

Tucholsky Wagner Zola Scott  
Turgenev Wallace Fonatne Sydon Freud Schlegel  
Twain Walther von der Vogelweide Fouqué Friedrich II. von Preußen  
Weber Freiligrath Frey  
Fechner Fichte Weiße Rose von Fallersleben Kant Ernst Richthofen Frommel  
Engels Fielding Hölderlin Eichendorff Tacitus Dumas  
Fehrs Faber Flaubert Eliasberg Eliot Zweig Ebner Eschenbach  
Feuerbach Maximilian I. von Habsburg Fock Ewald Vergil  
Goethe Elisabeth von Österreich London  
Mendelssohn Balzac Shakespeare Rathenau Dostojewski Ganghofer  
Trackl Stevenson Lichtenberg Doyle Gjellerup  
Mommsen Thoma Tolstoi Lenz Hambruch Droste-Hülshoff  
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Karrillon Reuter Verne Rousseau Hagen Hauff Baudelaire Gautier  
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# **Ban and Arriere Ban**

Andrew Lang

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## DEDICATION: TO ELEANOR CHARLOTTE SELLAR

'Ban and Arriere Ban!' a host  
Broken, beaten, all unled,  
They return as doth a ghost  
From the dead.

Sad or glad my rallied rhymes,  
Sought our dusty papers through,  
For the sake of other times  
Come to you.

Times and places new we know,  
Faces fresh and seasons strange  
But the friends of long ago  
Do not change.

ERRATUM: Reader, a blot hath escaped the watchfulness of the setter forth: if thou wilt thou mayst amend it. The sonnet on the forty-fourth page, against all right Italianate laws, hath but thirteen lines withal: add another to thy liking, if thou art a Maker; or, if thou art none, even be content with what is set before thee. If it be scant measure, be sure it is choicely good.



## A SCOT TO JEANNE D'ARC

Dark Lily without blame,  
Not upon us the shame,  
Whose sires were to the Auld Alliance true,  
They, by the Maiden's side,  
Victorious fought and died,  
One stood by thee that fiery torment through,  
Till the White Dove from thy pure lips had passed,  
And thou wert with thine own St. Catherine at the last.

Once only didst thou see  
In artist's imagery,  
Thine own face painted, and that precious thing  
Was in an Archer's hand  
From the leal Northern land.  
Alas, what price would not thy people bring  
To win that portrait of the ruinous  
Gulf of devouring years that hide the Maid from us!

Born of a lowly line,  
Noteless as once was thine,  
One of that name I would were kin to me,  
Who, in the Scottish Guard  
Won this for his reward,  
To fight for France, and memory of thee:  
Not upon us, dark Lily without blame,  
Not on the North may fall the shadow of that shame.

On France and England both  
The shame of broken troth,  
Of coward hate and treason black must be;  
If England slew thee, France  
Sent not one word, one lance,  
One coin to rescue or to ransom thee.

And still thy Church unto the Maid denies  
The halo and the palms, the Beatific prize.

But yet thy people calls  
Within the rescued walls  
Of Orleans; and makes its prayer to thee;  
What though the Church have chidden  
These orisons forbidden,  
Yet art thou with this earth's immortal Three,  
With him in Athens that of hemlock died,  
And with thy Master dear whom the world crucified.

## HOW THEY HELD THE BASS FOR KING JAMES – 1691-1693

[Time of Narrating – 1743]

Ye hae heard Whigs crack o' the Saints in the Bass, my faith, a  
gruesome tale;  
How the Remnant paid at a tippeny rate, for a quart o' ha'penny  
ale!

But I'll tell ye anither tale o' the Bass, that'll hearten ye up to  
hear,  
Sae I pledge ye to Middleton first in a glass, and a health to the  
Young Chevalier!

The Bass stands frae North Berwick Law a league or less to sea,  
About its feet the breakers beat, abune the sea-maws flee,  
There's castle stark and dungeon dark, wherein the godly lay,  
That made their rant for the Covenant through mony a weary day.  
For twal' years lang the caverns rang wi' preaching, prayer, and  
psalm,

Ye'd think the winds were sougning wild, when a' the winds were  
calm,

There wad they preach, each Saint to each, and glower as the  
soldiers pass,

And Peden wared his malison on a bonny leaguer lass,  
As she stood and daffed, while the warders laughed, and wha sae  
blithe as she,

But a wind o' ill worked his warlock will, and flang her out to  
sea.

