, broad, und vide.

## BREITMANN AS A BUMMER

DER SHENERAL SHERMAN holts oop on his coorse,  
He shtops at de gross–road und reins in his horse.  
"Dere's a ford on de rifer dis day we moost dake,  
Or elshe de grand army in bieces shall preak!"  
Vhen shoost ash dis vord from his lips had gone bast,  
There coomed a young orterly gallopin' fast,  
Who gry mit amazement: "Herr Shen'ral! Goot Lord!  
Dat Bummer der Breitmann ish holdin' der ford!"

Der Shen'ral he ootered no hymn und no psalm,  
But opened his lips und he priefly say "D--n!"

## The Breitmann Ballads

Dere moost hafe been viskey on dat side der rifer;  
To get it dose shaps vould set hell in a shiver;  
But now dat dey hold it, ride quick to deir aid:  
Ho, Sickles! move promp'ly, send down a prigade!  
Dat Dootchman moost vork mighty hard mit his sword  
If againsd a whole army he holds to de ford."

Dey spooed on, dey hoory'd on, gallopin' shtraight,  
But for Breitmann help coomed shoost a liddle too late,  
For as de Lauwine goes smash mit her pound,  
So on to de Bummers de repels coom down:  
Heinrich von Schinkenstein's tead in de road,  
Dieterich Hinkelbein's flat as a toad;  
Und Sepperl – Tyroler – shpoke nefer a vord,  
But shoost "Mutter Gottes!" und died in de ford.

Itsch'l of Innspruck ish drilled droo de hair,  
Einer aus Boblingen[15] – he too vash dere–  
Karli of Karlisruh's shot near de fence  
(His horse vash o'erloadet mit toorkies und hens),  
Und dough he like a ravin' mad cannibal fought  
Yet der Breitmann – der capt'n – der hero vash caught;  
Und de last dings ve saw, he vas tied mit a cord,  
For de repels had goppled him oop at de ford.

Dey shtripped off his goat und skyugled his poots  
Dey dressed him mit rags of a repel recruits;  
But von gray–haared oldt veller shmiled crimly und bet  
Dat Breitmann vouldt be a pad egg for dem yet.  
"He has more on his pipe[16] as dem vellers allows,  
He has cardts yet in hand und das Spiel ist nicht aus,  
Dey'll find dat dey took in der Teufel to board,  
De day dey pooled Breitmann vell ofer de ford."

In de Bowery each beer–haus mit crape vas oopdone,  
Vhen dey read in de papers dat Breitmann vas gone;  
Und de Dootch all cot troonk oopon lager und wein,  
At the great Trauer–fest of de Turner Verein.  
Dere vas wein – en mit weinen ven beoplesh did dink  
Dat Sherman's great Sharman cood nefer more trink.  
Und in Villiam Shtreet veepin' und vailen' vas hoor'd,  
Pecause der Hans Breitmann vas lost at de ford.

## SECOND PART.

In dulce jubilo now ve all sings,  
A–vaifin' de panners like efery dings.



## The Breitmann Ballads

De preeze droo de bine-trees ish cooler und salt,  
Und der Shen'ral is merry venefer ve halt;  
Loosty und merry he schmells at de preeze,  
Lustig und heiter he looks droo de drees,  
Lustig und heiter ash vell he may pe,  
For Sherman, at last has marched down to the sea.

Dere's a gry from de guart – dere's a clotter und dramp,  
When dat fery same orterly rides droo de camp  
Who report on de ford. Dere ish drooles and awe  
In de face of de youf' apout somedings he saw;  
Und he shpeak me in Fraentsch, like he always do: "Look!  
Sagre pleu! Fentre Tieu! – dere ish Breitmann – his spook!  
He ish goming dis vay! Nom de Garce![17] can it pe  
Dat de spooks of de tead men coom down to de sea!"

Und he looks, und ve sees, und ve trembles mit tread,  
For risin' all swart on de efenin' red  
Vas Johannes – der Breitmann – der war es, bei Gott!  
Coom riding' to oos-ward, right shtraight to de shpot!  
All mouse-still ve shtood, yet mit oop-shoompin' hearts,  
For he look shoost so pig as de shiant of de Hartz;  
Und I heard de Sout Deutschers say "Ave Morie!  
Braise Gott all goot shpirids py land und by sea!"

Boot Itzig of Frankfort he lift oop his nose,  
Und be-mark dat de shpook hat peen changin' his clothes,  
For he seemed like an Generalissimus drest  
In a vlam in' new coat und magnificent vest.  
Six bistols beschlagen mit silber he vore,  
Und a cold mounded swordt like a Kaiser he bore,  
Und ve dinks dat de ghosdt – or votever he pe-  
Moost hafe proken some pankts on his vay to de sea.

"Id is he!" "Und er lebt noch!" he lifes ve all say:  
"Der Breitmann – Oldt Breitmann! – Hans Breitmann! Herr Je!"  
Und ve roosh to emprace him, und shtill more ve find  
Dat vherefer he'd peen, he'd left noding pehine.  
In bofe of his poots dere vas porte-moneys crammed,  
Mit creen-packs stoof full all his haversack jammed,  
In his bockets cold dollars vere shinglin' deir doons  
Mit dwo doozen votches und four doozen shpoons,  
Und dwo silber tea-pods for makin' his dea,  
Der ghosdt hafe pring mit him, en route to de sea.

Mit goot sweed-botatoes, und doorkies, und rice,  
Ve makes him a sooper of efery dings nice.  
Und de bummers hoont roundt apout, alle wie ein,  
Dill dey findt a plantaschion mit parrels of wein.  
Den t'vas "Here's to you, Breitmann! Alt Schwed"[18] – bist zuruck?  
Vot teufels you makes since dis fourteen nights veek?"

SECOND PART.

## The Breitmann Ballads

Und ve holds von shtupendous and derriple shpree  
For shoy dat der Breitmann has got to de sea.

But in fain tid we ashk vhere der Breitmann hat peen,  
Vot he tid; vot he pass droo – or vot he might seen?  
Vhere he kits his vine horse, or who gafe him dem woons,  
Und how Brovidence plessed him mit tea–pods und shpoons?  
For to all of dem queeries he only reblies,  
"If you dells me no quesdions, I ashks you no lies!"  
So 'twas glear dat some derriple mysh'dry moost pe  
Vhere he kits all dat ploonder he prings to de sea.

Dere ish bapers in Richmond dells derriple lies  
How Sherman's grand arnee hafe raise deir soopies:  
For ve readt in brindt dat der Sheneral Grant  
Say de bummers hafe only shoost take vat dey vant.  
But 'tis whispered dat vwhile a refof'er'll go round  
Der BREITMANN vill nefer a peggin' be found;  
Or shtarvin' ash brisner – by doonder! – not he,  
Vwhile der Teufel could help him to ged to de sea.

### **BREITMANN'S GOING TO CHURCH.**

"Vides igitur, Collega carissime, visitationem canonicam esse rem  
haud ita periculosam, sed valde amoenam, si modo vinum, groggio et  
cibi praesto sunt."

– Novissimae Epistolae Obscurorum Virorum, Berolini F.  
Berggold, 1869. Epistola xxiii., p. 63.

D'VAS near de state of Nashfille,  
In de town of Tennessee,  
Der Breitmann vonce vas quarderd  
Mit all his cavallrie.  
Der Sheneral kept him glose in gamp,  
He vouldn't let dem go;  
Dey couldn't shdeal de first plack hen,  
Or make de red cock crow.

Und virst der Breitmann vildly shmiled,  
Und denn he madly shvore;  
"Crate h—I, mit shpoons und shinsherbread,  
Can dis pe makin war?  
Verdammt pe all der discipline!  
Verdammt der Sheneral!  
Vere I vonce on de road, his will,  
Vere wurst mir und egal. [19]

### **BREITMANN'S GOING TO CHURCH.**

## The Breitmann Ballads

"Oh where ish all de plazin roofs  
Dat claddened vonce mine eyes?  
Und where de crand plantaschions  
Where ve gaddered many a brize?  
Und where de plasted shpies ve hung  
A howlin loud mit fear?  
Und where de rascal push-whackers  
Ve shashed like vritened deer?"

"De roofs are shtandin fast and firm  
Mit repels blottin oonder;  
De crand blantaschions lie round loose  
For Morgan's men to ploonder!  
De shpies go valkin out und in,  
Ash sassy ash can pe;  
Und in de voods de push-whackers  
Are makin foon of me!"

"Oh vere I on my schimmel grey  
Mein sabre in mein hand,  
Dey should drack me py de ruins  
Of de houses troo de land.  
Dey should drack me py de puzzards  
High sailen ofer head,  
A vollowin der Breitmann's trail  
To claw de repel dead."

Outspoke der bold Von Stossenheim,  
Who had theories of Gott:  
"O Breitmann, dis ish shoodgement on  
De vays dat you hafe trot.  
You only lifes to joy yourself,  
Yet you, yourself moost say,  
Dat self-defelopment requires  
De religios Idee."

Dey sat dem down and argued id,  
Like Deutschers vree from fear,  
Dill dey schmoke ten pounds of knaster,  
Und drinked drei fass of bier.  
Der Breitmann go py Schopenhauer,  
Boot Veit he had him denn;  
For he dook him on de angles  
Of de moral oxygen.

Der Breitmann 'low, dat 'pentence,  
Ish known in efery glime,  
Und dat to grin und bear it  
Vas healty und soopline.  
"For mine Sout German Catolicks,

BREITMANN'S GOING TO CHURCH.

## The Breitmann Ballads

Id vas pe goot, I know;  
Likevise dem Nordland Luterans,  
If vonce to shoorsh dey go.

"Boot how vas id mit oders  
Who dinks philosophie?  
I don't begreif de matter,"  
Said Stossenheim: "Denn see.  
De more dat shoorsh disgoostet you,  
Und make despise und bain,  
De crater merid ish to go,  
Und de crater ish your gain.

"I know a liddle shoorsh mineself,  
Oopon de Bole Jack road:  
(De rebs vonce shot dree Federals dere,  
Ash into shoorsh dey goed.)  
Dere you might make a bilcrimage,  
Und do id in a tay:  
Gott only knows vot dings you mightdt  
Bick oop, oopon de vay."

Denn oop dere shpoke a contrapand,  
Vas at de tent id's toor—  
"Dere's twenty bar'ls of whiskey, hid,  
In dat tabernacle, shore.  
A rebel he done gone and put  
It in de cellar, true,  
No libin man dat secret knows,  
'Cept only me an' you."

Der Stossenheim, he grossed himself,  
Und knelt peside de fence,  
Und gried: "O Coptain Breitmann, see,  
Die finger Providence."  
Der Breitmann droed his hat afay,  
Says he, "Pe't hit or miss,  
I'fe heard of miragles pefore,  
Boot none so hunk ash dis."

"Wohlauf mine pully cafaliers,  
Ve'll ride to shoorsh to—day,  
Each man ash hasn't cot a horse  
Moost shteal von, rite afay.  
Dere's a raw, green corps from Michigan,  
Mit horses on de loose,  
You men ash vants some hoof—irons,  
Look out and crip deir shoes."

All brooshed und fixed, de cavallrie,  
Rode out py moonen shine,

BREITMANN'S GOING TO CHURCH.

## The Breitmann Ballads

De cotton fields in shimmerin light,  
Lay white as elfenbein.  
Dey heard a shot close py Lavergne,  
Und men who rode afay,  
In de road a–velterin his his plood,  
A Federal picket lay.

Und all dat he hafe dimes to say,  
"Vhile shtandin at my post,  
De guerillas got first shot at me,"  
Und so gafe oop de ghost.  
Denn a contrapand, who helt his head,  
Said: "Sah – dose grillers all  
Is only half a mile from hy'ar,  
A dancin at a ball."

Der Breitmann shpoke and brummed it out  
Ash if his heart tid schvell:  
"I'll gife dem music at dat pall  
Vill tantz dem into hell."  
Hei! – arrow–fast – a teufel's ride!  
De plack man led de vay,  
Dey reach de house – dey see de lights–  
Dey heard de fiddle blay.

Dey nefer vaited for a word  
Boot galloped from de gloom,  
Und, bang! – a hoonderd carpine shots  
Dey fired indo de room.  
Oop vent de groans of vounded men,  
De fittlin died away:  
Boot some of dem vere tead pefore  
De music ceased to blay.

Denn crack und smack coom scotterin shots  
Troo vindow und troo door,  
Boot bang and clang de Germans gife  
Anoder volley more.  
"Dere – let 'em shlide. Right file to shoorsch!"  
Aloudt de orders ran.  
"I kess I paid dem for dat shot,"  
Shpeak grim der Breitemann.

All rosen red de mornin fair  
Shone gaily o'er de hill,  
A violet plue de shky crew teep  
In rifer, pond, und rill;  
All cloudy grey de limeshtone rocks  
Coom oop troo dimmerin wood;  
All shnowy vite in mornin light  
De shoorsch pefore dem shtood.

## The Breitmann Ballads

"Now loudet vell de organ, oop,  
To drill mit solemn fear;  
Und ring also dat Lumpenglock  
To pring de beoples here.  
Und if it prings guerillas down,  
Ve'll gife dem, py de Lord,  
De low-mass of de sabre, and  
De high-mass of de cord.[20]

"Du, Eberle aus Freiburg,  
Du bist ein Musikant,  
Top-sawyer on de counterpoint  
Und buster in discant,  
To dee de soul of musik  
All innerly ish known,  
Du canst mit might fullenden  
De art of orgel-ton.

"Derefore, a Miserere  
Vill dou, be-ghostet, spiel,  
Und vake be-raised, yearnin,  
Also a holy feel:-  
Pe referent, men - rememper  
Dis ish a Gotteshaus-  
Du Conrad - go along de aisles  
Und schenk de whiskey aus!:

Dey blay crate dings from Mozart,  
Beethoven, und Mehul  
Mit chorals of Sebastian Bach  
Soopline und peaudiful.  
Der Breitmann feel like holy saints,  
De tears roon down his fuss;  
Und he sopped out, "got verdammich - dis  
Ist wahres Kunstgenuss!"[21]

Der Eberle blayed oop so high,  
He maket de rafters ring;  
Der Eberle blayed lower, und  
Ve heardt der Breitmann sing  
Like a dronin wind in piney woods  
Like a nightly moanin sea:  
Ash de dinked on Sonntags long agone  
Vhen a poy in Germany.

Und louder und mit louder tone  
High oop de orgel blowed,  
Und plentifuler efer yet  
Around de whiskey goed.  
Dey singed ash if mit singin, dey

BREITMANN'S GOING TO CHURCH.

## The Breitmann Ballads

Might indo Himmel win:–  
I dink in all dis land soosh shprees  
Ash yet hafe nefer peen.

Vhen in de Abendsonnenschein,  
Mit doost–clouds troo de door,  
All plack ash night in golden lighdt  
Der shtood ein schwartzer Mohr,  
Dat contrapand so wild und weh,  
Mit eye–palls glaring roun,  
Who cried "For Gott's sake, hoory oop!  
De reps ish gomin down!"

Und while he yet was shpeakin,  
A far–off soundt pegan,  
Down rollin from de moundain  
Of many a ridersmann.  
Und vwhile de waves of musik  
Vere rollin o'er deir heads,  
Dey heard a foice a schkreemin,  
"Pile out of thar, you Feds!

"For we uns ar' a comin  
For to guv to you uns fits,  
And knock you into brimstun  
And blast you all to bits"–  
Boot ere it done ids shpeakin,  
Der vas order in de band,  
Ash Breitmann, mit an awfool stim  
Out–dondered his gommand.

Und ash fisch–hawk at a mackarel  
Doth make a splurgin flung,  
Und ash eagles dab de fish–hawks  
Ash if de gods vere young,  
So from all de doors and vindows,  
Like shpiders down deir webs  
De Dootch went at deir horses,  
Und de horses at de rebs.

Crate shplendors of de treadful  
Vere in dat pattle rush,  
Crate vights mit swords und carpine,  
Py efery fence and bush.  
Ash panthers vight mit crislies  
In famished morder fits–  
For de rebs vere mad ash boison,  
Und de Dootch vere droonk ash blitz.

Yet vild ash vas de pattle,  
So quickly vas it o'er,

## The Breitmann Ballads

O, vhy moost I forefer  
    Pestain mine page mit gore?  
Py liddle und py liddle  
    Dey drawed demselfs afay,  
Oft toornin' round to vighthen  
    Like boofaloes at bay.

De scatterin shots grew fewer,  
    De scatterin gries more shlow,  
Und furder troo de forest  
    Ve heard dem vainter grow.  
Ve gife von shout – "Victoria!"  
    Und denn der Breitmann said,  
Ash he wiped his bloody sabre:  
    "Now, poys, count oop your dead!"

Oh small had been our shoutin  
    For shoy, if ve had known  
Dat der Stossenheim im oaken wald,  
    Lay dyin all alone.  
Vhile his oldt vwhite horse mit droopin het  
    Look dumbly on him doun,  
Ash if he dinked, "Vy lyeest dou here  
    Vhile fightin's goin on?"

Und dreams coom o'er de soldier  
    Slow dyin on de eart;  
Of a schloss afar in Baden,  
    Of his mutter, und nople birt!  
Of poverty and sorrow,  
    Vhich drofe him like de wind,  
Und he sighed, "Ach weh for de lofed ones,  
    Who wait so far pehind!"

"Wohl auf, my soul o'er de moundains!  
    Wohl auf – well ofer de sea!  
Dere's a frau dat sits in de Odenwald  
    Und shpins, und dinks of me.  
Dere's a shild ash blays in de greenin grass,  
    Und sings a liddle hymn,  
Und learns to shpeak a fader's name  
    Dat she nefer will shpeak to him.

"But mordal life ends shortly  
    Und Heafen's life is long:–  
Wo bist du Breitmann? – glaub'es–[22]  
    Gott suffers noding wrong.  
Now I die like a Christian soldier,  
    My head oopon my sword:–  
In nomine Domini!"–  
    Vas Stossenheim his word.



## The Breitmann Ballads

O, dere vas bitter wailen  
    When Stossenheim vas found.  
Efen from dose dere lyin  
    Fast dyin on de ground.  
Boot time vas short for vaiten,  
    De shades vere gadderin dim:  
Und I nefer shall forget it,  
    De hour ve puried him.

De tramp of horse und soldiers  
    Vas all de funeral knell;  
De ring of sporn und carpine  
    Vas all de sacrin bell.  
Mit hoontin knife und sabre  
    Dey digged de grave a span,  
From German eyes blue gleamin  
    De holy water ran.

Mit moss-grown shticks und bark-thong  
    De plessed cross ve made,  
Und put it vhere de soldier's head  
    Towards Germany vas laid.  
Dat grave is lost mit dead leafs,  
    De cross is gonod afay:  
Boot Gott will find der reiter  
    Oopon de Youngest Day.

Und dinkin of de fightin,  
    Und dinkin of de dead,  
Und dinkin of de organ,  
    To Nashville, Breitmann led  
Boot long dat rough oldt Hanserl  
    Vas earnsthaft, grim und kalt,  
Shtill dinkin o'er de heart's friend,  
    He'd left im gruenen wald.[23]

De verses of dis boem  
    In Heidelberg I write;  
De night is dark around me,  
    De shtars apove are bright.  
Studenten in den Gassen[24]  
    Make singen many a song;  
Ach Faderland! – wie bist du weit!  
    Ach Zeit! – wie bist du lang![25]

## BREITMANN IN KANSAS.[26]

VONCE oopon a dimes, goot vwhile afder der var vas ofer, der Herr  
Breitmann vent oud Vest, drafellin' apout like efery dings –  
"circuivit terram et perambulavit eam," ash der Teufel said ven  
dey ask him: "How vash you und how you has peen?"

Von efenings he vas drafel mit some ladies und shendlemans, und he  
shtaid incognitus. Und dey singed songs, dill py und py one of  
de ladies say: "Ish any podies here ash know de crate pallad of Hans  
Breitmann's Barty?" Den Hans say: "Ecce Gallus! I am dat  
rooster!" Den der Hans dook a trink und a let–bencil und a biece of  
baper, und goes indo himself a little dimes und den coomes out again  
mit dis boem:

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas:  
He drafel fast und far;  
He rided shoost drei dousand miles  
All in von rail–roat car.  
He knowed foost rate how far he goed–  
He gounted all de vile,  
Dere vash shoost one bottle of champagne,  
Dat bopped at efery mile.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas;  
I dell you vot, my poy,  
You bet dey hat a pully dimes  
In crossin' Illinoy.  
Dey speaked deir speaks to all de folk  
A shtandin' in de car;  
Den ask dem in to dake a trink,  
Und corned em gans und gar.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas;  
By shings! dey did it prown.  
When he got into Leafenvort,  
He found himself in town.  
Dey dined him at de Blanter's House,  
More goot as man could dink;  
Mit efery dings on eart' to eat,  
Und dwice as mooch to trink.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas;  
He vent it on de loud.  
At Ellsvort, in de prairie land,  
He foundt a pully crowd.  
He looked for bleedin' Kansas,  
But dat's "blayed out," dey say;

## The Breitmann Ballads

De whiskey keg's de only ding  
Dat's bleedin' dere to-day.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas,  
To see vot he could hear.  
He foundt soom Deutschers dat existd  
Py makin' lager beer.  
Says he: "Wie gehts du Alt Gesell?"  
But nodings could be heard;  
Dey'd growed so fat in Kansas  
Dat dey couldn't speak a vord.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas;  
Py shings! I dell you vot,  
Von day he met a crisly bear  
Dat rooshed him down, bei Gott!  
Boot der Breitmann took und bind der bear  
Und bleased him fery much-  
For efery vordt der crisly growled  
Vas goot Bavarian Dutch!

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas!  
By donder dat is so!  
He ridet oout upon de blains  
To shase de boofalo.  
He fired his rifle at de bools,  
Und gallop droo de shmoke,  
Und shoomp de canyons shoost as if  
Der teufel vas a choke!

It's hey de trail to Santa Fe;  
It's ho! agross de plain;  
It's lope along de Denver road,  
Until ve toorn again.  
Und de railroad drafel after us  
Apout as quick as ve;  
Dis Kansas ish de fastest land  
Ash efer I did see.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas;  
He have a pully dime;  
But 'twas in old Missouri  
Dat dey rooshed him up subline.  
Dey took him to der Bilot Nob,  
Und all der nobbs around;  
Dey shpreed him und dey tea'd him  
Dill dey roon him to de ground.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas,  
Und made his carpine pop!  
Ven he shooted at a drifer man

## The Breitmann Ballads

To make de wagon shdop.  
A noble Tribune shendleman  
Shoost dodged dat pullet's bore,  
Und de driver shwore dat soosh a crowd  
He nefer druv pefore.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas;  
Droo all dis earthly land,  
A vorkin' out life's mission here  
Soobyectifly und grand.  
Some beoplesh runs de beautiful,  
Some vorks philosophie;  
Der Breitmann solfe de infinide  
Ash von eternal shpree!

### HANS BREITMANN'S CHRISTMAS.

"Haec est illa bona dies  
Et vocata laeta quies  
Vina sitientibus.

"Nullus metus, nec labores,  
Nulla cura, nec dolores,  
Sint in hoc symposio."  
[De Generibus Ebriosorum, Francoforti  
ad Moenum, A.D. 1585.

ID vas on Weihnachtsabend – Vot Ghristmas Efe dey call–  
Der Breitmann mit his Breitmen tid rent de Musik Hall;  
Ash de Breitmen und die vomen who vere in de Liederkranz  
Vouldt blend deir souls in harmonie to have a bleasin tantz.

Dey reefed de Hall 'mid pushes so nople to pe seen,  
Aroundt Beethoven's buster dey dey on–did a garlandt creen:  
De laties vork like teufels dwo tays to scroob de vloer  
Und hanged a crate serenity mit WILLKOMM! oop de toor!

Und while dere vas a Schwein–blatt whose redakteur tid say,  
Die Breitmann he vas liederlich: ve ant–worded dis–a way,  
Ve maked anoder serenity mid ledders plue und red:  
"Our Leader lick de repels! N.G." (enof gesaid.)

Und anoder serene dransbarency ve make de veller baint,  
Boot de vay he potch und vertyfeled id, vas enof to shvear a saint,  
For ve vanted LA GERMANIA; – boot der ardist mit a bloonder,  
Vent und vlorished LAGER agross id – und denn poot MANIA oonder!

HANS BREITMANN'S CHRISTMAS.

## The Breitmann Ballads

"Now ve moost pe guest–friendly," said Breitmann, said he;  
"Und shoot te toor vide oben, for beople all to see.  
Four elemends indernally unided make a punsch;  
Boot id dakes a tausend fellers vhen you gifes dem freie lunsch."

Und as Ghristmas Efe vas gekommen, de beoplesh weren im Hall;  
I shvears you id vas Gott–full – dat shplendit, peglory'd ball;  
Ve hat foon wie der Teufel in Frankreich – ve coot oop  
    like der teufel in France,  
Und valk pair–wise in, vwhile de musik blayed loudt de Fackel–Tanz.

Boot vhen de valtz shtrike oopwart ve most went out of fits,  
Ash der Breitmann led off on a dwister mit de lofely  
    Helmine Schmitz.  
He valtz yoost like he vas shtandin' shtill mit a  
    peaudiful solemn shmile,  
Und Helmine say he nefer shtop poussiren alla weil.

"Es toent, es rauschet Saitenklang – I hear de musik call  
Den herzenhellen Saal entlang – all droo de gleamin' Hall.  
O moecht ich schweben stolz und froh – O mightd I efer pe  
Mit dir durchs ganze Leben so! – mine Lebanlang py dee!"

Und vaster blay de musik de Wellen und Wogen von Strauss;  
Und soom drop indo de tantzen, und soom of dem drop aus;  
Und soon like a shtorm in de Meere I veel de reelin' vloor,  
So de shpinners shtop mit de shpinsters, for dey couldn't  
    shpin no more.

Now weren ve all frolic, und lauter guter ding,  
Und dirsty ash a broosh–pinder – vhen ve hear some glasses ring;  
Foods mild und sonft in de distants – like de song of  
    a nightingall,  
Denn a ringin' und rottlin und clotterin' – ash de Gluck  
    of Edenhall?

Hei! how ve roosh on de liquor! – hei: how de kellners coom:  
Hei! how ve busted de bier–kegs und poonished de Punsch a la Rhum.  
Like lonely wafes at mitternight oopon some shiant shore–  
Like an awful shtorm in de Waelder – vas de dirsty Deutschers' roar!

I pyed some carts for a dime abiece – I pyed shoost fifyd–dwo,  
Dey vere goot for bier, or schnapps, or wein – by  
    doonder how dey flew!  
I ring de deck on de waiters for liquor hot und cool,  
Und efery dime I blays a cart, py shings, I rake de pool![27]

Und ash ve trinked so comforble, like boogs in any roog,  
De trompets blowed tan da ra dei, und dere come in a Maskenzug,  
A peaudiful brocession, soul–raisin' and sooplime,

## The Breitmann Ballads

De marmorbilds of de heroes of de early Sharman dime.

Dere vent der gros Arminius, mit his frau Thusnelda, doo,  
De vellers ash lam de Romans dill dey roon mit noses plue;  
Denn vollowed Quinctilius Varus who carry a Roman yoke,  
Und arm in arm mit Gambrinus coom der Allemane Chroc.

Der Alte Friedrich Rothbart, und Kaiser Karl der crate,  
Mit Roland und Uliverus vent shveepin' on in shtate;  
Und Conradin, whose sad–full deat' shtill makes our heartsen plead,  
Und all ov dem oldt vellers aus dem Nibelungen Lied.

Und as dey mofed on, der Breitmann maked a tyfeled shplendid witz  
In anti–word to dis quesion from de lofely Mina Schmitz:  
"Vhy ish id dey always makes in shtone dem vellers so andiquadet?"  
"Vhy – dey set in de laps of Ages dill dey got lapi–dated!"

Und shoost as de last of dis hisdory hat fanished droo de door,  
Ve heardt a ge–screech, and Pelz Nickel coom howlin' on de vloor;  
Denn de laties yell like der teufel, und vly like gulls mit wings,  
Und der Pelz Nickel lick em mit svitches, und ve  
    laugh like eferydings.

I nefer hafe sooch laughen before dat I vas geborn;  
Und Pelz Nickel, vhen 'tvas ober, he plow on a yaeger horn,  
Und denounce do all de people gesembled in de hall:  
"Dat a Ghristmas dree vas vaiten', mit bresents for oos all!"

So ve vollowed him into de zimmer so quick ash dese vords he said,  
To kit dem peaudiful bresents, all gratis und on de dead;  
Und in facdt a shplendid Weihnachtsbaum mit lighds ve druly vound,  
Und liddel kifts dat ge–kostet a benny abiece all round!

Dere vas Rike Strange die Dessauerinn – a maedchen  
    shtraigdt und tall,  
She cot a bicture of Cubid – boot she tidn't see it ad all,  
Dill der Breitmann say, mit his shplendid shtyle dat  
    all de laties dake:  
"Dat pend of de bow ish de Crecian pend dat you so ofden make!"

Anoder scharmante laity, Maria Top, did cot,  
A schwingin' mit a ribbon, a liddle benny pot;  
Boot Breitmann hafe id de roughest of any oder mans,  
For he kit a yellow grate mit a liddle vooden Hans.

Denn next Beethoven's Sinfonie, die orkester tid blay;  
Adagio – allegro – andante cantabile.  
Ve sat in shtill commotion so dat a bin mightdt drops,  
Und de deers roon town der Breitmann's sheeks,  
    mitwhiles he was trinkin' schnapps.

## The Breitmann Ballads

Next dings ve had de Weinnachtstraum ge-sung by de Liederkranz,  
Denn I trinked dwelf schoppens of glee-wine to sed  
    me oop for a tantz;  
Dis dimes I tanz wie der Teufel – we shriek de volk on de vloer;  
Und boost right indo de sooper room – vor ve tanzt a  
    hole droo de door!

Denn 'twas rowdy tow und hop-sassa, ve hollered,  
    Mann und Weib;  
"Rip Sam und sed her oop acain! – ve're all of de Shackdaw tribe!"  
Vhen Pelz Nickel plow his tromp vonce more, und  
    peg oos to shtop our din,  
Und droo de oben door dere coomed nine den-pins marchin' in.

Nine vellers tressed like den-pins – dey goed to de end' der hall.  
Und dwo Hans Wurst, shack-puddin' glowns – dey  
    rolled at em mit a ball.  
De balls vas paintet peaudiful; dey was vifdeen feet aroundt;  
Und de rule ov de came: "whoefer cot hidt, moost  
    doomple on de croundt."

