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THE MINNESINGERS,

BY

JETHRO BITHELL, M.A. ✓

LECTURER IN GERMAN AT THE UNIVERSITY OF MANCHESTER

green

VOL. I

TRANSLATIONS

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

HALLE A. D. S.

VERLAG DER BUCHHANDLUNG DES WAISENHAUSES

1909

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DEDICATION

TO PROFESSOR ARWID JOHANNSON
OF MANCHESTER

Je vous envoie un bouquet que ma main
Vient de trier de ces fleurs épanies.
Ronsard.

With gratitude I bring you, and esteem
For more than learning noble heart and speech,
No study-laboured task of "where?" and "when?",
No autumn fruits of learning, but a wild
Garland of flowers in weedy gardens grown;
First culled where fevered Heine, ocean-witched,
Healed him; and where the King's deer fleck the green
Of Danish beeches scented from the Sound;
Thence by those sedgy reaches where the slow
Steamers stir not the herons from the pools,
And spires beloved of Geibel stain the verge;
And where gray-marbled Isar like a storm
Crashes along her stones; and bound for you
By Baltic waves and Pomeranian pines,
Here where the hare I scare shoots into the reeds,
And the wildfowl whirl up with their cutting cry
Of savage desolation, but sea-pinks
By lupins grow, and Rügen's gay, gray walls,
Like hope upon the future, rim the sea:
Here at the northmost bounds of love's old song.

Eldena-Wieck, Aug. 29th, 1908.

PREFACE

For such frail crockery as translations a student with a scientific career before him is bound to offer some apology. It is the common belief in philological circles that a scholar with a wretched nag of a Pegasus dogging his footsteps had better turn on it in his early youth, and take it by the throat, and slay it: otherwise he is sure to find it, when he is heaping up his *fi ches* in the lone midnight hours, standing like Böcklin's *Schweigen im Walde*, looking at him with pitiful eyes, and reminding him of weird things and a world elsewhere. "And yet!" as Stephen Phillips sings: von Wilamowitz-Moellendorff is making the Greek dramatists as modern as Ibsen, and Gilbert Murray is singing a new music into old. And if one looks at the criticism of the *Minnesong*, there are no greater names than those of Uhland, Simrock, Wackernagel, Bartsch, and Scherer, who, each and all of them, treated mediæval poetry, not as a quarry to hew dissertations out of, but as a living source of inspiration and pleasure. In the light of such examples one may be permitted to doubt whether it is really an impediment to have a sense of the sting and colour of sound. And at all events it is a hard fate if one is always to have one's nose buried in that "*brabantske husflid i middelalderen*" which was such a bore to General Gabler's daughter.

I make bold, therefore, to offer these translations as an independent volume. If they are poems, they should need no commentary: that they are poems in the original, is certain. A commentary, however, not to this volume merely, but to the whole body of the *Minnesong*, is in preparation, and will appear, *si fata sinent*, in about a year's time as Vol. 2. It will be an attempt at a history of the *Minnesong*, as compared with the old lyrical

poetry of Provence, Portugal, and Italy, and will, I hope, be of more interest to scholars than these translations, which they may regard as the by-products of a more painful process — the extraction of parallel passages. The two volumes should, by rights, have appeared together, but the translations were easier, and are finished first:

“dem lihtgemuoten dem ist iemer wol
mit lihten dingen als ez sol”.

Both this volume and its hopeful brother of next autumn owe much to the exhaustive interpretation of Professor Hermann Paul, whose Seminar on the Minnesingers in 1906 I was enabled by the generosity of the University of Manchester to attend. It was at that time the painful duty of Professor C. H. Herford to read these youthful attempts in an art of which he is past-master, and some of the happier lines are stolen (with apologies) from his carelessly scribbled emendations. My dedication to Professor Johansson is intended rather to express the general admiration of his Honours men than special thanks for furtherance in the completion of this work; but I must say here that he is the *fons et origo* of the same, and that it is by his mandate that it goes forth. The translations were, to all intents and purposes, ready for publication on my return from Munich in 1906; but in the autumn of that year Mr. F. C. Nicholson published his “Old German Love Songs”, consisting of translations of the Minnesong so accurate that I did not at that moment see the necessity of a similar publication. I have, however, continued my spade-work: and, as this will be considerably elucidated by my own translations, I have now decided to publish them. It will be found that Mr. Nicholson’s work is entirely different from mine in scope and execution: my volume, too, is far more extensive, and I have made an attempt at the important poems which Mr. Nicholson modestly refrained from touching. The main point in which my method differs from that of my predecessor is that I have endeavoured to reproduce, in practically all cases, the feminine rimes of the originals.

I have, moreover, as far as my artistic conscience would allow me, adopted the plaster-cast method of translation. The very rare cases in which I have broken up or modified the metre of the original are in the nature of experiments; but I have not scrupled to abridge, transpose, and even touch up where by so doing an

improvement seemed possible. My idea has been, as far as my power goes, to express the thought as the Minnesinger might have expressed it, had he been writing in English: rather to be "sinn-getreu" than "wortgetreu". Purity of rimes I held essential, for the technique of the Minnesingers, after the first rude experiments, is flawless.

I could not reconcile it with my sense of duty to Bowdlerize, except in extreme cases. To winnow the poetry of love seems to me like holding a mission in a music-hall — laudable, but out of place. And it must be remembered that not only is the very flower of this old German poetry, the Dawn-Song, set in immorality, but that all the hair-brained love is adulterous,

"Love unallowed,

Far lovelier for the dark and delicate sin,"

as the gallant knights themselves (one must admit and deplore it) considered.

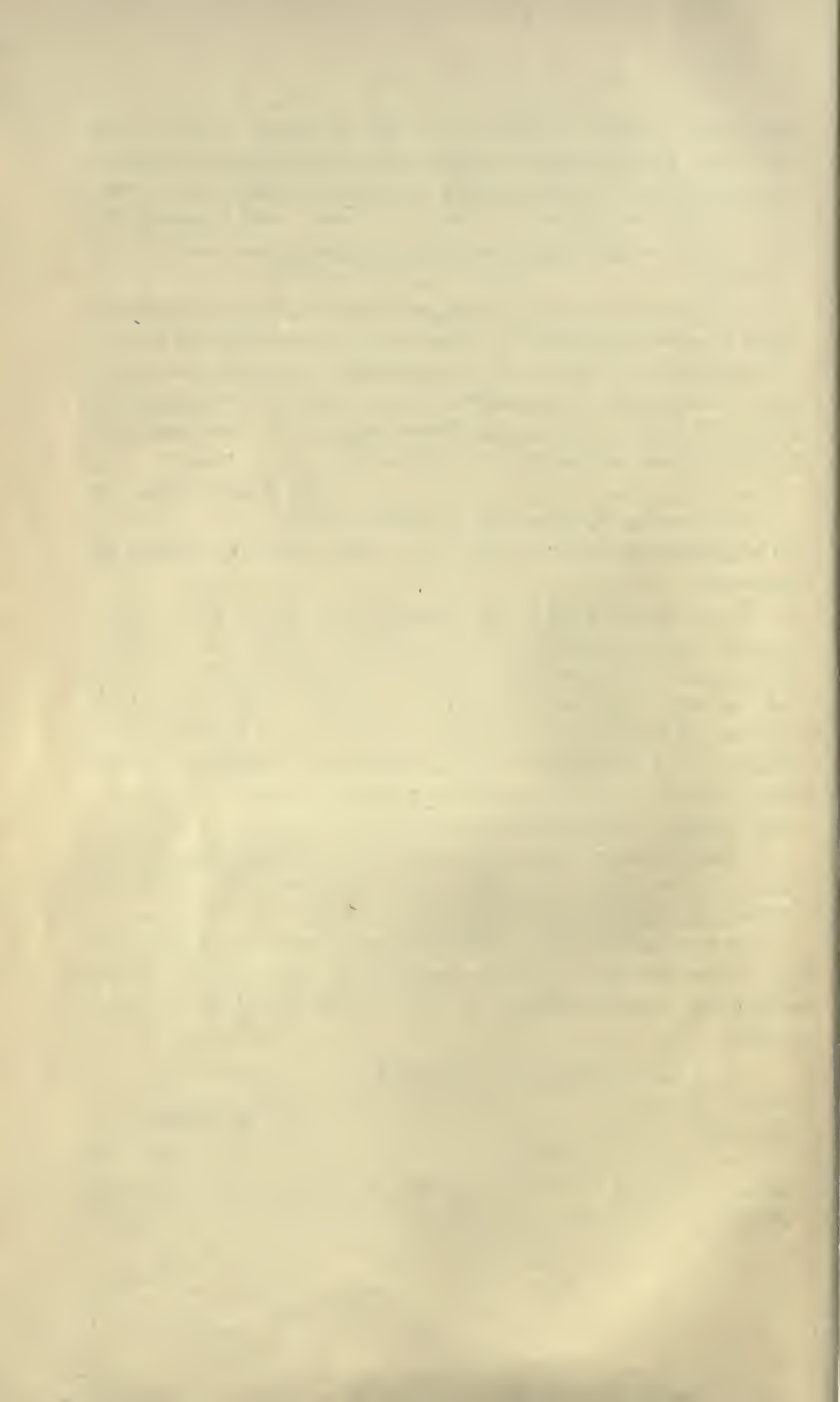
To the "gentle reader" I apologise for the ballast of my notes: they are intended for the hardy plodders through the originals. They may, however, prove interesting to mediævalists in other fields than German: the Dante scholar, for instance, might be put on the track of finding in the *Vita Nuova* all the elements (and little else) of a Troubadour lyric: service from childhood, neurasthenia interpreted as love, shyness amounting to agony, anonymity, and a "bare greeting" sought from a lady who mocks.

The Folksongs, from a later period than the Minnesong, may serve to relieve the monotony of the book, but they are really intended for the purpose of future discussion.

In conclusion, it is a pleasure to acknowledge my indebtedness to my friends Mr. John Keegan, M. A., and Mr. F. E. Nuttall, M. A., for reading the proofs and correcting my fitful English.

Cleethorpes, Sep. 25th, 1908.

J. Bithell.



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The text of the Folk-songs is from the following books:

Achim von Arnim und Clemens Brentano. Des Knaben Wunderhorn. 3 vols.
Heidelberg 1806—8.

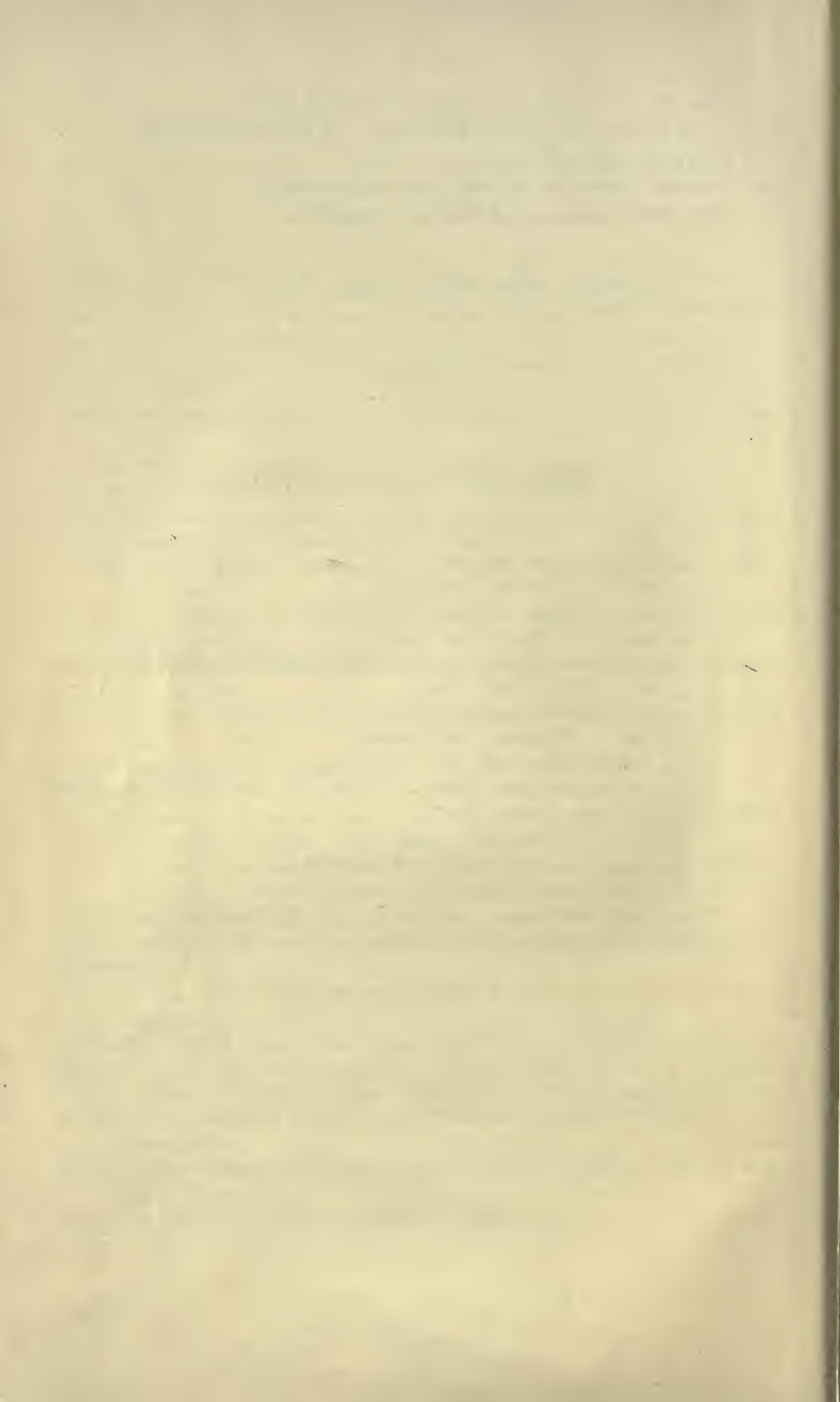
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Note. Poems and stanzas spoken by women are, as in the German editions, put in inverted commas.

CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONS.

- P. 10, 27, l. 6, mantel, *read* mantle.
P. 12, note 2, l. 2, Jeanroi, *read* Jeanroy.
P. 19, 3, l. 5, serves a noble lady, *delete* noble.
P. 32, note 1, l. 2, Jeanroi, *read* Jeanroy.
P. 72, 14, title, Love's sight, *read* Lovesight (Rossetti's "House of Life", IV).
P. 96, note 1, Venice, *read* Vienna.
P. 99, l. 11, breaking, *read* glazing.
P. 133, note 2, Humphrey, *read* Humphry.
P. 134, note 1, l. 2, o, *read* fo.
P. 136, 5, title, Ores imite César, *read* Ores Cesar imite (du Bellay's sonnet "Charles Quint et Paul IV").
P. 137, 6, l. 8, an king, *read* a king.
P. 153, note 1, l. 4, Ode XXXII *add* Livre IV.
P. 160, l. 20: I read, for the sake of sense, ez muoz.
P. 170, LIX, title, ἴρωτα, *read* ἔρωτα.
P. 177, LXVII, Hugo, *read* Sir Hugo.
-



I. Anonymous:

1.

Mine art thou, thine am I:
Deem not that in this I lie.
Locked thou art
In my heart;
Never canst thou thence depart:
For the key is lost, sweetheart.

2.

If that all the world were mine
From the ocean to the Rhine,
I would let it go to glean
One embrace of England's Queen.¹

3.

Laetatur amor latebris.

Secret love is fair and good;²
Giveth joy and hardihood.
Seek it, and be not ashamed.
But if thou inconstant prove,
Thou shalt be a nothing named.

4.

O my Luv's like a red, red rose.

"Methinks that in the world is nought above
The bright rose, and my own true love.
The woods are ringing with the wild birds' song,
To many a heart so sweet and dear:
But if my love come not to me ere long,
No summer joys can cheer."

1) Refers to Queen Eleanor of Aquitaine. Cf. CB, 51, 2 "placet plus Franciae regina". She had accompanied Louis VII on the 2nd Crusade. V. Schultz II, 206.

2) Cf. LD, XXXIV, 182—4. Wilm., Leben, note III, 8.

5.

“The lime is after months of summer
 Smooth and bare from roots to crest.
 My truelove he has grown unfriendly:
 I pay for what I ne'er possessed.
 O there are many wanton women,
 To cheat his sense with beck and jest!
 I swear — and may the Lord believe me! —
 That I am she who loves him best.
 They can do nothing but betray him,
 And the child's heart within his breast.
 Alas for his young years that bring me
 In fear of evil deep unrest!”

6.¹

Persarum vigui rege beatior.

Mightier than the realm of Rome I hold me,²
 When my lady's gentle arms enfold me.
 With the virtues that endue her
 She has freed from care my mind.
 Ne'er I came from her so far,
 Since in her sweet youth I knew her,
 But my heart remained with her behind.
 “On a valorous knight my soul is anchored,
 Spite of all the hate and envy cankered
 Other ladies on me cast.
 Though they swear to spy on us
 Till they find him out, my joy
 That I have of him shall last.
 None e'er pleased me better than he does.”

7.

“Wilt thou from hence be riding?
 And are the night hours run? —
 Thou in my heart abiding
 With room for others none!

1) The following 3 poems are attributed to Kaiser Heinrich VI.

2) Cf. H. v. Mt., 2, 7; Waller, “On a Girdle”; Heine, “Salamo”; Ronsard (referring to Mary Stuart): “Avoir joui d'une telle beauté, Sein contre sein, valait ta royauté.” Mätz., p. 253.

Unless thou soon returnest,
My life I must forsake:
And God could not repay me,
If want of thee should slay me,"
The lovely lady spake.
"For all the close embraces
I thank thee ere we part;
By day and night thy place is
Within my inmost heart.
Thou art the glory of my thoughts;
And thee as dear I hold —
Now mark the meaning, dearest —
As jewels that shine clearest
When they are set in gold."¹

8.

Since fate does not allow me to be near her,
I send my soul sweet in a chosen song;
Alas! since words of mine own mouth could cheer her,
Long days have wreaked intolerable wrong.
Whoe'er will sing her these,² where is renewed
The plaint of woe by want of her endued,
And be it man or woman, hath my gratitude.

Since then her perfect face my love entrances
Unshaken to adore her at the shrine
My heart has built to her of tender fancies,
And sweet complaints that kiss and intertwine
Above her image, say, what is love's boon? —
Sweeter than all things else beneath the moon.
And shall I abdicate my love? My crown as soon!

Perjured is he who dares to disbelieve me,
When I maintain I still will hold my head
Erect, though traitors of my crown bereave me:
But tear my love from me and I am dead.
I should with her lose all I e'er possessed:
A death's-head at the banquet of the rest,
To be a cursèd outlaw would console me best.

1) Cf. CB, 168, 8; Walt., Wilm., 69, 18; H. v. M., XIX, 5—6, XXVIII, 81.

2) Cf. LD, LI, 65.

9.

“A knight hath been with might and main
My vassal, and I must accord,
Or e'er the season turns again,”
A lady speaketh, “his reward.
Methinks the snow in winter hours
Is clover green and lovely flowers,¹
When I embrace him close: and he —
Though all the world should be aggrieved —
Shall have his will on me.”²

10.

The forest in green hues is dight:
Oho, the happy time is here!
Sudden my cares have taken flight;
And blessings on the lady dear
Who in good earnest makes me blest.
Now I am glad: 'tis her behest.

With backward glance and beckoning sly
She cheered me when I saw her last.
And needs must happen, by and by,
She whispered quickly, as she passed:
“Friend, be thou ready for much bliss!”
What manna to my heart is this!

“Although I fear that I shall rue —”
As yet unsure she speaks again.
Nay, only make your promise true:
I am no villain of disdain:
And as you wish me I will be.³
Laugh, O lady dear to me!

11.

Heu quis me amabit?

“Floret silva undique,
With my truelove I would be.
Green is the wood on every side,
Where, O where does my love bide?
He has ridden far away:
Who will be my love to-day?”

1) Cf. Walt., 26, 10 seq.; Paul, 19, 10; LD, XC, 1 seq.; H. v. M., XIX, 25—32; Mätz., p. 223.

2) Cf. LD, XXXIV, 197—200; Walt. 3, 17—18.

3) See Schmidt, Reinm. p. 119.

12.

Le gentil rossignolet.

The nightingale poured out her song
With such a will, methinks it were
To thank her not a cruel wrong.
Then did my thoughts ring out to her
Who is my fancies' arbiter.

13.

Et vos concinite.

I lie with her in dreams. Alas the hour
I saw her! — for they keep her in her bower
Close shielded ever from my love distraught,
And I can love her but in faithful thought.
All ye who hear, join in this anthem sorrow-fraught!

14.

Alas for years in pleasure spent,
And forfeited to the usurer Dame World!
She lay in wait for me where'er I went,
And nigh into the pit her prey had hurled.
But Love recalls to my unheeding mind,
Christ came on earth to rescue humankind,
And intercedes for us till judgment-day:
His love has brought me into orders grey.

15.

I am in sweet distress,
It is a grievous woe:
And all because of the winter cold,
And also the white snow.
But if the summer were nigh at hand,
Then would I show me blithe and bland,
And praise the fairest lady in the land.

16.

Send out a song over the country-side,¹
O nightingale, to move my queen of pride!
Sing wild, as though it were my passion cried
For her sweet body and the love denied.

1) Cf. LD, LXI, 1 — 2; "Faust" I, l. 2101 — 2.

17.

Virgo dum florebam.

“Where with clover is y-clad
The green, green lea,
I met my true love, as he bade:
The worse for me.
Tralala, tralala, tralala!”¹

18.

Redeunt iam gramina campis.

Strong winter hath ta'en him away,
Summer cometh in lovely array.
Wood and moorland don to-day
Flowers in the grass and leaves on the spray.
This our pleasaunce shall not soon decay.
Come let us dance round the gay lime
Now, lady mine!
Let us be glad of the Maytime,
Long as the sun will shine.
Winter, that his hoar-frost shed
On the moorland's bed,
In disgrace is flying,
In his place are lying
Flowers red.²

19.

Nemus revirescit.

The forest stands in colours bright,
The birds are singing everywhere,
And manifold is our delight.
Now love that paled in cold and care
Grows ruddy in the young May's sight.
Sir May, to you the seasons' prize
Belongeth: Winter we despise.

1) Cf. CB 146.

2) A closer translation, which preserves better the sensuous image:

Winter, that with love's distress
Filled the heath, is fled;
She is held by flowers red
In a glad caress.

20.

Congaudete floribus.

Now we can frolic as we please,
And carol all the day,
And dance upon the flowery leas,
In the merry month of May.
Then let us dance, and swing, and sway,
And make the echoes call:
For it behoves the young to play,
Yea, and to toss the ball.
How fair my love I cannot say!
Loveth she me at all?

21.¹

Journeys end in lovers' meeting.

By a broad mead as I strayed,
All o' the morning early,
There a maid my steps waylaid,
Greeted me so fairly:
"Truelove, whither are ye roaming?
Would not two be better?" —
To the ground I bowed, and vowed
I was glad to have met her.

22.

Tactu sanabor labiorum.

Truelove, come O come to me,
I am waiting here for thee:
I am waiting here for thee,
Truelove, come O come to me!
Sweetest mouth red as the rose,
Come and heal me of my woes:²
Come and heal me of my woes,
Sweetest mouth red as the rose.³

23.

The month of May is comen.

I will greet the summer sweetly as I can!
Heavy woe was on me while the winter ran:

1) Cf. CB, 63.

2) Cf. Mätz. p. 240; E. Schmidt, *Reinm.*, p. 112—115.

3) This poem is an example of the so-called Palindrome, or Rücklauf.

Put him in the ladies' ban.
On the boughs the buds are filling;
Let us haste away,
Welcome in the May!
I'll begin the dance, if you are willing.

24.

Die Fenster auf! Die Herzen auf!¹

"I will hang my head no more:
Out of the house and bang the door!
Comrades mine, in fields and woods
I have seen the opening buds.
I say to thee, I say to thee,
Truelove, come O come with me!
Listen, Love benign and sweet!
Make for me a garland meet
For the hair of the fair
Youth to ladies debonair.
I say to thee, I say to thee,
Truelove, come O come with me!"

25.²

Woe! Woe for evermore!
Largesse and chivalry are weeping sore
Bohemia's King.
Where shall now the hand be sought
Was to all the needy raught?
My curse on thee, O Death, I fling!
Raise, O raise the wail of woe!
Lord God, our Ottokar lies low:
The debonair to friend and foe,

1) The poem by Wilhelm Müller which begins with this line should be compared with the mhg. Frühlingslieder.

2) A dirge on the death of Ottokar, King of Bohemia, a Maecenas of those days —

"The man who wore like garlands all his crowns,
And, when the one was withered, wove another
From flowers in others' gardens freshly gathered."

(Grillparzer in the great play Carlyle was unable to appreciate). His son, Wenzel II, is one of the Minnesingers represented in this volume, while two others, the Duke of Breslau and the Margrave of Meissen, fought on his side against Rudolf of Habsburg.

Of Christendom, as all men know,
Ever the shield!

The heathens and the Cuman race,¹
Loathed of the Saviour, he from place to place
Drove, and with terror filled.
The lion-hearted,
Who like the eagle darted²
Down on the foe, is killed!
Bohemia's King lies vanquished on the plain:
Eyes, your flood of sorrow rain;
Who shall the widow's orphans now maintain?
The King is as a warrior slain
On honour's field.

26.

Maturo propior desine funeri inter ludere virgines.

An old woman she thought to dance,
Wrinkled was her countenance.
"You must mind the house, O daughter, to-day;
For I am going out to play." —
"Sweet mother of mine," the daughter laughed,
"O surely ye are growing daft!
For many and many a year ago
Snow has been strewn your locks upon."

Up darted the harridan like a bird:
"My merry voice shall now be heard!
I can feel in my hips such a dancing quiver,
I could jump clean over a roaring river.

Then, daughter, open the door full wide,
That I dance in his arms who is waiting outside.
Take a peep o'er my back at the young squire there,
And feed your eyes on his yellow hair."

— "I will go in your place, sweet mother, good-bye!
O doesn't he make the time to fly!
He's been waiting for me there ever so long."
— Sir Neidhart sang this dancing-song.

1) The Cumans were Turkish tribes, who invaded Hungary in the 11th century. They were not christianised till 1278, when a successful campaign against them was inaugurated by Pope Nicholas IV.

2) Cf. Walt., Pf., 136, 8—9; Wilm., Leben, note II, 197.

27.

Methought a lady well y-clad;
Next to her pure limbs a shirt
All full of chastity she had,
With constancy securely girt;
A bodice of gentility she put
Thereover, and a mantel of shame's hue,
Which by decorum had been cut; —
Ladies, patterns these for you!
Ladies' speech, Ladies' sight,
Ladies' hearing — they shall guard
So: that to the flight
Of evil words their ears are barred!
That in decorum's bounds is all they say:
That nothing they behold can shame
Their purity; — and then for aye
Stainless is the page of their good fame.¹

II. Der von Kürenberg.

1.

“That lovers dear be parted, it is a grievous thing!
To keep one's truelove ever, this is more comforting;
This custom I will follow.
Entreat him still to love me, and never to forget
The tender words we whispered the last time that we met.”

2.

Why mindest me of sorrow, belovèd of my heart?
May I not live to see it if we must go apart!
For should I lose thy love,
Then all the folks about me shall very clearly see
That never a soul among them is wretched like to me.

3.

“Sweet is love's bliss, but bitter is its woe:
It chanced a courtly knight I came to know;
Since rancorous watchers robbed him from my breast,
Never came hour of calm to my unrest.”

1) Cf. LD, XVI, 67 seq.; XL, 13 seq.; Walt., 37, 31 seq.; Hertz, Tr., p. 536.

4.

Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.

O lady fair, let us together go:
Come let us share both happiness and woe!
I grudge thee any lover worse than I,
But I will love thee true until I die.

5.

Night Thoughts.

"When in my night-dress all alone
I think of thee, my knight, my own,
My colour glows as on the thorn the rose,
And mournful sad the heart within me grows."

6.

Lo, how the yellow planet hides him now!
So, sweetheart, when thou seest me, do thou.
On to some other knight let thine eyes go,
And how it stands with thee and me no man shall know.

7.

Cowardice undoes a lover.

Lady, I stood before thy bed at deep
Of night, and dared not wake thee from thy sleep.
— "Perdition take thee for thy coward care!
Wast thou afraid I was a ruthless bear?"

8.

"If you should ask me why I repine,
What I most longed for could not be mine;¹
And never shall be, in my despite —
I mean not gold or silver, it looketh like a knight.
I trained me a falcon a year and a day,
Till I had tamed him to my own way;
And when I had bound him with golden bands,
He soared so high above me and flew to other lands.

1) Cf. Chaucer: "My peyne is this, that what I so desire,
That have I not, ne no thing like thereto;
And ever set desire my heart on fire."

Shakespeare: "I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought."

Since I have marked him flying so bold,
All his bright feathers set in red gold,
And silken jesses¹ hung on his feet.
God send them all together that long in love to meet!"

9.

"Tears well from my heart into my eyes;
I and my truelove are parted by lies.
May God requite them, these evil men!
Whoever reconciled us would make me glad again."

10.

Le soir, es creniaus.

"As I leaned upon my turrets in the summer cool of night,
A minstrel sang so sweetly that all the dark was bright.
In the melody of Kürenberg among the crowd sang he!
That knight shall flee the country, or I will enjoy his fair body."
Ho! Bring me hither quickly my harness and my steed!
For the sake of a noble lady I must leave the land with speed.
And would she fain constrain me her leman for to be?²
She may lie and sigh for ever, but she will' never be loved by me.

11.

Ne marcescant lilia.

The fairest lady goeth yet a maid.
I sent my dear page, being myself afraid
For her young sake to see her. I cannot tell
If she love me, but know I love her well.

12.

A love-adept.

Women and birds to tame needeth small skill:
Lure them aright and they follow your will.
So a fair knight wooed a lady with art:
Which when I think on, swelleth my heart.

1) See E. Schmidt, *Reinm.*, p. 88.

2) MacCallum translates: "Forthwith she drives me from her because I love her well."! Jeanroi translates l. 4: "Il doit quitter le pays et je me souviendrai de lui"! (p. 282).

III. Sir Dietmâr von Aist.

1.

“O what relieves the yearning for the man you love the best?
My heart were fain to know it, since it is sore oppressed.
Myself would find a means to ease the longing in the way I please,
but for the spies!

But unforgotten ever near, safe in my heart he lies!”

— They say a woman’s comfort is to be true as gold.

— “Now this I cannot credit, since I am unconsolated.”

(So were two lovers speaking low, when one would from the
other go). “Love, woe is me!

Methinks they are the wisest who have no need of thee.”

2.

Thou reaves me roiff and rest.

When all the world is sleeping, sleep cometh not to me,
And all of a fair lady whose love I long to be;
In whom my only pleasure lies — what counsel can I e’er devise?
I pine away.

Why does God let her be to me this torment night and day?

3.

Envoy to the dame for whom I yearn,
Bid my beloved know:
Since far from her so long I must sojourn,
Boundless is my heart’s woe.
Her love to me it is a dearer thing,
Than all the singing of the birds in spring;
And, if with her I cannot be,
There is no pleasure in the world for me.
“Say, envoy, to my lord the noble knight,
To guard his body well:
To let his mind rejoice in fate’s despite,
And not on sorrow dwell.
I pay his love suspected oft full dear,
Full often is my heart a prey to fear:
I see him not, and suffer pain,
Which fain were I to his dear self to plain.”

4.

The smallè birdès singen clear.

Oho! Now comes to us the time
Of the wild birds' song.
The leaves are greening of the spreading lime,
Broken is the strength of winter long.
Now sweetly fashioned flowers are springing,
And practising their beauty on the leas:
To many a heart old pleasures bringing;
And mine is comforted with flowers and trees.

5.

A bird was singing on the linden tree,
Filling the fields with music by the wood;
My heart was lifted, and did long to be
In the old hollow where the rose-bush stood:
Its wilding blossoms I again could see,
Many and fragrant clustered on the brier,
As are my thoughts of her I most admire.

“It seems indeed a thousand years ago,
Since in the arms of my dear love I lay;
And not for any fault of mine I know
He has been strange to me this many a day;
But since I heed not if birds sing or no,
And since the flowers for me have had no sheen,
Short has my pleasure, long my sorrow been.”¹

6.

Die Sehnsucht schaufelt sein frühes Grab.

Thoughts are free;²
No one in the world can turn them;
Yet must yearning often be
With them, in the heart to burn them.
Love's enjoyment ruled me so,
I with happiness was sated:
Bitter slow the days will go
Now we shall be separated.

