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**Up the Rhine**

**Hood, Thomas**

**London, 1840**

The romance of Cologne

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P. S.—There is a great stir here about a religious agreement that some hundreds of young Catholic females have signed, binding themselves not to marry unless to one of their own persuasion. A very tragical affair has happened in consequence, which Frank has made into a poem. I inclose a copy. To my taste it is rather pretty; but my Brother says it is not good poetry, for it does not sing well to any tune that he knows.

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## THE ROMANCE OF COLOGNE.

'Tis even—on the pleasant banks of Rhine  
The thrush is singing, and the dove is cooing,—  
A Youth and Maiden on the turf recline  
Alone—And he is wooing.

Yet woos in vain, for to the voice of love  
No kindly sympathy the Maid discovers,  
Though round them both, and in the air above,  
The tender Spirit hovers!

Untouch'd by lovely Nature and her laws,  
The more he pleads, more coyly she represses;—  
Her lips denies, and now her hand withdraws,  
Rejecting his caresses.

Fair is she as the dreams young Poets weave,  
 Bright eyes, and dainty lips, and tresses curly ;  
 In outward loveliness a Child of Eve,  
 But cold as Nymph of Lurley !

The more Love tries her pity to engross,  
 The more she chills him with a strange behaviour ;  
 Now tells her beads, now gazes on the Cross  
 And Image of the Saviour.

Forth goes the Lover with a farewell moan,  
 As from the presence of a thing inhuman ;—  
 Oh ! what unholy spell hath turn'd to stone  
 The young warm heart of Woman !

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'Tis midnight—and the moonbeam, cold and wan,  
 On bower and river quietly is sleeping,  
 And o'er the corse of a self-murder'd man  
 The Maiden fair is weeping.

In vain she looks into his glassy eyes,  
 No pressure answers to her hand so pressing ;  
 In her fond arms impassively he lies,  
 Clay-cold to her caressing.

Despairing, stunn'd, by her eternal loss,  
 She flies to succour that may best bescem her ;  
 But, lo ! a frowning Figure veils the Cross,  
 And hides the blest Redeemer !

With stern right hand it stretches forth a scroll,  
Wherein she reads in melancholy letters,  
The cruel fatal pact that placed her soul  
And her young heart in fetters.

“Wretch! Sinner! Renegade! to truth and God,  
Thy holy faith for human love to barter!”  
No more she hears, but on the bloody sod  
Sinks, Bigotry’s last Martyr!

And side by side the hapless Lovers lie:  
Tell me, harsh Priest! by yonder tragic token,  
What part hath God in such a Bond, whereby  
Or hearts or vows are broken?

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TO GERARD BROOKE, ESQ.

MY DEAR GERARD,—Yesterday, at an early hour, we bade adieu to the old Roman colony, and embarked in the Princess Marianne. Instead of any improvement, however, in the scenery, we soon found ourselves between low banks and willows; as if, by some “stop her,” and “back her” manoeuvre, her Highness, with reversed paddles, had carried us into Holland. But I am none of those fastidious travellers, who, in the absence of the picturesque, throw themselves back in the carriage, and go to sleep. Although for some dis-