Sometimes dey hit de den-pins – sometimes de oder volk-  
Und pooty soon de gompany vas all laid out in shoke;  
Boot I dells you vot, it maked oos laugh dill we by-nearly shplits,  
Vhen der Breitmann he roll ofer, und drip oop de Mina Schmitz.

Dis lets itself in Sharman pe foost-rade word-blayed on,  
Und 'mongst oos be-gifted vellers you pet dat id vas tone!  
How der Breitmann mighdt drafel ash bride-man on  
    de roadt dat ish breit und krumm:[28]  
Here de drumpets soundt, and pair-wise ve goed for de sooper-room.

Ve goed for ge-roasted Welsh-hens, ve goed for ge-spickter hare,  
Ve goed for kartoffel salade mit butter brod,-kaviar:  
Ve roosh at de lordtly sauer-kraut und de wurst which lofely shine,  
Und oh, mein Gott im Kimmel! how we goed for de Mosel-wein!

Und troonker more, und troonker yet, und troonker shtill cot ve,  
In rosy lighdt shtill drivin on agross a fairy sea;  
Denn madder, vilder, frantic-er, I proked a salat dish!  
Und shoost like roarin' elefants ve tantzed aroundt de tish.

I'fe shvimmid in heafenly droonks pefore – boot nefer von like dis;  
De morgen-het-ache only seemt a bortion of de pliss.  
De vhide in trilling peauty roundt like heafenly vind-harps rang  
A goosh of goldnen melodie – de Rheinweinbechers' Klang.

De meltin' minnesingers' song – a droonk of honey'd rhyme-  
De b'wildrin-dipsy Bardic shants of Teutoburgic dime;  
Back to de runic dim Valhall und Balder's foamin' mead:-  
Here ents in heller glorie schein des Breitmann's Weihnachtslied!

## BREITMANN ABOUT TOWN

DER SCHWACKENHAMMER coom to down,  
Pefore de Fall vas past,  
Und by der Breitmann drewed he in  
Ash dreimals honored gast.  
"Led's see de sightds! In self und worldt,–  
Dere's 'sightds' for him, to see,  
Who Selbstanschauungsvermogen hat,"  
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to de Opera Haus,  
Und dere dey vound em blayin',  
Of Offenbach (der open brook),  
His show spiel Belle Helene.  
"Dere's Offenbach, – Sebastian Bach,–  
Mit Kaulbach, – dat makes dree:  
I always like sooch brooks ash dese;"  
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to de Bibliothek,  
Which Mishder Astor bilt:  
Some pooks vere only en brochure,  
Und some vere pound und gilt.  
"Dat makes de gold – dat makes de sinn,  
Mit pooks, ash men, ve see,  
De pest tressed vellers guilt de most:"–  
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent to see an edidor,  
Who'd shanged his flag und doon,  
Und crowed oopon der oder side,  
Dat very afdernoon.  
"De anciends vorshipped wettercocks,  
To wetter fanes pent de knee;  
Pow down, mein Schwackenhammer, pow!"  
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented by a panker's hause,  
Und Schwackenhammer shvore,  
He only vant a pig red shield  
Hoong oop pefore de toor;  
One side of red, one side of gold,  
Like de knighds in hisdorie–  
"De schildern of dat schild is rich,"



## The Breitmann Ballads

Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent oonto a bicture sale.  
Of frames wort' many a cent,  
De broperty of a shendleman,  
Who oonto Europe vent.  
"Don't gry – he'll soon pe pack again  
Mit anoder gallerie:  
He sells dem oud dwelf dimes a year,"  
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to dis berson's house,  
To see his furnidure,  
Sold oud at aucdion rite afay,  
Beremdory und sure.  
"He geepts six houses all at vonce,  
Each veek a sale dere pe,  
Gotts! vot a dime his vife moost hafe!" –  
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent to vind a goot cigar,  
Long dimes dey roamed apout,  
Von veller had a pran new sort,  
De fery latest out  
"Mein freund – I dinks you errs yourself  
De shmell ish oldt to me;  
Dat Infamias Stinkadores brand," –  
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to de virst hotel,  
De prandy make dem creep,  
A trop of id's enough to make  
A brazen monkey veep.  
"Dey say a viner house ash dis,  
Vill soon ge–bildet pe,  
Crate Gott! – vot can dey mean to trink?"  
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented droo de Irish shtreeds,  
Dey saw vrom haus to haus,  
Und gountet oop, 'pout more or less,  
Vive hoondred awful rows.  
"If all dese liddle vights dey waste,  
Could von crate pattle pe,  
Gotts! how de Fenian funds vouldt rise!"  
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent to see de Ridualisds,  
Who vorship Gott mit vlowers,  
In hobes he'll lofe dem pack again,  
In winter among de showers.

## The Breitmann Ballads

"Vhen de Pacific railroat's done,  
Dis dings imbrofed vill pe,  
De joss-sticks vill pe santal vood,"–  
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent to hear a breecher of  
De last sensadion shtyle,  
'Twas 'nough to make der teufel weep  
To see his "awful shmile."  
"Vot bities dat der Fechter ne'er  
Vas in Theologie,  
Dey'd make him pishop in his shoorsch,"  
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent into a shpordin' crib,  
De rowdies cloostered dick,  
Dey ashk him dell dem vot o'glock,  
Und dat infernal quick.  
Der Breitmann draw'd his 'volver oud,  
Ash gool ash gool couldt pe,  
"Id's shoost a goin' to shdrike six,"  
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent polid'gal meedins next  
Dey hear dem rant and rail,  
Der bresident vas a forger,  
Shoost bardoned oud of jail.  
He does it oud of cratitood,  
To dem who set him vree:  
"Id's Harmonie of Inderesds,"  
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent to a clairfoyard witch,  
A plack-eyed handsome maid,  
She wahrsagt all deir vortunes – denn  
"Fife dollars, gents!" she said.  
"Dese vitches are nod of dis eart',  
Und yed are on id, I see,  
Der Shakesbeare knew de preed right vell,"  
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to a restaurand,  
Der vaiter coot a dash;  
He garfed a shicken in a vink,  
Und serfed id at a vlash.  
"Dat shap knows vell shoost how to coot  
Und roon mit poulderie,  
He vas copitain oonder Turchin vonce,"  
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to de Voman's Righds,

## The Breitmann Ballads

Where laties all agrees,  
De gals should all pe voters,  
    Und deir beaux all de votees.  
"For efery man dat nefer vorks,  
    Von frau should vranched pe:  
Dat ish de vay I solfe dis ding,"  
    Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented oop, dey vented down,  
    'Tvas like a roarin' rifer,  
De sighds vere here – de sighds vere dere–  
    Und de vorltd vent on forefer.  
"De more ve trinks, de more ve sees,  
    Dis vorltd a derwisch pe;  
Das Werden's all von whirling droonk,"  
    Said Breitemann, said he.

### **BREITMANN IN POLITICS.**

I.

#### **I.–THE NOMINATION**

VHEN ash de var vas ober, und Beace her shnow–wice vings  
Vas vafin' o'er de coondry (in shpodts) like efery dings  
Und heroes vere revardt, de beople all pegan  
To say 'tvas shame dat nodings vas done for Breitemann.

No man wised how id vas shtartet, or where de fore shlog came,  
Boot dey shveared it vas a cinder, dereto a purnin' shame:  
"Dere is Schnitzerl in de Gustom–House -- potzblitz!  
    can dis dings be!  
Und Breitemann he hafe nodings: vot sighds is dis to see!

"Nod de virst ret cendt for Breitmann! ish dis do pe de gry  
On de man dat sacked de repels und trinked dem high und dry?  
By meine Seel' I shvears id, und vhat's more I deglares id's drue,  
He vonce gleaned oudt a down in half an our, und  
    shtripped id strumpf und shoe.

"Vhen dey ploondered de down of Huntsville, I dells  
    you vot, py tam!  
He burned oop four biano–fords and a harp to roast a ham;

BREITMANN IN POLITICS.

## The Breitmann Ballads

Vhen he found de rouge und email de Paris, which de  
laties hafe hid in a shpot,  
He whited his horse all ofer – und denn pinked his ears, bei Gott!

"Vhen he found dat a blace was ploonder–fool, he  
always tell dem, sure:  
'Men, sack und pack! I shoots mine eyes for only shoost an uhr.'  
Boot if de blace vas fery rich, he vouldt say mit a solemn mien:  
'Men – I only shleep for von half uhr more – ve moost  
hafe tiscipline.'

"He vas shoost like Koenig Etzel, of whom de shdory dell,  
Der Hun who go for de Romans und gife dem shinin hell:  
Only dis dat dey say no grass vouldt crow vhere  
Etzel's horse had trot.  
Und I really peliefe vhere Breitmann go, de hops  
shpring oop, bei Gott!"

If once you tie a dog loose, dere ish more soon geds aroundt,  
Und vhen dis vas shtartedt on Breitmann id was  
rings aroom be–foundt;  
Dough vhy he moost hafe somedings vas nod by no means glear,  
Nor tid id, like Paulus' confersion, on de snap to all abbear!

Und, in facdt, Balthazar Bumchen saidt he couldtent  
nicht blainly see  
Vhy a feller for gaddrin' riches shood dus revarstedt pe:  
Der Breitmann own drei Houser, mit a weinhandle in a stohr,  
Dazu ein Lager–Wirtschaft, und sonst was – somedings more.

Dis plasted plackguard none–sense ve couldn't no means shtand  
From a narrow–mineted shvine's kopf, of our nople captain grand:  
Soosh low, goarse, betty bornirtheit a shentleman deplores;  
So ve called him verfluchter Hundsfott, und shmysed  
him out of toors.

So ve all dissolfed dat Breitmann shouldt hafe a nomination  
To go to de Legisladoor, to make some dings off de nation;  
Mit de helb of a Connedigut man, in whom ve hafe great hobes,  
Who hat shange his boledics fivdeen dimes, und  
derefore knew de robes.

## 2. – THE COMMITTEE OF INSTRUCTION.

Denn for our Insdructions Comedy de ding vas protocollirt,  
By Docktor Emsig Grubler, who in Jena vonce studiret;  
Und for Breitmann his insdrugtions de comedy tid say

## The Breitmann Ballads

Dat de All out-going from de Ones vash die first Moral Idee.

Und de segondt crate Moral Idee dat into him ve rings,  
Vas dat government for every man moost alfays do efery dings;  
Und die next Idee do vitch his mindt esbecially ve gall,  
Is to do mitout a Bresident und no government ad all.

Und die fourt' Idee ve vish der Hans vouldt alfays keeb in fiew,  
Ish to cooldifate die Peaudifool, likewise de Goot und Drue;  
Und de form of dis oopright-hood in proctise to present,  
He must get our liddle pills all bassed, mitout id's  
gostin' a cent.[29]

Und die fift' Idee – ash learnin' ish de cratest ding on eart',  
Und ash Shoopider der Vater to Minerfa gife gebirt'–  
Ve peg dat Breitmann oonto oos all pooplic tocuments  
Vhich he can grap or shteal vill sendt – franked – mit  
his gompliments.

Die sechste crate Moral Idee – since id fery vell ish known  
Dat mind is de resooldt of food, ash der Moleschott has shown,  
Und ash mind ish de highest form of Gott, as in Fichte dot' abbear–  
He moost alfays go mit de barty dat go for lagerbier.

Now ash all dese insdrugdions vere showed to Mishder Twine,  
De Yangee boledician, he say dey vere fery fine:  
Dey vere pesser ash goot, und almosdt nice – a tarnal tall concern;  
Boot dey hafe some liddle trawbacks, und in fagdt  
weren't worth a dern.

Boot yet, mit our bermission, if de shentlemans allow–  
Here all der Sharmans in de room dake off deir hats und pow–  
He vouldt gife our honored gandidate some nodions of his own,  
Hafing managed some elegdions mit sookcess, as vell vas known.

Let him plow id all his own vay, he'd pet as sure as born,  
Dat our mann vouldt not coom oud of der liddle endt der horn,  
Mit his goot proad Sharman shoulders – dis maket  
oos laugh, py shink!  
So de comedy shtart for Breitmann's – Nota bene – after a trink!

### **3. – MR. TWINE EXPLAINS BEING "SOUND UPON THE GOOSE."**

Dere in his crate corved oaken shtuhl der Breitemann sot he:  
He lookt shoost like de shiant in de Kinder hishdorie:  
Und pefore him, on de tische, was – vhere man alfays foundt it–  
Dwelf inches of good lager, mit a Boemisch glass around it.

## The Breitmann Ballads

De foorst vordt dat der Breitmann spoke he maked no sbeech or sign!  
De nexd remark vas "Zapfet aus!" – de dird vas, "Schenket ein!"  
Vhen in commed liddle Gottlieb und Trina mit a shtock  
Of allerbest Markgraefer wein – dazu dwelf glaeser Bock.

Denn Mishder Twine deglare dat he vas happy to denounce  
Dat as Coptain Breitmann suited oos egsockdly do an ounce,  
He vas ged de nomination, and need nod more eckshblain:  
Der Breitmann dink in silence, and denn roar aloudt, CHAMPAGNE!

Denn Mishder Twine, while drinkin' wein, mitwhiles  
vent on do say,  
Dat long instruckdions in dis age vere nod de dime of tay;  
Und de only ding der Breitmann need to pe of any use  
Vas shoost to dell to efery man he's soundt oopon der coose.

Und ash dis liddle frase berhops vas nod do oos bekannt,  
He dakes de liberdy do make dat ve shall oonder–shtand,  
And vouldt dell a liddle shdory vitch dook blace pefore de wars:  
Here der Breitmann nod to Trina, und she bass aroundt cigars.

"Id ish a longe dime, now here, in Bennisylfanien's Shtate,  
All in der down of Horrisburg dere rosed a vierce depate,  
'Tween vamilies mit cooses, und dose vhere none vere foundt–  
If cooses might, by common law, go squanderin' aroundt?"

"Dose who vere nod pe–gifted mit cooses, und vere poor,  
All shvear de law forbid dis crime, py shings und cerdain sure;  
But de coose–holders teklare a coose greadt liberdy tid need,  
And to pen dem oop vas gruel, und a mosdt oon–Christian teed.

"Und denn anoder barty idself tid soon refeal,  
Of arisdograts who kept no coose, pecause 'twas nod shendeel:  
Tey tid not vish de splodderin' keese shouldt on deir  
pafemends bass,  
So dey shoined de anti–coosers, or de oonder lower glass!"

Here Breitmann led his shdeam out: "Dis shdory goes to show  
Dat in poledicks, ash lager, virtus in medio.  
De drecks ish ad de pottom – de skoom floads high inteed;  
Boot das bier ish in de mittle, says an goot old Sharman lied.[30]

"Und shoost apout elegdion–dimes de scoom und drecks, ve see,  
Have a pully Wahl–verwandtschaft, or election–sympathie."  
"Dis is very vine," says Mishder Twine, "Vot here you indrotuce:  
Mit your bermission I'll grack on mit my shdory of de coose.

"A gandertate for sheriff de coose–beholders run  
Who shvear de coose de noblest dings vot valk peneat' de sun;  
For de cooses safe de Capidol in Rome long dimes ago,

3. – MR. TWINE EXPLAINS BEING "SOUND UPON THE GOOSE."

## The Breitmann Ballads

Und Horrisburg need safin' mighty pad, ash all do know.[31]

"Acainsd dis mighdy Coose–man anoder veller rose,  
Who keepedt himself ungommon shtill vhen oders came to plows;  
Und if any ask how 'twas he shtoodt, his friendts  
    wouldt vink so loose,  
Und whisper ash dey dapped deir nose: 'He's soundt oopon de coose!

"'He's O.K. oopon de soobject:[32] shoost pet your pile on dat:  
On dis bartik'ler quesion he indends to coot it fat.'  
So de veller cot elegded pefore de beople foundt  
On whitch site of der coose it vas he shtick so awful soundt.

"Und efer in America, hencevorwart from dat day,  
Ash mit de Native Mericans, de fashion vas to say–  
Likes well in de Kansas droples – de shap who tid not refuse  
To go mit beoples ash wanted him, vas soundt oopon der coose.

"Dis shdory's all I hafe to dell," says Mishder Hiram Twine;  
"Und I advise Herr Breitmann shoost to vight id on dis line."  
De volk who of dese boledics would oder shapders read,  
Moost waiten for de segondt pardt of dis here Breitmann's Lied.

II.

### 4.–HOW BREITMANN AND SMITH WERE REPORTED TO BE LOG–ROLLING

ID hoppinet in de yar of crace, vhen all dese dings pegan,  
Dat Mishder Schmit, de shap who rooned acainsd der Breitmann,  
Vas a man who look like Mishder Twine so moosh dat beoples say  
Dey pliefe dey moost ge–brudert pe – Gott weiss in vot a vay!

Und id vas also moosh be–marked – whitch look shoost like a bruder–  
Dat vhen Twine vas vork on any side der Schmit vas on der oder  
A fery gommon dodge ish mit de arisdocracie;  
So dat votefer cardt doorns op, id's game for de familie!

Nun, goot! Howefer dis might pe, 'tvas cerdain on dis hit  
Der Twine vas do his tyfelest to euchre Mishder Schmit;  
Und Schmit, I criefe to say, exclaimed: "Gaul darn me for a fool,  
But I'll smash old Dutch to cholera fits and rake the  
    eternal pool!"

So dey cot some liddle ledders, ash brifate ash could pe,  
Whitch Breitmann writed long agone to friendts in Germany;  
Und dey brinted dem in efery vay to make de beoples laugh,  
Und comment on dem in de shtyle dat "sports" call "slasher–gaff."

## The Breitmann Ballads

Dere-to – as vash known py shoodshment und glearly ascertained,  
Dat Breitmann hafe lossed money py a valse und schwindlin' friendt–  
So dey roon it droo de newspapers, und shbeeched to make pegan,  
Dat Breitmann shtole de gelt himself und rop de oder man.[33]

Boot de ding dat jam de hardest on de men dat bull de vires,  
Und showed that Copitain Breitmann shtood pedween dwo heafy vires,  
Vas, because he vas a soldier – von could see id at a clanse–  
Dey had pud him in a tisdright vhere he hadn't half a shanse.

For ash de pold solidaten ish more prafe ash oder mans,  
Dey moost lead de hope verloren und pattle in de vans;  
Und ash defeat ish honoraple to men in honor shtrict,  
Dey honor dem py puttin' em vhere dey're cerdain to be licked.

Boot dis dimes it shlopped over. 'Tvas de dird or secondt heat,  
Dat a soldier in dis tisdright had been poot oop und beat;  
So de Plue Goats dink it over und go quietly to vork:  
De bow vhen too moosh aufgespannt vlies packward mit a yerck.

Now Mishder Twine deglaret dat de ding seemed doubtenful,  
Boot mitout delay he dook de horns so poldly py de bull,  
Und shpread de shdory eferyvhere, dill folk to pliefe pecan,  
Dat Mishder Schmit had sold de vight unto der Breitemann!

He fix de liddle tedails – how moosh der Schmit hafe got  
For sellin' out his barty to let Breitmann haul de pot;  
Und he showed a brifate letter from Breitemann to Schmit,  
Vhere he bromise him for Congress if he shoost let oop a bit.

Der Twine vas writet dis ledder; for der Copitain Breitemann  
Vould nefer hafe shtood soosh hoompoogks since virst  
his life pegan:  
He hat tone some rough dings in de war, in de  
ploonder–und–morder line,  
Boot vas hoockleperry–persimmoned mit dese boledics of Twine.

Howefer, dis ledder vorket foorst–rate – mit de  
Mericans pest of all,  
For dey mostly dinked it de naturalest ding as efer couldt pefall;  
For to sheat von's own gonstituents ish de pest mofe in de came,  
Und dey nefer sooposed a Dootchman hafe de sense to do de same.

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### 5.–HOW THEY HELD THE MASS MEETING.



## The Breitmann Ballads

Dere's nodings in dis vorltd so pad, ash all oov us may learn,  
Boot may shange from dark to lighthood, if loock  
    should dake a doorn;  
So it hoppinet mit Breitmann, who in spite of sin and Schmit,  
Gontrifed ad shoost dis yooncture do make a glucky hit.

Dey hat sendet out some plackarts to de Deutsche burgers all  
(N.B. – Dish ish not mean blackguards, boot de pills  
    dey shtick on de vall),  
To say dat a Massenversammlung – or a meeding of all dem asses–  
Vouldt be held in de Arbeiter–Halle, to consisd of de  
    Sharman classes.

Now dey gife de brinting of de pills to a new gekommene man,  
Who dinked dat Demokratisch vas de same ash Repooblican:  
Got im Himmel weiss vhere he'd hid himself on dis  
    free Coloompian shore  
Dat he scaped de naturalizationisds, und hand't found out pefore.

Boot to dis Deutsche brinter, de only tifference he  
Petween Repooblicanish and Demokratisch tid see,  
Vas dat von vash dwo ledders longer; so he dook  
    shoost vot seem pat  
To make de poster handsome – likewise a liddle fat.

How ofden in dis buzzlin' life shmall grubs grows oop to vings!  
How often shoost from moostard seet a virst–glass  
    pusiness shsprings!  
Van't klein komt men tot't groote, ash de Hollanders hafe said:  
Mit dese dwo ledders Breitmann caved in der Schmitsy's head.

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### 6.–BREITMANN'S GREAT SPEECH.

Dis tale dat Schmit hafe sell de vight cot so mooch put apout,  
Dat many of his beoples vere in fery tupious toubt;  
'Pove all, dose who were on de make, and easy change deir lodge,  
Und, pein awfool smart demselves, pelieve in efery dodge.

Vhen de meeding vas gesempld, und dey found no Schmit vas dere,  
Dey looket at von anoder mit a ganz erstaunished air;  
But dey saw it glear as taylighd, und around a vink dere ran,  
Vhen pefore dem rose de shiant form of Copitain Breitemann!

Denn Breitemann vent los at dem: "He could nichts vell exbress

### 6.–BREITMANN'S GREAT SPEECH.

## The Breitmann Ballads

De rapdure dat besqueezed his hearts – de wonnevol hoppiness–  
To meed in friendtlich council and glasp de hand of dose,  
Who had peen mit most oonreason and unkindly galled his foes.

"Berhaps o'er all dis shmilin' eart' – he vould say it  
dere un denn–  
Soosh shpecdagles couldt nod pe seen of soosh imbardial men,  
So tefoid of base sospicion, so apofe all betty dricks,  
Ash to gome und lisdén vairly to a voe in poledicks;

"Dat ish to say, a so–galled voe – for he feeled id in his soul  
Dat de brinciples vitch mofed dem vere de same oopon de whole;  
But he lack a vord to exbress dem in manners oportunes"–  
Here a veller in de gallery gry oud, oonkindly, "Shpoons!"

Und dere der Breitmann goppled him: "If shpoons our modifes pe.  
Dere's nod a man pefore oos who lossed a shpoon by me:  
Far rader had I gife you all a shpoons to eaten mit,  
Und I hope to ged a ladle for mein friendt, der Mishder Schmit."

Dis fetch das Haus like doonder – it raise der tyfel's dust,  
Und for sefen–lefen minudes dey ooplouded on a bust;  
Und de chaps dat dinked of hedgin' saw a ring as round as O;  
So dey boked each oder in de ribs und said, "I dold you so!"

For dis d'lusion to de ladle vas as glear ash city milk,  
Und drawd it on de beoples so vine ash flossen silk,  
Dat Hans und Schmit vere rollin' locks, und de locks  
vere ready cut;  
Only Breitmann hafe de liddle end, und Schmitsy dake de butt!

Denn Breitmann he crack onward: "If any 'lightened man  
Vill seeken in his Bibel, he'll find dat a publican  
Is a barty ash sells lager; und de ding is fery blain,  
Dat a re–publican ish von who sells id 'gain und 'gain.

"Now since dat I sells lager, I gant agreeen mit  
De demprance brinciples I hear dishtriputet to Schmit;  
Boot dis I dells you vairly, und no one to teseife–  
If I were Schmit, I'd pliefen shoost vot der Schmit peliefe.

"And to mine Sharman liperal friendts I might mention in dis shpot,  
Dat I hear an oonfoundet rumor dat der Schmit peliefe in Gott;  
Und also dat he coes to shoorsh – mit a brayer–book –  
for salfadion:  
I vould not for die welt say dings to hoort his repudation.

"Und noding is more likely dat it all a shlander pe,  
So also de rumor dat vhen young he shtoody divinidy:  
I myself, ash a publican, moost pe a sinner py fate,  
Und in dis sense I denounce mineself ash Republican–didate!

## The Breitmann Ballads

"Ash Deutchers say – und Yankees doo – vhen der  
wein ish in der man,  
So ish oopon de oder part, de wise–hood in de can,  
Vhitch profes dat wein und wise–hood ish all de same, py shinks!  
Und de only real can–didate ish der veller ash coes for trinks:

"Und dat ve may meed in gommon, I deglare here in dis hall–  
Und I shvears mineself to holt to it, votefer may pefall–  
Dat any man who gifes me his fote – votefer his boledics pe–  
Shall alfays pe regartet ash bolidigal friendt py me."

(Dis voonderfol Condescension pring down drementous applause,  
Und dose who catch de nodion gife most derriple hooraws:  
Eshbecially some Amerigans ash vas shtandin' near de door,  
Und who in all deir leben long nefer heard so moosh sense pefore.)

"Dese ish de brinciples I holts, and dose in vitch I run:  
Dey ish fixed firm und immutaple ash de course of de 'ternal sun:  
Boot if you ton't approve of dem – blease nodice vot I say–  
I shall only pe too happy to alder dem right afay.

"Und undo my Demogratric friendts I vould fery glearly shtate–  
Since dis useless mit oop–gecleared minds to hold a long depate–  
Dat dere's no man in de cidy who sells besser liquor ash I,  
Und I shtand de treadts free–gradis vhenefer mine friendts ish try.

"Ad finem – in de ende – I moost mendion do you all,  
Dat a dootzen parrels of lager bier ish a–gomin' to dis hall:  
Dere ish none of mine own barty here, bot we'll do  
mitout deir helfs;  
Und I kess, on de whole, 'twill pe shoost so goot if ve  
trink it all ourselves."

Soosh drementous up–loudation pefore vas nefer seen,  
Ash dey svored dat der Copitain Breitmann vas a  
brickpat, und no sardine;<sup>[34]</sup>  
Und dey trinked demselfs besoffen, sayin', "Hobe you  
wird sookceed!"–  
De nexter theil will pe de ent of dis historisch lied.

III.

PARDT DE VIRST.

**THE AUTHOR ASSERTS THE VAST INTELLECTUAL SUPERIORITY OF  
GERMANS TO AMERICANS.**

THE AUTHOR ASSERTS THE VAST INTELLECTUAL SUPERIORITY OF GERMANS TO AMERICANS.

## The Breitmann Ballads

DERE'S a liddle fact in hishdory vitch few hafe oondershtand,  
Deutschers are, de jure, de owners of dis land,  
Und I brides mineslf oonshpeak–barly dat I foorst make be–known,  
De primordial cause dat Columbus vas derivet from Cologne.

For ash his name vas Colon, it fisiply does shine,  
Dat his Eldern are geboren been in Cologne on der Rhein,  
Und Colonia peing a colony, it sehr bemerkbar ist,  
Dat Columbus in America was der firster colonist.

Und ash Columbus ish a tove, id ish wort' de drople to mark,  
Dat an bidgeon foorst tiscofer land a–vlyin' from de ark;  
Und shtill wider – in de peginnin', mitout de leastest toubt,  
A tofe vas vly ofer de wassers und pring de vorldt herout.

Ash mein goot oldt teacher der Kreutzer to me tid ofden shbeak,  
De mythus of name rebeats itself – vhtch see in his "Symbolik,"  
So also de name America, if we a liddle look,  
Vas coom from der oldt king Emerich in de Deutsche Heldenbuch.

Und id vas from dat fery Heldenbuch – how voonderful it ron,  
Dat I shdole de Song of Hildebrand, or der Vater und der Sohn,  
Und dishtripude it to Breitemann for a reason vhtch now ish plain,  
Dat dis Sagen Cyclus full–endet, pring me round to der Hans again.

Dese laws of un–endly un–windoong ish so teep and broad and tall,  
Dat nopody boot a Deutscher hafe a het to versteh dem at all,  
Und should I write mine dinks all out, I tont peliefe inteed,  
Dat I mineslf vould versteh de half of dis here Breitmann's Lied.

Ash der Hegel say of his system – dat only von mans knew,  
Vot der tyfel id meant – und he couldn't tell – und der  
    Jean Paul Richter, too,  
Who saidt: "Gott knows I meant somedings vhen  
    foorst dis buch I writ,  
Boot Gott only wise vot das buch means now – for I  
    hafe fergotten it!"

Und all of dis be–wises so blain ash de face on your nose,  
Dat der Deutscher hafe efen more intellects dan he himself soopose,  
Und his tifference mit de over–again vorldt, as I really  
    do soospect,  
Ish dat oder volk hafe more soopose – und lesser intellect.

Yet oop–righty I confess it – mitout ashkin' vhy or vhence,  
Dere ish also dimes vhen Amerigans hafe shown sharp–pointet sense,  
Und a fery outsigned exmple of genius in dis line,  
Vas dishblayed in dis elegdion py Mishder Hiram Twine.

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PARDT DE SECONDT.

## SHOWING HOW MR. HIRAM TWINE "PLAYED OFF" ON SMITH.[35]

Vide licet. Dere vas a fillage whose vote alone vouldt pe  
Aput enof to elegdt a man und give a mayority,  
So de von who couldt "scoop" dis seddlement vouldt  
    make a lucky hit,  
But dough dey vere Deutschers, von und all, dey all  
    go von on Schmit.

Now id hoppinet to gome to bass, dat in dis little town,  
De Deutsch vas all exshpegdin' dat Mishder Schmit coom down,  
His brinciples to foresetzen und his idees to deach-  
(Id est, fix oop de brifate pargains) – und telifer a  
    pooplic shbeeck.

Now Twine vas a gyrotwistive cuss ash blainly ish peen shown,  
Und vas always an out-findin' votefer might pe known,  
Und mit some of his circumswindles he fix de matter so,  
Dat he'd pe himself at dis meeding, und see how dings vas go.

Oh shdrangely in dis leben de dings kits vorked apout,  
Oh voonderly Fortuna makes doorn us inside out.  
Oh sinkular de loock-vheel rolls – dis liddle meeding dere,  
Fixt Twine ad perpendiculum: – shoosh suit him to a hair.

