



Über dieses Buch

Dies ist ein digitales Exemplar eines Buches, das seit Generationen in den Regalen der Bibliotheken aufbewahrt wurde, bevor es von Google im Rahmen eines Projekts, mit dem die Bücher dieser Welt online verfügbar gemacht werden sollen, sorgfältig gescannt wurde.

Das Buch hat das Urheberrecht überdauert und kann nun öffentlich zugänglich gemacht werden. Ein öffentlich zugängliches Buch ist ein Buch, das niemals Urheberrechten unterlag oder bei dem die Schutzfrist des Urheberrechts abgelaufen ist. Ob ein Buch öffentlich zugänglich ist, kann von Land zu Land unterschiedlich sein. Öffentlich zugängliche Bücher sind unser Tor zur Vergangenheit und stellen ein geschichtliches, kulturelles und wissenschaftliches Vermögen dar, das häufig nur schwierig zu entdecken ist.

Gebrauchsspuren, Anmerkungen und andere Randbemerkungen, die im Originalband enthalten sind, finden sich auch in dieser Datei – eine Erinnerung an die lange Reise, die das Buch vom Verleger zu einer Bibliothek und weiter zu Ihnen hinter sich gebracht hat.

Nutzungsrichtlinien

Google ist stolz, mit Bibliotheken in partnerschaftlicher Zusammenarbeit öffentlich zugängliches Material zu digitalisieren und einer breiten Masse zugänglich zu machen. Öffentlich zugängliche Bücher gehören der Öffentlichkeit, und wir sind nur ihre Hüter. Nichtsdestotrotz ist diese Arbeit kostspielig. Um diese Ressource weiterhin zur Verfügung stellen zu können, haben wir Schritte unternommen, um den Missbrauch durch kommerzielle Parteien zu verhindern. Dazu gehören technische Einschränkungen für automatisierte Abfragen.

Wir bitten Sie um Einhaltung folgender Richtlinien:

- + *Nutzung der Dateien zu nichtkommerziellen Zwecken* Wir haben Google Buchsuche für Endanwender konzipiert und möchten, dass Sie diese Dateien nur für persönliche, nichtkommerzielle Zwecke verwenden.
- + *Keine automatisierten Abfragen* Senden Sie keine automatisierten Abfragen irgendwelcher Art an das Google-System. Wenn Sie Recherchen über maschinelle Übersetzung, optische Zeichenerkennung oder andere Bereiche durchführen, in denen der Zugang zu Text in großen Mengen nützlich ist, wenden Sie sich bitte an uns. Wir fördern die Nutzung des öffentlich zugänglichen Materials für diese Zwecke und können Ihnen unter Umständen helfen.
- + *Beibehaltung von Google-Markenelementen* Das "Wasserzeichen" von Google, das Sie in jeder Datei finden, ist wichtig zur Information über dieses Projekt und hilft den Anwendern weiteres Material über Google Buchsuche zu finden. Bitte entfernen Sie das Wasserzeichen nicht.
- + *Bewegen Sie sich innerhalb der Legalität* Unabhängig von Ihrem Verwendungszweck müssen Sie sich Ihrer Verantwortung bewusst sein, sicherzustellen, dass Ihre Nutzung legal ist. Gehen Sie nicht davon aus, dass ein Buch, das nach unserem Dafürhalten für Nutzer in den USA öffentlich zugänglich ist, auch für Nutzer in anderen Ländern öffentlich zugänglich ist. Ob ein Buch noch dem Urheberrecht unterliegt, ist von Land zu Land verschieden. Wir können keine Beratung leisten, ob eine bestimmte Nutzung eines bestimmten Buches gesetzlich zulässig ist. Gehen Sie nicht davon aus, dass das Erscheinen eines Buchs in Google Buchsuche bedeutet, dass es in jeder Form und überall auf der Welt verwendet werden kann. Eine Urheberrechtsverletzung kann schwerwiegende Folgen haben.