Then wha sae bright as the Saints that night, and an angel came,  
say they,

And sang in the cell where the Righteous dwell, but he took na a  
Saint away.

There yet might they be, for nane could flee, and nane daur'd break  
the jail,

And still the sobbing o' the sea might mix wi' their warlock wail,  
But then came in black echty-echt, and bluidy echty-nine,  
Wi' Cess, and Press, and Presbytery, and a' the dule sin' syne,  
The Saints won free wi' the power o' the key, and cavaliers maun  
pine!

It was Halyburton, Middleton, and Roy and young Dunbar,  
That Livingstone took on Cromdale haughs, in the last fight of the  
war:

And they were warded in the Bass, till the time they should be  
slain,  
Where bluidy Mitchell, and Blackader, and Earlston lang had lain;  
Four lads alone, 'gainst a garrison, but Glory crowns their names,  
For they brought it to pass that they took the Bass, and they held  
it for King James!

It isna by preaching half the night, ye'll burst a dungeon door,  
It wasna by dint o' psalmody they broke the hold, they four,  
For lang years three that rock in the sea bade Wullie Wanbeard gae  
swing,  
And England and Scotland fause may be, but the Bass Rock stands  
for  
the King!

There's but ae pass gangs up the Bass, it's guarded wi' strong  
gates four,  
And still as the soldiers went to the sea, they steikit them, door  
by door,  
And this did they do when they helped a crew that brought their  
coals on shore.  
Thither all had gone, save three men alone: then Middleton gripped  
his man,  
Halyburton felled the sergeant lad, Dunbar seized the gunner,  
Swan;  
Roy bound their hands, in hempen bands, and the Cavaliers were  
free.  
And they trained the guns on the soldier loons that were down wi'  
the boat by the sea!  
Then Middleton cried frae the high cliff-side, and his voice garr'd  
the auld rocks ring,

'Will ye stand or flee by the land or sea, for I hold the Bass for the King?'

They had nae desire to face the fire; it was mair than men might do,  
So they e'en sailed back in the auld coal-smack, a sorry and shame-faced crew,  
And they hirpled down to Edinburgh toun, wi' the story of their shames,  
How the prisoners bold had broken hold, and kept the Bass for King James.

King James he has sent them guns and men, and the Whigs they guard the Bass,  
But they never could catch the Cavaliers, who took toll of ships that pass,  
They fared wild and free as the birds o' the sea, and at night they went on the wing,  
And they lifted the kye o' Whigs far and nigh, and they revelled and drank to the King.

Then Wullie Wanbeard sends his ships to siege the Bass in form,  
And first shall they break the fortress down, and syne the Rock they'll storm.  
After twa days' fight they fled in the night, and glad eneuch to go,  
With their rigging rent, and their powder spent, and many a man laid low.

So for lang years three did they sweep the sea, but a closer watch was set,  
Till nae food had they, but twa ounce a day o' meal was the maist they'd get.  
And men fight but tame on an empty wame, so they sent a flag o' truce,  
And blithe were the Privy Council then, when the Whigs had heard that news.

Twa Lords they sent wi' a strang intent to be dour on each  
Cavalier,  
But wi' French cakes fine, and his last drap o' wine, did Middleton  
make them cheer,  
On the muzzles o' guns he put coats and caps, and he set them  
about  
the wa's,  
And the Whigs thocht then he had food and men to stand for the  
Rightfu' Cause.  
So he got a' he craved, and his men were saved, and nane might say  
them nay,  
Wi' sword by side, and flag o' pride, free men might they gang  
their way,  
They might fare to France, they might bide at hame, and the better  
their grace to buy,  
Wullie Wanbeard's purse maun pay the keep o' the men that did  
him  
defy!

Men never hae gotten sic terms o' peace since first men went to  
war,  
As got Halyburton, and Middleton, and Roy, and the young Dun-  
bar.  
Sae I drink to ye here, To the Young Chevalier! I hae said ye an  
auld man's say,  
And there may hae been mightier deeds of arms, but there never  
was  
nane sae gay!

## THREE PORTRAITS OF PRINCE CHARLES

1731

Beautiful face of a child,  
Lighted with laughter and glee,  
Mirthful, and tender, and wild,  
My heart is heavy for thee!