Now it hopponet on dis efenin', de Deutschers von und all,  
Vere erwaitin' mit oonpatience de onfang of de Ball,  
Und de shates of nighdt vere fallin' und de shdars pegin to plink,  
Und dey vish dat Schmit vouldt hoory, for 'twas dime  
    to dake a trink.

Dey hear some hoofs a dramplin' – und dey saw und  
    dinked dey know'd,  
De bretty greature coomin' on his horse entlang de road,  
Und ash he ride town invard de likeness vas so blain,  
Dey donnered out "Hoorra for Schmit!" enof to make it rain.

Der Twine vas shdart like plazes – boot oop shdardet too his vit,  
Und he dinks, "Great turnips! – vhot if I couldt bass  
    for Colonel Schmit!  
Gaul darn my heels I'll do it – and go the total swine,  
Oh soap balls! – what a chance!" said dis dissembulatin' Twine.

## The Breitmann Ballads

Denn'twas "Willkomm! willkomm! Mishder Schmit!"  
rings aroom on efery site,  
Und "First-rate – how dy do, yourself?" der Hiram Twine replied,  
Dey ashk him "Coom und dake a trink" – boot dey  
find id mighdy gueer,  
Vhen Twine informed em none boot hogs would  
trink dat shtinkin' bier.

Dat lager vas nodings boot boison, und as for Sharman wein,  
He dinks it vas erfunden exbressly for Sharman schwein,  
Dat he himself was a demperanceler, dat he gloria in de name,  
Und adfised dem all for tecence's sake to go und do de same.

Dese remarks, among de Deutschers, vere apout as vell receife,  
Ash cats in a game of den-pins – ash you may of coorse peliefe,  
De heats of de recebtion vent down a dootzen degrees,  
Und in blace of hurraws was only heardt de roostlin' of de drees.

Und so in solemn stille dey scorched him to de hall,  
Vhere he maket de crate oradion vhitc vas so moosh  
to blease dem all,  
Und dis vay he pegin it: "Pefore I furder go,  
I vish dat my obinions, you puddin-het Dutch, shouldt know.

"Und eher I norate furder, I dink it only fair,  
Ve shouldt oonderstand each oder, prezackly, chunk and square;  
Dere are points on vitch ve tisagree, und I will plank de facts–  
I tont go round slanganderin' my friendts pehind deir packs.

"So I beg you dake it easy, if on de raw I touch,  
Vhen I say I can't apide de sound of your groonting  
shishing Dootch,  
Should I in de Legislatudure as your slumgullion stand,  
I'll have a bill forbidding Dutch, droo all dis 'versal land.

"Should a husband talk it to his frau, to deat' he should pe led,  
If a mutter breat' it to her shild, I'd bunch her in de head;  
Und I'm sure dat none vill atvocate id's use in pooplic schools,  
Oonless dey're peastly, nashdy, prutal, saur-kraut eadin' fools."

Here Mishder Twine, to gadder breat', shoost make a liddle pause,  
Und see sechs hundert gapin' eyes – sechs hundert shdaring' chaws!  
Dey shtanden erstarrt like frozen – von faindly dried to hiss:–  
Und von saidt: "Ish id shleeps I'm treamin' –  
Gottstausend! – vhot ish dis?"

Twine keptet von eye on de vindow, – boot boldly vent aheth,  
"Of your oder shtinkin' hobits no vordt needt here pe set;  
Shdop goozlin' bier – shdop shmokin' bipes – shdop rootin'  
in de mire,  
Und shoost un-Dutchify yourselves! – dat's all dat I require."

## The Breitmann Ballads

Und denn dere coomed a shindy ash if de shky hat trop:  
"Trow him mit ecks, py doonder! – go – shlog him on de kop!  
Hei! shoot him mit a powie–knifes! – go for him, ganz and gar!  
Shoost tar him mit some fedders! – led's fedder him mit tar!"

Sooch a teufel's row of furie vas nefer oopkicket pefore,–  
Some roosh to on–climb de blatfom, – some hoory  
to festen de toor,–  
Von veller vired his refofder – boot de pullet missed her mark,  
She coot de cort of de shandelier – it vell – und de hall vas tark!

Oh vell vas it for Hiram Twine dat nimplly he couldt shoomp!  
Und vell dat he light on a mist–hauf und nefer feel de boomp!  
Und vell for him dat his coot cray horse shtood sottelet  
shoost outside!  
Und vell dat in an augenblick he vas off on a teufel's ride!

Bang! bang! de sharp pistolen shots vent pipin' py his ear,  
Boot he tortled oop de barrick road like any moundain deer,  
Dey trowed der Hiram Twine mit shteins – boot dey  
only could be–mark  
Von climpse of his vwhite ober–coat – und a clotterin'  
droo de dark.

So dey gesempeled togeder, ein ander to sprechen mit,  
Und allow dat soosh a Rede dey nefer exshpegt from Schmit!  
Dat he vas a foorst–glass plackguard, und so pig a lump ash ran,  
So – nemine contradicente – dey vented for Breitemann.

Und 'twas annerthalb yar dere after before de Schmit vas know,  
Vhat maket dis rural fillage go pack oopon him so,  
Und he schwored at de Dutch more schlimmer ash  
Hiram Twine had done,–  
Note bene: he tid it in earnest, while der Hiram's vas  
pusiness–fun.

Boot vhen Breitmann heardt de shtory how de fillage  
hat been dricked,  
He schwore bei Leib und Leben, dat he'd rader hafe been licked,  
Dan be helpet droo sooch slumgoozlin', – und 'twas  
petter to pe a schwein,  
Dan a schvindlin', honeyfooglin' shnake, like dat lyin'  
Yankee Twine.

Und pegot so heavy disgootet mit de boledics of dis land,  
Dat his friendts could barely keep him from trowin' oop his hand,  
Vhen he held shtraight–flush mit an ace in his poot–  
vitch phrase ish all de same,  
In de science of pokerology, ash if he got de game.

## The Breitmann Ballads

So Breitmann cot elegdet, py vollowin' de vay,  
Ve manage our elegdions oonto dis fery day.  
Dis shows de Deutch Dummehrichkeit – also de Yankee "wit:"–  
Das ist das abenteuer how Breitmann lick der Schmit.

### **BREITMANN AS AN UHLAN.**

"Bjo foeri ek ther,  
Brynthings apaldr!  
Magni blandinn  
Ok magentiri,  
Fullr er hann ljoda."  
–Sigdrifurnal

"Beer I bear to thee,  
Battle's great apple–tree!  
Mingled with might  
And with bright glory,  
All full of song."  
–The Edda.

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### **I. THE VISION.**

"Dere vas vonce oopon a dimes a Frantchman who asket if a Sharman  
could hafe esprit. Allowin for his pad shbellin, de reater will  
find dat der Herr Breitmann was hafe a spree goot many dimes. You  
gant ged rount de Dootch." – FRITZ SWACKENHAMMER.

GOTTS blitz! blau Feuer, potz bomben Tod!  
Vot shimmers in de mitnacht roth?  
Like hell–shtrom boorst o'er heafen's plain,  
Trowin dead light on eart acain:–  
Ja! – wide im nord om Odin shtone  
Lies a shiant form im glare alone.  
Troonk py de eis–kalt roarin shdread  
Der Hans ish hafe ein wunder tream.

Troonk om haunted Odinstein  
Im Hexenlicht und Elfenschein  
Vhere bloody Druids omens trew  
From grin und screech of shaps dey slew;

BREITMANN AS AN UHLAN.



## The Breitmann Ballads

Or vhere der Norseman long of yore  
Vas carven eagles on de shore,  
As o'er him yell de Valkyr broot  
Und crows valk round knee teep im plood,  
Vhile rabens schkreem o'er ruddy bay;  
Dere – ten pottles troonk – Hans Breitmann lay.

Fast und rof der war–man shnore  
Like de hammer–shlog of Thor,  
Schnell ash Mjollner's bang und beat  
Heaved de form from het to veet  
Vhile apofe him in de shkies  
Dere he saw a glorie rise,  
Und im mittle von it all  
De iron lords of crate Valhall.

Long he gaze mit wolfen glare  
At de Aesir in de air,  
Long mit schneerin baren grin  
He toorn his nase auf und hin  
(For ne'er a Sherman – tam de otts–  
Vas efer yet gife in to Gotts),  
Dill avery Aes owned oop dat he  
A gott–like man of brass moost pe.

Shtern der Breitmann raise his het,  
To his fader Gotts he set:  
"Let your worts of wisdom shlip;  
Rush your runes, und let 'em rip!  
For you de gotts hafe efer pe  
Of dose who vere ash gotts to me:–  
Alt Thor der Thoren here pelow–  
Vot hell you vants,[36] I'd like to know?"

Antworded ash de donner clangs,  
Der fader of de iron bangs:  
"De gotts will let de hell–dogs go,  
Und raise damnation here pelow;  
Until de sassy Frenchmen schmell  
De rifers ten dat roon troo hell  
To telle dis I comme dence,  
Dou lord of lion impudence.

"Drafeller! I know dee vell!  
Breitmann improturbable!  
Vhen on eart I hat my shy,  
Breitmann of dat age vas I.  
I swear py Thor! so crate und gay,  
I smashed de Jotuns in my tay,  
Und dou shall pe ge–writ sooplime  
Ash de crate Thor of deiner time.

BREITMANN AS AN UHLAN.

## The Breitmann Ballads

"Now ve lets de eagles vly  
Skreemin troo de vlamín shky,  
Our own specials: – dare nod laugh;  
For in de London Telegraph,  
A voondrous poy vot make oos shdare,  
For hop vhat may, he's always dere!  
Vill dell de wort, troo blut and flame,  
Hans Breitmann ist der Uhlan's name.

"Und all dou e'er on eart has done,  
From oop gang oontil settin sun,  
Vill pe ash nix – I schvear py Thor!  
To vat dou'lt do in dieser war;  
Plazin roofs und mordered men,  
Hell set loose on eart again;  
Rush und ride in shtorm und flook,  
Cannon roarin, pools of bloot;  
Deutschland mad in fool career,  
Led py dy Uhlanen spear,  
Hell's harfest – sheafs of fictorie,  
Reaped mit deat's sword und reapt by dee!

"Ja! On many a dorf und disch,  
Dou shalt bring a requisish;<sup>[37]</sup>  
Dwendy dimes de Frantscher men  
Hafe sporned dy land in blut acain–  
All dose dwenty dimes in von,  
Py Deutschland shall to France pe done,  
Und dwenty dimes in blut and wein  
Shalst dou refenge de Palatine.

"Go! – mit shpeer und fiery muth!  
Go! – mit durst for bier und blut!  
Go! – mit lofe for Vaterland,  
Into burning fury fanned:  
Towns und hen–roosts shall hafe shown  
Vhere der Uhlan ist peen gone,  
Und cocks vill roon und men crow tame  
To hear of der Uhlanen name."

Der fision fadet in de shky,  
Und hours vent on und time goed py.  
Vot heardest dou, Napolium?  
De rumpitty, rumpitty, rumpitty poom!  
Ven you hear de sound of de droom,  
Oh denn you know dat de Dootch hafe coom,  
De treadful roarin Dootch, mit de droom  
Und de roompitty, pumpitty, poompity pum!  
De wild ferocious Dootch on a bum,  
Mit cannon roar und pattle hum,

BREITMANN AS AN UHLAN.

Mit fee und faw on de foe und fum!  
Led py de awful Breitemum!  
Bitty boom!! BOOM!!

## II. BREITMANN IN A BALLOON.

WHO vas efer hear soosh voonders,  
Holy breest or virshin nonn?  
As pefelled de Coptain Breitmann,  
When he hoont an air-ballon.  
Der Bizzy[38] und der Dizzy,[39]  
Mit lothairingen und Lothair,  
Vas nodings to dis Deutscher,  
Who vent kitin troo de air.

Id was in yar Nofember,  
In eighdeen sefendee,  
Der Breitmann vent a prowlin,  
By monden light vent he.  
In fillages deserted  
He hear de Uhu moan;  
For you always hear der Uhu[40]  
Where der Uhu-lan ish gone.

Alone allonsed[41] der Uhlan,  
Boot nodings could he find  
Safe whitey clouds a drivin  
In moonshine fore de wind.  
Boot ash he see dese cloudins  
He bemark dat von vas round,  
Und inshtead of goin oopwärts  
It kep risin towards de ground.

"Oh, vot ish dis a gomin?  
Some planet, py de Lord!  
Too boor to life in heafen,  
Coom down on eart to poard;  
Und pelow it schwing tree engels-  
Two he-vons mit a wench.  
Boot, mein Gott! vot sort of engels  
Can dose pe, dalkin Fraentsch!

"I hafe read in Eckhartshausen  
Dat oop in heafen – py tam!  
De engels dalk in Sherman,  
Und sing Mardin Luther's psalm.  
O nein – es sind kein engeln

## II. BREITMANN IN A BALLOON.

## The Breitmann Ballads

Vot sail so smoo-fly on,  
Das sind verfluchte Franzosen  
In einem luft-ballon!"[42]

Hei! how der Breitman streak it  
Ven vonce he kess de trut'!  
He spurred id like de wild fire  
Of hope in early yout'.  
Troo de weingarts like der teufel  
When he shase a lawyer's soul;  
Down der moundain mit his lanze  
Und his wafin banderol.

Down de moundain, o'er de valley,  
Troo de village he ish gone;  
Dog-barks die out pehind him,  
Oders bark ash he come on.  
Liddle heedet he deir bellin,  
Liddle mind der Hahnen crow;  
Liddle hear der Bauern yellin,  
Clotter, clodder, on he go.

"Oh, vot ish hoontin foxen,  
Und vot ish yager pliss,  
Und vot ish shasin bison  
On de blains, to soosh ash dis?  
I hafe dinked dat roonin rebels  
Vas de best of eartly fun;  
Boot id isn't half so sholly  
Ash to go a luft-ballon."

Und ash id shdill vent onwart,  
Shdill onwarts mit der wind,  
Der coom a real madness  
To catch id, o'er his mind.  
Und had'st dou seen him vylin,  
Dat wild onfuriate brick,  
Dou'st hafe schworn dat Coptain Breitmann  
Was pecome balloonatic.

In fain dey trow deir sand-bags,  
In fain all dings let fall,  
De ballon shdill kep a sinkin,  
Und id vouldn't rise at all.  
Yet de wild wind trife id onwarts,  
Onwarts shdill der Breitmann go,  
Dill he cotch id py a rope-ent  
Vot vas hangin town pelow.

Boot vhen it risen oopwarts,  
Ash he cling to id, of corse,

### II. BREITMANN IN A BALLOON.

## The Breitmann Ballads

Mit de lefter hand he holtet  
    To de pridle of his horse.  
Der horse valk on his hind-legs:  
    Too schwer to rise vas he;  
Mein Gott! vot fix for Breitmann  
    Of de Uhlan cavallrie!

So he go for seferal stunden  
    Petween himmel und eart pelow,  
Boot der teufel und die engels  
    Couldn't make der Hans let go.  
Dill all at vonce an idee  
    Coom from his loocky shtar-  
He led co his horse's pridle  
    Und glimb oop indo de car.

Und vot you dinks he foundet  
    Vhen in dat air-ballon?  
A nople Englisch vicomte,  
    Milord de Robinson;  
Und mit him vas a laity,  
    Mit whom he'd rooned afay,  
Whom he indroduce to Breitmann  
    Ash die Jungfer Salome.

Und der dritte was a barson,  
    Whom Milord, mit prudent view,  
Hat took als secretaire,  
    Likevise for pallast doo.  
Dey should hafe bitched him ofer  
    Vhen de gas was out, dey say;  
Boot de dame vould not 'low it:-  
    She'd an arriere pensee.

Sait Milord: "Afar we've wandered,  
    We are completely brown;  
And I'll give a thousand shiners  
    If you'll take me to a town  
Where no one will molest us  
    Till we find our way to Lon--"  
Here der Breitmann ent de sentence  
    Ash he gry out, shortly, "done."

"And as for this fair lady  
    To whom I would be bound,"  
Sait Milord, "we'll have a wedding  
    Before we reach the ground.  
To escape her father's anger  
    We fled to live in peace,  
But she's relatives in London,  
    And they have – the police."

### II. BREITMANN IN A BALLOON.

O vas not dis a voonders  
    To make de Captain shdare?–  
A tausend pounds in bocket  
    Und a veddin in de air?  
He gafe away de laity,  
    Und als sie wieder kam  
Zur festen Erde wieder,  
    Ward sie Robinson Madame.[43]

"O go mit me," said Breitmann,  
    "O go in mein Quartier!  
Don't mind dem gommon soldiers,  
    For I'm an officier."  
He guide dem troo de coountry  
    Till dey reach de ocean strand;  
Now dey sit und pless Hans Breitmann,  
    In de far–off English land.

Dis ish Breitmann's last adfenture  
    How troo Himmel air flew he:  
Und it's dime, oh nople reader!  
    For a dime to part from dee.  
Dou may'st dake it all in earnest  
    Or pelieve id's only fon;  
Boot dere's woonder dings has hoppent  
    Fery oft in Luft–ballon.

### III. BREITMANN AND BOUILLI.

"Tres estime ami, – Ick seyn nock nit verdorb,  
Vielleickt Sie denck wohl kar, das ick sey tod gestorb,  
Ock ne Kott loben Danck, ick leb nock kanss wohl auf.

.....  
Naturlich wie Kespenst die off die Kasse keh."  
    – Deutsch–Franzos, Leipzig, 1736.

Vot roombles down de Bergstrass?  
    Vot a grash ish in de air!  
Mit a desberate gonfusion,  
    Und a gry of wild tespair,  
Das sind gethrasht Franzosen,[44]  
    Und dose who after flee  
Are de terror of Champagner,  
    Die Uhlan cavallrie.

So liddle say die hoonted,  
    De hoonters lesser shdill;

## The Breitmann Ballads

Der Frank is ride for's leben,  
Der Deutscher rides to kill.  
Ofer dickly–doosty faces  
Deir eyes like wild–katzs glare;  
De blut und iron ridin  
Of furie und despair.

Boot of all de wild Uhlanan,  
Der Breitmann ride de pest;  
For he mark de Frantsch gommanter  
Ish most elegandtly tresst.  
Und ash he coom down on him,  
Dere's a deat' look in his eye:  
"Gotts! if I carfe dat toorkey,  
How I'll make de stoofin vly!"

Mit a clotter und a flotter  
Like a hell–sturm dey are on:  
Mit a rottle to de pattle  
Coom de Deuschers, knockin' down,  
Down de moundain to a brucke–  
Vhy die Frantschmen toorn ad bay?  
Oder Deutsch were dere pefore dem,  
Und die pridge ish coot away!

Von second der Franzose  
Look down mit blitzen eye;  
Von second at de brucke,  
Den toorn him round to die.  
Vhile mit out–ge–poke–te lanze,  
Like ter teufel shot from hell,  
Rode der ploonder–shtarvin Breitmann  
On der grau–bart Colonel.

Vot for der Coptain Breitmann  
Ish shdop in his career?  
Vot for he pool his pridle?  
Vot for let down his speer?  
Vot for his eyes like saucers  
Grow pigger, rimmed mit staub?  
Vot for his hair, a pristlin,  
Lift oop his pickel–haub?[45]

So awfool – so oneart'ly,  
So treadful was his glare,  
So unbeschreiblich gastly,  
Dat der Colonel self was shkare.  
Oop come der Breitmann ridin,  
Und mit gratin force he said:  
"Bist – du – wirkelich – lebendig?[46]  
Can de grafe gife oop its tead?

## The Breitmann Ballads

"Dou livest yet – dou breaf'st yet,  
Dough oldter now you pe  
Since I mordered you in Strasburg,  
Mein freund – mon Jean Bouilli.  
We lofed de selfe maiden  
Wohl forty years agone:–  
She died to hear I kilt you:–  
Jean – how weiss your beard ish grown!

"I would gife my Hab' und Guter,[47]  
Dereto mein bit of life  
Couldt I pring dat shild to leben,  
Und make her, Jean, dy wife!"  
Here der Breitmann boorst out gryin,  
Like a liddle prook vept he;  
Und dey hugged and gissed einander,  
Der Breitmann und Bouilli.

"Ach, de efil dat from efil  
Troo a life ish efer grow!  
Had I nefer dink I killed you,  
Many a man were livin now–  
Many a man dat shleeps in cane–brakes,  
Many a man py pillow–shore;  
For dy morder mate me reckelos,  
Und von tead man gries for more!

"O Madchen! schon im Himmel![48]  
(Warst schon on eart' difine)–  
Can'st dink among de Engeln  
Of soosh as me und mine?  
Den look on soosh a Reue,  
Ash eart' has nefer known:–  
Whereto hast dou a sabre?  
Wherefore not kill me, Jean?"

"O, ne pleurez pas, mon Breitmann!  
Je trouve cela trop fort,"  
Gry der Colonel sehr politely;  
"How! – you crois dat I was mort!  
Mon Dieu! 'Tis but one minute,  
As we galloped to this plain,  
I thought your spear, mon gaillard,  
Would kill me o'er again.

Je vous fais mon compliment,  
Your tendresse becomes you well;  
Et ne pleurez pas, mon brave,  
Pour la petite demoiselle.  
I have had a thousand since;



One can always find such game;  
Et pour dire la verite,  
I have quite forgot her name."

Der Breitmann lok so earnest,  
Long and earnest at his foe,  
Ash if seein troo his augen  
To de forty years ago.  
Mit vot a shmile der Breitmann  
Toorned roundt und rode away:  
Dat was all his parting greetin  
To der Colonel Francais.

#### IV. BREITMANN TAKES THE TOWN OF NANCY.

O HEAR a wondrous shdory  
Vot soundet like romance,  
How Breitmann mit four Uhlans  
Vas dake de town of Nantz.  
De Frantschmen call it Nancy,[49]  
Und dey say its fery hard  
Dat Nancy mit her soldiers  
Vas getook py gorpral's guard.

Dey dink id vas King Wilhelm  
Ash Hans ride in de down,  
Und like Odin in his glorie  
Gazed derrriply aroun'.  
Denn mit awfool condesenchen  
He at de Frantschmen shtare,  
Und say, "Ye wretsched shildren?  
Abortez mir vodre mere!"

Hans mean de city Syndic,  
Whom maire de Frantschmen call;  
So mit a tousand soldiers  
Dey 'scort him to de Hall;  
In de shair of shtade dey sot him,  
Der maire coom to pe heard,  
Und Hans glare at him fife minutes  
Pefore he shbeak a word.

Den in iron dones he ootered:  
"Ich temand que rentez fous:  
Shai dreisig mille soldaten  
Bas loin l'ici, barploo!  
Aber tonnez-moi Champagner;  
Shai an soif exdrortinaire-

## The Breitmann Ballads

Apout one douzaine cart-loads;  
Und dann je fous laisse faire."[50]

Denn he say to Schwackenhammer,  
His segretaire – "Read  
A liddle exdra liste  
Of dings de army need,  
Und dell dem in Franzosisch  
Dey moost shell de neetfool down  
In less dan dwendy minudes,  
Or, py Gott, I'll purn de town."

"Item – one tousand vatches  
Of purest gold so fair;  
Dazu funf tousand silbern,  
For de gommon soldiers' wear;  
Und tree dousand diamant ringe  
Dey moost make tirectly come,  
We need dem for our schweethearts  
Ven we write to em at home!

"Von million cigarren  
Ve'll accept ash extra boons  
For not squeezin dem seferely,  
Dazu dwelf tousand shboons."  
Here der maire fell down in schwoonin,  
Denn all dat he could say  
Vas ,"O mon dieu, de dieu, dieu!  
Nous voila ruinees!"[51]

No wort der Breitmann ootered,  
He only make a sgratch,  
Calm and silend on de daple,  
Mit a liddle friction match.  
De maire versteh de motion,  
So went him to de task  
Of raisin mong de peoples  
Vot it vas der Breitmann ask.

So kam he mit de ringe,  
Dey vind dem pooty soon;  
So kam he mit de vatches,  
Und avery silber spoon.  
Boot ash for de champagner,  
He wept and loudly call  
Dat par dieu! he hadn't any,  
For de Deutsch hafe troonk it all.

Ja! – de gorporal's quart have trinket  
Efery pottle in de down,  
Vhile dese negotiations

## The Breitmann Ballads

Oop—stairs vere written down.  
Boot der Breitmann sooplively,  
Like von who nodings felt,  
Said, "Instet of le champagner  
Nous brentirons du gelt." [52]

Ja wohl! Donnes cent mille franken,  
C'est mir egal, you know; [53]  
Pid dem pring id in a horry,  
For 'tis dime for oos to go."  
Der maire he pring de money,  
Und der Breitmann squeeze his hand,—  
"Leb wohl, dou nople brickbat,  
Herzbruder in Frankenland!

"Boot it griefes my soul to larmen,  
Und I sympathize mit dein,  
To pense of you, mon ami,  
Sans le champagner wein.  
Dere will oder Deutsch pe gomin,  
Und it preak mine heart to dink  
De vay dey'll bang and slang you  
If dere's no champagne to trink!

"Cela fous fera misere  
Que she ne feux bas see;  
So, vollow mes gonseilles,  
Et brenez mon afis.  
Shai, moi, deux mille bouteilles,  
De meilleur dat man can ashk, [54]  
Vich I will gladly sell—  
Sheap as dirt — ten franks a flask."

De maire look oop to heafen,  
Wohl nodings could he say,  
Vhile oud indo de mitnight  
Der Breitmann rode afay.  
Away — atown de falley,  
Till noding more abbears  
Boot de glitter of de moonlight,  
De moonlight on deir spears.

### V. BREITMANN IN BIVOUAC.

HE sits in bivouacke,  
By fire, peneat' de drees;  
A pottle of champagner

### V. BREITMANN IN BIVOUAC.

## The Breitmann Ballads

Held shently on his knees;  
His lange Uhlan lanze  
Stuck py him in de sand;  
Vhile a goot peas-poodin' sausage  
Adorn his oder hand.

Und jungere Uhlanan  
Sit round mit oben mout'  
To hear der Breitmann's shdories  
Of fitin in de Sout'  
Und he gife dem moral lessons,  
How pefore de battle pops:  
"Take a liddle brayer to Himmel,  
Und a goot long trink of schnapps."

Denn his leutenant bemarket:  
"How voonder shdrange it peen  
Dat so very many wild pigs  
Ish dis year in de Ardennes.  
Ash I sout dere – donner'r'wetter!–  
I sah dem coom heraus,  
Shoost here und dere an Eber  
Mit a hoondert tousand sows.

"Shoost dink of all dese she-picks  
Vot flet to neutral land!"  
Said Breitmann: "Fery easy  
Ish dis to oonderstand:  
Dese schwein-picks mit de sauen  
Vot you saw a-roonin rond,  
Ish a crate medempsygosis  
Of the Frantsche demi-monde.

"I hafe readet in de Bible  
How soosh a coterie  
Vas ge-toornet into swine-picks,  
Und roon down indo de see;  
Boot since de see aint handy,  
Or de picks vere all too dumm,  
Dey hafe coot across de porder  
Und vly to Belgium."

Now ash dey boorst oud laughin,  
Und got more liquor out,  
Dey hearden from de sendry  
A shot und denn a shout.  
Und Breitmann crasp his sabre  
Quick ash de bullet hiss,  
Und leapin out, demantet,  
"Herr'r'r Gott! vat row ish dis?"

## The Breitmann Ballads

Und bold der Schwabian answert:  
"Dis minute on de ground  
Dere comed a Frantschman greepin,  
On all-fours a-prowlin round.  
I ask him vat he vanted;  
Werda! I gry; boot he  
Say nodings to my shallenge,  
Und only answer 'Oui.'

"So I shoot him like der teufels,  
Und I rader dink our friend,  
Dis sneakin Frank-tiroir,  
Ish a-drawin to his end."  
So dey hoonted in de pushes,  
Und in avery gorner dig,  
Boot, mein Gott! how dey vas laughin,  
Ven dey found a – mordered pig.

Next week dey hear from Paris,  
Und reat in de Gaulois  
Of de most adrocious action  
De vorlt vas efer saw.  
How de Uhlan cannibalen,  
Dis vile und awful prood,  
Hafe killt a nople Frantschman,  
Und cut him oop for food.

"Ja – shop him indo sausage,  
Und coot him indo ham;  
Und schwear dey'll serfe all oders  
Exacdly so – py tam!  
Sons of France, awake to glory,  
Let your anciend valor shine!  
Und shweep dis Prussian vermin  
Het und dails indo de Rhine!"

### VI. BREITMANN'S LAST PARTY.

For fear of some missed onder standings, I vould shtate, dat dis is  
only mean de last Barty dat der Coptain Breitmann has ge given – as  
yed. Pimepy I kess he gife anoder von, und if I kits an in-  
leading, or indrotuckshun, I kess I'll go. I am von of de vellers  
dat vas ad de virst Barty, where mine swister-in-law de Madilda  
Yane vas tantz mit Herr Breitmann.

FRITZ SCHWACKENHAMMER,  
Olim Studiosus Theologiae, now Uhlan free-lancer,

## The Breitmann Ballads

und Segretarius of Coptain Breitmann.

VOT gollops at midnight,  
    Mit h'roolah and yell,  
Like der teufel's wild yager  
    Boorst loose out of hell?  
Vot cleams in the sonrise  
    Bright vlashin in gold?  
Das sind die Uhlancers  
    Of Breitmann der bold.

Dey frighten de coountry,  
    Dey ploonder de town;  
And when dey are oop  
    Die Franzosen co down:  
For pefore de wild Norsemen  
    De Southron must flee;  
Ab ira Normannorum  
    Libera nos Domine![55]

How dey sweep de chateaux!  
    How dey grab oop de hens!  
Und gobble de toorkeys  
    Shoot oop in de pens  
Like de Angel of Deat'  
    Dey are ragin abroad:  
You may track dem py fedders  
    Knee-deep in de road.

O der Breitmann ish on,  
    Und der Breitmann is on,  
Und mit him de Uhlans  
    Are ploonderin gone.  
De demon of fengeance  
    His wings o'er em vave,  
Mit deir fingers like hooks,  
    Und mit maws like de grafe.

Dey coom to a castel,  
    So shplendid, of bricks;  
Franzosen defend it,  
    Das help em gar nichts.  
For de Uhlans hafe take it,  
    Dey smash in de gate,  
Und inshpired by Gott's fury,  
    Dey shdole all de plate.

From shamber to shamber  
    Dey fighted deir way,  
Till dead in de hall  
    De Franzosen all lay;

VI. BREITMANN'S LAST PARTY.

## The Breitmann Ballads

Und dere shtood a madchen,  
So lieblich und hold,  
Who laugh at de dead  
Troo her ringlocks of gold.