1) Cf. Shakespeare's son. How like a winter hath my absence been.

2) Cf. LD, XXXIV, 164; Wilmanns' note to Walt. 37, 14; 38, 23; Freid. 101, 6; 122, 17; E. Schmidt, Reinm., p. 109.

Parting is intolerable grief:
Say my life was very brief,
Ruined in a youth ill-fated.

7.

A la fenestra de la plus auta tor.

A lady stood on the turret-stone
Looking away o'er the moorlands lone,
If that her love were riding there.
She saw a falcon in the air:
"O happy falcon flying free,
Flying where thy heart would be!
In all the wood one single tree
Thou choosest to be dear to thee.¹
And so chose I.
My eyes have singled out a knight;
Now other ladies in their spite
Are envious,² and spy.
Why will they plot against my happiness?
I grudge them not the men their arms caress."

8.

"Woe to thee, O summer glad!
The birds are silent grown,
And the leaves of the linden are strewn.
Mine eyes that see so well now make me sad
With vision of the happy season's dying.
Mine own knight, be thou not sighing
For other dames! Remember, sweet,
I deemed thee fashioned in man's loveliest mould,
And loved thee from the hour we first did meet."

9.

Ut vaga ratis per aequora.

I have achieved the object that my heart has struggled for —
A noble dame has taken me to be her servitor.
And I obey her, as a ship
Answers to the helmsman's grip,

1) Cf. Osw. 96, 55 seq.

2) Cf. MF. 13, 27, 29.

When the angry wave has ceased to roll
Heigh ho!
She stills the turmoil of my soul.¹

10.

ἀμέτρα καὶ ἡδῆ.

“Love, sleepest thou?
And hearest not the bird upon the bough?
The pretty thing does twitter: “Time
For parting” from the branches of the lime.
From sleep so deep
That thou shouldst rouse me, child, at dawn’s first peep! —
Joy must be yoked with sorrow all the way,
And whatsoever thou biddest I obey.

(She made her moan).

“Thou ridest, love, and leavest me alone.
And when wilt thou come back again to me?
My joy upon thy saddle rides with thee”²

11.

Furlough gat the summer shining:
Let him rest with all his flowers.
Now for all the long repining
Since I wove in wildwood bowers
Fostered blossoms of the spring’s first showers,
Winter’s nights shall all indemnify,
When by love so long I lie.³

12.

O lady, long have I been fain
To set my love on thee,
And made good use of all I was:
Thou hast ennobled me.⁴

1) Cf. Petrarch, Son. 156.

2) The oldest day-song in the Minnesong. Besides the balcony scene in Romeo and Juliet, we have in English literature perfect Day-songs in Carew’s “Pastoral Dialogue”, “This mossy bank they press’d”, and Donne’s (? Dowland’s) “Break of Day”.

3) Cf. Walt., 65, 13—14; MF, 16, 15 seq.; 216, 1 seq.; Schmidt, Reinm. p. 93.

4) *παθήματα μαθήματα*. Cf. Charles Cotton To Chloris: “Improved in merit, for thy sake”. The underlying idea of the Minnedienst. The Margrave of Brandenburg: “Worthless is a loveless man”. Walt., 1, 3—4; 68, 14; 71, 33—40; Walt., Paul, 1, 4; 6, 24, 34, 37—40; 20, 21, 39 seq.; MF, 94, 14; Freid. 100, 18—19. “Better to have loved and lost” Walt., 69, 39—40. Mätz. p. 155, 255.

May all that I from thee have won
To my advantage tell;
And if it ends as it begun,
You have done all things well.¹

IV. Spervogel I.

1.

“A house of your own”, the hedgehog said,
“Is an excellent thing above your head.”
Build a house where you are master
Of the thatch and tiles and plaster.
Miserly the rich are grown.²
Many a thing you’ll do without if you haven’t a house of
your own.

2.

Be it shine, or be it shower,
The guest must be up at an early hour.
While mine host sits snug and warm,
The guest fares forth in the pelting storm.
To play “mine host” when your hair is grey,
You must save your money, young man, to-day.³

3.

Renard, repenting his evil deeds,
Entered a cloister to say his beads.
But when they gave him the flocks to tend,
His piety came to a sudden end.
He worried lamb, and ram, and hog —
And swore it was the priests’ black dog.

4.

Two dogs quarrelled about a bone:
One did nothing but snarl and groan:
Did his snarling help the whelp?

1) Cf. MF, 144, 31 seq.; H. v. M., p. 198.

2) Cf. Walt. 51, 176.

3) H. v. M., XVII, 55.

— The other simply let him yelp;
Clawed it,
Bore it from the table to the door,
And stood before his face and gnawed it.¹

5.

Patience is all very well in a man,
But people will tread you down if they can.
Put your back against the wall and fight!
Two dogs quarrelled about a bone, but the plucky one
got it all right.²

6.

There is in heaven a palace, where
You enter by a golden stair.
The columns are of marble, which
God hangs with garlands of jewels rich.
But there is none may enter there
Who is not stainless washed of his sins' pitch.

7.

How call the fool
Who saves³ his own wife and a harlot follows?
A swine that leaves the fountain clear, and wallows
In the muddy pool.

8.

What's bred in the bone.

A clever fellow with a wolf begins
A game of chess. The stakes for him who wins.
The wolf was as his father once had been,
And when a ram came sauntering on the scene,
Said "damn!", and for a pawn let go the Queen.

1) Cf. Freid. 138, 13—14.

2) Cf. Logau: Patience to be sure has some good points,
May be hard though on the joints:
And he who lets himself be beaten,
May be eaten.

Also Walt., 11, 13—14.

3) Freid. 105, 2; H. v. M., XXVIII, 117—118.

V. Sir Meinloh von Sevelingen.

1.

Whenas I heard them praising thee I longed to be thy friend,¹
And for thy virtue's sake I sought and found thee in the end:
Yet now that we have met indeed thou art no worse to me;
And, noble lady, nobler is who may be dear to thee.
One of the best of all² art thou, and blessèd are thine eyes:
On whom they will they may repose like sunshine of the skies.

2.

One offers thee his service to whom thou dearer art
Than life itself. Thou dravest all others from his heart,
And didst not leave remaining a thought that is not thine:
So now in thy great goodness condemn him not to pine!
Thou hast transformed his habits, and warped his judgment so,
That for the sake of thee
Joy unalloyed he hath bartered for bitter grief and woe.

3.

Quod agis, age tenebris.

He who serveth noble ladies must in all his deeds take care.
Lest they suffer by his baseness, he his burning love must bear
In his bosom for a casket, like a jewel to be seen
But of her whose eyes it gladdens, and whose eyes enhance its sheen.
He that serves a noble lady nobly is of noble guerdon sure:
Heart unchaste did never truly love a lady good and pure.

4.

Call it not love that woos a lady long:
For envious hearts discover and work wrong.
Love grows uncertain from uncertainty:
It should be pressed and sped ere spies avail,
And they with cunning foiled who so assail.
Many were blest in this wise, more shall be.

5.

It is as it should be, I live in pride,
What though my thoughts in clouded currents glide?

1) See Waldb., p. 144.

2) Cf. MF, 155, 32; Freid. 100, 17.

And who shall ever light their course, save one
To me as dear as life, of noblest ways,
Fitted to be the theme of all men's praise?
Perfect indeed is she,
And every day I chance her face to see,
Is ever after sacred unto me.

6.

Ich dien.

✓ I love a noble lady, the reason why is clear;
And ever since I 'gan to serve she groweth yet more dear:
And still as more I love her the lovelier she grows,
Crowned with a richer beauty than is the queenly rose.
And if for her sweet sake I died, but came to life again,
A second time my sighs would rise deep with the olden pain.¹

7.

Mine heart is lent upon sae goodly wicht.

“Mine eyes have chosen me from out the throng
A fairer youth it seemed than all the rest:
And therefore other ladies envy me,
Although I have not done them other wrong
Than that I have deserved to please him best,
As still to please him best my aim shall be.
But whatsoever lady was his love before,
And lost him for good cause,
If I should see her all forlorn I would not chide her sore.”

8.

Harbingers of summer I have seen —
Red, red flowers² among the sprouting green.

1) Cf. Clément Marot:

“I am not now what I have been,
And never shall be more.
My summer jumped through the window clean,
As my spring had done before.
Thou hast been my master, Love,
All the other gods above.
O if I could be born again,
How much better I'd serve thee then!”

2) Cf. MF, 183, 34. What these red flowers were which the Minnesingers saw in Spring, it is for a botanist to decide. V. Schönbach, Die älteren Minne-

Fair châtelaine, what offers thee a knight? —
To be thy secret thrall were life's delight.
His heart is cold with winter all the days
Since he from thee has banished been:
O warm it now against the coming rays
Of summer¹ — numbed it lies with pain
Till sweetly on thy bosom it have lain.

9.

Dissipat curas edaces.

"I have heard good tidings, joy again I know:
He is home returnèd, who dispels my woe.
Now farewell O sorrow, get thee gone from me!
As his worth deserveth, I will faithful be.
Youth belovèd, closely I'll lay thee by my side —
Thou that in love's service art approved and tried."

10.

Debonair and lovely, good and noble too,
One I know whom graceth all she e'er may do.
Not for this I vaunt it that, as fortune gave,
Converse I had with her secret as the grave:
But that my clear vision is with truth acquaint,
She is comely, virtuous, cheerful with restraint.
Ne'er was fairer body known beneath the sun;
And I will endeavour
To achieve whatever she desireth done.

VI. The Burgrave of Ratisbon.

1.

"Me do vassal vows unite
In service, and in love enlace,
Unto a very perfect knight,

singer, on this passage. The prevailing epithet in the C. B. is *purpureus*; cf. Sir Hy. Wotton, Elizabeth of Bohemia: "Ye violets that first appear, By your pure purple mantles known"; Lycidas, l. 141: "Purple all the ground with vernal flowers." But purple also means red.

1) Cf. Walt., 3, 33—34.

Who soothes my heart with his embrace.¹
And he in whom such virtues lie,
And do to all the world endear him,
Well may his noble heart beat high.”²

2.

“They shall not rob me of my lord,
Who long ago made firm his might
Upon me, and, for my reward,
Makes me the mate of dear delight.
Yea, though they lay before me cold
And dead with hate, my love should live.
Their envy has on me no hold.”

3.

What sweets in stolen embraces dwell!
“To shun my knight I now am bidden:
I cannot shun him, come what may.
I must remember I was hidden
Sweet in his arms and warmly lay.
Sorrow, sorrow racks my brain:
Parting rends my heart in twain:
My heart is conscious of its pain.”

VII. The Burgrave of Rietenburg.

1.

Now the nightingale is sated,
And the song I heard elated
Sinks and dies.
But within my heart there lies
Good hope of a lady's favour.
I to be her vassal crave her,
Which if she vouchsafe to grant,
I will ne'er to her be recreant³

1) Cf. CB, 140, a.

2) The construction of the last three lines is common in the Minnesong, and I hope I may be permitted to imitate it. Carew has it in *He that loves a rosy cheek*.

3) Mätz., p. 160.

2.

The scorn that crazed his brain.

Awhile agone I heard the story
That is my comfort yet:
Love, they told me, is delight and glory,
And never bred regret.
Then no longer I would fret,
If she my love no more would flout.
God knows that I can do without
All ladies, save
The one whose lovely body drave
My love-sick fancy long ago to rave.¹

3.

Uror.

Since she thinks to test me, I
Will submit to her desire.²
I shall be as gold you try,
Purging it of dross by fire.
Gold improves by being tried,
And is clearer, fairer, purified:
All the more the furnace glows,
Nobler yet the metal grows.

VIII. Sir Heinrich von Veldeke.

“How well von Veldeke
Of love sang he!

He grafted the first twig
Whence grew those branches big

In German speech with
clustered flowers”
Gottfried von Straszburg.

1.

Shall I tell you whom I love?

Who injures me in my love's eyes,
I wish for him³ the hempen bands
By which a vile thief dies.
Who praises me in friendly wise

1) “Omnis amans amens”. Cf. MF, 135, 16; 142, 3; 162, 30; Walt., 29, 4; 69, 36; 39, 13; H. v. M., III, 83; V, 15; XVIII, 47; E. Schmidt, Reinm., p. 88.

2) Cf. H. v. M. I, 86, 89.

3) The asterisks represent a rhetorical pause, or rather musical device.

To her, I wish him Paradise,
And fold to him my hands.¹
Should any ask who she may be,
He shall know her by this sign:²
There is none more fair than she.
Succour me, O lady mine!
I do not grudge the sun to thee,
If for me the moon but shine.³

2.

✓ Queen Iseult to Tristan owed
Not a jot for his devotion:
Less of heart's deep love he showed
Than the nature of the potion.
Me my lady well may thank:
Spicèd wine I never drank,
Yet I love more deep than he,
If that may be.
Lady sweet, without deceit,
Let me be thine and be thou mine.

3.

Since the sun withdrew his rays,
As the winds were coldly blowing,
And the birds their merry lays
Hushed, as numb their wings were growing,
Dreary is the heart of me,
For the winter now must be,
That to us his might is showing
On the flowers the eye perceives
Lowly lying, pale and dying
In fallen leaves.

1) i. e., as a token of homage: the vassal folded his hands, over which the feudal lord then laid his. Cf. LD, XXXIII, 83; Hertz, Tr., p. 517.

2) Cf. poem by W^m Browne, which begins with the title I have taken. The Minnesinger was compelled to observe strict anonymity in his references to his lady. Cf. Walt., Pf., 35, 25—26. Walther, in translation 17, archly identifies himself with the Walther who loved Hildegunde in the epic poem. Cf. "τίς δέ, καὶ ἦς, καὶ πῶς — ἡ Θεός οἶδε μόνῃ" (Greek Anthology).

3) Cf. Freidank 117, 8—9. MF, 124, 36—37.

4.

He that has the wit to be
Love's true vassal, love to gain,
Blessèd for love's sake is he,
In despite of all his pain.
All good things from love have we:
Love from low desires sets free —
Why should I from love refrain?

I am true to her as steel:
Well I know she is my own;
If my heart could falsely deal,
True love never will be known.
Thanks to her for all I feel,
Love shall music still reveal;
Love seems hard to fools alone.

5.¹

Arida canities pellens lascivos amores.

All people swear —
And it is true — that women ne'er
Come to love a man's gray hair.
'Tis hard to bear,
And hard to credit:
But women do in sober truth
Choose rather an untutored youth
Than a wise man like me — though I have said it.

Nor more nor less
Than I am grey — which I confess —
I hate in women foolishness:
When they profess,
Because it glistens,
New tin is gold! They love a lad
Because he can be sooner had,
That's my belief — to whom no woman listens.

6.

What if April's² chill? tender flowers are springing
Dressed are beech and lime in a green unweathered.

1) Walt., 12, 27—28; 48, 1—8; Osw. 93, 19—24; CB, 48, 2; 59, 1; 60, 2.
A gray beard is praised MF 21, 32. See E. Schmidt, *Reinm.*, p 89; H. v. M. p. 269.

2) April, "mensiscithereius", instead of May, is a clear proof of Provençal influence.

To the breezes sweetly blowing!
On the linden's blackened bough
I have seen the green buds showing.

IX. Sir Friedrich von Hausen.

1.

Aux Lombardes campagnes.

If again my native skies
E'er I see, a soldier blameless,
Where my only pleasure lies
With a lady who to you is nameless,
Man or woman nevermore
Shall behold me as before
Deep immersed in sorrow aimless.
Many a thing which grieved me there
Seemeth here so good and fair.

Far away she seemed to be,
Where she now would seem so near me,
Bitter is this strange country
Now, and will be more, I fear me.
Needs my faithful heart must pine.
Were I now about the Rhine,¹
Haply there the news would cheer me
That I never heard since I
Came across the mountains high.

2.

My doting time is past.

She cannot lay it at my door
That e'er my heart his Queen² forswore;
The signs of her dominion she
Might mark on me:
So dim was all else in my head,
I have to folks "good morrow" said
At night;

1) Cf. LD, XVII, 33; XXVI, 34; XXVII, 8.

2) MF 141, 7; Walt., 22, 48; 26, 6; 29, 21; LD, XLIII, 107, 145; LXIV, 20; XCVIII, 87, 160; CB, 124a, 5; H. v. Mont. I, 45.

Yea, so in bondage was my sprite,
That I at times remembered not,
And understood a greeting not a jot.¹
She suffered me to be her slave,²
But no reward she ever gave.
I do not breathe a word unkind,
But that her mind
Too little generous hath shown.
I thought that all mine ills were flown
When I surrendered
My freedom, and my service tendered
On hope of favour insecure!
Now Him I serve whose recompense is sure.
I came from love in great distress,
Yet did I never love possess;
And thence the sorrow manifold
Can not be told.
Not that I speak a word of blame
To her, or any other dame:
But this was wrong —
That I forgot my God so long:³
Which most I mourn; but now my mind
Shall be to serve my Saviour inclined.

3.

✓ My heart and body now are each upbraiding⁴
The other, swearing they will part and go.
My body would be fain to go crusading:
My heart unto a lady clingeth so
That I am hard perplexed, and do not know
How to be friends again I shall beguile them.
Sure only God himself can reconcile them.
It is my eyes have made them foe and foe.
Fondly I hoped this trouble all would quit me,
When the red cross was on my shoulder dyed:
And that it should be so would only fit be,

1) Cf. Walt., 38, 25—33; Pf., 35, 12.

2) Walt., 6, 4—5; XVIII, 32; Mätz., p. 104.

3) Cf. MF 136, 23: "If I had served my God with half the zeal I served my lady" —

4) Cf. MF 87, 15—16; 215, 30—1; Walt., Pf., 35, 9—16; Villon's poem.

But that my constancy's ill satisfied.
And sure great happiness would me betide,
If but my heart would waive his claims a little.
But well I see he careth not a tittle
Though I his tyranny should dear abide.

Then cruel heart, since that I cannot bend thee
To let my sinful body be reprieved,
I pray to God that he vouchsafe to send thee
Unto a place where thou be well received.
Alas, thy pleading will it be believed?
Hast thou the courage for this hard campaigning?
And what shall help thee conquer her disdain
Save the firm faith with which to her I cleaved?

4.

The eye is traitor of the heart.

I had a vision of a lady bright¹
Through the dark hours until the morning's light;
But woke, and lost her. Whither is she fled
Who soothed my sleep with joy can not be said?
My traitrous eyes it is that cheat my mind,
Repeating beauties seen.² That I were blind!

5.

I often wonder, were my lady near me
What I should say to her: and it beguiles
My sorrow to imagine she can hear me,
For such sweet converse shortens all the miles.
Here o'er the sand my comrades see me riding,
And, seeing my bent face lit with happy smiles,
They deem me gay,
While o'er the swelling seas my heart is biding,
Far away.

Yet, spite of all, my grief is three times greater
In Palestine, that was so great at home.
She ever hated me, I cannot hate her:

1) Cf. Sir Thos. Wyatt's Sonnet „Unstable dream —”. Other dream poems MF, 145, 10 seq; LD, XCVIII, 88; XC, 17 seq.

2) Cf. Daniel: “Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires, To model forth the passions of the morrow.”

Hateth she still, now I have crossed the foam?
Howe'er it be, it boots not to forbid me
Convey her with me wheresoe'er I roam:
Impediment
Of which no Paynim sword can ever rid me
In field or tent.¹

6.

Vainly they imagine they have checked
Death, who cheat the Lord of his crusade:
As I do shrewdly in my faith suspect,
Foolish is the reckoning they have made.
He who takes the cross and is afraid
Of the journey, will his fault detect,
When the gate is locked on him dismayed
That is open to the Lord's elect.

X. Sir Heinrich von Rugge.

1.

Greetings where no kindness is.
To many a man for his greeting kind
I would gladly give a piece of my mind.
Flattered to your face, behind
Your back by hypocrites maligned!
I liken such to dogs whose blind
Vicious fury village streets endangers:
Whose delight
It is to bite
Passers-by because they are strangers.

2.

He that loves a rosy cheek.
Ask not overmuch for fair
Form and face: let women be

1) Cf. Anon. 1 (Golden Treasury XII) (perhaps by Donne, v. Chambers II, 249):

“By absence this good means I gain,
That I can catch her,
Where none can watch her,
In some close corner of my brain:
There I embrace and kiss her;
And so I both enjoy and miss her.”

Good: beauty is but a snare:
Gladly woo, if good is she.
After the strewn leaves of roses
Richer the rich mind uncloses.
Boorish is he, and unwise,
Who judges women by the eyes.¹

XI. Sir Albrecht von Johansdorf.

1.²

Si Dieu veult que je revienne.

I have ta'en the cross, the stern crusader's token:
To purge my sins to Palestine I fare.
A lady's heart at parting nigh is broken:³
If e'er again I breathe my native air,
God grant I find her honour never faltered,
Then my dearest wish is mine:
But if her life is altered,⁴
God grant to me a grave in Palestine.

2.

The linden shade was belted with a braid
Of motley flowers growing the grasses over.
The roses shed their petals white and red;
The birds sang overhead;
It was a lovely bed among the clover.
Fair stood the flowers in low and serried ranks:
And I await, for guerdon of my serving,
My lady's thanks.

1) I have read somewhere in the literature of the period a story of a wife who did not consider herself beautiful enough for her husband, and implored him to divorce her, but his ideals were not those of the middle ages, and he kept her for her goodness' sake. Cf. LD, XIX, 17 seq.; Walt., 9, 13 seq.

2) Cf. MF, 211, 20—26.

3) Cf. LD, XXVI, 28.

4) See Schultz, I, p. 462: The wives of the Norman knights who had gone to England with William the Conqueror summoned their husbands to come home, with the threat that they would otherwise take other husbands. Cf. Tristan, ed. Francisque-Michel II, p. 18: "Have you never heard it said, Mad wife in an empty bed?"

O it is long since last I raised my song:
Sure it is time the gathered clouds were rifted!
But how shall wake gladness in hearts that break?
And never for my sake
My lady's heart did ache in days that drifted.
Then in my breast no merry jest shall spring,
Till she herself declare her will and summon
My laugh to ring.

3.¹

Quaeris quae non invenis.

To my lady's bower I crept
By the watchers unsuspected. —
“Sir, the bounds you have o'erstept!
You surprise me unprotected.”² —
“Lady, now committed is the sin.” —
“Tell me, Sir, what bringeth you my bower within?”
— “Once again to swear the truth:
I for love of you am dying.” —
“Out upon thee, foolish youth!
Save the effort of thy sighing.” —
“You will kill me, sweet, if so you gird.” —
“Sigh a thousand years you never shall be heard.”
— “And is this my recompense:
Chiding in such cruel fashion?” —
“Sir, you have but little sense,
Wantonly to stir my passion.” —
“Mistress, my existence you have blighted.” —
“You're an arrant fool to love me uninvited.”
— “Could I other than adore you
When I looked upon your beauty?” —
“You insult me! I implore you
To respect my wifely duty.” —
“To insult you never came in to my mind.” —
“You would boast of my dishonour, were I kind.”
— “I am faithful and discreet:
My deserts you still have scanted.” —
“I forbid you to entreat

1) Cf. Sir Thos. Wyatt's son. "The lover forsaketh his unkind love". Weinh.,
1, 260. Jeanroi p. 137.

2) Cf. LD, XIV, 317; XVIII, 126; XV, 183.

Favours that can ne'er be granted." —

"Of love's long servitude is this the fee?" —¹

"Others may accord you what you seek of me."

— "Then my singing must remain,

And true service, unrewarded?" —

"Nay, your pains were not in vain:

Guerdon good shall be accorded." —

"I entreat you, make your meaning plain!" —

"You are happier now and nobler in the grain".

4.

If I saw one who said from her he came,
 Were he my foe, I yet would entertain him.
 Though he had stolen all I e'er could claim
 As mine, forgiveness should his tidings gain him.
 He that her name to me hath said
 Shall be my friend
 From year's end to year's end,
 Though he had burnt my castle o'er my head.²

XII. Der von Kolmas.

Calcanda semel via leti.

Morrow has followed morrow, since a child was I,
 To my heart's unending sorrow, as the winds blow by,
 Once only, and no man can turn their flight;
 And the days spent in vain, and spoiled with strife,
 Can ne'er be lived again. This flickering life
 Death snuffs as it were but a candle's light.
 O the dark deeps of death! How few men think
 That time will push them helpless o'er the brink!
 How recklessly we do the things forbidden,
 Although the bitter gall is in the honey hidden!
 But whosoe'er applieth all his mind to gain
 The life where no man dieth, blessèd shall attain

1) Sir Thos. Wyatt: "Grant me now my hire"; "Disdainful doubleness have I for my hire"; Wilm., *Leben III*, notes 160 and 265. Cf. with this poem the canzone by Aimeric de Pegulhan, *Chr. Prov.*, p. 175.

2) Cf. *Neidh.* 37, 55.

To all his soul's desires, and they shall not fade.
 And there is purest pleasure, love that does not cloy,
 Nor any brain can measure all that sum of joy
 In mansions lovelier than our dreams e'er made;
 For there in perfect rapture the soul rests,
 No smoky house nor leaking roof molests;
 Into the hoar of eld no angels fall:
 There let us go, if so God will, who ruleth all.

Then let us make confession, and to Mary pray,
 For Her sweet intercession with the God who lay
 In Her pure womb the miracle that wrought.
 In His embrace reposes His created earth:
 And yet His power encloses more than all its girth.
 All other wonders are to this as naught:
 Christ Jesus and the Maiden undefiled,
 She is His Mother and is yet His Child:
 Exalted Virgin, whom the Lord did make
 Queen of all earth and heaven for Her virtue's sake.

Let us as pilgrims humble march to the Heavenly Inn;
 And if our feet should stumble into traps of sin,
 We will unloose the meshes by Christ's aid.
 We march along the way all men must go;
 And let us not delay the debt we owe
 The Host for life to save: it must be paid,
 And the hour is nigh: strength melts away like lead,
 Life's evening cometh and the morn is fled.
 Let us in time take counsel of our state:
 If we at dark are debtors it will be too late!

XIII. Sir Hartwig von Raute.

Conde papillas, conde.

Never have I my lady faced,
 But felt it hard to be
 Permitted not to clasp her waist,
 And press her close to me.¹
 To see her breasts in damask rise —

1) CB 61, 2, "praesens volo tangere" (with which cf. Wilm., Leben, III, 322).

Like a straining hound it makes me:
Scanned by a thousand pairs of eyes,
When such a madness overtakes me
I could not hold my passion in,
I would kiss her cheek and chin —
If only violence her love might win.

XIV. Sir Bligger von Steinach.

Lascivis hederis ambitiosior.

A load of years for sale cheap! Who's for buying?
Well warranted to age you speedily.
I get no use of them for all my trying:
For one with any prospect I'd give three,¹
Such as they are: they are too much for me.
What boots on service true to be relying,
If such ingratitude must be the fee?

If anything I heard of more availing,
To heal the sorrow sore within my breast,
Than faithful service, it should cure my ailing,
For I would practice it and never rest.
Would it avail me aught if I confessed:
In my belief a love that has no failing,
And shuns all other ladies, should be blest?

When absence shall again my heart embolden
To seek the lady dwelling by the Rhine,
Were I for any grace to her beholden
To stay the bleeding of this heart of mine,
Then would she grow upon me like the vine:
Dear as Damascus to the far-famed Soldan,²
Sweet in my thoughts as sheltered eglantine.

XV. Sir Heinrich von Morungen.

1.

Pitiless glances, unassuaged sorrow:
My heart and body thence are nigh forlorn;

1) Cf. Walt., Pf., 35, 27—28; MF 86, 5 seq.

2) Saladin is mentioned LD, XVIII, 87; CB, XXVI; Walt., 50, 55; HMS. 3, 14^b.

Soldán, Osw. 111, 22.

And I would sing to-day's complaint to-morrow,
 But that I fear unfeeling mockers' scorn:¹
 Yet if her praises these my songs adorn,
 Let no man say that alien words I borrow,
 Since I for song's sake to the world was born.²

She is my heart's crown, yea, though she abhorred me:
 A crown with beauty's jewels that so blaze
 On the Queen only: O would she accord me
 To be the King of happy men always!
 All hearts are eager on my love to gaze.
 Is it not time, O lady, to reward me?
 Lest there should be some folly in my praise.³

When I before her stand and see the wonder
 Wrought by the Lord to be her body fair,
 Shines in the sky a sun, I am thereunder:
 And fain were I to be for ever there,
 Since all my soul is darkling elsewhere,
 Whenas the clouds I cannot tear asunder
 With might of yearning, gloom the hateful air.

2.

Ἀβριον ἄβριον ἔσω.

The nightingale I do not follow,
 That stays her singing when the time for it is o'er:
 I keep the custom of the swallow,
 That maugre joy and sorrow singeth evermore.
 So now I raise my strain,
 And with good reason do indeed complain —
 Woe's me! —
 That e'er with song and sigh
 I came to crave a boon, where I
 No hope of grace and guerdon see.

1) Cf. MF 165, 14. Such scorn as is perhaps hinted at in MF 167, 13—21: "They ask how old my lady is, whom I have served so long." Ulrich von Liechtenstein served his lady 13 years "without hire." The Minnesinger often loves one dame "von Kindesbeinen auf." So Hausen, MF 50, 11; MF 4, 24; Morungen MF 136, 11; Hartmann 215, 29; Neidhart, Haupt 56, 8; CB 49, 6. Schmidt, Reinm., p. 51; H. v. M., p. 180; Michel, p. 57.

2) He seems to mean: I was born to love her, and therefore to sing her. The imitation of "exegi monumentum", so repulsive in the poets of the Pléiade, does not once occur in the Minnesong. v. Burdach, R. d. A. u. W. note 8.

3) Cf. Walt., 72, 20.

Should I keep silence, men would say
That my old singing habits better would befit me:
But if I spake, and turned a lay,
I know that for my music they would hate and twit me.
Their heart I cannot reach
Who seek to poison me with dulcet speech.
Woe's me!

That e'er they made my song
Falter, and cease in silence long;
But as of old it now shall be.

My heart for its best time is sighing,
And for so many a glorious and rapturous day
Lost in my lady's service lying:
And for all the melodies in which my yearning lay,
Which, though she heard them hath,
Into her heart could never find a path.
Woe's me!

The years I've lost in wooing!¹⁾
But I have time enough for rueing:
From ruth I never shall be free.

Laughter heard and beauty seen,
And a lady's noble manners have befooled me long.
How could it otherwise have been?
And he who charges me with fickleness is wrong.
Much have I borne of pain,
And with a woman never have I lain.
Woe's me!

On ladies glad to gaze
Was I, and ever sang their praise:
But fated favoured not to be.

There is no thing on earth so dear —
The more you hold it precious and the more it proveth true —
But sorrow surely lurks anear;
Yet is he lost whose constancy is lined with rue.
This wisdom I observed,
And hence in my devotion never swerved.
Woe's me!

1) Cf. Sir Thos. Wyatt: "I me repent Of my lost years, and of my time mis-
spent"; Tom Moore; MF 175, 31; Michel, p. 138.

To me a woman ne'er
Was true: I am of pleasure bare!
But I love on, howe'er it be.

3.

Voi che per gli occhi miei passate al core.

If I were sure it would with you remain,
My love's name I would not mind your knowing:
Whoever broke the heart of me in twain,
There he would find her image glowing.
Mine eyes are whole that are the door by which she entered in:¹
Could I be so conceived by her pure love devoid of sin!
If any shout in a deaf forest long,²
Echoes will answer him, his words returning:

1) Love enters:

(a) "durch die ougen". MF, 124, 39: LD, LVIII, 15—16: LIX, 4—5: LXIV, 8—9: LXXXIII, 14: XCVI, 27; beautifully put MF 176, 38 seq.:

"I ne'er deserved the woe
I suffer sorely,
Save that my heart controlled me,
And drove me oft to go
And stand before thee,
Bold to behold thee.
Then if I let mine eye
To thine in secret fly,
It went out lightly and to me returned
Wounded, and for heaviness less fleet.
Lady, hath any spied on its retreat?"

MF 194, 22 seq: "Through my eyes' portals gently she came gliding,
And forced that narrow passage safe and well,
And made a breach in my heart's citadel,
Where now I hold the noble dame in hiding."

Petrarch, son. 3: "Trovommi Amor del tutto disarmato
Et aperta la via per gli occhi al core".

Sir Thos. Wyatt reads into his translation of Petrarch's 109th sonnet an image of his heart as a forest where love, like a "stricken deer" is hiding. Cf. also in his poem "The Lover describeth his being taken with Sight of his Love": "Through mine eye the stroke from hers did glide And down directly to my heart it ran."

