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TRANSLATIONS

FROM

THE GERMAN;

AND

ORIGINAL POEMS.

BY

LORD FRANCIS LEVESON GOWER.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.

1824.

PREFACE.

MOST of the Translations which I now venture to present to the public, were completed before I had undertaken the more difficult task of Faust. The knowledge of German is at present so much diffused in this country, and so many will hence be enabled to detect my deviations from the originals, that I feel it unnecessary to make any circumstantial remarks on such passages.

Some of the Original Poems are of even

older date. The poem on Waterloo, I fear, bears but too many marks of juvenile composition, and was in fact written, almost as it now appears, soon after that conflict. Three others my Oxford contemporaries will observe to have been written for the Newdigate prize. The length of time which has elapsed since the subjects of them were proposed will, I trust, be sufficient to save me from any imputation of desiring to renew a competition with more successful productions. I do not wish, under cover of these remarks, to bring forward the youth of the Author as an excuse or justification of the imperfections of his works ; but the circumstances which I have mentioned may, perhaps, shelter me in some degree from the reproach of too hasty a zeal for publication. My wishes with regard to this volume will be fully gra-

tified, if the portion of merit it may contain shall be found sufficient by my readers to prevent them from reversing in my case the proverb—better late than never.

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TRANSLATIONS

FROM

THE GERMAN.

f

WAR SONG
OF THE
NEW ZEALANDER.

BÜRGER.

UP, comrades! awake with this lusty halloo!
There is mischief to hunt, there is murder to do!
Let us weave the war dance, like the billows which roar
O'er the reef which forbids them to flow on the shore!

Together! together! together we speed!
Each limb that can move, and each vein that can bleed!
Our lances and war clubs we point to the sky,
Like the rushes which wave when the tempest is high.

Like the tooth of the seal they are whetted and fit,
To bruise and to mangle, to thrust and to split!
Strike! pierce! let your points and your edges be known,
Through skull, and through clavicle, marrow and bone.

We ask ye for carnage, which you must afford;
We have promised ye victims, and break not our word.
What heed we the storm though its thunders may roll?
We have promised, are coming, and spare not a soul.

Our women and children we leave them the toil,
The brushwood to pile and the caldron to boil;
The faggots they light, and they kindle the flame,
And from fathers and husbands the victim they claim.

We seek not for food from the forest or flood,
Yet are hungry for flesh, and are thirsting for blood;
And the blood we will quaff, and the flesh we will tear,
Till the shinbones shall jingle, gnaw'd, whiten'd, and
bare.

Then, forward, companions! awake and away!
Let the savour of food be the guide to your prey!
Your caldrons they boil, and your ovens they glow—
Then, comrades, away! like the shaft from the bow!