Denn der Breitmann, all plooty,  
To'm madel so lind,  
Spoke courtly und tender:  
"Vy laughst dou, mein kind?"  
Denn de plue-eyed young peaudy,  
Mit lippe so red,  
Said, "Vy not shall I laughen?  
Vhen Frenchmen are dead.

"I coom here from Deutschland,  
De shildren to teach;  
Dey mock me for Deutsch,  
Und dey sneer at mein sbeech;  
Und since de war komm,  
I vas nearly gone mad,  
You wouldn't peliefe  
How dey dreet me so pad."

Mit a tear Breitmann bend  
To de peaudifool miss;  
"Crate Gott! can'st dou suffer  
Soosh horrors ash dis?"  
His arm round de maiden  
Der hero has bound,  
Und it shtaid dere goot vwhile,  
Fore dey got it unwound.

"Ho! fetch me de diamonds!  
Ho! shell out de rings!  
Mit all in de castle  
Of dat sort of dings."  
Twas brought to de Captain—  
A donderin load:  
At de veet of de madchen  
Dat ploonder he trowed.

"Ho! pring oos champagner!  
Und light oop de hall!  
Dis night der Herr Breitmann  
Will gife you a ball.  
Dat pile of dead vellers,  
Vot died for La France,  
May see, if dey like,  
How de Shermans can tance."

Dey find laties' garments,

## The Breitmann Ballads

Und – troot to confess–  
Likewise som Frantsch maidens,  
Who help dem to tress.  
De rest of de Uhlans  
Who hadn't soosh loves,  
Fixed oop in black clothes  
Mit white chokers und gloves.

Now hei! for de fittles!  
Und hei! for clavier!  
For de tantz of de Uhlans–  
De men of de speer!  
How de shendlemen ashk  
If dey'd blease introduce;  
How de ladies mit beards  
Were called Espionnes Prusses!

Hei, ho! how dey tanzet!  
Hei, ho! how dey sang!  
How mit klingen of glasses  
De braun arches rang.  
How dey trill from deir hearts  
Ash dey pour out der wein,  
De songs of de Oberland,–  
Songs of der Rhein.

Und madder und wilder,  
All whirlin around,  
Vent Hans mit de maiden  
In Bacchanal bound.  
She helt to his peard,  
Und dey gissed as if mad;  
I tont dink dat efer  
Vas dimes like dey had.

Boot calm in de hall,  
Ever calm on de floor,  
Was a row of still guests  
Dat wouldn't tantz nefermore.  
Mit plood shtreams black winding,  
Der lord mit his men,  
When der Youngest Day cooms  
Hans may meet dem acain.

Hoorah for der Uhlan,  
So rash und so wild!  
Hoorah for der Uhlan,  
Der teufel's own child!–  
Dis ish "Breitmann's Last Barty,"  
Dey'll sing it for years;  
De lords of de lanzes,



De sons of de speers.

For dey frighten de coountry,  
Dey ploonder de town;  
Und when dey are oop  
De Franzosen go down;  
For pefore de wild Norsemen  
Weak Southrons moost flee,  
Ab ira Normannorum  
Liberá nos Domine!

## EUROPE.

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## BREITMANN IN PARIS.

(1869.)

"Recessit in Franciam."

"Et affectu pectoris,  
Et toto gestu corporis,  
Et scholares maxime,  
Qui festa colunt optime."  
– Carmina Burana, 13th century.

DER teufel's los in Bal Mabilie,  
Dere's hell–fire in de air,  
De fiddlers can't blay noding else  
Boot Orphee aux Enfers:  
Vot makes de beoples howl mit shoy?  
Da capo – Bravo! – bis!!  
It's a Deutscher aus Amerika:  
Hans Breitmann in Paris.

Dere's silber toughts vot might hafe peen,  
Dere's golden deeds vot must:  
Der Hans ish come to Frankenland  
On one eternal bust.  
Der same old rowdy Argonaut  
Vot hoont de same oldt vleece,  
A hafin all de foon dere ish–  
Der Breitmann in Paris.

EUROPE.

## The Breitmann Ballads

Mit a gal on eider shoulder  
A holdin py his beard,  
He tantz de Cancan, sacrament!  
Dill all das Volk vas skeered.  
Like a roarin hippopatamos,  
Mit a kangarunic shoomp,  
Dey feared he'd smash de Catacombs,  
Each dime der Breitmann bump.

De pretty liddle cocodettes  
Lofe efery dings ish new,  
"D'ou vient il donc ce grand M'sieu?  
O sacre nom de Dieu!"  
In fain dey kicks deir veet on high,  
And sky like vlyin geese,  
Dey can not kick de hat afay  
From Breitmann in Paris.

O vhere vas id der Breitmann life?  
Oopon de Rond Point gay,  
Vot shdreet lie shoost behind his house?  
La rue de Rabelais.  
Aroundt de corner Harper's shtands  
Vhere Yankee drinks dey mill,  
Vhile shdraight aheth, agross de shdreet,  
Der lies de Bal Mabelle.

Id's all along de Elysees,  
Id's oop de Boulevarce,  
He's sampled all de weinshops,  
Und he's vinked at efery garce.  
Dou schveet plack-silken Gabrielle,  
O let me learn from dee,  
If 'tis in lofe – or absinthe drunks,  
Dat dis wild ghost may pe?

Und dou may'st kneel in Notre Dame,  
Und veep away dy sin,  
Vhile I go vight at Barriere balls,  
Oontil mine poots cave in;  
Boot if ve pray, or if ve sin–  
Vhile nodings ish refuse,  
Tis all de same in Paris here,  
So long ash l'on s'amuse.

O life, mein dear, at pest or vorst,  
Ish boot a vancy ball,  
Its cratest shoy a vild gallop,  
Vhere madness goferns all.  
Und should dey toorn ids gas-light off,

EUROPE.

## The Breitmann Ballads

Und nefer leafe a shbark,  
Sdill I'd find my vay to Heafen – or–  
Dy lips, lofe, in de dark.

O crown your het mit roses, lofe!  
O keep a liddel sprung!  
Oonendless wisdom ish but dis:  
To go it vwhile you're yung!  
Und Age vas nefer coom to him,  
To him Spring plooms afresh,  
Who finds a livin' spirit in  
Der Teufel und der Flesh.

### BREITMANN IN LA SORBONNE.

DER Breitmann sits in la Sorbonne,  
A note–pook in his hand,  
'Tvas dere he vent to lectures,  
Und in oldt Louis le Grand.  
Id's more ash two und dwendy years  
Since here I used mein pen;  
Oh, where ish all de characders,  
Dat I hafe known since denn?

Der cratest boet efer vas,  
Der pest I efer known,  
Vent lecdures here, too, shoost like me,  
Le Sieur Francoys Villon.  
He raise de teufel all around,  
He hear de Sorbonne chime;  
Crate shpirid ender in mein heart,  
Und mofe mein soul to rhyme.

### BALADE.

Dictes moy – in what shpirit land  
Ish Clara Lafontaine?  
Or Pomare, or La Frisette,  
Who blazed on soosh a train?  
Shveet Echo flings de quesion pack,  
O'er lake or shdreamlet lone;  
All eartly peauty fades afay,  
Where ish dem lofed ones gone?

Oh, vwhere ish Lola Montez now,

### BREITMANN IN LA SORBONNE.

## The Breitmann Ballads

So loved in efery land?  
How oft I shmoked dose cigarettes  
She rollt mit vairy hand!  
Dat mighdy soul, dat shplendit brick,  
A saint's pecome to be,  
For mit soosh saints der Breitmann make  
His Hagiologie.

Und vhere ish La Pochardinette?  
Ish she too mit de dead?  
She loafed de Latin Quarter mit  
A hat und fedder on her het.  
Lebe wohl petite Pochardinette!  
Qui ne safait refuser,  
Ni la ponche a la bleine ferre,  
Ni sa pouche a un paiser.

O Prince! dese questions all are nix,  
I sit here all alone,  
Mit von refrain to end de shdrain,  
Vhere ish mein lofed vons gone?  
Vhen Marcovitch has cut und run,  
Und Schneider's off de ving,  
Some cray old reprobate like me  
Vill of dese lofed vons sing.

### **BREITMANN IN FORTY-EIGHT.**

DERE woned once a studente,  
All in der Stadt Paris,[56]  
Whom jeder der ihn kennte,  
Der rowdy Breitmann hiess.  
He roosted in de rue La Harpe,  
Im Luxembourg Hotel,  
'Twas shoost in anno '48,  
Dat all dese dings pefel.

Boot he who vouldt go hoontin now  
To find dat rue La Harpe,  
Moost hafe oongommon shpecdagles,  
Und look darnation sharp.  
For der Kaiser und his Hausmann  
Mit houses made so vree,  
Dere roon shoost now a Bouleverse  
Vhere dis shdreet used to pe.

BREITMANN IN FORTY-EIGHT.

## The Breitmann Ballads

In dis Hotel de Luxembourg,  
A vild oldt shdory say,  
A shtudent vonce pring home a dame,  
Und on de nexter day,  
He pooled a ribbon from her neck—  
Off fell de lady's het;  
She'd trafelled from de guillotine,  
Und valked de city – deadt.

Boot Breitmann nefer cared himself  
If dis vas falsch or drue,  
I kess he hat mit lifin gals  
Pout quite enough to do.  
Und Februar vas gomin,  
Ganz revolutionnaire,  
Und where der Teufel had vork on hand,  
Der Hans vas always dere.

Und darker grew de beople's brows,  
No Banquet could dey raise,  
So dey shtood und shvore at gorners,  
Or dey singed de Marseillaise.  
Und here und dere a crashin sound  
Like forcin shutters ran,  
Und boorstin gun—schmidts' vindows in  
Hard vorked der Breitemann.

He helped to howl Les Girondins,  
To cheer de beople's hearts;  
He maket dem bild parricades  
Mit garriages und garts.  
Vhen a bretty maiden sendinel  
Vonce ask de countersign,  
He gafe das kind a rousin giss,  
Gott hute dir und dein!

Und wilder vent de pattle,  
France spread her oriflamme,  
Und deeper roared de sturm bell,  
De bell of Notre Dame;  
Und he who nefer heard it,  
O'er shots und cries of fear,  
Loud booming like a dragon's roar,  
Has someding yet to hear.

Und in de Fauborg Sainte Antoine  
Dere comed a fusillade,  
Und dyin groans und fallin dead  
Vere roundt dat parricade,  
But der song of Revolution  
From a tousand voices round,

BREITMANN IN FORTY-EIGHT.

## The Breitmann Ballads

Made a fearful opera gorus  
To de deat' gries on de ground.

Und all around dose parricades  
Dey raise der teufel dere;  
Somedimes dey vork mit pig-axes,  
Und somedimes mit gewehr.  
Dey maket prifate houses  
Gife all deir arms afay,  
Und denn oopon de panels  
Dey writet Armes donnees.

Und ve saw mid roarin vollies,  
Shtreaked like banded settin suns,  
Two regiments coome ofer,  
Und telifer oop deir guns.  
Hei! – how de deers vere roonin:  
Hei! – how dey gryed hurrahs!  
For dey saw de vight vas ofer,  
Und dey know dey gained deir cause.

Dus spoke deir hearts outboorstin,  
In battle by de blade,  
From sun to sun mit roarin gun  
Und donnerin parricade.  
In vain pefore de depudies  
De princes tremblin stood,  
Vot comes in France too late a day  
Cooms shoost in dime for blood.

Vhen de Tuileries vas daken,  
Amid de scotterin shot,  
Und vlyin stones, und howlin,  
Und curses vild und hot,  
'Tvas dere Hans clobbered his musket,  
Und dere de man vas first  
To roosh into de palace,  
Ven de toors vere in-geburst.

Some vellers burn de quart-haus,  
Some trink des Konigs wein;  
Some fill deir hats mit rasbry sham,  
Und prandy beeches fein.  
Hans Breitmann in de gitchen  
Vas shdare like avery ding,  
To see vot lots of victual-de-dees  
Id dakes to feed a king.

Und oder volk, like plackguarts,  
Vent dook de goaches out;  
Und burnin dem, dey rolled dem

BREITMANN IN FORTY-EIGHT.

## The Breitmann Ballads

Afay mit yell und shout.  
Der Breitmann in der barlor,  
Help writen rapidly,  
La liberte pour la Pologne!  
Likevise – pour l'Italie!

Den in der Tuileries courtyard  
Ten tousand volk come on;  
Dey vas gissin und hurrahin  
For to dink der king vas gone.  
Some vas hollerin und tantzin  
Round de blazin oldt caboose;  
Vhen Frantschmen kits a goin,  
Den dey lets der teufel loose.

Boot von veller set me laughin,  
Who roosh madly roun de field;  
He hat rop de Cluny Museum,  
Und gestohlen speer und schild.  
Mit a sblendit royal charger,  
Vitch he hat somevhere found,  
Like a trunken Don Quixote,  
He vent tearin oop und round.

Doun vent de line of Bourbons,  
Doun vent de vork of years,  
Ash de pillars of deir temple  
Ge-crashed like splintered speers;  
Und o'er dem rosed a phantom,  
Wild, beautiful, und weak,  
Vhile millions gry arount her–  
Vive! vive la Republique;

Tree days mid shdiflin powder shmoke,  
Tree days mid cheers und groans,  
Ve fought to guard de parricades,  
Or pile dem oop mit shtones.  
De hand vitch held de bistol denn,  
Or made de crowbar bite,  
Das war de same Hans Breitmann's hand  
Vitch now dese verses write.

### **BREITMANN IN BELGIUM.**

-----

"Vlaenderen, dag en nacht  
Denk ik aen u.  
Waer ik ook ben en vaer,  
Gy zyt my altyd naer.  
Vlaenderen, dag en nacht  
Denk ik aen u.

Overall vrolykheid,  
Overall lust.  
Maegden van fier gelaet,  
Knapen zoo vroom en draet.  
Overall vrolykheid,  
Overall lust."  
– Hoffmann von Fallersleben.

## SPA.

VHEN sommer drees shake fort deir leafs,  
Ash maids shake out deir locks,  
Und singen mit de rifulets,  
Vitch ripplen round de rocks,  
Und beople swarm land–outwards,  
Und cities weary men,  
Hans Breitmann rode de Belgier mark  
For Spa in Les Ardennes.

Und vhen he came to Spadenland,  
He found it fein und fair,  
For dey pour him out de peke schnapps,  
Dazu elixer rare;  
Und mit a soldier's inshdink  
To find a shanse to shoot,  
Mitout delay he fire afay  
Right in de Grande Redoute.[57]

De virst shot dat der Breitmann fired  
He pring de peaches down,  
For he hit de double zero mit  
A gold Napoleon.  
Und ash he raked de shiners in,  
He hummed a liddle doon:  
"I kess I tont try dat again,"  
Said he, dis afdernoon.

Boot vhen he coom to rouge et noir,  
A tear fell tripllin denn,



## The Breitmann Ballads

Id look so moosh like goot old dimes,  
To come dose games again.  
Yet vhen he lossed a hundred francs,  
He sadly toorned afay,  
"I'd rader keep de tiger here,  
Dan vight him, any day."

Und shtanding py de daple,  
He saw a French lorette  
Vat porrowed shpecie all around,  
Und lossed at efery bet.  
"Id's all de same mit dis or dat,  
Or any kind of sin,  
De lorette or de rolette – bot'  
Will make de money shpin."

He trinket of Le Pouhon well,  
Und from La Sauveniere;  
He tried it ad de Barisart,  
Und auch de Geronstere.  
"Dey say dat Troot' lie in a well,  
So trink from all we can,  
Und here we'll prove dat Troot is Health,"  
Dat's so, sayd Breitemann.

So long in ruined Franchimont  
He sat on hollowed ground,  
Und dinked of Wilhelm de la Marck,  
Who'd raked dat coountry round.  
"Mein Gott! how id vas mofe mine heart  
To read in hishdory,  
Und find de scattered shinin lights  
Of vellers shoost like me!

"Dis nople boar–pig of Ardennes,  
Dis shtately Wallowin lord,  
Vas make him vamous py de pen,  
Und glorious py de swordt.  
Und showed his hero–scholarship,  
Vhen he wrote to de pishop, 'Satis,  
Brulabo monasterium  
Vestrum, si non payatis.'

"Dey say dat in de keller here  
Dere lifes a coblin briest,  
Dereto a teufelsjagersmann  
Vot guard a specie chest.  
O if I vonce could find de vay,  
Und spot dat box of checks,  
I voonder shoost how long 'twould pe  
Pefore I'd twis deir necks."

## The Breitmann Ballads

Und in de Walk of Meyerbeer,  
Where plashin brooklets ring,  
He see where in de water wild  
De wood-birds flip deir wing.  
"Ash de prooklet's lost in de rifer,  
Und de rifer's lost in de sea,  
Mine soul kits lost on water 'plain,'"  
Says Breitemann, says he.

Und ash he walked de Meyerbeer  
He marcked, peside de way,  
A rock shoost like a wild boar's head,  
Vraie tete du sanglier.  
Der Breitmann heafe a shiant sigh,  
Und say mit 'motion grand:  
Von crate idee ish uber all  
In dis der Schweinpig's land.

He drafel troo de Val d'Ambleve,  
He lounge de schweet Sept Heures,  
He shdare indo de window-shops,  
Und see de painted ware.[58]  
He looket at de fans und dings,  
Denn said, "To tell de trut',  
Dere's painted vares more dear ash dis  
Oop shdairs in La Redoute."

Und sittin in de Champignon,  
Vitch rose 'neat Lofe's schweet hand,  
He read in books of Marmontel,  
Of Jeannette et Lubin.  
Id's nice to see Simplicitas  
Rococoed oop mit vlowers,  
Und dink soosh virtue shdill may life  
In dis base worltdt of ours.

'Tvas here, oopon de Spadoumont  
Deir gottashe used to set;  
'Tvas here they kepted von simple cow  
Likevise an lettuce-bett.  
Berhaps I hafe crown vorldly since,  
Yet shdill may druly say,  
Dat in mine poyhood's tays I vas  
Apout so good ash dey.

But he vot vant to see dis land,  
Und has nod time for all:  
Eash woodland nook und shady brook;  
On Herr Marcette shouldt call.  
For he has baintet all to live

## The Breitmann Ballads

When de drees demselves are gone;  
Und shoost so goot as artist, auch,  
Ish he bon compagnon.

Farevell, schveet Spa – dou home of vlowers,  
Of ruin and of rock,  
Where vild pirds sing und de band ish blay  
Eash day at sefen o'clock.  
If all de shbrees dat Spa has seen  
Vere melted into von,  
De soul vouldt reach Nirwana – lost  
In transcendental fun.

### OSTENDE.

"Hupsa! jonker Jan,  
Die wel ruiter worden kan."

BOON tidings to der Breitmann came  
Ash he at table end,  
Dere's right goot fisch at Blankenberghe,  
Und oysters in Ostend.  
Denn to Ostland ve will reiten gaen,  
To Ostland o'er de sand,  
Dou und I mit pridle drawn  
For dere ish de oyster land.

Und when dey shtood bei Ostersee,  
Where de waters roar like sin,  
Dere coom five hundred fischer volk  
To dake der Breitmann in.  
"Gotts doonder! Should ve doomple down  
Amoong de waters plue,  
I kess you'd vant more help from me  
Dan I should vant from you!"

"If you hat peen where I hafe peen  
Und see vot I hafe see,  
Where de surf rise oop nine tausend feet,  
In de land of Nieuw Jarsie  
Und schwimmed dat surf ash I hafe schwimmed,  
Peside de Jersey stran" –  
From dat day fort' de Ostland men  
Shdeered glear of der Breitemann.

Boot von ding set him schvearin so,

### OSTENDE.

## The Breitmann Ballads

I dinked he'd nefer cease,  
De Ostend oysters kostet more  
In Ostend als Paris.  
Hans asked an anciendt fisherman,  
To 'splain dis if he may,  
Und says he, "Mijn Heer – dey're beter hier  
Als ein hundert leagues afay.

"Und as de oysters beter hier  
Of course dey kostet more"–  
Der Breitmann dook his bilcrim shdaff,  
Und toorned him to de toor.  
Says Hans, "De Vlaemsche fischermen  
Can sheat de vorldt I pet  
Dey sheaten von anoder too,  
All's fisch to a Dutchman's net.

"Der king peginned a palace hier,  
De palace hat to shtop,  
He foundt de beoples sheaten so  
He gife de bildin oop.  
Aldough das Leben hier ish goot,  
Ad least Ostend–sibly"–  
So shpoke der Breitemann und cut  
Dat city py de sea.

### **GENT.**

"Wie kennt die stad waer alles nog  
Van Vlaenderens grootheid spreekt?  
Waer ontrouw, valscheid en bedrog  
Van schaemte nog verbleekt?"  
– Ledeganck.

If I hat gold, as I hafe time,  
I tells you how 'tvere shpent,  
On efery year I'd shtay a week  
In Vlanderens's hoofstad, Gent.  
For, oh! de sveet wild veelins,  
In dat stad do mofe me so,  
Vhen I'd dink of all de clorious men  
Vot life dere long aco.

If efer man hat manly heart,  
He'd veel dat heart to beat,  
Vhen mit de oldten dime of Ghent

### **GENT.**

## The Breitmann Ballads

He valks troo efery shdreet.  
Und ach! de volk are yet so goot,  
It gave me soosh a pliss,  
Vhen I hear a bier-hous spielman sing  
A melodie like dis:–

"Het was op eenen Monday,  
All on a Monday free,  
Dat mijnheere Jacob Van Artevelde  
Unto his men said he:  
He seide – 'Mijn lief gesellen,  
Ve all moost ride out land,  
And trive our way to Bruges town  
Or Brussel in Braband.'

"Und as he oonto Brussel cam,  
De meisjes sprong from bed,  
Und found Mynheere Van Artevelde  
Mit a cross-bolt troo his head."  
Und shoost pecause dis bier-hous song  
Recht troo my heartsen vent,  
I feel dat I could life und die  
All in de down of Gent.

### **BREITMANN IN HOLLAND.**

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### **'S GRAVENHAGE – THE HAGUE.**

IN dis boem, mein freund der Herr Breitmann hafe his fiews on art pefore-geset mit a deepness und shorthood vich is brovably oonliked in Aesthetik. Ve hafe here, within de circumcomprehensifeness of dirty-two lines, a theorie vitch – shortsomely exbressed – sends to der teufel efery dings ash vas efer gescribed pefore on kunst or art, und maket efery podies from Baumgartner doun to Fischer und Taine, look shoost like puddin-headet old gasbalgs. Boot to de boem. For de informadion of dem ash ish not gestudied art, I vould shtate dat Adriaan Brauwer (who ish as regards an unvollkomene technik de first of all Holland malers), vas nefer paint nodings boot droonken plackguards und liederlich dings, und Van Ostade und Jan Steen vas in most deir bilds a goot deal like him.

– FRITZ SCHWACKENHAMMER.

## The Breitmann Ballads

Hans reitet troo de Nederland,  
From Rotterdam below,  
To Gravenhaag und Leyden  
Und Haarlem – all a row;  
He shtoodit in de galleries  
A tausend works of art;  
Boot ach – der Adriaan Brauwer,  
Vent most teepest to his heart.

Und dus exclaim der Breitmann  
In woonder–solemn shdrain,  
"De cratest men vere Brauwer,  
Van Ostade, und Jan Steen.  
Der Raffael vas vel enof;  
Dat ish in his shmall vay;  
Boot – Gott im Himmel! – vot vas he  
Coompared mit soosh as dey?

"Shoost see dat vight of troonken boors–  
Von tears de oder's goat:  
Vhile de oder mit a pointet knife  
Ish goin for his troat.  
Und a madchen mit a tree–leg shtuhl  
Ish clip him on de het,  
In dese higher human passion valks,  
Der Raffael's coldt und deadt.

"De more ve digs into de eart'–  
Or less ve seeks a star,–  
De nearer ve to Natur coom,  
More pantheistisch far;  
To him who reads dis myst'ry right,  
Mit insbiration gifen,  
Der Raffael's rollen in de dirt,  
Vhile Brauwer soars to Heafen.

### LEYDEN.

TIS shveet to valk in Holland towns  
Apout de twilight tide,  
Vhen all ish shdill on proad canals,  
Safe vhere a poat may clide.  
Shdrange light on darkenin vater falls,  
In long soft lines afar,  
Der abenddroth on dunkelheit,

LEYDEN.

## The Breitmann Ballads

Vitch shows – or hides – a star.

De pridges risen all aroundt  
So quaindly, left und right,  
Pedween each pridge und shattow, lies,  
A lemon of yellow light,  
Und das volk a–goin ober,  
So darklin onwarts pass,  
Dey look like Chinese shattows – shown  
Apofe a lookin–glass.

All shdiller grows, und shdiller,  
Sogar die efenin preeze,  
Ish only heardt far ober het  
In dese long lines of drees;  
A real oldt Holland feelin  
Cooms gadderin ober all,  
You'd nefer dink a sturm hat peen  
Oopon dis Grand Canawl.

De nople houses! – how dey'd mofe  
An old New Yorker's heart,  
Time vas – twix dese und dose at home  
You couldn't tell 'em part,  
Mit crate brass knockers on de toors,  
Und parlors town so low  
You see de crates a glowin prite  
O'er carbets ash you go.

Dere's comfort–full of avery dings,  
You veel it ash you look,  
You knows de volks ish opulend,  
Und keep a bully cook;  
Und oopon de high camine,  
Or here und dere on shelf,  
Dere's Japanesisch dings in rows,  
Pe mingled oop mit delf.

Dere's noding in dis Holland life,  
Vitch seems of present day,  
De fery shildren in de shdreeds  
Look quaintlich as dey blay;  
De liddle rosy housemaids,  
In bicdures vell I know,  
De dames und heers hafe all an air  
Of sixdy years ago.

They may dalk of anciendt hishdory  
Und for romantisch seek,  
De ding dat mofes most teeply ish  
Old–vashioned – not antique.

LEYDEN.

O if you live in Leyden town  
You'll meet, if troot' pe told,  
De forms of all de freunds who tied  
Vhen du werst six years old.

## SCHEVENINGEN, OR DE MAIDEN'S COORSE.

Oldt Flamisch.

HET vas Mijn Heer van Torenborg,  
Ride oud oopon de sand,  
Und vait to hear a paardeken;  
Coom tromplin from de land.  
He vaited vhen de boeren volk  
Vent oud oopon de plain,  
He vaited dill de veary crows  
Flew nestwarts home acain.

He vaited ash de wild fox vait  
In long-some hoonger noth,  
He vaited dill de flitterin bats  
Vere plack on Abendroth.  
Id's woe to watch for taily bread  
Or bide forgotten call,  
Boot oh, to vait for heartsen lofe  
Ish veariest of dem all.

"O dat ish not mine laity's prooch  
Shoost now so star-like shined,  
O dat ish not mine laity's haar  
Soft floatin on de wind.  
Her goot crayhound mit soosh a step  
Vas nefer vont to go,  
Und dat is niet her paardeken  
Whose shtep so vell I know.

"Dat light ish speer light from a lanz  
Vitch'll part mine pody und soul,  
De floatin haar is a pennon gay  
Or wafin banderol.  
De crayhound ish a ploot-hound wild  
Vitch long has dracked me here,  
Und het paardeken ish a var-horse  
Vot has hoonted me like deer."

Well shpoke Mijn Heer van Torenborg



## The Breitmann Ballads

All drue vas afery wordt,  
For dey bored him troo mit lanzen,  
Und dey hewed him mit de swordt.  
Dey killt him armloss, harmlos;  
De plooty reiver band;  
Und puried him so careloosly  
Dat his vace shtick out de sand.

Boot e'er night's plack hat toorned to red  
Or e'er de stars vere gone,  
Dere came de shtep of a paardeken  
Soft tromplin, tromplin on.  
A laity fair climped off on him  
Und trip mit dainty toes:–  
Boot oh, mijn Gott! – how she vas shkreem  
Ven she trot on her drue lofe's nose!

"Oh vot ish dis I trots opon?  
Id's shape fool well I know,  
Dere nefer yet vas flower like dis,  
Dat in de garten crow.  
Dere nefer yet vas fruit like dis  
Ash ripen on a dree;  
Het is Mijn Heer van Torenborg  
Dat kan ik blainly see.

"Dat heerlijk nose, van Torenborg,  
Ish known of anciend dime,  
'Tis writ in olten chronikel  
Und sung in minsdrel rhyme.  
Und dis, de noblest of de race  
Since hishdory pegans,  
Ish shtickin here – shdraighdt out de dirt,  
Shoost like some boer manns.

"Oh cuss de man dat mordered him!  
Ach, cuss him oop and down,  
Ja – cuss him troo de forest roads,  
Und tamn him in de toun!  
Und burn his vater und moder,  
Where'er deir vootshteps vall,  
Mit his schwesters und his broders,  
De teufel rake dem all!

"May afery cuss dat e'er vas cusst,  
Since cussin foorst pegan;  
Pe hoorled in von drementous cuss,  
Acainsdt dat nasdy man!  
From de foorst crate cuss on Adam,  
To de smalles' of de crop" –  
Here de tead man gafe a shifer,

## The Breitmann Ballads

Und gry oud – "For Gott's sake – shdop!

"Dere's a cerdain lot of shwearin,  
Vitch anger always crafes;  
Boot spite like dat's enof to pring  
De tead men from deir craves.  
I can't lie here no longer,  
Und hear soosh pizen pain;  
Und since you've shtirred me out, I kess  
I'll coom to life acain."

Mit von drementous shkreem of pliss,  
His drue lofe shtood de shock,  
Den catcht him wildly py de nose,  
"Ach Torenborg – lev'st du nock!  
Ach ja – du aint'st nod tead yet!  
Dere's life shdill lef' pehind,  
Gott pless de dat lef' dy nose,  
Shdill wafin in de wind."

Mit hands all ofer diamonds,  
She loosed de sand apout,  
Mit an oyster-shell so wildly  
She digged her lofer out.  
"Und now dou'rt in free air, lofe!  
Who warst shoost now in sand!  
Dere vasn't ish a nicer man,  
In all de Nederland!

Vhere vas dit liedeken written,  
Vhere vas dit liedeken sing,  
Dat had gedone Hans Breitmann,  
In de town of Schevening!  
'Tvas written ober Rheinwein,  
'Tvas written ober bier-  
Und wer das lied gesungen hat,  
Gott geb ihm ein glucklich's jahr.[59]

### AMSTERDAM.

TO Amsterd-m came Breitmann  
All in de Kermes tide;  
Yonge Maegden allegader  
Filled de straat on afery side.  
De meisjes in de straaten  
Vere tanzin alle nacht long;

AMSTERDAM.