(b) "durch die sêle." MF, 141, 38; 125, 24.

(c) "durch daz herz." Walt., 22, 30. MF, 144, 24: "she can break through hearts as the sun breaks through glass". H. v. Mont. 2, 20: "She shot with flames of fire into my heart's cell". Margrave of Meiszen: "her mouth so burned my heart took fire". Diez, p. 139.

2) Cf. Freid. 124, 3—4, and proverb "som man raaber i skoven faar man svar". "Wie man in den Wald ruft, schallt es zurûck."

Now I have plained to her in many a song
The anguished love she is so coldly spurning;
And others rang in all rich rimes that their hearts too were breaking —
She sleepeth sound and hath forgotten every word on waking!

A parrot, or a starling, would by now
Have learned repeat the love-notes I have spoken:
It is so long since I have shown her how
Love's service is, and yet she knows no token —
Nor will, unless God's miracle assist me in the end;
I might as well without an axe implore an oak to bend.

4.

Beauty from the light retired.

God ever bless my lady good and bright!
Woe to the guarding of the world's delight,
Which hides from me my love, whose beauty vies
With the unencumbered sun in western skies.¹

My soul is dark till the long night be gone:
And night it is till her I look upon —
Belovèd sun that cometh in such state
No shade of cloud makes less immaculate:

I challenge all the low and niggard spies
Of women made for rapture of men's eyes,
To be a glass, where all delight is shown —
What use is buried gold no man can own?²

'Ware when chaste women closely guarded be!
Too little liberty makes them too free.³
Ladies should be adored and rarely chidden. —
I saw a sick one quaff a drink forbidden.

5.

I die, I faint, I fail.⁴

Lady, if my life you would preserve,
Your eyes' light a little on me shed!

1) Cf. MF, 123, 1; 134, 38; 144, 30; LD, XXXII, 64—65.

2) Cf. Horace "nullus argento color abdito terris".

3) Cf. Logau: "Ohne Not wird sie bewacht,
Die auf Untreu nie gedacht;
Nur vergebens wird bewacht,
Die auf Untreu hat gedacht"

and Freid. 101, 5—12; MF, 65, 21 seq. Wilm., Leben, III, notes 35, 38.

4) Cf. CB, 51, 2; 102, 6; 104, 2; 166, 2; 166a; MF, 141, 6.

I can no longer struggle on: I swerve
With weariness, and I shall soon be dead,
Shent by a murderess¹ I would not shun.
Mine own eyes and your mouth so red,
Lady, this to me have done.

O lady, let your glance upon me glide!
The waters of my life are ebbing low.
One only word from you would turn the tide
With waves of strength my soul to overflow.
“No and nay,” and nothing else you spoke:
“No and nay” and “nay and no”:
With “no and nay” my heart is broke.

Can you not, but only once, say “Yes”?
“Yes and yea” and “yea and yes”?
Such a word my heart would bless.

6.

Nostrī memorem sepulchro scalpe querelam.

Have ye her beholden
Who is like the golden
Sun of dawning day?
When I see her look
From her window nook²
O'er the lands away,
Then my care departeth:
But when she is hidden
I am sorrow-ridden,
Till by her 'tis bidden
Flee away.

Does there one remain
Here among you sane,
Now that she with fair
Crownèd³ hair has passed?

1) MF, 147, 4—5; LD, XXXIV, 175, cf. roubærin MF, 130, 14.

2) “venster(lin)” cf. MF, 138, 37; LD, XXXV, 9; = diu glas, LD, XXII, 33. Glass also mentioned LD, XXXII, 35; XXI, 859; MF, 144, 25; 145, 2; 119, 13. “spiegel” LD, XXI, 859; LXII, 40; MF, 145, 2; Freid. 122, 25; 123, 2. Wack., Kl. Sch., I, p. 128 seq.; H. v. M., p. 250.

3) The original seems to refer to a crown (not a garland), whence it has been assumed that Morungen's love was of royal birth.

Let him follow fast,
Summon her repair
Where for her I fade:
Else I die to-morrow;
Ecstasy and sorrow
Rage my bosom thorough,
Drive me to despair.

Chisel, ye that love me,
On the stone above me,
Soon as I am dead:
"Passion him possessed:
Marble was her breast."
As they o'er me tread,
Strangers then will weep,
Reading in the rime
Knowledge of her crime
In the olden time
When to death I bled.

7.

Enchanted are full many by the elf:
So by the spell of great love for the best
Lady e'er loved, I am bewitched myself.
But if she hate me for my love confessed,
And would be fain
To wreak a vengeance dire
Upon me, let her grant me my desire:
By very ecstasy I shall be slain.

She commands me from my heart her throne,
Lady and lordlier than myself can be.
And O to be her prisoner¹ all alone
With her to keep an easy guard o'er me,
Days only three,
And a few nights as well!²
I should not die close pent in such a cell!
But she doth hold herself alas too free.

1) Cf. LD, XXXIII, 294; LXXXII, 9; XCII, 15; Osw. 76, 16—17, varies the image: "locked like an eremite thine arms within". Schmidt, *Reinm.*, p. 87; H. v. M., p. 270.; Michel, p. 103; Mätz., p. 157.

2) Cf. Walt., 6, 9—10; LD, XXVII, 38.

I am enkindled by her bright eyes' glow,
Even as when fire and dry tinder meet;
If she avoid me, sinks my spirit low,
As when ye pour out water on red heat.
Her visage sweet,
Her noble blood and mind,
And all the good that fame is forced to find
In her, make me a beggar at her feet.

When her bright glance is turned in such a wise
That she can through my heart behold me all,
Whoever steps between me and those eyes,
I wish that all perdition him befall.
I stand at call
Before her: for my joy I stay,
Even as the little birds await the day.
When will she lift my spirit's darkling pall?

8.

Beauty that must die

Troubles, they say, are sent us to grow wise on.¹
Even as a child sees its sweet image lined
Within a glass, grasps at it, and then cries on
The shattered fragments, in my wiser mind
Love so lies bleeding sad and unresigned.
The zenith blue that, when I first set eyes on
My lady, domed a distant, dark horizon,
Is gone, and has not left a gleam behind.

Love, to my cries of passion half replying,
Dreamwise brought to my couch my fancies' queen!
And, though with sleep-bound arms and senses sighing,
I lay and looked, and saw her to demean
The soothing sweetness of her beauties sheen,
All other ladies' beauty far out-vieing:
Save that her mouth was hurt, and thereon lying
The shadow of a sorrow dimly seen.²

Now, after that frail vision dream-detected,
I fear lest her red lips grow pale and dim;

1) Cf. Osw. 87, 2.

2) "With a touch of something on it which had blurred its youth", as I understand it.

And must henceforth be ever deep dejected,
That these poor eyes of mine should dare to linn,
Though innocent in sleep, such ruin grim:
Even as a foolish youth that, unsuspected,
Comes on his shadow in a well reflected,
And loves it until death releases him.

9.

In such a soaring, sweet delight
My heart has never been before:
My thoughts flit, like a bird in flight,
About her evermore,
Since she received me through the door
Of her compassion, and through my soul she passed
To my deep heart's core.

The world it is a little matter,
With paltry joys I do not heed.
I have delight enough to scatter
On forest, heath, and mead.
Though hearts that yearn are parched indeed,
Love in the end relieves them with a rain
On rapture's seed.¹

Now be the sweet hour consecrated,
The season and the day her eyes
Shone, and first my heart was sated
By the word that with it lies:
Though joy in terror² my replies
Shortens, when I before her stand and stammer
In foolish wise.³

1) I have imitated LD, XXV, 128, and the Earl of Surrey:

“And when salt tears do bain my breast,
Where love his pleasant trains hath sown,
Her beauty hath the fruits oppresst,
Ere that the buds were sprong and blown.”

2) Cf. LD, XCII, 10; Wilm., Leben, III, note 234.

3) The Minnesingers often mention their shyness, which is also a motive familiar to the Petrarchan school (Earl of Surrey: “But oft the words come forth awry of him that loveth well”; Sir Thomas Wyatt's son. “Against his tongue that failed to utter his suits”; Petrarch. Son. 109, 136. Chaucer, too, in “Death of the Lady Blanche”). Wate in “Kâdrûn” is more comfortable blood-imbued in battle than with ladies. Cf. MF, 135, 30 seq.; 136, 15—16; LD, XV, 181; XLIII, 137 seq.;

10.

✓ Ah me, shall I again behold,
Shining through the night,
Her body of untainted mould,
Than driven snow more white?
These eyes of mine it would betray:
Methought it was the moon's bright ray,
And many an hour from day.
And then it dawned.

“Ah me, if he should never more
The morn with me await;
And should not need, when night were o'er,
To moan disconsolate:
‘The hated day has dawned. O woe!’
As he was wont to mutter low,
Close to me, short time ago.
And then it dawned.”

Ah me, she kissed me in my sleep
More than I could tell;
And oft the tears, for she would weep,
Down on my face they fell.
But I of comfort had good store,
And soothed till she to weep forbore.
And then it dawned.

“Ah me, how oft when night was gone,
He bared me to the day,
To gaze his soul away upon
My arms that naked lay.
Nor would he of his will abate;
Methought it was a wonder great
He ne'er was satiate.
And then it dawned.”

XCVI, 24; Walt., 20, 15—18, 37—42; 21, 17 seq.; H. v. Mont. II, 70; Michel,
p. 103 seq.; Hüppe, XV, 25 seq. Best, perhaps, MF, 176, 30:

“How could I help it? I
Could never hear thy spoken name,
But my heart's love flung out its flag of flame,
So that the standers-by
Might spy
Upon my shame.”

XVI. Sir Reinmar von Hagenau.¹

1.

Now is the happy time preparing
The rapturous season's birth:
Soon the sorrow many a heart is bearing
Shall be driven out by mirth:
And I, who cannot help despairing,
When frozen lies the earth,
I shall be gay the livelong day,
Soon as the nightingale shall say
All grief is ended by the month of May.

2.

I have heard it spoken,
And mine own eyes see:
Winter's strength is broken;
Sick to death is he.
I his going scarce can bide!
Slow the weary hours did glide
When in the frozen world we sighed.
Now my sorrows perish,
Now returneth glee,
Envy if men cherish —
It were grief to me.
I can injure friend nor foe:
And to whom her favours go,
What imports it them to know?
If my love they made me
From the world conceal,
Conscience would upbraid me:
"Like a thief you steal."
Thievish ways I will not learn:
Seen of all my light shall burn,
Whether east or west I turn.
When the girls, a-Maying,
Throw the flying ball,
God forbid that, playing,

1) Not the Hagenau in Austria, where Richard Coeur-de-Lion was confined, but the Alsatian Hagenau described by Longfellow in *Tales of a Wayside Inn*.

She should slip and fall.
Maidens, pray, keep more apart:
If you injure my sweetheart
I must suffer half the smart.

3.

My heart is high as stands the mid-day sun:
This comes from her whose favour I have won
And constantly retain, where'er I be;
My heart she maketh from all sorrow free.

I can but give my life and say 'tis hers:
Naught else have I against what she confers
On me, and only me: this pride and glee
When I consider how she loveth me.

Nought know I of a jealous lover's fears.
Where'er she dwell, the country she endears:
And I, if she did cross the ocean foam,
Would follow, like an exile summoned home.

Did I possess a thousand men's desires,
I yet would cling to her whose love inspires;
And if as gracious she remain as now,
No cloud of pain will ever shade my brow.

All joy from her that came not was but cold.
Whate'er I wish for she does not withhold.
The happiest hour that ever I have known
Was when her favour first to me was shown.

4.

I have marked, as on the heather now I strayed,
Fresh-springing sweetly-fashioned violets,
And bolder flowers in flaunting red arrayed;
And this is why the nightingale forgets
The stubborn woe that all the winter long
Weighed on her heart the cheerless trees among.
I have heard her song.

My heart's heaviness, soon as the burgeons burst,
Like to a carried burden I laid by:
For the lady for whose love I was athirst
Filled such a chalice for my lips that I,

Revived, the lightsome mood of nature share;
And all that she shall do to me I swear
Is good and fair.

She sundered sorrow from my soul that smiles
Like these pure skies whence all the clouds are flown;
Yet not a thousand women with their wiles
Could have achieved it: my true love alone
Routed the cares that surged by day and night:
So I have chosen her my life's delight
In the world's despite.

My portion shall be rapture without end:
I wot I have no need to nurse alarms;
And, if it come to pass as I intend,
She yet shall lie in secret in my arms.
I shall, when my embraces hold her fast,
Believe that I to Paradise have passed.
If dreams would last!

There are among our friends who love me not
That in my happy face my joy I show:
Their venom'd glances are as arrows shot
Beyond the mark: I heed nor friend nor foe.
What profit all the pitfalls they devise?
That love is ripening while they surmise
Escapes their eyes!

5.

And are ye sure the news is true?

"Tell me, envoy, tell me, I beseech thee:
Hast thou seen the man so dear to me?
Are the tidings very true that reach me:
Safe and sound and happy still is he?" —
"I have seen him glad as any in the land:
But he shall be happier, if you so command."

— "I will never charge upon him sorrow:
But one suit of his I do forbid;
And to-day I beg him, and to-morrow,
Not to speak it, or he shall be chid." —
"Lady, swear not, for he swears that he will wait:

What is bound to happen, happens soon or late.”¹

— “Hath he promised to my will to bow him:
Not to rime his love in any lay,²
An it be not I again allow him?” —

“Lady, he is willing to obey.

Be it song or silence, it is yours to choose.” —

“But my praises by his silence I shall lose.”³

If he sing as erst my grief will worse be!

By my kin he might to death be done:

Then the people would arise and curse me,⁴

That I robbed them of their minion.

Woe is me, and anguished more and more my brain,

For I know not shall I do it or refrain.

Woe for women! There is none discovers

Such a love as words alone content.

Well then, I will have no more of lovers!

Faithful women does unfaithfulness torment.

Were I inconstant — but I am not so —

And he deceived me, I would let him go.”

6.

“Many a knight comes wandering here:

I wish he would at home remain.

And one there is, to me most dear;

Cared he to be, where I were fain

He were, he never would be far.

Alas! What do the watchers gain

That seek another’s joy to mar?”

7.⁵

What sweetness into that old word “woman” grew!

How soothing is it both to speak and hear!

There is no other word rings half so true;

It is the seal of noble things and dear.

1) Cf. LD, XCV, 31; Wilm., Leben, III, note 342.

2) Cf. LD, XLIX, 19—20.

3) Cf. Walt., 12, 10—12, 24.

4) Cf. Walt., 12, 13.

5) Walther von der Vogelweide, in his lament on “the Nightingale of Hagenau”, praises this song as Reinmar’s *chef d’œuvre*.

Not even he thou lovest, none on earth,
O woman, praises thee to thy full worth.
Thou dost enrich the soul
Of all: and shall I lack my dole?

8.

Long as I can call to mind,
Never was so much of ill.
In the world you shall not find
One who does attain his will.
So it was, and is, alas!
Grief did ever hearts harass.
Joy and sorrow both shall pass.
He whose passion is misprized
Vainly suffers agony.
Where's the gain, to be despised? —
Only sorrow's usury.
This is all that I have got.
She I loved so well hath not
Deigned assuage my cruel lot.
"Constancy is lovers' aid." —
This is but a juggler's tale.
Since on her my eyes first strayed,
Never did my service fail.
From that service I depart. —
No, I cannot rend my heart. —
Love, a childish game thou art!

9.

Summer, they say, is with us now,
And summer pleasures reign;
They bid me to be happy as of yore, —
Alas, I know not how!
Since unrelenting death has ta'en
What life can ne'er restore.
What need have I of any hours of mirth,
Since Leopold, lord of my joys, lies in the earth,
Whose face ne'er shade of any sorrow wore,
Whose death has taken from the world
More love than e'er by man she lost before.

Blessed was I who am forlorn,
 Whene'er on him I thought,
 And that my happiness he gave;
 But now my love is torn
 Away from me, my soul is fraught
 With sorrow to the grave.
 Broken the mirror of my rapture lies
 That I chose for a summer scene on which to
 feast mine eyes;
 Now winter morns their cheerless sights unroll,
 Since first I knew that he was dead,
 And the blood streamed from my heart upon my soul.
 On me an interdict of bliss
 Lies, now his sepulchre is closed,
 And woe is sacred for his sake.
 There is no way but this:
 To seem as if my heart reposed,
 And wait until it break:
 To pall my days with mourning hues,
 All consolation to refuse,
 And pray to follow soon where he is gone.
 Great God, receive him well: ne'er came
 A nobler errant in thy garrison!¹

XVII. Spervogel II.

1.

Though a pure woman wear not rich attire,
 Her virtue clothes her so, good men admire:
 For she is dight
 As is the sun so bright,
 When across heavens of cloudless blue he fareth;
 But a false woman has no honour whatsoever clothes she wareth.

1) This Lament must have been written in the spring of 1195, after the death of Leopold VI of Austria, the same who came into collision with Richard Coeur de Lion. It is supposed to be spoken by his widow. Leopold had sustained a fracture of the leg in a tourney, and is said to have amputated the foot himself by the blow of a hatchet. (He is also called Leopold V).

2.

Amicos secreto admone, palam autem lauda.

If you a good friend would retain,
From public censure still refrain.
Closet yourself the rather with the friend
To show him how his manners he should mend:
And, if it be where no one else can hear you,
Your conduct will to all your friends endear you.

3.

Felicitas multos habet amicos.

Shame upon thee, poverty, for stealing
Friends, and kith and kin, and wits, and feeling.
When a man's no coin about him,
Very well his friends can do without him.
They who flocked around him greet him with averted faces;¹
Men have gracious kindred only in life's pleasant places.

4.

He that seeks a friend where he hath none:
Tracks game when snow is melting in the sun:
And buys a pig in a poke:²
And plays at cards with sharpening folk:
And serves a niggardly master for no wages³ —
Let him hold out long enough, will know what rage is.

1) See E. Schmidt, *Reinm.*, p. 90. "οὐδείς οὐδὲν ἔχοντι φίλος". Cf. Heine "Frau Sorge":

When that my fortune's sun shone warm
Giddily danced the midges' swarm.
Then friends I loved in turn loved me,
In what was mine shared brotherly —
Shared my last sirloin, and were willing
To take a share in my last shilling.
My luck is gone, my purse is flat,
Absent the friends that round me sat,
And with the passing of the sun
The midges' dance is dead and done.
As midges with the sun go, hollow
Friends in fortune's footsteps follow.

2) Cf. *Freid.* 85, 5.

3) Cf. *MF*, 21, 21.

XVIII. Sir Hartmann von Aue.

1.

Aequam memento servare mentem.

The man that in prosperous days is sad,
In times of affliction will scarcely be glad.
For melancholy a cure I know:
When I am unlucky my thoughts run so: —
Vexations are common the whole world o'er;
Be patient: some unexpected good
Will help thee undoubtedly out of the wood.
I look to the things that the future has in store.¹

2.

Me lentus Glyceræ torret amor meæ.

None is happy, free from care
In this world, an't be not he
Who in love has ne'er a share,
And who shuns in love to be.²
Troubled not with sighs his breath —
Sighs of yearning that to death
Bring full many who have earned,
But receive not, love's caress.
He by passion is not burned,
Such as that which I confess
Is my furnace of distress.

3.

*Myself, arch-traitor to myself.*³

Were I to hate the one who injures me,
I am my foe, and must myself malign.
Of fickleness, it seems, I am not free:
My sorrow is of this the outward sign.

1) Cf. MF, 20, 25 seq.; 22, 25 seq.; LD, LI, 12 seq.; Walt. 20, 6—7; 38, 17 seq. Logau: "Fortune, Sir, you cannot force! If your labour only fools you, Stand and wait till, in its course, Your star is in the house that rules you." But Logau expresses the different view as well: "What's hope? A rotten rope. A floor smeared thick with soap."

2) Cf. MF, 207, 7—10; 217, 34 seq.; Waldb. p. 41.

3) Cf. Shakespeare's sonnet "Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing."

My lady loves me not, the fault is mine.¹
Since sense brings joy, as is all men's belief,
And lack of sense is granted no relief
In love, then was my love a fool's in brief,
And I alone am guilty of my grief.

Since she was right my homage to despise,
If she her noble body did protect
From my complaints and passion, she was wise.
Thus was my anger lacking in respect,
And hath but aged me. Seeing my defect,
She shunned me, cruelly deliberate
But justly; and I praise her for her hate,
And for her honour she would not abate
To succour one whose faults deserved his fate.

She judged at random, not as I deserved,
When first she took my oath and fealty:
But when she saw my service sank and swerved,
My frail love and her logic ruined me.
Yet hath she granted what she promised; she
Seeks not the debt she owes me to retain:
She weighed me in the scales, and fixed love's gain
To the measure of the merest dram and grain.
Thus reason shows: by my own sword I'm slain.

4.

The lady who buoys up her love
Upon this pilgrimage to fare,
Buys half of his reward above,
If that her days at home will bear
That men with chaste words call them fair.
Let her for both be praying here,
While he for both is fighting there.

5.

Let wilder youth, whose soul is sense.
Lightly is love by boasters estimated:
To them it is not love that is not fleet.
Nay, love's awakening must be long awaited,

1) Cf. MF, 208, 18; 211, 35 seq.

And in the coming should be no less sweet.
 A true man's love is true and cannot waver:
 True love's enjoyment loses not its savour:
 Light passion lightly heard and consummated
 Is lightly ended by swift senses sated.¹

6.

My true Love did lightly me.

“If souls of men are saved with lies,
 One I know whose soul is saved.
 Mine he oppresses till it cries
 Out on him. He depraved
 My pride to hear him: dear he grew;
 And fondly deemed I: only in graves
 Sundered shall hearts be sundered too.²
 Then failed the sense that women saves,³
 And the world knew it. And he is true,
 As are the sea its waves.

And often I made others praise him.⁴
 Sufficed not my own heart's deceit,
 Which on a pinnacle did raise him,
 With me to worship at his feet?
 Craven the knight that can entice
 To sin a woman weak of wit!⁵
 So wise was he in sweet device,⁶
 The words should be on parchment writ.
 I followed him out on the ice,⁷
 And I dree the dole of it.

If I should hate all men, it were
 Because of one man's perfidy.
 Yet there are women happier
 Than I by love, then there must be
 Some men of falsehood innocent.
 And she whose good mind chooses so

1) Cf. Mätz. XXVIII, 28—30.

2) Cf. MF, 87, 5.

3) Cf. Walt., Paul, 7, 35—36.

4) Cf. Walt., Paul, 4, 25; LD, XV, 465; and Wilmanns note to I, 1.

5) Cf. Freidank, 100, 26—27.

6) Cf. Walt., Paul, 8, 25 seq.; Mätz., p. 244.

7) Cf. Osw. 102, 41.; H. v. M., XVIII, 227, XXVIII, 319, XXXI, 83.

That love and constancy are blent,
Well may she laugh while my tears flow:
Grow young while I grow old and bent.¹
But I reap as I did sow.”

7.

Diligam si diligar.

Often I this greeting hear —
Faint inducement, as I fear —
“Hartmann, our respects to show,
Let us to the ladies go.”
I reply: “My pains I’ll spare:
You can court ’em, if you care;
All the good that I am there
Is to stand, and at them stare.”

Ladies in this light I see:/
I to them as they to me;²
With a poor and homely lass
I prefer the time to pass.
Wheresoe’er I go, I find
Such a one as is inclined:
She’s my lady, if she’s kind:
What avails too proud a mind?

It befel, one foolish day,
To a lady I did say:
“Madam, if you only knew
How I pine for love of you!” —
Such a scowl as knit her brow! —
And for this, as I avow,
I seek out such women now
As will amorous terms allow.

XIX. The Margrave of Hohenburg.

The sun betrays us else to spies.

Ward er. “I guard your honour, châtelaine,
Watching lest a knight be slain.
Wake him, lady!

1) “Wir alten ungeliche”. Cf. LD, XXV, 191; CB, 94a, 3, 3; H. v. M., p. 186.

2) Cf. Walt., 77, 57 — 58; H. v. M., XVIII, 21, 25; XXII, 35.

God grant no evil him betide!
May he awake, and none beside.
Wake him, lady!
The cock has crowed,
'Tis time he rode:
For his dear sake I charge you mark the time.
Lest he be slain,
Farewells be ta'en:
If he should sleep too late it is your crime.
Wake him, lady!"

L a d y. "The plague upon thy body fall,
O warder, and thy singing all!
Sleep, truelove!
Thy watching it was in good part:
Thy calling cuts me to the heart.
Sleep, truelove!
Thou warder grave,
I never gave
Save good to thee: am I rewarded so?
Dost wish for day
To chase away
The rapture yearned for long that came so slow.
Sleep, truelove!"

W a r d e r. "In patience shall your wrath be borne!
Your knight must not await the morn:
Wake him, lady!
He without fear upon my faith relied,
And I in turn to you did him confide:
Wake him, lady!
O fair of face,
In evil case
Are you and I if he be stricken low!
I sing and say¹
It is the day:
Now wake him ere my bugle-horn I blow!
Wake him, lady!"

1) Cf. MF, 140, 25; 150, 3; Walt., 12, 5; 83, 128; Osw. 61, 3; 63, 217.
Robert Henryson: "Robin, thow hes hard sounng and say,
In gestis and storeis auld."

XX. Sir Hildbold von Schwangau.

1.

A chaplet brown with interwoven white
Now fills my breast with zest of richer days.
My lady by this token I invite
To find the source and fount of these my lays.
Time hath been I loved four, such was my greed:¹
Now more than for the four for one I bleed;
Love was a sport once, now I love indeed.

If but her beauty kept within the bounds
Of common custom, could her face be seen
And loved not, then indeed I had no grounds
For all these long complaints of anguish keen.
My song is like a bird's, now high, now low;
But let her share of all my woes one woe,
No more of mourning shall my music know.

2.

The fairest ladies and the best
I sought between the Po and Rhine;
Followed for years the careful quest:
And found them in this heart of mine.
Of all the fairest the most fair
Is here, then here be my repair:
Gladly my roaming I confine
As close to her as she may care.

XXI. Sir Walther von der Vogelweide.

Musagetes.

“Who shall lead the nightingales’
Choir belovèd now that fails?²
One there is who will not falter —

1) Cf. LD, LI, 1—11; E. Schmidt, *Reinm.*, p. 80; MF, 86, 5 seq.:

“Did I love more than one,
As is the way with many a mother’s son,
It were ill done,
For then I should love none.”

2) After the death of Reinmar von Hagenau. The translation of this poem is free. I follow Mr Wyndham in making nightingale masculine (*Pléiade* p. 241).

Follow we our master, Walter
 Von der Vogelweide, he
 That o'er forest, heath, and lea
 Ringeth songs of magic chime,
 Changing every running rime:
 Rare orchestral chaunt, and paeon
 Brought down from the empyrean,
 Hymns that sound from Cytherean
 Courts where he is bidden dwell:
 Him the goddess loveth well.
 Let him lead us: he can lure
 From their haunts love-notes demure."

Gottfried von Strazsburg.

1.

Winter has injured us everywhere;
 Moorland and forest are withered and bare:
 Silent the voices that echoed there.
 If on the street I saw girls the ball¹ flinging,
 Then I should know the birds soon would be singing.
 Could I but sleep while the winter is here!
 Waking I hate him, the misshapen fere,
 Who is the king of us far and near.
 Soon as he yieldeth to May and is dying,
 Flowers I shall cull where the rime now is lying.

2.²

Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.

The world with red and blue was gay; ⁶
 Green in the woods and by the way.³

1) LD, XCVIII, 363—6:

"Now the young are playing all,
 Throwing on the road a ball.

Summer's games it heralds in;
 Then the sounds of mirth begin."

Cf. also LD, XCVIII, 205; XV, 581; XXV, 244.

2) In the original the words really end in a, e, i, o, u. The song is parodied by the Sewer of St. Gall:

"To string a strophe on the letter a,
 I know the secret, I dare say.
 Upon the master's stops I play
 Who sang of the hoodie-crow a lay.
 And if his art has had its day
 Then I will turn from him, and stray
 To somebody else to show the way."

3) Cf. LD, XCVIII, 613.

Where the birds sang lay for lay,
Croaks the hoodie-crow to-day.
Hath it other colours? Yea:
Lo, how pale it is and gray!
Men knit their brows, as well they may.

On a green hill I rested me, e
Where the flowers ran, sweet to see,
To a lake all down the lea.
That feast for eyes no more may ye
Behold: where garlands gathered we,
Rime and snow lie heavily.
The bird is shivering on the tree.

“Snow on! Snow on!” the simple cry; i
The poor folks curse the biting sky.
Like lead on me the dark days lie.
For hunger, cold, and sadness I
Wish in winter oft to die.

But all my griefs would quickly fly,
If only the sweet spring were nigh.

Now rather than live longer so, o
Give me to eat raw crabs! — But no!
Summer soon the glades will sow
With the fair flowers that I shall go
To gather where the brightest blow:
To the sun will soar my heart,¹ which low
Sinks in my breast at winter's woe.

Like Esau's self shag-hair I grew,² w
Slovenly and idle too.

Lovely summer, where are you?
O that the corn were springing new!
Rather than in such shackles brew
So black a spleen, I'd join the crew
Of the gloomy monks at Toberloo.

3.³

Till the day breaking their embraces broke.
In lovers' way
A gallant knight

1) Cf. LD, XLVIII, 7—8; LXX, 4; LXXX, 5; Wilm., 26, 5—6; 32, 20; MF, 117, 23; 139, 10; 156, 11—14; 143, 11; 182, 14; CB, 99a; F. W. Bourdillon “Leap, happy heart, to the skies”.

2) Cf. Neidh., 18, 61—62.

3) Bartsch sees the influence of Wolfram in the “hiding of the rimes”.

Lay in a lady's arms: he saw the morning break
Out of the distant clouds; and from the bed
The lady rose and said:

“Woe be unto thee, day!

That thou shouldst come my love from me to take!
What men call love is care, and not delight.”

— “Love, I entreat,

Moan not for me.

Best is it for us both that I depart;
Upon thy pillow shines the morning star.” —

“Alas, why wilt thou mar

Our joy? I charge thee, sweet,

Vex not with needless warnings my fond heart.

Why wilt so soon be gone? It is ill done of thee!”

— “I tarry then

A little yet.

With swift words say what ye would have me know,
That we may foil the spies as aye before.” —

“O love, my heart is sore!

Before I lie again

By thee, much sorrow must I undergo.

Return soon, lest I fear that thou forget.”

— “If so it were,

Then I at least

Were guiltless all. My heart with thee all day
Does tarry, though my body distant be.” —

“O love, now follow me!

Soon shall a messenger

Call thee to me, if thou wilt still obey.

O sight of woe! All ruddy is the east.”

— “What help the flowers

I cannot break

For thee? They are as welcome to my mind
As are to little birds the days of snow.” —

“Dear heart, I know, I know!

And many weary hours,

An age, I needs must miss thee unresigned.

Lie yet a little while for kindness' sake.”

— “Dismiss me now,
Ere they suspect!
But for thy honour’s sake I crave to go.
Hearken! The warder sings his matin-song.” —
“What profits to prolong
The strife? Thy will have thou!
To bid thee hence O what a task of woe!
May He who gave my soul thy life protect.”
He rode away;
His heart did burn.
The fair good lady watched him all in tears;
But faith he kept to her who gave him all.
She spake: “Who from the wall
Singeth these songs of day,
Sings with intent to waken me with fears.
Now must I lie without my love and yearn.”

4.

When the summer came at last,
And the lovely flowers fast
On the meads were springing,
And the birds were singing,
Gaily I did sally
To a stretching valley,
Where the woodland’s bubbling spring
Starteth its meandering;
There the nightingale did sing.
By the fountain stands a tree;
There a vision came to me.
Where the linden branches quiver
Coolly o’er the infant river,
When the mid-day sun oppressed me
Thither wended I to rest me.
Down I sate, and, by my fay,
All my sorrows fell away:
Soon in slumber deep I lay.¹

1) “Waters murmuring . . . Entice the dewy-feather’d sleep” (Il Penseroso ll. 141—146) in all literatures. The stream in the grass is of frequent mention: cf. CB, 52, 2; 65, 6, 60; 108, 5; LD, XLVII, 29. Piers Plowman, I, 1—8.

Then I dreamed, and on a throne
Ruled all lands that e'er were known;
Free to sin, for my high station
Guaranteed my soul's salvation:
Of my sins I was acquitted
Even before they were committed.
As you think, I was not sad:
Never better vision had
Any mortal, good or bad.

Fain had I slept ever so,
But a miserable crow¹
Cawed with such a strident gullet
I had given a pound to pull it.
May her pleasure unalloyed be:
Mine with one fell croak destroyed she.
Much the sound did me effray:
But that no stone ready lay,
It had been her judgment day.

