

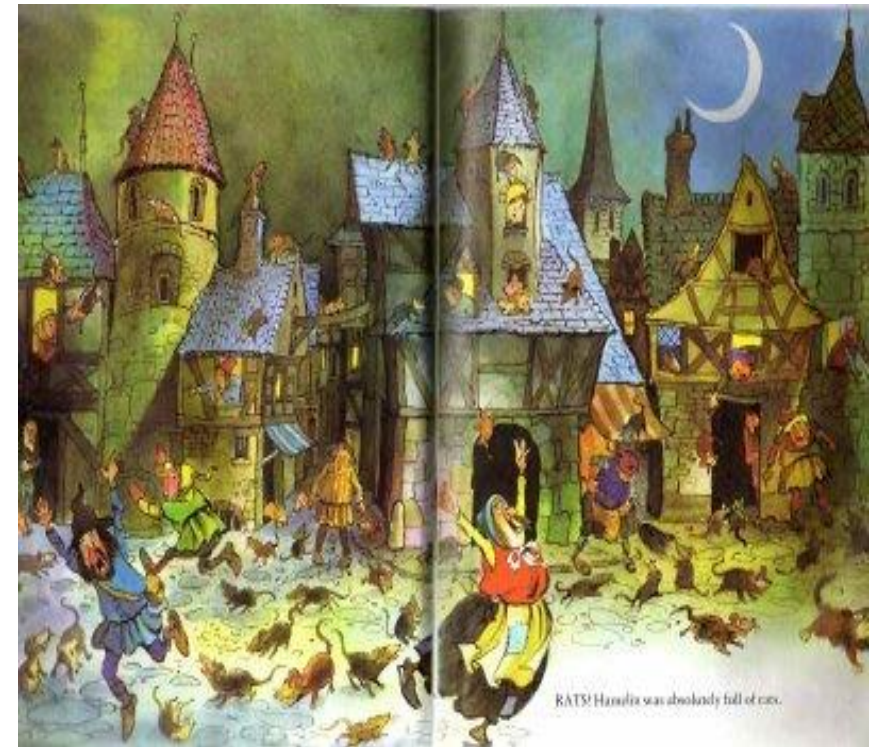
# *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*



*By Robert Browning  
(1812-1889)*

## Verse I

Hamelin Town's in Brunswick,  
By famous **Hanover** city;  
The river Weser, deep and wide,  
Washes its wall on the southern side;  
A pleasanter spot you never spied;  
But, when begins my **ditty**,  
Almost five hundred years ago,  
To see the townsfolk suffer so  
From **vermin**, was a pity.



## Verse II

Rats!

They fought the dogs and killed the cats,  
And bit the babies in the cradles,  
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,  
And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles,  
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,  
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,  
And even spoiled the women's chats,  
By drowning their speaking  
With shrieking and squeaking  
In fifty different sharps and flats.



### Verse III

At last the people in a body  
To the Town Hall came flocking:  
"Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a nobby;  
And as for our Corporation -- shocking  
To think we buy gowns lined with **ermine**  
For **dolts** that can't or won't determine  
What's best to rid us of our **vermin!**



You hope, because you're old and obese,  
To find in the furry civic robe ease?  
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking  
To find the **remedy** we're lacking,  
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"  
At this the Mayor and Corporation  
Quaked with a mighty **consternation.**

## Verse IV

An hour they sat in council,  
At length the Mayor broke silence:  
"For a **guilder** I'd my **ermine** gown sell;  
I wish I were a mile hence!  
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain --  
I'm sure my poor head aches again,  
I've scratched it so, and all in vain  
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"  
Just as he said this, what should hap  
At the chamber door but a gentle tap?  
"Bless us," cried the **Mayor**, "what's that?"  
(With the Corporation as he sat,  
Looking little though wondrous fat;  
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister

Than a too-long-opened oyster,  
Save when at noon his **paunch** grew **mutinous**  
For a plate of turtle green and **glutinous**)  
"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?  
Anything like the sound of a rat  
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"



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## Verse V

"Come in!" -- the Mayor cried, looking bigger  
And in did come the strangest figure!  
His queer long coat from heel to head  
Was half of yellow and half of red,  
And he himself was tall and thin,  
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,  
And light loose hair, yet **swarthy** skin  
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,  
But lips where smile went out and in;  
There was no guessing his kith and kin:  
And nobody could enough admire  
The tall man and his **quaint attire**.

**Quoth** one: "It's as my great-grandsire,

Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,  
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone!"



## Verse VI

He advanced to the council-table:

And, "Please your honours," said he, "I'm able,

By means of a secret charm, to draw

All creatures living beneath the sun,

That creep or swim or fly or run,

After me so as you never saw!

And I chiefly use my charm

On creatures that do people harm,

The mole and toad and newt and **viper**;

And people call me the Pied Piper."

(And here they noticed round his neck

A scarf of red and yellow stripe,

To match with his coat of the selfsame cheque;

And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;

And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying

As if impatient to be playing

Upon this pipe, as low it dangled

Over **his vesture** so **old-fangled**.)

