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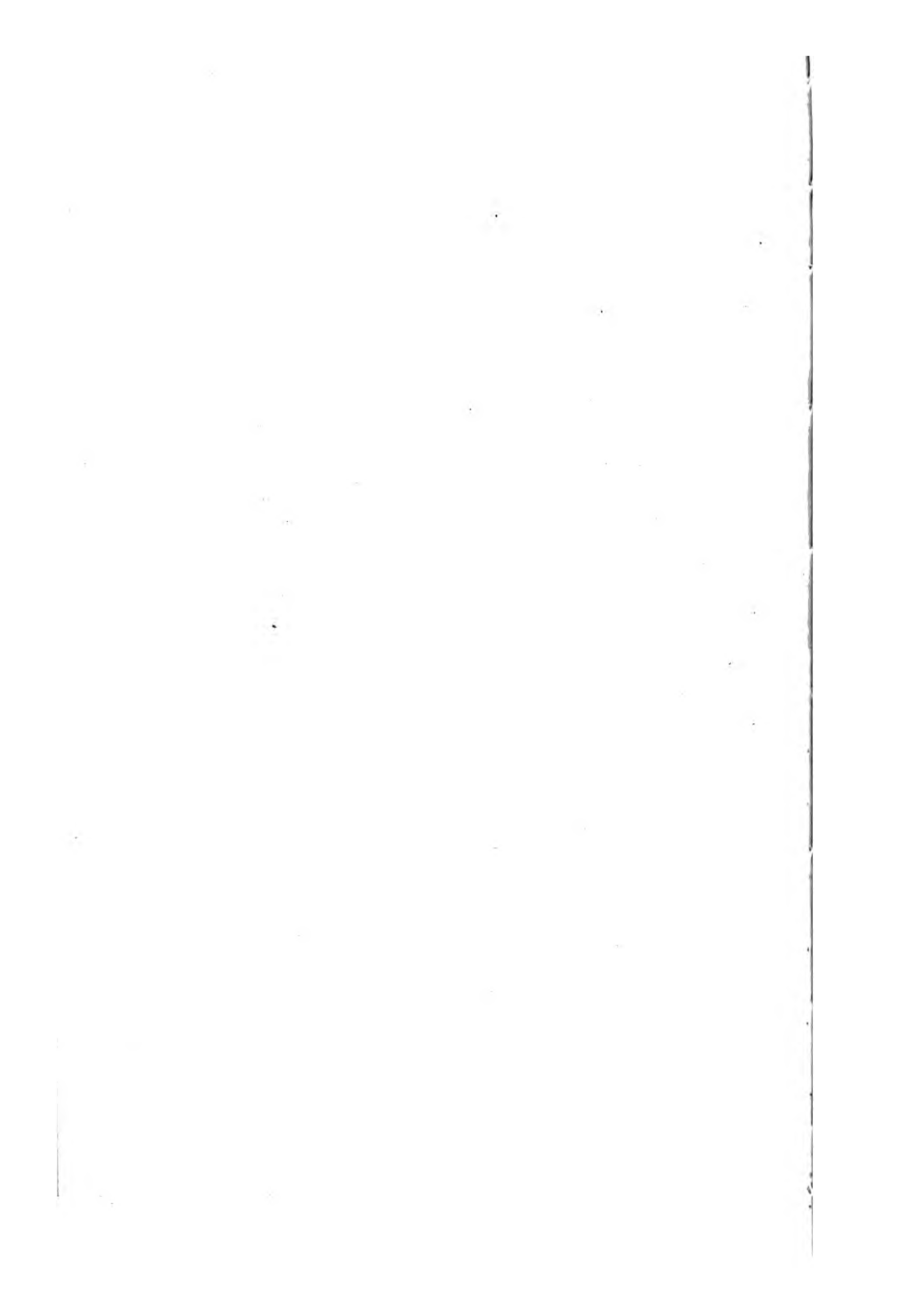






THEODORE KÖRNER'S

Lyre and Sword.



THEODORE KÖRNER'S

Wort und Schwert.



Litars sc.

Edinburgh:

CHARLES SMITH, PRINCE'S STREET;

AND

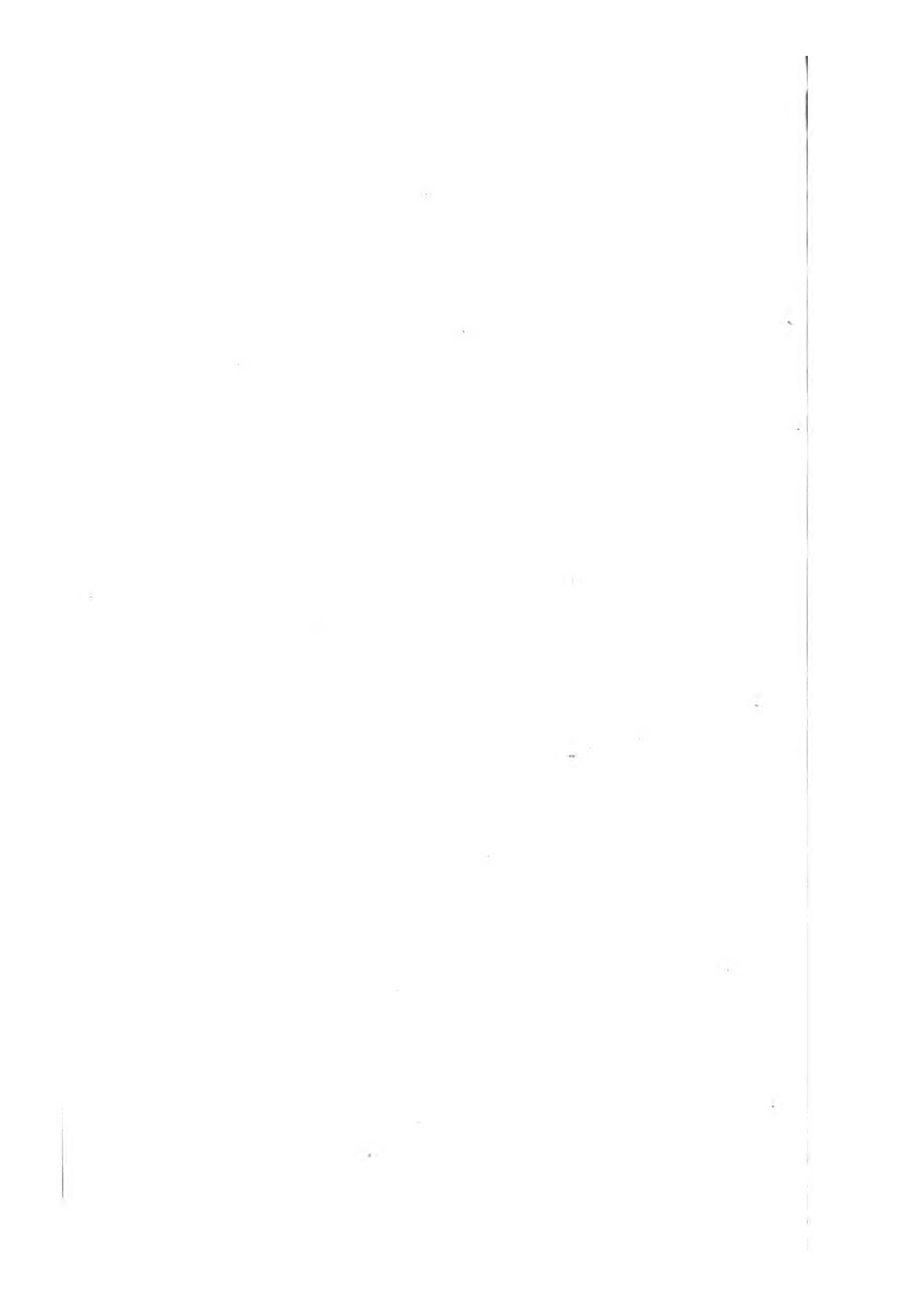
WHITEFETER & CO. AND C. & H. SENIOR LONDON



PREFACE BY THE TRANSLATOR.

THE Translator of KÖRNER'S "LYRE and SWORD" makes no apology, beyond that contained in the general preface to the original, for thus offering to his Countrymen's perusal even a moderate version of the young Soldier's Songs and Sonnets. If these be "fugitive pieces," he is persuaded there is that in them which ought not to be suffered to escape us.

ST. ANDREWS,
Nov. 1841.



PREFACE.

IN editing the Remains of the Poet, the Press is convinced that it cannot fail of rendering a service to the Public by giving at the same time an authenticated narrative of his death ; the circumstances of which, known probably to few, will doubtless prove interesting to every one.

For the following report we are indebted to an eyewitness, the Count DOHNA, a friend and brother-in-arms of the beloved deceased ; and we give it as we received it from him, being assured that all who knew him must desire to learn where and how he died, and where he sleeps.

THEODOR KÖRNER fell on the morning of the 26th of August 1813, about the hour of eight, in a field near the road from Schwerin to Gadebusch, close to a wood which is distant half a league from Rosenberg. A musket-ball, which had passed through the neck of his horse, but without killing it, had pierced his stomach ; the liver and the spine were injured ; and the shattering of his nerves caused by this deprived him at once of

speech; probably also precluded suffering. After a few minutes he ceased to breathe. His friends who hurried to his assistance raised him with the greatest care, and committed him to a skilful surgeon: this latter immediately bound up the wounds; but the life was flown already, and could not be recalled.

