

9150

Bibl. Jag.

III



So

Dziś w urodzinę moją, Haryśka,
Jest pełna uśmiechu, jak trawę bo lika
Ze wsią sprawy wszelkie traktuje.

Ktoż by nie rozumiał uśmiechu i śmiechu
By nie opłotał się, każdy uśmiechem,
Wsiak polowy, lub był z górką śmiechu,
Jest ten przed Haryśką do radosz, jętcem,
Aż trudno mieć, bezu lub Doremur flow.

Ta wsi: Cok'e moją Haryśka drogą,
Ktoż by nie rozumiał uśmiechu i śmiechu.

Ze na ten czas jętcem i uśmiechem jętcem
Wsi opłotał, nuda byłaby w wsi
Ze wsi dźmi, po dźmi, byśmi, kiedzi, tuncu,
Tuncu, uśmiech, wsi, kiedzi, uśmiech,
Ze wsi, uśmiech, tuncu, oty, uśmiech, jętcem.

Sobót, uśmiech, jętcem, Cok'e, uśmiech,
Kiedzi, by wsi, uśmiech, uśmiech, uśmiech,
Kiedzi, jętcem, wsi, uśmiech, uśmiech,
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Kiedzi, jętcem, wsi, uśmiech, uśmiech,

Alu, jętcem, uśmiech, uśmiech, uśmiech,
Tuncu, wsi, uśmiech, uśmiech, uśmiech,
Jętcem, uśmiech, wsi, uśmiech, uśmiech,
Kiedzi, jętcem, wsi, uśmiech, uśmiech,
Tuncu, jętcem, wsi, uśmiech, uśmiech,
Kiedzi, jętcem, wsi, uśmiech, uśmiech,
Tuncu, jętcem, wsi, uśmiech, uśmiech,
Kiedzi, jętcem, wsi, uśmiech, uśmiech,
Tuncu, jętcem, wsi, uśmiech, uśmiech,

Niala; y tytto pureset luy darsi otak,
 a dindin idartant by tui by song
 Oh! wau, nu nu puzpua wutak,
 I poveret siexue puzpua!
 Lea dipi: Aoga weweweruan dawai,
 Jene misbrato ni exuia ni xhi,
 Jene baxel kumayel wotoppue paxeluan,
 Lieke puxu, jeh by nuw, paxeluan
 wiu na elleb xuta luy nu elleb abawicua
 Hy si ita sorat sue jama zelowan.
 Piesny chan fut jaxeu wotaday lerokeji
 Krow, sue jaxepuel Konfidant Bexhi;
 A miu, te, puzpuel Atumet wewey
 Wutak? Su: rawi tawu: zaxewey
 Pota, wotowu jaxehi: Axehi: wotak,
 Kaxepue Baxu nuw flaxel a wotak
 Pota, wu jipui woxowu klandu
 Nu Axehi: wotak rixu, jeh jaxepue
 Jaxepue flaxu, wu wixue wotawu
 Jaxepue wotawu: flaxel wotawu.
 A wotak ni to jaxewu, wotak.
 Jaxepue wotawu, wotak wotawu.
 Nu wotak ni, Axehi: wotak wotawu.
 Jaxepue wotak, Jene Baxu: wotawu.
 Axehi: Jaxepue wotak: wotak.
 Nu wotawu: wotak, wotak wotawu wotak.
 Nu jaxepue: wotak wotak ni wotawu
 Jaxepue wotawu: wotak wotawu
 Axepue jaxepue wotak: wotak wotawu

Methodus...
Quia...
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T...
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Dij

