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PADERBORN

Theodor Körner's sämtliche Werke

Körner, Theodor

Berlin, 1835

Englische Uebersetzungen Körnerscher Gedichte

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Englische Uebersetzungen Körner-
scher Gedichte.

Farewell to life.

My lip grows pale — my wound burns frightfully —
My heart's enfeebled beat proclaims too well,
That here I must bid life a last farewell,
God, as thou wilt, I give me up to thee!

Soft floating forms of gold surrounded me,
But fancy's dream has proved my funeral knell. —
Courage! What in my breast so long could dwell,
Must still live with me through eternity.

And what I here acknowledged as a shrine,
For which my bosom burned with youthful fire,
Whether I called it Liberty or Love,

Now, seraph-like, displays its form divine —
I feel my failing senses slow expire,
One breath will waft me to the realms above!

John Strang Esq. Glasgow.

Farewell to life.

My deep wound burns; — my pale lips quake in death,
I feel my fainting heart resign its strife,
And reaching now the limit of my life,
Lord, to thy will I yield my parting breath!

Yet many a dream hath charm'd my youthful eye,
And must life's fairy visions all depart?
Oh surely no! for all that fired my heart
To rapture here, shall live with me on high.

And that fair form that won my earliest vow,
That my young spirit prized all else above,
And now adored as freedom, now as love,

Stands in seraphic guise, before me now;
And as my failing senses fade away,
It beckons me on high, to realms of endless day!

G. F. Richardson.

A p p e a l
to his brethren.

Why knit ye the brow so dark and so fierce?
Why so wild do your looks through the night's gloom
pierce?

Fair freedom's courageous avengers!
Now howls the storm, and the sea roars dread,
Now trembles the earth beneath our tread,
We'll cast not a veil o'er our dangers.

More furiously rolls Hell's raging flood,
And in vain has been spilt much noble blood,
Still no laurel the good cause adorning:
But think not our wrongs unavenged shall remain,
The day has not dawned so blood-red in vain —
Red should be the first glow of morning.

And if valour and strength heretofore have availed,
Unite! else ere from the port we have sailed,
Will the storm bring our hopes termination;
Arouse ye then, Youth! see the tygers lour!
Arm, arm, ye bold Landsturm, now, now is the
hour,
Awaken thou slumbering nation.

And we here united in firm array,
Whom Death's grimest forms scare not away,
Will ne'er of our rights make concession;
But our liberty save, and our native land,
Or joyfully die with the sword in our hand,
Hating slavery, chains and oppression.

Our life's without value, where freedom is gone.
What contains the wide world our loss to atone,
When far from our native land driven?
Free let us once more see our native land,
Or free to our happy forefathers ascend,
Free and happy the dead are in heaven.

Then howl on, thou storm! roar, ocean, more dread!
And tremble, thou earth, beneath our tread!
Nought shall weaken our soul's inmost feeling.
The world that surrounds us, may crumble to sand,
But as freemen we'll fall, or as freemen we'll stand,
Freedom's bond with our heart's blood sealing.

Song of the sword.

Written a few hours before the death
of the author in battle.

My sword, my only treasure,
What would thy glance of pleasure?
It makes thy master glow,
To see thee gleaming so.

„A patriot warrior rears me,
„And this it is, that cheers me;
„It makes me glad, to be
„The falchion of the free.“

Yes! none this hand shall fetter,
And none can prize the better,
Affianced to my side,
I love the like my bride.

„With thy blue steel united,
„My constant faith is plighted.
„Oh! would the knot were tied!
„When will you wed your bride?“

With death-smoke round him spreading,
The bridegroom seeks the wedding;
When swells the cannon's roar
Then ope thy chamber-door.

„Oh! how the thought inspires
„The longing bride's desires;
„Come then, my husband, now
„The garlands wait thy brow.“

Why, in thy scabbard dancing,
So restless, wild and glancing?
Why, ere the trumpets blow,
My sword, why dost thou so?

„I cannot choose but rattle
„With longing for the battle:
„'Tis this that makes me glow
„And dance and glitter so.“

Be still awhile, my beauty!
In patience do your duty.
Even now I make thy dower —
Wail but the wedding hour.

„In vain delay opposes;
„I long to pluck the roses,
„All redly as they bloom —
„The flow'rets of the tomb!“

Then out! in splendour gleaming,
Thy glorious task besecming —
Then out! in all thy pride —
Come forth, my love, my bride!

„How gay the glad carousal!
„That honours such espousal!
„How bright the sunbeams play
„Upon my steel to day!“

Then on the deeds of daring,
Of valour's lofty bearing —
On every German heart
Ne'er from such brides to part.

Once on the left they tarried,
But that was ere they married;
But now, in Heaven's fair sight
We boast them on our right.

Then, with a soldier's kisses,
Partake your bridal blisses.
Ill may the wretch betide
Whoe'er deserts his bride!

What joy, when sparks are flashing,
From hostile helmets crashing!
In steely light to shine,
Such joy, my bride, is thine!
Hurrah!

Lord Francis Leveson Gower.