But a sybil wondrous old
Did the mystery unfold.
When I told, as I was bidden,
All the dream, the meaning hidden
She discovered in a minute —
O ye wise, mark what was in it! —
One and two, she said, are three;
And, besides, she made me see
That my thumbs both fingers be.

5.

Velut inter ignis luna minores.

When the flowers amid the new-grown grass are springing,
As they would laugh because the bright sun kisses
The dew of the May morning all away:
When the little birds awake are singing
The sweetest of their melodies: "O this is
The sweetest of all pleasures," you will say.
It is indeed half Heaven on earth:

1) Crows and old women were evil omens, "The crow with voice of care"
(Chaucer "The Parliament of Fowls" l. 363.)

But ask ye for its match in worth,
I'll tell you what my sight
Hath more delighted, and again would more delight.

'Tis when a lady, blithe and sweetly greeting,
Fair chapleted and richly robed, advances,
With manners no uncourtly seeming mars,¹
To take her pleasance at some festive meeting,
Girt with her maids, and darting round her glances
As when the sun shines out on the wan stars.²
Though May should all his marvels bring,
Which of them is so rare a thing
As her most lovely frame?

We leave the flowers to gaze upon the noble dame.

Now truth is to be had for all who seek it:
Come where the spring's high-tide is celebrated
To welcome him that now in glory came.
Look on the May and ladies, and then speak it:
Which of the two shall be the higher rated,
And tell me if I have not won the game.
I say forthwith, if I shall choose,
And for the one the other lose:
You shall be March, Sir May,
Ere I will lose my lady for your pleasures gay.³

6.⁴

And could I braid wi' gems your hair.

"Will you take this wilding wreath?"

I murmured to a maiden fair,

"To grace the dance on the heath

When you wear it on your shining hair.

1) Hovelichen höhgemuot = mit zühten gemeit 1, 19; in rechter mâze gemeit, MF, 15, 12 = "modest in her most of mirth" (Browne Shall I tell you whom I love?) Cf. Heywood? in Tottel's Miscellany "The modest mirth that she doth use".

2) Cf. Ronsard's son. CXIII, Le Premier Livre des Amours; Thos. Randolph, "Rise like the morn, Clad in the smock of night, that all the stars May close their eyes"; Horace, Odes III, 15 (image reversed) "desine stellis nebulam spargere candidis". Add to Wilmanns' parallel passages LD, XXXII, 71 seq. and König Rother, 71—74.

3) Cf. MF, 141, 13—14; LD, LXXXIV, 73 seq.

4) This is a dancing song. Wilmanns compares a Volkslied, which is still sung in Germany, and which reminds me of the song the children sing in England:

If I had many a precious jewel,¹
 Yourself should wear them all

‘She is handsome, she is pretty —’. In the Volkslied the one singing stands in the middle of the ring and picks out a dancer, when he comes to the following passage:

“Turn around and turn around,
 Till my truelove I have found.
 Turn around while I am speaking:
 You’re the one that I am seeking.
 See that you keep your bonnet on!
 You owe me a kiss of a year agone.”

In Walther’s song, the singer would, perhaps, select his partner at the line: “Lassie just bend back —”.

This is also the most beautiful dream-poem in the Minnesong. It should be compared with those by von Hausen, von Morungen and Der Dürner, and also with Joachim du Bellay’s sonnet (*Le fort sommeil, que celeste on doit croire*), which have attempted to translate as follows:

“Sweeter than honey sleep men deem divine
 Distilled upon my weary lids, when she
 Who is the vessel of all joys that be,
 Passed to my soul through portals eburnine,
 Then did mine arms that marble neck entwine,
 That alabaster breast I clasped to me
 No less lascivious fast than elms you see
 On the loamy banks of Loire looped by the vine.
 Pitiless love had into my sick marrow
 Darted a furious flame-pointed arrow,
 And now my soul roved on her lips of rose,
 Ready to pass to the forgetful stream,
 When lo! the morning, envious of my dream,
 The gates of luscious sleep wide open throws”.

Cf. also Ronsard (1^{er} Livre des Amours, son. XXIX):

“If now my arms entwist themselves and cling
 Round pinks and lilies heaped in their embrace,
 Closer than tendrils of the vine enlacc
 The branch beloved in many a wanton ring;
 If care no more my cheeks is yellowing,
 If pleasure flies no more before my face,
 But night redeems the leaden days’ disgrace,
 To thee, O dream divine, my thanks I bring.
 I would, pursuing thee, soar to the skies;
 But this thy image floating in my eyes
 Cheats my delight when it is most athirst.
 Thou fleëst me when I would seize the boon,
 As lightning flashes and is gone as soon,
 Or as a cloud is by the wind dispersed”.

1) Gestein = edel gestein LD, III, 17; XXI, 104; cf. LD, XXVI, 1; LXIX, 92; HMSI, 336a; H. v. M., II, 12.

In one bright coronal —
Believe it, dearest maid, and be not cruel!

You are so exquisite,
I culled the garland but for you:
Think not too mean of it.
I know where flowers of brightest hue
Are growing in the distant heather:
Birds are singing
Where they are springing —
There let us go to gather them together!"

She took the gift; and said
Her thanks in maiden's manner, shy.
Her cheeks grew red
Like roses that by lilies lie.
She veiled her eyes as she were frightened;
The curtsy that she made
My trouble all repaid.
— And was that all? Ye shall not be enlightened.

Methought as then so fain
My mind had never been before:
The trees did rain
Their blossoms down upon us more and more.
Then laughed I so my sides were shaken —
Such joy it seemed
The while I dreamed;
And then it dawned and I was forced to awaken.

And thus it did arise
The girls I meet these summer days
I peep into their eyes
Hoping my dream-maiden meet my gaze.
Is she dancing here with you, I wonder? —
Lassie, just bend back
Your bonnet brim!¹ — Alack!
Could I but find her out my garland under!

1) Large hats, which covered nearly the whole face, were worn especially in Austria, where, doubtless, this poem was written. Cf. LD, LXXXI, 41, Hadlaub, Etm., XII.

7.

Sweet red splendid kissing mouth.

There is a lady conquering with glances:
Happy the hour she was to me revealed!
A hard-embattled legion of my fancies
Against her sent, were forced and fain to yield.¹
And sure I know that ransom there is none.²
Her excellence and beauty have done this,
And her red, laughing mouth that were so sweet to kiss.
And so my soul and senses serve and crave her,
Who is so sweet, and pure, and excellent;
And, lest I die of longing for her favour,
I dare to hope that she may yet relent,
And grant the greatest guerdon e'er I won.
Her excellence and beauty have done this,
And her red, laughing mouth that were so sweet to kiss.

8.

See what sweet rejuvenescence
Brings the wondrous May!
Priests and laymen feel his essence
In their limbs to-day.
Be his bounty sung!
May must be a necromancer:
When he calls all hearts do answer,
And the old are young.
Where the village youth are faring,
Let us too advance!
We can keep our courtly bearing,
Though we laugh and dance.
Who would not be gay?
When the little birds are joyous,
Need the mirth of churls annoy us?
Let us do as they!

1) More literally:

Happy the hour when first I came to know her,
Who hath my soul and body overthrown,
Since all my thoughts she drew could not o'erthrow her,
She took them from me, and made them her own.

2) "none" rimes with "won" in the second stanza. Rimes in different stanzas are called "Körner".

May, all quarrels thou allayest:
Pains thou dost appease.¹
Thou the trees in green arrayest:
Brighter yet the leas.
Woods are less alive.
In the fields thou hast thy quarter:
"I am longer, thou art shorter,"
Grass and clover strive.

Rosy mouth to mirth unbending,
Let thy laughing be!
Shame upon thee for intending
To work woe on me!
Is it not unfair,
To degrade a mouth so pleasing
To the graceless task of teasing
One that's in despair?

Happy May, if I abuse thee,
I am forced to do.
There is one thing does confuse me:
Lady, it is you.
Am I still to grieve?
Is even May to see us parted?
How you can be so hard-hearted
I can not conceive.

Lady, send away my sorrow,
While the season's new!
But if I must pleasure borrow,²
May God still bless you!
Look around you here!
Where do you see any sadness?
Shall not I, in all this gladness,
Have a mite of cheer?³

1) Bayard Taylor translates: "Happy May, thy spell divideth All, but not in hate"! May is represented as a King who sets up his judgment-seat in the meadows (not in the woods, though these too feel his power, see 46, 17 seq.), and settles all disputes, but not the sweet rivalry of flowers, nor, alas! the struggle of disregarded love.

2) = Though myself unhappy, I will rejoice at the happiness of others. Cf. 21, 3; 77, 32; LD, XXXIII, 43.

3) F. T. Fischer, "Ans Diendl", Bröselein Freude .E. Schmidt, Reinm. p. 51.

9.

If I do ever live to gather roses¹
With the girl the roses pale before,
Then shall a chain of days that rapture closes
Link us lovers evermore.
O that betimes that kiss were mine
From her lips of carnadine,
To brim my cup of pleasure o'er and o'er!

10.

Multa in rosa.

“On the heather-lea,
In the lime-tree bower,
There of us twain was made the bed:
There you may see
Grass-blade and flower
Sweetly crushed and shed.
By the forest, in a dale,
Tantaradei!²
Sweetly sang the nightingale.
To our meadow meeting,
By the woodland shady,
Was my truelove come before.
Had prepared such greeting,
By our Lady,
I am happy evermore.
Did he kiss me? Did he kiss?
Tantaradei!
See my mouth how red it is!
He the lawn arraying
Had with flowers smelling sweetly
Made a couch so gay and fair.
Any stranger thither straying

1) To gather roses or flowers in the terminology of the Minnesong means what is indicated in Goethe's "Sah ein Knab' ein Röslein stehn". The flowers are broken in the poem next translated. Cf. poem by Wenceslas of Bohemia; Osw. 65, 35—36.

2) The refrain is used by Karl Henckell ("Tandaradei") in his poem Frühling. Adalbert v. Hanstein imitates it (in *Der Musikant*) "Rumdaradei!" A Flemish poet, Pol de Mont, has "tandarada!" Imitation of the Nightingale's song LD, LXI, "Deilidurei faledirannurei, lidundei faladaritturei."

Would discreetly
Smile to see the havoc there.
By the roses he discovers,
Tantaradei!
Where my head lay and my lover's.
That he lay with me
God in Heaven forbid
Any one should hear and tell!
Only I and he
Know what there we did.
We shall keep the secret well.
He and I and a little bird,
Tantaradei!
Tells not what it saw and heard.”¹

11.

If aught for me thou care
I know not: deeply I adore thee.
One thing is hard to bear —
Thou lookest ever past and o'er me.
Thy cruelty abate!
I cannot drag the weight
Of all this love if I am goaded!
Help me to bear, I am too heavy loaded!
But if thy foresight should
Cause thus thine eyes to sink demurely:
If it is for my good,
Then I will not reproach thee, surely.
But shun my head, and I
Shall understand for why:
And let thy gaze upon my feet be,
Canst thou no further go; thus shalt thou greet me.
All other dames I see,
They may delight me with good reason:
My mistress I call thee,
Nor to another is this treason.
Though some of them are great
In kindred and estate,

1) The situation is “erläutert” in the second chapter of Scherr's Michel.

And haughty for their gentle blood,
They may in birth be better, thou art good.

Now ask thy secret thought
If thou love me, and shalt thou hide it.
A lover's love is naught,
If there's no second love beside it.¹
Single love's a trouble,
A treasure when it's double:
A priceless treasure when it goes
Right through two hearts and findeth there repose.

12.

Ne sit ancillae tibi amor pudori.

My heart's best!
God's benison upon thee fall!
If better greeting I possessed,
I had saluted thee withal.
I can but tell thee of the thorn
That rankles in my love for thee, for whom I suffer scorn.
They blame me then
Because I love a low-born girl.
The charms that fetter earnest men
They know not: like a village churl
Whose hard rind Cupid's arrow spares,
They woo for wealth and beauty: what a love is theirs!
With beauty are
Full often thoughts unkind: beware!
Grace soothes more the heart by far:
Beauty with grace can not compare.²
Grace gives beauty to the face:
But beauty cannot in return give any woman grace.
Their taunts I bear
As I have done, and still shall do.
Thou art rich enough; and thou art fair
Beyond the wits of all their crew;
And art the dearer for their spleen.
I love thy glass ring better than the gold one of a queen.

1) Cf. Walt., Paul 6, 21 seq.; H. v. M., p. 238.

2) Cf. Wilm., 69, 11 seq.

If thou art true
And tender, I need fear no ill
Will evermore to me accrue,
Making me wretched by thy will.
And if thou wert not both to me,
I would tear thy tendrils from my heart and die for love
of thee!

13.

Most perfect formed of women yet,
Her gratitude to me belongs,
And shall: her loveliness I set
Framed in the jewels of my songs.
My homage unto all I pay,
But I am vassal knight to one:
Another knows his own, and may
Bepraise her as the moon or sun —
I care not though he steal my air
And words: while I praise here let him praise there.

Her head it is so rich in bliss,¹
As it would be my Paradise.
All else would be compared amiss:
It hath the glory of the skies.
The Gemini are shining there:
If I could come so near to her
To see myself in them, I swear
A miracle would then occur:
I should grow young, and from my heart
The yearning that torments me would depart.

God toiled to make her cheeks aright,
And did with loveliest hues bepaint:
Such perfect red, such perfect white,²
Here roses burn, there lilies faint.
If haply I do not blaspheme,

1) Cf. Wilm., 40, 9.

2) See Mätz. 194; H. v. M., 207; Wack., Kl. Sch., I p. 161, which does not agree with following: "Verirrung gegen den Geschmack der Zeit war, dasz die Engländer des 12. und 13. Jhdts. die bleiche Farbe für schön hielten und durch Weiszschminken zu erreichen suchten. Gestünder war der Französinnen Geschmack, welche sich, wenn sie blaß waren, durch gutes Frühstück besser zu färben suchten" (Weinh. I, 224). Cf. CB, 51, 2; 136, 3; 141, 2.

The firmament, or the Great Bear,
Does not so lovely seem. —
Me a culpa that such sin I dare!
If I my love do not control,
My mouth's praise will be the ruin of my soul.¹

She hath a cushion crimson dyed;
If I could win it for my lips,
Then would I tear my gloom aside,
Bright as the sun from an eclipse.
And he against whose cheek she lays
That cushion, closer presses he:
And when his mouth thereunto strays,
It is as balsam it should be.
If she would lend² it me to use,
I would not, when she asked it back, refuse.³

Her neck, her hands, and her two feet —
No man hath ever fairer seen;
And I could praise, if it were meet,
The other charms that lie between.⁴
I cried not "cover up!" when I
To see her naked had the luck:
She saw me not, when she let fly
The dart that rankles where it stuck.
I praise the hidden place endeared
Where the fair lady from her bath appeared.

14.

Love's sight.

In summer and in winter for his pains
Finds comfort he who comfort longs to find:
But he in genuine joy a child remains
Whose joy is given not by a lady kind.
And let it be confessed:
All women shall be honoured, but the best ones best.

Since men unblessed by joy all worthless be,⁵

1) Cf. H. v. Mont. XVI, 46, XXIV, 1 seq., XXXI.

2) Cf. LD, LXXXV, 63.

3) Cf. MF, 160, 4—5; E. Schmidt, Reinm., p. 44—45; Diez, p. 253; Waldb. p. 55.

4) See Schultz I, p. 166; cf. LD, LXXI, 120; H. v. M., XXI, 23.

5) Cf. Ellen Key, Tankelinier: "De djupaste af alle tankar — Spinozas tanke — att glädjen är fullkomlighet." See Wilmanns' note to gemeit, I.

I seek it from the lady of my choice:
Of whom my heart has never lied to me,
But bidden me in her excellence rejoice:
My eyes it sends to spy¹
Her out, and still they bring such news it leaps on high.
How it is done, indeed I cannot tell:²
Long is it since my eyes on her I set —
Is it that my heart's eyes about her dwell,
So that without my eyes I see her yet?
A miracle to admire!
Who gave my heart the power to see her at desire?
Would ye be fain to know what these eyes are
I see her with wherever I may turn? —
They are my heart's imaginings, and far
And near through wall and wainscot they can burn.
Maugre the watchful spies
My heart and will and mind behold her with keen eyes.
Shall I be ever such a blessed man
That she without her eyes can see me plain?
Yea, with her thoughts themselves? Soon as she can,
Mine will have been repaid with ample gain.
Let her repay my pains,
Inclining thoughts to me whose magnet³ she remains.

15.

My dule is dern, bot gif thow dill.

Say who can tell what true love be?
Partly I know, but would know more.
Can any one enlighten me
Why it should make the heart so sore? —
Love is love, if it make glad:
I know not how it shall be called, if it make sad.
What love is, let me see if I can guess:
Confirm me, if my guess is fair. —
Love is two hearts' happiness:

1) Cf. MF, 177, 5 seq.; LD, XXII, 44.

2) Cf. Chaucer, "Dethe of Blaunche the Duchesse", ll. 911 — 12 — "for, be hit never so derke, Me thinketh I see hir ever-mo." Cf. Wolfram 3rd poem translated, and LD, LI, 73—74; Walt., 45, 10; MF, 138, 27 seq.; du Bellay, *les Amours* XXVII; H. v. M., p. 236; Mätz. p. 233.

3) "adamas" mentioned MF, 144, 27; *Fraueud.*, 334, 4.

If both the shares are equal, love is there.
But if the pair do share not, nay,
One heart can hold not all! — Share mine, O lady, pray!
See, lady, with my load how I am bent!
If ye will help me, help me while ye may!
But if I am to you indifferent,
Proclaim it, that my fetters fall away,
And I may flee your face. But of one thing
Be sure: better than I no man your charms can sing.
Can my lady make sweet sour?
Thinks she I shall love her to be hated?
And laud her beauty every hour,
Merely to be humiliated?
Things lie not so, if I see clear. —
I drivell! Whom love blinds can neither see nor hear!

16.

Whoso makes bold to say that Love is Sin,
Let him consider well!
With Love the Virtues dwell:
And good men have good right to enter in
Her mansion, and to follow in her train.
But they are not her minions who from evil not refrain.
I do not laud False Love: Mislove better named,
That I abhor, and them by False Love shamed.

17.

Suit to his lady, to rue on his dying heart.
They who my pleasure in the winter foiled,¹
An they be men or women, aye or both,
May theirs this summer weather be not spoiled!
Alas, that I have learned not one good oath!
I know none such,
Except the evil word "damnation!" and that is too much.
Two imprecations fearful to the ear
I do know, and I launch them at their head:
May they the donkey and the cuckoo hear²

1) i. e., the "spies".

2) It was thought that anyone who heard "the cuckoo most unkind" before breakfast would be condemned to hunger the whole year. The reference to the donkey is unexplained. Cf. 66, 5—6; LD, L, 21. In Finnish ballads the cuckoo is a bird of good omen.

Some morrow morn, ere they have breakfasted!
Then woe befall!

If I but knew they rued, I would the curse recall.

In patience Christians shall their wrongs endure:

But shameless men a sport of patience make;

The good man is of bad men's hatred sure

And contumely, even for his virtue's sake.

If the good and fair

Lady console me, for their hate I do not care.

If I love any better, dame or maiden —

In all men's sight by her sweet self I swear¹ —

Then with the curse of Hell my soul be laden!

But when I make the oath let her be there!

If she be kind,

She will believe it, and relieve the anguish of my mind.

Gentles and friends, I struggle for dear life!

Help me before the end, if so ye may.

Unless I am the victor in love's strife,

I am woe's victim and unresisting prey.

My heart's deep wound

Can not be healed, unless by love-spells o'er it crooned:

My heart's deep wound

Will kill, unless she lift me up when I have swooned:

My death is sure

From my heart's wound, unless my Hildegund will cure.²

18.³

Ye must welcome me sincerely:

It is I who tidings bring.

1) Cf. LD, XCVI, 18; see E. Schmidt, *Reinm.*, p. 84.

2) Cf. *Osw.* 29, 1—6. The extension of the last stanza by four lines is called "geleit" (*Wechsel des Abgesangs*) = *Prov. tornada*. The name Hildegunde is, of course, fictitious, and is a graceful reference to the epic poem of the true lovers "Walther and Hildegunde". "*Mihi mors est iam vicina*", *Mätz.* p. 110.

3) This famous poem has been called a mediaeval "Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles!" It is the first anthem in honour of the German Fatherland. Its popularity is proved by Ulrich von Liechtenstein's praise (776):

"This song my very heart-strings caught,
And played thereon so glad a tune
My soul was full as a rose in June —
So good and sweet the song, methought,
My heart was to enchantment wrought."

All that others said is merely
A trifle to what I sing.
But remember to reward me:
For I may chance to tell,
For a good guerdon, what may please you well.
See what honours then ye can accord me.

I bring such news for our ladies,
They shall have for ever hence
More honour than e'en now to them paid is:¹
And I crave slight recompense.
I will only ask politely
That the ladies of the land —
A lowly bard what else could I demand
Of them — with greetings kind requite me.

In alien lands I roved a poet,
And was fain to see the best:
But may evil take me ere I know it,
If my heart could be there at rest:
And why should I be pleading
For what I knew were wrong? —
Nay, foreign ways have never pleased me long —
The best of all is German breeding.

From the Elbe to the Rhine
And thence to Hungary,
'Tis there these eyes of mine
Did the fairest ladies see;
And, unless my judgment betrayed is,
For mien and beauty clear,
So help me God above, the women here,
Are better than all foreign ladies.²

1) Cf. 31, 50.

2) Mr Nicholson makes Walther give the palm to Hungarian ladies! He translates:

There, from Elbe to Rhine and then
Back once more here to Hungarian ground,
Surely dwell the best of men
That in all the world I yet have found.
Sweet ways and fair faces, —
If I'm judge of both
Women here are better, I will take my oath,
Than they are in other places.

I follow Witmanns in reading "die besten (frouwen)".

German men to honour are moulded;
Our women are as angels bright:
He who blames them is blindfolded,
Or his senses are not right.
Love that leadeth virtue by the hand,
Whosoever seeketh these
Let him come to us: we have all things that please.
May my days be long in the German land!

19.

Sorrow with pleasure never blended,
What man would bear it and be dumb?
Were gentle breeding not offended,
I would cry out: "O Fortune, come!" —
But Fortune would not hear:
They to the jade are seldom dear
Who are the soul of honour:
Then how should I prevail upon her?

Their meagre gains I have descried
Daily, on honour who rely:
And that with honour I abide,
The more a fool am I.

— With the old truthful ways
One is as buried nowadays;
Honour and wealth accrue
Only to those that evil do.

That men are mostly evil-doers
Now, the women are the cause:
Blessèd were the noble wooers,
When honour had ladies' applause.
In old society
We courted with propriety:
Alas, now it is plain,
With impropriety their love ye gain.

For now when I to ladies go —
I heave for this my deepest sigh —
The greater decency I show,
— The less a courtier am I.¹

1) Cf. 42, 15 seq.

Decorum they waft hence —
Except the rare ones with some sense
Endowed: and her I would not vex
Who is ashamed of all that shames her sex.

Honourable men and women pure —
May all that breathe right happy be!
If I in aught can serve them, sure
I will, that they think well of me.
And I bid them meanwhile know,
Unless the world soon better grow
That I intend to give
My singing up, and live — as I can live.¹

20.

“Woman” must ever be a woman’s noblest name,²
And honours more than “lady”, if I am not wrong.
They that of their womanhood have shame,
Should reconsider when they hear my song.
As women, ladies oft are bad:
But all the women must be good you meet;
Women and woman’s name are clad
In old-world honour dear and sweet.
Howsoe’er all ladies fare,
A woman is a lady anywhere.
In doubtful praise lurks scorn,
As oft in “lady”; but woman’s name a woman must adorn.

21.

✓ O noble lady much admired,
It would beseem you kind to be!
It harms you not to be desired;³
And thoughts, I fancy, yet are free.
I would let all men for what they covet sigh.
And if my mind to you inclines,
How can I help it? You I sing,

1) “sô ich nû beste mac”: perhaps = it will be a poor sort of life, for “there is no lust like poetry!” Cf. Grillparzer: “Wenn der Dichter über Bord geht, schicke ich ihm den Menschen nach.” Cf. H. v. M., XVIII, 189—190, 206.

2) Cf. Wilm., 33, 18; MF, 165, 28.

3) Cf. Waller, “Suffer herself to be desired” in poem known of all men.

Though you despise the pondered lines.
 To me the verses profit bring;
 Ye at court are praised, and honour is awarded me.
 A splendid raiment is on you!
 A better never lady had
 Than on your stainless limbs I view:
 You are a woman nobly clad.
 Fair embroidered, fortune and good sense are there.
 I take no cast-off finery,¹
 Yet for your robes my life I'd quit;
 And the Emperor would a fiddler be
 For such a guerdon exquisite!
 Play O Kaiser! — No, not here, elsewhere you may.

22.

Laudator temporis acti.²

Whatever be my faults,³ one quality
 I have been fain from childhood's days to keep:
 I can join in not unseemly jollity,
 And I am loth to laugh when others weep.
 For others' sake I grieve:
 For others' sake I sorrow;
 Though sorrow to me cleave,
 What matter! joy I borrow.
 As others are, so will I be,
 That they grow not tired of me.
 Some there are with no compassion
 For others' pains: let them be treated in like fashion.

1) "Gold, silver, horses, and clothes" (Wilm., 51, 12) were given to the wandering minstrels of a poorer type than Walther. Cf. HMS. 2, 263b: "He that craveth cast-off clothing Is the Minnesinger's loathing". But it is clear from 83, 96 that Walther accepted new clothes; indeed a document has come to light which shows that he accepted 5 solidi from the Bishop of Passau to buy him a fur coat.

2) So is v. Veldeke, one of the earliest Minnesingers (MF, 61, 18—24).

3) Cf. 37, 1 seq.:

"If I must praise myself, why then,
 Unchivalrous I cannot be,
 For I endure injustice, when
 I might take vengeance easily.
 An eremite would he endure it? No, I ween."

In the good old days, when love and honour ruled,
My youthful songs were ever smooth and cheery:
But now that love and honour are befooled,
My songs, alas! are rugged grown and dreary.
According as things be,
The real poet sings:
Not till boorishness shall flee
Will I sing of courtly things.
Joy will return and a day for song:
Happy who can wait so long.
If you will only take my word,
I know the way and when a poet should be heard.

For a bare greeting I did praise the ladies,¹
And took it as the payment of my praise:
But now I wait in vain till my song paid is —
Let another laud, if any lady pays.
Since I no more can earn
With all my songs their smile,
A proud man I will turn
My back on them the while:
Which signifies: "As thou to me,
Lady, so am I to thee."
Grateful ladies, not the crowd
My song shall praise: what profit me the overproud?
I will tell you of my common harm and shame —
Ladies compare with scant discrimination.²
For them the good and bad men are the same:

1) Cf. MF, 86, 19—20; Walt., Paul 5, 10; 6, 38; 8. 34; Wilm., 1, 23; 52, 16. "bien heureux D'en avoir seulement un regard amoureux". (Ronsard).

2) Cf. Wilm., 71, 41 seq.:

Lord God, what manner man is he
Serves not, but loves without delay!
Here a he, and there a she:
Who so would love, damn him! I say.
What hath he for his hire to show?
A noble lady loves not so.
Good manners in her estimate she reckons,
And parts good men from bad with ease.
A foolish lady it doth please
To have a fool to follow when she beckons.

Also Wilm., 31, 51—55.

So the good men are debased from their high station.
When dames again shall learn
To sort the men, that they
Be sorted in their turn,
Love will the more repay.
What were bad, and what were good,
If none distinguish could?
Noble ladies, pray you think:
If women all are equal, then your worth will sink.

23.

Alack the day, O courtly singing,
That you at court must yield
To the base tunes that boors are bringing
From stubble and corn-field!
Alas, your friends are all undone
That so your honour lieth low:
But since it must be, be it so —
Dame Doggerel, you have won.

Who brought our noble pleasure back
That is a fugitive,
Our grateful thanks he should not lack,
And lauded he should live.
Who shall do it hath a courtly mind,
And I will pray that he succeed —
For lord or dame a seemly deed —
Alas that none are so inclined!

There are more of those who hold
The new hath ne'er a flaw,
Than of those who listen to the old.
I follow the ancient saw:
My strings I strike not at the mill.¹
Where the noisy stone goes round and round
And discords by the wheel are ground,
I harp not: who are they who will?
And the brazen jugglers whose clangour
Duns in my deafened ears:
To them the din that stirs my anger

1) Cf. CB, 37, 3.

Is music of the spheres.
They are like the frogs in the green moat,
That sing with such a right good will
The nightingale grows sad and still,
With the songs trembling in her throat.¹

If Doggerel by force were hushed,
Of joy should yet be sung.
If she were o'er the drawbridge pushed,
It would loosen many a tongue.
If palaces on her were shut,
My joy of it would be no sin:
But let the farmers take her in,
It is from them she came, the slut!

24.

Elegy on Reinmar von Hagenau. ← *a contemporary poet*

Take him for all in all.

Beauty, youth, and wit, and merit
Are things that no man can inherit,
Alas! when the frail body perisheth.
And a wise man, who can conceive
The loss, may with good reason grieve
For all that Art must suffer by thy death.
But we should thank thee now and evermore
That thou didst never let a day pass o'er,
But thou wouldst praise the ways of women good and true.
For this we will be grateful to thy tongue.
If thou no other line but this hadst sung:
"What sweetness into that old word 'woman' grew!"²
All women's prayers for thy soul's welfare would to thee be due.
Truth is it, Reinmar, I mourn thee
Much deeper than thou wouldest me,
If thou wert living and myself were dead.
I say it as I hope for bliss,
Thyself I should but little miss,
I mourn thy noble art now ruined.

1) Cf. Freid. 142, 9—10:

"The nightingale holds back her lays,
When the ox bellows and the donkey brays."

2) See p. 48, 7.

Thou couldst upon itself increase delight,
When thou didst soar to thy full spirit's height.
I mourn thy mouth that spake so well, and thy sweet song,
That these before my time is full are ta'en.
If thou hadst tarried but a little, fain
I would have been to go with thee along.
Have thanks, and may thy soul fare well among the angels' throng.

25.

“ If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind? — ?

Mope not in secret, growing glummer!
Think on good women, be no more aggrieved.
Look to the coming days of summer!
These are the thoughts by which I am relieved.
I am sad when the winter's dark o'er all is shed;
But I turn to the faded heath,
Shamed of its widow's weeds cold skies beneath;
Yet when it sees the forest green it flushes red.¹

Lady, when my mind sojourneth
With all thy charms and merit love-compelling,
Halt! I cry: thine arrow burneth
Mid in my heart where love has made his dwelling.
Dear and dearer is not what I mean:
Thou art my very own:
My dearest is thyself alone,
As all the world, O lady, seëth and hath seen.

26.²

I will distribute, ere my life is ended,
All my goods and chattels,
That only they for whom these are intended
Need wage their legal battles.
My bad luck to sour haters I bequeath;
And unto those whose hearts with envy see the

1) Cf. Keats's poem *In a drear-nighted December*; Geibel's *Und dräut der Winter noch so sehr*; Shakespeare's son. *When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes*; MF, 140, 36—37; Wilm., 75, 1 seq.; 36, 4 and 8; 41; 84, 148—50. Wack., Kl. Sch., I, p. 149.

2) Cf. *Gaudeamus* (Leipzig, 1879, p. 189). Perhaps Walther's poem suggested Heine's "Vermächtnis"? Donne, "The Will".

The evil star under whose rule I sighed;
My melancholy
To brazen liars; and my folly
To lovers hollow,
Whom groans of maids abandoned follow;
To ladies my heart's longing never satisfied.
— But bide a little, I am coming back!
Now I know what women need —
I have learned the secret I before did lack,
And I will win them so: — give heed! —
I will forswear my body and my soul:¹
Not one before me will be then heart-whole! —
But Heaven preserve me, what is this I say?
God would deliver
Such doom upon me in the thought I shiver! —
My eyes would tumble
Out of my head, and I should stumble
Blind about and helpless in the light of day!

27.

Dame World, go to mine host² and say
I've paid his reckoning.
Let him erase my name straightway:
I do not owe him anything.
Who owes him aught hath cause to rue.
Rather than owe him long I'd borrow from a Jew.
He is silent till a certain day:
Then he will have his pledge, if the victim cannot pay.
— "Walther, you have no cause for ire:
Tarry beside me still!
I decked you so men mote admire;
And ever yielded you your will,
Even as often as you pleaded,
Pained only that my pleasure sweet you seldom needed.
Think of your life delightful; for
Your heart will bleed, if you do challenge me to war."
— Dame World, your milk I will not drink:
'Tis time that I were weaned!