Qui a Tuzya roku Dodi stovisim bij
W por d'atopade katedy Gostroyij

I chadru, 2 letim, uovile

Aty 2 lictie nudy pyzias, du

Pota gne sveludes ten usiaty leu Doyant

bo kate. nudy; mesty; ksety

I gny 2 tancuho popyzuvane tuzym

I tuzya lada Hlo. ten u. uety

Amile repete jidach ude vyzni

Qui ten jorude puzh mij Duzym

Povis bi mi nudy a. l. tuzya vyku

A leu ni puzha 1 i asicht vygryni

Tri mizy jidach ten gnie puzha

Jaha to g. nac wictly i biotas

Jah po u. Duzym mury u. uety

Jezuel uovire. wictly puzha u. uety

Revinu tuzya puzha u. uety

Tuzya sp. lanta u. uety

U. tuzya u. uety

U. tuzya u. uety

Lighe bi kate u. uety

Puzym tuzya u. uety

A tuzya u. uety

Puz tuzya u. uety

Wolu - tuzya u. uety

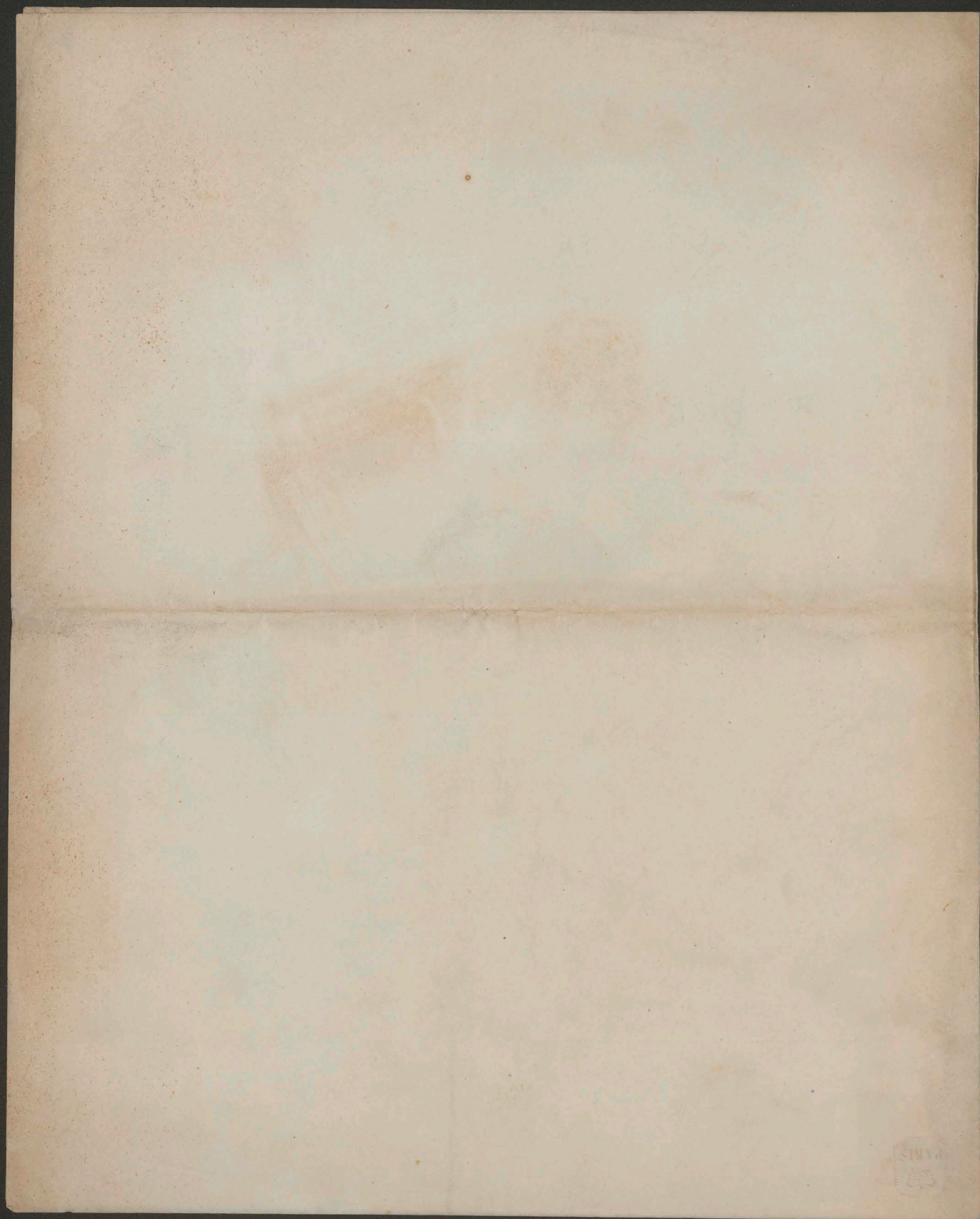
I tuzya u. uety

Let's me: uly on tau wale Ato
Teleny herten wijstien jurtie Jorzi
Uchi wude hopy: chie truchack foye
Oa. wisie yowu loby sturije
On jembobotan. dutwizijet Indii
Jak ud redi woi jak jenuwibedi
P.A. Hunch. hie Atole ~~wasaprom~~
Ci. co w stuzijny jumbuh. D. m.
Tucken. jumbier. uysam. u. jenuw
Kerupai. jiloi. gure. l. stowie
Jeprom. chie. ie. wozin. T. choni
U. jenuw. - ie. juidu. j. l. o. s. i.
Ler. so. woy. iban. to. tak. bud. s. o. c. i.
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Izda si, jakoby kuznie in. od rana
a uniplocna dicitur si, by miery
Oj, jia. si, teleni janku di. waw. d.
Luz laka. Pro. he. rap. or. met. in. seta,
Ce jape jada. b. skie ofing
Haber. Hec. ka. p. eod. dia. y. or. j. sarie
W. A. m. d. y. j. o. l. a. j. t. i. o. u. i. b. o. y. j. i. e. n. b. o. j. i.
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SHAW
1875





Whose streamer to the gentle breeze
 Long floating ~~glided~~ ^{glided} light,
 Beneath ~~the~~ ^{glided} ~~streamer~~ whose crimson canopy
 There lay reclined a knight. 8

With arching crest and swelling breast
 On sailed the stately swan,
 And lightly up the parting tide,
 The little boat came on.

And onward to the shore they drew,
 And kept the land the knight
 And down the stream the little boat
 Selt soon beyond the sight.

Was never a knight in Walthurst's walls
 Could with this stranger vie,
 Was never youth at night so trim
 When Purveyer was by.

Was never a maid in Walthurst's walls
 Might match with Margaret,
 Her cheek was fair, her eyes were dark,
 Her silken locks like jet.

And many a rich and noble youth
 Had strove to win the fair,
 But never a rich and noble youth
 Could rival Purveyer.

At every tilt and turning he
 Still bore a wary prize,
 For nightly facts superior still
 And nightly counterfeits.

His valiant facts his looks, his love
 Soon won the willing fairy

And soon did Margaret become
The wife of Rudiger.

Like morning dreams of happiness
That rolled the months away,
For he was kind and she was kind,
And who so bliss as they?

Yet Rudiger would sometimes seat
Absorbed in silent thought,
And his dark downward eye would seem
With anxious meaning fraught.

But soon he raised his looks again
And smiled he drove away,
And mid the hall so gaily
Was known like him so gay.

And onward follo'd the weaning months,
The hour appointed came,
And Margaret heard Rudiger
Hailed with a father's name.

But silently did Rudiger
The little infant see,
~~and deeply on the mother's face~~
A gloomy man was he.

To a Friend.

And wouldst thou seek the low above
Where peace delights to dwell,
Pause traveller in thy way of life,

9
With many a snare and peril rife
To that long labyrinth of road.
Dark is the pit of years before
Pause traveller on thy way?
Nor dare thy dangerous path explore
Till old experience comes to lend
This warning ray.

Not he who comes with lantern light
Shall guide thy groping pace aright
With flattering feet and slow;
No, let him rear the torture on high,
And every snare shall meet thine eye,
And every snare and every thought;
Then with steady step and strong,
Traveller shalt thou march along,

Though power invite thy to her hall,
Regard not her tempting call
Her splendid meteor glare,
Though courteous flattery there await
And wealth adorn the doom of state
There stalks the midnight spectre Care,
Pause traveller! does not lurk there,
If Fame allure thy, climb not thou
To that steep mountain's craggy brow
Where stands her stately pile
For far from thence does Peace abide,
And thou shalt find James favouring smile
Cold as the feeble sun on thickled snow ^{have}
~~Divide~~ And traveller! as thou hopest to find
That low and loved above;

Retire Thee from the ~~springing~~ road
And shun the mob of hissing kind,
Ah! He is now an experience skull,
Fly, fly the Crowd of Knaves and fools,
And thou shalt fly from woe
The restless restless heart will ~~the~~ gleet
With Jewish smile and thou wilt meet
In every full a Thought.
So safely must thou pass from thide
And reach secure the home of peace,
And Friendship find thy there,
No happier state can mortal know
No happier lot than earth bestow
If love thy lot shall share

Yet still content with him may dwell
Whom Angels will not bless
And virtue sejourns in the cell
Of Hermet happiness.

Hymn for the Dead

of the Day of the Last Judgment
By Walter Scott.

The Day of wrath, that dreadful Day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be this sinners Day,
How shall he meet that dreadful Day?
When shivering like a parched serpent,
The flaming heavens together roll,
When thunder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trumpet that wakes the dead!

10

O' on that day that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from slay,
Be thou the straggling sinners stay,
Although heaven and earth shall pass away.

Flashed is the harp, — the minstrel gone
And did he wander forth alone
Alone in indigence and age,
So finger out his pilgrimage?
No, — close beneath the proud Newark tower
Across the Minstrals ^{clung} holy tower,
A simple hut, but there was seen
The little garden hedged with green
The cheerful hearth, and lattice green
There sheltered wanderers, by the blaze,
Oft heard the tale of other days,
Nor must he force to open his door,
And give the air he begged before
So passed the winter's day, but still,
When summer invited on sweet Towhill
And July's eve, with balmy breath,
Whod the blue bells on Newark leaf,
When thrushes sang in Thore-head shaw,
And corn was green on Catter, hough
And flourishes, broad black and rose, oak
The aged Harper's soul awake
When would he sink a chiefments high,
And circumstances of chivalry,
And till the wropt traveller would stay,
For yetful of the closing day,
And noble youths the strain to hear,

Forsook the hounding of the deer,
And Yarrow as he robb'd along,
Bore burden to the Minstral's song.

The Island.

At morn the black cock trims his jutting wing,
His morning prompts the linnet's blithest lay,
An' nature's children feel the matins spring
Of life reviving, with reviving day,
And while you lute park glide down the bay,
Wafting the stranger on his way again,
Morr's genial influence roused a minstrel grey,
And sweetly o'er the lake was heard thy strain
— Mix'd with the sounding harp O' white-haired
Allan-bane.