An hour before the commencement of the battle, KÖRNER had, after a night-march, completed the "Sword-Song," which will be found at page 83; and had read it over to his friends in the above-mentioned wood.

Shortly after this, a detachment of the enemy's wag-gons approached, escorted by a strong body of infantry. With ardent, and all too headlong courage, he rushed upon the foes. They fled, and threw themselves into the cover of the wood. Out of at least sixty shots fired, only three took effect. KÖRNER fell the first; after him Count HARDENBERG, a volunteer in the Russian service; and a Lutzow rifleman.

The body of KÖRNER was borne, with that of the young Count HARDENBERG, to Lubelow: there laid in a coffin, and crowned by his friends with oak-leaf. Then, with military honours—the procession attended by all the officers of his Corps, and by all his companions in arms who had more intimately known and loved him—was buried under an old Oak.

The rind of this tree is carved with his name.

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DEDICATION.

All ye who yet cherish a kindly regard
For the rash, wayward minstrel—nor deem it mis-spent—
Ye, whose image, fresh-breathed on the soul of the Bard,
Brings the whisper of peace, the still balm of content—
Ye will value the Lay!—Oh, it bids ye be glad!—
This heart's reckless passion hath oft made ye sad,
Oft hath checquer'd with storms the bright sunshine of youth,—
Yet your love was unwearied, unshaken your truth.

Bide ye kind to the last!—Lo! to check yon marauders,
In Liberty's portals our tall banners wave—
Dear Mother-tongue rallies, and startles her warders,
“Up! Minstrels, your time-honoured language to save!”
Our hearts need no prompting, each bosom is steel'd,
Hark! the roar of the battle!—it bids us to field—
Mute stands the lov'd Harp—naked sabres flash o'er us,
Forth, my Sword, from thy scabbard, and join in their chorus!

Loud rages the fight!—gallant Comrades, farewell!
This fluttering page wafts a greeting to you;
Of your friend and companion, oft, oft may it tell,
And sketch his lost lineaments fair to your view!
Should ye miss him one day when our legions march home,
Weep not o'er him!— a long-look'd-for summons has come —
And the vow which his Lyre in fond utterance pour'd,
Is ransom'd and paid by the deed of his Sword.

ON THE DEATH OF HOFER.

HONEST thy love to thy old Princes' line,
Honest thy hope t' achieve the bygone bliss;
And boldly trod'st thou hero's path for this,
That Freedom's self might deathless treaties twine.
And honest rose that Alpine Host of thine,
Trusting their Fathers' fortune might be theirs.
Ah! who to question God's decision dares?—
A noble Trust it was—a choice divine!
A Despot's slaves seized on thee for their own,
Yet, victor-like, thy gaze was fixed on high—
For Freedom's path pierces Death's agony!
Calmly thou saw'st them cock each levell'd gun:
Sharp rang the shot—thy heart high-heaving broke—
Thy free soul burst away, and left an empty yoke!

THE OAKS.

'Tis Evening hour—Day's busy hum is flown—
The Sun fast-sinking shoots a redder beam—
And here beneath your boughs I sit alone,
While my full heart kindles with bursting theme.
Old, faithful chroniclers of other days!
Life yet blooms freshly on these budding sprays,
And mighty visions of the bygone time
Are rustling in your branches' verdant prime.

Many a noble thing is lowly laid,
Many a lovely one untimely fell—
E'en now, through clust'ring wreaths of latic'd shade,
Yon red horizon gleams a fond farewell—
Yet, 'mid such fated changes, firm and blithe,
Around you all in vain Time sweeps his scythe—
Your whisp'ring leaves respond with gentle breath,
“All that is great must stand the test of death!”

And ye have stood! Mantled in Nature's green,
Buoyant and stout, with storm-defying crest,
No wayworn Pilgrim journeys past, I ween,
But finds within this copse a pilgrim's rest.
What tho' your bough in Autumn's breeze be peeled,
The dead leaves falling, dress the barren field,
And parted thus from parent branches, bring
Fresh sap and verdure for the coming Spring.

Image of German truth in days of old!
A better age beheld your early date,
When erst each patriotic Burgess bold
Gave his heart's blood to found and build the State.
Ah! what avails to wake such strain of woe?
All, all are doom'd the hopeless pang to know:
E'en thou, my people, nature's goodliest pride,
Thou, thou art fallen—though thine Oaks abide!

ON SEEING
RAUCH'S BUST OF QUEEN LOUISA.

'Thou sleep'st so calm!—Life's beauteous visions rise,
And ling'ring flush again the moveless brow—
'Tis a sweet slumber brooding o'er thee now,
And holy peace locks up those beaming eyes.
So slumber on!—till Heav'n in ruth allow,
While beacons flash from hill to forest-glade,
Brothers-in-arms t' unsheath the rusted blade,
And seal with life's-blood early Patriots' vow.
Deep, deep, thro' Night, thro' Ruin's roaring din,
The Lord leads on—So must we safety win
In battle-fields, and freedom for our kin.
Then dawns the avenger's day, our yoke to break!—
Then shout thy Race! then, Prussia's Daughter, wake!
A guardian angel for the good Cause' sake!

ON THE BATTLE-FIELD OF ASPERN.

Battle-field! where Death's dour angel wrought,
Where the girded German rallying fought,—
Hallow'd soil! the pæan wakes for thee!
Thou beheldest Gallia's eagles quail,
The Monster's adamantine armour fail,
And half a world redeemed to liberty.—

Shades of the fallen! valiant Dead!
Your parting looks were stout,
The echo of your latest tread
Was vict'ry's thunder-shout.
Now blooming visions meet ye,
Of Spring's unwearied birth!
Do ye mark the shouts that greet ye?
Do ye heed our laggard earth?

Why trod I not with you the bloody ground,
Where conq'ring Brothers new-born freedom found—

When youth and strength made up the bold array?—
Thrice-happy souls! ye bore war's brunt,—and now
Evergreen laurels twine to deck your brow,
Cull'd upon Fatherland's triumphal day.—

O! darkly all, and mournfully,
The whelming tide of doom
Rolls in upon our Germany
As shadows on the tomb;
One day of glorious duty,
A distant, glimmering star,
Throws the lamplight of its beauty
On our dreary night afar.

Sun-lit spark 'mid ages' misty ring!
Still to thy halo ray our fond hearts cling,
Like a rich legacy from days of fame:
Wide as the bounds that girdle Fatherland,
From shores of Baltic to the Danube's strand,
Each kindred bosom rouses at thy name.

To the tale of "Aspern's" battle
Our choicest bowl we sip!

BATTLE-FIELD OF ASPERN.

7

Our babes are taught to prattle
With "Charles" upon their lip!
Still our Country's martial story
Decks her banner in the van,—
She can show a field of glory—
She can quote a valiant Man!

Long as one German stream hoarse-murmuring glides,
Long as one German lay responsive chides,
Names like these their high repute sustain :
Pitiless Time rends earth-born ties apart,—
Charles and Aspern live within our heart!
"Charles" and "Aspern" swell the choral strain!

Our sainted Heroes' mould'ring bones
May strew the field they trod—
The music of their patriot groans
Sink on their native sod—
But the blaze of their example,
Like star-lit fires on high,
Shall light their Country's temple
With lamps that never die!

Poor is their record in the following age—
But judgment waits for Hist'ry's deathless page.
What boots part-payment of our mighty debt?—
True, their act heroic lives in song—
Martyrs claim more, or glory suffers wrong,—
Needs a monument more lasting yet.

On foughten field our Fathers' oak
Rear'd high his giant form,
The rustling boughs of vict'ry spoke
In every mountain-storm;
And where yon frontiers jealous
On the dim horizon peer,
Huge earthen pillars tell us
“ A Roman fight was here!”

In dark Thermopylæ's blood-bolter'd jaws,
Where the Greek squadron fell in Freedom's cause,
Comrades carv'd this legend in the rock :—
“ Wanderer!—to our childless parents tell,
Amid these crags, shielding their country well,
Sparta's bravest met the battle's shock !”

A thousand years twice told have brought
Oblivion's killing rust;
Those plaintive lines, in marble wrought,
Have crumbled into dust;
Yet centuries are peeling
The stave in accents bold,
To every age revealing
"A tale of the times of old."

Dark eras those of troublous tumult wild;
Yet on one theme Time's brow relaxed and smil'd,
Of grateful Sparta and her sons divine:
Happy the Grecian land that gave them birth,
But happier when, loud-heralding their worth,
She paid her dearest thanks to deck their shrine.

Beyond the grave hath God decreed
A bright, unfading crown;
And here below some human meed
Should honour true renown;—
Lo! Earth's glad bosom heaving,
Yields offerings rich and rare,

And the olive-branch is weaving
In a twisted chaplet fair.

Fill Hist'ry's page — let future ages trace
In German Burgesses a grateful race —
Tell how we priz'd yon self-devoted band —
How the lov'd Dead strength to the Living gave,
And, where the Free had bled, none crouch'd a slave!—
Be this thy record, German Fatherland!