1) Cf. 83, 123—124.

2) i. e., the Devil. Cf. poem by Der Guoter, p. 173, and H. v. M., XXIX.

Your sweets have brought me to Hell's brink,
And nigh into the clutches of the Fiend.
When in your eyes I looked, I saw
Your beauty was delightful, with no single flaw:
But all the sight was vile
Behind your back, and I abhor you for your guile.

— "If thou must go, and wilt not stay,
Grant but this one request:
Remember many a merry day,
And come at times to be my guest —
For now your days will drag perhaps." —
That I would gladly do — but that I fear your traps,
With which you seek all men to snare.
God give you good den, lady, I to rest will fare!¹

28.

Can any living man maintain
That e'er he saw a thicker rain
Of gifts than lately in Vienna town?
The young prince was seen to give
As if he thought not long to live,²
And by largesse would earn renown.
He did not stay at thirty pound:
He scattered silver as if it were found
In the streets; and to the minstrels for their meed
He gave the garments in his wardrobe stored;
And bade them take the provender
Besides the horse: as lambs they were,
Each from the royal stable took his steed.
Then no one paid the debts he owed:
Kind was the prince who so decreed.

29.

Awake! The day is coming now
That brings the sweat of anguish to the brow
Of Christians, Jews, and Pagans all!
Many a token in the sky

1) Cf. 42, 8 seq.

2) Cf. Freid. 58, 1.

And on the earth shows it is nigh:
Foretold in Holy Writ withal.
The sun no longer shows
His face; and treason sows
His secret seeds that no man can detect;
Fathers by their children are undone;
The brother would the brother cheat;
And the cowled monk is a deceit,
Who should the way to Heaven direct;
Might is right, and justice there is none.
Arise! we slept, nor of the peril recked.

30.¹

He that fearless says Thy ten
Commandments, Lord, and breaks them then:
His heart is not to Thee inclined.
He that cries "Father" to thee,
But whose brother I may not be,
He speaks strong words with a weak mind.
— All are descendants of a clod;
All shall be clay again beneath the sod.
With the same food ourselves we fatten
Till the worms on us shall batten.
Who, that knew them erst, shall scan
Which is master, which is man,
If he see their bones
Cleaner than river-polished stones?
— He who rules the world by wonder,
Creed from creed He does not sunder:
All are soldiers in His ban —
Christian, Jew, Mahometan.

31.

When Frederick of Austria had the wit
To save the soul that did his body quit,
My crane's step was humbled to the earth.
Slinking I went like a peacock² that has shed
His feathers, to my knee I hung my head:
But now I stretch it up to my full worth.

1) In this poem I have not kept the metre of the original.

2) Cf. Freid. 142, 13.

Heigh-ho! To the fiddle who will dance a measure?
For I can seat me at mine own fire-side;
To the Emperor and the Crown I am allied:
My melancholy I can baulk:
Now like a knight of substance I can walk,
And let my spirits bubble up to pleasure!¹

32.

Whose ears are sore, I rede him to keep free
From the Thuringian court with its wild glee:
If he go there, his wits will gather wool.
I am tired of elbowing the crowd about:
By night and day one troop goes in, another out;
That any hear at all is wonderful.
The Landgrave in this delights:
To spend his substance with proud knights,
And everyone a champion in the land.
So generous is he, though men should ask
For good wine a thousand pounds the cask,
Never would a knight's glass empty stand.

33.

Her doorès sparrèd all!

Fortune's door on me is locked;
It hath not helped for all I knocked:
Like an orphan there I call.
What miracle can greater be?
It rains to right and left of me,
But not a drop on me will fall.²
The largesse of Austria's ruler
Is summer rain that maketh cooler
When parched are people and land.
He is a mead with blossoms bright
That all men gather: and if I
Could have one leaf, then I would try
To laud with songs that pleasant sight.
I make my presence known here-by.

1) Cf. Wilm., 3, 34.

2) Cf. MF, 21, 5 seq.; 23, 13 seq.; 29, 13 seq.

34.¹

Justice is fleemyt frae the land.

✓ On a stone I sate, all lost
In my thoughts, with both legs crossed;
On the uppermost did rest
I my elbow, and caressed
With my hand my chin and cheek;
Pondered I: what should one seek
As the best things here below?
But no counsel I did know
How on three things hand to lay
That are slow to melt away.
Two are gold and honour: these
Are together ill at ease;
And God's grace the third I call,
Greatest treasure of them all.
In one casket all the three
I would have, if it could be:
But no human heart will hold
God's grace, honour, store of gold.²
Closed to them are ways and gates,
While in ambush treason waits;
From the high roads law is fled;
Peace and justice nigh are dead;
Helpless must the three remain,
Till the two their health regain.

1) For the explanation of the political poems here given, it is necessary to keep in mind the state of affairs in Germany during the period between the death of the Emperor Henry VI in 1197, and the abdication of Otto in 1215. Henry's ambition had been to make the imperial dignity hereditary in his family; and during his own lifetime he had caused the Electors to acknowledge his son Frederick as the future Emperor; but in 1197 the young prince was only three years of age, and the Ghibellines offered the purple to Philip, Duke of Swabia, who, as Frederick's guardian, had the insignia in his possession. But the Guelphic party set up in opposition Otto of Poitou, or Brunswick, the nephew and protégé of Richard of England; and him Pope Innocent III (1198—1216) supported, in return for concessions to the Church, until their quarrel in 1209, when Otto repudiated the conditions he had agreed to, and was promptly excommunicated. The Pope then (1211) secured the election of Frederick, but Otto held his ground until, in 1214, he and his ally King John of England were completely defeated at Bouvines, after which disaster Frederick was left without a rival.

2) Cf. Spanish proverb: "honra y provecho no caben en un saco". LD, LXXIX, 231 seq.

35.

Lupus est homo homini.

I heard a river roar
As onwards with the fish it tore;
I saw all that the world breeds,
Field and wood, grass, leaves, and reeds;
What crawls, what flieth fleet,
What walketh upon feet: —
I saw it all, and true it is:
They all are enemies.¹
Beast of chase, and crawling worm
Fight stark battles fierce and firm:
So the birds, too, in their kind;
But all these creatures have one mind —
Life would seem too insecure
If they had not judgment sure.
Laws they make, and kings anoint,
Lord and vassal they appoint.
Woe to thee, O German race,
Thy rule is in an evil case:
For while the midge has her own king,
Thine olden honour is withering!
Germany, O turn again!
The coronets ² are grown too vain:
The pauper kings are elbowing thee;
Crown Philip with the Orphan, and quickly they
will flee!

36.

Before mine eyes there were unfurled
All secrets of the living world;

1) Cf. Keats "Reminiscences of Claude's Enchanted Castle"; Swift "On Poetry": "Hobbes clearly proves that every creature Lives in a state of war by nature", etc.; do. "On a Printer's being sent to Newgate"; "Nature red in tooth and claw With ravine", In Memoriam, canto LVI; Thos. Hardy, "In a Wood".

2) The three claimants to the imperial crown, Otto of Poitou, Bernhard of Saxony, and Berthold of Zähringen, the last of whom sold his claim to Philip for 11,000 marks. Otto was actually crowned by his own party, but not with the real crown, which contained the "Orphan", "lapis qui in corona Romani imperatoris est, neque umquam alibi visus est: propter quod etiam orphanus vocatur" (Albertus Magnus). Philip's coronation, to which poem 37 refers, took place in September 1198 at Mentz.

From eyes and ears was nothing hid
Of all men spake, of all men did.
I heard them lying in Rome town,
To cheat two kings of realm and crown:
Thence the greatest strife began
In the memory of man:
When priest and layman parted
In anger, and to weapons darted:
Misfortune in misfortune's wake,
Soul and body both at stake;
Although the shavelings struggled sore,
Of the laymen there were more.
But when the sword in scabbard lay,
Then the stole kept up the fray;
They laid the ban on every one
Except on whom they should have done.
Church and convent were profaned;
Bitterly a monk complained,
Comfortless in his cold cell,
Weeping loud, as I heard well;
From his heart the cry did come:
"Alas, the Pope is but a youth: help, O Lord, thy
Christendom!"

37.

The crown is older than King Philip! Lies
Not here a miracle before our eyes?
The smith has done so well his duty,
The crown fits the imperial head so true
That no good man would separate the two;
And the one sets off the other's beauty.
Each strengthens each in sooth,
The noble jewel and the noble youth.
In ecstasy the Princes are!
Let him who here and there for Kaiser turns,
Behold upon whose head the Orphan burns:
The stone is all the Princes' polar-star!

38.

On the day the Virgin to our Lord gave birth,
Who had chosen her His mother on the earth,

King Philip nobly walked in Magdeburg town.
There was an Emperor's brother and an Emperor's son —
Three titles, though the person one:
He bore the imperial sceptre and the crown.
He walked with measured steps¹ and noble mien,
And slowly followed him a high-born Queen —
Rose without thorn, dove without gall.
There courtliness her triumphs did reveal:
The Saxons and Thuringians showed such zeal²
That mightily were pleased the statesmen all.

39.³

Let us rede the cooks not to forget —
It behoves them to beware,
Lest in evil plight they fall —
That the roast before the Princes set
Shall be big enough for all to share,
And thicker than my thumb withal.
A roast was hacked in Grecian lands
By greedy hands
Fit to be manacled with iron bands.
There was not beef for all, and so
The guests out of his own door throw
The host, and straight to new election go.
That host
Had better ne'er have had the roast.

40.

Now in the generous Landgrave's halls I rest:
It was e'er my habit to be with the best.
All other princes give, but not like him,
Still as he hath done, subject to no whim.
Surer than theirs his boon:

1) CB, 65, 2 "equis passibus".

2) Duke Bernhard of Saxony carried the imperial sword. Hermann of Thuringia, who was present, had abandoned Otto's cause.

3) Refers to the Latin conquest of Constantinople (1204), in the course of which Philip's father-in-law and brother-in-law lost their lives. The moral is pointed at Philip himself, who was too close-fisted.

He changeth with no moon.

He that is prodigal this year, and in the next one mean,
His praise will yellow like the clover's green:
Thuringia's flower through the thick snow is seen,
And Hermann's praises blossom in December and in June.

41.

A necromancer holds the Roman chair —
In the black art Pope Gerbert's¹ heir.
But Gerbert gave none but himself to Hell:
This one will give all Christendom as well.
Why cry not all, out of their sorrow deep,
To Heaven, and ask how long the Lord will sleep?
Priests foil His works, and to His words false witness bear;
His treasurer steals the hoard of grace given in his care;
His peace-maker plunders here and murders there;
His shepherd has become a wolf among His sheep.

42.

Ye Princes of the Church, ye are cheated by the Pope.
Lo, he has bound you with the Devil's rope!
If what you say of Peter's keys be facts,
Why does he scratch St. Peter's teaching from the Acts?
Our Christian faith forbids us, clear and plain,
To barter the Lord's bounty for vile gain.
Such doctrine haply does the black book teach
The devil gave the Pope, and bade him preach?
— Cardinals, roof your churches, we beseech:
Lo, our High Altar drippeth with the rain!

43.

Aha! how like a Christian the Pope of us makes fun,
When he to his Italians explains what he has done!
What there he speaks should never have been thought;
He says: "Two Germans underneath one crown I brought
To fire and waste the Empire East and West:

1) Gerbert = Sylvester II (999—1003). On account of his devotion to mathematics and chemistry, he was, like Faust, held to be a magician, and he too, according to the legend, was bodily spirited away by the Devil.

And all the while I fill my chest!
I have driven them to my savings-box: their goods are mine:
Their German coins in my Italian coffers shine: —
Ye priests, eat fowls, drink wine!
And let the German stomachs rest.

44.

Sir Savings-Box,¹ hath the Pope sent you with his sermons
To enrich himself and beggar all the Germans?
Soon as the heaps of money he shall hold
A fine trick he will play—his trick of old:
He will say the Empire's in a parlous state —
And with our money will again be satiate.
Ah! little of the silver will reach the Holy Land:
Rich treasure seldom gives away priest's hand.
Sir Box, to rob us right and left is your command,
And to cozen all the fools that take the bait.

45.

How seldom I praise God, Whose praises fill
The world! O Thou Who gavest me my tuneful skill
How can I dare to brave Thine anger still?
I do not the right works, have no right love
For my fellow-Christians, Father, nor for Thee:
Dear as myself is none on earth to me.
Father and Son, instruct me with Your Holy Dove!
How can I love the man who works me pain?
Needs must I love him more whose love is plain.
Forgive my other sins, this I retain.²

46.

My outcast state.

"I thank thee, host!" Me no man greeteth so:
"Be welcome, guest!" I thanking bow full low.

1) Innocent III ordered, in 1213, that "trunci" should be placed in the churches for the collection of contributions for a crusade.

2) Cf. Freid. 97, 16; LD, LI, 81—82. MF, 90, 10—15:

"There is no mortal sin upon my mind
Save one which cannot be resigned —
Of this I never shall be free:
I love a lady more than my salvation.
O Lord, let this not be my soul's damnation!"

“Host” and “home” are names with no disgrace.
 “Guest” and “hostelry” bring shame into one’s face.
 Could I but live my guests to entertain,
 And proudly as their host their thanks to gain!
 “Here to-day and gone to-morrow,” so are clowns inclined;
 “I am at home,” “I wend me home” soothe more the mind.
 Guest and check a welcome rarely find.
 Spare me the guest that by God’s grace the check from you
 remain.

47.¹

Fortune distributes boons: but not
 To me: I only see her back.
 She pities me no jot:
 I know not what to do, alack!
 She will not look me in the face, confound her!
 I am behind her still if I run round her:
 She loathes my very sight:
 I wish her eyes were in her back to see me in her own
 despite!

48.²

He drinks not well who cannot thirst control.
 Can it be manly that the tongue should loll?
 The drunkard courts the ruin of his soul.
 It would become him more his feet to use

1) LD, LI, 12—20:

“Dame Fortune is far shyer than a roe,
 And is besides my bitter foe.
 Always in her footsteps I am running,
 But soon as ever I draw close to her,
 She plies her heels, and foils pursuit with cunning.”

Walt., 32, 29: Reinmar von Zweter 7, and Heine (“Das Glück ist eine leichte Dirne”):

“Luck is the lightest of young misses,
 And the most restless: from your eyes
 She strokes the hair away, and kisses
 You quickly, and away she flies.
 But Mother Bad-Luck does not worry:
 Close she caresses you, and sits —
 She says she is not in a hurry —
 Down by your very bed, and knits.”

(Heine seems to have repeated himself in “Frau Sorge”.)

2) Cf. Reinm. v. Z., Roethe III; H. v. M., p. 228.

To keep him standing than to need support,
Or be a log that pitying friends transport.
When thirst is quenched, another glass refuse,
Lest mortally ye sin, and be a jest;
For he who drinks till God and all the rest
He knows no more, has God's command transgressed.

49.

I measured Otto by his length:¹ but by
That reckoning sadly led astray am I:
Were he as good as tall, his worth were high.
Anon I measured him with honour's yard:
Then like a coat the tailor spoiled he shrunk —
Less than a dwarf's was his ignoble trunk:
Yet now his years are such all growth is barred.
But when to the King I put this yard, then lo!
He shot in the air, and ye may see him grow
High as a giant o'er his puny foe!

50.

Apulia's King, Rome's Lord, to thee I cry:
Spite of my skill in song how poor am I!
Fain would I own a hearth to warm me by.
Oho! How would I sing² of birds and heather
And flowers and trees, as I sang long ago!
And the fair dame who thanked me then should grow
Lilies and rosies on her cheeks together!
I come at night, I ride at morn: woe to thee, guest!
Mine host may praise the leas in clover dressed.
Relieve my cares, O King, lest cares should you molest!

51.

Home, sweet home.

I have my fief! I have my fief! My woes are o'er!
The frost shall nip my toes no more;

1) The Hohenstaufens were generally short in stature. Schönbach quotes the following passage from Buoncompagno, an Italian rhetor of the time: "Potest Otto, cui papa Innocentius cum gladio spirituali verticem coronatum abscidit, in Saulem vel Goliath propter magnitudinem staturæ transumi; rex Fredericus in David, et ipse Innocentius papa in Deum, quia omnia, quæcumque voluit, fecit."

2) Cf. LD, LXII, 21 seq.

No evil masters now I need implore:
The noble King and generous hath provided
That I shall have in summer air, in winter fire.
My neighbours wish me joy, and nigh admire:
I am not now the scare-crow they derided.
Tell me what crime constrained me poor to bide?
My breath was foul they forced me so to chide:
Me and my song the King hath purified.

52.

Duke of the Eastern Realm, your glory new
Is bruited so, our hearts do yearn for you;
Your welcome shall be such as fell to few.
Rightly the bells shall ring our bliss abroad,
And the townfolk crowd to see you enter in,
You that are coming free from shame as sin;
The dames shall kiss you, and the men shall laud.
To the minutest scruple this praise be
Weighed out at home, lest any sigh: "That he
Were buried with his fame beyond the sea!"¹

53.

Of Tegernsee I oft had heard maintained
With what good cheer the good monks entertained,
And turned a mile out of my way to see.
It seems a curious man am I:
On my own judgment never I rely,²
But trust to all that people say to me.
Not that the monks I chide—myself a sinner —
My hands they let
Me wash; and wet
I went from their refectory without dinner.

54.

Latus regnes.

Who slays the lion, who slays the dragon? —
He that can leave the cork in the flagon.

1) Cf. MF, 20, 1 seq. This poem was probably written in 1220 at Venice, as a greeting to Duke Leopold VII of Austria, then returning from a crusade.

2) Cf. VIII, 14 seq.

He that from passion's storm and strife
Can pilot his limbs to a quiet life.
Virtue false, and hypocrite shame,
May shine awhile, like the candle's flame,
That flickers, splutters, dies out quick,
Smothered on its own muddy wick.

55.

When brainless fools are millionaires,
They strut as if the world were theirs.
In usage vile great wealth is frittered,
And none at all makes men embittered.
Since too great riches manners kills,
And penury the bosom chills,
It seems to me that both are ills.

56.¹

Palindrome.

With a rod no man alive
Goodness in a child can drive:
Whom you may to honour bring
As a blow a word will sting.
As a blow a word will sting
Whom you may to honour bring:
Goodness in a child can drive
With a rod no man alive.

Have a good care of your tongue,
Guarded speech beseems the young;
Shoot the bolt the door behind,
Lock within the words unkind.
Lock within the words unkind,
Shoot the bolt the door behind;
Guarded speech beseems the young,
Have a good care of your tongue.

Have a good care of your eyes,
They were never meant for spies:
Noble manners let them mind,

1) This poem is thought to have been addressed by Walther, about 1220, to his pupil Henry, the young King of the Romans, "des harten Friedrich allzuweicher Sohn".

Be they to ignoble blind.
Be they to ignoble blind,
Noble manners let them mind:
They were never meant for spies,
Have a good care of your eyes.

Have a good care of your ears,
Foolish is who all things hears:
Evil speech if they admit,
You will be defiled by it.
You will be defiled by it,
Evil speech if they admit;
Foolish is who all things hears,
Have a good care of your ears.

Have good care of all the three,
They are often all too free:
Tongue and eyes and ears are bent
On delight and devilment.
On delight and devilment
Tongue and eyes and ears are bent:
They are often all too free,
Have good care of all the three.

57.

It came to pass,
A scholar read that dreams and glass¹
Are wisely rated
Stable as the breeze.
Foliage and grass,
That were my soul's delight, alas!
They too are fated
Now no more to please.
Nor all the flowers that stud the leas,
The purple heath, and the green trees,
The birds' song that in the frost grows still,
And the linden fair
And cool that winds strip bare.
O Lady World, thy garments clothe thee ill!
Foolish and fond,
I cling to the brittle bond

1) Cf. MF, 119, 13—15.

That binds my pleasure
To this world of naught.
I should despond,
Had I the lesson conned
In the due measure
That my life has taught.
My mind with anguish is distraught:
Time is it I on penance thought;
Now sick, I fear Death dour and grim
Will sudden rise
Before my breaking eyes.
Pale grow my ruddy cheeks to think on him.¹

Howe'er can one
Who needs by sin must be undone,
Take heart, I wonder,
And be of good cheer?²
Since I begun
To know what things to shun,
The good to sunder
From the evil here
Below, I thrust my left hand sheer
Into the flames that scorch and sear,
And shouted in the devil's carnival;
But now I quail,
Lest penance should no more avail,
Nor Christ stretch out his hand when I shall fall.

O Christ, whose might
Controlleth, both by day and night,
Thy wide creation
And all human kind!
Let my heart's light
Glow like a furnace in thy sight
With adoration!
O instruct my mind!
With seeing eyes I am as blind:
No more than babes the truth I find!

1) Cf. CB, 167, 1, 1. 3.

2) Cf. Freid., 31, 10; Wilm., Leben, III, 431; LD, XCVIII, 303—4:

“It is indeed a wonder that any man be gay,
Seeing that the body's sweetness is the soul's decay.”

I hid my long transgressions from the world:
 But Thou Who sure
 Hast seen, O make me pure,
 Ere to the abandoned valley I am hurled!

58.

Swan-song.

Alas, where have my years fled on subtle wing?
 Was then my life a vision, or a real thing?
 That which I deemed was round me, was it really there?
 Methinks that I was sleeping, sleeping unaware!
 I am awakened now, and what I knew before
 As one hand knows the other, now I know no more.
 The land and folks that reared me, in the days gone by,
 Strange are they grown, as if they were a lie.
 My childhood's comrades, they are bent with sluggish eld;
 The heath is turned to cornland, and the forest felled.
 But that the river floweth as it was wont to flow,
 There would be nothing constant but my woe.¹
 Many who knew me well before scant greetings spare;
 The world is full of trouble everywhere.
 And when I call to mind the happy days of long ago
 That passed away as on the sea a blow,
 Evermore alas!

Alas, what dreary semblance now young people bear!
 Once the young were merry, and knew naught of care.
 Why is it that they now are all so sad?
 Where'er in the world I wander there is no one glad.
 Mourning instead of laughter, dance, and song I see.
 Such woeful years were ne'er before in Christentee.
 Lo! the poor head-dress of our noble dames and girls,
 And the haughty knights accoutred in the smock of churls!
 Unwelcome letters are from Rome arrived;²
 Grief we are granted, and of joy we are deprived.
 It stirs me to the heart, for merry was the land,
 That now I must not laugh, but cry by the Pope's command.

1) Cf. W^m Cartwright: "Still do the stars impart their light . . . The streams still glide and constant are."

2) Refers to the excommunication of the Emperor Frederick II in Sep. 1227. The situation is described in the opening lines of Browning's "Sordello".

There is such murmuring the wild birds share
 The ban: what wonder then if I despair?
 Yet why should I, a foolish man, in anger rave?
 The happy here have lost the joy beyond the grave.
 Evermore alas!

Alas, how are we poisoned with the sweets of life!
 With hidden gall I see the honey rife.
 White, green, and red flaunts with an outward show
 Dame World, as black as death her veils below.
 But mark your comfort, ye whom she has led astray!
 With little penance you can purge your sins away.
 Think on it, noble knights, for your souls' weal:
 Ye bear the shining helms and rings of stubborn steel,
 The trusty shield, the consecrated blade!
 O would that I could join the glorious crusade!
 To earn a noble prize I would essay —
 I mean not fiefs of land, nor money pay:
 A crown eternal for my toils I should receive —
 Such might a mercenary with his spear achieve.
 If I on the dear voyage beyond the seas could pass,
 I should henceforth sing only "Joy!" and nevermore "Alas!" —
 Nevermore. "Alas!"

XXII. Sir Wolfram von Eschenbach.

1.

Risest thou thus, dim dawn, again?

Warder. "His claws are driven thorough the clouds: he
 Into the welkin stronger hour by hour; [riseth gaily
 I see the riven horizon growing russet daily:
 The dawn that from a lady's bower
 And arms unwilling hunteth up the knight
 Whom I afear'd let in at the postern gate.
 He must not be discovered, in despite
 Of all his enemies aroused too late."

Lady. "Warder, thou singest to scare delight from its warm
 With doleful words mine ears assailing. [nest,

Such news thou bringest to dart a dagger in my breast,
 Or e'er the tawny night is paling.
 I charge thee stay thy voice:
 I charge thee as thy heart is free from guile;
 So shalt thou have the gift that is thy choice,
 If my true love may tarry yet a while!"

Warder. "It is the hour: he must with speed be brought
 Now is it better, so thou wilt. [away!
 To thy secret bower he may return another day,
 Nor fame be stained, nor life be spilt.
 I promised sure to bring him safe again
 Away, safe as I brought him to this place:
 Now is it morn; night was it when
 Your kiss won him from me and wild embrace."

Lady. "Yet leave him clinging: sing all thou wilt, but let
 Love who brought and love received. [him be,
 Oft hath thy singing woke from our blisses him and me,
 Long ere the dawn, and too soon grieved
 My love who sought me with such stealth and care.
 It hath not dawned, afraid thou art!
 My own true knight thou didst full often tear
 From my white arms¹ but never from my heart!"²

Wolfram. Bolder was peeping the morning through the
 And the warder sang with more unrest. [window-pane:
 On her was creeping fear lest his blood the rush should stain.
 Her bosom sweet to his she pressed;
 Nor did he of a surety forget,
 Despite the warder's angrier warning,
 With kisses near and nearer yet
 To take his leave: and rode into the morning.

2.

Felix ter et amplius.

Hidden lovers' woes

Thou wast wont to sing ere dawn arose:
 Bitter parting after raptured meeting.
 Whosoever love and lady's greeting

1) Cf. LD, XCI, 29; XCII, 17; XCIII, 31; Osw. 5, 28; 7, 56; 71, 5.

2) Cf. LD, LI, 52.

So received that he was torn
From her breast by fear of men,
Thou wouldst sing him counsel, when
Shone the star of morn.
Warder, sing it now no more, lay by thy bugle-horn!

He to whom is given
Not to be from love by morning riven —
Whom the watchers think not to beleaguer,
Hath no need to be alert and eager
To avert the peril rife
In the day: his rest is pure,
Nor a warder makes secure
His unhappy life.
Love so sweet bestows in all men's sight his own true wife!

3.

A lady may allow me be so bold
To mark her beauty as my passion would.
I wish — and shall do even if she scold —
To let my eyes dwell in her neighbourhood.
How comes it that I am an owl in sight?
My heart can see her in the depths of night.

What injury does a stork unto the corn?
Less injury the ladies have of me.
Their hatred would be cruel to be borne:
But I deserve it not; and hope to see
A day that sees me at the height of bliss.
Still greater wonders have occurred ere this.

4.

The sprouting flowers and leaves and the May time
Pay in old song to the wild birds their lords
The dues they owe;¹ but I can sing when rime
All whitens, though my lady not rewards.
The forest singers and their tune
Rang not so sweetly by the end of June.

The flowers that look up to us brightly dressed
Are brightened by the dew-drops in them hung;

1) The birds are pictured as feudal lords receiving dues from their vassals. Cf. MF, 209, 24 and 37; 206, 13; LD, XXV, 59; Frauend., 174, 5.

The birds clear-throated did their best
All the May-tide to rock with song their young;
Nor then hath slept the nightingale —
But now I wake and sing o'er hill and dale.

My song implores your favour for the sake
Of whom I die. O save me, sweet, from death!
May your reward vouchsafe my homage take,
Which I will offer, offer till fails breath!
Your beauteous shape compels me still
To sing, but short or long just as you will.

XXIII. Sir Heinrich von Frauenberg.

Surge, ne longus tibi somnus detur.

Ere the morning
Sweetly a warder sang,
Whenas Orion shone.
His loud warning
Into the chamber rang
To bid the knight be gone.
“O Lady, lie
No more: the feeble night
Is fainting with the fear of light.
Sung have I.”
“I conjure thee,
Be still!” she said.
“Thine eyes do sure mistake thee!”
— “Since you do fee
My service with my bread,
It cannot be but I must wake ye.
And it is fitter
That you be told:
For if you know not what mine eyes behold,
Your joy may yet turn bitter.”
— “High reward
Shalt thou, sweet warder, get,”
Saith the lady fair of face,
“If my dear lord

May tarry yet
In my embrace.
Still for a brief
Space, help me to keep him here,
With all thy cunning, warder dear! —
Become, as I am now, a thief.”

XXIV. The Virtuous Scribe.

Donis vincitur omnis amor.

Love was so dear she turned away her face
From goods and gold:
Now she will rest her head on bosom base,
Self-sold and cold.
She is so gay,
Whoever craves her,
If he can pay,
He soon enslaves her;
This is the way
That now depraves her.

Noble and chaste was Love once, and withal
So girt with awe!
Now for the gems of old her coronal
She cares no straw.
Truth, constancy
The jade disdaineth:
Disdained is she,
No pity gaineth:
Such change, ah me!
The lady staineth.

Now Love is driven into the hinder ranks.
Fain would she be
With the noble captains who give her no thanks
For flattery.
Those whom she struck
Pluck out the darts,
From where they stuck
In conquered hearts:

Turned is her luck,
'Tis she now smarts.

Her worth fell when she bade old friends good-bye,
And sought the mart.
Those whom it was her honour to be nigh,
Walk now apart.
Her chains she wound
Round whom she listed:
Strong men were bound,
Nor e'en resisted:
Now she is found
In coils entwisted.

— Nay, but I speak with sense as of a child!
Love led by gold!
O it is Unlove reinless roving wild,
Whom none can hold.
Unlove I fear;
And who would screen her?
Sweet Love is dear:
Chaste have I seen her,
Exempt and clear
Of misdemeanour!

1) Cf. CB, 83. The poem also reminds one of Clément Marot's famous Rondeau:

"In the good old times love in such fashion reigned
Nothing from art or presents then you gained:
So that your mistress would a nosegay hold
As precious as the round earth with its gold:
Only a true heart's gift she entertained.
And if by chance enjoyment was attained,
Know you the length of years love was maintained?
A score, a score and ten: love lived to be old
In the good old times.
But now forgotten is what love ordained:
Changes are all you hear of, and tears feigned.
And if you wish that I to love be bold,
Then first of all you must your love remould,
To shine again as when love never waned
In the good old times."

(Oeuvres, p. 193). Cf. also Tristan 12284 seq.

XXV. Freidank's Wisdom.

He that with nice discretion women scans,
Allows their nature nobler than a man's.
They are ashamed of all ignoble deeds
A man takes pleasure in, or little heeds.

Men may boast of sinful lust,
Which humbles women to the dust.
These are ruined by the sin
Those may revel, wallow in.
Halved unfairly are these odds:
Not by any law of God's.

Loose women's lust arises in
The heart, as does no other sin.

If women love, and go astray,
It is because men beg and pray;
A man might for his virtue fear,
If he were pressed by all that's dear.

A woman's heart begins its life,
When a good man seeks her to wife.

A man is but the nobler by
Love, when he with love may lie.

Shameful is it to entice
A virtuous woman into vice.

A woman's chastity is saved,
Who is not likely to be craved.¹

A man may ask for a kiss or so,
A woman very well say "No".

Women say "No", as it is meet:
Yet is to them the asking sweet.

By a fire without a grate,
Baby's sure to scorch his pate.
Men that much of women see
Find that two and time make three.

Better a hedgehog in your bed,
Than a bride unwillingly wed.

A man she hates in a woman's bed
Is really worse than a lump of lead.

1) Cf. Logau: "Chastity saves from the pit, Say they who are condemned to it."
"Casta quam nemo rogavit."

If you are silly, be familiar
With prostitutes. You will be sillier.

A man can't make a woman out.
A woman knows what a man's about.

Sail love's broad main till you be drowned,
Women are stranger seas men cannot sound.

There are many flowers that shoot
Lovely from a bitter root.

Fools think what pleases them should please their wives:
Hence many women lead such joyless lives.

Who alone his grief must bear,
Stands in danger of despair.

Friends true as steel, and steel that stood the test,
Are worth their weight in gold when one's hard pressed.¹

Happy is the man with many friends:
Woe to him whose happiness on them depends.²

Pleasure was a dream that kissed
Lips, when the arms that clasped enfolded mist.

When September days are o'er
Dizzy midges dance no more.³

Lands and goods no man doth own
On the earth, save God alone.

Soul and body, rank, estate —
Fiefs that he may confiscate.

Falsehoods told God to deceive:
Never a one did He believe.⁴

When water flows up mountain walls,
The burden from the sinner falls.
I mean when tears in secret rise

1) Quoted by Walther, 84, 110.

2) Cf. Logau: "To have friends is nice:
To need their help a vice."