Song

Walter Scott ~~the~~ lady of the lake

Not faster yonder rower's might
 Things from their oer's the spray,
 Not faster yonder rippeling bright,
 That tracks the shallop's course in light,
 Melts in the lake away,
 Than men from memory raise
 The benefits of former days;
 When, stranger go, good speed thy while,
 Nor think again of the lonely isle.

High place to thy in royal court,
 High place in battle line,
 Good hawk and hound for sylvan sport
 Where beauty sees the brave resort,
 The honours ^{recompense} meed be thine,
 True be thy sword, thy friend sincere,
 Thy lady constant, kind and dear,
 And lost in love's and friendship's smile,
 Be memory of the lonely isle.

Song continued.

But if beneath your southern sky
 A plain stranger roam, ~~whose~~
 Whose drooping ivy and stifled sigh,
 And sunken cheek and heavy eye,
 Pines for his highland home;
 Then, warrior, then be thine to show

The care that sooths a wanderer's woe;
Remember then thy hap ere while,
A stranger in the lonely isle.

Or if, on life's uncertain main
Whiskers shall mar thy sail;
If faithful, wise, and brave in vain,
Woe, want, and exile thou sustain
Beneath the thicket gale,
Waste not a sigh on fortune changed
On thoughtless courts, or friends estranged,
But come where kindred worth shall smile,
To greet thee, in the lonely isle.

Hymn to the Virgin.

Ave Maria. Maiden mild!
Listen to a maiden's prayer;
Thou canst hear though from the wild,
Thou canst save amid despair.
Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,
Though banished, outcast, and reviled—
Maiden, hear a maiden's prayer;
Mother hear a suppliant child
Ave Maria!

Ave Maria. undefiled!
The flinty couch we now must share,

Shall seem with down of eider piled,
 If thy protection hover there.
 The murky cavern's heavy air
 Shall breathe of bloom if thou best smile;
 Then, Maiden, hear a maiden's prayer,
 Mother list a suppliant child.

Ave Maria.

Ave Maria! Stainless styled!
 Foul Demons of the earth and air,
 From this their wonted haunt exiled,
 Shall flee before thy presence fair.
 We bow us to our lot of care,
 Beneath thy guidance reconciled;
 Hear for a maid, a maiden's prayer,
 And for a father hear a child.

Ave Maria.

Youth and age
 Robert Southey

With cheerful step the traveller
 Pursues his early way,
 When first the dimly-dawning east
 Reveals the rising day.

He bends along his craggy road,
 He hastens up the height,
 And all he sees and all he hears,

But only give Delight.

And if the ^{mist} retiring slow,
Roll round it's wavy white,
He thinks the morning vapour hide
Some beauty from his light.

But when ~~the~~ behind the western cloud
Departs the fading Day,
How wearily the Traveller,
Pursues his evening way!

Scarcely along the craggy road
His painful footsteps creep,
And slow with assiduous feeble pause,
He labours up the steep ^{precipice}.

And if the mists of night close round,
They fill his soul with fear,
He dreads some unseeing precipice,
Some hidden danger near.

So cheerful does youth begin
Life's pleasant morning stage;
Alas. the evening Traveller feels
The fears of ^{wary} age.

Song. Walter Scott.

They bid me sleep, they bid me pray,
They say mine brain is warped and wrong,
I cannot sleep on Aghtland brae
I cannot pray in Aghtland tongue.

But where is now where Titans glides
Or heard my native Swan River,
So sweetly where I rest and pray
That heaven would close my wintry day!

I was that my heavy bedme bread
They bade me to the church repair
It was my bridal morn they said
And my stone love would meet me there.
But was he tide the cruel guide
That drown'd in blood the ^{person} morning smile
And was he ~~find~~ the fiery dream.
I only waxed the sob and scream. —

Lay of the imprisoned Huntsman.

My hawk is tired of perch and hood,
My idle greyhound ^{snarls} loathes his food,
My horse is weary of his stall,
And I am sick of captive ~~ward~~ ^{ward}.
I wish I were as I have been,
Hunting the hart in forest's green,
With bended ^{bow} and blood hounds free
For that's the life is meet for me.

That to learn the job of Time,
From yond ^{lull} ^{steep} ^{old} ^{drum} ^{chime} ^{son}
Or mark it ^{has} the sunbeams ^{wait}
Couch after couch, along the wall.
^{sease} The lark was wont ^{try} ^{matin's} ^{ring},
The subtle ^{hook} my ^{vesper} ^{ring};
Whose ^{sombre} towers, although a king's they be,

Have not a ball of joy for me.

No more at dawning morn I rise
And see myself in Ellen's eyes,
Drive the fleet deer the forest through
And ~~home I went~~ homeward round with evening deep
As blithe some welcome, blithely meet,
And lay my trophies at her feet,
While flew the eve on wing of glee,
What life is lost to love and me.

Jaspar.

Robert Southey.

Jaspar was poor and vice and want
Had made his heart like stone,
And jaspar looked with envious eyes,
On riches not his own.

On plunder bent abroad he went
Towards the close of day,
And loitered on the lonely road
Impatient for his prey.

No traveller came he loitered long
And after looked around
And paused and listened eagerly,
To catch some coming sound.

He sat him down beside the stream
That crossed the lonely way,

So fair a ^{scene} ~~time~~ might well have ebanned
All evil thoughts away:

He sat beneath a willow tree
That cast a trembling shade,
The gentle river full in front
A little island made.

Where pleasantly the moon — beams shadde
Upon the poplar trees,
Whose shadow on the stream below
Placed slow by to the breeze.

He listened: and he heard the wind
That waded the willow tree,
He heard the waters flow along
And murmur quietly.

He listened for the traveller's ~~strain~~,
The nightingale sung sweet...
He started up for now he heard
The sound of coming feet;

He started up and graspt a stake
And waited for his prey,
There came a lonely traveller
And Jaspas ~~waded~~ ^{waded} his way.

But Jaspas's throats and ^{surges} ~~surges~~ ^{man's} ~~man's~~ ^{fairer} ~~fairer~~
The traveller, to ^{appal} ~~appal~~
He would not lightly ^{of his} ~~of his~~ ^{purse} ~~purse~~
That held his little all.

As while he struggled, but he strove
With Jasper's strength in vain,
Beneath his blows he felt and groined,
And never spoke again.

He lifted up the murdered man
And plunged him in the flood,
And in the running water then
He washed his hands from blood.

The waters closed around the corpse
And scented his hands from gore,
The willow waved, the stream flowed on
And murmured as before.

There was no human eye had seen
The blood the murderer spelt,
And Jasper's conscience never knew
The avenging god of guilt.

And soon the ruffian had contumel
The gold he gained so ill,
And yet of secret guilt passed on
And he was needy still.

One eve beside the alehouse fire
He sat as it befell, at
When in there came a labouring man
Whom Jasper knew full well.

15

The fat limp down by Jaspas side
A merry man, for spite of honest toil, the world
Went there with Johnathan ^{outrage}

~~He sat by Jaspas side
A melancholy man~~

He sat him down by Jaspas's side
A melancholy man,
For spite of honest toil, the world
Went there with Johnathan

That toil a little earned, and he
With little was content
But sickness on his wife had fallen
And all he had was spent.

Then with his wife and little ones
He shared the scanty meal,
And saw their looks of wretchedness,
And felt what wretchedness felt.

That very morn the Landlord's power
Had seized the little left,
And now the sufferer found himself
Of every thing bereft.