Über Google Buchsuche

Das Ziel von Google besteht darin, die weltweiten Informationen zu organisieren und allgemein nutzbar und zugänglich zu machen. Google Buchsuche hilft Lesern dabei, die Bücher dieser Welt zu entdecken, und unterstützt Autoren und Verleger dabei, neue Zielgruppen zu erreichen. Den gesamten Buchtext können Sie im Internet unter <http://books.google.com> durchsuchen.

This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google™ books

<http://books.google.com>



THE
Weekly Magazine.

No. 7.] *Saturday, March 17th, 1798.* [VOL. I.

animated than that of Parnell. His specimens toward a version of the Iliad, in rimeless iambic, are not comprehended in these two volumes of Poems, and will probably remain incomplete, now that Voss has so perfectly naturalized Homer, in German hexameter. Bürger is every where distinguished for manly sentiment and force of style. His extraordinary powers of language are founded on a rejection of the conventional phraseology of regular poetry, in favour of popular forms of expression, caught by the listening artist from the voice of agitated nature. Imitative harmony he pursues almost to excess: the onomatopœia is his prevailing figure; the interjection, his favourite part of speech: arrangement, rhythm, sound, rime, are always with him, an echo to the sense. The hurrying vigour of his impetuous diction is unrivalled; yet, it is so natural, even in its sublimity, that his poetry is singularly fitted to become national popular song.

One of his wholly original ballads, may give some idea of his peculiarity to the English readers. [*For this our readers are referred to our poetical department of this number.*]

Some Account of the Poems of G. A. Bürger. By the Translator of Goethe's Iphigenia in Tauris.

GODFREY Augustus Bürger was born in 1748, at Ascherleben, and is employed as receiver of the land-tax at Wollmershausen. In 1779, was made the first Collection of his Poems, which had severally appeared in periodical miscellanies; and in 1789, that which lies before me. They consist partly of songs, sonnets, elegies, fables, and other short pieces, comic and serious; and partly of ballads, many of which are translated, with improvements, from English originals. Dryden's Guiscardo and Sigismunda, the Child of Elle, and the Friar of Orders Gray, from Percy's Collection, are among them: The scene of adven ure has uniformly been transferred to Germany. Of his mere translations, the Pervigilium Veneris is the most distinguished: it is more

SELECTED POETRY.

LENORA.

A Ballad, from Bürger.

[The following translation (made some years since) of a celebrated piece, of which other versions have appeared, and are now on the point of appearing, possesses so much peculiar and intrinsic merit, that we are happy in being permitted to present it to our Readers.]

AT break of day, with frightful dreams,
Lenora struggled fore:

My William, art thou slain, say'd she,
Or dost thou love no more?

He went abroade with Richard's host,
The Paynim foes to quell;
But he no word to her had writt,
An he were sick or well.

With sowne of trump, and beat of drum,
His fellow-soldyers come;
Their helmes bydeckt with oaken boughs,
They seeke their long'd-for home.

And ev'ry roade and ev'ry lane
Was full of old and young,
To gaze at the rejoicing band,
To hail with gladsome tounge.

"Thank God!" their wives and children
saide,

"Welcome!" the brides did saye:
But greece or kifs Lenora gave
To none upon that daye.

She aske of all the passing traine,
For him she wisht to see:
But none of all the passing traine
Could tell if lived hee.

And when the soldyers all were bye,
She tore her raven haire,
And cast herself upon the growne
In furious despaire.

Her mother ran and lyfte her up,
And clasped in her arme,
"My child, my child, what'lst thou ail?
God shield thy life from harm!"

"O mother, mother! William's gone!

What's all besyde to me?
There is no mercye, sure, above!
All, all were spar'd but hee!"

"Kneel downe, thy paternoster saye,
"I will calm thy troubled spright:
The Lord is wyfe, the Lord is good;
What hee hath done is right."

"O mother, mother! say not so;
Most cruel is my fate:
I prayde, and prayde; but watte avayl'd?
'Tis now, alas! too late."

