

# **The Belfry of Bruges and Other Poems**

**by**

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## The Belfry of Bruges and Other Poems

### CARILLON

In the ancient town of Bruges,  
In the quaint old Flemish city,  
As the evening shades descended,  
Low and loud and sweetly blended,  
Low at times and loud at times,  
And changing like a poet's rhymes,  
Rang the beautiful wild chimes  
From the Belfry in the market  
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

Then, with deep sonorous clangor  
Calmly answering their sweet anger,  
When the wrangling bells had ended,  
Slowly struck the clock eleven,  
And, from out the silent heaven,  
Silence on the town descended.  
Silence, silence everywhere,  
On the earth and in the air,  
Save that footsteps here and there  
Of some burgher home returning,  
By the street lamps faintly burning,  
For a moment woke the echoes  
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

But amid my broken slumbers  
Still I heard those magic numbers,  
As they loud proclaimed the flight  
And stolen marches of the night;  
Till their chimes in sweet collision  
Mingled with each wandering vision,  
Mingled with the fortune-telling  
Gypsy-bands of dreams and fancies,  
Which amid the waste expanses  
Of the silent land of trances  
Have their solitary dwelling;  
All else seemed asleep in Bruges,  
In the quaint old Flemish city.

And I thought how like these chimes  
Are the poet's airy rhymes,  
All his rhymes and roundelays,  
His conceits, and songs, and ditties,  
From the belfry of his brain,  
Scattered downward, though in vain,  
On the roofs and stones of cities!  
For by night the drowsy ear  
Under its curtains cannot hear,  
And by day men go their ways,  
Hearing the music as they pass,  
But deeming it no more, alas!  
Than the hollow sound of brass.

Yet perchance a sleepless wight,  
Lodging at some humble inn  
In the narrow lanes of life,  
When the dusk and hush of night  
Shut out the incessant din  
Of daylight and its toil and strife,  
May listen with a calm delight  
To the poet's melodies,  
Till he hears, or dreams he hears,  
Intermingled with the song,  
Thoughts that he has cherished long;  
Hears amid the chime and singing  
The bells of his own village ringing,  
And wakes, and finds his slumberous eyes  
Wet with most delicious tears.

Thus dreamed I, as by night I lay  
In Bruges, at the Fleur-de-Ble,  
Listening with a wild delight  
To the chimes that, through the night  
Bang their changes from the Belfry  
Of that quaint old Flemish city.

#### THE BELFRY OF BRUGES

In the market-place of Bruges stands the belfry old and brown;  
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilt, still it watches o'er the town.

As the summer morn was breaking, on that lofty tower I stood,  
And the world threw off the darkness, like the weeds of widowhood.

Thick with towns and hamlets studded, and with streams and vapors gray,  
Like a shield embossed with silver, round and vast the landscape lay.

At my feet the city slumbered. From its chimneys, here and there,  
Wreaths of snow-white smoke, ascending, vanished, ghost-like, into air.

Not a sound rose from the city at that early morning hour,  
But I heard a heart of iron beating in the ancient tower.

From their nests beneath the rafters sang the swallows wild and high;  
And the world, beneath me sleeping, seemed more distant than the sky.

Then most musical and solemn, bringing back the olden times,  
With their strange, unearthly changes rang the melancholy chimes,

Like the psalms from some old cloister, when the nuns sing in the choir;  
And the great bell tolled among them, like the chanting of a friar.

Visions of the days departed, shadowy phantoms filled my brain;  
They who live in history only seemed to walk the earth again;

All the Foresters of Flanders,--mighty Baldwin Bras de Fer,  
Lyderick du Bucq and Cressy Philip, Guy de Dampierre.

I beheld the pageants splendid that adorned those days of old;  
Stately dames, like queens attended, knights who bore the Fleece of Gold

Lombard and Venetian merchants with deep-laden argosies;  
Ministers from twenty nations; more than royal pomp and ease.