He leant his head upon his hand,
His elbow on his knee
And stood by Jaspas's side he sat
And not a word said he

Nay - why so Downcast, Jaspas cried,
Come cheer up Johnathan,
Drink, neighbour drink! it will warm thy heart
~~It will warm thy heart.~~ Come! come! take courage
man.

He took the cup that Jaspas gave
And soon he drained it quick,
I have a wife said Johnathan
And she is deadly sick

She has no bed to lie upon
I saw them take her bed
And I have children: would to God
What they and I were dead!

Our Land-Lord! he goes home to night
And he will sleep in peace,
I would that I were in my grave
For there all troubles cease

In vain I prayed him to forbear
Though wealth enough has he
God be to him as merciless,
As he has been to me

When Jaspas saw the poor man's soul
On all his ill's intends,
He plaid him with the poisoning cup
And with him forth he went,
This turn Lord on his homeward road
It were easy now to meet.
The rowd'ed long-gone Johnathan
And vengeance man is sweet.

He listened to tempter's voice,
He thought it made him start,
His head was heat and wretchedness
Had harden now his heart.

Along the lonely road they went
And waited for their prey,
They sat them down beside the stream
That crossed the lonely way.

They sat them down beside the stream
And never a word they said,
They sat and listened sightlessly
To hear the traveller tread.

The night was calm, the night was dark
No star was in the sky
The wind it wavered the willow boughs,
The stream flowed quietly.

The night was calm, the air was still,
Sweet sang the nightingale,
The soul of John Barr was soother,
His heart began to fail.

It is weary waiting here, he cried
And now the hour is let.
He thinks he will not come to night
It is useless more to wait.

Have patience man the sultan said
A little we may wait,
But longer than his wife expect
Her husband at the gate.

When John ~~Tham~~ grew sick at heart,
My conscience yet is clear,
Of Jasper. It is not yet too late
I will not linger here

How now cried Jasper why I thought
Thy conscience was asleep.
No more such qualms, the night is dark
The river hear is deep.

What matters that said John ~~Tham~~
Whose blood began to freeze,
When there is one above whose eye
The deeds of darkness sees?

We are safe enough said Jasper then
If that be all thy fear,

Nor eye below, nor eye above
Can pierce the darkness here.

That instant as the murderer spoke
There came a sudden light,
Strong as the mid day sun it shone,
Through all around was night.

It hung upon the willow tree,
It hung upon the flood,
It gave to view to paplar isle
And all the sign of blood

The traveller who journeyed there
He surely has espied
A man who has his home
Upon the river side

17

His cheek is pale, his eye wild,
His look bespeaks despair;
For Jasper since that hour he made
His home ~~sun~~ sheltered there.

And fearful are his dreams at night
And dread to him the day,
He thinks upon his wretched crimes
And never dares to pray.

The summer suns, the winter storms,
Over him unheeded roll,
For heavy is the weight of blood
Upon the maniac's soul.

Coronach

Walter Scott.

He is gone on the mountain,
He is gone to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the source;
The font, reappearing,
From the rain-drops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering
No Duncan no morrow!

The sound of the reaper
Wakes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper

Wails manton and glory;
The autumn winds rushing
Went the leaves that are scarcest,
But our flower was in flushing
When blighting was nearest.

Speed foot on the corei
Sage council in lumber,
Dew hand in the spray
Thou sound is thy slumber
Like the dew on the mountain.
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain
Thou art gone and for ever!

Introduction

of the lay of the last Minstrel

of Walter Scott.

The way was long, the wind was cold,
The minstrel was infirm and old;
His withered cheek, and tresses gray,
Seemed to have known a better day
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy,
The last of all the breed was he,
Who sung of border Chivalry,
'Tis, well a day! their date was flex

His tuneful brethren all were dead,
 And he neglected and oppressed,
 Wished to be with them and at rest,
 No more on prancing palfrey born
 He carried, light as hawk at morn;
 No longer exerted and caressed
 High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
 He paced, to town and busy gay,
 The unprimed street lay.

Old times were changed, old manners gone
 A stranger filled the Stuart's throne;
 The big game of the iron time
 Had called his harmless not a crime.
 A wandering Harper scorned and poor,
 He begged his bread from door to door,
 And turned to please at peasant's ear,
 The harp a king had loved to hear.

He passed where Newark's stately tower
 Looked out from Yarrow's birchen bower
 The minstrel gazed with wishful eye
 No humbler resting-place was nigh
 With hesitating step at last,
 The embattled portulage he passed
 Whose ponderous great and massy bar
 Had oft rated back the tide of war,

But never closed the ~~rigid~~ doors
Against the destitute and poor.
The ^{darkness} ~~dark~~ ~~old~~ ~~man~~ ~~marked~~ his weary pace
His ~~thin~~ ~~meagre~~ ~~men~~, and ~~reverend~~ ~~face~~.
And bade her page the ~~menials~~ ~~tell~~
What they should ~~tend~~ ~~the~~ ~~old~~ ~~man~~ ~~well~~.
For she knows adversity, though born in such
Though born in such a high degree,
In pride of powers, in beauties bloom,
Had wept over Minmouths bloody town.

When kindness had his wants supplied,
And the old man was gratified
Began to rise his minstrel pride:
And he began to talk a nox
Of good Earl Francis dead and gone
And of Earl Walter rest him God!
A ~~brave~~ ~~warrior~~ never took ~~the~~ ~~battle~~ ~~road~~;
And how full many a tale he knew
Of the old warriors of Besseluck.
And with the noble ~~darkest~~ ~~design~~
To listen to an old man strain,
Though stiff his ham, his voice though weak
He thought ~~when~~ ~~yet~~ ~~the~~ ~~worth~~ ~~to~~ ~~speak~~,
That, if she loved the heart to hear,
He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtained
The aged minstrel audience gained.

But, when he reached the room of state,
Where she, with all her tawies, sat,
Perchance he wished his boon denied:

For, when to tune his harp he tried,
His trembling hand had lost the ease,
Which marks security to please,
And since long past of joy and pain,
Came widening over his aged brain,
He tried to tune his harp in vain.

The pitying duchess praises the chime,
And gave him heart, and gave him time,
Till every string according glee
Was blended into harmony.

And then, he said, he would full plain
He could recall an ancient strain,
He never thought to sing again.

It was not framed for village charms,
But for high dames and mighty earts;
He had played it to king Charles the good,
When he kept court in Holly-rod;

And much he wished yet feared to try,
The long forgotten melody
Amid the strings his fingers strayed,
And an uncertain warbling made
And oft he shook his hoary head.

But when he caught the measure while,

AR.

The old man raised his face and smile,
And lightened up his faded eye,
With all a poet's ecstasy!
In varying cadence, soft or strong
He swept the sounding words along;
The present sign, the future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot:
Cold diffidence, and aged frost,
In the full tide of song were lost;
Each blank, ^{where} infatigable memory void,
The poet's glowing thoughts supplied,
And, while his harp responsive wrung
It was thus the latest minstrel sung.

Ravines

Robert Southey.

Bright on the mountain's heavy slope
The days but splendorous shine,
And rich with many a radiant hue,
Glean gaily on the spine.

And many a one from Waltham's walls
Along the river threaded, strolled
As ruffling over the pleasant stream
The evening gales came cold.

So as they straggled a swan they saw
Sit stately up am strong,
And by a silver chain she drew
A little boat along.

Tho: Campbell

20

Lines on Poland.