## The Breitmann Ballads

Dere vas kissen, dere vas trinken,  
Mit a roar of Holland song.

Who went into de straaten  
Ven de sonn had gone his day,  
De Dootch gals quickly grapped him  
Und tantzed him wild away.  
Dere was der Prinz von Capua,  
Who fell among dese wags;  
Dey tantzed him off in a carmagnole,  
Und sent him home in rags.

Und den at afery gorner,  
So peaudifool to see,  
De volk vas bilin dough-nuts,  
Or else vas fryin tea.  
Und Kermes cakes mit boetry,  
Vitch land-volk dinks a dreat,  
Mit all of Barnum's blayed out shows  
In dents along de shdreet.

Id pring de tears to Breitmann's eyes,  
To find in many a shtand  
Vot oft he'd baid a quarder for  
To see in a distand land.  
De Aztec dwins und de Siamese  
(Dough soom vere a wachsen sham);  
Mit de Beardet Frau und de Bear Woman—  
All here in Amsterdam

De fashion here in Nederland  
Ish not vot you'd soopose,  
Mit oos, men bays de vomens,  
Boot de Dootch gals hires deir beaux!  
Dey hire dem for de season,  
Und because moosh rain ish fell,  
Dey always bays a higher brice,  
For a man mit an umberell.

Und dere vas Nord Hollander maids,  
So woonderfool to see,  
Mit caps of gold und goldne pins,  
Und quaint orfeverie.  
Likewise de Zeeland Boersmen,  
Mit silber bootons gay;  
Und silber belts, und silber knives,  
Mijn Gott! – how sdrange vere dey!

But dough de men wore silber gear,  
Und de vrouws in gold were tall,  
De gals vere gabblin all de dimes,

AMSTERDAM.

## The Breitmann Ballads

Und de men said noding at all.  
"Dey say dat sbeech is silbern,  
    Boot silence golden pe,  
Dat aint de vay dey vork id here,"  
    Said Breitemann, said he.

Goot Gott! how Breitmann vent it,  
    In moonlighdt or in rain;  
Den vakened to Schied–m it,  
    Ven de mornin peamed again.  
For to solfe von awfool broplem,  
    He vas efer shdill incline;  
If – den wijn is beter als de min,[60]  
    Or – de min doet veel meer als de wijn.

Dwo weeks der Breitmann studiet,  
    Vile he vent it on de howl.  
He shpree so moosh to find de troot,  
    Dat he lookt like a bi–led owl.  
Den he say, "Ik wil honor Bacchus,  
    So long as ik leven shall;  
Boot not so moosh verciereren  
    As to blace him ofer all.

De rose of lofe is lofely  
    In zomer ven it plow;  
De bush shdill gifes a bromise,  
    In winter mid de shnow;  
Ja, als de bloeme is geplukt,  
    En van den steel genomen,[61]  
Ve know de peautiful vill life,  
    Till zomer is gekomen.

Boot oh dose vas arch–heafenly dimes,  
    Ven by mine lofe I sat;  
Und see de maedchen pring de grapes,  
    Und crash dem in a vat.  
Und ven her glances unto mine  
    In plessfool ropture toorn;  
I dink dere ne'er vas no dwo crapes  
    Like dem plue eyes of hern.

Wat is soeter als de trinken,[62]  
    Ja – niet kan beter zyn.  
Niet is soeter as de minne,  
    It smackt nog beter als wijn.  
Es giebt nichts wie die Madchen,  
    Es gibt nichts wie das Bier,  
Wer liebt nicht alle beide,  
    Wird gar kein Cavalier.

O vot ve vant to quickest come  
Ish dat vot's soonest gone.  
Dis life ish boot a passin from  
de efer–gomin–on.  
De gloser dat ve looks ad id,  
De shmaller it ish grow;  
Who goats und spurs mit lofe und wein,  
He makes it fastest go.

## GERMANY.

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## BREITMANN AM RHEIN – COLOGNE.

HOW wunderschon das Vaterland  
In audumn–life abbears;  
Vot rainpows gild ids vallies crand,  
Ven seen troo vallin tears.  
Und VON I'll creet mit sang und klang,  
Und drown in goldnen wein;  
Old Deutschland's cot her sohn again:  
Hans Breitmann's on der Rhein.

Und doughts ish schwell dat mighdy heart,  
Too awfool for make known;  
Ven dey shunt him from de railroat car  
Und tropped him in Cologne.  
De holy towers of de dome  
Clead, twilight–veiled, afar;  
Und like some lonely bilgrim's pipe,  
Dim shines de efenin star.

Hans look to find his baggage check,  
Und see dat all ish shdraighdts,  
Denn toorn him to de city toors,  
"Mein nadife land – wie gehts?"  
Boot dat's vot all who read may run–  
Fool blainly armies write;  
Id's ofer all half Shermany,  
Set down in Black and White.

Oh, Black and White! O Weiss and Schwarz!

GERMANY.

## The Breitmann Ballads

Vot dings ish dis to see?  
I vonder vot in future years  
Your mission ish to pe?  
Also in crate America  
We had soosh colors too!  
Die Farb' sind mir nicht unbekannt[63]–  
Id's shoost tout comme chez nous.

Next tay to de Cathedral  
He vent de dings to view,  
Und found it shoost drei thaler cost  
To see de sighds all troo.  
"Id's tear," said Hans; "boot go aheth,  
I'fe cot de cash all right;  
Boot id's queer dat's only Protestands  
Vot mosdly see de sighdt!

"Im Mittelalter I hafe read  
De shoorsch vas always sure–  
An open biculture gallerie,  
Und book for all de poor.  
Boot now de dings is so arrange  
No poor volk can get in;  
We Yankees und de Englisch are  
Pout all ash shbends de tin.

"I shmiles like Mephistopheles  
In shoorshes ven I see  
Poor Catholics vollenin round apout  
To shdeal a sighdt – troo ME!  
Dey peep und creep roundt chapel gates,  
Boot soon kits trofe afay,  
Dey gross demselves, und make a brayer–  
Boot den dey cannot bay!

"Dese Deutsche sacrisdans might learn  
More goot in Italy,  
Where beoples bays shoost half de brice,  
For ten dimes more to see,  
De volk vot dink I shbeak sefere  
Apout dese Kuster vays,  
May read vot Mr. Badeker  
In his Belgine Hand Buch says."

Und valkin oop und town de down  
Von ding vas shdill de same:  
Shoost ash of oldt he saw de shpread  
Of Jean Farina's name.  
He find it nort', he find it sout',  
He find it eferywhere;  
Dere vas no house in all Cologne

GERMANY.

## The Breitmann Ballads

Boot J. M. F. vas dere.[64]

De best Cologne in all Cologne  
I'll shwear for cerdain sure,  
Ish maket in de Julichsplatz  
Und dat at Numero Four.  
Boot of dis Cologne in Julichsplatz  
Let dis pe understood,  
Dat some of id ish foorst-rate pad,  
Vhile some is foorst-rate good.

Boot von ding drafellers moost opserve,  
Dis treadful trut I dells,  
Fast ash dis Farinaceous crowd  
So vast hafe grown the schmells-  
Dose awfool schmells in gass' und strass'  
Vitch mofe crate Coleridge squalm:  
If so he wrote, vot vouldt he write  
Aput dem now, py tam?

Of all de schmells I efer schmelt,  
Py gutter, sink, or well,  
At efery gorner of Cologne  
Dere's von can peat dat schmell.  
Vhen dere you go you'll find it so,  
Don't dake de ding on troost;  
De meanest skunk in Yankee land  
Vould die dere of disgoost.

Boot noding dinked der Breitmann  
Of schmutz or idle schein,  
Vhen he sat in Abendammerung  
Und looket owd on der Rhein  
Im goldnen gleam – vhile pealin far  
Rang shlow, shveet kloster bells,  
Und in de dim, plue peaudiful,  
Rose distant Drachenfels.

Dey trinket lieb Liebfrauenmilch  
So pure ash voman's trut';  
De singed de songs of Shermany,  
De songs of Breitmann's yout'.  
De songs mit tears of vanished years,  
Made peaudiful in wein.  
Dus endet out de firster tay  
Of Breitmann on der Rhein.

## AM RHEIN. – No. II.

IM KAHN.

"Were diu werlt alle min,  
Von deme mere unze an den Rin.  
Des wolt ih mih darben,  
Daz diu dame von Engellant  
Lege an minen armen."  
– Carmina Burana.

AM Rhein! Acain am Rheine!  
In boat oopon der Rhein!  
De castle–bergs soft goldnen  
Im Abendsonnenschein,  
Mit lots of Rudesheimer,  
Und saitenklang und sang,  
Und laties singin lieder,  
Ash ve go sailin 'long.

Und von fair Englisch dame  
Vas dere, so wunderscheen;  
Vene'er der Breitmann saw her,  
Id made his heartsen pain.  
Oh, dose long–tailed veilchen Augen,  
Vitch voke soosh hopes und fears,  
Deir shape vas nod like almonds,  
Boot more like fallin tears.

Und shpecdagles were o'er dem,  
De glass of pince–nez kind,  
In mercy to de beoples,  
Less dey pe shdrucken blind.  
Und gazin in dem glasses,  
Reflected he pehold  
De Rhine, mit all de shdeam–poats,  
Und crags in Sonnengold.

De signs upon de bier–haus;  
De gals a–washin close;  
De wein–garts on de moundain,  
Like heafenly shdairs in rows:  
De banks, basaltic–paven,  
Like bee–hife cells to view;  
A donkey shtandin on dem,  
Likevise her lofer too.

All dis oopon dos glasses



## The Breitmann Ballads

Vas blainly to pe seen;  
One saw whate'er vas noticed,  
Py de schone Englandrinn.  
Boot oh! de fery lofe—most  
Of all dat lofe—most pe  
Her own plue veilchen Augen—  
Herself she couldt not see.

So ist es in dis Leben;  
For beaudy oft we spied,  
Nor know de cratest peaudy  
Ish in our soul inside.  
Mein Gott! Vot himmlisch shplendor  
Vas seen mitout an toubt,  
If some crate bower supernal  
Vas toorn oos insite out!

Und gazin long on Natur,  
Und gazin long on Man,  
Shdill all dings glite voruber,  
Ash since de vorldt pegan:  
Ash in dat laity's glasses,  
Ve see dem bassin py;  
Yet veel a soul beneat' dem,  
A schweet eternal eye.

O schone Englisch maiden  
Mit honey-colored hair,  
Dat flows ash if a beinen korb  
Had got oopsettet dere—  
Und all de schweetness of your soul  
Vas drippin from your brain!  
Oh shall I efer meet mit dir  
Opon dis eart' acain?

O Englisch engel maiden!  
O schveet betaubend dofe!  
O Rheinwein und cigarren!  
O luncheon, mixed mit lofe!  
O Drachenfels und Nonnenwerth!  
O Liebeslust und pein!  
Dus ents de second chapterlet  
Of Breitmann on der Rhein.

### **AM RHEIN. – No. III.**

NONNENWERTH.

(Alt Deutsch.)

HE shtood peside de Kloster–place,  
Oopon de Rheinisch shore,  
Und dere he saw a lofely face,  
He'd seen in treams pefore.

"Feinslieb, und will'st dou go mit me?  
Feinslieb, make no delay;  
For rocks ish shdeep und vales ish teep,  
Und dings ish in de way."

"Und oh! how can I go mit dir,  
Or flyen out of land?  
Der bischof holts me py de law,  
Der Rheingraf by der hand.

"Liebsherz, if dou could'st landwarts gehn,  
I'd follow willingly;  
Boot we are leafs, und shdrong's de shdem  
Vitch pinds oos to de dree."

"Der briest who helt dee py de law  
Ish now a broken man;  
Der Rheingraf who vouldt marry dee  
Ish in der Kaiser's ban.

"Und if de Kloster–beoples here  
Vill shdop your goin to town,  
Bei Gott! I'll burn von half of dem,  
De oder half I'll trown!

"Denn linger not to back dy drunk,  
Boot led our lofe hafe vings;  
Dere's milliners in fair Cologne,  
Vill make you avery dings."

She toorn her eyes im mondenschein,  
She schmile so heafenly;  
"Dear lofe, so shendle und so goot!  
I'll cut away mit dee.

"Und do not kill de Kloster–volk,  
'Tvouldt only bring tiscrace!  
Dough if I had de abbess here,  
Lort! how I'd slap her vace!"

De moonlighdt blayed oopon de drees,  
It shined oopon de blain,

AM RHEIN. – No. III.

Two forms rode in de midnight woods,  
Und nefer coomed again.

## MUNICH.

### GAMBRINUS.

"Vot ish Art? Id ish somedings to drink, objectively  
forebrought in de Beaudiful. Doubtest dou? – denn read, ash  
I hafe read, de Dyonisiacs of Nonnus, and learn dat de  
oopboorstin of infinite worlds into edernal Light und mad goldnen  
Lofeliness – yea of dein own soul – is typifide only py de CUP.  
Vot! – shdill skebdigal? Tell me denn, O dou of liddle fait, vere on  
eart ish de kunst obtain ids highest form if not in a BIERSTADT?[65]  
Ha! ha! I poke you dere!"

– Caupo Recauponatus, MS. by Fritz Swackenhammer, olim  
candidatus theologiae at Tubingen, shoost now lagerbierwirth in St.  
Louis. (Dec. 1869.)

"Cerevisia bibunt homines  
Animalia ceterae fontes."

In a field of goldnen parley  
Goot King Gambrinus shlept,  
Und treamin' pout de dursty volk,  
Dey say he gried und vept.  
"In all mine land of Nederland,  
Dere crows no mead or wein,  
Und wasser I couldt nefer get  
Indo dis troat of mein.

"Now hear me on, ye headen gotts!  
Und all de Christian too;  
Der Bacchus und der Shoopider,  
Und Marie tressed in plue!  
Und mighty Thor, der donner gott,  
Und any else dat be!  
Der von as helps me in dis Noth,  
His serfant I will pe."

Und ash dis sinfull headen  
All in de parley lay,  
Dere coom in tream an angel  
Who soft dese worts tid say:  
"Stay oop, dou boor Gambrinus!  
For efen all aroundt

## MUNICH.

## The Breitmann Ballads

Im parley vhere dou shleepest,  
Some dings goot to trink ish found.

"Im parley vhere dou shleepest  
Dere hides a trink so clear,  
Dat men will know zukunftig–  
Ash porter– ale– or bier."  
Und denn in Nederlandisch  
He put de konig troo,  
Und gafe him – allwhile treaming–  
De recipe to prew.

Oop rose der goot Gambrinus,  
Und shook him in de sun:  
"Go vay, ye sinfool headen gotts!  
Mit you its out und done!  
Ye'fe left me mit mine beoples  
In error und in durst,  
Till in our treadful tryness,  
Ve tont know vitch is wurst."

Dat vas der goot Gambrinus  
Oonto his palac't vent,  
Und loafers troo de Nederland  
To all his lordts he sent.  
"Leave Odin – or you lose your hets!"  
De order vas sefere,  
Yet tinged mit mildness, for he sent  
De recipe for bier.

O den a merry sound vas heardt  
Of bildin troo de land,  
Und de kirchen und de braweries  
Vent oop on efery hand;  
For de masons dey vere hart at vork,  
Und trinkin hart at dat,  
Und some hat bricks mitin de hods,  
Und some mitin deir hat.

Dey prew it in de Nederland,  
Dey prew it on de Rhine;  
Boot in de oldt Bavarian land,  
Dey make it shdrong und fein.  
Und he dat trinks in Munich,  
Ash all goot vellers know,  
Has got somedings to dink apout,  
Vherefer he may go.

II.

Hafe you heardt of Kong Gambrinus?

MUNICH.

## The Breitmann Ballads

If you hafent id vas gueer,  
For he vas de first erfinder  
Und de holy saint of bier.  
Und his bortrait, mit a sceptre,  
Fery peaudifool to see,  
Hangs on afery lager-bier house,  
In de land of Germanie.

Efery vhere de whole world ofer,  
Deuschers paint him on de sign,  
As a broof dat dey are dealin  
In de Bok und Lager line.  
Crown und bier-mug, robe und ermine;  
German signs of empire, dese,  
Mit a long white beard a fallin'  
Fery nearly to his knees.

Vonce dis bier-saint, pright und early,  
Rose from bett und vent his vay,  
To a dark mysderious gastle,  
Vhere his lager-donjon lay.  
Vhile de lark's first song vas ringin',  
Und die roses shone in dew,  
Den his soul vas shoost in order  
To enshoy de early brew.

Deeply, awfooly he schwilled it,  
Till de vaults seem toornin round;  
Und vwhile tipsy – over tips he–  
In he falls – und dere is trowned.  
Yet vwhile goorglin in de bier-fass,  
Biously he gafe his soul:  
"Gott verdammich! Donnerwetter!  
Himmels sacrament-a-mol!"

Dere dey found der kong "departed,"  
Not mitout his stir-up cup:  
Moosh dey woonderd dat he berishet  
Vhen he might hafe troonk it oop;  
Or dat his long peard vitch floatet  
Fool a yard on efery side,  
Hadn't buoyed him from destrugdion:–  
Dus der beer-dead monarch died.

### **FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN.**

"Sankt Martin war ein frommer Mann

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN.

## The Breitmann Ballads

Trank gerne Cerevisiam,  
Und hatt er kein Pecuniam  
So liess er seinen Tunicam."

(Comment by Herr Schwackenhammer.)

VONCE oopon a dimes in Frankfort der Herr Breitemann exsberientet an interfal pedween de periot ven he hat gespent de last remiddance he hat become from home, und de arrifal of de succedin wechsel, or bill of exghange – und, in blain derms, was hard up. Derefore he vent to dat goot relation who may pe foundt at den or fifdeen per cent all de worlt ofer, – "mine Onkel," – und poot his tress–goat oop de shpout for den florins. No sooner vas dis done, dan dere coomed an infititation from de English laity in whom he vas so moosh mit lofe in betaken, to geh mit her to a ball–barty. Awful bad vas he veel, und sot apout tree hours mitout sayin nodings, und denn wafin his hand, boorst out mit de vollowin version of dat peaudiful lied by Wilhelm Caspary:–

"Mein Frack ist im Pfand–haus."

Mine tress–goat is shpouted, mine tress–goat aint hier,  
Vhile you in your ball–ropes go splurgin, mein tear!  
To barties mit you I'm infitet you know,  
Boot my pest coat ish shpouted – mine poots are no go.  
To hell mit mine Onkel – dat rasgally knafe!  
Dis pledgin und pawnin has mate me his slafe!  
Ven I dink of his sign–bost, den dree dimes I bawl,  
Vhile mine plack pants hang lonely und dark on de wall.

Goot night to dee fine lofe – so lofely und rich,  
Mein tress–goat ish shpouted – gon–fount efery stitch!  
I dinks dat olt Satan troo all mine affairs,  
Lofe, business, und fun, has peen sewin his tares.  
My tress–goat ish shpouted – mine tress–goat aint here,  
Vhile you in your glorie go shinin, mein tear,  
Und de luck of der teufel ish loose ofer all,  
Vhile my black pants hang lonely und dark on de wall.

Dis four–goin song vas over–set by der Hans Breitmann from de German of Wilhelm Caspary, whose lyric vas a barody on a dranslation made indo Deutsch by Freiligrath from anoder boem py Sir Waldherr Scott, vitch Sir Waldherr vas kit de idee of from an oldt Scottish ballad vitch pegin mit de vorts–

"My hearts in de Hielands, mein hearts ish nae hier,  
Mein hearts in de Hielands, in wilden revier;  
It hoonts for de shtag, und id hunts for de reh,  
Mein hearts ist im Hochland wo immer ich geh."

Dis is de original Scotch, as goot as I can mineself rememper it.

## The Breitmann Ballads

Ven I vas dell der Herr Karl Blind pout dis intercommixture of perplexified dransitions from Scotch to English, and dence into German, and dereafter into a barody, vitch vas be done ofer again indo Herr Breitmann's own slanguage, he sait it vas a Rattenkonig – a phrase too familiar to mine readers to require any wider complication.[66]

### ITALY.

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#### BREITMANN IN ROME.

DERE'S lighds ooopon de Appian,  
Dey shine de road entlang;  
Und from ein hundred tombs dere brumms  
A wild Lateinisch song;  
It rings from Nero's goldnen haus;  
Evoe! – here he coom!  
Fly oud, ye moenads, from your craves!–  
Hans Breitmann's got to Rome!

For vwhile de lamp holts oud to purn,  
Or von goot shpark ish dere,  
Dere's hope for all of dem whose lives  
Ish down in Lempriere.  
Von real, shenuine heathen  
Is coom at last to home;  
Ye shleepin gotts, lift oop your hets–  
Hans Breitmann lifes in Rome!

Silenus mit der Hercules,  
Dere–to der Maia's sohn,  
Ish all unite in Breitmann  
To make a stunnin one.  
Frau Venus mit de Bacchanals  
Ist shmile to see him come;  
De Vesta only toorn her pack  
Vhen Breitmann kit to Rome.

He vented to de Vacuum,  
Vhere de Bope ish keep his bulls;  
Boot couldn't vind dem, dough he heardt

ITALY.

## The Breitmann Ballads

Dat all de blace vas fools.  
Dere ish here and dere some ochsen,  
Right manivest I see;  
Boot de bools all comes from Irish priests,  
Said Breitemann, said he.

Und goin' py de Vacuum,  
Und passin' troo de yard;  
Mein Gott! how vas he stoomple, vhen  
He see der Schweitzer guard,  
Mit efery kinds of colors tresst,  
Like shtreamers in de van.  
"Hans Wurst ist stets ein Deutscher g'west,"  
Das marked der Breitemann.

Und dus replied an guartsmann:–  
"I shoys to see you here:  
Ich bin dem Bapst sei Laibgaertner.  
Dazu a halberthier.  
Dis purpur kleid of yellow–plue  
Vas made, ash I hafe heard,  
Py von Hans Michel Angelo,  
Der tailor of our guard.

"Ve're shoost von hoondert dirty strong,  
Ve list for twenty year;  
De serfice ist not pad, boot dis–  
Verdamm das Romisch bier!  
For ven mit birra gazzosa  
A maiden fills my glass,  
She might ash vell gife gift ash say–  
'Feinslieb, ich schenk dir dass!'"

Und dus rebly der Breitemann:–  
"Un Tedesco Italianazato,  
Ein Deutscher toorned Italian, ish  
Il diavolo in carnato.  
Your clothes are like infernal flames,  
Dey burn my fery soul;  
Boot to–night we'll trink togedder – nun  
Lieb'landsmann lebe wohl!"

At de Sherman artids' festa,  
Where all vas pright und fair,  
'Tvas fairer und more prighterfull  
Vhen Breitemann enter dere.  
Und der waiters in de Greco  
(So long he trinked und sot)  
Vas called him L'Ubbriacone–  
'Tvas de name der Breitemann got.



## The Breitmann Ballads

He saw a veller in de shtreet,  
Vot sell some friction–matches;  
De kind dey call Infallible,  
For dey blazes ven you scratches.  
Dey dragged him off to brison,  
Und tied him mit a rope;  
For in Rome dere's nix Infallible,  
Dey said, excebt de Bope.

Hans see de crate Prometheus,  
In Corsini's gallery hang;  
He tought apout de matches,  
Und it made his heart go bang.  
It's risk to carry light apout,  
Too cheap for efery man;  
How de Lucifers is fallen![67]  
Ita dixit Breitmann.

He got among de Bope's Zouaves,  
Dey trinked from morn to night;  
Den frolicked colle belle  
Ontil de shky crew pright.  
It blease der Breitmann vonderfool,  
And dus he often say:  
"Zouaviter in modo ish  
Der real Roman way."

Boot oh, his heart burned vild mit fire,  
His eyes gefilled mit tears,  
At de gotts in efery bilder saal,  
Mit goats' legs, tails, und ears.  
Und he sopped – "Ach liebes Deutschland,  
Bist here on every hand?  
Was machst du Mephistopheles  
So weit im Walschen Land?"

Boot de wood–nymphs boorst out laughin,  
Der Garten–gott dere to,  
Und sait – "Oldt Hans! vile you're apout  
Ve nefer can look blue."  
Den Pan blay on his Syrinx,  
To de tune of Mary Blane,  
"Don't gry pecause ve're out of town,  
Ve're coming pack again.

"Von day you got de yolk und white,  
De next day only shells;  
Von day dey holts a council,  
Und de next day – 'someding else!'  
Id's bopes und kings, und gotts and dings,  
Oopon dis eartly ball;

## The Breitmann Ballads

Boot for me id's all von frolic,  
Und a high oldt carnival!

"Rise oop, dou Odin–trafeler,  
Und toorn dee to de Nort,  
Wherefrom, as Bible dells dee,  
Crate efil shall come fort.  
Dere is mutterins in Ravenna,  
Und ere long dere'll come a turn,  
A real hell–bender from de land  
Of Dieterich von Bern.

"Und ven der Breitmann's prototype,  
Der Fictoor Manuel,  
Cooms tromplin, tromplin troo de fern,  
To give dis coountry hell.  
Und ven in La Comarca,  
Der is shtorm all in de air,  
Dy Gotts vill gife dee vork, mein Sohn,  
Hans Breitmann shall be dere!"

For a yar will nod be ofer  
Pefore de Frantsch will run,  
Und de game at last be ented,  
Und Italy pe won.  
Und denn in roarin battle,  
For hishtory so grand,  
Dy banner'll lead de Uhlan spears,  
All in de Frankenland.

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Nota bene. – Dis boem was all written in 1869, pefore de wars; und all de dings prophezeit in it coomed to bass. Herein der Herr Breitmann abbears ash a Seher or Prophet so crate as de cratest ash nefer vas. Der crate ardist, Mishter W. W. Story, for whom dis lied vas written, can proof all dis.

FRITZ SCHWACKENHAMMER.  
[Redaktor.]

### LA SCALA SANTA.

"Robusti sono i fatti."  
– Discorso del Terremoto,  
del S. Alessandro Sardo.  
Venetia, A.D. 1586.

## The Breitmann Ballads

IN San Gianni Lateran,  
Dey've cot a flight of shdairs,  
More woonderful ash nefer vas,  
As Latin pooks declares.  
For you kits your sins forgifen,  
If you glimes dem knee py knee;  
It's such a gitten up a stairs,  
I nefer yet did see.

Now as Breitmann vas a vaitin  
Among some demi reps,  
Ascensionem expectans,  
To see dem glime de steps,  
Dere came a sinful scoffer,  
Who his mind had firmly set  
To go dem holy sdairs afoot,  
Und do it on a bet!

Boot shoost as he vas startet,  
To make dis sassy go,  
Der Breitmann caught him py de neck,  
Und tripped him off his toe!  
Und den dere come de skience,  
A la prenez gardez vous;  
For he bung his eye and bust his shell,  
Und shplit his noshe in dwo.

De briests vere so astonish,  
To see him lam de man,  
Dat dey shvore a holy miracle  
Vas vork by Breitemann.  
Says Breitmann, "I'm a heretic,  
But dis you may pe bound,  
No chap shall mock relishious dings  
Vhile I'm a bummin round.

"Und you owes me really noding,  
For as I'll plainly show,  
At last I've found out someding  
Vot I alfays vant to know.  
Und now dat I have found it,  
In de newspapers I'll brag:  
Evviva! Ho trovato,  
Vot means a Scala-Wag." [68]

## **BREITMANN INTERVIEWS THE POPE.**

## The Breitmann Ballads

"Altri beva il Falerno, altri la Tolfa.

.....

Toscana re, dite  
Pra ch'io parli dite."  
– Bacco in Toscano,  
di Francisco Redi.

"Si regressum feci metro  
Retro ante, ante retro–  
Quid si graves sunt acuti?  
Si accentus fiant muti?  
Quid si placide, plene, plane  
Fregi frontem Prisciani?–  
Sat est Verbum declinavi  
Titubo–titubas–titubavi."  
– Barnabae Itinerarium. London, 1716.

VON efenin ash der Breitmann vent from his weinhaus vinkin,  
So peepy mit Falernian vitch he vas starkly trinkin,  
He found his hut and goat was gone, – dey'd dook em oud for dryin,–  
Und in deir blace a priester hut und priester mantel lyin.

Der Breitmann poot de triangel oopon his het, and whistled,  
Den rop de cloak around his form, and down de Corso mizzled.  
De beoples gazed mit staunischment as bey dem he go vheelin,  
He look ganz oltra tramontane, so twisty vas his reelin.

Next tay in Vaticano, while he shtared at frescoes o'er him,  
Hans toorned und mit amazemend saw der Pabst vas shoost pefore him!  
Down on his knees der Breitmann vent – for so de law it teaches;  
He proke two holes in de bavement – und likewise shblit  
his preeches.

"Ego video," says de Bope – "tu es antistes ex Almaniam,  
Est una mala gente et corrupta con insania,  
Un fons hereticorum et malorum tut terrible,  
Perche non vultis che ego – il Papa – sei infallibile."

"Sit verbo venia," said Hans, "permitte, Sancte Pater,  
Num verum est ut noster rum gemixta est mit water?  
In coelis wo die gotter live, non semper est sereno,  
Nor de wein ash goot ash decet in each spaccio di vino.

"Sunt mihi multi fratres qui si denkunt ut dicisti,  
Ego kickerem illos, valide, per sanguine de Christi!  
In nostro monasterio si habemus nostrum rentum  
Contra infallibilita non curamus rubrum centrum.[69]

"Viginti nostrorum nuper convenere,

## The Breitmann Ballads

In quondam capitulo, simul et dixere;  
Papa vult Concilium in Romam tenere,  
Quid debemus super hoc ipsi respondere?"[70]

Et dixit noster presul, "Es ist mir omnis unus,  
Si Papa est infallibilis, tanquam non sum jejunos,  
Si nonus est Pius aut Pius est Nonus–  
Diabolis curat. Non accipio dieser onus.

"Si possum me jacere circum vitrum Rhenovini[71]  
Es ist mir wurst si Papa est originis divini:  
Deus se fecit olim homo, et nahm dis irds'che Leben,[72]  
Et nunc Papa noster will sich selbst zum Gott erheben.

"Ita dixit Breitmann et sanctus Pater respondit:  
Me piace semper intendere tutto cio che l'on dit,  
Sed tu dic mihi la sua ragione:  
Tu non homo natus es, solus mangiar maccheroni.

"Tonitrus et cespes!" dixit Johanes Breitmann.  
"Si veritatem cupies, tunc ego sum der right man;  
Percute semper ferrum dum caldum est et malleable,  
Nunc est tuum tempus te facere infallible.

