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Theodor Körner's sämtliche Werke

Körner, Theodor

Berlin, 1835

Gedichte englischer Dichter

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Muthig rafft' ich mich auf — hinaus in die Zauber
des Lenzes,
Selig erregt vom Gebild, das mir in Träumen er-
schien.
Und ich rief: Ihr Knospen, o schwellt, ergrünet, ihr
Saaten,
Blumen, o duftet in Reiz, jubelt, ihr Lerchen,
Herab;
Denn sie kommt, die schönere Zeit — mag immer der
Sturm noch
Losen im Leben, sie kommt langsam, doch herrlich,
uns nah'.
Manche Blüthe verwelkt, zerstampft wird mancher der
Halme,
Unbeachtet noch wird manche der Blumen vergehn,
Über die reiche Frucht ist gewiß — es verberge das
Laub sie,
Bis sie gezeitigt erscheint, labend nach peinlicher
Müß'.
Wie in Hesperiens glücklichen Lu'n mit den Früchten
die Blüthen
Frangen auf einem Ast, also geschieht es dereinst,
Daß mit der Fülle, der Ruhe, der Kraft, auch die
himmlische Schönheit,
In dem Gemüthe gezeugt, ziere die selige Welt.
Streckfuß.

Gedichte englischer Dichter.

For the Death-day of Theodor Körner.

So sank er, noch an Muth und Kunst ein Leue,
Als schöner Traum von deutscher Kraft und Treue.
Körner an Brockmann's Freunde.

A song for the Death-day of the Brave,
A song of pride!
The youth went down to a Hero's grave,
With the sword, his Bride.

He went, with his noble heart unworn,
And pure, and high;
An Eagle stooping from clouds of morn,
Only to die!

He went, with the Lyre whose lofty tone
Beneath his hand,
Had thrill'd to the name of his God alone,
And his Fatherland.

And with all his glorious feelings yet
In their Dayspring's glow,
Like a southern stream that no frost hath met
To chain its flow!

A song for the Death-day of the Brave,
A song of pride!
For Him that went to a Hero's grave,
With the sword, his Bride!

He hath left a Voice in his Trumpet-lays,
To turn the flight,
And a spirit to shine thro' the after-days,
As a watch-fire's light:

And a grief in his Father's soul to rest
Midst all high thought,
And a memory unto his mother's breast,
With healing fraught:

And a name and fame above the blight
Of earthly breath,
Beautiful — beautiful and bright,
In Life an Death!

A song for the Death-day of the Brave,
A song of pride!
For Him that went to a Hero's grave,
With the sword, his Bride!

Felicia Hemans.

The Grave of Körner.

Green wave the oak for ever o'er thy rest,
Thou, that beneath the crowning foliage sleepest,
And in the stillness of thy country's breast
Thy place of memory, as an altar, keepest.
Brightly thy spirit o'er his hills was poured,
Thou of the Lyre and Sword!

Rest Bard, rest soldier! By the father's hand
Here shall the child of ayes hence be led,
With his wreath-offering silently to stand,
In the hushed presence of the glorious dead.
Soldier and bard! For thou thy path hast trod
With freedom and with God.

The oak waved proudly o'er thy burial site,
On thy crowned bier to slumber warriors bore thee,
And with true hearts the brethren of the fight
Wept, as they vailed the drooping banners o'er thee,

And the deep guns with rolling peals gave token,
That Lyre and Sword were broken.

Thou hast a Hero's tomb — a lowlier bed
Is hers, the gentle girl beside thee lying,
The gentle girl, that bowed her fair young head,
As thou wert gone in silent sorrow dying.
Brother! true friend! The tender and the brave,
She pined to share thy grave.

Fame was thy gift from others — but for Her,
To whom the wide world held this only spot —
She loved thee — lovely in your lives ye were,
And in your early deaths divided not.
Thou hast thine oak, thy trophy — what has she?
Her own blest place by thee.

It was thy spirit, Brother, which had made
The bright world glorious to the thoughtful eye,
Since first in childhood 'midst the vines ye played,
And sent glad singing thro' the free blue sky.
Ye were but two — and when that spirit passed,
Woe to the one, the last!

Woe, yet not long; she lingered but to trace
Thine image from the image in her breast,
Once, once again to see that buried face
But smile upon her lie, she went to rest.
Too sad a smile! — Its living light was o'er, —
It answered hers no more.

The earth grew silent, when thy voice departed
The home too lonely, whence thy step had fled —
What then was left for her, the faithful-hearted?
Death, death, to still the yearning for the death.
Softly she perished — be the Flower deplored
Here with the Lyre and Sword.

Have ye not met ye now? So let those trust,
That meet for moment but to part for years,
That weep, watch, pray, to hold back dust from dust,
That love, where love is but a fount of tears.
Brother! sweet sister! Peace around ye dwell!
Lyre, Sword and Flower, farewell!

20th. Sept. 1824.

Felicia Almant.

The Wanderer and the Angel.

Wanderer.

Tell me, thou heav'nly minister of light,
What power arrests thee in thy rapid flight,
And binds thee down to earth's contracted sphere?
Dost thou the venerand ashes guard
Of some bold hero or melodious bard
Once to his country and the muses dear?

Angel.

By Heav'n's command I sejourne upon earth
To watch, while here a youth of heav'nly birth
Sleeps in the peace of virtue and of fame,
A bard heroic! See the Sword and Lyre,
That breathing vengeance, this the muses fire!
Germania mourn! extinguished is the flame.

Wanderer.

Sweet sleeps the hero slain in virtue's cause;
Blood shed in the defence of righteous laws
Like incense rises to the throne of Heaven.
Oh, name to me the enviable youth,
To whom for Monarch, Country, Freedom, Truth,
The privilege of dying great was given.

Angel.

Körner, the great, the good lies buried here.
Great, for his soul ne'er bow'd in slavish fear,
Good, being virtuous in an age of vice.
I call him great and good by Heav'n's decree;
For good was he, who taught you to be free,
And great is he, who greatly lives and dies.

Wanderer.

Sweet flower of youth cut down in earliest bloom!
Torn from the wreath of fame to grace the tomb,
A sacred offering for thy Country's peace.
Körner, the music of thy Lyre and Sword
Inspires energy of deed and word,
And bids the hopeless plaint of bondage cease.

Angel.

Go, Wanderer, and console his weeping friends,
Proclaim aloud, that Heav'n with earth contends
To honour virtue in a youthful heart.
Ye found him not in Victory's home-bound band,
But he went home to Heaven, his proper land,
Where endless bliss rewards a moment's smart.

Abbott.