1744

Beautiful face of a youth,  
As an eagle poised to fly forth,  
To the old land loyal of truth,  
To the hills and the sounds of the North:  
Fair face, daring and proud,  
Lo! the shadow of doom, even now,  
The fate of thy line, like a cloud,  
Rests on the grace of thy brow!

1773

Cruel and angry face,  
Hateful and heavy with wine,  
Where are the gladness, the grace,  
The beauty, the mirth that were thine?

Ah, my Prince, it were well,—  
Hadst thou to the gods been dear, -  
To have fallen where Keppoch fell,  
With the war-pipe loud in thine ear!  
To have died with never a stain  
On the fair White Rose of Renown,  
To have fallen, fighting in vain,  
For thy father, thy faith, and thy crown!  
More than thy marble pile,

With its women weeping for thee,  
Were to dream in thine ancient isle,  
To the endless dirge of the sea!  
But the Fates deemed otherwise,  
Far thou sleepest from home,  
From the tears of the Northern skies,  
In the secular dust of Rome.

\* \* \*

A city of death and the dead,  
But thither a pilgrim came,  
Wearing on weary head  
The crowns of years and fame:  
Little the Lucrine lake  
Or Tivoli said to him,  
Scarce did the memories wake  
Of the far-off years and dim.  
For he stood by Avernus' shore,  
But he dreamed of a Northern glen  
And he murmured, over and o'er,  
'For Charlie and his men:'  
And his feet, to death that went,  
Crept forth to St. Peter's shrine,  
And the latest Minstrel bent  
O'er the last of the Stuart line.

## FROM OMAR KHAYYAM

[Rhymed from the prose version of Mr. Justin Huntly M'Carthy]

The Paradise they bid us fast to win  
Hath Wine and Women; is it then a sin  
To live as we shall live in Paradise,  
And make a Heaven of Earth, ere Heaven begin?

The wise may search the world from end to end,  
From dusty nook to dusty nook, my friend,  
And nothing better find than girls and wine,  
Of all the things they neither make nor mend.

Nay, listen thou who, walking on Life's way,  
Hast seen no lovelock of thy love's grow grey  
Listen, and love thy life, and let the Wheel  
Of Heaven go spinning its own wilful way.

Man is a flagon, and his soul the wine,  
Man is a lamp, wherein the Soul doth shine,  
Man is a shaken reed, wherein that wind,  
The Soul, doth ever rustle and repine.

Each morn I say, to-night I will repent,  
Repent! and each night go the way I went -  
The way of Wine; but now that reigns the rose,  
Lord of Repentance, rage not, but relent.

I wish to drink of wine — so deep, so deep -  
The scent of wine my sepulchre shall steep,  
And they, the revellers by Omar's tomb,  
Shall breathe it, and in Wine shall fall asleep.

Before the rent walls of a ruined town  
Lay the King's skull, whereby a bird flew down  
'And where,' he sang, 'is all thy clash of arms?  
Where the sonorous trumps of thy renown?'

## AESOP

He sat among the woods, he heard  
The sylvan merriment: he saw  
The pranks of butterfly and bird,  
The humours of the ape, the daw.

And in the lion or the frog -  
In all the life of moor and fen,  
In ass and peacock, stork and dog,  
He read similitudes of men.

'Of these, from those,' he cried, 'we come,  
Our hearts, our brains descend from these.'  
And lo! the Beasts no more were dumb,  
But answered out of brakes and trees:

'Not ours,' they cried; 'Degenerate,  
If ours at all,' they cried again,  
'Ye fools, who war with God and Fate,  
Who strive and toil: strange race of men.

'For WE are neither bond nor free,  
For WE have neither slaves nor kings,  
But near to Nature's heart are we,  
And conscious of her secret things.

'Content are we to fall asleep,  
And well content to wake no more,  
We do not laugh, we do not weep,  
Nor look behind us and before;

'But were there cause for moan or mirth,  
'Tis WE, not you, should sigh or scorn,  
Oh, latest children of the Earth,

Most childish children Earth has borne.'

\* \* \*

They spoke, but that misshapen slave  
Told never of the thing he heard,  
And unto men their portraits gave,  
In likenesses of beast and bird!