"In nostra America quum Praeses decet abire,  
Die ultimo fecit omne quod posset imaginire.  
Appointet ambasciatores et post–magistros,  
Consules et alios, per dextros et sinistros.

"Quum Rex Bomba ista Neapolit–anus,  
Compulsus fuit to shin it – ut dixit Africanus–  
Fecit ultimo die ducos et countos, vanus.  
(Inter alios M'Closkey, tuus Hibernicus chanberlanus.)[73]

"Et quia tu es; ut credo; ultimus Poporum,  
Facis bene devenire, quod dicitur High Cockalorum–  
Sei magnissimus toad in the puddle, ite caput, magnamente;  
Et ERITIS SICUT DEUS, nemine contradicente!

"Unus error solus, Sancte Pater commisisti.  
Quia primus infallible non te proclamavisti,  
Nam nemo audet dicere: Papa fecit quod non est bonus.  
Decet semper jactare super alios probandi onus.

'Conceptio Immaculata, hoc modo fixisti,  
Et nemo audet dicere unum verbum, de isti:  
Non vides si infallibilis es, et vultis es exdare,[74]  
Non alius sed tu solus hanc debet proclamare."

"Figlio mio," dixit Papa; "Tu es homo mirabilis,  
Tua verba sunt mi dulcior quam ostriche cum Chablis

## The Breitmann Ballads

In tutta Roma, de Alemania gente,  
Non ho visto uno con si grande mente.

"Vero benedetto es – eris benedictus,  
Tibi mitterem photographiam in quo sum depictus.  
Tu comprendes situatio – il punto et gravamen.  
Sunt pauci clerici ut te. Nunc dico tibi. – Amen!"

### THE FIRST EDITION OF BREITMANN. SHOWING HOW AND WHY IT WAS THAT IT NEVER APPEARED.

"Uns ist in alten Maeren  
wunders viel geseit  
Von Helden lobebaeren,  
von grosser Arebeit.  
Von Festen und Hochzeiten,  
von Weinen und Klagen,  
Von kuehnen Recken Streiten,  
moht Ihr nun Wunder horen sagen."  
– Der Nibelungen Lied.

DO oos, in anciend shdory,  
Crate voonders ish peen told  
Of lapors fool of glory,  
Of heroes bluff und bold;  
Of high oldt times a–kitin,  
Of howlin und of tears,  
Of kissin and of vightin,  
All dis we likes to hears.

Dere growed once dimes in Schwaben,  
Since fifty years pegan,  
An shild of decend elders,  
His name Hans Breitemann.  
De gross adfentures dat he had,  
If you will only look,  
Ish all bescribed so truly  
In dis fore–lyin book.

Und allaweil dese lieder  
Vere goin troo his het,  
De writer lay von Sonntay  
a–shleepin in his bett;  
Vhen, lo! a yellow bigeon  
Coom to him in a dream,  
De same dat Mr. Barnum

THE FIRST EDITION OF BREITMANN. SHOWING HOW AND WHY IT WAS THAT IT NEVER APPEARED.

## The Breitmann Ballads

Vonce had in his Museum.

Und dus out–shprach de bigeon:  
"If you should brint de songs  
Or oder dings of Breitmann  
Which to dem on–belongs,  
Dey will tread de road of Sturm and Drang,  
Die wile es mohte leben,[75]  
Und be mis–geborn in pattle–  
To dis fate ish it ergeben."

Und dus rebly de dreamer:  
"If on de ice it shlip,  
Denn led id dake ids shanses,  
Rip Sam, und let 'er rip!  
Dou say'st id vill pe sturmy:  
Vot sturmy ish, ish crand,  
Crates heroes ish de beoples  
In Uncle Samuel's land.

"Du bist ein rechter Gelbschnabel,[76]  
O golden bigeon mine,  
Und I'll fighdt id on dis summer,  
If id dakes me all dis line.  
Full liddle ish de discount,  
Oopon de Yankee peeps."  
"Go to hell!" exclaim de bigeon;  
Foreby vas all mine shleeps.

Dere vent to Sout Carolina  
A shentleman who dinked,[77]  
Dat te pallads of der Breitmann  
Should papered pe und inked.  
Und dat he vouldt fixed de brintin  
Before de writer know:  
Dis make to many a brinter,  
Fool many a bitter woe.

All in de down of Charleston,  
A druckerei he found,  
Where dey cut de copy into takes  
Und sorted it around.  
Und all vas goot peginnen,  
For no man heeded mooch.  
Dat half de jours vas Mericans  
Und half of dem vas Dutch.

Und vorser shtill, anoder half  
Had vorn de Federal plue,  
Vhile de anti–half in Davis grey  
Had peen Confeterates true.

## The Breitmann Ballads

Great Himmel! vot a shindy  
Vas shdarted in de crowd,  
Vhen some von read Hans Breitmann,  
His Barty all aloud!

Und von goot–nadured Yankee,  
He schwear id vos a shame,  
To dell soosh lies on Dutchmen,  
Und make of dem a game.  
Boot dis make mad Fritz Luder,  
Und he schwear dis treat of Hans,  
Vos shoost so goot a barty  
Ash any oder man's.

Und dat nodings vas so looscious  
In all dis eartly shpeer,  
Ash a quart mug fool of sauer–kraut,  
Mit a plate of lager–bier.  
Dat de Yankee might pe tam mit himself,  
For he, der Fritz, hafe peen,  
In many soosh a barty  
Und all dose dings hafe seen.

All mad oopsproong de Yankee,  
Mit all his passion ripe;  
Und vired at Fritz mit de shootin–shtick,  
Vheremit he vas fixin type.  
It hit him on de occupit,  
Und laid him on de floor;  
For many a long day afder  
I ween his het was sore.

Dis roused Piet Weiser der Pfaelzer,  
Who vas quick to act und dink;  
He helt in hand a roller  
Vheremit he vas rollin ink.  
Und he dake his broof py shtrikin  
Der Merican top of his het,  
Und make soosh a vine impression,  
Dat he left de veller for deat.

Allaweil dese dings oonfolded,  
Dere vas rows of anoder kind,  
Und drople in de wigwam  
Enough to trife dem plind.  
Und a crate six–vooted Soudern man  
Vot hafe vorked on a Refiew,  
Shvear he hope to Gott he mighd pie de forms  
If de Breitmann's book warn't true.

For de Sout' vas plounded derriple,



## The Breitmann Ballads

Und in dat darksome hour  
He hafe lossed a yallow-pine maiden,  
Of all de land de vlower.  
Bright gold doubloones a hoondered  
For her he'd gladly bay  
Ash soon ash a thrip for a ginger-cake,  
Und deem it cheap dat day.

To him antworded a Yorker  
Who shoomp den dimes de boun-ti-ee:  
(De only dings he lossed in de war  
Was a sense of broproperty.)  
Says he, "Votefer you hafe dropped  
Some oder shap hafe get,  
Und de yallow-pine liked him petter ash you,  
On dat it is safe to bet!"

Dead pale pecame dat Soudern brave,  
He tidn't so moosh as yell,  
Boot he drop right on to de Yorker,  
Und mit von lick bust his shell.  
Denn out he flashed his pig-sticker,  
Und mit looks of drementous gloom,  
Rooshed vildly in de pattle  
Dat vas ragin round de room.

Boot in angulo, in de corner-  
Anoder quarrel vas grow  
'Twix a Boston shap mit a Londoner;  
Und de row ish gekommen so:  
De Yankee say dat de H-u-mor  
Of soosh writin vas less dan small,  
Dough it maket de beoples laughen,  
Boot dat vas only all.

Denn a Deutscher say, by Donner!  
Dat soosh a baradox  
Vould leafe no hope for writers  
In all Pandora's baender box.  
'Twas like de sayin dat Heine  
Hafe no witz in him goot or bad,  
Boot he only kept sayin witty dings  
To make beoples pelieve he had.

Denn de oder veller be-headed  
Dat dere vas not a shbark of foon  
In de pad spelt lieds when you lead dem  
Into Englisch correctly done:-  
Den a Proof Sheet veller respondered,  
For he dink de dings vas hard,  
"Dat ish shoost like de goot oldt lady

## The Breitmann Ballads

Ash vent to hear Artemus Ward.

"Und say it vas shames de beoples  
Vas laugh demselfs most tead  
At de boor young veller lecturin,  
Vhen he tidn't know vot he said."  
Hereauf de Yankee answered,  
"Gaul dern it:– Shtop your fuss!"  
And all de crowd togeder  
Go slap in a grand plug–muss.

De Yankee shlog de Proof Sheet  
Soosh an awfool smock on de face,  
Dat he shvell right oop like a poonkin  
Mit a sense of his tisgrace;  
Boot der Deutscher boosted an ink–keg  
On dop of de oder's hair:  
It vly troo de air like a boomshell – denn–  
Mine Gotts! – Vot a sighdt vas dere!

Denn ofer all de shapel  
Vierce war vas ragin loose;  
Fool many a vighthen brinter  
Got well ge–gooked his goose.  
Fool many a nose mit fisten,  
I ween was padly scrouged;  
Fool many an eye pright gleamin  
Vas ploody out–gegouged.

Do wart ufgehouden,[78]  
Dere vas hewin off of pones;  
Do horte man darinne  
Man heardt soosh treadful croans.  
Jach waren da die Geste,  
De row vas rough and tough,  
Genuoge sluogen wunden–  
Dere vas plooty wounds enough.

De souls of anciend brinters  
From Himmel look down oopon,  
Und allowed dat in a chapel  
Dere was nefer soosh carryins on.  
Dere was Lorenz Coster mit Gutemberg,  
Und Scheffer mit der Fust,  
Und Sweynheim mit Pannartz trop deers,  
Oopon dis teufel's dust.

Dere vas Yankee jours extincted  
Who lay upon de vloer,  
Dere vas Soudern rebs destructed,  
Who wouldt nefer Jeff no more.

## The Breitmann Ballads

Ash deir souls rise oop to Heafen,  
Dey heardt de oldt brinters' calls,  
Und Gutemberg gifed dem all a kick  
Ash he histed dem ofer de walls.

Dat ish de vay dese Ballads  
Foorst vere crooshed in plood and shdorm,  
Fool many a day moost bass afay  
Pefore dey dook dis form.  
De copy flootered o'er de preasts  
Of heroes lyin todt,  
Dis vas de dire peginnin--  
Das war des Breitmann's Noth.

Dis song in Philadelphia  
Long dimes ago pegun,  
In Paris vas gondinued, und  
In Dresden ist full--done.  
If any toubt apout de facts,  
In nople minds ish grew,  
Let dem ashk Carl Benson Bristed,  
He knows id all ish drue.

Und now, dese Breitmann shdories  
In gebrindt in many a lant,  
Sogar in far Australia  
Dey're gestohlen und bekannt:--  
"Geh hin mein Puch in alle VVelt  
Steh auss was dir kompt zu!  
Man beysse Dich, man reysse Dich  
Nur dass man mir nichts thu!"[79]

### **BREITMANN'S LAST BALLADS.**

### **BREITMANN IN TURKEY.**

DERR BREITMANN hear im Turkenreich  
Vas fighten high und low,  
"Steh auf, oh Schwackenhammer mein!  
It's dime for us to go.  
Zieh dein Kanonenstiefel an,  
Und schleife Dir das Schwert,  
Schon lang her han mer nichts gethan,

### **BREITMANN'S LAST BALLADS.**

## The Breitmann Ballads

Der Weg ist reitenswerth." [80]

"Oopon vitch side? I hartly know  
    Boot von side in dis war:  
Dere ist de holy Russ-land  
    All mit a holy Tsar;  
But I pe not a holy-er,  
    Nor you von Saint, I fear;  
Out line is holy ploonder,  
    Mit sacred Lager-bier.

"Dere's von Constantinoble-man  
    Vot write to me, und say  
He kits me an commission  
    To make me Breitmann Bey,  
Und if I mounts de turpan  
    Und keeps de Muslin law,  
Und bribes ein wenig, den I rise  
    To Breitemann Pasha.

"Dis much is drue, dat Toorkey is  
    A real Powder land,  
Und if dey're goin' to touch it off,  
    Vy, ve moost pe on hand.  
Und if ve shpring into de airs  
    Vhile meddlin' in de fuss,  
I rader dink some Russian bears  
    Vill shpring along mit us."

Und ven he kit to Turkreich  
    Der Breitmann work like mad,  
Und kit ein corps togeder,-  
    Mein Gott! vat men he had!  
Mit Polers und mit Shipsisies,  
    Ungaren, Turks, und such,  
Und allerlei Gesindel. "Hei!"  
    Says Hans: "dis beats de Dutch!"

Den onwards to his Schicksal [81]  
    Und forvarts troo de night,  
Und oopwards to his mission,  
    Und downvarts in de vight.  
Until in de Bulgaren  
    Von night his horse he strode,  
Und meet a tausand Kossacks  
    Pefore him on de road.

Slap forward rode der Breitmann  
    Right on de Kossack spears,  
But forvarts coom deir leader  
    And halted his careers,

## The Breitmann Ballads

Und gry, "O Turkisch Ritter,  
I am de Capitan,  
And if you want a shindy,  
Step up, and I'm your man."

Dey fightet like der teufel,  
Dey fightet mit deir swords,  
Und Breitmann vould hafe kilt him,  
But 'twas not on de cards,  
For de Kossack fire a bistol  
As his retreadt pegan,—  
Down from his horse all senseless  
Flop! went der Breitemann.

Vhen he hafe kit his senses,  
Der Breitmann find he lay  
Insite a nople castell,  
Upon a canape;  
Und py his side a lady  
So wunderschon to see,  
Vas shlisin oop a lemon  
Indo a cop of thee.

Den to himself say Breitmann,  
Aldough he hold his jaw,  
"Dis is de vinest womans,  
Py Gott! I efer saw.  
Vot lofeliness! vot muscle!  
Mit efery himmlisch charm!  
She measures twenty inches,  
Bei Donner! roundt de arm."

De lady see his glances  
So noble und so game,  
Und yust as he reflected  
She dink of him de same,  
Und she say, "Wie gehts?" in English,  
"Du galian cavalier,  
Who art pecome de captive  
All of my bow und spear.

"I am a gal dis mornin',  
Yestreen I vas a knight,  
Old hoss – you nearly smashedme,  
I guess, in that small fight;  
And if I hadn't shot you  
I think I should have ran."  
"Gottshimmel mit Potzbomben!  
Egsclaim der Breitemann.

"But say, O nople lady,

## The Breitmann Ballads

Vot got you in dot set  
Of plackgards – vilt dou dell me?"  
De dame rebly: "You bet!  
My father came from Boston,  
And when this war began  
He got a splendid contract,  
All with the Russi–an,

"To sell the army shoe–strings;  
But I have read of fights,  
And I dream of war and glory,  
For I go for women's rights;  
Then I read a book of poems  
Which fairly turned my head,  
The ballads of Hans Breitmann"---  
"Oh ---- ho!" Hans Breitmann said.

"And as I think the Breitmann  
Must be the greatest man  
Who ever went a–fighting  
Since History began,  
I dressed me like a soldier,  
For I am stark of limb;  
With Breitmann for a model,  
And try to act like him.

"Oh, tell me, noble captive,  
While rolling in this storm  
Which men call life, hast ever  
Beheld Hans Breitmann's form?  
Oh, could I once embrace him,  
And gaze into his eye,  
And feel his arms around me,  
Then I would gladly die.

"He is the man of mortals,  
The Odin of them all,  
A higher Incarnation,  
The 'Menschheitsideal,'[82]  
A being made to worship,  
To me an earthly Gott"---  
"Py shings!" exclaim Hans Breitmann,  
"Dis ding is gettin hot!

"O laity! – nople gountess!  
Dis man of whom you dink  
Ish lyin' here pefore you,  
Half tead for want of trink,  
Likewise for lofe of you, too,  
Done up mit lofe and durst,  
Und mit de two togeder,

## The Breitmann Ballads

I don't know vitch is vorst.

"And dou canst safe dy hero  
From bitter Todespein,  
If dou hast in de Keller  
Only one Fass of wein.  
Nay, doubt not – in my pocket  
Is dot vitch brofes de man,  
My bassport, und drei tavern bills  
Against der Breitemann."

De laity she emprace him  
Oontil he nearly bust.  
"Potz–blitz!" gasp out der Breitemann,  
"She is a squeezer – yust!"  
De dame she vas vealty,  
Likewise an orphan too,  
Mit a castel und a titel,  
So Breitemann put it troo.

So soon the paar vere marrit,–  
Hei! vot a dimes dey had!  
Hei! how dey life togeder  
So clorious und clad!  
Now he has cot a titel  
Dot was a Capitan;  
Hier hat de tale ein Ende  
Of Herr Count Breitemann.

### **COBUS HAGELSTEIN.**

ICH bin ein Deutscher, und mein name is Cobus Hagelstein,[83]  
I coom from Cincinnati, and I life peyond der Rhein;  
Und I dells you all a shdory dot makes me mad ash blitz,  
Pout how a Yankee gompany vas shvindle me to fits.

I heardt apout dis gompany, und vished to see dot same,  
Das Lebensfeuersversicherungsgesellschaft vos ids name;  
Dot is de name in Sherman – in English it will say  
Dot it insures your life mit fire, ven you de money pay.

Now, I hod a liddle house–line vhere I life so shtill ash mice,  
Und yoost drei tausand dollar vos dot little pilding's brice;  
I vos always yoost so happy ash ein Kaisar in de land  
Dill at last I kit in drople, for mein haus vas abgebrannt.

## The Breitmann Ballads

Den I goes undo dot gompany und dells em right afay  
(Das Lebensfeuerversicherungsgesellschaft), und I say,  
"At last de youngest day ist coom for you to plank de cash,  
And you moost bay me monies, for mine haus is purned to ash."

Den de segredary answered, "All dis is fery drue,  
Boot you know ve have de option to pild your house anew;  
Dere ist a lot of beoples vot burns deir hauser down,  
Den coom to kit de money pack all over in de toun."

I look indo de bapers und I find it ash he say,  
Das Lebensfeuerversicherungsgesellschaft need not bay;  
So I dells em all to go aheth und pild anoder shdore,  
Und dey make me von in Yankee shdyle more petter ash pefore.

Den I met der segredary dereafter on a day,  
Of Das Lebensfeuerversicherungsgesellschaft, und he say,  
"You've found oos vellers honoraple und honest in our line,  
Vy tont you go insure de life of Madame Hagelstein?"

I poots mine dum oopon mine nose, and vinks him mit mine eye,  
Und says I cooms to do it ven de ocean runs dry,  
Ven gooses turn to ganders, und de bigs kits shanged to shvine;  
Oh, den I makes insure de life of Madame Hagelstein.

"I haf dried you on insurance, ash you know, yust vonce pefore,  
Und ven mein haus vas abgebrannt you pild anoder shdore;  
Id's drue you pild it goot enough, boot I dell you allaweil,  
I vas liket id moosh petter if it vas in Sharman shdyle.

"Now, if I goes insure my wife anoder dime mit you  
Das Lebensfeuerversicherungsgesellschaft, I knows vot it would do,—  
If from dis vorldt Frau Hagelstein should rise to Himmel life,  
Inshtead of paying gelt you'd kit for me a Yankee vife!"

I poots mine dum pelow mine eye, und vinks him merrily,  
Und say, "Go find soom Deutscherman dot is more creen ash me.  
Dere's blendy of dem creen enough, I know, peyond der Rhein,  
But none among dem wears de name of Cobus Hagelstein."

### **FRITZERL SCHNALL.**

A BALLAD.

ASH on de Alapama biz,  
Deep sinnin long I sat,

FRITZERL SCHNALL.



## The Breitmann Ballads

I dinks von ding for dinkin  
Py afery Diplomat;  
Und dat ist: dat voll many a ding  
Vot ist de facto done,  
May pe de jure unbossible,  
Und officiel unknown,

Von dimes in San Franciscus,  
Im Californian land,  
Among de Californaments  
Dere woned a Deutscher band;  
Und shief among dese heroes  
Dere shone Herr Fritzerl Schnall,  
Who nefer vouldt pelief in nichts  
Dat vas not logical.

Vell den: von tay as Fritzerl  
Vas valk Dolores Shtreet,  
Mein Gott! how he vas over-rush  
Ein gut oldt friendt to meet;  
Hans Liederschnitz aus Augsburg,  
Vot professed in Bayrisch bier-  
"Gottskreuz! du alter Schlingel!"  
Cried Fritz: "Was mochst du hier?"

Now in des dimes I scribe of,  
Dree ways der vere bakannt,  
Und only dree, to get to  
Das Californigen Landt.  
De virst de Plains coom ofer;  
De next, de Istmoos troo;  
De dird aroundt Cape Horne,  
All ofer de ocean plue.

But de first lot of surveyors  
For de railroad overland,  
Vas seek a new vay northwarts,  
All for de Eisenbahn,  
Und mit dem, der professor  
Of Lager vent along;  
So he kommed to San Franciscus,  
Und den into dis song.

But ash unto Herr Fritzerl  
Dis news vas unerheard,  
He couldt not know de tidings  
Wherevon he had no vord;  
Und derefore dis here question  
He makes to Hans: "Old hoss,  
I kess de vay you kit hier,  
You kommed de Blains agross?"

FRITZERL SCHNALL.

## The Breitmann Ballads

"Nein, nein," sayt Liederschnitzerl;  
    "I komm not ash you say."  
"Vell, den," antworded Fritzerl,  
    "It pe's anoder vay.  
If you komm de Blains not uber,  
    I see vot you hafe do:  
You make an longer um-way  
    Und gross de Istmoos troo."

"Nein, nein," acain saidt Schnitzerl,  
    "Dat road I nefer know,  
Und vas not ride de Istmoose!"  
    Cried Fritz, erstaunished, "SO  
You komm de Blains not uber,  
    Nor gross de Istmoose troo?  
Vell, den – to make de Horn aroundt  
    Vas all dat you could do!"

"I shvears py Gott!" says Schnitzerl,  
    "So sure as you vas porn,  
Exshept oopon some ochsen  
    I nefer saw a horn.  
Dat ish – mitwiles, too – while-en--  
    I hafe von in mine hand,  
Und trink to dy Gesundheit,  
    Im lieben Vaterland."

Erstaunished stoot der Fritzerl:  
    No wort herout brought he:  
Und sinned, und sinned – den sightserd.  
    "Potz blitz! how vash dis pe?"  
Ontill a light from Himmel  
    Vlash down into him shtraight,  
Ash Heafen in Yacob Bohme  
    Vlash from a bewter blate.

Den laut he cry, eye-shbarklin,  
    Ash droonk mit Truth tifine,  
Like der Wahrheitseher Novalis:  
    "Herr Gott! es leuch't mir ein!  
If you komm de Blains not over,  
    Nor py Horn, nor py canal,  
Den I shwears you dis, Hans Schnitzerl,  
    Du bist not here at all!"

MORAL.

Go in for Wahrheit,  
    Und for Pure Reason seek;  
If it land you in a pog-hole,

FRITZERL SCHNALL.

Den die dere – like a brick!  
Gott broser all logikers,  
Und pless deir nople breed;  
Und so ist komm zu ende  
Dis Breitmanns letzte Lied.

## THE GYPSY LOVER.

DOT vos a schwartz Zigeuner[84]  
Dot on a viddle played,  
Und oonderneat' a fenster  
He mak't a serenade.

Dot vos a lofely gountess  
Who heardt de gypsy blay'n.  
Said she, "Who make dot musik  
Vot sound so wunderscheen?"

Dot vos de schwartz Zigainer  
Who vos fery quick to twig;  
Und he song a mournvoll pallad  
How his hearts vos proken – big!

Dot vos de lofely gountess  
Said, "Dell me who you are?"  
He saidt, "Mein name is Janosch,  
De Lord of Temesvar."

Dot vos de lofely gountess  
Said, "Come more near to me,  
I wants to dalk on piz'ness:  
I'll trow you down de key."

Dot vos de moon kept lightin'  
De gountess in her room,  
Boot somedings moost have vrighten  
De minstrel tid not coom.

Dot vos a treadfool oudgry  
Ven early in de morn  
Dey foundt de hens vos missin,  
Und all de wash vos gone!

Dot vos a schwartz Zigeuner  
Vot sot oopon de dirt  
A–eatin roasted schickens

All in a new glean shirt.

## DORNENLIEDER.

### I.

FOR efery Rose dot ploome in spring,  
Dey say an maid is porn;  
For efery pain dot Rose vill make  
Dey say dere comes a dorn.  
Boot let dem say yoost vot dey will,  
Dis ding I will soopose,  
I'll immer prick mein finger still,  
If I may pfluck die Ros'.  
Ach, Rosalein, du schone mein,[85]  
Dot man vas nefer born  
Vot did deserfe to win de Rose,  
Vot couldt not stand de Dorn.

Blutfarbig ist die schone Ros',[86]  
Und dot ist yoost a sign  
Dot I moost lose a liddle Blut  
To make de Rose mein.  
Wer Rosen bricht die Finger sticht;  
Das ist mir ganz egal,  
Der bricht sie auch in Winter nicht,  
Und kits no Rose at all.  
Was wir hier treiben und kosen, love,  
De joy or misery,  
Soll bleiben unter der Rosen, love!  
Und our own secret pe![87]

### II.

Von Dorn ride out in hoonting gear,  
Mit his horse und his Hunde too,  
Und his mutter she say,  
"Bring home a deer,  
Mein Sohn, votefer you do!"  
"You know, gewiss, dot I nefer miss,  
Und ven you hear mine horn,  
Pe sure dot a deer is comin' here,"  
Said der Ritter Veit von Dorn,  
Mit his deer so fein, tra la la la!  
Mit his deer so fine, tra le!  
Tra la la – tra la la la!

## The Breitmann Ballads

Tra la la – la la le!

Von Dorn he ridet im greenen wood  
Till dere, peneat a dree,  
He sah a maid wie Milch und Blut.  
As fair ash a maid could pe.  
Und der Ritter he spies her great plack eyes,  
"Id's petter, I'll pe shwore,  
To hafe a dear oopon two feet  
Dan von dot roons on four.  
Mit a deer so fein, tra la la la!  
Mit a deer so fine, tra le!  
Tra la la – tra la la la!  
Tra la la – la de le!

Der Ritter ridet pack to home:  
"Ach, mutter – all ist goot;  
I prings you here de finest dear  
In all de greene woot."  
De mutter she looks, mit joy surprise,  
"Hast Recht, mein lieber Sohn;[88]  
Dere vas nefer a deer vot hafe soosh eyes  
Ash de dear vot you hafe won!"  
Mit her eyes so plack, tra la, la la!  
Mit her eyes so plack, tra le!  
Tra, la, la – tra la, la, la!  
Tra la la – la de le!

Nota bene. – Dis song moest pe sung mit exbression.  
– FRITZ SCHWACKENHAMMER  
[Redaktor].

### **BREITMANN'S SLEIGH-RIDE.**

VEN de winter make oos shifer  
Und de bonds is froze mit ice,  
To shlide und shkate on de rifer,  
Mit de poys und gals is nice.  
Ven de horses hafe deir bits on,  
Und de roats pe vite mit shnow,  
To vly in a sleigh like blitzen  
Is de yolliet dings I know.

"Und its high, hooray!" saidt Breitmann  
"For de gals on de Dutchtown-side;  
Und it's lebe hoch! for de junglins,

BREITMANN'S SLEIGH-RIDE.

## The Breitmann Ballads

Vot'll go mit de gals to ride;  
Und it's hip, herje! for de drifers  
Vot nefer dake no odds!  
Und it's vivat! for de vellers,  
Vot'll shtand de apple-tods!"

Der Breitmann pooled his mits on,  
Der Breitmann crocked his vip,  
"Now its fly like dunner blitzen,  
Mein shildren, let 'er rip!  
Like de eagles on de shtorm-cloudt  
A-vlyin' to deir nest;  
Dere is opple-yack a-vaitin  
For de von dot times de rest.

"Oh mein Rapp, du bist de pestest  
Of horses in de land!  
Dou canst trafel on de grafel,  
Und canst shell it on de sand!  
Oh Rapp! – dere's money on id,  
Ton't let de Gelt go blue!  
I wants you show de beoples  
Dis tay vot you can do!"

Der Breitman mit his madchen  
Vas in a shblentit shleigh,  
Fritz Laufer mit his Mina,  
Vas yoosht agross de vay;  
Mit pop-slets und mit yoompers,  
Mit horses and mit mules,  
Dere vas more ash vifty fellers  
Come mit deir ve-hi-cules.

Id's "Ein-Zwei-Drei!" togedder  
Dey hollered klein und gross,  
Like de wind in shtormy wetter,  
Stracks vent de Deutschers los!  
Dey crock de vips like mooskets,  
Dey ring from berg to berg,  
"Hooray!" exsglaim Hans Breitmann:  
"Dot sounds like Gettysburg!"

Der Breitmann und der Laufer  
Vere half a mile aheth,  
For ven id coom to driven,  
De oder Dootch vere deadt.  
Dey vly like teufel's arrows,  
Mit imps oopon em gay,  
Dey killt five hoondred shbarrows  
Vot kit indo de vay.

## The Breitmann Ballads

Dey vly like rats und blitzen,  
De fery gals vos doomb,  
Und Breitmann kept his wits on,  
To see vot shanse vouldt coom;  
He know'd de pace dey clipped it  
Moost enden in a shquall  
By de vay der Laufer ripped it,  
Und de shteeds vere ganz egal.

Der Laufer he vos leadin'  
Hans Breitmann ash he goed,  
Boot he tidn't see a soplin'  
Dot vos lyin' in de road.  
Id yank dem out like marples,  
Mitout a will or shall;  
Hets downvarts in a shnow–pank,  
Vent Laufer mit his gal.

Und ash Breitmann comed oonto it  
Id kit indo his vay,  
Und tossed him mit his madchen  
Right indo Laufer's shleigh;  
Hans crab de reins like blitze',  
Und go aheth like sin:  
"Adje, mein lieber Fritze![89]  
Dis dimes I scoop you in!"

He vly away like shvallows  
To vhere a davern lay,  
Vhere de opple–tod vos ploomin'  
Among de Deutschers gay.  
Der Breitmann as he vonisht  
Yoost cast von look pehind,  
At de lecks of Fritz – und Mina–  
A–vafin in de wind.

Homburg vor der Hohe, Hesse–Nassau,  
September 1, 1888.

### THE MAGIC SHOES.

IT was stiller, dimmer twilight – amber toornin' into gold,  
Like young maidens' hairs get yellow und more dark as dey crow old;  
Und dere shtood a high ruine vhere de Donau rooshed along,  
All lofely, yet neclected – like an oldt und silent song.

THE MAGIC SHOES.