3) Cf. Heine ("Frau Sorge"):
"Erloschen ist der Sonnenglanz,
Zerstoben ist der Mückentanz."

4) Cf. Ludwig Fulda:
"Es ist ein allgemeines Komplott
Von der Wiege zum Leichentuche:
Wie macht man an dem lieben Gott
Die schlausten Bestechungsversuche?"

Out of the heart into the eyes:
Although their sound is very low,
Through the din of Heaven God hears them flow.

Should I be loved by wicked men,
Time to turn a new leaf then.

Hate does injure none a whit,
Save the heart that harbours it.

He who hates a noble man,
Acts as meanly as he can.

As you in the forest cry,
So the forest gives reply.
Love brings back the love it sought;
Curses are with curses caught.

Summer in the end would sicken us,
Came not winter sharp to quicken us.

Candles to their sockets burn:
So must we do, in our turn.

Misers' hearts with grief are riven,
When they give or see things given;
Generous hearts are grieved when they
To the asker must say nay.

Work all our own goes with a right good will:
Forced labour rolls a cask up a steep hill.

In the best bed that can be had
At least one feather will be bad.

An ill-bred guest sore vexes a good host:
The host who makes him feel it need not boast.

There is not a word so fine,
None so sweet as even "mine".

Men who grow blind see often with a painter's eyes,
Doubling a world remembered, for disguise,
With its own essence and its deeper dyes.

Leisurely the lion paces,
When the hares are on his traces.

A lion that does hear a man's voice, flees him,
But turns again soon as he sees him.

Peace on earth, good will to men —
When the wolf keeps from the pen.

Some would drink until they burst

Rather than they'd die of thirst.¹

For all the crow
Bathes in the snow,
She will never whiter grow.

An ox to a far country came.
He was cattle just the same.

For all his pains,
A dog that goes to church a dog remains.
Many a man sees naught in me
In whom I can nothing see.

All that we do to us seems so well done,
The country is with asses overrun.

Where the ass is crowned,
Evil is the land renowned.

He who thinks that he knows all
Has a fool at his beck and call.

Fools on the mirror feed their eyes:
Themselves they never recognise.

You can't convince a fool that anyone
Could better anything that he has done.

Foolish men their fancies set
On things difficult to get.

What's within their arm's reach, that
They turn up their noses at.²

If you would that fools admire you,
You must speak as they desire you.

Whom fools despise,
Let him sit among the wise.

God, who plagues with care the wise,
Leaves the fools in Paradise.

A man's brains
Are his gains.

Treasure turned up by a dunce
Passes to the wise at once.

1) Cf. Logau: "He that daily swims in drink
Must, some day or other, sink."

2) Cf. Goethe: "Willst du immer weiter schweifen? Sieh, das Gute liegt so nah.
Lerne nur das Glück ergreifen, Denn das Glück ist immer da." I cannot locate the
original of the following ("Wohl unglücklich ist der Mann"): "God have mercy on
the man who Tries to do what he ne'er can do. If he won't do what he might do
He'll be ruined — serve him right, too."

Give all people equal brains,
What of rich and poor remains? ¹
If you speak but poorly, man,
Speak as rarely as you can.
A man may be too plain to kiss:
Handsome to himself he is. ²
Could anything than flowers be duller,
If they had all the self-same colour? ³
A capital thing
Were honey with no sting. ⁴
Me no honeyed words can soften;
Venom in their tail is, often. ⁵
To the clever will be clear,
What I, poor fool, have spoken here.

XXVI. Sir Neidhart von Reuental.

1.

Itch of love in aged vaines.

“An old woman began to caper;
“I will go for flowers,” quoth she, and bounced
Like a kitten with a piece of paper.
“Daughter, reach my clothes from the stand:
The squire will lead me by the hand,
Who is known as Reuental in the land.”
Traranuretum, traranuriruntundeie!
“O mother, you are daft and dafter!
He is a squire of such a mind
He betrays his loves and jeers at them after.”
“Daughter, do not bother your head;

1) Contradicted Walt. 44, 11 seq.

2) Cf. LD, XL, 52—53.

3) Cf. Goethe: “All plagues and tribulations may
Be borne, save sunshine day by day.”

4) Cf. Logau: “In hives of bees,
And women’s skirts,
Is what may please,
And much that hurts.”

5) Cf. Logau: “Gnats sing before they sting:
Slanderers pander ere they slander.”

I know what the dear lad has said,
And I for his love am well-nigh dead."
Traranuretum, traranuriruntundeie!

And then she called, as she skipped and curvetted,
To another old woman to go with her;
"Too long we have sulked in the house, and fretted,
Let's go and gather flowers together!
For why should I keep to my tether
When all my gossips roam the heather?"
Traranuretum, traranuriruntundeie!

2.

Now is the May o'erflowing
His endless treasures showing,
Bestowing on the wood new garments splendid,
Shedding many a fold of shade: winter bare is ended.

My heart is light as a feather
To greet the growing heather,
That is now its greener carpet laying.
"I will give the flowers a right good welcome," a fair
maid was saying.

"Mother, my heels are aching!
See all the boys are taking
Their sweethearts out! Hey-diddle-diddle!
It is so long since a new song was played to us on the
fiddle."

"Nay, daughter, nay! Thy hunger
I stilled when thou wert younger
Upon my bosom: prithee smother
This shameful hankering after men, for the sake of thy
old mother!"

"But his name is — do not dread it! —
His name is to his credit;
You must let me hurry off to meet him;
He is Knight von Reental, and with a kiss my mouth
shall greet him.

The branches all are greening
As thick as they were leaning

To lay upon the lawn their burden;
You may know for sure, sweet mother of mine, the boy
shall have his guerdon.

Mother, to hear is pity!
He swears, in a love-sick ditty,
There is not such another fairy
From Bavaria to Franconia! Shall I of thanks be chary?"

3.

Solvitur acris hiems.

On the mountain, in the valley,
Singing birds again do rally;
Now is seen
Clover green;
Winter, take away thy teen!
Trees that erst were grey to view
Now their verdant robes renew;
In their shade
Nests are made;
Thence the toll of May is paid.
Fought an agèd wife for breath
Day and night, and baffled death;
Now she rushes
Like a ram about, and pushes
All the young ones into the bushes.

4.

Gelidum nemus.

All the wood was lost
In snow and frost;
Now are leaves on every tree.
Come and see,
Boys and maids,
And dance in the cool forest glades.
From many a greening spray,
Wild birds gay
Fill with long melodies the woods;
And the full buds
Will soon uncloze.
O tread not where the violet blows!¹

1) The first violet found was placed on a pole, round which the peasants then danced. See Wack., *KL. Sch. I*, p. 212.

May is dearest yet,
For then my love I met,
Dancing in the linden shade.
The leaves played,
And wafted sweet,
To shelter her from the sun's heat.

5.

Ver proterit aestas.

Now are ye merry, old and young!
Strong May has flung
The shivering winter from the earth;
Now the flowers are at their birth.
The nightingale is panting
On yonder spray, with many a lay every heart enchanting.

The leaves are thick on every bough.
What girl obeys her mother now?
"And if you tied me to a bench
With a stout rope," saith the lusty wench,
I would wrench myself away;
He waits for me by the greenwood tree, where the lads
and lassies play."

Her mother heard, out and alack!
"I'll thwack, I'll beat her blue and black!
I'll stripe her back! I'll stop her!
You little grasshopper,
Would you hop from the nest without my leave?
Nay, you shall tend the house and mend, sweet daughter
of mine, my tattered sleeve."

"O mother, keep your stick for rubbing
Your wrinkles smooth, and not for drubbing.
How can you keep me willy-nilly?
— Don't run like that, it is so silly!
The wind is whistling through your sleeve!
You'll soon be dead with a cold in the head, and I shall
be left to grieve."

Up the mother jumped, and caught her
By the hair, and screamed: "Undutiful daughter!
This roof no more your head shall shelter:
Out you go!" — "Yea, helter-skelter!

Off I go to follow my bent!
You need not scream! — Close to the seam, through
the sleeve the hole is rent."

6.

And the wild rose wakes in the winding lanes.
"Winter himself to exile hath betaken,
And earlier the days awaken.
A happy time is on the wing;
May is king, May is king!
Never before the birds so sweet did sing.
Now for the eyes there is a feast uncloses —
In wood and wold the wonder of wild roses.
Thorough the grass pierce flowers fair;
And dew was on a meadow where
My truelove wreathed a garland for my hair.

The wood forgets the snow that thawed, besmirching
A verdant bough where now the May is perching.
Never leafage thicker shone.

Playmate, bind your head-dress on:
You know that I must meet a knight anon!"

Overheard the maiden's mother prying.
"Henceforth keep your tongue," she cried, "from lying!
You are a hussy! Go and wind
A wimple¹ round your hair, and, mind!
If you would dance, your clothes² you first must find."

"To lock my clothes up, like his gold a miser,
You have no right from king or kaiser.
They are not yours: you ne'er did spin
A single thread, so hold your din!
Open the chest, or I will break it in!"

The clothes were hidden at the very bottom
Of an oaken chest, but the daughter got 'em.
She prized up the lid with the leg of a chair,
When the old woman was not there;
You might have heard a pin drop, I declare.

And in a trice she donned her summer kirtle,
Taking from the folds the sprigs of myrtle;

1) Maidens wore their hair loose, or with a garland. Weinh. II, 327.

2) The girls put on their best clothes to dance. Cf. Haupt 5, 8; 27 "ir bestez viretagewant".

Around her waist a belt she drew;
And her shuttle-cock into
The hand of young von Reuenthal she threw.

7.

Now the wood, in sun and leisure,
Hath set up a merchant's stall
For the playtime of the May-time, and to all
He is selling cheap, with generous measure,
Seeds that shoot to pleasure.
Merry heart, go buy thy portion of the treasure!

8.

Out of the way with the chairs and the bed!
Stools and table
Into the stable!
To-day we'll dance till we drop for dead!
Let the wind through the window in!
Maiden fair,
To dishevel thy hair,
And through thy corsage cool thy skin.
When you have rested your heated shoon,
Stamp the floor
O'er and o'er,
And I will fiddle the second tune!

9.

Carmen non prius auditum.

Winter, we are by thy might
Into houses driven
From the wood and hill,
Where thine icy blizzards bite.
Lark, thou art forgiven
That thy song grows still;
War upon thee rime and snow,
All thy trilling chilling;
And the clover, too, must go.
May to praise I'm willing,
But winter is my foe!

Dance and laugh as youth befits,
Though the trees are smitten

Till return of spring.
See! To spice the cheer my wits
Freshly here have written
Words for all to sing,
Lest encumbered skies should bar
Natural pleasure-seeking.
Warm thy room is, Engelmar,
While on moorlands shrieking
The sprites of winter are!

XXVII. Count Otto von Botenlauben.

1.¹

But that Christ's boon excels all other things,
I would not wander from my lady's eyes:
To whom my heart perpetual praises sings,
She is to me sufficient Paradise.²
Whereso the lady dwelleth by the Rhine,
Lord, let thy countenance upon me shine,
To help me win thy mercy for her soul and mine!³
"Since he proclaims I am his Paradise,
Lo, I have chosen him my God to be,
And shrined him in my heart, and there he lies.
O God Almighty, be not wroth with me!
I trow he is not in my eyes a thorn,
But rather for my rapture he was born:
If he be slain in Palestine, I am forlorn."

2.

Then let us pinion time.

Ward er. "How from the man now shall I part the woman,
Lest dalliance hold them deep into the day?
As I set, store on life, the knight I summon
To busk and boun him with what speed he may.

1) "Besonders verwegen." Schönbach.

2) Cf. LD, XCV, 15.

3) Cf. MF, 211; 26; LD, LI, 72.

Moderation is in all things good.¹
 And the cool rush may soon be warm with blood,
 If yet the lovers lie.
 I will not sing a stave but: Dawn is nigh!
 Arise, Sir Knight!"

Lady. "Love, hearest thou the warder on the turret?
 The night's fleet feet have run their course, he saith.
 Danger I only dread shouldst thou incur it,
 Not for myself, but now it threateneth.
 Night soothes and day torments! One more embrace!
 Now get thee gone, for I've no hiding-place
 From peril imminent:
 The gray light steals the rapture darkness lent.
 Arise, Sir Knight!"

Knight. "Still let me lie and kill thy lips with kisses,
 Still press thy body sweet upon my breast,
 Lie long into the dawn and reap these blisses,
 As though day's burnished wake still rimmed the west!
 Thou art the magnet that shall draw me back
 As e'er before, imperilled though the track."

Lady. "Day grudges thee to me,
 And I must see thee go, bemoaning thee.
 Arise, Sir Knight!"

XXVIII. The Duke of Anhalt.

Stand by, and let the wind blow on my cheeks,
 That comes from my heart's Queen, and is so sweet
 The odour of her garments it bespeaks,
 And all they hold from golden² head to feet.

1) Sic: "Máze ist zallen dingen guot." For other quaint expressions in day-songs see Osw. 6, 35, 68—9 ("she 'gan to point her tongue, and put it in his mouth": cf. 12, 36); LD, XCVIII, 330 ("she watered him with tears", cf. MF, 131, 7), 338—9 ("the lady of high lineage She banded him his clothes").

2) Erschlossen! The only possible colour. See Weinhold I, 222 seq. There is no "nut-brown maid" or "plur na mban donn og" in the Minnesong. CB, 118, 3 "O quam crines flavi", but "supercilia nigrata" (which Symonds, W. W. and S. 32, translates "eyelids dark"); CB, 168, 9; brúne brâ LD, LIII, 13; XCI, 8; H. v. M. XVI, 37. "Brown eye-brows, by which perhaps a darker colour was meant, were considered particularly beautiful". Weinh. I, 226.

I bow unto the land where she remains.
If I could be with her when darkness reigns! —
Oho! That were too much: it is enough
To serve her with my song and ask no gains.

XXIX. The Sewer of St. Gall.

1.

The Son. "I will rede my sire, now is it time that he
Stem the wild current of his amorous verse;
It is but fair that he give way to me —
He may be sure that I shall rhyme no worse!
I will his lady praise, when he shall laud
What he hath got at home,¹ and we young roam abroad."
The Sire. "Rudolf, you chatterbox, seek not to thwart me!
I will not of my music be denied;
My Chivalry shall to the grave escort me:
Nor all your toil can turn the ocean tide.
Myself will sing the lady fair and good! —
You thick-set yokel, go to the clearing and chop wood!"

2.

Omnes eodem cogimur.

Now wandereth von Vogelweide, he
To whom as Master of our song we bow,
Upon the road where all of us must be
His followers. O what avails him now
His knowledge of the world? That noble brain
Is feeble grown indeed. Now his high strain
Melodious, and his earthly joy are o'er,
Let us the sweet Father for his soul implore.

XXX. Count Friedrich von Leiningen.

Adieu m'amy la dernière.

Whose mind on pleasure now is keen,
Let him behold the forest green
Where the young May arrays him;

1) i. e., his own wife.

Who late his servitors hath dight
In livery of colours bright,
And bidden birds to praise him.¹
O Love, since thou art lock and band
Of this imprisoned heart of mine,
Now rede me, ere I leave the land:
My comfort is at thy command:
I burn in fires of thine!²

If I must from my love depart,
Nor bear her favour in my heart,
I look for scanty pleasure
While to Apulia I fare! —
O thou so rich in rapture, spare
A little of thy treasure!
Now wound me not with such cold glance,
But let thy lips of crimson say

1) The "Natureingang" reminded me of the poem by Charles d'Orleans. The latter, of which I append a rough translation, is a description of nature similar to those which in the Minnesong lead on to love-thoughts. To a Minnesinger the loveless landscape would have seemed futile or incomplete.

"Spring's forerunners now are seen
His mansion making ready. They
Carpets have been quick to lay
Of tissue pearls and flowers sheen.
Those hearts that pined with winter's teen
Are sound again, thank God, and gay.
Be gone, thou winter cold and lean!
We would not have thee here to stay.

His cloak of wind, and cold, and rain
The season now hath cast away.
Embroidered with the sun's bright ray
The garb he weareth shines again.
Nor beast nor bird but sings his strain,
Or cries his call of glee to-day.
His cloak of wind, and cold, and rain
The season now hath cast away.

River, fountain, brook are fain
On their fair livery to display
Jewelled drops of silvery spray.
In garments new go knight and swain.
His cloak of wind, and cold, and rain
The season now hath cast away."

2) Cf. H. v. M. I, 55.

Five words to make me of good cheer,
And give me wealth of travelling-gear.¹
“Be happy on thy way!”

L a d y. “Be happy on thy way, my life
May God be with thee in the strife,
And make thy valour famous.
Could my command delay thee yet,
My supplication or my threat,
Thy dalliance would not shame us.
But since indeed thou must be gone,
Thou bearest to the battle-field
Two hearts, alas, mine own and thine,
And leavest me alone to pine:
May Christ thee shield!”²

XXXI. Sir Christian von Hamle.

The happy place the print yet seems to bear.³

O that the meadow could converse
Like Poll in her cage of glass,
For then he might to me rehearse
How pleased and soothed he was,
When my lady did across him pass,
Gathering flowers, and moved her dainty feet
O'er his green grass.

Sir Lawn, I do imagine your delight,
Whenas my lady you have seen
Reaching down her hands so white
To gather your flowers sheen!
Give me your leave, most noble Green,
To set my happy feet, I do entreat,
Where hers have been.

Sir Lawn, pray that my sorrow she may heal,
The lady I adore,
And I will pray that you this year may feel
Her bare feet skim you o'er:

1) LD, LI, 70.

2) See H. v. M., p. 185.

3) Wald. p. 60; Tennyson, “Maud”, “Her feet have touched the meadows”,
and “the meadows your walks have left so sweet”.

The snow shall then not harm you as before:
And as your clover sweet, if me she greet,
Shall my heart bloom evermore.

XXXII. Sir Ulrich von Liechtenstein,

The Sewer of Styria.

1.

Love, whose month was ever May.

When with May the air is sweet,
When the forest fair is clad,
All that have a love to meet
Pair in pleasure, lass and lad.
Merrily arm in arm they go,
For the time will have it so.

Love and love, when linked together,
Love goes with to keep them gay:
All the three, this sunshine weather,
They are making holiday.
Sorrow cannot come between
Hearts where Love and May are seen.

Where to love sweet love is plighted,
Constant and with all the soul,
And the pair are so united
That their love is sound and whole:
God shall make them man and wife
For the bliss of all their life.

He that finds a constant heart,
Constant love, and constant mind,
All his sorrows shall depart.
Love, when constant, is so kind
That it makes a constant breast
Evermore content and blest.

Could I find affection true,
So sincere should be mine own:
We should conquer, being two,
Care I cannot kill alone.¹

1) Cf. Earl of Sterling:

“And while we thus should make our sorrows one,
This happy harmony would make them none.”

Constant love is all my care:
Love inconstant I forbear.

2.

Here's a song that ladies call a dance:
Sing it no one with a heart unmoved;
He whose soul a woman's smiles entrance,
He who wears joy's garland unreproved,
Hath my leave to lilt the measure fleet,
And dance our merry hays with nimble feet.

Whom on earth does sorrow aught avail?
Only sinners brooding o'er their sins.
Ladies list not to a doleful tale:¹
Merry wit and bold their favour wins.
Therefore I for evermore will make
Life a banquet for my lady's sake.

Magic in thy speech to lure me lies,
And to see thy ways is to be thine.
Dews of joy in thy heart's depths arise,
Thence to flow in all these limbs of mine.
God so toiled on thee, thy body bright
Bears the sigil of his own delight.²

Charms and beauty, lady, are thy dower.
I behold thee, and my sorrow dies.
Round about thee blooms an Eden's bower,
All a wilderness is Paradise.
God ne'er fashioned angel³ half so fair
I would look at if thyself were there.

3.

She lieth in my heart,
Who hath inspired this strain:

1) Cf. Carew, "Boldnesse in Love"; Chaucer, *Romaunt of the Rose*: "Be thou as joyful as thou can, Love hath no joy of sorrowful man." Sir Thos. Wyatt, "That Right cannot govern Fancy": "Therefore I played the fool in vain With pity when I first began Your cruel heart for to constrain, Since love regardeth no doubtful man"; CB, CLXXII, 4; E. Schmidt, *Reinm.*, p. 117; Waldb. p. 46.

2) Cf. MF, 49, 37 seq.; 141, 9; Walt., 18, 11; 39, 25—30; E. Schmidt, *Reinm.*, p. 87; Wack., *Kl. Sch.*, I, p. 158; Michel, p. 45, 237.

3) Cf. CB, 94a, 2; Walt., 52, 34; LD, LIX, 16; Wilm., *Leben*, III, 76.

There lieth too a restless smart,
All and a yearning pain.
It grieveth me,
But with the two of them lie must she,
Unless of both she make me free.

4.

Joy is good: why should we sorrow
And despair?

Joy from women let us borrow,
Free from care.

We for women's sake must treasure
Joy, for joy a woman gives.

Honoured is the man whose pleasure
On a lady's favour lives.

Then to women let our laughter,
Dance, and song
Speak our thanks. The knight that, after
Service long,

Gains a noble lady's greeting,
In the proof the nobler grows.
He whose ardour is but fleeting
Finds no solace for his woes.

Water straightway fire does smother,
Puts it out.

Light and darkness hate each other,
Do not doubt.

Worthy sir, if you are troubled
By a care, I do assure you,
Left alone, it will be doubled:
Only woman's love can cure you.¹

Love, I call out of my yearning,
And my woe!
Feel how fierce my heart is burning!
Even snow
By this heat would be ignited

1) A more defiant outlook on love's cares in the "Liederbuch der Klara Hätzlerin" (Ausg. von Haltaus LXIX, Nr. 11): If I have love, then I have care; If I have not love, black despair. Leave loving for a death in life! I'll love, though love with care be rife." Do. 55, 3: "Love brings woe, as heat brings rain."

Which consumes me. Love, if thou
Art by constancy delighted,
Surely thou wilt help me now!

5.

Te intra claustra tenebo.

A maiden said:

“Mistress, the morning stains
The grey of night with red.
Look toward your window-panes!
Clear rises the sun, and the warder is away
From the turrets; now your love must not delay,
If he would not be taken here.”

The lady bright
With kisses wakened him and sighs.
The noble knight
He saith: “Thou loadstar of mine eyes,
Higher than dawn is day: away I may not win:
Canst thou not hide me somewhere here within?
This is my counsel and desire.”

“If thou couldst glide
Here where thy manly image lies,
Then could I hide
Thy body dear safe in mine eyes.
Still, if thou wilt in my lady's bower be pent,
To pass the day in merriment,
Thou wert concealed not ill.”

“Let me e'en lie
Where it shall please thee I remain:
But not that I
Shall be unguarded slain.
Should they find me, warn me straight, as thou art true:
If I draw my sword, then in God's name, and who
Avoids me not, must shed his blood.”

The bolts she drew;
And in the prison of her arms
She pent him through
The day, and shielded him from harms.
Went the anxious day in fear of spies? Ah no!

Their joy was such they recked not of the foe.
So short a day he ne'er had spent.

When the day was done,
Love's nearer blisses they renewed:
More ways than one
They knew to gain beatitude.
Never, methinks, such joy a woman had of man
As she of him: but pleasure's hour-glass ran,
And in the shadows they must sever.

Farewells were ta'en
With tears and kisses wild repeated;
To come again
Eftsoon her rosy lips entreated.
"Bright chalice of all my joys by day and night",
He saith, "thou glittering sun of my heart's May,¹
Thou gift and guard of my delight!"

XXXIII. Sir Burkhard von Hohenfels.

Winter be greeted	1.	by lads and lasses,
Dancing in heated		rooms till it passes.
Follow your bent!		
Let us be winking and smiling and blinking on love intent.		
Languidly trailing,		lustily springing,
Bagpipes are failing		dance we to singing!
Pluck up your skirts!		
And as it please you we seize you and squeeze you; you little flirts!		
No youth be losing		his hopes and his chances!
Now all are choosing		the girl that entrances.
Love and be blest!		
And if she odd is, prod you her bodice, and tickle her chest.		
He is a double		idiot who troweth
True love to trouble;		stronger it groweth;
Who can love fright?		
Slyly it baiteth the hook and then waiteth for passion to bite.		

1) Cf. MF, 140, 15—16 ("She is the bright May's shining and my Easter-day"); 144, 29—30; Weinh. I, 232 and 234; Knorr, p. 89.

— “Well, dear, don’t cry!
You’ll make yourself look like a scarecrow.
To-morrow morning you and I
Will take French leave, and settle where no
Trace to track us e’er shall lead to.
I’ll teach you how to tailor clothes —
But if you don’t like, you don’t need to;
I can manage for both, I suppose.
Better a straw hat and a happy mind
Than a rose garland in the house confined.”
— “No, that won’t do!
But I’ll pay her out before I’m much older. —
If anyone winks at me, never mind who,
I’ll take a peep at him over my shoulder.
She tells me I’ve got to dodge
The knights that come a-courting me —
As sure as I’m here, I’ll encourage Bob Hodge,
And won’t she be riled! You’ll see!
Better a straw hat and a happy mind
Than a rose garland in the house confined.”

XXXIV. The Burgrave of Lüenz.

I dum favet nox.

Went a maid fair to behold
To the warder on the castle wall:
“Warder, be thou glad and bold!
If any creep, when shadows fall,
To thee, then whisper: ‘Who goes there?’
But with a humble voice and low.
If ‘yes’ he answer, have no care:
That he is welcome, thou mayst know;
To the bower window guide my lord:
Our châtelaine shall well reward.”

In the wall’s shadow, very soon,
The well-belovèd holds his breath:
Keen is the warder on his boon,
And “Who is there!” he whispereth. —
“It is I who am Love’s paladin:

Keep thou thy watch upon thy tower." —
"I will not stay to guide you in!
Ye are of courtesy the flower."
Soon to the bower the knight was led:
He kissed his lady's lips so red:

"The sun is at the heaven's brim",
Sang a warder o'er the window-sill:
"Who sleepeth long, the worse for him;
I warn you with a right good will.
And I am innocent of all
If aught should hap to lovers twain.
No man the darkness can recall:
The morning star is bright again
Over the cradle of the day.
Thou trusty knight, up and away."

Tears filled the gentle lady's eyes,
When such shrill song her dreams awoke:
"My knight, it dawns, thou must arise!"
In frightened loveliness she spoke.
"Let me be dearest unto thee,
As thou to me my dearest art;
And, as I hold thy heart with me,
I grudge thee not to hold my heart.
To the highest God I thee confide;¹
O woe that thou must leave my side!"

With many a rich and tender word
He comforts her who fills his soul;
Such speech as is of lovers heard
Comes quick from love beyond control.
Sweet interchange of agonies,
With many a kiss and long delay:
Her heart did break a way to his,
As closely in his arms she lay.

1) Cf. Old Fr. song, Bartsch, Chrest., 4th edit., col. 281:

Beaus dous amis, vos en irez:
A Dieu soit vos cors commandez!
Por Dieu vos pri, ne m'obliez!
Je n'aim nule rien tant com vos.

After joys come often woes:
From her embrace the hero goes.

XXXV. Sir Gottfried von Neifen.

1.

Icicles and rime
Hold the moorlands bound.
Lies the bird his song that trolled,
In the good May time,
Frozen on the ground,
Under branches bare and cold.
But a sorrow far more fell
Than the winter snows,¹
Giveth she who goes,
Goes to carry water in pitchers from the well.

I her pitcher broke
Into little sherds:
Meeting her my heart was wild.
Angrily she spoke:
Angry were her words,
But her eyes belied the child.
“Deary me! what shall I do?
Missis will belay me,
She will nearly slay me —
Five times she belaboured me yesterday for you.”

— “Never mind, I’ll teach you
How you may outwit her:
Just you run away with me
Where she cannot reach you.” —

1) Cf. MF, 169, 9 seq.:

“I have a grief that truly hath no fellow,
But not for winter’s sake.
What if the moorland’s green is growing yellow?
No plaint for this I make;
For there are things that bring far sadder hours,
And I have more to do than to bemoan the flowers.”

“Rather I’ll be hit, sir!
If she kills me, hanged she’ll be —
That will keep her hands from killing;
So, for all she rages,
I shall get my wages;
And a shirt she owes me yet and a silver shilling.”

2.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee.

“If I am to be tormented,
While the happy summer passes,
By a baby, woe is me!
I shall simply go demented,
If I cannot join the lasses
Dancing round the linden tree.
Hush-a-baby! Pa is sleeping,
When O when will dawn be peeping?
Hush-a-baby, I will rock thee till the morning.

Nurse, come you and stop its bawling!
Put it in its cradle, wrap it
Snug, and rock it: take it out!
You can, soothe it, it’s your calling!
If it won’t be quiet, slap it:
Stop its mouth while I’m about.
Hush-a-baby! Pa is sleeping,
When O when will dawn be peeping?
Hush-a-baby, I will rock thee till the morning.”¹

1) The grotesque refrain of the original has been revived by Scheffel in his *Vogt von Tenneberg*. See *Frau Aventiure* (Stuttgart 1881, p. 250). Cf. Simrock, *Die Deutschen Volkslieder* 279:

“You, when merry maidens meeting
Go together, sweet with sweeting,
To the dancing-hall away,
Will be sitting by the fender,
Young wife with your body tender,
Rocking baby all the day.
Singing ‘Lambkin, shut thy peepers,
Sleep like little seven-day-sleepers,
Go to sleep, my mannikin’.”

= Conrad Ferdinand Meyer’s “Geh’, und lieb’, und leide.”

3.

De Wilgen gaan te koor.

Now women's whims go with the moon,
As do the ocean billows.

It was upon the hour of noon,

I met one by the willows.

Threshing flax,

She thwacks, she thwacks, she thwacks.

“Good morrow to thee, thou maiden sweet!”

I say, and kisses waft her.

Then nearer stept, she backwards leapt,

And I would follow after.

Threshing flax,

She thwacks, she thwacks, she thwacks.

“This is no brothel, Sir”, she said,

“Beneath these sougning shallows.

Ere you fulfil on me your will

I'll see you on the gallows.”

Threshing flax,

She thwacks, she thwacks, she thwacks.

XXXVI. Der Taler.

Comin' thro' the rye.¹

P o e t. — Yes, the song will do: it's fine enough for her to love it.

Here, Conrad lad, be off with all the speed thou mayest,

And sing it thus: 'Thou that my heart did ever covet,

Belovèd, say! shall this the bleeding heart thou flayest

Ne'er be vouchsafed to gaze upon thee at thy gayest?' —

Hand her the scroll, and sing the ditty in your finest style:

And if you've any eye for beauty you'll run every mile.

F i r s t G l e e m a n. “Wouldn't it be better, think you, to send

Harry off?

I sing all right, I daresay, but he sings just as nice,

And he knows the beat, and, as you hear, I've got a cough.

1) This poem reminds one of the opening stanzas of “Gil Morrice”. That the conveying of such messages was dangerous may be seen, for instance, in Conrad von Würzburg's “Herzmære”. See Rowbotham, “Troubadours”, p. 152.

And he isn't as overworked as I, and he won't need asking twice.

He won't, you say? Then take a stick, and give him a piece of advice."

Second Gleeman. "Conrad, you rascal", says Harry, "I'll be in with you by and by!

Do you think I want to be killed by a farmer in his rye?"

Poet. Conrad, my lad, I'll be taking a stick to you!

Be off with you quick, if you don't want to catch a good drubbing.

Creep into the rye beside the path till she comes walking through.

If the time drags while you're waiting, the corn is ripe for rubbing:

And if that's not enough your belly to stuff you can spend the day there grubbing:

There are apples all about the place, and berries and cherries galore,

And you can fill your pockets till they won't hold any more.

XXXVII. Sir Ulrich von Winterstetten.

Now his rapture summer time
Spreads before our eyes:
Let him look, who sings in rime,
What material lies ¹
On the broad heath and leafy trees.
He with delight
May mark how sweetly dight
Are all the leas
With primroses and pied anemones.²
It is a proverb old and tried:³
"Thy treasure-trove is where thy fancies bide."⁴

1) "Documents" seem to have existed before the time of the Goncourts!

2) A passage I cannot at the moment locate:

"Mit dem Weisz der Anemonen
Mischt sich der Primel gelber Glast."

Mrs. Humphrey Ward, "Marriage of William Ashe": "a wood delicately pied with primroses and anemones."

3) Cf. Oswald 63, 1.

4) Cf. St. Luke 12, 34; Wilm., Leben III, 211.