Then bid thy Minstrels' pow'r
In the storm of song be known,
While we raise the votive tow'r,
And stone is laid on stone :
And bid the massive column
Its crested summit rear,
A tribute deep and solemn
To our fallen Brethren dear.

But never deem one Patriot's mem'ry crown'd,
Because the hillock where those bones were found,
Supports a gilded mausoleum's pride.

Senseless and vain! — can sculptur'd trophies rude,
Cancel a Nation's debt of gratitude? —
Thy domes exalt thyself, and none beside.

Immortal amaranths alone
Deck the immortal sod,
The wreaths which lavish earth has thrown,
Fade at oblivion's nod ;
That which blooms to wither,
That which droops apace,
Bring not such off ring hither
To flout this hallow'd place.

Would'st thou, my Country, honour's ensigns wear,
Nor see the downfall of that structure fair
Which toiling ages rear'd to soothe thy pride? —
Approve thy claim to thy Sons' life and breath,
Recall thy German customs, ancient faith,
Show thee the Patriot's nurse, the Hero's bride.

Oh ! palsied in thy early prime !
Break from these fetters chill —
Come forth as in the bygone time,
Frank and free-hearted still.

On the plains where that iron show'r
Beat Gallia's eagles down,
Build thee an earth-fast tow'r,
A temple of renown.

Look we to strangers, to the nations round,—
Ever a gallant deed is duly crown'd ;
Through twilight fane the storied marbles breathe ;
Each feat of science, tho' of darkling race,
In honour's broad Pantheon finds a place,
And the bold wrestler wears his laurel wreath.

But no trophied stone decreed
By denizens of earth,
Can pay with fitting meed
That deed of matchless worth,—
When, to rescue Freedom's charter,
At their fainting country's call,
Each patriot and martyr
Gave life and lands and all !

Brave Nation ! war's alarm rings in thine ear ;
Up ! Austria, and deck thy dead Sons' bier :

All ye who boast the loyal German line,
Bring the heart's offering — bring a Nation's tithe,
And o'er our Heroes' ashes, proud and blithe,
Carve spotless niches for our Country's shrine.

The whirlpool tides of Time
O'er our sinking age will sweep,
But centuries' solemn chime
Shall ring, in chorus deep,
“ A German generation
This battle fought and won :
The grateful German nation
Raised this memorial stone !”

“GOD SAVE THE HOUSE OF AUSTRIA!”

(From the Narrative of the Battle of Aspern.)

Earth dreams amid the hush of Night,
The Moon's ray skirts the clouds with white.

What art thou, World, so still and bare?
Like a treach'rous Sea in ambush there!
The fitful gust comes drear and chill,
Startling my soul with conscious thrill;
As though that quaking breath had tried
To waft morn's bloody veil aside.
Through yon vast camp all slumbers yet;
The constellations rise and set;
No footfall stirs — travels no sound!
Ah! leave the world such vision blest,
To dream of peace on tented ground,
While strife and doom are gath'ring round—
The day that comes will scare her rest!

'Tis dawning eastward!— Night is past —
Thank God! the morning breaks at last!

Praise God! another day's begun —
Once more it is the blessed Sun!
Many a one, now brisk and gay,
Will never heed his parting ray;
In many a heart the pulse throbs high
With dream of daring chivalry.
Pass a few hours — the dream is fled —
The throb is hush'd — the pulse is dead!

The Sun breaks forth — the fog is driven —
A dumb thanksgiving mounts to Heaven!

The stirring world's awake again —
Austria's white Ensigns crowd the plain; —
Gazing on yon blue firmament,
The youthful soldier quits his tent;
A boding calm, deep in his soul,
Masters his thoughts with sweet control,

And glimm'ring twilight's vistas grey
Seem to unfold the heavenward way :
But inborn Passion works apace ;
A gentle form — a well-known face —
She wept ! when he must part and go —
That mem'ry wrings his breast with woe —
Old times rush back like magic spell,
He *feels* it was a last farewell !

The Sun is up ! — loud peals the gun !—
Shouting, the host to fight moves on !

“ Mark'd ye the sign that Stephen gave ?
Yon are the Gallic eagles brave !
Up, comrades ! — dash upon the foe —
We'll win their standard at a blow !
Farewell ! farewell ! my treasures dear —
I would not cost ye sigh or tear ! ”

The roaring fight is chok'd with dead —
The wounds are gaping bloody-red !

“ This way lies glory ! — Follow me !
Ye strike to set your country free ! ”
Close on his path, at every stride,
Surges and swells the battle-tide,
And man and horse plunge heavily ; —
Still shouts the champion, “ Follow me ! ” —
Then whistled through his breast a ball ! —
That breaking eye reveals it all : —
Fast sinking in embrace of death,
Yet must’ring hard the flagging breath,
Borne to the bloody earth, he cries,
“ God save our Austria ! ” faints, and dies !

Their Eagle stoops ! Our Ensign tow’rs !
Brothers, all hail ! The day is ours !

TO THE VICTOR OF ASPERN.

(On sending the two foregoing Pieces.)

O say not his hand swept the chords uninvited —
'Mid such tempest of extasy, Silence were hard !
That passion ne'er slept, tho' his soul was benighted—
'Twas utterance, not feeling, deserted the Bard !
We were dumb—for expression was master'd by sadness—
When the stern hour of trial lay dark on our soul ;
But where is the edict shall smother our gladness,
Or chill the heart's rapture which mocks at control ?—
Our German pride bow'd, when on Fatherland's altars
Our Germany's Hero woke Victory's blaze ;
Hark!—the swell of the lyre—no longer it falters—
The Minstrel's pent bosom finds vent in its lays.
Forgive, mighty Chief! if thy Bard was too daring,
If the theme which inspired him surpass his poor skill—
Yon whirlwind lays waste our oak-forests unsparing,
But the green reed stands scatheless which bends to its will.

ON HEARING MUSIC

BY

PRINCE LOUIS FERDINAND.

I hear a sound of rustling harmonies! —
Louder anon, — the full, soul-piercing strain
Swells on my heart — deep-seated echoes rise;
The sorrows of my Country wake again.
Ever the bold notes, surging with a swing,
Seem struggling heavenward on storm-beat wing:
Alas! they bear aloft faint sighs and fears,
But not the Spirit from this Land of tears.

Life holds him fettered fast, like earthly wight,
Or damps his pinions in the Stygian stream;
Art cannot reach her soaring pitch of flight,
Nor master-spirits hail a kindred theme;

Some dull Gnome arrogates the potent lay,
While Genius struggles with reluctant clay;
Yet oft at roving Fancy's vent'rous call,
The bleeding captive leaps his prison-wall.

Then, in some wild Bacchanalian story,
The sparkling billows of melody flow!
From death's frozen lap he culls blossoms of glory,
But crushes them coldly or ever they blow:
Just as the last pale embers waning die,
Sudden the measure rises bold and high:
—Then, plunges again, with a tragic descent,
To the old Centaur-fight and the Heroes' lament.

Wild, reckless Sprite! thou hast prevail'd at last;
Thy night is melting in the hues of morn!
The trial-hour, the travail-pains are past,
Destiny's bowl is drain'd—its dregs are gone.
Art and Life twin'd thee a wreath,—and now
Death has fix'd it firmly on thy brow!
Time will wear the stone which marks thy grave,
But laurels there like verdant palms shall wave!

And not in vain was pour'd thy plaintive soul —
It broke at length, the flush of new-born Day;
When, spent and cold, at Effort's utmost goal,
Thy faint heart bleeding on th' arena lay.
Life's storm was hush'd beneath thy parting wing!
The harp's rude echoes died upon the string!
And kindred spirits, that stern conflict o'er,
Wafted thee calm to Music's free-born shore!

MY FATHERLAND.

“ Where is the Minstrel’s Fatherland ? ” —

“ Where mighty Souls gave sparks of light,
Where garlands bloom’d for Beauty bright,
Where brave hearts kindled with delight
At holy hope and high command —

There *was* my Fatherland ! ”

“ How call ye the Minstrel’s Fatherland ? ” —

“ Her faint sobs now ring feeble chime
For Sons cut off in manhood’s prime :
But — ‘ Land of Oaks ! ’ in happier time —
The free Land — the German Land —

So called they *once* my Fatherland ! ”

“ Why weeps the Minstrel’s Fatherland? ”—

“ Because, before a Tyrant’s frown
The Leaders of her Race bow down —
Because her speech has lost renown,
And none her call would understand —
Thence weeps my Fatherland ! ”

“ Whom calls the Minstrel’s Fatherland? ”—

“ She calls on Heav’n in ceaseless pray’r,
In choking accents of despair —
Calls for her Sons — her Freedom fair —
Her Saviours — her avenging Band —
These calls my Fatherland ! ”

“ What would the Minstrel’s Fatherland? ”—

“ She ’d dash the hireling lords to earth —
She ’d chase the bloodhound from our hearth —
Train our free Sons to deeds of worth —
Or, bury them free beneath our sand —
That would my Fatherland ! ”

“ And hopes the Minstrel’s Fatherland ? ” —

“ She hopes, because her Cause is right —

Hopes her brave Clans will rouse in fight —

Hopes upon God’s avenging might,

And trusts one day to see His hand —

This hopes my Fatherland ! ”

M O S C O W.

