

## THEODOR KORNER.

Born 31st September, 1791; killed in a skirmish with the French Troops on the 20th August, 1813, while fighting, a Volunteer and Patriot-soldier, for the Liberties of Germany.

Two hours before the conflict, while bivouacking in the wood, he had composed the last and most remarkable of his war-songs, the celebrated "Lay of the Sword," and read it to a comrade, from the leaf of his pocket-book, on which he had transcribed it in pencil. It was found upon his person after his decease. We must attempt to present it to our readers—this noble, yet nearly untranslatable lyric—although we feel that no version can approach the power and wild beauty of the original. The startling boldness of the metaphor, the fiery brevity of the language, and a certain tone of stern joy, which distinguish this remarkable strain, absolutely mock the efforts of a translator. At the close of each strophe, the fierce "Hurra!" was to be accompanied by the clang of sabres; it is, indeed, a song such as could not be composed but by one with the very breath of war in his nostrils.

## SWORD SONG.

Thou sword beside me ringing!  
What means the wild joy springing  
From those glad looks, and free,  
That fill my soul with glee?  
Hurra!

"I am borne by a gallant rider,  
Therefore my glance is brighter;  
I am a free man's choice—  
This makes a sword rejoice."  
Hurra!

"Yea! free I am—and prize thee,  
Dear sword, with love that eyes thee,  
As though the marriage-vows  
Had pledged thee for my spouse.  
Hurra!

"To thee did I surrender  
My life of iron splendour;  
Ah! were the band but tied!  
When wilt thou fetch thy bride?"  
Hurra!

For the bridal-night red glowing,  
The trumpets' call is blowing:  
At the first cannon's peal,  
I'll clasp my bridal steel.  
Hurra!

Why in thy scabbard shivering,  
Thou iron gladness quivering?  
So hot with battle-thirst—  
Say, bright one, why thou stir'st?  
Hurra!

"Yea! in the sheath I rattle,  
With longings keen for battle:  
I gasp with war's hot thirst—  
My bonds I yearn to burst!"  
Hurra!

Yet keep thy narrow cover—  
What would'st thou yet, wild rover?  
Rest in thy little home,  
My lov'd one! soon I come!  
Hurra!

"Now free me! break my prison!  
O for Love's fields Elysian,

With rose-buds gory red,  
And glowing wreaths of dead!"  
Hurra!

Then quit the sheath, and pleasure  
Thine eyes, thou soldier's treasure!  
Come forth, bright sabre come!  
Now will I bear thee home!  
Hurra!

"Ah! the free air's entrancing,  
Midst the marriage-revellers dancing!  
How gleams in sun-rays bright,  
Thy steel with bridal light!"  
Hurra!

Now on! ye valiant fighters!  
Now on! ye Almain riders!  
And, feel your yeards but cold,  
Let each his love unfold!  
Hurra!

Once, at your left hand prison'd,  
Her stolen glance but glisten'd;  
Now, at her lord's right side  
God consecrates the bride!  
Hurra!

So, to the bright steel yearning  
With bridal transports burning,  
Be your fond lips applied—  
Accursed who quits his bride!  
Hurra!

Now raise the marriage-chorus,  
Till the red sparks lighten o'er us!  
The nuptial dawn spreads wide—  
Hurra! thou Iron-bride!  
Hurra!

On the high road from Gadebush to Schwerin, in Mecklenburg, hardly two miles from the hamlet of Rosenberg, the affray began. The French, after a short struggle, fell back upon a wood not far distant, hotly pursued by Lutzow's cavalry. Among the foremost of these was Theodor Korner; and here it was that a glorious death overtook him. A ball, passing through the neck of his charger, lodged in his body, and robbed him at once of speech and consciousness. He was instantly surrounded by his comrades, and borne to an adjacent wood, where every expedient that skill or affection could devise was employed to preserve his life—but in vain. The spirit of the patriot poet and warrior had arisen to its native heaven!

Beside the highway, as you go from Lubelow to Dreyerug, near the village of Wobbelin, in Mecklenburg, was his body lovingly laid to rest, by his companions in arms, beneath an oak—the favourite tree of his country, which he had ever desired to mark the place of his sepulchre. A monument has since been raised on the spot. It is a plain, square, pillar of stone, one side of which bears the device of a lyre and sword, with the brief inscription, from one of his own poems, *Vergiss die treuen Todten nicht*: "Forget not the faithful dead!"—a strong, and not a vain appeal!—for surely, so long as the excellence of generous sacrifice, and bright genius, and warm feelings, and whatever else is brave, and pure, and lovely, shall be held in esteem amongst men, this faithful dead shall not be forgotten; but his tomb will be a place of pilgrimage, and a sanctuary of deep and holy emotions, in all time henceforward. Nor is the sculpture sanctified by his ashes alone. A fair young sister is sleeping there by the side of the poet-soldier—his dearest sister, who survived but to complete a last labour of love, his portrait, and then passed away, to rejoin in the grave the object of