Now for sure my search is crowned
With a treasure-trove
Underneath a bright star found:
And my fancies rove
To the pure mountain heights and cold,
Where my heart's proud
Mistress by love unbowed
Unstained does hold
Her soul serene and beauties manifold.
It is a proverb old and tried:
"Thy treasure-trove is where thy fancies bide."
He that treasure finds, with thrift
Let the man employ it:
Yea, but I can nowise lift
Mine, nor eke enjoy it.
My treasure-trove is useless so;
For why? Youth's foeman,
The wretch who pities no man,
High or low,
Drove through my heart a dart with his good bow.
It is a proverb old and tried:
"Thy treasure-trove is where thy fancies bide."

XXXVIII. Der von Sachsendorf.

In this new tune
I should be glad new songs to sing,
But the measure goes too quick to sing by rote¹ —
Sing for a lady's boon I saw in June,
Dancing round the linden in the ring:
To praise her veil and snow-white throat.
As supple as a willow-wand² was she;

1) Cf. (Bartsch "Grundrisz der prov. Lit." p. 11) "Un pauc soi las que trop o haut lo sos."

2) Cf. William Dunbar, *The Golden Targe*: "middles small as wands."
Suchenwirt (quoted by Weinh. I, 227) describes the ideal woman's figure:

Moderately tall,
Plump and boldly curved withal,
With slender waist.

And O that I by night her page¹ might be!
Ah me! Upon her rounded limbs I dote.

XXXIX. Sir Reinmar von Zweter.

1.

All schools are naught
Compared to that where love is taught:
The palm on Mistress Love must be conferred.
Her ferula does any savage awe
That he will do what ne'er he heard or saw:
Who of a nobler school e'er saw or heard?
Love teaches gallant greetings, meet
To move a lady, sayings sweet,
And to be generous to all;
Love teaches virtue, and a mien sedate,
And the young squires to emulate
Their courtly sires in battle and in hall.

2.

I trow ye know so many a wondrous tale
How through the years in glory was the Grail
Guarded, that the world's kingdoms all outweighs.
Now to the Grail I liken, you will sure
Confirm their even worth, a woman pure;
For chastity is decked with wise men's praise.
And would ye strive this modern Grail to attain,
See that your chastity hath ne'er a stain,
Like them who tended then the sacred bowl;
And show to noble women reverence,
Whose blessing on a man is a defence
'Gainst Shame and all her kin to keep him whole.

Wolfram von Eschenbach compares such a figure to an ant, and a slender girl to the twig of a tree or a candle. The neck was to be of such fine whiteness that the wine the lady drank could be seen through the skin. H. v. Montfort V, 48—50: "Dame Venus had measured her limbs out with a compass."

1) "schiltgeverte", cf. LD, LXXI, 28; R. v. Z., Roethe, 161, 3.

3.

Knightly was wont to be the tournament:
Now it is bestial, mad, and murderous in intent;
Murderous knife and murderous club to-day
Rule the new lists for mercy of the old;
And ladies' eyes are red, their blood runs cold
To know their husbands in the deadly fray.
And where for proof of bravery men jousted
Dignity and chivalry are ousted.
For a mere blanket's sake, in days now gone,
Men did not seek a brother's life to spill:
But he who does it now, and hath the skill,
Him thinks he is a wondrous champion.

4.

Hair, beard, and monks' attire
Cut as the order's rules require
Sufficeth; but the Brothers think not so.
And perfect knights are those that fear no foe.
Half fish, half man, is neither man nor fish:
All fish is fish; all man is man: but naught I wish
Of court-monks and cloister-knights to know.
If I could find them, I would make them hot
With gibes: but where they should be they are not:
They rather are upon the road to Hell.
Monks, ye will climb to Heaven pent in your cell;
Knights, where the King is, there renown is got.

5.

Ores imite César.

He that would curse, and hath the right to curse,
Let him take care his words are not the worse
For fleshly anger, lest God foil the ban.
He that with God does excommunicate,
And in God, is God's faithful delegate;
And he that fears no curse is no wise man.
But he that in the stole does overwhelm
With curses, and then underneath the helm
Plunders and burns, with two swords fights his foe.
Now if in God's name such a thing must be,
Surely St. Peter will be shamed that he
Thought not of it when he was here below.

6.

I saw a lady on a wall pourtrayed —
A lady fair. On Fortune's wheel was laid
Her hand, and round she spun it like a child's plaything.
Four men were on the wheel, and uppermost
There sat a monarch, as I heard his boast.
Lithe clomb the second: "Soon am I a happy king."
A third breathed faint: "My voice is humble grown:
I was an king, and lo, where I am thrown!"
The fourth was lying underneath the wheel's
Rim: a most hapless man was he, and hope
No jot had he out of his woe to grope. —
Take note! Thus round and round with us the earth's
globe reels!

7.

A most unhappy man dwelt in a spot
Where all his labour could not mend his lot.
Thought he: "In other lands my fortune I may find",
And girt his loins to venture on his fate:
But Misery rose to be his travelling-mate.
Right through a wood he ran to leave the hag behind,
And laughed: "O Misery, now I have outrun thee!"
Straight came the answer: "Nay, I have outdone thee! —
Fast as thou rann'st, as fast ran I, and clomb
To make upon thy neck a resting-place."
He bowed his head: "I will return apace:
If needs I must, then I will be thy slave at home."

8.

A fisher dreamed: he should not waste his bait
On the small fish, but only catch the great,
To free his family from poverty.
So, as the dream expressed, he took no care
Of the small fish, intent on better fare;
But dreams have had their sport of more than he.
Rich in great cares the fisherman thus grew,
Like many men that in my life I knew,
Who for the pennies never cared a fig;
And, as they could not net prodigious gains,

They were the fools of all their senseless pains,
Scorning the small and fishing for the big.

9.

The eastern sun mounts till the midday burns,
Then to the west his downward course he turns;
And so it is with man if God prolong his breath.
Upward he goes till forty years are told,
And then he sinks to the pale evening's cold;
It boots him to pass well into the night of death!
If steadfast he have travelled on the path
Direct, and at the ending honour hath,
Now that the course of life is run,
And such have been his deeds on earth
His soul is worthy a new birth,
How beautiful it rises with another sun!

10.

Sir Cock, to you the first place I award
In bravery's annals, for you are the lord
And master of your wives, although you have so many.
Now for my sins God gave but one to me,
But she has robbed me of my sanity,
And all the joy she leaves me is not worth a penny.
Had I two such I should not dare to laugh,
Four and I would prepare mine epitaph,
Eight and the sexton straight my grave should delve.
I should be torn in shreds within an hour!
Sir Cock, thank God that he has given you power,
For your good luck to master even twelve.

11.

I came a-riding in a far countrie
On a blue goose, and strange things I did see.
There was a crow and hawk that in a brook
Fished many a swine; a falcon by a bear
Was hunted in the upper realms of air;
Midges were playing chess; and I did look
Upon a stag that span the fine silk thread;
A wolf was shepherd of the lambs that fed

In the willow tops; a cock caught in a trap
Three giants; and a coney trained a hound;
A crab raced with a dove and won a pound.
If this is true, an ass can sew a cap.

12.

There was a brother that his brother slew
Or ere was born the father of the two.
Let a wise man consider if he comprehend.
And after this a strong bridge I espied,
Built in one night over a river wide,
Such as no king could build wherever you may wend.
Then two there came who broke the bridge straightway:
Never a word did either say: —
One of them you could see and never hear:
The other you could hear and never see.
I say, though men should have their gibe at me,
The two destroyed the bridge and made the river clear.

13.

A hedge that for three years has blossomed is a hedge grown up:
A dog three times that hedge's age no longer is a pup:
A horse thrice older than the dog is old enough in sooth:
A man as the horse three times as old
For women he is far too cold —
Unfit to be loved for all the fire he struck from a helm in youth;
And he who calls him forth to fight hath shent
Heraldic laws of ancient tournament.
A horse as old as this I speak of is indeed a hack:
But if you ask me prove the thing I swear,
Sir Hoyer here shall witness bear:
Three generations of a horse lie heavy on his back.

14.

"I am a lion," a grasshopper swore;
A cricket, "I'm a wild boar";
A bull said he sung better than the nightingale;
An ape, "I have the sweetest phiz";
And a fool, "I am the wisest man what is;"
A snail, "I can outdo the leopard's leaps on hill and dale!"

A blackamoor, "None is so white as I";
A hare, "I dare at the wolf fly";
"Smooth is my hide," a hedgehog cries;
"If I should say it on my oath,
Methinks an empress were not loth
To cushion me upon her breast." These are strong lies.

XL. Sir Rudolf von Rotenburg.

A Messenger from Radiant Climes.

God greet my lady with "good-day,"
Whom I can greet no other way!¹
So I speak ever
At morning light,
Forgetting never
Again when evening falls to bid "good-night!"
I lost my senses half, I swear,
When I took leave, and she sat there
Before me burning
Like the evening glow.²
My home-returning
Will blend its joy with backward thoughts of woe.³
When I took leave, she begged of me
To send my new songs o'er the sea.
A messenger
Worthy to render
My lays in her
White hands, if such I had I soon would send her.
A palmer from a far country
Brought tidings of my love to me
Unsought, and told me
That she was well.
This news consoled me
In sooth more than a prosperous oracle.

1) Cf.: *bonjour ait qui mon coeur a, n'est avec moi.* Walt., 3, 1; Osw., 81, 1.

2) Cf. MF, 136, 6—7.

3) Transposing Dante's famous lines = *ricordarsi della miseria nel tempo felice;* writhing at passèd woe, to alter Keats.

XLI. Sir Tannhäuser.

1.

Moult a dur cuer qui en mai n'aime.

The winter's dead and buried,
 And the flowers bloom o'er his grave;
 In pilgrimage I hurried
 To cull the blossoms there that wave,
 And wove them into a garland that I gave
 To my bien aimée.
 Allons! Come and dance around if you desire to be gay!

Where the dancers all repair,
 Violet and primèvère,
 Crocus, daffodill are there;
 And I would meet my lady by the river,
 Where the blue-bells in the breezes quiver.
 She taketh me
 To be her doux ami
 And serviteur this May;
 Pour ses beaux yeux I'll join the roundelay.

I hie
 To the forest nigh;
 Birds greet me
 Sweetly;
 A brook
 Runs gurgling down out of a wildwood nook
 Discreet.
 I trace its course
 Till at its source
 I come to the feet
 Of the most parfaite demoiselle,
 La toute belle,
 Sitting to rest her where the waters well.

I love her that in speech she is not bold,
 And for her gleaming eyes of gracious mould.
 I will not shun her though I swoon and die before her charms.
 Like ermine are her arms;
 Her golden hair is long, and such
 In softness it is silken to the touch,

And curling¹ to her slender waist in waves enfolds her;
 Her bust is full, her figure *grande lette*;
 Shapely feet, smooth legs, and thighs well set.
 A knight must seek out courtly words when he beholds her.

My heart beat high,
 And so spake I:
 "Lady mine,
 I am thine,
 Thou art mine:
 So it is, and ever shall be.
 Play thou upon my heart
 As on a shalmie,
 To make it sound thy praise, who art
 So exquisite thou spreadest
 On women envy and on men delight where'er thou treadest.

I bowed,
 And vox at her sweet answer proud.
 She bade me sing
 Of the sheen of spring,
 And of the limes awakening.

A *table ronde* with two assembled
 In the clover,
 And thereover
 Branches in the breezes trembled.
 No other meiny
 Had my queenie.
 I was bid
 Do what I should do,
 And I did
 Do what I would do.
 Long we lingered, deep descanting:
 Her *savoir vivre* was enchanting.

1) The ideal hair is not only golden, or yellow, as I have pointed out already, but it is also "crisp" or "curly", "reit", "krisp", "krûs", v. Weinh. I, p. 223. Adjectives heaped in Osw. 3, 10—11: "raid, krispel, krumpel, krinnen, kraus, güldlocht, gel durchflocket"; 4, 10: "kraus, plank, krumliert das har"; 79, 121 "vil löcke" (of Venus). Even Petrarch's Laura had "crespe chiome d'or puro lucente" (Son. CCLI, 5). Mätz. p. 224. Olivier de Magny: "Où prit l'enfant Amour le fin or qui dora En mille crépillons ta tête blondissante?"

I gave her gentle pain.
I wish it were to do again!
She is so sweet when she is laughing!
O the joking, O the chaffing!
Of a m o r was our s e r m o.
She was most kind,
And did not mind
That I should do to her as girls are done to in Palermo.¹
I did my utmost to delight her;
She was so merry that I lost my head.
Richly may the Lord requite her.
I am her captive willing to be led.
Up, up, Adelheid!
Be you merry at my side!
Up, up, Irmingard,
Come and foot it on the sward!
She who jumps not is with child;
Happy girls are willing to be wild.
Yonder sounds the tambourine,
And the flute is shrilling keen,
To help us sing
And spring
In the ring;
Then come and fling
Your jolly heels a-rollicking!
My Kunigund, all blessings shower
Upon thee! O if in some bower
I a thousand times could kiss thee,
Naught would with my heart amiss be;
Thou canst heal the broken thing: O do!
— Oho! Oho!
The fiddle-string is broken too!

2.

My lady now will grant the meed
Of vassalage through long, long years:
That you join in my thanks I plead!
Her mercy melteth me to tears.

1) Cf. CB, CLXXII, 8 and 9.

She charges me to turn the Rhine
From Coblantz: then will she,
She promises, be wholly mine.
And if I bring her from the sea,
Where sinks the sun into his rest,
A pebble, then I need not doubt:
But I must bring too, from the west,
Yon star she cannot do without.
And I must wing an eagle's flight,
And rob the very moon of light,
And wade in fire, for her delight,
To fetch the salamander sprite.
My soul is filled
With courage — though I may be killed —
To do whatever she hath willed.¹

Appendix to Sir Tannhäuser.

The Ancient Ballad of Sir Tannhäuser.²

Now I begin another song,
Of Tannhäuser for to tell,
And of his leman, fair Venus,
With whom he long did dwell.

Tannhäuser was, as men do say,
A goodly knight of pride.
He has wended his way to the women gay,
Thorough the mountain side.

"Sir Tannhäuser, I love thee still!
Thou sworest here to won;
To love thy fill in the hollow hill,
And never to get thee gone."

"Now I were loth to swear such oath:
I give you back the lie.
And if it were not you who spoke,
Then he should surely die."

"Sir Tannhäuser, hold thy tongue!
Yet shalt thou with me tarry;
And one of these my maidens young
I give thee now to marry."

1) Cf. Walt., 40, 13—16; Hüppe, p. 156, l. 45. 2) From the 15th century.

“If another wife I take to me
Than her I love so well,
Then may I everlastingly
Burn in the fire of Hell!”

“Thou speakest of the fire of Hell,
Which never yet hath burned thee!
Bethink thee of my red, red mouth
And that I never spurned thee.”

“O what avails your red, red mouth,
That I have come to hate?
Let me be gone from thee, sweet Venus,
Ere that it be too late.”

“Tannhäuser, wouldest thou fain depart?
Thou shalt not go from me!
O stay with me here, my Tannhäuser dear,
In ravishment and glee.”

“O I am growing thin and wan,
And ready for my shroud.
Let me e'en hie before I die,
All by thy body proud.”

“Sir Tannhäuser, speak no more!
Your mind is all distraught.
But in my bower we will go for an hour,
If love can help you aught.”

“The love of your limbs is a loathsome snare!
I am persuaded well,
Beneath your hair and skin so fair
You are a fiend from Hell!”

“Sir Tannhäuser, the words are ill,
And ye are bold to chide!
In this my hill ye must tarry still,
And dear those words abide.”

“Whate'er you say, I will not stay,
I may no longer bide!
Sweet Mother of God, now help me away
From this bad woman's side!”

“Now will I give you leave to fare;
And only this I pray you!

To sing my praises everywhere.
The greybeard¹ will not stay you.”

Tannhäuser from the hill is boun,
In ruth and yet in hope.
“I will to Rome, the holy town;
My trust is in the Pope.

Now I set out with heart so stout,
And Jesus' guidance crave,
Unto a Pope is Urban hight,
If haply he will save.

Sir Pope, thou ghostly Father of mine,
My sins lie hard on me!
But since I truly do repine,
Let me confess to thee.

I lingered for a long, long year
With Venus, a fair lady,
And now I seek some penance here,
That I my God may see.”

The Pope he has a staff so stout,
The dry bough of a tree:
“Lo, when this staff shall green and sprout,
Thy sins are forgiven thee.”

“Though I lived no more than a short, short year,
To suffer away my sin,
I thought my penance to endure,
God's mercy for to win.”

He has gone forth from the city gates,
In grief and agony.

“Mary Mother, Thou pure Virgin,
Since Thou wilt none of me,

Then I will to the mountain go,
And ever there remain,
Since God has sent me to my sweet
Lady love again.”

“O welcome, thou good Tannhäuser,
Whom I have missed so sore!

1) The greybeard was, according to the saga, the “faithful Eckhart”, who, a Cerberus made man, kept watch at the gates of the Venusberg. The dramatic conflict, it will be noticed, is precisely the same as in Walther's “Farewell to the world”.

O welcome now, my dearest lord,
Never to leave me more!"

And ere the third day was gone by,
The staff began to green,
And messengers rode to every land
Where Tannhäuser had been seen.

But he was in the mountain ben,
With his sweet love to be;
And Urban that fourth Pope is damned
To all eternity.

XLII. Count Kraft von Toggenburg.

Wanton pleasure, in the summer,
Needs a shady green to garb her:
He that loves, and would o'ercome her,
Seek her in a linden arbour.
Arch beholders, little birds, catch up the spirit
To the skies with quavering trill to fill and thrill and stir it.

Flowers, leaves, clover, hill and dale,
All the summer sweets of May,
By the rose my lady bears grow pale.
Even the sun of day
Fadeth from my vision when the rose I view
Blooming on red lips like roses in May dew.
Laugh, O mouth of the rose's hue,
So that thy laugh my joy and health renew!

All that glows is
Pallid by these crimson roses,
Richer than the rarest posies
Bred in royal garden closes.
And on the clever
Knight who breaks them,
In the hollow where she makes them,
She laughs a redder rose than ever.

XLIII. Sir Hugo von Werbenwag.

Who loves unheard remembers in the pride
Of loving, other joys to him denied;
And me in love a lady doth deride.¹
Friend, tell her that I to her command
Am deaf, no more her praise to sing!
Since there is justice in the land,²
I will denounce her to the King.
She took my service, but will not requite me;
And if King Conrad should be cold and slight me,
I will appeal to the Emperor to right me.

Alack! I fear that we must both
Fight, while the court upon us look,
If she deny upon her oath
That she my vassal service took.
If fight I must, the blood I will not shed
That crimsons her rich lips: and yet the dread
Dishonour, if a woman strike me helpless dead!

And if the Emperor cheat my hope,
Then to Thuringia's King I will
Betake me, haply to the Pope. —

L a d y. "Dear heart, thine anger clothes thee ill!
Receive such love as I can offer thee:
Complain not, and be vassal still to me;
My love is better than thy right, my will is free."

XLIV. Sir Walther von Metz.

Now is renewed as every year my grief,
That many a man with flowers I see,
Woe is me!
Who deserveth not the leaf.
So I bemoan the flowers and the wild birds' thrill;

1) The lady mocks MF, 42, 21; 132, 30; 123, 33; 135, 19; 136, 20; 218, 1; LD, XLVIII, 16.

2) Cf. LD, XXXVIII, 169—70; H. v. M., XVIII, 1.

3) Such fights between men and women did actually take place. See Schultz II, p. 147; MF, 172, 10.

And both to many a man I grudge,
Who, as I judge,
Has thoughts intent on ill.

If I shall wish, then O that wild birds could
By miracle of song's award,
With one accord,
Sunder the bad from good.
Would they but sing as they our secrets knew,
We might, by listening to their lays
On sunny days,
Take stock how good we grew.

And he the nightingale observed with song,
What though his worth had been unknown,
Now he were shown
The foremost of the throng.
But he the goldfinch¹ and the weird cuckoo
Greeted, the scoff of all were he —
And there would be
Of such a goodly crew!

XLV. Sir Rubin.

The greeting kind of ladies' voices
To its depths the soul rejoices,
More than all the wild birds' songs.
Can a man be merry-hearted
If from ladies he is parted?
Happy is he to whom a love belongs.
What can be compared thereto?
Who confesses
To caresses,
Let him say if e'er he rue.

Whilom I to find endeavoured
How from grief the heart is severed,
And if aught could pleasure summon.
I was counselled by the wise,

1) The German word „Distelfink“ (= thistle-finch) is less euphonious.

Nothing cures the heart of sighs
But the kisses of a woman.
Now my heart is light; and I
Am beholden
To their golden
Counsels till the day I die.

She is good: I dare be bound
Not a better could be found.
Though ye search to every limit
Of the realm, ye will not find
One whose beauty, to my mind,
Is as pure, with naught to dim it.
— “Will you swear that none is better?”
— Swear? No, Sir,
That of her
I will swear not till I get her.

XLVI. Sir Wachsmut von Mülhausen.

Let me alone and I will provide.

M a i d e n. “Because of you, sweet page, believe me,
My parents are so strict:
Out of their sight they scarce will leave me;
Your fine plans they have tricked.
But if your patience holds out still,
Ere long you’ll get your will.
O gentle squire,

P a g e. Wait yet a little while for your desire!”
Were I the lord of a noble train,
Might grace a land of worth:
Were I the King of old Champagne,
And famed o’er all the earth:
I would rather lose my crown and spear
Than my true love and dear,
And love’s reward.
Make me to thrive in her affections, Lord!
Did ever human eyes behold
A lovelier pair of cheeks?

Lilies white their leaves unfold,
But roses when she speaks.
She wears her long and yellow hair:
And O the Emperor to be,
That I and she
The Roman realm of Charlemagne might share!
From my dear maiden's lips a kiss
Burns softer than a glede:¹
And he to whom she granted this,
Were a proud man indeed!
Help me to wish² the kisses due
From my dear maid
Will yet be paid —
And I will wish for something pleasant too.

XLVII. Sir Geltar.

Imitatores, servum pecus.

If man of mine sang of his "lady beauteous,"
I would compel him to declare her name,
Lest any should surmise he meant my wife.
Alram, Rupert, Frederick, you are most unduteous
To ape your lords. Such a perfidious game,
If laws there were, would jeopardize your life.
The tears you shed will never make you thin:
And if things were as you bemoan them in
Your songs, you would be dead ere Christmas came.³

1) Cf. LD, XXXVIII, 129; LIII, 14; XCVI, 22. Louise Labé: "(baisers) plus chauds que braise" (Son. XVIII).

2) Cf. LD, XCI, 21; XCV, 13; Walt., 30, 21.

3) Cf. LD, LXXXVII, 141 sqq.; MF, 133, 21—22; 165, 20; 188, 9 sqq.; Walt., 23, 1 sqq.; and Bürger ("Der Arme Dichter"):

Once on a time a fat old poet,
With face like the great moon that climbs
A bonfire on the hills below it,
Railed at his poverty in rimes,
And roundly rated the hard times.

"Sheer fooling, Sir, is all this rumpus",
One of the company calls apace.

XLVIII. Margrave Henry the Illustrious of Meiszen.

What hath the world to offer more
To soothe the pain at the bosom's core,
Than women's love alone?
They are, like crystal mirrors bright,¹
Fashioned to reflect delight:
As when a knight beholds his own
Happy image in fair eyes;²
And may the recreant who spies
Upon such rapture turn to stone:
Or far from women sail astray
On some uncharted waterway,
And founder on a reef unknown.³

XLIX. Sir Herrand von Wildonje.

Tell me where is fancy bred?
Now with song and laughter
Ring the sylvan glades:
Sorrow, run not after
Merry boys and maids.
The forest tops in verdant billows are heaving,
And the birds' song the solitude is cleaving.
Why this twittering?
The sun is climbing down the hill.

"Your worthy body, by its compass,
And the full moon your shining face
Witness against the plaintiff's case."

"Well", says the bard, "it may be so.
And yet my belly — may God bless it" —
(And laid his hand there to caress it) —
"My face too, to mine host I owe".

1) I have made bold to curtail his Excellency's dithyrambics, and in this line I believe I had in my mind a criticism, in the "Neue Deutsche Rundschau", of the correspondence of the Brownings: "Er ist der Zauber und sie der Spiegel". MF. 137, 2.

2) Walt., 36, 9—10. Drayton, "Poly-Olbion", s. 11, p. 174, "Whilst in their crystal eyes he doth for Cupids look".

3) Cf. Osw. 62, 32.

Where a rose in dew is glittering.¹
 Other things compare but ill —
 Except a woman's face that brightens
 At praise of virtue that her beauty heightens.
 In the eyes true love arises,
 Enters thence into the heart;²
 Love to love unheard devises:
 "O that I were where thou art!"
 This melody enraptured
 I from a bird hard by the forest captured.

L. He of Suneck.

Grata compede victus.

Sweet Love, lo thou hast brought me to this plight,
 That I must moan in melody my cares
 To her for whom I yearn by day and night.
 In at mine eyes she entered unawares,
 And in my heart's recess³ is sojourning;
 And there is only God could ever bring
 On lips so red a smile so conquering.

1) Cf. Walt., 84, 143. More striking examples than those given to the latter passage by Wilmanns are, I think, LD, XLVIII, 32; LXIX, 34—37; LXXXIII 21—22; Pfaff I p. 156, 91; p. 219, 4—5. v. Weinh. I, 224. This image was "ausgenutzt" by the poets of the Pléiade; cf. Ronsard, Ode XXXII, "La rose blanchit tout autour Au matin de perles petites Qu'elle emprunte du point du jour", the tautology of which is repeated in his sonnet "Sur la Mort de Marie" (Second Livre des Amours, 1111), but which may be translated with excision of the tautology, and shortening the six feet, intolerable in English:

"As on the branch in May you see the rose
 Fair budding in its first youth, make the skies
 Jealous of its bright hues, when morning cries
 Its tears down on it: Love and Grace repose
 Within its leaves, scenting the garden-close."

2) There is a Danish saying: "Kærlighed er som Taaren; den begynder i Øiet og falder i Barmen".

3) = "il suo seggio maggior nel mio cor" (*ἐν τῷς ἐμῆς καρδίῃς*): cf. MF, 42, 19 ("My heart must be her hermitage"): 141, 22; 194, 24; LD, XXI, 762; LXXII, 26; XCVII, 55 ("on my heart's rafter"); Walt. 4, 20, 29; 22, 11—12; Osw. 19, 13 ("in my heart's pond"); Schmidt, Reinm., p. 116.; Wilm., Leben, III, 168, 401.

Whether in German or in alien lands,
You shall not find a lady half so fair.
Her virtue guards her more than armèd bands:
You cannot find her equal anywhere.
No dearer lady lives for knight to sing;
And there is only God could ever bring
On lips so red a smile so conquering.

When first I saw the lady without stain,
I thought an angel visitant was she:
And deemed in meted joy that I should gain:
Little I feared she so would vanquish me,
Nor marked the fetters she was carrying;
And there is only God could ever bring
On lips so red a smile so conquering.

LI. King Conradin.

Ich bin ein Neuling in dergleichen Dingen.

I rejoice at all the flowers gay
With which the fields are fair;
Hid in earth's close womb they lay,
While winter swept the air;
But now she brings them to the light,
To please her spouse the spring:
And all the land is lustrous with delight.

But I am darkling as a mole
On every earlier morrow;
My wonted joys a lady stole,
And thrust upon me sorrow.
If she would only hearken my complaint,
It were a gracious deed;
And then mine anguish would in rapture faint.

When I her dear face cannot view,
My soul is in a cloud;
Alas that e'er that face I knew,
To bring me in my shroud!
Woman ne'er took my hand and smiled;

And love chastises me,
For that in years I am as yet a child.¹

LII. Conrad von Würzburg.

1.

In the casket of his heart the Meiszner² bears
Song's treasure, honour's aureole he wears.
Him would Grecian Helen thank:
We others are a vanquished horde, and quail
Before him, and in art we rank
As vultures by the nightingale.
He should appear at fairs.

2.

The fierce lion will hurt no yelden things.

Leaves that were clustering now³ have the blustering wild
winds down-tumbled,
Yellowing and shedding them, in dark ruts bedding them, tar-
nished and crumbled.
O'er the heath wandering, lonely I'm pondering on the sad
season.
Love hath rebuffed me, cruelly bluffed me, reft me of reason.
Arrows⁴ my heart have hit, sore is the smart of it, madly
it rankles.
Such is my hapless lot, bound, noosed with chain and knot from
head to ankles.
That anguish darkling lies she with her sparkling eyes in me
fomenteth.

1) He was defeated at Tagliacozzo in 1268, captured in flight, and beheaded in the public square of Naples. He was then sixteen and a half years old.

2) Not the Margrave of Meiszen, but a "bürgerlicher Dichter".

3) Bayard Taylor begins his translation of this poem (which appears here only as a specimen of the decadent Minnesong): "Year-long will the linden The wind in Go waving, While a tempest sorest The forest Is braving". (jârlanc = now).

4) This trope is only popular in the later Minnesong: cf. Walt., 3, 16; 29, 18; LD, XXXVIII, 125; LXXI, 71, 86—87; XCVIII, 231; CB, 51, 3; 102, 4; IIIa; Mätzner p. 174; Schmidt, Reinm., p. 112.

New dart on dart she sends, never my smart she ends, never
relenteth.

When every arrow's shot, the hunter harrows not the dying
quarry.

Thy quiver groweth light, none to thee showeth fight,¹ now
be thou sorry

For all the reckless woe wrought on a feckless foe: spare
thou to slay me!

Thy slave resigned unbind, do not with mind unkind slaughter
and flay me!

LIII. The Wild Alexander.

1.

Parce, precor, precor —.

Shall I for ever call in vain
For love's boon?
And with a hollow voice of anguish plain
And cry
Unto the rocks and moon?
Nay, death shall end the pain
Soon.
But ere I die,
Like the swan when death is nigh,²
I will sing my haughty love good-bye.
She is the fruitful vine³
Of joys that she refuseth to be mine.
My comfort was that I hoped still,
And so I bore in Love's campaign the ill,
And all the hardships he entails
On those that in his body-guard he trails.
O Cupid, my liege lord,
I am thy page, I bear thy shield
Afield,
But where is my reward?

1) Cf. Walt., 29, 26.

2) Cf. MF, 139, 15; CB, 167, 1; Mätzner p. 228; Wilm., Leben, III, 409.

3) Cf. Pfaff, I p. 160, l. 205.

Love, I bear thy shield unaided:
Therefore shalt thou be upbraided!
Yoke my lady to my side,
That the burden we divide!
Then it will not be so grievous:
In its hollow thou mayst leave us.

Well a man may make his moan,
Who must bear Love's shield alone.
Sorrow is to sorrow married,
When against him it is carried,
When a heart by Love is harried;
Worst of all when two, thereunder
That have tarried,
Unenjoyed are torn asunder.

Let my lady with me stand!
We will serve thee heart and hand.
But if thou shouldst then disband
Those who wait on thy command,
There were sorrow in the land.

Sweet to-day and sour to-morrow;
Pleasure hath for neighbour sorrow.

Love, thou canst not take her:
She hath taken thee to make her
Pastime, and thou art her page.
War I cannot wage,
Unless by thee my general commanded.
Thou art a captive, and thy army is disbanded.
We are worsted, thou and I:
Let the world go by!

And yet!
Though I am foiled, why should I fret?
Happy lovers on endangered meads
Gather for their full bouquet
Flowers seeming gay,
Seeming gay and poisoned weeds.
Peril lurks in Love's bower;
Their lips that play
Beneath his shield 'an hour,
Shall soon be hushed,

When they beneath its fall are crushed —
Spare me, Love, O spare, I pray!¹
 Would ye know how is Love's shield,
Lovers play under?
It is a wonder
With motley symbols bossed around the hem:
A naked child in a red field,
Blindfolded with a band,
And with his brows girt by a diadem,
Stretches to the figured rim
The sweeping wings of him:
A golden arrow is in one hand,
And in the other a lighted brand.²
 Love, arise!
Thy host acclaimeth thee with cries.
Shoot, scorch,
Fling the fury of thy torch,
Flying where the foemen tarry!
 Who shall parry,
Who waylay thee?
Battlements do not effray thee.
Through thick walls thine arrows go;³
Through the breach thy torch does throw
Flames that catch, and grow, and glow.
 Where
Breast
Comes to breast,
'Ware
Lest
Love lime his sparrows in the nest!
 Blind and naked, ever such
Was thine antic
Game of touch. —
Censors would be frantic
If I should here be bold and say too much.
 Flittest hither,

1) Cf. Neidh., Haupt 55, 9: Goethe "Liebe, Liebe! laß mich los!"

2) LD. LXXXV, 22.

3) Cf. Walt., 22, 31—32.

