

**TANNHÄUSER; OR,  
THE BATTLE OF THE  
BARDS. A POEM**

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Tannhäuser; Or, The Battle of the Bards. A Poem by Neville Temple & Edward Trevor

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**NEVILLE TEMPLE & EDWARD TREVOR**

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## TANNHÄUSER.

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# TANNHÄUSER;

OR,

## The Battle of the Bards.

A Poem.

BY

NEVILLE TEMPLE AND EDWARD TREVOR.

P  
1861

LONDON:

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.

1861.

THE reader is solicited to adopt the German pronunciation of TANNHÄUSER, by sounding it as if it were written, in English, "Tannboiser."





## TANNHÄUSER.

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THIS is the Land, the happy valleys these,  
Broad breadths of plain, blue-vein'd by many a stream,  
Umbrageous hills, sweet glades, and forests fair,  
O'er which our good liege, Landgrave Herman, rules.  
This is Thuringia: yonder, on the heights,  
Is Wartburg, seat of our dear lord's abode,  
Famous through Christendom for many a feat  
Of deffest knights, chief stars of chivalry,  
At tourney in its courts; nor more renown'd  
For deeds of Prowess than exploits of Art,

Achieved when, vocal in its Muses' hall,  
The minstrel-knights their glorious jousts renew,  
And for the laurel wage harmonious war.  
On this side spreads the Chase in wooded slopes  
And sweet acclivities; and, all beyond,  
The open flats lie fruitful to the sun  
Full many a league; till, dark against the sky,  
Bounding the limits of our lord's domain,  
The Hill of Hørsel rears his horrid front.  
Woe to the man who wanders in the vast  
Of those unhallow'd solitudes, if Sin,  
Quickening the lust of carnal appetite,  
Lurk secret in his heart: for all their caves  
Echo weird strains of magic, direful-sweet,  
That lap the wanton sense in blissful ease;  
While through the ear a reptile music creeps,  
And, blandly-busy, round about the soul  
Weaves its fell web of sounds. The unhappy wight,

Thus captive made in soft and silken bands  
Of tangled harmony, is led away—  
Away adown the ever-darkening caves,  
Away from fairness and the face of God,  
Away into the mountain's mystic womb,  
To where, reclining on her impious couch  
All the fair length of her lascivious limbs,  
Languid in light from roseate tapers flung,  
Incensed with perfumes, tended on by fays,  
The lustful Queen, waiting damnation, holds  
Her bestial revels. The Queen of Beauty once,  
A goddess call'd and worshipp'd in the days  
When men their own infirmitics adored,  
Deeming divine who in themselves summ'd up  
The full-blown passions of humanity,  
Large fame and lavish service had she then,  
Venus yclep'd, of all the Olympian crew  
Least continent of Spirits and most fair.