How proudly swell thy Temples' arching domes !
Each Palace glitters like a golden wall—
Whichever way my vent'rous glances fall,
From pomp to pomp the wond'ring vision roams.
But lo! where flames burst forth— O hapless homes! —
Ha! *thine own* Burghers hurl with frantic hand
On many a dear-lov'd roof war's lighted brand :
Quite round thee now the sparkling furnace foams —
Twas desperate deed! —yet, how such frenzy blame?
Temple sinks! — Palace falls! — their fate the same: —
But Russia's Phoenix plunges in the flame ! —
Ere long, all dazzling from that fiery bier,
In bloom of youth, fresh-risen he'll appear,
And blithe St George shall swing his conqu'ring spear !

ON THE SOLEMN BENEDICTION OF
THE PRUSSIAN FREE-CORPS,
IN THE CHURCH OF ROGAU IN SILESIA.

Nigh to God's altars while we draw,
Bent on a pious aim,
Our duty summons us to war,
Our hearts are kindling flame —
For Fight and Victory we fire,
'Twas God who gave the fierce desire —
To God alone be glory!

Yes, God is our unfailing trust,
Dread though the fight be found —
For Right and Duty strive we must,
And for our holy ground ;
We'll rise and rescue Fatherland —
God will achieve it by our hand —
To God alone be glory!

The plot of Pride and Tyranny
Explodes with demon-start —
Thy hallow'd torches, Liberty,
Shall blaze in ev'ry heart ;
Then, sweep to the battle-flurry grim !
God is with us, and we with Him ! —
 To God alone be glory !

He cheers us now to Vict'ry's goal,
For truth, for justice' sake ;
He whisper'd in our inmost soul,
“ Wake ! German People—wake ! ”
He'll land us, death and doom despite,
Where Freedom's day is dawning bright ! —
 To God alone be glory !

COMFORT,
A Choral Song.

While here, like Brothers, tryst we keep,
 With stainless hearts and true —
The solemn hour, in accents deep,
 Stirs my young blood anew ;
It bids me sweep the stormy lyre,
 And pour the tide of song —
Within me burns a word of fire ! —
 'Twill kindle forth ere long.

The times are bad — the world is curst —
 The best are dead and gone !
Earth's grave-dug maw has swallow'd first
 Freedom and Pow'r, twin-born !
Yet, courage ! — though a Despot's will
 Ravage our native plains,
In many a bosom faithful still,
 The seed of good remains.

Scar'd at brave Glory's bloodied vest,
At Battle's shifting tread,
Home, to the screen of pious breast,
The timid Arts have fled; —
What though, where erst their temple smil'd,
Now wasted valleys pine —
Each gentle spirit undefil'd,
Yields them a deathless shrine !

And Friendship's bright, unspotted gage
Is holy bond, I wot :
“ Mark yon swoll'n torrent's wintry rage !”
Say'st thou — I heed it not ; —
Though steep as heav'n our fated road,
Or wide as blush of morn,
I'll keep my oath — so help me God !
I follow thee — Set on !

And Woman's love, and Woman's truth,
Our dearest joy supplies,
Where'er our noble German Youth
Our German customs prize ;

And still the curse smites righteously
The wretch would mar this bliss :
Who dares not for the lov'd one die
Deserves not Woman's kiss !

Thou too art not yet quench'd on earth,
Religion's heav'n-lit flame !
Eternal Love, which gave thee birth,
Fosters thee still the same :
The blood of foes, now gath'ring round,
Shall wash each altar-stone ;
They hurl the Crosses to the ground —
But Faith can stand alone.

Lifted on eagle-pinions strong,
Our soaring spirit swims ;
A passion hurries us along
Shall free our fetter'd limbs :
As here we pour this kindred strain,
And drain these goblets dry —
We'll see each other once again
When the beacons blaze on high !

Then courage! Comrades, stout and brave!—

Th' avenging day 's at hand!

Our foeman's blood, like wintry wave,

Shall sweep them from our land:

And Thou, in highest Heaven ador'd!

Where Morn inhales her breath,

Point us the path of Vict'ry, Lord!

Although it lead to death!

ON!

A Scroll, with an Arrow flying above a Cloud, and the word "ON!"
blazoned beneath, gave occasion to the following lines.

Lo! where, with sky-borne tow'rs,
Yon battlement of cloud
Like solid bulwark low'rs,
Girt in his gloomy shroud —
Red fireballs are starting
From the tempest's lurid lap,
And vollied flashes darting
'Mid the roaring thunder-clap!

And prostrate at the bar of wrath
Kneel troops of sinners pale —
" O! spare, dread Lord of Sabaoth!
Spare but my peaceful vale! —
Consume the banded nation,
Blot out the human race —
But, save my generation,—
My child,—my native place!"

Crouch down 'mid dust and ashes,
In selfish vows immers'd—
Till God in lightning flashes
Shall blast the cowards first!
Yon storm-bell ringing "Fire!"
And gath'ring souls to pray'r,
On belfry thus and spire
Draws the flame-pregnant air.

But, lo! where peril braving,
A reckless band are met—
With plumes and pennons waving,
And armour brighter yet—
'Mid Heav'n's own forked fire
Who so unmov'd as they!
And still they venture nigher,
Where the blazing lightnings play!

Such tedious dallying 'vails not—
Some stirring deed were best—
The peerless Virgin quails not,
But she treads the serpent's crest!

In vain ye knit the rivets fast,
In vain ye lace the mail —
Ye do but tempt the lightning's blast,
The volleying thunder's hail.

No! Rouse ye!—dear-bought Victory
Shall crown a bloody fight —
Mark yonder vent'rous arrow fly,
Escap'd the gloom of night! —
The bow was stoutly bent, the string
To utmost compass drawn —
The shaft shot forth on soaring wing,
And still drives boldly on!

On! Brothers, On!—'mid strife and woe
Be this our battle-cry!
Let laggard spirits grovel low,
Our anchor's fixed on high:
No burning world shall blight us —
No slough shall swelter o'er —
Yon vivid flash will light us, —
On!— Fatherland lies before!

DEPARTURE FROM VIENNA.

Farewell to thee! — from speechless, throbbing heart
A last farewell! — Where duty calls, I go: —
Unbidden to my eye the big drops start —
I struggle not, nor shame to see them flow.
Alas! where'er I roam, through crowded mart,
Or where Death's garlands bloom in bloody row,
The gentle forms of grace thy walls contain
Haunt my sick soul with lover's ling'ring pain.

Mistake me not, ye Genii of my life,
Mistake not ye the swoln heart's fev'rish pang!
Ah! read aright this bosom's earnest strife,
'Mid harper's lay, 'mid warrior's weapon-clang —
Not all in vain that vision's hope was rife,
But — what so oft my raptur'd spirit sang —
To compass Fatherland with dear renown,
Oh! gladly would I wear the dying soldier's crown!

Deftly we twine our pliant blossoms bright,
If Vict'ry's palm reward a Minstrel's lays —
A true heart ever combats for the Right.
Oh! could the cherish'd art of youthful days
Achieve my Country's freedom in the fight,
I'd drain life's ruddy drops to earn the praise!
Yet, one sad kiss! — and if the last it be,
Not Death's own icy hand can chill my love for Thee!

S U M M O N S.

To arms! — 'tis the war-beacon's smouldering glow,
But our pole-star of Freedom shoots brilliant and steady.
We'll temper the steel in heart's-blood of our foe.
To arms! — the red bonfires blaze in a row —
War's harvest is nodding — ye Reapers, be ready!
Our best hope, our last hope, lies all in the sword.
Ay, rush on their lances — make Freedom a way!
Wash thy Germany's soil, the lov'd, the ador'd,
In the blood of thy bravest, brave Nation, to-day!

Yes, 'tis war — not of Princes led on by their lust —
'Tis a war of the holy — a Nation's crusade —
Our rights, customs, virtue — yea, conscience and trust
The spoiler has rifled and trod in the dust;
But, if Liberty triumph, his hand shall be stay'd.

Awake! — 'tis the groan of thy grey-headed Sires —
Each falling hut curses the ravagers' band ;
Thy Daughters' deep shame a dread vengeance requires,
Thy Sons' ruthless slaughter asks blood at thy hand !

Break up the plowshare — let the chisel fall —
The lyre stand mute — the loom untended lie —
Quit stately marbled court and tap'stried hall —
Fling wide thy banners at th' Almighty's call,
And greet his eyes in war's dread panoply.
While the first dawn of freedom around us is pour'd,
Rear our country's high altar, and build up her fane ;
Thou must carve ev'ry block with the point of the sword,
Thou must found that fair Temple on warriors slain.

Maids and Matrons, why weep ye, forbidden such fray?
Not for you did war's Arbiter weld the bright steel —
Let our gallant youth rush on yon frowning array,
Charge home on the robbers and rescue the prey.
But, Battle's grim transports no woman may feel.
Lo! God's altar expects ye — your welcome is there —
He shields ye from wounds — He prepares even now,

While bursting hearts melt at his footstool in pray'r,
A favouring answer to Piety's vow.

O! pray it may rally, the might of the Brave,
That Victory's presage may cheer us again :
Our Martyrs who slumber shall stir in the grave —
At the breath of avengers our pennon shall wave —
And guardian Angels our battle sustain.
Blest Louisa! wait near thy Spouse, shielding his head —
Our Ferdinand's Spirit, lead Thou our array !
Shades of Germany's heroes, wake! rise from the dead,
And follow our footsteps and banners to-day!