I beheld proud Maximilian, kneeling humbly on the ground;  
I beheld the gentle Mary, hunting with her hawk and hound;

And her lighted bridal-chamber, where a duke slept with the queen,  
And the armed guard around them, and the sword unsheathed between.

I beheld the Flemish weavers, with Namur and Juliers bold,  
Marching homeward from the bloody battle of the Spurs of Gold;

Saw the light at Minnewater, saw the White Hoods moving west,  
Saw great Artevelde victorious scale the Golden Dragon's nest.

And again the whiskered Spaniard all the land with terror smote;  
And again the wild alarum sounded from the tocsin's throat;

Till the bell of Ghent responded o'er lagoon and dike of sand,  
"I am Roland! I am Roland! there is victory in the land!"

Then the sound of drums aroused me. The awakened city's roar  
Chased the phantoms I had summoned back into their graves once more.

Hours had passed away like minutes; and, before I was aware,  
Lo! the shadow of the belfry crossed the sun-illuminated square.

### A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE

This is the place. Stand still, my steed,  
Let me review the scene,  
And summon from the shadowy Past  
The forms that once have been.

The Past and Present here unite  
Beneath Time's flowing tide,  
Like footprints hidden by a brook,  
But seen on either side.

Here runs the highway to the town;  
There the green lane descends,  
Through which I walked to church with thee,  
O gentlest of my friends!

The shadow of the linden-trees  
Lay moving on the grass;  
Between them and the moving boughs,  
A shadow, thou didst pass.

Thy dress was like the lilies,  
And thy heart as pure as they:  
One of God's holy messengers  
Did walk with me that day.

I saw the branches of the trees  
Bend down thy touch to meet,  
The clover-blossoms in the grass  
Rise up to kiss thy feet,

"Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,  
Of earth and folly born!"  
Solemnly sang the village choir  
On that sweet Sabbath morn.

Through the closed blinds the golden sun  
Poured in a dusty beam,

Like the celestial ladder seen  
By Jacob in his dream.

And ever and anon, the wind,  
Sweet-scented with the hay,  
Turned o'er the hymn-book's fluttering leaves  
That on the window lay.

Long was the good man's sermon,  
Yet it seemed not so to me;  
For he spake of Ruth the beautiful,  
And still I thought of thee.

Long was the prayer he uttered,  
Yet it seemed not so to me;  
For in my heart I prayed with him,  
And still I thought of thee.

But now, alas! the place seems changed;  
Thou art no longer here:  
Part of the sunshine of the scene  
With thee did disappear.

Though thoughts, deep-rooted in my heart,  
Like pine-trees dark and high,  
Subdue the light of noon, and breathe  
A low and ceaseless sigh;

This memory brightens o'er the past,  
As when the sun, concealed  
Behind some cloud that near us hangs  
Shines on a distant field.

#### THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD

This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,  
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;  
But front their silent pipes no anthem pealing  
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,  
When the death-angel touches those swift keys  
What loud lament and dismal Miserere  
Will mingle with their awful symphonies

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,  
The cries of agony, the endless groan,  
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,  
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,  
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,  
And loud, amid the universal clamor,  
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace  
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,  
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis  
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village;  
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;  
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage;  
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,  
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;  
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,  
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,  
With such accursed instruments as these,  
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,  
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power, that fills the world with terror,  
Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps and courts,  
Given to redeem the human mind from error,  
There were no need of arsenals or forts:

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!  
And every nation, that should lift again  
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead  
Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,  
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;  
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,  
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals  
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!

But beautiful as songs of the immortals,  
The holy melodies of love arise.

## NUREMBERG

In the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow-lands  
Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg, the ancient, stands.

Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song,  
Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rooks that round them throng:

Memories of the Middle Ages, when the emperors, rough and bold,  
Had their dwelling in thy castle, time-defying, centuries old;

And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted, in their uncouth rhyme,  
That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every clime.