"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,

In Tartary I freed the Cham,

Last June, from his huge swarms of **gnats**;

I eased in Asia the Nizam

Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats;

And, as for what your brain **bewilders**,

If I can rid your town of rats

Will you give me a thousand **guilders**?"

"One? fifty thousand!"—was the **exclamation**

Of the astonished **Mayor** and **Corporation**.

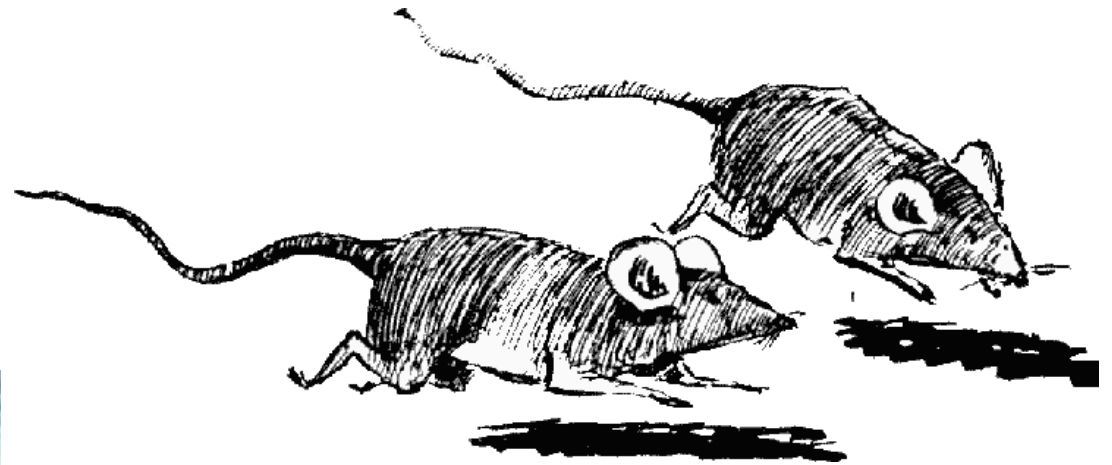
## Verse VII

Into the street the Piper stepped,  
Smiling first a little smile,  
As if he knew what magic slept  
In his quiet pipe the while;  
Then, like a musical adept,  
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,  
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled  
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled;  
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,  
You heard as if an army muttered;  
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;  
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;  
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.  
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, **brawny** rats,  
Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, **tawny** rats, Grave old

**plodders**, gay young friskers,  
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,  
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,  
Families by tens and dozens,  
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—  
Followed the Piper for their lives.



From street to street he piped advancing,  
And step for step they followed dancing,  
Until they came to the river Weser,  
Wherein all plunged and perished!  
- Save one who, stout a Julius Caesar,  
Swam across and lived to carry  
(As he, the manuscript he cherished)  
To Rat-land home his **commentary**:



Which was, "At the first shrill notes of the pipe  
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,  
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,  
Into a cider-press's grip



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And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,  
And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,  
And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks,  
And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks;  
And it seemed as if a voice  
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery  
Is breathed) called out 'Oh, rats, rejoice!  
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!  
So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,  
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!  
And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,  
All ready staved, like a great sun shone  
Glorious scarce and inch before me,  
Just as methought it said 'Come, bore me!'  
- I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

## Verse VIII

You should have heard the Hamelin people  
ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.  
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles,  
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!  
Consult with carpenters and builders,  
And leave in our town not even a trace  
Of the rats!" ---when suddenly, up the face  
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,  
With a, "First, if you please, my thousand **guilders!**"



## Verse IX

A thousand **guilders!** The **Mayor** looked blue;  
So did the **Corporation** too.  
For **council** dinners made rare havoc  
With **Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;**  
And half the money would replenish  
Their cellar's biggest **butt** with **Rhenish**.  
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow  
With a gipsy coat of red and yellow!  
"Beside," **quoth** the **Mayor** with a knowing wink,  
"Our business was done at the river's brink;  
We saw with our eyes the **vermin** sink,  
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.  
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink  
From the duty of giving you something for drink,  
And a matter of money to put in your **poke;**

But as for the **guilders**, what we spoke  
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.  
Beside, our losses have made us **thrifty**.  
A thousand **guilders!** Come, take fifty!'



Verse X

The Piper's face fell, and he cried  
"No **trifling**! I can't wait, beside!  
I've promised to visit by dinnertime  
**Baghdad**, and accept the prime  
Of the Head-Cook's **pottage**, all he's rich in,  
For having left, in the **Caliph**'s kitchen,  
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor:  
With him I proved no bargain-driver,  
With you, don't think I'll **bate** a **stiver**!  
And folks who put me in a passion  
May find me pipe after another fashion."