Heav'n deigns to help — Hell's baffled legions quail —
On! gallant Nation — Freedom echoes, On!
Thy heart beats high, thy Oak defies the gale —
Ponder not now yon heap of corpses pale.
Liberty's flag shall climb the height forlorn!
When conquest has crown'd the first wish of thy heart,
When time-honour'd trophies hail happy return —
Forget not the Brave who lie low, but impart
A garland of oak-leaves to shadow our urn!

THE PRUSSIAN FRONTIER-EAGLE.

Oh! welcome the sweep of those pinions again!
'Tis an omen of conquest which cheers me from far —
Our dark clouds are breaking — On! on, gallant Aar!
Mount! swoop to thy vengeance from heaps of thy slain!
See the Charger, once free, is rein'd in by a slave —
Our Scutcheon's broad lustre droops, faded and wan —
And the Lion has crouch'd at an Alien's ban:
But Thy crest gleams more proudly, — more glad thy
 wings wave! —
Lo! I haste where thy children stand rank'd in array,
I shall see thee again on the red battle-day,
To Vict'ry, to freedom thou 'lt marshal our way,
And blest will the Bard be! — O question it not —
And hallow'd his Sword, if it win him one spot
In the Land of the Free — though a grave be his lot!

TO QUEEN LOUISA.

O sainted Lady! hear thy children's cry!
Urgent it rises to the blissful sphere —
Smile down on us again from yon pure sky,
Seraph of beauty! dry that streaming tear!—
Again shall Prussia's warrior-Eagle fly,
While throngs to fight the hardy volunteer —
Nor breathes in yonder Host the recreant slave
Would shun a freeman's death his caitiff life to save.

Long time o'erwhelm'd we lay in cowardly trance —
Fate pitied us, and called our Queen away!
Ill times had fettered thee — thy dying glance
Flash'd sudden on our souls' avenging day —
It saved our German valour, that dread chance:
Now look once more — see thy Sons' firm array —
All gallant hearts, falsehood and fear unknown.
Oh! smile on us again — call us once more Thine own!

As erst in holy war the leaders gave
A tissued portrait, wrought in mystic loom,
And named it "Oriflame," and bade the Brave
Follow its soaring flight through death and doom,
So shall Thine image on our standards wave,
And light our path to Vict'ry through the gloom —
Louisa's hand shall gird the German sword!
Louisa's name shall be our vengeful battle-word!

And when the felon-host's advancing tread
Breaks on our ear, gladly war's din we 'll greet —
Though thousand shot hissed volleying round our head,
And thousand shells spread ruin at our feet.
One gaze upon Thy banner charms all dread—
Unmov'd as Vict'ry's self the shock we meet:
Who falls in Freedom's ranks for truth and right,
Thine arms shall bear him hence to realms of change-
less light!

HUNTERS' SONG.

Up! jolly Hunters, frank and free!

The rifle waits your hand —

The world shall crouch, if our hearts are steeled —

Dash on the foemen, sweep the field,

For German Fatherland!

From West, from North, from South, from East,

On vengeance bent, we rally —

From Oder's river, from Weser, Main,

From Elbe-stream, and from Father-Rhine,

And from the Danube's valley.

'Tis the meeting of Brothers, far and near —

Our valour's a mounting flood!

One mother-tongue knits us in holy band —

One God unites us, one Fatherland,

One loyal German blood.

No greed of conquest lured us here
From the homes of our happy birth —
'Gainst shameless Tyranny we fight,
And combat boldly for our Right —
If blood be spilt, 'tis worth !

But ye, who bear us faithful love,
God shield ye safe from ill !
Our dearest veins shall bide the cost —
What though a thousand lives were lost,
Liberty 's dearer still !

Then, jolly Hunters, bold and free,
Quail not for woman's woe :
God aids us in the fight we try —
On, warriors!—Death or Victory!—
Charge headlong on the foe !

SONG OF THE BLACK RIDERS.

“ To field! to field!”—Spirits of vengeance mutter —
Up, Germans! arm for fight!
To field! to field!—our dancing pennons flutter —
Vict’ry beams full in sight.

’Tis a small Band—but great their trust through grace
Upon a righteous God —
Lo! where his Angels rear the holy place,
Hell’s mock’ry stalks abroad.

Quarter to none!— Can ye not lift the sword?
Then strangle ev’ry soul!
Sell your lives dear—that cost ye can afford—
Death quits you for the whole.



Vengeance wears mourning now, in Sorrow's stead,
For valiant hearts are gone —
But, when they ask — “What dyed the vest with *red*?”
Say — “Blood of Frenchmen born!”

If e'er God grant above our foemen's grave
The star of Peace to shine,
We'll raise a column whose white flag shall wave
On the free banks of Rhine!

WRITTEN AT THE HEDWIG SPRING
BY JAUER.

How tell it forth—this bosom's flutt'ring throe?—
Impulse of Grief or Joy? Each with like sway
Carries my fond heart to some happier day,
Where no salt tear shall dash Life's cup with woe.
But who has barr'd my Paradise?—What foe
Durst bind the soul in fetters, and betray
The Child of Song to War's insensate fray?—
Tree of delight! who laid thy beauty low?—
What! grasped I not with freeman's hand the blade
That from our soil, this drowning carnage stay'd,
A holy plant might bloom, never to fade!
Sure some God answers from yon fountain's bow'r—
“ Wild, broken hearts must wreck the pride of Pow'r,
Life shall not dawn but at Death's darkest hour!”

LAST CONSOLATION.

(Written when the Confederate Army fell back over the Elbe.)

Why look ye so gloomy?—why knit your brow?—
Why gaze on the nightfall so wildly now,
Ye true hearts, manly and feeling?—
The deaf storm howls, the billows roar,
Quivers and rocks Earth's girdled shore—
Our peril brooks no concealing.

Hell bubbles up in a fiercer flood,
In vain has gush'd our noblest blood—
The wicked ones triumph unshaken!
Yet—doubt not Heav'n's avenging hour—
If redly thus the twilight lower,
Blood-red will the morning waken!

Ay — courage and strength have felt the drain —

Yet muster all hands, might and main,

Or our ship will be wreck'd in the haven!

Up, Youth! — the crouching tiger grins!

Arm! Land-levy, arm! thy work begins!

Wake, People! — nor dream like a craven!

And we, who have met at the trysting place,

And look Death boldly in the face —

No rights will we surrender:

We'll rescue Freedom and Fatherland,

Or die undaunted, sword in hand,

Scorning the Tyrant's tender.

Oh! joyless is Life if Freedom lack! —

Yon wide world could not pay us back

The hallow'd soil we cherish!

Our Home shall welcome us free again,

Or we'll go to our Fathers, like free-born men —

We'll be happy and free — though we perish!

Then howl, thou storm!—thou deep sea, roar!

Tremble under our feet, thou shore!

Our free souls breathe defiance!—

Beside us may sink the solid Earth,

We'll never shame a freeman's birth—

But blood shall seal Brothers' alliance!

CONFEDERATES' SONG BEFORE
BATTLE.

(Written on the Morning of the Fight at Dauneberg.)

Wrath-revealing, death-intending,
Breaks the dawn of fateful day;
A bloody sun, his chill ray lending,
Lights us on our bloody way.

The hour, whose laden lap is bringing
A world's doom, approaches fast —
And the shaken lots are springing,
And the brazen die is cast.

Comrades! while twilight-grey glimmers around you,
Remember the brotherly tie which has bound you —
Stand faithful in death, as in life, to the last!

Behind us, in the mirk of night,
Lie disgrace and bitter yoke,
And the Stranger's deed of spite
Who dared to rend our German Oak.

Our mother-tongue they held in scorn,
 Hurl'd to dust each hallow'd fane,
 Our Nation's honour is in pawn —
 Germans! break th' accursed chain!

Brothers! knit hands — Freedom's champions, confess her,
 That the frown of high Heaven may blast the Aggressor,
 And our long-lost Palladium greet us again!

Before us, Hope all beauteous lies,
 Nursed in the Future's golden hours —
 Heav'n's gates stand open to our eyes,
 Freedom blooms in happy bow'rs;
 German Arts and carols greet us,
 Woman's favour, love's delight —
 All that's mighty turns to meet us,
 All that's fair to bless our sight.

But, stern is the hazard, and calls for the daring —
 Life's blood must be perill'd — yea, spilt without sparing:
 Death will have his victim ere bliss is our right!

Yet, O God! we will not falter,
 Firm-united, Fate we brave —

We lay our life upon the altar,
We march upon the yawning grave —
Fatherland! for thee we'll perish,
As a mighty word has said —
Our dear ones' hearts will dearly cherish
The boon for which our blood was shed:
Then bloom, ye brave Oaks! bloom in freedom and beauty!
Bloom high o'er the valiant who died in their duty!
Fatherland! hear us — our vow shall be paid!

One homeward glance, before we go —
Faithful Love deserves it well —
We part from bliss which knew no woe,
Till murd'rous France dissolved the spell.
What though your eye be dimm'd at this,
Manlier tear-drop never flow'd —
Haste! give the farewell kiss,
And commend you to your God!
The lips which for us are so earnestly pleading —
The crush'd hearts that cling to us, tortured and bleeding,
Comfort and shield them, All-merciful Lord!