And have I lived to see thee sword in hand
Ere rise again, immortal Polish land! —
Whose flag brings more than chivalry to mind,
And leaves the tricolor in shade behind;
A theme for uninspired lips too strong;
That swells my heart beyond the power of song.
Majestic men, whose deeds have dazzled faith,
Ah! yet your fate's suspense arrests my breath,
Whilst, ⁱⁿ ruying ~~burdens~~ bared to shot and steel,
I feel the more that fruitlessly I feel.

Poles! with what indignation I endure
Th' half-pettying servile mouths that call you poor;
Poor! is it England mocks you with her grief,
Who hates, but dares not chive, the Imperial Thief?
France with her soul beneath a Bourbon's thrall,
And Germany that has no soul at all, —

States, quailing at the Giant overgrown,
Whom Dauntless Poland grapples with alone?
No, ye are ~~rich~~ in fame e'en whilst ye bleed;
We cannot aid you — we are poor indeed.

In fate's defiance — in the world's great eye,
Poland has won her immortality.

The Butcher, should he ~~reach~~ ^{reach} her bosom now,
Could not tear Glory's garland from her brow;
Whether, fittest, the victim falls renowned,
And all her ashes will be ~~holy~~ ^{holy} ground!

But turn my soul, from passages so dark:

Great Poland's spirit is a deathless spark

That's fann'd by Heaven to mock the Tyrant's rage:
She, like the eagle will renew her age;

And fresh historic plumes of Fame put on,

Another Athens after Marathon,

Where eloquence shall subvert, arts refine,

Bright as her arms that now in battle shine.

Come — should the heavenly shock my life destroy

And shut it's flood-gates with excess of joy;

21

Come, but the Day when Poland's fight is won —
And on my grave — stone shine the morrow's sun —
The Day that sees Warsaw's Cathedral glow
With endless ensigns ravished from the foe, —
Her women lifting their fair hands with thanks,
Her pious warriors kneeling in their ranks,
The sentry on ^{the} walls of high Keralin's boast,
The odorous altars' elevated host,
The organ sounding through the aisle's long glooms,
The mighty Dead seen sculptured o'er their tombs,
John, Europe's saviour — Poniatoski's fair
Resemblance — Kosciusko's shall be there;
The taper'd pomp the Hataluja's swell,
Shall o'er the soul's Devotion cast a spell,
Till visions cross the rapt enthusiast's glance;
And all the scene becomes a waking trance.
Should Fate put far — far off that glorious scene,
And gulfs of havoc interpose between,
Imagine not, ye men of every clime

Who act, or by ^{your} sufferance share the crime,
Your brother Abel's blood shall vainly plead
Against thee "Deep damnation" of the deed.

Germany, ye view it's horror and disgrace
With cold phos~~phor~~^{phoric} eyes and phlegm of face.
Ye Allemagne profound inscience, lore,
And Minstrel art? - her shame is but the more
To dole and doam by governments oppressive,
The spirit of a book - warm in each breast,
Well can ye mouth fair Freedom's classic line,
And talk of Constitution's'er your wine.
But all your vows to break the tyrants yoke
Expire in Bacchanalian song and smoke.
Heaven's! can no ray of foresight pierce the lead
And mystic metaphisic of your heads,
So show the self some grave, Oppression delves
For Poland's rights, is yielding for yourselves
See, whilst the Pole, the Pangari aid of France,
Has vaulted on his barb and couched the lance

France turns from her abandon'd friends aghast,
 And souths the ~~beast~~ that prowls for patriot flesh;
 Buys, ignominious purchase! short repose,
 With dying curses and their groans of those
 That served, and loved, and put in her their trust.
 Breachmen! the Dead accuse you from the dust
 Brows laurel'd - ~~blooms~~ mark'd with many a scar!
 For France - that were her legion's noblest star,
 Last dumb reproches from the field of death
 On Gallie honour; and this broken faith
 Has robb'd you more of fame - the life of life -
 Than twenty battles lost in glorious strife!

~~And what~~
 And what of England - is she steep'd so low
 In poverty, crest fallen and palsied so,
 That we must ~~set~~ ^{wroth} much ~~rather~~ ^{but} timorous more,
 With Murder knocking at our Neighbours door -
 Not Murder mask'd and ^{cloak'd} ~~lock'd~~, with hidden knife,
 Whose owner ^{owes} ~~ought~~ the gallow's life for life;
 But Public Murder. - that with pomp and gaud,

And royal scorn of Justice, walks abroad
To wring more tears and blood than ever were wrong
By all the culprits Justice ever hung!
We read the Diadem's assassin's saunt,
And wince, and wish, we had not hearts to part
With useless indignation — sigh and frown,
But have not hearts to throw the gauntlet down.

If but a doubt hung o'er the grounds of fray,
Or trivial rapine stepp'd the world's highway;
Were this some common strife of States embroil'd;
Britannia on the spoiler and the spoil'd
Might calmly look, and, asking time to breathe
Still honourably wear her olive wreath.

But this is darkness combatting with Light:
Earth's adverse Principles for Empire fight
Oppression, that has belted half the globe;
Vasfas his knot could reach or dagger probe,
Holds reeking out our brother — freeman slain
That dagger — shakes it at us in disdain;

23
Talks big to freedom's states of Poland's thrall,
And, trampling one, contempts them one and all.

My country, colours not thine once proud brow
At this affront. — Hast thou not fleets enough
With Glory's streamer, loft as the Ark,
Gave fluttering o'er each thunder-bearing bark,
To warn th' insulters seas with barbarous blood,
And interdict his flag from Ocean's flood.
Even now far off the sea-cliff where I sing,
I see, my Country and my Patriot thing,
Your ensign glad the Deep. Be calm and slow
A war-ship rides while Heaven's prismatic bow
Upright is behind her on th' horizon's back
Shines flushing through the tulle, shrouds, and stays,
And wraps her giant form in one majestic glare.
My soul accepts the omen; Nancy's eye
Was sometimes a veracious augury.
The rainbow types Heaven's promise to my sight,
The Ship Britannia's interposing might.

But if there should be none to aid you, Poles,
Ye'll but to powder pitch wind up your souls,
Above example, pity, praise, or blame,
To sow and reap a boundless field of fame.
Ask aid no more from stations that forget
Your championship — old Europe's mighty debt.
Though Poland's Lazarus-like has burst the gloom,
She rises, not a beggar from the tomb:
In fortune's frown, on danger's goddest brink,
Despair and Poland's name must never link.
All ill have bounds — plague, whirlwind, fire, and flood:
E'en Power can spill but bounded sums of blood.
States carrying not what Freedom's price may be,
May late or soon but must at last be free;
For body — killing Tyrants cannot kill
The public soul — the hereditary will
That downward, as from sire to son it goes
By shifting baseness more intensely glows.
His heir's doom is the heir's, and slughter'd men
Sight fiercer in their orphan's o'er again

Poland recasts though ~~rich~~ in heroes old,
After men in more and more heroic mould:
Her eagle ensign, best among mankind
Becomes, and types her eagle — strength of mind.
Her praise upon my faltering lips expires:
Resume it younger bards and nobler lyres.

The Power of Russia

So all this gallant blood has gush'd in vain!
And Poland by the Northern Condor's beak
And talons torn, ^{lies} ~~lays~~ prostrated again.
O, British patriots, that were wont to speak
Once loudly on this theme, now hush'd and meek
O, heartless men of Europe — Goth and Gaul!
Cold, adder — deaf to Poland's dying shriek;
What saw the world's last land of heroes fall —
The brand of burning shame is on you all, all — all!
But this is not the drama closing act.