"Our Heavenly Father, if we praye,
Will help a suff'ring childe:
Go take the holy sacrament;
So shall thy grief grow mikde."

"O mother what I feel within,
No sacrament can staye;
No sacrament can teche the dead
To bear the fight of daye."

"May be, among the heathen folk
Thy William false doth prove,
And puts away his faith and troth,
And takes another love.

Then wherefore sorrow for his loss?
Thy moans are all in vain:
And when his soul and body parte,
His falsehode brings him paine."

"O mother, mother! gone is gone:
My hope is all forsorne;
The grave mie onely safeguarde is—
O, had I ne'er been borne!

Go out, go out, my lampe of life:
In grillic darknes die;
There is no mercye, sure, above!
For ever let me lie."

"Almighty God! O do not judge
My poor unhappy childe!
She knows not what her lips pronounce,
Her anguish makes her wilde.

My

My girl, forget thine earthly woe,
And think on God and blifs;
For so, at least, shall not thy soule
Its heavenly bridegroom miss."

"O mother, mother! what is blifs,
And what the fendis celle?
With him 'tis heaven any where,
Without my William, helle."

"Go out, go out, my lamp of life;
In endless darkness die:
Without him I must loathe the earth,
Without him scorne the skye."

And so despaire did rave and rage
Athwarte her boiling veins;
Against the Providence of God
She hurld her impious strains.

She bet her breaste, and wrung her hands,
And rolde her tearlesse eye,
From rise of morne, till the pale stars
Again did frecke the skye.

When harke! abroade she hearde the
trampe
Of nimble-hoofed steed;
She hearde a knichte with clank alighte,
And climbe the staire in speede.

And soon she herde a tinkling hande,
That twirled at the pin;
And thro' her door, that open'd not,
'I hese words were breathed in.

"What ho! what ho! thy door undoe;
Art watching or asleepe?
My love, dost yet remember mee,
And dost thou laugh or weep?"

"Ah! William here so late at night!
Oh! I have watchte and wak'd:
Whence dost thou come? For thy return
My herte has forely ak'd."

"At midnight only we may ride;
I come o'er land and sea:
I mounted late, but soone I go;
Aryse, and come with me."

"O William, enter first my bowre,
And give me one embrace:
The blasts athwarte the hawthorne hifs;
Awayte a litle space."

"Tho' blasts athwarte the hawthorne hifs,
I may not harbour here;
My spurre is sharpe, my courser pawes,
My houre of flighte is nere."

All as thou lyest upon thy couch,
Aryse, and mount behinde;
To-night we'll ride a thousand miles,
The bridal bed to finde."

"How, ride to-night a thousand miles?
Thy love thou dost bemocke:
Eeven is the stroke that still
Rings on within the clocke."

"Looke up; the moone is bright, and we
Outfride the earthlie men:
I'll take thee to the bridal bed,
And night shall end but then."

"And where is, then, thy house and home;
And where thy bridal bed?"
"Tis narrow, silent, chilly, dark;
Far hence I rest my head."

"And is there any room for mee,
Wherein that I may crepe?"
"There's room enough for thee and mee,
Wherein that wee may sleepe."

All as thou ly'ft upon thy couch,
A ryse, no longer stop;
The wedding guests thy coming waite,
The chamber dore is ope."

All in her sarke, as there she lay,
Upon his horse she sprung;
And with her lily hands so pale
About her William clung.

And hurry-scurry forth they go,
Unheeding wet or dry;
And horse and rider snort and blow,
And sparkling pebbles fly.

How swift the flood, the mead, the wood,
'right, aleft, are gone!
The bridges thunder as they pass,
But earthlie fowne is none.

Tramp, tramp, acrofs the land they speede;
Splash, splash, acrofs the see:
"Hurrah! the dead can ride apace;
Dost feare to ride with me?"