Now move we on to battle steady,

While heart and eye are upward cast —

Lo! the Earthly fades already,

And the Heavenly rises fast! —

Courage! every German Brother —

Heroes' hearts, to heroes dear,

One day shall embrace each other,

But we take our farewell here!

Hark! the deep thunders are bellowing in chorus! —

Forward! where lightnings are blazing before us!

We'll all meet again in a happier sphere!

PRAYER DURING THE FIGHT.

Father! I call upon Thee!

Shrouded in smoke-wreaths the bullets whizz round me,
Sudden the rattling flashes astound me:

Ruler of battles, I call upon Thee!

Father! O guide Thou me!

Father! O guide Thou me!

Lead me to vict'ry, or lead me to death,

Lord! I am thine, for Thou gavest me breath:

Lord! as thou wilt, guide Thou me!

God! I acknowledge Thee!

God! I acknowledge Thee!

Whether autumn-leaves rustle and shake,

Or the storm of the battle awake,

Source of grace! I acknowledge Thee!

Father! O bless Thou me!

Father! O bless Thou me!
In thy hand my being I lay —
Thou gav'st it, can'st take it away —
In life, or in death, bless Thou me!
Father! I magnify Thee!

Father! I magnify Thee!
'Tis no struggle for Earth's vain delight —
For our hearths and our altars we fight!
Falling, conqu'ring, I magnify Thee —
God! be Thou mindful of me!

God! be Thou mindful of me!
When Death's thundering summonses hail me —
When exhausted veins shiver and fail me,
God — my God! — be Thou mindful of me!
Father! I call upon Thee!

DESPONDENCY.

*(When I had to keep watch, long time, at Sandau,
on the Shore of the Elbe.)*

The Bard, 'mid pleasure's day-dreams, heard
Thy voice, O Fatherland of fame!
Wrung by oppressive deed and word,
The tempest of his soul was stirred,—
Nor love nor song its rage could tame.
Friends who had cheer'd or sooth'd his heart,
Now sunder'd, like a bursting zone—
The pang that 's felt when lovers part,
 Made him thine own!

How oft his tearful glance was fain
O'er bygone scenes to rove,
While borne aloft on melting strain
His winged spirit sought again
The golden realm of Love.
'Twas idle dream—'twas bootless strife—

Fate's urgent hour, a headlong steep,
Hurl'd him upon the tide of Life,
Where whirlpools sweep !

What can he in the common throng?—
Red battle was his breath!
Give back the peaceful, rippling song,
Or give War's heady passion strong—
O! give me songs or death!
Leave me those tears of extasy,
Love's witching dream by night—
Or set my struggling Spirit free
In fields of fight!

I hear the cannon's booming sound,
I hear the distant cymbal's scream—
My Country's crowns bestrew the ground!—
Must I an idler here be found,
Watching the onward stream?—
Shall then the Bard in prose expire?
Poesy! thou flaming spring—
Kindle again thy smould'ring fire—
Break forth, and sing !

TO THE KING.

*(Written on the report of his having fallen in
Bauzner Fight.)*

On his starry throne seated, all hail to our Chief! —
Though our broken hearts falter, with agony wrung,
In their last throbbing pulses thy weal shall be sung,
And Victory's shout drown the murmurs of grief! —
Ay!—while one German accent will form on our breath,
Shall Fatherland boast of that Son of renown,
Who, standing in fight for his people and crown,
With the soul of a King, like a King met his death!
Lo! thy heart's blood shall nourish our hopes and our fame,
Our tyrants' walls shake at the sound of thy name!
If Thou fall unaveng'd—we will die in our shame!
But Thou, who 'mid corpses could'st slumber so calm,
Awake in a realm where no mischief shall harm,
And replace thy Oak-garland with chaplets of Palm!

R I D E R S' S O N G.

Away! away! on nimble feet,—

The world before thee lies!

Despite our crafty foes' deceit,

And gaolers' watchful eyes —

Spring, noble Courser! spring and prance!

Yonder 's the oak-leaf crown!

Stretch forth, and to the blithe sword-dance

Carry me gaily down.

Untam'd, while breezes round him play,

The Rider's heart is light —

The trodden world, its dusty way,

Check not his pulse's flight —

His household cares lag far behind,

Where wife and child abide,

Freedom or Death in front he 'll find,

And his sword is at his side.

So on to the merry marriage-cheer,
A bridal wreath to gain —
And who defers his homage here,
To quit the feast is fain —
For Honour is the wedding-guest,
And the Bride is Fatherland!
When the Bridegroom's troth is plighted best,
Death joins them heart and hand!

Oh! balmy Sleep comes ever kind
Where Love is fond and deep —
The spousal arms are round thee twin'd,
A faithful watch to keep.
And when our oak-branch in the Spring
Renews his leafy store,
In holy ground thou'lt wake and sing,
A Freeman evermore!

Where'er our dizzy pathway lead,
Whether it mount or fall —
Howe'er the chance of battle speed,
Unmov'd we'll meet it all —

We stand for our Country's freedom fast,
Whatever fate we prove —
The grave 's but a rallying dike at last —
Our citadel stands above!

If Victory's God shall rend our yoke,
What boots the foeman's mock? —
God's arm directs our sabre-stroke,
He is our shield and rock!
E'en now the wild storm roars amain —
Then, on! my Charger proud!
Though fiends lay camp'd on the tented plain,
We'll gallop through the crowd!

C O M F O R T .

Cheer up, brave Heart! nor trouble
For foeman's craft and scorn —
God will repay us double,—
Freedom is heaven-born!

E'en let yon Savage bluster —
He cannot reach the sky:
Liberty's bands will muster,
And her beacons blaze on high.

Through scenes of anguish wending,
Her path lit up by Death —
The hearts of millions rending
Sustain'd her life and breath!

Her hand shall crush the Tyrant,
Strike off these galling chains,
And plant with palms aspirant
Our heroes' native plains.

Then cheerly, Heart ! nor trouble
For foeman's craft and scorn—
God will repay us double,—
Freedom is Heaven-born !

ADIEU TO LIFE.

*(Written when I lay sore wounded and helpless,
and thought to die.)*

The parch'd wound burns!—the lips all bloodless quiver!
This lab'ring heart, and pulse which feebly plays,
They warn me it is here, my last of days!—
God, as thou wilt! or slay me, or deliver!—
Bright forms swept by on Fancy's flowing river,
Now the dull death-dirge quells those dreamy lays—
Yet, cheerly! One heart-anchor'd treasure stays,
Will live with me in yonder skies for ever!
And what could here my holiest raptures move—
What still I prized all youthful joys above—
Or name it Liberty, or call it Love—
It stands before me now, a Seraph bright,
And 'ere these falt'ring senses fail me quite,
Wafts me on gentle breath to Heav'n's own rosy light!

THE WILD CHACE OF LÜTZOW.

What gleams from yon copse in the ruddy dawn ?

While hurtling echoes roll ? —

The dusky ranks come filing on,

Brays from their midst the bugle-horn,

And chills the shudd'ring soul! —

Ask the black Tooopers — they 'll answer blunt,

“ That is Lützow's desperate hunt ! ”

What breaks through forest-foliage black ? —

From mound to mound it steals —

'Tis the deadly ambuscade they pack !

Cheers the hurra ! the rifles crack !

The foremost Frenchman reels —

Ask the black Rifleman, he 'll say,

“ That is Lützow's bloody day ! ”

Where dark vines cluster, foams our Rhine —

There lurk'd a Despot's band ;

They come like the sudden tempest-shine —

In plunge the ranks, an armed line!

The foeman treads our Land!

Ask the black Swimmer who stemm'd the tide,

“ That is Lützow's frantic ride !”

What stirs in yon valley, and rustles afar ?

And why do the shrill blades clash ?—

Our bold-hearted Riders are rousing the war —

The spark of our Liberty gleams like a star,

And her rays give a blood-red flash.

Ask the black Riders — they'll name it right,

“ That is Lützow's raging fight !”

What 's yon? — the death-rattle — the heavy sigh —

He is stretch'd upon dying men!

The shade 's on his brow, and the film on his eye,

Yet we bear to look on the agony —

Our Country's free again! —

Ask of the fallen, who haunt the place —

“ That is Lützow's deadly chace !”

The wild chace ! our Germany's chace,
 'Gainst hangmen's blood and tyrant's breath !
Then, weep not, Love ! nor hide thy face —
The dawn of Freedom gains apace,
 It cheer'd our kinsmen's bed of death !
Yea, children's children shall yield us grace
When they tell of Lützow's desp'rate chace !

P R A Y E R.

Hear us, Almighty One!

Hear us, All-gracious One!

Lord God of Battles, give ear!

Father, we praise Thee!

Father, we thank Thee!

The dawn of our freedom is here.

'Spite all the rage of Hell,

God, Thy strong hand shall quell

Devils who palter and juggle —

Lead, Lord of Sabaoth!

Lead us, O triune God!

Onward to Victory's struggle.

Lead! — tho' our lot should hap

In the grave's bloody lap,

' Laus Deo' sit nostrum carmen —

Kingdom, power, and glory,
Are thine ! — we adore Thee !
Lead us, Almighty One ! — Amen

AUSTRIA'S DOUBLE-EAGLE.