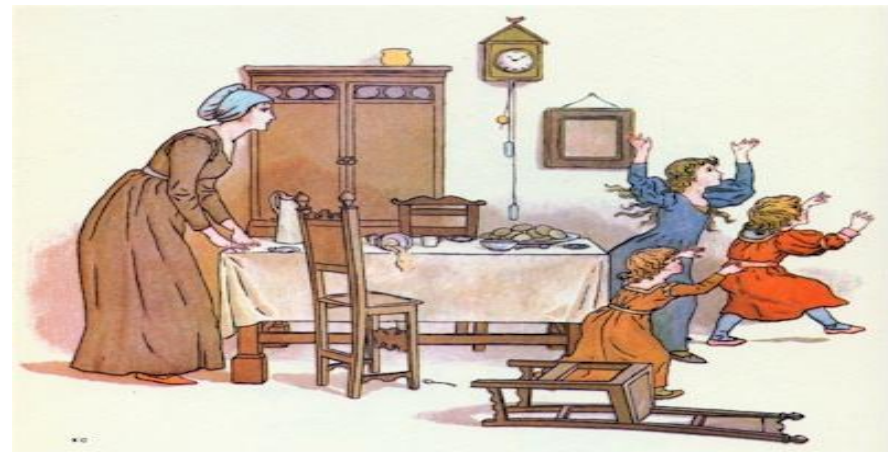
Verse XI.

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I **brook**  
Being worse treated than a Cook?  
Insulted by a lazy **ribald**  
With idle pipe and **vesture piebald**?  
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,  
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

## Verse XII

Once more he stept into the street  
And to his lips again  
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;  
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet  
Soft notes as yet musician's **cunning**  
Never gave the **enraptured** air)  
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling  
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling,  
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,  
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,  
And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is scattering,

Out came the children running.  
All the little boys and girls,  
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,  
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,  
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after  
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.



### Verse XIII

The **Mayor** was dumb, and the **Council** stood  
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,  
Unable to move a step, or cry  
To the children merrily skipping by,  
---Could only follow with the eye  
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.  
But how the **Mayor** was on the rack,  
And the **wretched Council**'s bosoms beat,  
As the Piper turned from the High Street  
To where the Weser rolled its waters  
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!  
However he turned from South to West,  
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,  
And after him the children pressed;  
Great was the joy in every breast.



"He never can cross that mighty top!  
He's forced to let the piping drop,  
And we shall see our children stop!"  
When, lo, as they reached the mountain-side,  
A wondrous **portal** opened wide,  
As if a **cavern** was suddenly hollowed;  
And the Piper advanced and the children followed  
And when all were in to the very last,  
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.

Did I say, all? No! One was lame,  
And could not dance the whole of the way;  
And in after years, if you would blame  
His sadness, he was used to say, ---  
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left!  
I can't forget that I'm **bereft**  
Of all the pleasant sights they see,  
Which the Piper also promised me.  
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,  
Joining the town and just at hand,  
Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew  
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,  
And everything was strange and new;  
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,  
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,  
And honey-bees had lost their stings,



And horses were born with eagles' wings:  
And just as I became assured  
My lame foot would be speedily cured,  
The music stopped and I stood still,  
And found myself outside the hill,  
Left alone against my will,  
To go now limping as before,  
And never hear of that country more!"



Opes to the rich at as easy rate  
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!  
The mayor sent East, West, North and South,  
To offer the Piper, by word of mouth,  
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,  
Silver and gold to his heart's content,  
If he'd only return the way he went,  
And bring the children behind him.  
But when they saw 'twas a lost **endeavour**,

#### Verse XIV

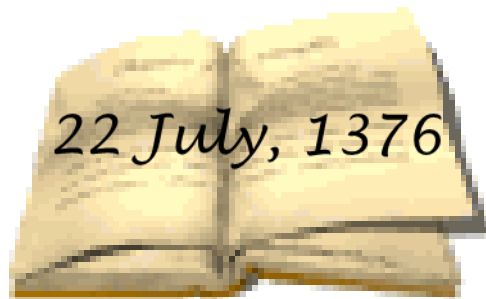
Alas, alas for Hamelin!

There came into many a **burgher**'s pate

A text which says that heaven's gate



And Piper and dancers were gone for ever,  
They made a **decree** that lawyers never  
Should think their records dated duly  
If, after the day of the month and year,  
These words did not as well appear,  
` And so long after what happened here  
` On the Twenty-second of July,  
` Thirteen hundred and seventy-six:'



And the better in memory to fix  
The place of the children's last retreat,  
They called it, the Pied Piper's Street---  
Where any one playing on pipe or **tabor**  
Was sure for the future to lose his labour.



Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern  
To shock with mirth a street so solemn;  
But opposite the place of the **cavern**  
They wrote the story on a column,  
And on the great church-window painted  
The same, to make the world **acquainted**  
How their children were stolen away,  
And there it stands to this very day.  
And I must not omit to say  
That in **Transylvania** there's a tribe  
Of alien people who **ascribe**  
The **outlandish** ways and dress  
On which their neighbours lay such stress,  
To their fathers and mothers having risen  
Out of some **subterraneous** prison

Into which they were **trepanned**  
Long time ago in a mighty band  
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,  
But how or why, they don't understand.

#### Verse XV

So, Willy, let me and you be wipers  
Of scores out with all men---especially pipers!  
And, whether they pipe us free from rats or from mice,  
If we've promised them **ought**, let us keep our promise!