## The Breitmann Ballads

Out shpoke der Ritter Breitmann, "Ven I hafe not forgot,  
Ich kenn an anciendt shtory of dis inderesdin shpot,  
Of the Deutscher Middleolter vot de Minnesingers sung,  
Ven dot olt ruine oben vas a-bloomin, fair, und yung.

"Vonce dere lifed a noble fraulein – fery peautiful vas she,  
More ash twendy dimes goot lookin – it is in de historie;  
Und mit more ash forty quarters on her woppenshield,[90] dot men  
Might beholdt mitout a discount she vas of de upper ten.

"But dough lofely as an angel, mit eyes of turkos plue,  
She vas cruel ash a teufel, und de vorst man efer knew.  
Vonce ven a nople young one kneeled down to her mit lofe,  
She kicket him mit her slipper und oopset him on de shtove.

"Und said, 'I do refuse you, as you may plainly see;  
Und from dis day henseforvart mine refuse you shall pe,  
Und when I do run afder you like dogs run afder men,  
Den I vill pe your vife, yung man – boot keep away dill denn!"

"He lishten to her crimly, and no single vort he said,  
Boot de bitter dings she spoken poot der teufel in his head;  
For she hafe not learned de visdom, vich is always safe and sound,  
'Don't go to pourin' water on a mouse ven id ist trowned.'

"Vonce, at de end of autoom, ven de vind vos bitter cold,  
Dis maiden out a-ridin' met a voman poor and old;  
Her feets vere bare and pleedin', and she said, 'Ah! ton't refuse  
To gife me, nople lady, yoosht de vorst of your oldt shoes!"

"De lady boorst out laughin', 'Fool here, or fool me dere,  
You give to me a couple, I gives to you a pair.'  
Denn she rode away a-laughin'; de old voman says 'I wete,  
I'll give you shoes, my lady, dot vill fit your soul and feet!"

"Dis voman vas a vitche, an bitter one dere to,  
All dot vot she had shpoken she light enough could do;  
De Ritter did not know it, but he told her of his love,  
And how dot shkornful lady hat oopset him mit de shtove.

"Out spoke de grimme witche, 'She shall pay dee well to boot,  
If yo pring to me de measure of dat lady's liddle foot.'  
He got it from her shoemaker, and gafe id to de vitch,  
Denn she gafe it to de damsel pooty soon as hot as pitch.

"Von morn de lofely lady, on openin' her toor,  
Found de nicest pair of gaiter boots she efer saw pefore;  
Dey vitted her exoctly – mitouten any doubt–  
Boot, mein Gott! how she vas shrocken ven dey 'gun to valk apout!"

"Und ash de poots go valkin', like de buds go mit de stem,



## The Breitmann Ballads

It vollowed dot de lady had to valk apout in dem.  
Dey took her out into de street – dey run her on de road,  
Bym–by she saw a man ahead vot led her vhere she goed.

"Vhen he vent valkin' longsome denn longsome vas her pace,  
Vhen he roon like a greyhound she skompered in a race;  
He led her o'er de moundains und cross de lonely plain,  
Until de evenin' shadows, ven he took her home again.

"Denn she dink mit hate and fury of dis man she used to skoff,  
Und den go at de gaiters – boot she couldn't pull dem off,  
She vork mit all de servants, boot 'tvasent any use,  
Und so she hafe to go to bett – a–shleepin' in her shoes.

"Next mornin' off dey shtarted, apout de broke of day,  
Den he led her to a castle in de woods and far away,  
And shpeak to her, 'My lady – I dink at last you see  
Dat de dime has come in earnesdt vhen you've cot to vollow me!'

"Oh vat ish female nature? Oh vat ish mortal pride?  
How all dot shtands de firmest most quickly shlips aside  
De cloudts dot o'er de moundains look shkornful at de plain,  
Ere long mit shtormy wetter come toomble down in rain.

"So de storm–cloud of Superbia vvhich shweep her soul above,  
Vas meltet mit his shternness and be–turned into love,  
As his words like donner wetter crosched ven de lightnin' flies,  
So downward coom de torrents of dear tropes from her eyes.

"Und she gry, 'Mit shame I own it, to say de fery least,  
I gonfess dat in dis matter I hafe acted like a peast;  
Ven I made of you my refuse, I dinked it no account,  
But now de pack is on my back it seems a big amount.

"'But if you vish to ved me, I vill do vat you require.  
He answered, 'Now you're talkin' – dot is yoost vot I tesire,  
For I am very willin', and you do not refuse,  
Boot remember vot you bromised – send de vitch a pair of shoes!'

"She answered, 'I vill follow verever you may go,  
All ofer hills and falleys, in sunshine, rain, or schnow,  
All over in der Welt, dear, I'll vander on vith thee,  
I do not care how rough de road or dark de path may be!

"'Or in de bloomin' meadows, vvhare de grass is soft and sweet,  
Or in de rocky passes, vvhare de stones are under veet,  
Or if I veare de shoes, love, vitch you hafe given me,  
Or if I moost go barefoot, is all de same to me.'

"He drew away de gaiters. She said, 'As I'm rich  
I vill fill dem both mit money, and take dem to de vitch.'

## The Breitmann Ballads

Ja wohl, she saw die Hexe, and takin' her aside,  
She danked her for de lesson vot hat dook away her pride.

"On de vay vhen dey vere married, how vere dey all erstaun  
To see a lofely lady come in mit golden crown,  
All in a rosy–silken dress vot shined as pright as glass,  
Said, 'My dears, I am de vitch dot fetch dis ding to pass.

"You know I look so ogly vonce, und now am peautiful,  
Dot ist de vay dot all dings vork ven folks pe dutiful.  
Ash de lily toorns to whitey vot once vas dirty green,  
So all ist fair ven virdue ist runnin' de machine."

Dis is de vondrous shtory vot de Ritter Breitmann told  
Besides the rooshin' Danube of de schloss so grey und old,  
Vhile a shmokin' of his meerschaum; und till all time pe gone  
The rustlin' of de vasser tells de tale for ever on.

Dat is an alt legende, und yet 'tis efer new,  
Und to efery von dot hears it it fits yoost like a shoe.  
Und dis de shinin' moral dot in de oyster lies–  
Some day you may roon after de dings you vonce despise!

Vienna, 1888.

### Glossary

THIS Glossary was prepared entirely by Mr. NICHOLAS TRUBNER. I am not aware that he had any assistance in writing it. I mention this because I have never met with any person who was so equally familiar with obscure and obsolete old German facetious literature (as the text indicates), and at the same time with Americanisms. I should say that in all of the later ballads, or at least in fully one half of all in the book, the author was indebted to him for ideas, suggestions, and emendations, and that the work would never have been what it is – sit verbo venia – but for him. Mr. Trubner was a poet, even in English, as his translation from Scheffel's poems indicates. A very few words have been added to explain the poems in the ballads which appear for the first time in this edition.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

## GLOSSARY

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Abenddammerung,(Ger.) – Evening dim light; twilight.

## The Breitmann Ballads

Abendgold,(Ger.) – Evening gold.  
Abendroth,(Ger.) – Evening red.  
Abendsonnenschein,(Ger.) – Evening sunshine.  
Abbordez–moi vodre mere,(German–French) – Bring me your mayor.  
Ach weh,(Ger.) – Oh, woe.  
Allatag,(Ger. dial.) – Every day.  
Alla weil – All the while; always.  
Allegader – All together.  
Alles wird ewig zu eins,(Ger.) – And all for ever becomes one.  
Alter Schwed',(old Swede) – A familiar phrase like "old fellow."  
Anamile,(Amer.) – Animal.  
Annerthalb Yar, Anderthalb Jahr,(Ger.) – Year and a half.  
Anti Word: Antwort – Answer.  
Antworted,(Ger.) – Answered.  
Apple–tod,(Amer.) – Apple toddy. Spirit distilled from cider.  
Arbeiterhalle – Working–man's hall.  
Arminius,(Herman.) – The Duke of the Cheruskans, and destroyer of  
the Roman legions under Varus, in the Teutoburg Forest.  
Armlos – Unarmed.  
Aroom, Herum – Around.  
Arriere pensee,(Fr.) – A reserved thought or intention.  
Aufgespannt,(Ger.) – Stretched, bent.  
Augen,(Ger.) – Eyes.  
Augenblick,(Ger.) – Twinkling of an eye.  
Aus,(Ger.) – Out.

Bach,(Ger.) – Book.  
Baender–box – Band–box.  
Baldface corn,(Amer.) – Plain maize whisky.  
Barell–hell pars – Parallel–bars; a part of the gymnastic  
apparatus.  
Barrick,(Pennsylvania Ger. for Berg) – Mountain.  
Bauern,(Ger.) – Peasants.  
Be–ghostet,(Ger. Begeistert) – Inspired.  
Begifted, – Beschenkt – Gifted.  
Begreifen,(Ger.) – Understand.  
Beheaded, Behauptet,(Ger.) – Asserted.  
Bei Leib und Leben,(Ger.) – By my body and soul.  
Bekannt, Beknown – Known.  
Bellin,(Ger. Bellen) – To bark.  
Bemarket,(Ger.–Eng.) – Remarked.  
Be–mark,(Ger. Bemarken) – Observe.  
Bemarks,(Ger. Bemerkungen) – Remarks.  
Bemerkbar,(Ger.) – Observable. Should be noticed.  
Bemoost,(Ger.) – Mossgrown, in student's language, ein bemoostes  
Haupt, an old student.  
Bender,(Amer.) – A spree; a frolic. To "go on a bender" –  
to go on a spree.  
Be–raised – Raised, with the augment, literal for Ger. erhoben.  
Berauscht,(Ger.) – Intoxicated.  
Besoffen,(Ger.) – Drunk.

## The Breitmann Ballads

- Bestimmung des Menschen – Vocation of Man, title of one of Fichte's works.
- Betaubend,(Ger.) – Enchanting.
- Bewises,(Ger. Beweist, from Beweisen) – Proves.
- Bibliothek – Library.
- Bienenkorb,(Ger.) – Beehive.
- Birra gazzosa,(Italian) – Aerated, gaseous beer.
- Bischof,(Ger.) – Bishop.
- Bix Buchse,(box) – Rifle. Bess in Brown Bess is the equivalent of the German Buchse, (Brown being merely an alliterative epithet;) French, buse tube; Flemish, buis. (Still found in blunderbuss, arquebuss.) See Blackley's "Word Gossip."
- Blaetter,(Ger.) – Leaves.
- Blei – Lead.
- Blitz,(Ger.) – Lightning.
- Blitzen,(Ger.) – Lightning.
- Blokes,(English) – Men.
- Bock – A strong kind of German beer.
- Boemisch – Bohemian.
- Boerenvolk,(Flem.) – Peasants.
- Bole Jack road – Near Murfreesboro, Tennessee.
- Bool – Bull.
- Bornirtheit – Limitedness of capacity.
- Bouleverse – Boulevard.
- Bountiee,(Amer.) – Bounty–money paid during the war as a premium to soldiers. To jump the bounty, was to secure the premium and then run away.  
"This is the song of Billy Jones,  
Who jumped the boun–ti–ee."  
– American Ballad of 1846.
- Bowery – A street at New York, inhabited principally by Germans.
- Brantewein,(Ger.) – Spirits.
- Brandy smash,(Amer.) – A plain half–glass mint julep of only sugar,ice, spirits, and mint. A regular julep is larger, and contains more ingredients.
- Brav,(Ger.) – Good.
- Breit,(Ger.) – Broad.
- Bring it down to dots – Reduce it to figures.
- Brisner – Prisoner.
- Broosh–pinder – Brushbinder,(Ger. Buerstenbinder.) – Brushmaker. The brushmakers are supposed, probably on account of their throat–parching business, to be always thirsty.
- Brummed – growled – (Ger. Brummen).
- Brucke,(Ger.) – Bridge.
- Bugs – In America all insects, especially Coleoptera.
- Bummer,(Amer.) – A fellow haunting low taverns; applied during the late civil war in the United States to hangers–on of the army. Probably a corruption of the German bummler(loafer).
- Bumming – From Bummer.
- Bushwhackers – Guerillas.
- Bust his shell – Broke his head.

## The Breitmann Ballads

Butterbrod,(Ger.) – Buttered bread.

By–Nearly; Beinahe – Almost, nearly.

Came – Game.

Camine – Chimney–piece.

Canyon,(Span. Canon) – A narrow passage between high and precipitous banks, formed by mountains or tablelands, often with a river running beneath. These occur in the great Western prairies, New Mexico, and California.

Carmagnole – A wild street dance.

Carmosine,(Ger.) – Crimson. French, cramoisoi.

Carnadine – Incarnadine.

Change their lodge – Shift from one "society" to another.

Chroc, Chrocus, Crocus – An Alemannic leader, who overran Gaul, according to Gregory of Tours.

Chunk – A short thick piece of wood, or of anything else; a chump.

The word is provincial in England, and colloquial in the United States.

Cinder – Suende; sin.

Clam – The popular name of a bivalvular shell–fish, the Venus.

Clavier,(Ger.) – Piano.

Colle belle,(Ital.) – With the beauties.

Comedy – Committee.

Conradin – The last of the imperial house of the Hohenstaufen – beheaded at Naples in 1268.

Coot – (To cut) a dash, (to come out a "swell,") to dress extravagantly.

Corned,(Amer.) – Made drunk.

Coster – The inventor of the art of printing, according to the Dutch.

Crate – Great.

Crecian pend – When Breitmann says "Dat pend of the bow ish the Crecian pend," it is a rather equivocal compliment.

"Grecian bend" has lately become a common newspaper expression. Smuggling done by women is called a "Case of Grecian bend." The present style of skirt, full at the back, is favourable to it.

Crislies – Grisly,(bear.)

Da ist er! Schau! – There he is! look!

Damit,(Ger.) – Therewith.

Dampfschiff – Steamboat.

Deck – A pack of cards, piled one upon another.

Demperanceler, Temperenzler – Temperance man.

Dessauerinn – A woman from Dessau.

Deutschland – Germany.

Die Hexe – The witch.

Die wile as mohte leben – During all its life.

Daz wolde er immer dienen

Die wile es mohte leben.

– Kutrun. XV. Aventure, 756th verse.

## The Breitmann Ballads

Dink – he, they think; my dinks – my thoughts.  
Dinked – he, they thought.  
Dishtriputet – Instead of attributed.  
Dissembulatin' – Dissembling.  
Dissolfed – Instead of resolved.  
D'lusion – Instead of allusion.  
Donnered,(Ger.) – Thundered.  
Donnerwetter,(Ger.) – Thunder and lightning.  
Dooks – Ducks.  
Doon – Tune.  
Doonderblix – Thunder and lightning.  
Dorn – A thorn. Dorn lieder – Thorn-songs.  
Drawed he in – (literal rendering of the German Zog er ein,)  
Dreimal,(Ger.) – Three times.  
Drocks – Drakes, dragons; (Ger. Drachen.)  
Druckerei – Printing-office.  
Dummehrlichkeit,(Ger.) – Honest simplicity.  
Dunkelheit – Darkness.  
Dursty,(Ger. Durstig) – Thirsty.

Earnsthaf, ernsthaft – Serious.  
Eber,(Ger.) – Wild boar.  
Eberschwein,(Ger.) – Wild boar.  
Eckhartshausen – A German supernaturalist.  
Eher,(Ger.) – Sooner. In the dialect it has the meaning  
of "before."  
Einander to sprechen mit,(Ger.) – To speak together.  
Eins, zwei, drei – One, two, three.  
Einsichen, to take up one's abode with.  
Eldern,(Ger. Eltern) – Parents.  
Elfenbein,(Ger.) – Ivory.  
Emerich – King Emerich, hero of a German legend.  
Emsig Gruebler,(Ger.) – Assiduous inquirer.  
Engel,(Ger.) – Angel.  
Englandrinn,(Ger.) – English woman.  
Entlang,(Ger.) – Along.  
Erfinder,(Ger.) – Inventor.  
Erfounden,(Ger. Erfunden) – Invented.  
Ergeben,(Ger.) – Resigned.  
Error-dom, Irrthum – Error.  
Erstaun, Erstaunished, erstaunt – Astonished.  
Erstarrt,(Ger.) – Aghast.  
Erwaitin',(Ger. Erwartend) – Awaiting, expecting.  
Euchre, Eucre – Sort of game played with cards, very much in vogue  
in the West.  
Euchred – From Euchre, the game of cards.

Fackeltantz,(Ger.) – Torch dance.  
Fancy craps or crabs – Fast horses.  
Fanes, Wetterfahnen – Weathercocks.  
Fass,(Ger.) – Barrel.

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- Fat – Printer's term.  
Feldwebel,(Ger.) – A sergeant.  
Feinslieb,(Ger.) – Fair or fine love.  
Fenster – A window.  
Fichte – A German philosopher.  
Finster,(Ger.) – Dark, dismal.  
Foal – Full.  
Foll – To fall.  
Foon – Fun.  
Foors – First.  
Fore-by – Literal translation of the German Vorbei.  
Fore-lying – Literal translation of Vorliegend.  
Foreschlag,(Ger. Vorschlag) – Proposal.  
Foresetzen – To set, put (lay) before an audience.  
Foxen,(Ger. Fuchsen) – Foxes.  
Frank-tiroir – Franc-tireur.  
Francois Villon – An old French humorous poet, whom Boileau speaks of as the first who began to write truly modern French.  
Frau,(Ger.) – Woman.  
Freie,(Ger.) – Free.  
Freischarlinger,(Ger. Freischaerler) – A member of a Free Corps; especially applied to those who belonged to the Free Corps formed in Southern Germany during the Revolution in 1848.  
Freischuetz,(Ger.) – Free shot, one who shoots with charmed bullets, the name of Karl Maria Von Weber's celebrated opera.  
Friederich Rothbart – Frederic Barbarossa, the great Emperor of Germany and one of the German legendary heroes. He is supposed to sleep in the Kyffhauser in Thuringia, and to awaken one day, when he will bring great glory over Germany.  
Frolic – Frohlich, merry.  
Froze to de ready – Held fast to the money.  
Fullenden – Vollenden – To complete, perfect.  
Fuss,(Ger.) – Foot.  
Fust or Faust – The partner of Gutemberg, the inventor of the art of printing.
- Gambrinus – A mythical King of Brabant, supposed to have been the inventor of beer.  
Gandertate – Candidate.  
Ganz,(Ger.) – Ganz.  
Gans egal – Quite the same.  
Ganz und gar,(Ger.) – Altogether, all over.  
Garce,(French) – Wench.  
Gass und Strass,(Ger.) – Lane and street.  
Gast,(Ger.) – Guest.  
Gasbalgs – Bladder of gas.  
Gauer – Valleys.  
Gaul darn – G-- ---n.  
Gaul dern – A Yankee oath.  
Gauner-sprache,(Ger.) – Thieves' language.  
Ge-bildet – Built, with the German augment.

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Ge–birt',(Ger. Geburt) – Birth.  
Geborn – Born, with the augment.  
Ge–brudert,(formed like ge–schwister,) – Brothers.  
Geh hin mein Puch,(German of the 16th century).  
Gehst nit mit rechten Dingen zu – Dost not do it by any natural means; there is witchcraft in it.  
Gekommene – Arrived(newly arrived).  
Gekommen so,(Ger.) – Come thus.  
Ge–kostet – Cost, with the German augment.)  
Gesangverein,(Ger.) – Singing–society.  
Ge–screech, Geschrei – Bawling, clamour.  
Gesembled – Assembled, with the augment of the German preterite.  
Geshmasht – Smashed, with German augment.  
Gespickt,(Ger.) – Larded.  
Gestohlen – Stolen.  
Gestohlen und bekannt,(Ger.) – Stolen, and known.  
Gesundheit,(Ger.) – Health.  
Gewehr,(Ger.) – Musket.  
Gewiss – Certainly.  
Gift,(Ger.) – Poison.  
Gilt – In the ordinary sense, and also in the same verse, "gilt," implying the meaning of the German verb "gelten," to be worth something, and also guilt.  
Glamour – Ocular deception by magic.  
Glee–wine, Glueh–wein – Hot–spiced wine.  
Glucky,(Ger. Gluecklich) – Lucky.  
Glueck,(Ger.) – Luck.  
Goblum – For goblin.  
Gool – Cool.  
Gottallmachty, (Ger. Gottallmachtig) – God Almighty.  
Gottashe – Cottage.  
Gotteshaus,(Ger.) – House of God.  
Gott–full, gottvoll – Glorious, divine.  
Gottsdonnerkreuzschockschwerenoth,(Ger.) – Another variety of big swearing.  
Gott's–doonder,(Ger. Gott's donner) – God's thunder. See also Gott's tausend, a thundering sort of oath, but never preceded by lightning, for it is only used as a kind of expletive to express great surprise, or to give great emphasis to words which, without it, would seem to be capable of none.  
Gottstausend,(Ger.) – An abbreviation of Gott's tausend donnerwetter (God's thousand thunders), and therefore the comparative of Gott's doonder; with most of those who use it a meaningless phrase.  
Gott weiss,(Ger.) – God knows!  
Go von – Go one, bet on him.  
Grillers – Guerillas.  
Grod, gerad – Straight.  
Gros,(Ger.) – Great.  
Guestfreundlich, gastfreundlich – Hospitable.  
Gummi lasticum – India rubber.



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- Gutenberg – The inventor of the art of printing.  
Guve – Southern slang for give. Guv, for give, is also  
English slang as well as American.  
Gyrotwistive – Snaky.
- Hab' und Guter,(Ger.) – Property.  
Hagel! Blitz! Kreuz Sakrament!(Ger.) – Another variety of swearing.  
Halberthier, for Halberdier – Halberthier means half an animal.  
Hand–shoe,(Ger. Handschuh) – Glove.  
Hans Michel – A popular but not complimentary name for Germany.  
Hans Wurst – Merry Andrew; Zani; Jack Pudding – the latter word  
being a literal translation of the German Hans Wurst; the  
pudding in either case referring to the sausages, or the  
pretended sausage, which the Merry Andrew always appeared to  
be swallowing by the yard or fathom. See Blackley's "Word  
Gossip."  
Harmlos,(Ger.) – Harmless.  
Haul de pot – Take the stakes.  
Hause – House.  
Hegel – Name of the German philosopher.  
Heine, Heinrich – German poet.  
Heini von Steier – Heinrich von Ofterdingen.  
Heldenbuch – Is the title of a collection of epic poems, belonging  
to the cycle of the German Saga.  
Heller Glorie schein – Bright gloriole.  
Hereauf, hierauf – Thereupon.  
Herout,(Ger. Heraus) – Out.  
Herr Je,(Ger.) – An abbreviation of Herr Jesus (O  
Lord!); generally only used by those who are fond of  
meaningless exclamations.  
Her–re–liche, herrliche – Superb, grand, noble.  
Hertsen – Herzen; hearts.  
Hertzhog, Herzog,(Ger.) – Duke.  
Herzlich,(Ger.) – Hearty.  
Herzbruder,(Ger.) – Heart's brother.  
Hexerei – Witchery, sorcery.  
Himmel,(Ger.) – Heaven.  
Himmels–Potz–Pumpen–Herrgott – A mild sort of a German imprecation,  
untranslatable.  
Himmlisch' hoellisch' qual,(Ger.) – Heavenly–hellish pain.  
Hip Herje! – A common interjection.  
Hobbiness – Happiness.  
Hoellisch,(Ger.) – Hellish.  
Honey fooglin', Honeyfuggle – Is believed to be English  
slang. In America it means blarneying, deceiving.  
Hooke perry, persimmoned – "A huckle–berry over my  
persimmon." Surpassed, out–done.  
Hoof–irons,(Huf–eisen in Ger.) – Horse–shoe.  
Hoofstad,(Flem.) – Capita.  
Hop–sosa,(Ger.)int. – Hop; heyday!  
Hunde – Dog.

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Hundsfott,(Ger. Vulg.) – Mean scoundrel, hound.

Hunk,(Amer.) – Stout, solid, profitable. "To be all hunk" means to come out of a speculation with advantage. To be well off.

Hut,(Ger.) – Hat.

I Gili romaneskro – This song is written in the German gipsy dialect. Eh! in third line of second verse, is the German word ehe, "ere," or before. Kuribente ("in war,") is in the Slavonic and gipsy local case, or as Pott calls it (Die Zigeuner in Europa und Asien) the Second Dative.

Ik leven,(Flem.) – I live.

Il diavolo in carnato,(Ital.) – The devil incarnate or in carnation.

Immer – Ever.

In geburst – Burst.

In Sang und Klang dein Leben lang,(Ger.) – In music and song all thy life long.

Ita dixit,(Latin) – So said.

Jeff – A game played by throwing up types, generally for "refreshments."

Joss-stick – A name given to small reeds, covered with the dust of odiferous woods, which the Chinese burn before their idols.

Jungfernkranz,(Ger.) – Bridal garland.

Kaiser Karl – Charlemagne.

Kalt,(Ger.) – Cold.

Kanaster,(Ger.) – Canaster tobacco.

Kan ik. Ik kan,(Flem.) – I can.

Karfunkelstein,(Ger.) – Carbuncle.

Kartoffel,(Ger.) – Potato.

Kauder-Waelsch,(Ger.) – Gibberish.

Kellner,(Ger.) – Waiter.

Kermes – Annual Fair.

Kinder,(Ger.) – Children.

Kitin, a kitin – Flying or running rapidly.

Klein und gross – Small and great.

Kloster,(Ger.) – Cloister.

Knasterbart,(Ger.) – Literally, tobacco-beard; perhaps denoting a good old fellow, fond of his pipe.

Kneiperei,(Ger.) – Revel.

Knock dem out de shpots – Knock the spots out of them; astonish them.

Koenig Etzel – King Attila.

Komm maidelein! Rothe waengelein,(Ger.) – Come maiden, red cheeks.

Kong,(Ger. Konig) – Old Norse for king.

Kooken – Cake.

Kop,(Ger. Kopf) – Head.

Kreutzer – Frederick Creutzer, distinguished professor in the University of Heidelberg, author of a great work on "Symbolik."

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- Krumm,(Ger.) – Crooked.  
Kummel,(Ger.) – Cumin brandy.  
Kummel, kimmel,(Ger.) – Schnapps, dram. Hans, in his tipsy enthusiasm, ejaculates, "Oh, mein Gott in Kimmel!" instead of "im Himmel" (heaven), becoming guilty of an unconscious alliteration, and confessing, according to the proverb in vino veritas, where his God really abides; "whose God is their belly."  
Kunster,(Ger.) – Sacristan.
- Lanze,(Ger.) – Lance.  
Lager, Lagerbeer, (Ger. Lagerbier, i.e., Stockbeer) – Sometimes in these poems abbreviated into Lager. A kind of beer introduced into the American cities by the Germans, and now much in vogue among all classes.  
Lager Wirthschaft,(Ger.) – Beerhouse.  
Laibgartner,(Ger.) – Liebgard; bodyguard. The Swiss in blundering makes it "body-gardener."  
Lam – To drub, beat soundly.  
Larmen – The French word larmes, tears, made into a German verb.  
Lateinisch – Latin.  
Laughen, lachen – Laughing.  
Lavergne – A place between Nashville and Murfreesboro', in the state of Tennessee.  
Lebe hoch! – Hurrah!  
Leben – Life; living.  
Lebenlang,(Ger.) – Life-long.  
Lev'st du nock? – Liv'st thou yet?  
Libby – The notorious Confederate prison at Richmond, Va.  
Liddle Pills – Little bills, Legislative enactments.  
Lieblich,(Ger.) – Charming.  
Liedeken,(Flem.) – Song.  
Lieder, Lieds,(Ger.) – Songs.  
Liederkranz,(Ger.) – Glee-union.  
Liederlich,(Ger.) – Loose, reckless, dissolute.  
Lighthood,(Ger. Lichtheit) – Light.  
Like spiders down their webs – Breitmann's soldiers are supposed to have been expert turners or gymnasts.)  
Loafer,(Amer.) – A term which, considered as the German pronunciation of lover, is a close translation of rom, since this latter means both a gipsy and a husband.  
Los, los gehen,(Ger.) – To go at a thing, at somebody.  
Loosty,(Ger. Lustig) – Jolly, merry.  
Loudet,(Lauten in Ger.) – To make sound.  
L'Ubbriacone,(Ital.) – Drunkard.  
Luftballon,(Ger.) – Air-balloon.  
Lump,(Ger.) – Ragamuffin.  
Lumpenglocke – An abusive term applied to bells, especially to those which are rung to give notice that the beer-houses must close.

- Madel,(Ger.) – Girl.  
Maedchen,(Ger.) – Girl, maiden.  
Markgraefler – A pleasant light wine grown in the Grand Duchy of Baden.  
Marmorbild – Marble statue.  
Maskenzug,(Ger.) – Procession of masked persons.  
Massenversammlung,(Ger.) – Mass meeting.  
Mein Freund – My friend.  
Mein Sohn – My son.  
Meine Seel',(Ger.) – By my soul.  
Meisjes,(Flem.) – Girls.  
Middleolter(Mittelaelter) – The Middle Ages.  
Mijn lief gesellen,(Flem.) – My dear comrades.  
Mineted – Minded.  
Minnesinger – Poet of love. A name given to German lyric poets, who flourished from the twelfth to the fourteenth centuries.  
Mist-hauf,(Ger.) – Dung-hill.  
Mit hoontin knife, "With her white hands so lovely,  
She dug the Count his grave.  
From her dark eyes sad weeping,  
The holy water she gave."  
– Old German Ballad.  
Mitout – Without.  
Mitternacht, Mitternacht – Midnight.  
Mitternacht, Mitternacht – Midnight.  
Mohr, ein schwarzer,(Ger.) – A blackamoor.  
Moleschott – Author of a celebrated work on physiology.  
Mondenlight – Moonlight.  
Mondenschein,(Ger.) – Moonlight.  
Morgan – John Morgan, a notorious Confederate guerilla during the late war in America.  
Morgen-het-ache – Morning headache.  
Moskopolite,(Amer.) – Cosmopolite. Mossyhead is the German student phrase for an old student.  
Mud-sill – The longitudinal timber laid upon the ground to form the foundation for a railway. Hence figuratively applied by the labour-despising Southern gentry to the labouring classes as the substratum of society.  
Murmulte – Murmured.  
Mutter,(Ger.) – Mother.  
Naturalizationists – The officers, who give the rights of native citizens to foreigners.  
Nibelungen Lied – The lay of the Nibelungen; the great German national epos.  
Nieuw Jarsie – New Jersey, in America, famous inter alia for its sandy beaches and high surf.  
Nig – Nigger.  
Nirwana – The Brahminical absorption into God.  
Nix,(Ger. Nichts) – Nothing.