In the court-yard of the castle, bound with many an iron hand,  
Stands the mighty linden planted by Queen Cunigunde's hand;

On the square the oriel window, where in old heroic days  
Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.

Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world of Art:  
Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in the common mart;

And above cathedral doorways saints and bishops carved in stone,  
By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.

In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust,  
And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard from age to age their trust;

In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture rare,  
Like the foamy sheaf of fountains, rising through the painted air.

Here, when Art was still religion, with a simple, reverent heart,  
Lived and labored Albrecht Durer, the Evangelist of Art;

Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand,  
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better Land.

Emigravit is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies;  
Dead he is not, but departed,--for the artist never dies.

Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more fair,  
That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has breathed its air!



Through these streets so broad and stately, these obscure and dismal lanes,  
Walked of yore the Mastersingers, chanting rude poetic strains.

From remote and sunless suburbs came they to the friendly guild,  
Building nests in Fame's great temple, as in spouts the swallows build.

As the weaver plied the shuttle, wove he too the mystic rhyme,  
And the smith his iron measures hammered to the anvil's chime;

Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom makes the flowers of poesy bloom  
In the forge's dust and cinders, in the tissues of the loom.

Here Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, laureate of the gentle craft,  
Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters, in huge folios sang and laughed.

But his house is now an ale-house, with a nicely sanded floor,  
And a garland in the window, and his face above the door;

Painted by some humble artist, as in Adam Puschman's song,  
As the old man gray and dove-like, with his great beard white and long.

And at night the swart mechanic comes to drown his cark and care,  
Quaffing ale from pewter tankard; in the master's antique chair.

Vanished is the ancient splendor, and before my dreamy eye  
Wave these mingled shapes and figures, like a faded tapestry.

Not thy Councils, not thy Kaisers, win for thee the world's regard;  
But thy painter, Albrecht Durer, and Hans Sachs thy cobbler-bard.

Thus, O Nuremberg, a wanderer from a region far away,  
As he paced thy streets and court-yards, sang in thought his careless lay:

Gathering from the pavement's crevice, as a floweret of the soil,  
The nobility of labor,--the long pedigree of toil.

#### THE NORMAN BARON

Dans les moments de la vie ou la reflexion devient plus calme  
et plus profonde, ou l'interet et l'avarice parlent moins haut  
que la raison, dans les instants de chagrin domestique, de  
maladie, et de peril de mort, les nobles se repentirent de  
posseder des serfs, comme d'une chose peu agreable a Dieu, qui  
avait cree tous les hommes a son image.--THIERRY, Conquete de  
l'Angleterre.

In his chamber, weak and dying,  
Was the Norman baron lying;

Loud, without, the tempest thundered  
And the castle-turret shook,

In this fight was Death the gainer,  
Spite of vassal and retainer,  
And the lands his sires had plundered,  
Written in the Doomsday Book.

By his bed a monk was seated,  
Who in humble voice repeated  
Many a prayer and pater-noster,  
From the missal on his knee;

And, amid the tempest pealing,  
Sounds of bells came faintly stealing,  
Bells, that from the neighboring kloster  
Rang for the Nativity.

In the hall, the serf and vassal  
Held, that night their Christmas wassail;  
Many a carol, old and saintly,  
Sang the minstrels and the waits;

And so loud these Saxon gleemen  
Sang to slaves the songs of freemen,  
That the storm was heard but faintly,  
Knocking at the castle-gates.

Till at length the lays they chanted  
Reached the chamber terror-haunted,  
Where the monk, with accents holy,  
Whispered at the baron's ear.

Tears upon his eyelids glistened,  
As he paused awhile and listened,  
And the dying baron slowly  
Turned his weary head to hear.

"Wassail for the kingly stranger  
Born and cradled in a manger!  
King, like David, priest, like Aaron,  
Christ is born to set us free!"

And the lightning showed the sainted  
Figures on the casement painted,  
And exclaimed the shuddering baron,  
"Miserere, Domine!"

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