(Written, when I turned back to Austria, wounded.)

Brave, Janus-crested Emblem, hail to thee!
Cheerly, once more, despite the shatt'ring storm
Of these rough years, I greet thy hallow'd Form —
For here the Land of Oaks sweeps far and free! —
A call, which match'd blest angels' melody,
Drew me where Aār mix'd kindred streams with thine;
'Twas then these veins water'd my Country's shrine —
Wounded I sank, 'mid felon-traitors' glee.
Fair as in fabled land I meet thee now,
Twin glances flash from that majestic brow —
Liberty lifts her head! — Our tyrants bow —
Up! Hapsburg, Up! — the demon-foe shall quail —
God helps thee! where thy banner braves the gale —
Up, Austria! — thy sword, thy Charles can never fail!

OUR CONFIDENCE.

We wait on Thee with gladder eyes,
And hold thy promise fast :
In vain Hell mines the deep surprise,
Or blows the deadly blast —
The pillars of this Earth may fall, —
Thy word, we know, outlives it all !

Faith triumphs in no easy field,
God grants no sluggard's suit :
The pendant grape no juice will yield —
Our press must crush the fruit —
And 'ere a Seraph mount on high,
A human heart must break and die.

Yes, Falsehood may her temples rear,
To please a perjur'd Race —
While gilded scoundrels shrink in fear
From Virtue's awful face,

Yet dare with giddy brain to stand
In front of an awaken'd Land !

Yea, Brother may from Brother sever,
 With murd'rous hate between —
Our Princes may forget that ever
 Their crowns have Sisters been —
That Germans in a common cause,
Erst gave the banded world their laws !

Still, firm and true will we abide,
 Nor e'er forego thy grace —
'Tis Thou wilt crush the Despot's pride,
 And free thy German Race !
And, if our day be distant now,
None knows the fitting time but Thou !

The time to plead for Freedom's right —
 To strike the tyrants dead !
The Dragon-bulk Thy sword shall smite,
 And dye our streams with red —
When blood of Slave and Freeman flows,
O God ! do Thou the day dispose !

“WHAT IS LEFT US?”

What is left us? — If Germany's pillars give way —

 If Oracles' voices deceive us —

If no balm of revenge our sorrows allay —

 If holiest confidence leave us —

If our Youth should awake from their torpor too late,

 To rave through a prison-domain,

While with Spartan-like virtue the struggling State

 Piles corpses on corpses in vain! —

What is left? — if our Rights we could foully betray,

 And court Fortune's Gifts in their stead —

While an Autocrat's minions in dastardly fray,

 Choke Liberty's shrines with the dead! —

What is left? — if that blood which we shed in the strife

 Reek, unheeded, o'er Fatherland's tomb —

And the Star of our freedom, the Star of our life,

 Go down and be quenched in the gloom! —

What is left us?—O! boast not that Science blooms brave,
 That the Arts have been nursed on our strand—
 No Sun in his glory will rise on a Slave—
 And Art pines for her lov'd Fatherland!
 All tones of our mighty ones slumber, forgot,
 Before Slavery's heart-rending plea—
 Had the lyre of Homer ne'er warbled a note,
 Still, his Greece was the happy, the free!—
 What is left?— Shall we tamely submit to our wrong,
 While chill drops of misery flow?—
 And the shrine which our bosoms have hallow'd so long,
 Ourselves be the first to o'erthrow?—
 Where Humanity's Genius shrieks for revenge,
 Deem ye that God's finger is shown?—
 Is there hope that Hell's legions the issue will change,
 Where the triumph is Satan's alone?—
 Is nothing then left?— have all Angels of light
 Averted their face from our woe?—
 Was the blossom of Hope snapped and wither'd outright
 When Vict'ry's palm was laid low?—
 What! no Cross of Salvation for wretches to clasp
 In our last, in our direst of need?—

Must we yield to despair — to its sob and its gasp?
 Are we only in death to be freed? —
 No! 'Tis dawning in Striplings! a chivalrous Band—
 In a Youth who are heroes at heart —
 Our Germany's valour yet breathes in the Land!
 It shall rend these fell fetters apart.
 Though the might of a Despot in darkness prevail,
 Dear Liberty's shrines to deform —
 Yet, brave German Race, though thou stoop'd in the
 gale,
 Thou ne'er shalt be swamp'd in the storm! —
 Through the mirk of false happiness glimmers a smile,
 Hope's lodestar—it beckons us on! —
 'Twas a Star we descried!—And, tho' gone for a while,
 'Twill return with the blush of the morn!
 'Twas a Star!—THEY ARE LEFT US! Each rolls
 in his sphere—
 'Twas the Star on fair Liberty's brow!
 Oh! wait till yon bloody-red welkin shall clear,
 The Lord watches over it now!
 However Hell threaten — howe'er its deeps roar,
 No Tyrant can trench on the skies —

He can pilfer no Stars from yon glittering store —
And lo! our own Star 's on the rise!—
Tho' our gallant Youth died in that night of our sorrow,
Our bosom's Will knows no decay —
The heart's-blood of Heroes shall flush a red morrow,
And herald our Liberty's day!

TRUE MEN, AND KNAVES.

The Nation is rising, 'mid battle-alarms !
Who dares like a coward sit folding his arms ? —
Fye ! fye on thee, Slave ! by the fireside warm,
Where parasite Courtiers and Abigails swarm !

CHORUS.

Sure never was traitor, behav'd so amiss —
May no Maid of Germany grant thee a kiss !
No strain from her melodies lull thee to bliss !
No cup from her vineyards refresh thee for this !
 Charge in the van,
 Man to man,
 Heave the broadsword he that can !

While we are enduring the chill bivouack,
And the whistling tempest drives hard at our back —

Must thou on soft ottomans languishing doze,
While warm dreams of pleasure enhance thy repose?

(*Chorus.*)

While the blast of the trumpet, blown shrill in our ear,
To our very heart echoes with thundering cheer —
Dar'st thou in a theatre, lost to all shame,
Sit listing the trills of some warbling dame!

(*Chorus.*)

When the mid-day heat scorches the blood in our veins,
And the soldier's dry bottle no water contains—
Thou art quaffing champagne in its sparkling foam,
And round the full table art feasting at home.

(*Chorus.*)

While we waft a thought to our lov'd ones afar,
In the close and the struggle of murd'rous war —
Thou must follow the glitter of hireling charms,
Abjuring thy faith in a courtesan's arms!

(*Chorus.*)

When the ball and the lance are assailing our breast,
And Death in a thousand grim terrors is drest —
At a card-table thou must be proving thy skill,
And slaying the Queen with the sword of Spadille!

(*Chorus.*)

When in the red fight we surrender our breath,
And welcome, too happy, a warrior's death!
Thou art crouching in silken state,
Dreading to catch the knell of Fate!

Then die, like a wretch, in thy fear!

No true German Maiden will yield thee a tear!

No song of thy Country shall chime o'er thy bier!

No comrades shall hallow thy name in their cheer!

But in the van,

Man to man,

Heave the broadsword he who can!

DRINKING-SONG, BEFORE BATTLE.

'Tis the skirmishing din!—
Now ring your blithe glasses the while
To a health! in old Germany's style—
Brothers, fall in!

Bright sparkles the cup!
Or ever they blow the trombone,
This hour we claim as our own—
Brothers, fill up!

God, our Father, hears now
What on death's threshold forlorn
Fatherland's children have sworn—
Brothers, your vow!

Our lov'd Fatherland!
From the heavy chains choking her breath
We'll save her, in Vict'ry or Death—
Plight your word and your hand!

The foe's hard at our door!
By love, joy, and anguish of heart,
Death, thou never shalt rend us apart—
Brothers, once more!

'Twas the dread battle-shout!
Hark! the shrill trumpets are crying—
Forward! for living or dying!
Brothers, drink out!

S W O R D-S O N G.

(Composed a few hours before the death of the Author.)

“Thou Sword upon my thigh,
Those beaming glances why?—
Thou look'st so pleas'd on me,
I've all my joy in thee”—

Hurrah!

“In the belt of a gallant knight
My glance is ever bright;
A freeman is my lord,
And this makes glad the Sword”—

Hurrah!

“Yes, trusty Sword, I'm free—
And fondly cherish thee;

Note.—At the “Hurrah!” they clash their Swords together.

Dear as a Bride thou art,
The treasure of my heart !” —
Hurrah !

“ Ah ! would thy vows were mine,
As my iron-life is thine !
If our nuptial-knot were tied,
When dost thou fetch thy Bride ? ” —
Hurrah !

“ The trumpet-blast at dawn
Ushers in our wedding morn ;
When the hollow cannons roar,
We ’ll meet to part no more ” —
Hurrah !

“ Oh ! happy bridal state !
All anxiously I wait :
Thou Bridegroom, come with speed —
Love’s garland is thy meed ” —
Hurrah !

“ Why thus, in scabbard dight,
Dost clank, thou Iron-delight,
So wild, so warlike now?—
My Sword, why rattlest thou?”—
Hurrah!

“ Well may I clang, Sir knight—
I hunger for the fight!
All wild and glad of battle,
Thus in my sheath I rattle”—
Hurrah!