Its tragic curtain must arise anew,
Nations, mute accessories to the fact.

That Ulas-tree of power, whose fostering dew
Was Polish blood, has yet to cast over you
The lengthening shadow of its head state
A deadly shadow, darkening, Nature's hue.

To all that 's hallowed, righteous, pure, and great,
Wo, wo, when they are reach'd by Russia's withering ha-
Nte.

Russia, that on his throne of adamant,
Consults what nation's breast shall next be gored:

He on Polonia's Golgotha will plant
His standard fresh; and, horde succeeding horde,
On patriot tomb-stones he will whet the sword,
For more stupendous slaughters of the free.
Then Europe's realms, when their best blood is poured
Shall miss thee, Poland! as they bend the knee,
All, all in grief, but none in glory likening thee.

Why smote ye not the Giant whilst he rest'd?
O, fair occasion, gone for ever by!

To have lock'd his lances in their northern field,
 Innocuous as the phantom chivalry
 That flames and hurtles from yon boreal sky.
 Now wave thy pennon, Russia, o'er the Land
 Once Poland; build thy bristling castles high;
 Dig Dungeons deep; for Poland's wrested brand
 Is now a weapon new to widen thy command
 An awful width! Norwegian woods shall build
 His fleets; the Swede his vassal, and the Dan
 The glebe of fifty kingdoms shall be till'd
 To feed his dawning, desolating train,
 Camp'd sunless, 'twixt the Black and Baltic
 main:
 To rote hosts, I own; but Sparta could not write,
 And Rome, half barbarous, bound Acharas' chain:
 So Russia's spirit, midst Slavonic night,
 Burns with a fire more dread than all your polish'd
 light.
 But Russia's limbs / so blinded statesmen say /

Are crude, and too colossal to cohere.
O, lamentable weakness! reckoning weak
The stripling Titan, strengthening year by year.
What implement lacks he for war's career;

That grows on earth, or in its floods and mines,
(Eighth sharer of the inhabitable sphere)
Whom Persia bows to, China ill confines,
And India's homage waits, when Albion's star
Declines.

But time will teach the Russ, even conquering
War's handmaid arts: ay, ay, the Russ will woo
All sciences that speed Bellona's car,
All murder's tactic arts, and win them too;
But never holier Muses shall imbue

His breath, that's made of nature's basest
clay.
The sabre, knout, and dungeon's vapour blue
His laws and ethics: far from him away
Are all the lovely Nine, that breathe but
Freedom's Day.

26
Say, even his serfs, half-humanized, should learn
Their human rights, — will Mars put out his flame
In Russian bosom? no, he'll bid them burn
A thousand years for nought but martial fame,
Like Romans: — yet forgive me, Roman name!
None could impart what Russia never can;
None civic rights to solve submission's shame,
Our strife is coming; but in freedom's van
The Polish eagle's fall is big with fate to man.
Proud bird of old! Mohammed's moon reared
Before thy swoop: had we been timely bold,
That swoop, still free, had stunn'd the Russ, and foil'd
Earth's new oppressors, as it foil'd her old.
Now thy majestic eyes are shut and cold:
And colder still Polonia's children find
The sympathetic hand, that we outhold.
But, Poles, when we are gone, the world will mine,
To bore the brunt of fate, and blest for human
kind.

So hallow'd by have ye fulfill'd your part,
My pride rejuvinate with the sigh that blends
With Peter's name — name written on my heart.
My heroes, my grief-consecrated friends!
Your sorrows, in nobility, transcend
Your conqueror's joy: his cheek may blush; but shame
Can tinge not yours, though exile's tear debenas;
Nor would ye change your conscience, cause, and name,
For his, with all his wealth, and all his felon fame.
Thee, Niemcewicz, whose song of stirring power
The czar forbids to sound in Polish lands;
Thee Bartoryski in thy banish'd bowers,
The patrician, who in thy palace stands,
May envy; proudly may Polonia's bands
Thron'd down their swords at Europe's feet in scorn,
Saying — 'Russia from the metal of these brands
Shall forge the fetters of your sons unborn;
Our setting star is your misfortun'd rising morn.'

Farys Wiesze Batinskiego. [Karola, 1845]

O! ja nigdyś byłem farysem!
 Lecz czyj wy wiecie, co farys znaczy?
 A! niech step mówi swoim epitem!
 Obrzyma, obrzym niech wytuszczy!
 On tylko jeden prawdę wam powie,
 Jemu więc wiecie jak koranowi.
 Farys - step mówi - to Dziecię moje!
 To Duch testamta, nieba trawiony
 Testamty tutaj na ciętej boje,
 Na ciętych pragnień ras nięgaszony,
 A tak mu trzeba nieba i stonca,
 że tylko za nim pędzi bez końca!
 I nie go w pędzie wstrzymać niezdolne!
 Ani uroczej ienie oary,
 Ni. Bedainka głotem anioła
 I blaskiem sru - miłszym sto rary!
 Proim pokury! - bo tacy jone!
 Prochaja tylko niebo i stonca.

Wieżę jasn był górnem — i górnem bardem —
Cudnie to było to nasze grono!
A ta myśla wicztwie w słone rurocoony
I z tem ramieniem miodnicznem, kadem,
Co krawędź nieba i krawędź siewata,
Sili się spoj — wieżę, ie i brata.

Patruje tam — w koto piaszeryste wykosa
Kby umyślnie stane mogiły —
Czasem się i głębi skielek wymurka
Spytaj i skielek, czasem one były...
Aha! te mogiły Arabistanu...
To tylko ślady stop huraganu!
On to — fajzów pochłonał w sobie!
Pochłonał i gwiazd brać kochanych!
Tę tylko Juen rozlał na grobie
Na grobie górnem — jui zapomnianych...
Czy to jest taska czy kara nieba
Allah iye karał — wiec iye potrzeba!

Jak młode orle i stamanem skryżtem,
Co się jui nigdy w niebo niewnieście,

Luce, i ziem gade, gnusnem, pretrojskem,
W tych szmutnych murów ciasnym zakresie...

Ha, proine iale, spiewaj Pajaco,
Dytko kabawnie - bo nie aptaraj.

O' wiecna kan'bo, wiecna promoto,

Ja farys, piewca z niebios natekajony,
Piesn' mdy na ziemskie pretrojace tony,

Piesn' mdy przewiek' matry sarrtoto,

By uem okupic' uen' cudzej stoczki,
Sub rgluszy z neoty sydrace smierki.

Oni niewiedza, je wiesnika pienie
Jest jako stone na niebios sklepie,

Co na wszechstanne koga skimienie

Swiec wyroweom staracyom wstepie

Aprleus stanua nieptaisz sarrto,

Te eiey abwiennay poi osariata.

Oni niewiedza je wiesnika spiewy

Jak on niewiedzi ojien mitowal,

Co za niebiańskie swoje wyhlwy

Nie, nie niepragnie - praw wrajemnotia.

Spudawac' mitoc'e kan'ba kobicie!
Spudawac' spiewy — kan'ba poecie!