The moone is bryghte, and blue the nyghte;
Dost quake the blast to stem?
Dost shudder, mayde, to seeke the dead?"
"No, no, but what of them?"

How glumlie fownes yon dyrgie song!
Night-ravens flappe the wing.
What knell doth slowlie toll ding-dong?
The psalmes of death who sing?

It creeps, the swarthie funeral traine,
The corse is onn the beere;
Like croke of todes from lonely moores,
The chaunte doth meet the cere."

"Go, bear her corse when midnight's past;
With song, and tear, and wayle;
I've gott my wife, I take her home,
My howre of wedlocke hayl."

Lead forth, O clarke, the chaunting quire,
To swell our nuptial song:
Come, preaste, and reade the blessing soone;
For bed, for bed we long."

They heede his calle, and hust the fowne;
The bicre was scene no more;
And followde him ore feeld and flood
Yet faster than before.

Halloo!

Halloo ! halloo ! away they goe,
 Unheeding wet or drye ;
 And horfe and rider snort and blowe,
 And sparkling pebbles flye.
 How swift the hill, how swift the dale,
 A right, aleft, are gone !
 By hedge and tree, by thorp and towne,
 They gallop, gallop on.
 Tramp, tramp, across the land they speede ;
 Splash, splash, across the see :
 " Hurrah ! the dead can ride apace ;
 Dost fear to ride with me ?
 Look up, look up, an airy crewe
 In roundel daunces reele :
 The moone is bryghte, and blue the nyghte,
 Mayst dimlie see them wheele.
 Come to, come to, ye gostlie crew,
 Come to, and follow mee,
 And daunce for us the wedding daunce,
 When we in bed shall be."
 And brush, brush, brush, the ghostlie crew
 Come wheeling ore their heads,
 All rustling like the wither'd leaves
 That wyde the wirlwind spreads.
 Halloo ! holloo ! away they go,
 Unheeding wet or dry ;
 And horfe and rider snort and blowe,
 And sparkling pebbles flye.
 And all that in the moonshyne lay,
 Behynde them fled afar ;
 And backwarde scudded overhead
 The sky and every star.
 Tramp, tramp, across the lande they speede ;
 Splash, splash, across the see :
 " Hurrah ! the dead can ride apace ;
 Dost fear to ride with mee ?
 I weene the cock prepares to crowe ;
 The sand will soone be runne :
 I snuffe the earlie morning-aire ;
 Downe, downe ! our work is done.
 The dead, the dead can ryde apace ;
 Oure wed-bed here is fit :
 Oure race is ridde, oure journey ore,
 Oure endlesse union knit."
 And lo ! an yren-grated gate
 Soone biggens to their viewe :
 He crackte his whyppe ; the clanginge
 boltes,
 The doores afunder flew.
 They pass, and 'twas on graves they trode ;
 " 'Tis hither we are bounde :"
 And many a tombstone ghostlie white
 Lay inn the moonshyne round.
 And when hee from his steede alytte,
 His armour black as cinder,
 Did moulder, moulder all awaye,
 As were it made of tinder.
 His head became a naked scull ;
 Nor haire nor cyme had hee ;
 His body grew a skeleton,
 Whilome so blythe of blee :
 And att his drye and boney heele
 No spur was left to be ;
 And inn his witherde hande you might
 The scythe and houre-glasse see.
 And lo ! his steede did thin to smoke,
 And charnel fires outbreathe ;
 And pal'd, and bleach'd, then vanish'd quite,
 The mayde from underneath.
 And hollow howlings hung in aire,
 And shrekes from vaults arose.
 Then knew the mayde she might no more
 Her living eyes unclose.
 But onward to the judgement seat,
 Thro' myste and moonlighte dreare,
 The ghostlie crews their flyghte persewe,
 And hollowe inn her care :—
 " Be patient ; tho' thyne herte shoulde breke
 Arrayne not Heven's decree ;
 Thou nowe art of thie bodie restre,
 Thie soule forgiven bee !"