“ Yet keep that narrow cell,
It suits my darling well —
Bide in thy chamber lone
Till I claim thee for mine own”—
Hurrah!

“ Ah! tarry not,—I pray —
For in Love’s garden gay
The rose has a bloody shroud,
And blossoming Death looks proud!”—
Hurrah!

“ Now come from thy scabbard coy,
 My pride, my darling joy!—
 Where our gather'd kindred stand,
 Thou shalt glitter in my hand ”—
 Hurrah !

“ Oh ! sumptuous Wedding-cheer —
 What goodly guests are here !
 Ay, now the Steel will gleam
 Like a Bride in the morning-beam ! ”
 Hurrah !

Up ! up ! ye warriors stout —
 Out ! German Riders — out !—
 Do ye feel your heart grow warm ?
 Take the lov'd One to your arm —
 Hurrah !

Erst following at your side,
 A stolen glance she tried —
 Now in the face of day
 God gives the maid away —
 Hurrah !

Haste ! give her lips the pledge —

A kiss to the iron edge !

'Tide good — or evil 'tide —

Curst he who fails his Bride ! —

Hurrah !

Now bid the charmer sing,

While sparkling sword-blades ring —

'Tis our Marriage-matins' peal —

Hurrah ! Thou Bride of Steel !

Hurrah !



NOTES.

NOTE I.

“ *The Death of Hofer*,” page 1.

By the treaty of Presburg, which followed on the Battle of Austerlitz, the sovereignty of the Tyrol was transferred from the House of Austria to that of Bavaria ; the Elector of Bavaria assuming at the same time, in obedience to Napoleon’s “ nod,” the title of “ King.” The Tyrolese, who were strongly attached to the paternal government of Austria, viewed this arrangement in the light of an usurpation, and rose in arms to resist it. HOFER was their leader.

“ Their Fathers’ fortune” had been a succession of triumphs, when peasants and Alpine herdsmen struggled for their liberty against the mighty of the earth.

In A. D. 1315, they utterly defeated Leopold of Austria at Morgarten ; and about the commencement of the 15th century, the Free Cantons of Switzerland were acknowledged throughout Europe.

During the years 1476–1477, these tameless mountain-warriors rose again to repel the unprovoked aggressions of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy. The fields of Grauson and Morat, and finally of Nancy, where Charles fell, witnessed what even untutored freemen can adventure and achieve against harnessed tyranny.

NOTE 2.

“ *Rausch’s Bust of Queen Louisa,*” page 4.

QUEEN LOUISA was by birth a German — being of the House of Mecklenburgh-Strelitz, which lies on the confines of Prussia. But, from her marriage with the sovereign of the latter country, the heart’s adoption of a whole nation claims her as Prussia’s daughter.

This is she who, thirty years after her death, is still spoken of as “ the fondly-beloved, the deeply-lamented, the never-to-be-forgotten ;” and the memory of whose wrongs, then comparatively recent, whetted the Prussian spear at the rout of Waterloo.

NOTE 3.

“ *The Battle-field of Aspern.*”

1st Stanza, page 5, — “ *The Monster,*” viz. Napoleon Bonaparte.

NOTE 4.

3d Stanza, page 6, — “ *Aspern’s Battle.*” — The Austrians might fairly claim a victory, as they remained at nightfall in possession of the “ honours of war,” the contested field. But a page from the Vienna Gazette of the day would form a curious contrast with the French bulletin of the battle.—Aspern and Essling were contiguous villages on the banks of the Danube ; the fight raged throughout both. Napoleon created Massena “ Prince of Essling” for his services on the occasion. But it may here be observed that the special service which that Marshal rendered on the field in question consisted in *covering* a movement of Napoleon’s to recross the river and join his reserve. This step, which concerned their absolute salvation, was certainly, on the part of the French, a pretty strong confession that *they* at least had nothing to vaunt of at Aspern. The events of another fortnight wrested the chaplet

of victory from Austria's brow. Within that brief period the battle of Wagram was fought, where Napoleon's star regained its ascendant.

NOTE 5.

3d Stanza, page 7,—“ Charles.”—The ARCHDUKE CHARLES; the darling of Austria, and her best general. He defeated Jourdan on the Rhine, and forced Moreau to that “ Retreat through the Black Forest” which so much enhanced the reputation of the latter.

He commanded the Austrian masses at Aspern.

NOTE 6.

“ My Fatherland,” page 22.

“ Land of Oaks.”—The oak-forests are the pride of Germany—fully as much so as those clustering vineyards which clothe the “ banks of Rhine.” Together, they yield the emblems of strength and beauty—of the manly vigour of her sons, and the simple grace of her daughters.

To one who has seen Windsor Forest, and the parks of some of our English Noblemen, where individual trees have outlived centuries, a German “ Eich-wald” (oak-forest) may seem, at the first glance, merely a pretty copse; but, strike into one of its devious labyrinths—tread that firm but mossy ground—count with your eye those gnarled boughs which stretch away in the perspective like a cloistered avenue—or, better still, gain yon open *plateau* on the hill-side, where the greenwood sweeps all round you, crowding summit after summit with these hardy denizens—wait till the gust comes by, brushing with its unseen wing each verdant crest, and giving you the true harmony of the “ Sausen” and “ Brausen”—or, if it tarry long in coming, and you weary of the stillness, wake the echoes yourself by a stout blow from your walking-cudgel on the nearest trunk, and see the wood-pigeon,

or the blue jay or green woodpecker, break from the covert, and wheel and bound and skim over hundreds of acres, all thick set with Germany's Oak, — and you will agree that the woodland scene is wild and lovely, and worthy of "Oberon" himself.

NOTE 7.

"*Austria's Double Eagle*," page 71.

"*Janus-crested*." — See the blazonry on post and sign: two eagles' heads, back to back, joined in one neck.

NOTE 8.

"*Drinking Song before Battle*."

1st Stanza, page 81.—"*Ring your blithe glasses*." — This is the fashion of a German Symposion, when the guests are animated, and receive a toast. They all stand up in a circle, each elevates his glass in the right hand, the words are echoed round, and then, by a rapid but skilful movement of the fore-arm, the several glasses meet in the centre of the group with a smart clash.

NOTE 9.

In addition to the foregoing observations, the Translator feels that a word or two is due from him on the subject of Metre.

With very few exceptions, he has in these versions followed the *measure* of Körner's originals. But, in the piece "On the Battle-field of Aspern," he has, in the latter half of each stanza, substituted eight short lines for four long ones: this was to break the monotony of a ten-line stanza, in which the four final lines have the same measure with the 2d and 3d, and the 5th and 6th, (the 1st and 4th being merely doubles of the 2d and 5th.) Körner's metre is certainly grave, and so far suitable to the subject-matter: but the version gives the full effect of this in the six first lines of each stanza, with the advantage of a more animated and equally energetic strain to wind up the Strophe.

In the lines addressed "To the Victor of Aspern," a greater liberty has been taken with the metre of the original: and of this some account must now be given. Those lines of Körner's are "Hexameters and Pentameters;" better known, perhaps, to the rising generation as "Longs and Shorts." Why the German Poets are so partial to measures which do not suit the genius and rhythm of their language, it would be in vain to inquire here. Perhaps they like to "try their strength;" and so we have Voss's Homer's Iliad.

But, if the suggestion be not impertinent, we would say that the German Lyre is most fitly attuned when the measure runs in Iambics. Their numerous *gutturals*, and *monosyllables* (constantly occurring) *where five consonants bristle round one delicate vowel*, are not the stuff out of which the voluble *dactyl* and the even *spondee* can be happily woven.

Still less do "Hexameters" suit English composition. Poetry with us needs the help and stay of Rhyme. For the mere prosody of Metre alone, we have not the facilities of the Greek and Latin. Our *nouns* are not, like theirs, *inflected* in all their cases: the variety of which greatly aided the Poet in accent and emphasis. Our *articles*, definite and indefinite, are neither graceful in themselves, nor very easily disposed of. Of these latter, the Romans had none — the Greeks only one: we have *two*, one of them harsh and difficult of enunciation. The first line in the "Odyssey," and the first in Virgil's "Æneid," are instances of the advantage which the ancients derived from inflecting their nouns:—

"Ανδρα μοι ἔννεπε, Μοῦσα,
Arma virumque cano.

Here, Homer throws the strongest emphasis upon the most important word. And it is not possible for an English version to give effect to it — nor for a German one either. The nearest approach is that of "The Man," &c. But it is needless to point out the comparative tameness of it.

Virgil imitates Homer in his "start:" and here, the noun being *plural*, Dryden can do as well.

But, suppose any one should adventure to do into "English Hexameters" the first Eclogue of Virgil: take, for instance, lines 4 and 5:—

" Tu, Tityre, lentus in umbra,
Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida silvas."

- - - - -
" You, Tityrus, stretch'd in the cool shade,
- - - - -
Teach these woods to re-echo the beautiful nymph Amaryllis."

The Latin *flows*, the English *jumps*, and at last breaks short off, because we cannot *inflect* the lady's name, and consequently are unable to represent the woods "ringing" with it; as Virgil does, with ease, in the "*ryllida*."

Dryden's attempt to give effect to this, by introducing the *idea* of an echo in the word "rings," is bold and beautiful—

" And the wood rings with Amaryllis' name."

But still, how far below the original!

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