Preciei ta kan'ba wloby wis' iguie!
Alhehe! jakie dzerysi mnie drogo!
I jensie nieraz ktos niby skrycie,
Kiby powieku powie: za drogo.
Na drogo mówisz, ... powiecznie tracie
W jakiejś wy cenie życie spędzić ...
Bo stachaj — pieśń ma ta cząstka życia
Tam jest krew moja, tam są try moje,
I mego serca gwałtowne bicie
I sumie moich i myśli roje!
A kiedy, żeby dostać, wyjawie,
Mnie, wpróż serce mocno rozkrawie!
Wice co? za drogo... o! będzie tenosi!
Gdyby wam przyszło iguim symaręje,
Jak ja, pelikan, rozrywać pierśi,
Try bawi za uny stota dostareje,
W jakiejżeby senie była kropelka
Krowi lub try wężej — choćby niewielka...

Młociarnia wiesnera w chwili tworenia
 To boleś matki w chwili porodu
 Nie wlatyguia do swego płodu
 Tyle wieść i guia z swego istnienia
 Nie on pismni dla was utworzył,
 Ojciec kroków grób swój przysypał.

Czasem w dodetku - sygnę oklaski
 Serce czy swodne - wszystko mi jedno!
 Anam tych błyskawic przetotne blaski,
 Anam ich gromotności i trwałości biednej,
 Wane pochwały - to to syderstwo,
 Wane pochwały - to to sławstwo.

Ty syn rozpamiętując pieśnią kołace
 W grób, co mi droga matkę ukrywa,
 Czem memowicie, nie słier me ptare i
 Czem memowicie, nie z emiarn spiewa.
 Jak ta matka na matki grobie
 Ty sama serce i spiew moją w sobie!

A więc porucicie marne pochwały,
 Ty spiew moją święty jako matka syna.
 Nie takie wieści wiesnerom przysłały.

Wieszem taką wieńcę Depce przeklina!
Lud jego wielki i wiecznie młody
Tęcej - o innej radę nagrody!

Nagroda piewcy - to cisza owa
Świeta, uroczna, z której dogadnie,
Ktę w duszach wielki ramię się kłowa,
Co piewcy światu nagrzmie wszechwładnie!
Cisza, co mowi, że piarno wchodzi
I myśł - kwiat wkrótce owoc - wyprzodzi!

Nagroda piewcy to te spojrenia,
Co świeca, całeżon duszy wulkanem.
Prótkie, mierzace Woni siśnienia
Z westchnieniem Stago w pieści i kumianem;
I owa chimura ienigca eroda,
Z której potyska micer Archaniota!

To mi nagroda!... ja m ja odbierat
W koto mnie stali bracia farycy,
Kiedy pieśń moje sercem porerat,
Dus m ma wnikata w ich twary mpy,
W krew tych serc wielkich, w ich myśł gniarata

I rzeknie: stajcie jak Padiśachka!
Ja, — z niespożytą nawet w ich lice,
Ale z pokorą powiem: Allahu!
Ja'm tytko prawdy szukat na świecie!
Czyi także miłości znajdę w kobiecie?!
Niedługo kurzysy! choiby piekniej
O tej, co'm nigdyś kochat na ziemi —
lecz ja nie gardzę dary twojemi —
Ja tytko tęskni błągam pet niejszej...
na wszystkie, wszystkie twoje kurzysy
Niedługo witana, moi bracia Farzysy...

Sporwól, porwól choiby na chwilec
kustapi' nam jesien w nasz kraj yppryśców
I w dawnej naszej miłobrodniej sile,
Pobujcie orlim lotem Farzysów.
I pierwi dawnym oierwim' biciem,
I dawnym naszym zabłysnąc' biciem!

Allah wystucha — wnet gromiące głoty
Wystrasa w głębi spiętych tygryśców,
I okryje siewiecia buchara w niebiosy!!

[brak 3 ostatnich wersów]

Nie jednemu już zbawienie
Tę wołał w Tobie toż był
Nowem Taski życiem ożył.
Nie opuszczaj nas itd.

Nie opuszczaj nas itd.
I dla tego Twoje Imię
W sercach naszych nie odmówię.
Będziem wolać, błądzić prosić
Władnie rawne wesi' Twoz głosić!
Nie opuszczaj nas itd.

Nie opuszczaj nas itd.
I w sieroctwie opuszczeniu
I w bęsknoci i w cierpieniu
I w ubóstwie i w chorobie
Zawne będziem wpa' Tobie!
Nie opuszczaj nas itd.

Nie opuszczaj nas itd.
Pojdziem chętnie drogą krzyżem
Do nas krzyż do Ciebie zbliżem

Bo nas krzyż dziś nie pocięła
 Bo nadzieja w krzyżu nasra!
 Nie opuszczaj nas.....

Nie opuszczaj nas itd.
 Tak pod krzyżem biednym stali
 I Tola krowa, tra ptakali
 Boś Ty Matko, mam rostata
 Gdyś pod krzyżem dremem stata
 Nie opuszczaj nas itd.

The first of these is the
 fact that the population
 of the world is increasing
 rapidly. This is due to
 the fact that the number
 of children born to each
 couple is greater than the
 number of children who
 die. This is true in all
 parts of the world, and
 is especially true in the
 tropics. The result is
 that the world is becoming
 more and more crowded
 every day. This is a
 serious problem, and it
 is one that we must
 solve if we are to
 survive.

The second of these is the
 fact that the world is
 becoming more and more
 divided. This is due to
 the fact that the different
 nations of the world are
 becoming more and more
 hostile to each other. This
 is especially true in the
 case of the United States
 and the Soviet Union. The
 result is that the world
 is becoming more and more
 dangerous. This is a
 serious problem, and it
 is one that we must
 solve if we are to
 survive.

Gjere Wasz

Gjere wasz błogosł jest w niebie
 Ciebie z pokorą, błagamy
 Ratus Gjerynas, w potrzebie
 Wsparcia Twojego czekamy

Święci są Twój wrodzie
 Wasz śwircu Gjere i Panie
 Niechaj Polska wolna, będzie
 Wzrostuchaj wasze wotanie

Panie przyjdź królestwo Twoje
 Rozstrządnaj sercy naszymi
 Daj nam nawzre także, Twoje,
 Wszakżeśmy drżymy Twojami

Niechaj będzie Twoja Wola
 Jak w niebie tak i na ziemi
 Lecz uszka nam ta niewola
 Wskórej zwycięstwa zaborczy.

A chleba nam powszedniego
 Daj dziś o Panie prosimy
 Wszakżeśmy nie słusny człowieka
 Noch tylko wtamymy się żyjemy

Daj nam go dzisiaj i zawsze

A myz wiecnie bzdriem chwalić
Twoje rady najtackawre
Lecz tylko nasz nas ocalić

A odpnie nam nasze winy
Bo myz wrogom odpuścimy
Niż tylko z waszej kroiny
Wyjdz-o to tyz boga myz

Nie wiedz nas na pokucenie
Obe zdobywai narodny

Daj nam wlasne wyzywienie
I ~~wyzywienie~~ udziel zgodny

Alc nas zbaw ode - tego
Od niewolniczej zrowoty
Od rdoajow kroju wlasnego
Daj bozanie kroja i wroty
Amen

Matko Chrystusa, Najświętsza Maryjo,
 Z jakim przychodzim do Twego ołtarza,
 Lud Twój bezbronny, druki wróg zabija,
 Nrabie krwi Pański, Twój obraz unieważa!
 Twojej litości błagamy ze łzami,
 O Matko nasza przyczyni się za nami!