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- Nix cum raus – That I had not come out.  
No sardine – Not a narrow-minded, small-hearted fellow.  
Norate – To speak in an oration.  
Noth,(Ger.) – Need, dire extremity. Das war des Breitmann's Noth,  
–That was Breitmann's sore trial. Imitated from the last line  
of the Nibelungen Lied.  
Nun – Now.  
Nun endlich,(Ger.) – Now at last.
- O'Brady – An Irish giant.  
Ochsen,(Ger.) – Oxen; stupid fellows. As a verb it also is used  
familiarily to mean hard study.  
Odenwald – A thickly-wooded district in South Germany.  
Oder – Other. See Preface.  
Oltra tramontane; ultra tramontane – Applied to the non-Italian  
Catholic party.  
On-belongs – Literal translation of Zugehort.  
On de snap – All at once.  
On-did to on-do – Literal translation of the German  
anthun; to donn, to put on.  
Onfang,(Ger. Anfang) – Beginning.  
Oonendly – Unendlich.  
Oonshpeakbarly,(Ger. unaussprechbarlich) – Inexpressibly.  
Oop-gecleared,(Ger. Aufgeklaert) – Enlightened.  
Ooprighty,(Ger. Aufrichtig) – Upright.  
Oopright-hood,(Ger. Aufrichtigkeit) – Uprightness.  
Oop-sproong – For aufsprung.  
Opple-yack – Apple-jack. Spirit distilled from cider.  
Orgel-ton,(Ger.) – Organ sound.  
Orkester – Orchestra.  
Out-ge-poke-te – Out-poked.  
Out-signed,(Ger. ausgezeichnete) – Distinguished, signal.  
Out-sprach – Outspoke.  
Over again – Uebrigen.
- Paardeken,(Flemish) – Palfrey.  
Pabst, Der Pabst lebt, – "The Pope he leads a happy life," beginning of a popular German song.  
Palact,(Ger. Pallast) – Palace.  
Peke – Belgian rye whisky.  
Peeps – People. "Hard on the American peeps" – a phrase for  
anything exacting or severely pressing.  
Pelznickel, Nick, Nickel – St. Nicolas, muffled in fur, is one of  
the few riders in the army of the saints, but, unlike St.  
George and St. Martin, he oftener rides a donkey than a horse,  
more especially in that part of the German land which can boast  
of having given birth to the illustrious Hans. St. Nicolas is  
supposed, on the night preceding his name-day, the sixth of  
December, to pass over the house-tops on his long-eared steed,  
and having baskets suspended on either side filled with sweets  
and playthings, and to drop down through the chimneys presents  
for those children who have been good during the year, but

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birch-rods for those who have been naughty, would not go to bed early, or objected to being washed, In the expectation of his coming, the children put, on the eve of St. Nicolas' day, either a shoe, or a stocking, or a little basket, into the chimney-piece of their parents' bedroom. We may remark, by the way, that St. Nicolas is the Christian successor of the heathen Nikudr, of ancient German mythology.

Pesser, besser,(Ger.) – Better.

Pestain – Stain, with the augment.

Pfaelzer – A man from the Rhenish Palatinate.

Pfeil,(Ger.) – Arrow.

Philosopede – Velocipede.

Pickel-haube,(Ger.) – The spiked helmet worn by Prussian soldiers.

Pie the forms – Break and scatter the forms of types – the greatest disaster conceivable to a true typo.

Pig-sticker – Bowie-knife.

Pile-out,(Amer.) – Hurry out.

Pimeby – By and by.

"Plain" – Water plain, i.e., unmixed.

Plue goats – Blue coats, soldiers.

Plug-muss – Fight for a fire-plug. American fireman's language.

Pokal, (Poculum) – Goblet.

Poker – A favourite game of cards among Western gamblers.

Poonkin – Pumpkin.

Pop-slets – Bob-sleds. A very rough kind of sledge.

Potzblitz,(Ger.) – int., The deuce.

Potztausend! Was ist das? – Zounds! What is that?

Poulderie – Poultry.

Poussiren – To court.

Pretzel,(Ger.) – A kind of fancy bread, twist or the like.

Prezackly – Pre(cisely), exactly.

Protocollirt, protocolliren – To register, record.

Pully, i.e., Bully – An Americanism, adjective. Fine, capital. A slang word, used in the same manner as the English used the word crack; as, "a bully horse," "a bully picture."

Pumpernickel – A heavy, hard sort of rye-bread, made in Westphalia.

Put der Konig troo – To put through, (Amer.), to qualify, to imitate.

Pye – To buy.

Rapp(Rappe) – A black horse.

Raushlin', rauschend – Rustling.

Reb – An abbreviation of rebel.

Redakteur – Editor.

Red cock – Or make de red cock crow. Einem den rothen Hahn aufs Dach setzen. A German proverb signifying to set fire to a house.

Rede,(Ger.) – Speech.

Red-Waelsch, Roth-Waelsch,(Ger.) – Thieves' language.

Reiten gaen,(Flemish) – Go riding.

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Reiter,(Ger.) – Rider.  
Reiver – Robber.  
Reue,(Ger.) – Repentance.  
Rheingraf,(Ger.) – Count of the Rhine districts.  
Rheinweinbechers Klang – The Rhine wine goblet's sound.  
Richter,(Jean Paul Fr.) – A distinguished German author.  
Ridersmann,(Reitersmann in Ger.) – Rider.  
Ring – A political clique or cabal.  
Ringe,(Ger.) – Rings.  
Ritter,(Ger.) – Knight.  
Roland – One of the paladins of Charlemagne.  
Rolette – Roulette.  
Rollin' locks – Rolling logs, mutually aiding (used only in politics.)  
Rosen,(Ger.) – Roses.  
Rouse,(Ger. Heraus) – Out; come out.

Sachsen – Saxonia, Saxony.  
Sacrin – Consecrating.  
Sagen Cyclus – Cycle of legends.  
Sass, Sassy, Sassin' – Sauce, saucy, Sauerkraut,(Ger.) – Pickled cabbage.  
Saw it – Understood it.  
Scatterin, Scotterin – Scattering.  
Schatz – Sweetheart.  
Schauer,(Ger.) – Awe.  
Schenk aus,(Ger.) – Pour out.  
Schenket ein,(Ger.) – Pour in (fill the glasses).  
Schimmel,(Ger.) – Grey horse.  
Schimpft und flucht gar laesterlich,(Ger.) – Swears and blasphemes abominably.  
Schinken,(Ger.) – Ham.  
Schlaeger,(Ger.) – A kind of sword or broadsword; a rapier used by students for duelling or fighting matches.  
Schlesierwein,(Ger.) – Wine grown in Silesia, proverbially sour.  
Schlimmer,(Ger.) – Worse.  
Schlog him ober de kop – Knocked him on the head.  
Schloss,(Ger.) – Castle.  
Schmutz,(Ger.) – Dirt.  
Schnapps,(Ger.) – Dram.  
Schnitz – Pennsylvania German word for cut and dried fruit.  
Schnitz, schnitzen,(Ger.) – To chop, chip, snip.  
Schonheitsideal,(Ger.) – The ideal of beauty.  
Schopenhauer – A celebrated German "philosophical physiologist."  
Schoppen,(Ger.) – A liquid measure, chopin, pint.  
Schrocken(Erschrocken) – Frightened.  
Schwaben – Suabia.  
Schwan,(Ger.) – Swan.  
Schweinblatt – (Swine) Dirty paper.  
Schweitzer kase,(Ger.) – Swiss cheese.  
Schwer,(Ger.) – Heavy.  
Schwig, Swig, verb. – To drink by large draughts.

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Schwigs, Swig, n. – A large draught.  
Schweinpig,(Ger.) – Swinepig.  
Scoop – Take in, get.  
Scorched – Escorted. A negro malapropism.  
Scrouged,(Amer.) – Pressed, jammed.  
Seelen-Ideal – Soul's ideal.  
Sefen-lefen – Seven or eleven(minutes).  
Seins,(Ger.) – The Being.  
Selbstanschauungsvermogen,(Ger.) – Capacity for self-inspection.  
Selfe,(Ger. Selbe) – Same.  
Serenity – A transparency.  
Shanty – A board cabin. Slang, for house.  
Shapel – Chapel is an old word for a printing-office.  
Sharman, Sherman – German.  
Shings – Jingo; by jingo.  
Shpicket – Spigot; a pin or peg to stop a small hole in a cask of liquor.  
Shipsy – Gipsy.  
Shlide – Slide. "Let it slide," vulgar for "let it go."  
Shlide,(Amer.) – Depart.  
Shlished, geschlitzt – Slit.  
Shlop over – Go too far and upset or spill. Applied to men who venture too far in a success.  
Shlopped – Slopped.  
Shmused,(Ger. Schmissen, from Schmeissen) – Threw him out of doors.  
Shnow-wice,(Ger. Schnee-weis) – Snow-white.  
Shoopider – Jupiter.  
Shooting-stick – A shooting-stick is used for closing up the form of types.  
Show-spiel, Schauspiel – Play, piece.  
Shpoons – Spoons, plunder.  
Shtuhl,(Ger. Stuhl) – Stool, chair.  
Silbern,(Ger.) – Silver.  
Sinn,(Ger.) – Meaning.  
Six mals – Six times.  
Skeeted – Went fast, skated(?)  
Skool – Skull.  
Skyugle,(Amer.) – "Skyugle" is a word which had a short run during 1864. It meant many things, but chiefly to disappear or to make disappear. Thus, a deserter "skyugled," and sometimes he "skyugled" a coat or watch.  
Slanganderin' – Foolishly slandering.  
Slasher gaffs – Spurs for cocks, with cutting edges.  
Slibovitz – A Bohemian schnapps.  
Slumgoolin' – Slum or sham guzzling, humbug.  
Slumgullion – A Mississippi term for a legislator.  
So mit,(Ger.) – Thus with.  
Solidaten,(Ger. Soldaten) – Soldiers.  
Sonntag,(Ger.) – Sunday.  
Soplin – A sapling, young tree.



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- Sottelet,(Ger. Gesattelt) – Saddled.  
Sound upon the goose – Bartlett, in his Dictionary of Americanisms, states that this phrase originated in the Kansas troubles, and signified true to the cause of slavery. But this is erroneous, as the phrase was common during the native American campaign, and originated at Harrisburg, as described by Mr. Leland.  
Souse und Brouse,(Ger. Saus und Braus) – Revelry and rioting.  
Speck,(Ger.) – Bacon.  
Spiel,(Ger.) – Play.  
Spielman,(Ger.) – Musician.  
Splodderin' – Splattering.  
Spook,(Ger. Spuk) – A ghost.  
Sporn,(Ger.) – Spur.  
Sports – Sporting men.  
Squander,(Amer.) – Wander. Used in this sense in "The Big Bear of Arkansas."  
Staub,(Ger.) – Dust.  
Stein,(Ger.) – Stone.  
Stille,(Ger.) – Stillness.  
Stim,(Ger. Stimme) – Voice.  
Stohr – Store.  
Stone fence,(Amer.) – Rye whisky.  
    "I went in and got a horn  
    Of old stone fence."  
    – Jim Crow, 1832.  
Straaten,(Flem.) – Streets.  
Stracks – Straight ahead, or onwards.  
Straight flush – In poker, all the cards of one suit.  
Strassen,(Ger.) – Streets.  
Strauss – Name of the celebrated Viennese valse player and composer.  
Strumpf,(Ger.) – Stocking.  
Stunden,(Ger.) – Leagues. About four and a half English miles.  
Sturm und Drang,(Ger.) – Literally Storm and Violence. Sturm und Drang periode, signifying a particular period of German literature.  
Sweynheim and Pannartz – The first printers at Rome.  
  
Takes – Allotments of copy to each printer.  
Tantz,(Ger.) – Dance.  
Tantzen,(Ger.) – To dance.  
Tarnal – Eternal.  
Taub, Taube,(Ger.) – Dove.  
Taugenix, Taugenichts – Good-for-nothing fellow.  
Teufelsjagersmann – Devil's huntsman.  
Theil,(Ger.) – Part.  
Thoom – Thumb.  
Thrip,(Southern Amer.) – Threepence.  
Thusnelda – The wife of Arminius,(Hermann,) the Duke of the Cheruskans and conqueror of Varus.

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Tie a dog loose. Losbinden

Tiger – An American term for a gambling table.

Tixey – "I wish I was in Dixie." The origin of this song is rather curious. Although now thoroughly adopted as a Southern song, and "Dixie's Land" understood to mean the Southern States of America, it was, about a century ago, the estate of one Dixie, on Manhattan Island, who treated his slaves well; and it was their lament, on being deported south, that is now known as "I wish I was in Dixie."

Todt,(Ger.) – Dead.

Todtengrips, Todtengerippe – Skeleton.

Tofe – Dove.

To House,(Ger. zu Hause) – At home.

Tortled – To turtle, to move off. From turtle.

Touch the dirt – Touch the road.

Treppe – Stairs.

Treu,(Ger.) – Faithful, true.

Throw him with ecks – Pelt him with eggs.

Turchin – Colonel Turchin's men ravaged the town of Huntsville (Ala.) during the civil war.

Turkas – Turquoise.

Turner,(Ger.) – Gymnast.

Turner Verein,(Ger. Turnverein) – Gymnastic Society.

Tyfel, Teufel – Devil.

Tyfeled, Verteufelt – Devilish.

Tyfelst – From Teufel, here in the sense of "best" or "worst."

Tyfel-shnake, Teufelsschnaken – Devilries.

Tyfel-strikes, Teufels-streiche – Devil-strokes.

Tyfelwards – Devilwards.

Uber Stein and Schwein,(Ger.) – Over stone and swine.

Uberschwengliche,(Ger.) – Transcendental, elevated.

Uhr,(Ger.) – Clock, watch, hour, time. Used for "hour" in the ballad.

Uhu,(Ger.) – Owl.

Uliverus – Oliver, another of the twelve Paladins of Charlemagne, who fell at Roncesvalles (a Roland for an Oliver).

Und lauter guter Ding,(Ger.) – And of thoroughly good cheer.

Un-windoong,(Ger. Entwicklung?) – Unravelling.

Unvolkommene technik – Unfinished style or method.

Urbummeleid,(Ger. vulg.) – Arch-loafer's song.

Urlied,(Ger.) – The song of yore.

Van't klein komt men tot't groote,(Dutch) – Great things have small beginnings. (Concordia res parvae crescunt – Legend on the Dutch ducats; or "Magna molimur parvi.")

Varus – The Roman commander in Germany, conquered by Arminius.

Veilchen,(Ger.) – Violets.

Vercieren,(Flem.) – Adorn; exalt.

Verdammt,(Ger.) – D---d.

Verfluchter,(Ger.) – Accursed.

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- Verloren,(Ger.) – Forlorn.  
Verstay, Verstehen – Understand.  
Versteh, Verstehen,(Ger.) – To understand.  
Vertyfeln, Verteufeln – To botch.  
Villiam – William Street at New York, inhabited by many Germans.  
Vivat! – The same as vive! in French. Hurrah!  
Vlaemsche – Flemish.  
Von – One. See Preface.  
Voonderly,(Ger. Wunderlich) – Wondrous, curious.  
Voruber,(Ger.) – Past.
- Wachsen,(Ger.) – Waxen.  
Wachsen,(Ger.) – To grow.  
    "Komm'ich in's galante Sachsen  
    Wo die schone Maedchen wachsen."  
    – Old German Song.
- Waechter,(Ger.) – Watchman.  
Waelder,(Ger.) – Woods.  
Wahlverwandschaft,(Ger.) – Elective affinity, sympathy of souls.  
Wahrsagt,(Ger. Wahrsagen) – To foretell, soothsay.  
Waidmannsheil,(Ger.) – Huntsman's weal.  
Wald,(Ger.) – Wood.  
Wallowin – Walloon.  
Walschen,(Ger.) – Of the Latin race.  
Wappenschild(Waffenschild) – Coat of arms.  
Ward all zu Steine,(Ger.) – Became all stone.  
Ward zu Wind,(Ger.) – Became a wind.  
Wechselbalg,(Ger.) – (formerly a popular superstitious belief), a  
    changeling, brat, urchin.  
Weihnachtsbaum,(Ger.) – Christmas tree.  
Weihnachtslied,(Ger.) – Christmas song.  
Weingarts, weingarten,(Ger.) – Vineyards.  
Weingeist,(Ger.) – Vinous, ardent spirit.  
Wein–handle,(Ger. Weinhandel or Weinhandlung) –  
    Wine–trade, wine–shop.  
Weinnachtstraum – Lit. Winenight's dream, for "Weihnacht,"  
    Christmas dream.  
Wellen und Wogen,(Ger.) – Waves and billows.  
Welshhen – Turkey hen.  
Werda?(Ger.) – Who's there?  
Werden, das Werden – The becoming to be.  
Wete(Wette) – Bet.  
We'uns, you'ns – We and you. A common vulgarism  
    through the Southern States.  
    "'Tis sad that we'uns from you'ns parts  
    When you'ns hev stolen we'uns' hearts.
- Wie gehts,(Ger.) – How goes it? How are you?  
Wie Milch und Blut – Like milk and blood.  
Wild und Weh,(Ger.) – Wild and weebegone.  
Wilde Jagd – Wild hunt.  
Willkomm,(Ger.) – Welcome.

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Windsbraut,(Ger. poet) – Storm, hurricane, gust of wind.  
Wird,(Ger.) – Becomes.  
Wise-hood,(Ger. Weisheit) – Wisdom.  
Wised,(Ger. Wusste, from wissen) – Knew.  
Witz,(Ger.) – A sally.  
Wo bist du?(Ger.) – Where art?  
Woe-moody,(Ger. Wehmuthig) – Moanful, doleful.  
Wohl,(Ger.) – Well!  
Wohlauf,(Ger.) – Well, come on, cheer up.  
Wolfsschlucht,(Ger.) – Wolf's glen.  
Wonnevol,(Ger. Wonnevoll) – Blissful.  
Woon,(Ger. Wunde) – Wound.  
Word-blay – Word-play, pun, quibble.  
Wunderscheen(Wunderschoen) – Very beautiful.  
Wurst – A German student word for indifference.  
Wurst,(Ger.) – Sausage.

Yaeger,(Ger.) – Huntsman.  
Yaegersmann, Jaegersmann – Huntsman.  
Yager,(Jager, Ger.) – Hunter.  
Yar,(Ger. Jahr) – Year.  
Yartausend, Jahrtausend – A thousand years.  
Yellow pine – Mulatto.  
Yonge maegden,(Flem.) – Young girls.  
    "I lost a maiden in that hour." – Byron.  
Yoompers – Jumpers. Rude sledges.  
Yungling, Jungling,(Ger.) – Youth.

Zapfet aus,(Ger.) – Tap the barrel.  
Zigeuner – Gipsy.  
Zimmer,(Ger.) – Room.  
Zukunftig,(Ger.) – In future.

1. Liederchor is the word which serves as a basis for this designation.

2. Studio auf einer Reis',  
    Lebet halt auf auf eig'ner Weis'  
    Hungrig hier und hungrig dort,  
    Ist des Burschens Logungswort.

This, with the other verses, may be found in the German Student's "Commersbucher."

3. Bachtallo dschaven is the prose form. Vide Pott's Zigeuner.

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4. Stinging. An amusing instance of "Breitmannism" was shown in the fact that an American German editor, in his ignorance of English, actually believed that the word stinging, as here given, meant stinking, and was accordingly indignant. It is needless to say that no such idea was intended to be conveyed.
5. Then only you will be ready in German.
6. In Music and Song all thy life long.
7. Thy feet are white as chalk, my love,  
Thy arms are ivory bone,  
Thy body is all satin soft,  
Thy breast of marble stone  
@ @ @ @ @ @  
Smooth, tender, pure, and fair.  
—Liederbuch Pauls von der Helst, 1602
8. Slibovitz.
9. The author does not know who wrote the first part of "Die Schone Wittwe." It appeared about 1856, and "went the round of the papers," accumulating as it went several additions or rejoinders, one of which was that by Hans Breitmann.
10. I had not seen for many days  
The handsome widow's face;  
I saw her last night standing  
By her counter, full of grace.  
With cheeks as pure as milk and blood,  
With eyes so bright and blue,  
I kissed her full well six times,  
Indeed, and that is true.
11. This ballad is a parody of Das Hildebrandslied. Consult Wackernagel's Lesebuch and Das klein Heldenbuch.  
"Ich vill zum Land ausreiten,  
Sprach sich Maister Hildeprand."
12. The Republicans in America were for a long time ridiculed by their opponents as if professing to be guided by Moral Ideas, i.e.

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Emancipation, Progress, Harmony of Interests,

13. Gling, glang, gloria, was a common refrain in the 16th century, in German drinking songs. "Gling, glang, glorian, Die Sau hat ein Panzer an." – Tractatus de Ebrietate Vitanda.
  
14. The boot was a favourite drinking cup during the Middle Ages. The writer has seen a boot-shaped mug, bearing the inscription, "Wer . sein . Stiefel . nit . trinken . kan .  
Der . ist . furwahr . kein . Teutscher . man."  
  
There is an allusion to this boot-cup in Longfellow's "Golden Legend," where mention is made of a jolly companion  
  
-----"who could pull  
At once a postilion's jack-boot full,  
And ask with a laugh, when that was done,  
If they could not give him the other one."
  
15. The German equivalent for a native of Little Pedlington. It is a Suabian joke, commemorated in a popular song, to inquire in foreign and remote regions, "Is there any good fellow from Boblingen here?"
  
16. "Sonst etwas auf dem Rohr haben" – something else on the pipe or tube – meaning a plan or idea, kept to one's self, is a German proverbial expression, which occurs in one of Langbein's humorous lyrics.
  
17. "Nom de garce," as an anagram of nom de grace, occurs in Rabelais. G
  
18. An expression only used in reference to seeing again some jolly old friend after long absence – "Uns kommt der alte Schwed."
  
19. Wurst, literally sausage, is used by German students to signify indifference. When a sausage is on the table, and one is asked with mock courtesy which part he prefers, he naturally replies – "Why, it is all sausage to me." I have heard an elderly man in New England reply to the query whether he would have "black meat or breast" – "Any part, thank'ee – I guess it's all turkey." There are, of course, divers ancient and

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quaint puns in Pennsylvania, on such a word as wurst. Thus it is said that a northern pedlar, in being served with some sausage of an inferior quality, was asked again if he would have some of the wurst. Not understanding the word, and construing it as a slight, he replied to his hostess – "No, thank you, marm, this is quite bad enough." The literal meaning of this line, which is borrowed from Scheffel's poem of Perkeo, is "indifferent, and equal, to me."

20. It was, I believe, Ragnar Lodbrog who, in his Death Song, spoke, about as intelligently and clearly as Herr Breitmann, of a mass of weapons.
21. Is true art–enjoyment.
22. Where art thou Breitmann? – Believe it.
23. In the green wood.
24. Students in the streets.
25. Oh Fatherland! – how thou art far!  
Oh Time! – how art thou long!
26. Full details of this excursion were published in a pamphlet, entitled "Three Thousand Miles in a Railroad Car," and also in letters written by Mr. J. G. Hazzard for the New York Tribune.
27. In American–German festivals, cards are sometimes sold by the quantity, which are "good" for refreshments. This is done to avoid trouble in making change.
28. Breitmann and bride–man, breit and krumm (bride and groom), or broad and crooked,
29. This refers to the passage of bills in the Legislature of a state by means of bribery. In Pennsylvania, as in many other states, bills which have "nothing in them" – i.e. no money – are rarely allowed to pass.

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30. "Die Welt gleicht einer Bierbouteille."
31. Harrisburg is the capital of the state of Pennsylvania.
32. In a certain edition of the Breitmann Ballads, this phrase is said to have originated in 1845. In 1835, I heard it said that General Jackson in a letter spelt all correct "oll korrekt," and this I believe to be the real origin of the expression. – C.G.L.
33. This incident, and the one narrated in the preceding verse, are literally true.
34. "No more interlect than a half-grown shad," is a phrase which occurs, if the author remembers aright, in the Charcoal Sketches, by J. C. Neal. The Western people have carried this idea a step further, and applied it to sardines, as "small fishes," all of an average size, packed closely together in tin cans and excluded from the light of day. A man who has never travelled, and has during all his life been packed tightly among those who were his equals in ignorance and inexperience, is therefore a "sardine."
35. The incident narrated in this part, is told in Pennsylvania as having occurred to a well-known politician, who bore the sobriquet of "With all due deference," from his habit of beginning all his speeches with these words.
36. "Dese outpressions ish not to pe angeseen py anypodies ash schvearin, boot ash inderesdin Norse or Sherman idioms. Goot many refiewers vot refiewsed to admire soosh derms in de earlier editions ish politelich requestet to braise dem in future nodices from a transcendental philological standpoint." – FRITZ SCHWACKENHAMMER
37. Requisish. An abbreviation of the word requisition, which Breitmann had heard during the War of Emancipation. I once heard this cant term used in a droll manner, about the end of the war, by a little girl, six years old, the daughter of a quarter-master. She had "confiscated," or "foraged," or "skirmished," as it was indifferently called, a toy whip belonging to her little brother of four years, who was clamorously demanding its return. "I cannot let you have the whip," said she gravely, "as I need it for military purposes; but I can give you a requisish for it on my papa, who will give you



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an order on the United States Government." – C. G. L.

38. Bismarck.

39. Disraeli.

40. Uhu. An owl – the bird of kn–owl–edge.

41. Allons. Uhlan slang for go or went, as in America, they use the Spanish word vamos to express every person in every sense of the verb to go. Pronounced allon'd.

42. "O no, those are no angels  
Which sail so smoothly on,  
O no – they're cursed Frenchmen,  
All in an air–balloon."

43. "And when she came adown  
Unto the earth's firm surface,  
She was Mrs. Robinson."

44. Those are thrashed Frenchmen.

45. "Der Uhlan was not shenerally wear pickelhaube, but dis tay  
der Herr Breitmann gehappenet to hafe von on." – FRITZ  
SCHWACKENHAMMER

46. "And art thou truly living?"

47. "All my property."

48. "O maiden fair in Heaven!"

49. Nancy, the "light of love" of Lorraine. – London  
Times, Dec. 6, 1870.

50. "I require you to surrender:

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I have thirty thousand men  
Not far from here, parbleu!  
But give me first champagne:  
I've a wondrous thirst, you know—  
About a dozen cart-loads;  
And then I'll let you go."

51. "O Lord, Lord, Lord!  
We are ruined!"
52. "We will take the ready gelt."
53. "Yes, give a hundred thousand francs  
'Tis all to me, you know."
54. "Ah, that will make you trouble,  
Which I would not gladly see;  
So follow all my counsels,  
And take advice from me.  
I have two thousand bottles,  
The best"—
55. "From the wrath of the Northmen, deliver us, Lord!"
56. There is a German student's song which begins with this  
couplet.
57. La Redoute – the gambling-room at Spa.
58. Spa is famous for painted ornamental wooden ware, such as  
fans and boxes.
59. "And to him who sung this song,  
God give a happy year!"
60. "If wine is better than loving,  
Or if love doth much more than wine."
61. "Yes, when the flower is plucked,  
And taken from the stem."

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62. "What is sweeter than this drinking?  
Yes – naught can better be  
Naught is sweeter, though, than loving;  
It tastes better than wine to me.  
There's nothing like the maidens,  
There's nothing like good beer,  
And he who does not love them both  
Can be no cavalier."
63. "The colours are not unknown to me."
64. "Ils etaient deux alors; ils sont mille aujourd'hui.  
Sur ces temps primitifs le doux progres a lui,  
Et chaque jour le Rhin vers Cologne charrie  
De nombreux Farinas, tous 'seul, 'tous 'Jean Marie."  
– Le Maout, "Le Parfumeur," cited by Eugene Rimmel  
in Le Livre des Parfums, Paris, 1870.
65. Bierstadt – Herr Schwackenhammer had evidently here in  
view, not only the American artist BIERSTADT, but also the great  
city of Munich, specially famous for its manufacture of beer.
66. Rattenkonig, or Rat-king, is a term applied in German to a  
droll mixture of incidents or details. It is derived from an  
extraordinary story of twelve rats, with one (their king) in the  
centre, which were found in a nest with their tails grown  
together, firmly as the ligament which connects the Siamese  
Twins.
67. "Lucifers." The first name applied in America to friction  
matches, and one still used by many people.
68. Scalawag – an American word, of very doubtful origin,  
signifying a low, worthless fellow.
69. "If we can in our monastery collect our rents, we do not care  
a red cent for infallibility."
70. This verse is parodied from the lines of a ribald old Latin  
song, "Viginti Jesuiti nuper convenere."

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71. "If I could throw myself outside of, or around, a glass of Rhenish wine." "If I could see a glass of whisky," said an American, "I'd throw myself outside of it mighty quick." Since writing the above, I have seen the expression thus given in a copy of *La Belle Sauvage*. – Bill of the Play, London, June 27, 1870.

"Nay these natives – simple creatures–  
Had resolved that for the future  
Each his own canoe would paddle,  
Each his own hoe–cake would gobble,  
And get outside his own whisky."

72. "Deus se fecit olim homo," A very curious epigram to this effect was placed upon "Pasquin" while the writer was in Rome, during a past winter. It was as follows:– "Perche Eva mangio il pomo Iddio per riscattarci si fece uomo, Ed ora il Nono Pio Per mantenerci schiavi, si fa Dio."

73. M'Closky. An Irish adventurer, admirably depicted by Mr. Charles Lever.

74. "Do you not see that if you are infallible, and wish to give it out."

75. "During its life."

76. "Thou art a very puppy."

77. This was the late Charles Astor Bristed of New York, to whom many of these ballads were addressed in letters.

78. Lines from Gudrun, each of which is freely translated by the lines following it.

79. "Go forth, my book, through all the world,  
Bear what thy fate may be!  
They may bite thee, they may tear thee,  
So they do no harm to me!"

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80. "Pull on your boots so rough and tough,  
And whet your sword beside,  
We have been lazy long enough,  
The road is worth the ride."
81. Schicksal, Destiny.
82. Menschheitsideal, Human Ideal.
83. A little stream in Cincinnati, beyond which lies the German  
quarter, is known as the Rhine.
84. That was a dark young gypsy.
85. Ah, Rosalie, my lovely one!
86. Blood-coloured is the lovely rose.
87. Who roses picks his finger pricks  
No matter what befall;  
In winter-time he finds them gone  
And gets no rose at all.  
Our petting and caressing here,  
Our joy or misery  
It all shall rest sub rosa, love,  
And our own secret be!
88. "Thou'rt right, my darling son."
89. "Good-bye, my friend, my Frederick!"
90. Woppenshield, coat of arms.