Bad Wagner Poetry

A SPURIOUS ANTHOLOGY
EDITED BY ALEX ROSS

IN CONJUNCTION WITH
THE BOOK "WAGNERISM"

Éditions Maulina
MMXX

For the Meisterin

WAGNER DEAD.

THE music of the Future hath become
The music of the Present. Wagner's war
Is over, and his daring hand is numb.
He hath ascended in the Magic Car.
Walhalla takes her latest hero home,
And mortals haste to crown his bust with bays.
Melodious Nature doth the loss bewail
Of him who knew her language, and whose art
Revealed the passionate music of her heart.
Grieved Ocean, roaring on some rocky bar,
Begins a requiem, and the impulsive gale
Its rocky harp of sky-rent mountains plays:
To harmonize the universal dole,
The weeping clouds their solemn thunders roll.

William Henry Venable

THE WORLD'S FAREWELL TO RICHARD WAGNER.

FAREWELL, Great Spirit! Thou by whom alone,
Of all the Wonder-doers sent to be
My signs and sureties Time-ward, unto me
My inmost self has ceased to be unknown!
Others have been as glasses where was shown
The fashion of my face, or where to scan
The secrets of my utmost offspring—Man—
And learn to what his worth or shame had grown.
The worship of their names has filled the sky,
Their thunder has been heard, their lightning seen,
Yet after-suns have rolled themselves on high
And still have found me with unaltered mien;
Thou only hast so dealt with me, that I
Can be no more as if thou hadst not been.

ALFRED FORMAN.

Bayreuth, 1891.

GO FORTH, oh friend! go forth across the sea
To hear the music of the master hand,—
The music that shall sound in every land
The mightiest pæan of the century.
And when by Wagner's grave you chance to be,
Put there for me, and for the wondering band
Of loitering pilgrims who entrancèd stand,
A lusty branch of some wild flowering tree.
No simple garden flower to him be brought
Who walked with Gods in wonder and in light,
And matched with majesty of human thought
A music wrought of mortal love and might,—
Who of the singing spheres an echo caught
To teach the lesson of eternal right.

A. E. P.

RICHARD WAGNER.

OLD deeds, old creeds, for centuries dead, rise out
The grave and swarm beside the storied Rhine:
The thunders of the heaven are girt about
With silver zones of melody divine.

Richard Burton.

IN MEMORIAM, RICHARD WAGNER.

DIED 13TH FEB. 1883.

Master, would thou wert living now
To find the world doth understand;
That on thy large and lofty brow
The bays, sent forth from ev'ry land,
Might lovingly be placed. For thou,
Like knight of old, on glorious quest
Did'st dauntless fare. Now calmly rest.

HENRY KNIGHT.

PARSIFAL.

A century's mocking malisons make cold
  The night where restless wraiths are moving by
  Dancing their death dance 'neath a starless sky;
Where Greed and Lust in whirling maze enfold
Their golden idols; Pleasure beckons bold
  And laughs a loud laugh ending in a sigh,
  While Art, oppressed and torn, has ceased to cry,
Half buried 'neath the burden of their gold.

But hark! a song is speeding through the night,
Of holy balm that heals a wasting wound.
  A heavenly cadenced chord reverberates
And Man redeemed and pure stands visioned bright.
Oh Mastersong! Art hears, that bleeding swooned,
  And Eastward turns her wistful eyes—and waits.

AGNES LEE.

TO RICHARD WAGNER.

O MASTER of the ring of love, O lord
  Of all desires, and king of all the stars,
  O strong magician, who with locks and bars
Dost seal that kingdom silent and abhorred
That stretches out and binds with iron cord
  The hopes and lives of men, and makes
    and mars!
  O thou thrice noble for the deadly scars
That answered vainly thy victorious sword!

Wagner! creator of a world of light
  As beautiful as God's, bend down to me,
    And whisper me the secrets of thy
      heart,
That I may follow and dispel the night,
  And fight life through, a comrade unto
    thee,
    Under Love's banner with the sword of
      Art!

Aleister Crowley

RICHARD WAGNER.

Hail to the courage which gave
Voice to its creed, e'er the creed
Won consecration from time.

—*Arnold.*

O thou whose dauntless spirit ne'er knew fear,
And joined beneath the magic of thy hand
Taree Muses in one strong undying band,
To stand alone without a single peer.
Lo! Europe casts her laurels on thy bier;
And through the breadth of that harmonious land
Which, by thy massive genius, long was spann'd,
Each cheek is wet with the regretful tear.
Wagner! though stilled the hand which once could bring
Æschylean music from the throbbing lyre—
Though we shall see no more thy spirit wing
To those proud heights to which it did aspire—
Yet will thy name through coming ages ring,
And be to every heart a beacon-fire.

F. W. HUME.

16th February, 1883.

IN MEMORIAM.

RICHARD WAGNER.

Born at Leipzig, May 22, 1813. Died at Venice, February 13 1883.

O master Mind just passed away! A wealth
Of noble thought and melody divine
Is all that our bereaved hearts can claim—
And all was thine:

And all was thine—the genius to conceive,
The power to execute, the unconquered will
That felt, in spite of taunt and scoff, it *must*
Its aim fulfil.

A beautiful heritage thou leavest us,
That makes the memory rich with its glad store,
And makes the thoughts fly back to wondrous scenes,
And con them o'er.

We hear again the Singer's noble strains
That won his Love in mediæval time,
Or see the contrite pilgrim expiate
In death his crime.

We see the patriot fall his land to save;
Or follow on his wanderings lone and drear
The mystic seaman; or the impassioned love
Of Tristan hear.

Yet dearer strains the memory awakes,
And holier visions cross the fancy's flight,
Where Lohengrin comes forth for outraged Truth
And Love to fight.

Aye, Love! Therein the true key-note is struck
Of every character our thoughts recall;
Love all absorbing—Love that all endures—
Love conquering all!

We look again—the rosy light of morn
Illumines Brunnhilde's hair and upturned brow;
We share with her the fervor and the truth
Of Siegfried's vow.

Or, leaving far the legends of the gods,
Turn we to that most fair and thrice-told tale,
Which thou in fresh guise hast made all thine own—
The Holy Grail:

Thy latest work—a worthy sequel this
To all the fair creations of thy mind;
The worthiest too, methinks, of all the works
Thou leav'st behind.

Nor yet, with three score years and ten, the span
Of time allotted by the sage of yore,
Was thy great life's work ended, for thou still
Hadst given us more—

Hadst left a further legacy to fame,
And wreathed another laurel o'er thy brow,
Had He, who gave the immortal gift of Song,
Not called thee now.

CONSTANCE BACHE.