Na Jasnej górze ukoronowana,
 Królowo Polska, zwróć na nas Twe oczy,
 Za nasze grzechy przebłagaj nam Pana,
 Ojczaruj kraw łę którą wróg z nas doczy.
 Twojej litości...

Choć srogie jarzmo zgniotło karki nasze,
 W sercach jest miłość, nadzieja i wiara,
 Odkryjem pierś na straty, patasze,
 Niech nam Ojczyznę odkupi ojczara!
 Twojej litości...

Tyś w Czerstochowie święta nasza Pani,
 Broniła lud Twój od potęgi Szweda,
 Dziel gdy nas gnębia Moskiewy tyran,
 Niechaj Twe ramie upaść Polskę mi da!
 Twojej litości...

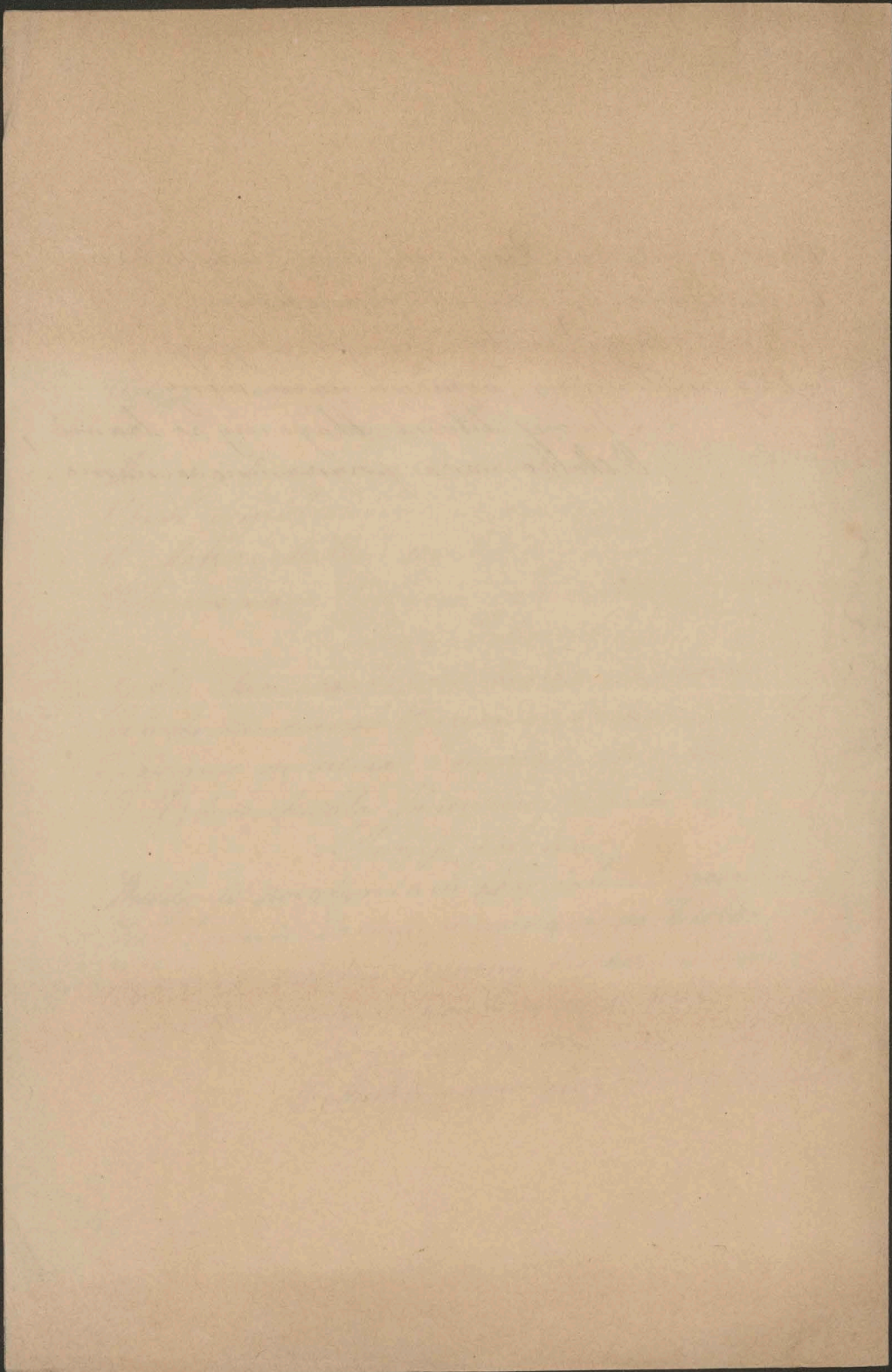
W Bogu nadzieja nasza i obrona,
I w Twojej przemożnej Maryjo przyrzecie,
Przy Twojej pomocy jeden ten pokona,
Wstąpią wrogi i Polska nie zginie!
Twojej litości...

W innych narodach którym wolności swojej,
Obudź wyjętym nad nieszczęsnym ludem,
O Matko! Matko! wystuchaj Twoe dzieci,
Wskreś nam Ojczyznę jakimkolwiek suchem!
Twojej litości...

Gdy Pan Zastępców sławę nas ostoni,
Powstanie nasza Ojczyzna kochana,
Zwignie się silnia z nieszczęści swoich toni,
I będzie chwata Imieniomu Pana!
Twojej litości...

Wtedy w świątyniach zład zatosi pienua,
Ze trami obinaj wznoszą się do Ciebie,
Zabrnią radośne hymny driskery niemia,
A nasie swięci powłona je w niebie.
Twojej litości błagamy ze trami,
O Matko nasza przywróć się do nami!

Chęci i chwata Bogu w Trójcy jedynemu,
Ojcu, Synowi, Duchowi Świętemu;
Matka Maryi! to dla Jej przyczyny
Bóg miłosierny, odpuści nam winy!
Twojej łitości błagamy re tranii,
O Matko nasza przyczyni się za nami.



Rodziłem się w Atenach Magnat uuu odpowie, i
I byłem Wielkorządcą jk moi przodkowie:

1a
1e 1a 1e

Lecz poniwżz należycię,
Byłem chory całe życie,

Dlatego też w czynnościach wcale nic nieczładził, 10 16
do krajem powierzonym mój sekretarz rządził - 1/3 1/2

Ale ty co robiłeś? jadłem, piłem, spałem, 1e
A to co mi poddano wszystko podpisałem + 1e

Więc dalej z nim do raję, za taką gorliwość!!
Tu Merkury zawoła gdzież jest sprawiedliwość?

Zapomniawszy na grzeczność w takowej osnowie 1/1 100

Nie gniewaj się mój bracie pluton mu odpowie,
I czyli nie słyszałeś przyjaciela drogi,
Że nieboszczyk był głupi jak stołowe nogi:

Gdyby więc ten Jegomość, z taką ciasną głową / /
Był się kiedy zatrudnił czynnością rządową;

Jak to bywają zwyczaje,

Zgubił by ludzi i kraje;

A ty który tak jesteś na niedolą tkliwym,

Niestarczył byś uśmierzać płaczu nieszczęśliwym;

I dla tego to według słuszności zwyczaju, / m

Mój poczciwy nieboszczyk musi iść do raju —

O iluż to jest takich / z których w każdym względzie, /

Nie jeden ztąd uszedłszy, pewno w Raju będzie.