Flittest thither!
Thoughts and wishes are thy pinions.
Soaring aloft,
Sinking soft
In the hearts of all thy minions.

He who bears thy shield for thee,
Learn the tune that Paris wight
Brought from Greece across the sea
Unto love-sick hearts at night:
When the Greeks took Troy, whoever
Bore Love's fetter,
Knew no better
Watchword than: "Woe, woe, for ever!"

2.¹

Frigidus, O pueri, fugite hinc, latet anguis in herba.

In the happy days of childhood
When we haunted all the wildwood
Early in the glades encamping,
Running all the day and ramping,²
Then we found among the grass
Violets, where now, alas!
Cattle heavy-hoofed are tramping.

There for many an hour we lingered,
Guessing at the flowers we fingered,
Which the fairest well might be.
Garlands also plaited we;
And, with little hands united,
Danced till we were quite benighted:
So the years of childhood flee!

1) "mê denne wort ein bischaft tuot". Or, this is philosophy. Nobody knows what it means, but there are many conjectures, which make it darker. Possibly the forest = the world; the keeper, or shepherd = Christ; the King = God; the royal guards = evil spirits; the children = the human race; the adders = sins. The main difficulty is the little horse, which has no connection with the merry-go-round. The reading "pherdelin" is uncertain: the Jena MS. has "pherierlin" =? May it not mean life, i. e. that which bears us to the wildwood (world): life, which can never be purified from the first stain of sin?

2) W. S. Landor uses this verb ("Where three huge dogs are ramping yonder"), with the meaning "to romp".

Where the strawberry runs and reaches
From the pine wood to the beeches,
Over stile and hedge we clomb,
Nowhere did we fear to roam:
Till the calling of the keeper,
As the shades were growing deeper,
“Children, it is time for home.”

See, our hands the thorn-bush scratches
Where the strawberries grew in patches;
Where we played at games of ball,
Now we hear the shepherd call,
With a voice of deep repining
All the while the sun is shining,
“Where ye play, the adders crawl!”

In the ferns a boy who rambles
Screams with fear as out he scrambles:
“Run! A snake is in the gorse!
It hath bit our little horse;
And the sore, no leech can heal it:
He in agony will feel it
Till the day he is a corse.”

Hark the shepherd! “Mists grow thicker
Round the forest, come forth quicker!
It will happen as I warn:
If ye laugh my words to scorn,
Ye will in the thickets yonder
Past the beaten pathways wander,
Nevermore to greet the morn.

Know ye that five virgins roaming
Lingered in the fields till gloaming,
And the King had closed the gate?
They were in a piteous state:
For the royal guards bereft them
Of their garments all, and left them
In the night disconsolate”.

3.

He is no gardener of roses,
Who in such garden alleys closes

His plants that rain can fall not on their stem.
To rosebuds there should cling
Dew, with sunshine following,
And this will open them.
There is a rose, beyond a wicket
Close hidden in so dense a thicket,
No solace comes anear.
Hence my bewailing
That this my ruddy rose be ailing,
And that her cheeks must still be paling,
Until the space around her is made clear.

LIV. Sir Steinmar.

1.

In dulci júbilo.

Sith she refuses the meed of song,
Whom I have worshipped so well and long,
Lo! I will turn my praises
To lusty autumn who makes me gay,
And bares the trees of the weeds of May
To cover the dying daisies.
I know it is a true and ancient word:
Martyrs are they whose passion is unheard.
I was among their crew, I bore their yoke —
Heigh-ho! I will leave them now, and join the eating folk.¹

Dear Autumn, I'll help thee to fight the Spring,
If thou wilt take me under thy wing.
Come, let us help each other!
Love I will drive clean out of my head;
And, since your Give-me-wine² is dead,
Take me, a plain lay brother,
To be your trencherman in his place.
— "Steinmar, it shall be as you say, in case

1) Cf. Haug:

"Though often struck with Cupid's arrow, pine
He would not, but washed out the wound with wine."

Rudyard Kipling: "A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar's a smoke".

2) Cf. LD, XLVII, 185—192; LXXIV, 1, 3, 9; Freid. 116, 1; "der
Kostewein" in Wm Müller's poem "Est, Est", l. 49.

To praise me at my full worth you are able." —

Heigh-ho! I'll sing as long as there's aught left on the table.

Now hearken, dear Autumn, how I would live!

Mine host, fish daily I charge thee give —

Ten sorts, and anything less won't do.

Capons, wildfowl, swine, and geese,

Blackpuddings and peafowl without surcease;

And wines in Italy that grew.

Give us galore, and well the platters filled:

The meat shall not be spoiled, the wine not spilled.

Host, bid thy cares depart!

Heigh-ho! good wine must surely comfort a sad heart.

Spice well the victuals — more, indeed,

Than is really good for us, to breed

Such a scorching heat within

That the vapour of our thirst will rise

Like a fire's smoke, and in such wise

The sweat will stream upon our skin,

We shall think we have run a leak that will not stop —

Yea, make our palate like a chemist's shop;¹

And when I can no longer see the bottle,

Heigh-ho! for company's sake just tip it down my throttle.

Mine host, through me there goes a road:

Bring thither all in thy pantry stowed,

Eatables manifold:

And wine enough to work a mill

Pour down the opening! I will

To praise my guts make bold:

I can eat a whole fat goose and never choke.

Autumn, let me be of thy chosen folk! —

My soul has hopped on a rib,² with terror filled,

Heigh-ho! lest she be drowned by all the wine I've swilled!

1) A chemist's shop is full of spices.

2) Similarly a toper in Seifried Helbling I, 350 sqq.:

"By the Lord Harry, my soul's inside!

Hello, old gal!

I'll give you a tip, since you're my pal.

Hop on a rib till the turn of the tide —

If you stay where you are, it's suicide."

2.¹

Τῆς μητρὸς μὴ ἄκουε.

Hail, O summer pleasant, laden
With the year's delight!
Now I meet a peasant maiden
On a moorland height,
Where she gathers blooms of heather
To be bound in brooms together.
She and I
Must be lovers till we die.
Beware!
Ye who love in secret have good care!

In the hut the turf-smoke blackens
I her mother scare.
Now she comes, and in the brackens
Steeps her ankles bare,²
Gathering flowers to adorn her
At the dance; where, in some corner,
Under trees,
She and I shall talk at ease.
Beware!

Ye who love in secret have good care!

She slips out into the garden,
When I pass that way.
O'er the hedge I try to harden
Her to disobey —
Just to come outside and follow
Me into some rocky hollow,
Where, safe hiding,
We can mock her mother's chiding.
Beware!

Ye who love in secret have good care!

“Now, since thou thy mother fearest,
Setting traps for thee:
One trap's worth another, dearest —
Venture it with me!

1) This poem was so popular that it was turned into a hymn.

2) LD, LXXVI, 134; Osw. 48, 11; 49, 2.

Do not fancy this is folly,
Marriage underneath the holly
After o'er a broom-stick springing.
We'll be wed with church-bells ringing.”
Beware!
Ye who love in secret have good care!
 Steinmar, you're a lucky fellow!
For the girl is good;
And as pretty as a yellow
Opening rose-bud.
Marriage is a good idea;
Your old mother¹ wants to see a
Wife caress you —
Get it over, and God bless you!
Beware!
Ye who love in secret have good care!

3.

Ludit servus cum ancilla.

A herd-boy hidden lay,
Sleeping with his kitchen charmer,
Till dawn of day.
Shrill called the farmer:
“Get up! Let out the herds!”
Quailed the gentle lovers at these loveless words.
 He must the straw vacate,
And from his truelove part.
He dared not be too late:
He pressed her to his heart.
The straw upon them lying,
The pure maiden saw it o'er the barn-floor flying.
 She could not help but smile,
Her eyelids fell again.
So sweetly all the while
The maiden and the swain
The morning hours employ:
In such a bed-room bare who ever saw such joy?

1) Cf. Neidh. 19, 48—50.

LV. Frauenlob.

1.

Woe is me! A mortal cancer
Eateth at my heart!
Pasture of bright eyes, O answer;
When wilt ease the smart?
O the smile of thy red mouth when shall I see,
Saying: "Blessèd shalt thou be:
What thou wishest thou shalt have of me."

Yea, the mouth whereon reposes
Comfort yet though dumb.
O confirm me, all red roses,
Lips with red o'ercome!
More would suit the mouth a yes of the lily's snow,¹
Than an anguish-lurid no!
Grey in youth to hear that word I grow.

1) So that the theory of the colours of sound, commonly supposed to have been elaborated by Arthur Rimbaud in his famous sonnet on the vowels, suggested itself to a decadent Minnesinger! Rimbaud's sonnet runs as follows (the translation is rough and literal):

"Ye vowels, A black, E white, I red, U green, O blue,
I will reveal your latent births one of these days.
A, of big burnished flies the ebon hairy stays
Buzzing o'er cruel stenches, gulfs of shade; E, hue
Of tents and vapours, lance of proud glaciers, rajahs who
In linen glitter, umbel shiverings; I, displays
Of purples, laugh of lovely lips where angers blaze,
Expectorated blood, excesses steeped in rue.
U, the divine vibration of green seas,
Æons, the peace of cattle-studded leas,
Lines drawn by alchemy on studious foreheads wise.
O, supreme clarion full of strident noises strange,
Silences where worlds and angels range,
O, the Omega, and the violet ray of His eyes!"

René Ghil then found the tone equivalents of the vowels. "For him the organ is black, the harp white, the violins blue, the brasses red, and the flutes yellow. He even went further, and assigned to each consonant its hue and tone." (Vance Thompson, "French Portraits", p. 16.) Cf. "Some faithful fountain sighing whitely towards the blue" (Stéphane Mallarmé, quoted in "The Symbolist Movement in Literature" by Arthur Symons, p. 121); and Oscar Wilde in "Salome": "The silence that dwells in the forest is not so black The red blasts of trumpets are not so red." Fr. Thompson: "So white a yearning".

Were I Paris, proud and chosen
Beauty's Queen to choose,
Though it killed me, I would cozen
Venus of her dues.
Juno or Minerva should the prize possess,
To avenge me of the dire distress
You have given me, and will not redress.

2.¹

Sic visum Veneri.

A woman cheated Adam, first of men;
Samson was fooled, and fooled again
By a woman, till he lost his eyes;
Fell by a woman David; and his son,
King Solomon the wise,
Was by a woman spoiled of Paradise;
Absalom's beauty saved him not from one;
And Alexander, maugre empery of the world, was thus
Cozened; and Virgilius
Came by a perjured woman in distress;
And Holofernes lay a corse,
Head dissevered from the streaming torse;
Troy, town and land, smoked for a woman's loveliness;
Achilles wild became,
And the wild Asahel grew tame;
King Arthur's shame
Sullied his knighthood only from a dame;
And Percival is such another name.
Since Love was ever used to such a game,
Now that to me does hap the same,
I burnt and frozen² how should I expect redress?

3.

A thousand candles can from one be lighted:
So from virtue in one heart ignited
Can a thousand erring hearts be righted.

1) Cf. Osw. 88; Freid. 104, 22—25; H. v. M., XV, 64 and p. 224; Villon's "Double Ballade of Good Counsel".

2) Cf. Sir Thos. Wyatt, "I fear and hope, I burn, and freeze like ice." do. "spurs with fire, and bridleth eke with ice . . . frozen now cold, and now he stands in flame." do. "The Lover to his Bed", lines 8—9. Du Bellay: "Désir m'enflamme, et crainte me rend glace". Louise Labé, son. VIII: "J'ai chaut extrême en endurant froidure."

LVI. Margrave Otto of Brandenburg with the Arrow.

1.

Make clear the path for my dear lady there,
And let mine eyes upon her beauty fall,
Which even an Emperor might behold and swear
With the great crowd that it surpasses all; —
Therefore my heart is lifted high, and burns
With adoration that to music turns.
I bow unto the land where she sojourns.

Dame Venus, be mine envoy thou alone;
Say to the lady whom my thoughts revere:
She is my belamour, though I bemoan
My reason stolen by her visage clear.
My rapture is upon the happy isle
Of her fair body treasured, and one smile
Of her red lips would all my woes beguile.

For I am stricken with a double blow,
And olden pleasure needs must be exiled:
Yellow the flowers upon the meadows grow,
And I yearn for a lady undefiled.

It lies with her to cure, or at the worst
To kill me, but if she consider first,
My cares are bubbles in a moment burst.

2.

Winter, thine hours of bitter cold,
Of blurring mist and shrieking storm —
If I had come the word to hold
Could make them quiet, light, and warm!
I would forget it for the long night's sake,
And hers, the lady dear,
Who hath assuaged my passion's pungent ache.

When, like the sun and evening cloud,
I saw her stand in purple robe,
My soul with pinions was endowed
Of bliss, and soared above the globe.
And when her lovely lips pronounced my name,
They were so red they seemed
Bathed softly in the halo of a flame.

O God of Heaven, vouchsafe to bless
My lady, and her feet to guide
Into the ways of happiness!
And let me wander by her side.
She hath indeed deserved all men's good will,
Her beauty is so rare;
O God of Heaven, vouchsafe to guard her still!

LVII. Duke Henry of Breslau.

I sue to thee, O Summer Rapture, and to thee, O May!
I sue to thee, O Greenwood, whose bowers screen us!
I sue to thee, O Clover, blinding eyes!
I sue to thee, broad Heath and bright, and to thee, O Sun of Day!
I sue to thee, O Venus!

The burthen of my love so heavy lies.
If ye will help me all to woo her,
And bring her harshness home unto her,
I yet may be a blessèd lover.

I come to tell you of my sorrow:
In God's name help me to recover!

“What injury does she do thee! Let us hear the accusation,
Lest we condemn the innocent, and wrongs redress
That ne'er were done. It is but fair and meet.”

— I think she holds me worthy in her estimation:
But when for aught beyond respect I press,
She swears that she will rather see me lifeless at her feet.
And, since she will not grant a kiss,
Love fares but ill, I wis.

Alas, that I am doomed to languish
Helpless, and to have my love rewarded
With bitter anguish!

“I, May, will cause my flowers,
The roses red, the lilies white,
Their chalices to her to close.” —

“I, Summer Rapture, in my bowers,
Will bid my birds her ears not to delight,
But give their sweet thrift some repose.” —

“I, the broad Heath, will seize her,
When she plucks on me the flowers that please her,
And hold her fast in durance near me.
We declare war on the good lady,
Till she relent and hear thee.”

— “I, the bright Clover, will avenge thee with my sheen.
When on to me her eyes have strayed,
Until she blinks with blindness.” —

“I, the Wood, will shake away my foliage green,
If she would shelter in my shade,
Unless she show thee kindness.”

“I, the Sun, will warm her flesh
And fancies, till no shadow-hat¹ refresh,
Nor castle nooks her heat abate:
Till she assuage thy burning
With will commensurate.”

— “I, Venus, will constrain her to recoil
From all that is for me created,
Unless she have relented.” —

Alack, if I her joys shall spoil,
Woe that I ever for death waited,
When I was sore tormented! —
“If you will vengeance leave to me,
The roads to bliss for her shall be
Impassable: this much will I effect.”
Her tender body could not bear it!
Venus, let me die rather: her protect!

LVIII. Duke John of Brabant.²

I arose, when May was new,
With the sun, and went
To an orchard fresh with dew,
All on pleasure bent.
There three maids, with like intent,

1) V. Weinh. II, 332.

2) The victor at the famous battle of Worringen in 1288.

Sweetly sang this roundelay:
Harbalorifay, harbaharbalorifay, harbalorifay!

When I saw the grass-green ground
In the orchard shade,
And I heard the silvery sound
That the damsels made,
My heart's prompting I obeyed,
Carolled lustily as they:
Harbalorifay, harbaharbalorifay, harbalorifay!

Greeted I the fairest maid
That before me stood;
Round her waist mine arm I laid
Tightly as I could.
Kiss her rosy mouth I would:
But she said, "O nay, O nay!"
Harbalorifay, harbaharbalorifay, harbalorifay!

LIX. King Wenceslas of Bohemia.

1270—1305.

καὶ μεθύω τὸ φιλῆμα, πολὺν τὸν ἴρωτα πεπωκώς.

Right as a rose that breaks out of its folds
When it is thirsty for delicious dew,
She offered me her sugar-sweet¹ red mouth.
No rapture lavished e'er on lovers holds
Comparison with that which did renew
My soul like showers the grass in July drouth.
In high adventure fortune is my lot;
But when I pressed her to my heart, God wot,
Against her chastity I did not plot —
I might have plucked the rose, and I did not.²

1) Cf. Osw. 7, 52.

2) Cf. CB, 61, 2; S. Philips, "Paolo and Francesca": "I have refused the rose, Although my brain was reeling at the scent."

LX. John Hadlaub.

1.

Ah me, I saw her a sweet child caress,
And heaviness came o'er me, and a need of joy.
The babe she pressed, and drew him to her breast:
I could not rest for envy of the boy.
Her fingers took his head in fond embrace,
And drew it to her mouth and cheeks so sweet,
And — do not beat, my heart! — she kissed him to my face.

He did as I most certainly had done:
This mother's son as soon the kiss returned.
Methought he knew her sweetness whom he kissed,
And that he wist why so his kisses burned.
I could not help to think in envy grim:
Ah me! Could I in that child's skin but stand
Till she demand a grown man's love of him!

I waited till the boy had left her side;
And then I hied and took upon my knees the wean,
Greedy for all the balm that yet did lie
Upon him: I did fallen rapture glean.
I hugged the limbs that she had hugged before:
I kissed from off his cheeks her kisses' scent:
O how it went, methought, to my heart's core!

They say my story must be insincere
That now they hear of dying for the love of her:
I should not be so ruddy and so sleek,
If love did wreak the ruin I aver.
An they believe or no, I am in dread
Of death: only in hope I struggle on.
When that is gone I shall at once be dead.¹

2.

Two yokels I espied,
With hand on hilt each other rating.
Rudolf in his wrath began to stammer,
And Conrad cried:
"You hold your tongue! What boots your prating?"

1) Hadlaub is perfectly serious in this poem, which has been woven by Gottfried Keller into his story "Hadlaub" in the "Zürcher Novellen".

I do not care a button for your clamour.”
Rudolf to him: “My Ellen you are wooing,
My love for whom is my undoing.
Look to your life, if you
Walk out with her in public view!
For your sake our betrothal she is rueing.”

They part, and the quarrel now
Brings in their cronies from the distance;
With those who would appease them still they bicker.
As Rudolf milked his cow,
He begged his friends around him for assistance:
“We’ll have a spree, and I’ll pay for the liquor.
His friends will stand by him, you stand by me:
I shall a hero to my Ellen be!
Conrad I’ll kill;
The thin dogs on his bones shall gnaw their fill;
And nevermore shall he burd Ellen see.”

“Nay, nay, we will palaver,”
Two elders counselled, and the farmer;
And went to Conrad’s house to put things straight,
And make them friends, but he cried: “He shan’t have her!
A goat and a hundred eggs I gave her to charm her!
I love her with a love inordinate.” —
“He’ll compensate you. You shall not be cheated.” —
“What’ll he give? Be seated.” —
“Two goats and a hen.” —
“So be it then.
I always yielded when good folks entreated.”

3.

The lasses find employment
Where yellow sheaves are tied;¹
And he who seeks enjoyment,
Will find it by their side.
Though with her giddy daughter
Has many a mother hied,
You will be sure to thwart her,
If you are open-eyed.

1) Cf. LD, XXXVIII, 70.

If you desire to be caressed,
Get a girl: and you were best
Take her in the barn to rest.

And women plump and wedded
With strapping wenches vie;
What merry heart e'er dreaded
A jealous husband's eye!
Then up, ye stalwart pages,¹
For love's delights that sigh,
The harvest brings the wages²
The duller months deny.³
Ye striplings, there the games are played
Ye need not teach a lusty blade;
And an artful tongue did aye persuade.

Fail not to follow after,
If first away they run;
Their wrath will turn to laughter,
As after rain shines sun.
A page is as good as a crofter
To a girl that's in for fun:
And what than straw is softer,
When jolly yarns are spun?
It is the same fine game they play
Beyond the brook, so lads, hurray!
Come to the harvest! Up, away!

LXI. Der Guoter.

Upon the bed a knight was laid
Whence he never more should rise;
And unto him a lady came
Whose loveliness so high he weighed
It bore the prize, never his eyes

1) Hadlaub, though a burgher poet, belongs to the school of Neidhart, and I think it best to read *kneht* in this poem as = *knappe*: cf. *Frauendienst* 16, 2; *Walth.* 51, 123. But LD, LXXVI, 101 = *farm-hand*. See *Reinm. v. Z.*, Roethe 139.

2) = *Minnelohn*, *Minnesold*. Cf. LD, XXXIV, 200: *Mätz.*, p. 115.

3) Cf. CB 102, 3.

Had seen a lovelier dame.
She stood before his bed, and said:
"Say is thy love now turned to dread?
Ye served me well as long as lasted breath:
Now am I come, and will reward thee after death."

Of gold her crown, and clustered lie
Around her girdle pearls of Ind.
He saith, "O Lady, who are ye?"
She answereth, "The World am I.
Now shalt thou see me from behind.
Lo, this reward I bring to thee!"
Her hollow back of flesh was bare;
Only toads and worms were there;
It stank foul as a dog fished from a tank.
"Alas! that I have served thee I have but myself to thank!"

All ye who have not seen this dame
In her true guise, her vassals mark,
When grey their hair by eld is dyed.
One hath no son, and one is lame,
And one gropes sightless in the dark:
Unrighteous tyranny and pride
The World sets at them: they are dead
To honour: tasteless is their bread.
She steals wife, child, and wealth, and friends that clave,
And casts him wrapped in a thin sheet into the grave.

Soon as he lieth there,
Comes the World and brings to him
The guerdon of his vassalage.
The toads and worms do not forbear
To clean the bones till not a limb
Is left. Now mark a counsel sage:
Go to the charnel-house, and see
What are your friends and ancestry:
Beauties, and men of wealth, and men of note:
The World has stuffed the poor man's leg into the rich
man's throat.¹

1) See H. v. M., p. 246.

LXII. Sir Heinrich Hetzbold von Weiszensee.

She greets me now, and lighted
My heart is of its cares;
Now all my wrongs were righted,
Could I do what no man dares —
If I had the amorous science
But to avenge them where
Her lips smile this defiance:
“Come kiss me if you dare!”

May never harm befall her,
Whose beauty is so rare
I cannot help but call her
The fairest of the fair.
O sweeter lips and bolder
There are not anywhere;
They challenge each beholder:
“Come kiss me if you dare!”

O love that art my master,
Her heart of iron melt,
That arms of alabaster
My body yet may belt:
Arms of a virtuous woman
To gird me with delight;
An she banish me or summon,
She is the Beauty Bright.

LXIII. Sir Albrecht the Marshal of Rapperschwyl.

Sir Sidrophel.

She holdeth sway over a pair of stars,¹
She who my life makes beautiful or mars.
Good folks, now listen to my horoscope,
Which in those stars I read, interpreting
The things that are and shall be happening,
And fate with which it is in vain to cope: —
If I were drawn into their influence —

1) Cf. Walt., 18, 35; CB, 50, 16.

And it would be no wonder if I were —
That which must happen, happen will: and thence
You may perceive that I can make pretence
To be considered an astrologer.¹

LXIV. Der Dürner.

A dream had I O could I dream again! —
I tell this thing to you my friends discreetly! —
A rose-tree high,² slender, with branches twain
A-blossoming, embraced me sweetly.
Beneath it violets and roses lay;
And sure it seems to me, if she will stay,
That her embrace shall bind me half a day.
Shall I agree?

LXV. Sir Christian von Lupin.

O she is pure, radiant and regnant with no flaw or stain!
Whom I obey,
Slave to endure whatever trials ever she ordain.
Now and for aye
I will be led, where she my love shall lead me far and near.
There never was, or shall be, aught so red
As her little mouth so dear.

In her smiling face, her greeting, and the glances of her bright
Eyes, in her demeanour,
Is such a grace, ever my soul quailed at its own delight
When I have seen her.
The ermine's coat, that does enrich the majesty of kings,
Cannot be matched with her soft hands and throat,
Whiter than all white things.

How I would mock at my incarceration if she cared
To sound alarm,
Take me and lock my body close, between each shoulder bared,

1) Cf. CB, 61, 9 and 10.

2) Cf. Uhland, Volksl., 52, 1.

By arm and arm.

With courage firmer than free men know of, I would seize
her head,

And vengeful kiss her little mouth and murmur:

“Take this for being so red!”

LXVI. Heinrich von Mügeln.¹

“My tassel-gentle’s flown to distant lands;
He that I reared is held by stranger hands.
Alas, too long I let him try his wings.
Regret for this now like a nettle stings.

But when the season comes for him to mew:
When he has lost his bells, and there are few
Haws on the hedge, and all the leaves are off,
He’ll wing him back to his old feeding-trough.²

O in his stead had I a lanneret!
To my heart’s perch I would chain down the pet.
What helpeth me the fish in the sea deeps?
Or the bold bird that up the welkin sweeps?”³

LXVII. Hugo von Montfort.

All hail the day, and the night thereof,
When first I looked upon my love!
I praise the hour, I praise the day,
When first within these arms she lay.
I praise those lips that on my breast
Shed such a fire as, in the west,
Flames o’er the sun’s uncurtained rest.

Her glittering tresses I must praise;
I stand within her clear eyes’ rays,
And let them sharply shoot me through;
I praise her teeth of ivory, too;

1) MF, 127, 23; 132, 35.

2) An example of unintentional burlesque.

3) LD, XCVI, 1—4.

Her neck full round, and not too small;
 Her shoulders that do backward fall
 To rear aloft those beryls tight,¹
 Set in her silver bosom's light.

I praise her slender flanks; a man
 Her waist can with his fingers span;²
 Her swan's-down belly * * *
 * * * * *

Venus with a compass sketched³
 Her limbs, and such an arch is stretched
 Beneath her feet they would not crush,
 If he walked under it, a thrush.⁴

LXVIII. Sir Oswald von Wolkenstein.

1.

Maid chosen out my love to be,
 The pleasure of the sight of thee
 Hath freed me from much agony.
 O eyas dear as dear to me,⁵
 How sweet is thy fair-coloured little beak!⁶
 She is the fairest wench earth bears;
 Who would paint her soon despairs.⁷
 White little breasts as round as pears⁸
 Like a queen's state gems she wears.
 To see her's all the solace that I seek.

1) Cf. XXIII, 17.

2) Wackernell annotates: "Das insektenförmige Einschnüren der Frauen war schon damals Mode." Cf. Parz. 410, 4; Aucassin und Nicolette, ed. Suchier (1889), p. 16: "estoit graille parmi les flans qu'en vos dex mains le peüsiciés enclorre."

3) See V, 49. Cf. Carew, "To A. D": "By Love's never erring pensill drawne"; Wackernell's note to XVIII, 57.

4) See Wackernell's note, p. 243; Weinh. I, 228.

5) "valkenterz", cf. Pfaff, p. 88, l. 84.

6) Cf. Browning "In a Gondola": "Dear loory, may his beak retain Ever its delicate rose stain".

7) See E. Schmidt, Reinm., p. 101. Freid., 104, g—m: "If all the stars were scriveners, and parchment all the skies, They could not write the miracle that wrapped in women lies."

8) Cf. Weinh. I, 227; H. v. M., III, 25—32 with note p. 196; add Osw. 30, 23 seq. (very quaint); 48, 15; 60, 69. Carew ("A Rapture") outvies Osw. — "The warme firme apple, tipt with corall berry." "Aucassin und Nicolette", ed. Suchier, p. 16: "dex nois gauges".

Blessèd indeed the man who sips
The honey of her rose-red lips:
More blessèd still is he who clips
Her slender waist and rounded hips.
Yet will I wait and hope with spirit meek.

2.¹

My lady-love is ever at my call,
Even as the months do in the year's arms fall.
Her spirit and her countenance have all
The changing pageants with the months unfurled.²
Pale January's frost and snow hath she,
Soon as her ice-keen eyes are bent on me;
Unyielding February does not free
Hearts with the winter weary of the world.
Anon I flutter up to joy, forlorn
Again I grow, in March when buds are born
To die betimes or burst, some April morn,
When with a sunny dew the shoots are pearled.
Lovely she is indeed, and fresh, and gay:
For she is dowered with all the sweets of May.
June, with the golden fulness of his day,
Lies in the depths and shadows of her hair.
The ardours nestle of a July night
Between her breasts, cling to her bare arms white,
And fingers faint that vein the dark with light.
Slender is she and packed full as a pear
In August, full of juice and ripe to fall;
And like September, rich but wan withal,
Dull with the death of days he would recall,
She hath a brow embrowned with budding care.
October garner in all boons that be,

1) Complete inventories of a lady's beauty, a fine example of which in English is Carew's "The Complement", occur only in the later Minnesong. See Diez, p. 159: Mätz. p. 107; H. v. M., p. 243; Waldb., p. 76 seq.; Bertran de Born ed. Stimming, p. 148 (transl. Farnell, p. 114). Cf. Shakespeare, Sonnet XXI.

2) Alfred Austin compares his love to the months in his sonnet "An April Love"; Carew also in "The Spring" — which, by the way, is a Minnesong in all form — "only shee doth carry June in her eyes, in her heart January"; the same, "To A. L.": "You're fresh as Aprill, sweet as May".

To set my house in readiness, if she
Against November winds come in to me,
To save me in December from despair.

3.¹

δὲς ζομίβη θάνατος.

If your purse is full to bursting,
Go to Überlingen, thirsting.
Wine they have of sloes they squeeze:
It would make a donkey sneeze.
Played the devil with my throttle.
Cheap, you say? Five marks a bottle.
Pluck up courage, eat your dinner:
Sir, by nightfall you'll be thinner —
Skins of flesh a man fights shy of,
Sauerkraut enough to die of.
Be your body broad as Samson's,
They will clean you with stewed damsons.
Flee the inn, buy in your forage:
Be content with a bowl of porridge.
Fourteen mushrooms cost fifteen
Costnitz shillings struck yestreen;
And the leagued provision-sellers
For an egg charge sixteen hellers.
Game is excommunicated,
So is fish on that vile coast:
Only priests have stomachs sated.
Order dinner: "We have roast."
Choke it down, straight comes mine host:
"Would you be so kind and pay, Sir?
Don't be sitting here all day, Sir!"
My host knew how guests are bled:
Parted gold from leather.

1) Cf. 59, 33—36:

"O Lake of Constance, on whose shore
I learned to count, my purse feels sore
When I remember thee again.
'Pay, pay, thou must!' was all their strain,
In the Hostel by the Willows."

What I paid him for my bed?
Only a shilling a feather.
Plus the stabling, he would peel
From an old cart every wheel.

4.

Verdammt, es blieb mir ein Mäd'el hängen.

A curly gem of a girl had I
In Überlingen in years gone by.
The girl of the house I was staying in there.
Where is she now? Is it my affair?
Two little breasts like a flying bat
Upon her heart's firm bustle¹
She carried pat.
The way that she could scratch and tussle
Was something to be wondered at.
Shields her narrow little feet,²
Pattering in clogs along the street.
Finely chiselled legs³ like beeches.
Something more substantial than a sack
To sit on!⁴ Thighs of scorching heat.⁵
Cheeks like peaches.
Arms, hands, as white as rooks are black.
Her kisses clung like leeches.
Very fond, besides, of fisticuffs.
And she could swear like tramps and roughs.

5.⁶

It chanced, when I was but a boy of ten,
Fain would I see the world and ways of men,

1) Cf. 5, 21.

2) Cf. 3, 23; 66, 23.

3) Cf. 36, 49—50, 56.

4) See 36, 72; 66, 19 (ein dicken sitz).

5) See 66, 21.

6) The details given by Oswald in his autobiographical poems may be accepted as statements of fact. As I wish to save my topographical passages for my second volume, — I have myself been on pilgrimage in the Gröden Valley, and over Castelruth to the Schlern — let me copy the following passage from "A Midsummer Ramble in the Dolomites" by Amelia B. Edwards, p. 384: "From this point down to the Bath-House at Ratzes, the way winds ever through fir-forests which exclude alike

Ran out into distress one morning then,
With threepence and a crust to help me travel.
Since then what wretchedness and pain untold,
In many a corner hot and cold,
With Christians, Greeks and Heathens I have tholed,
And many a red drop left on sand and gravel.
Full fourteen year I got no gear, and then my father died.
Ran myself bony on Shanks' pony in countries far and wide.
Found a dappled gray — stole it I should say — lost it
the same way.

And then I was a cook with pans and platters,
Ostler — that's hard labour! — trooper with a sabre, what
luck drove me to.
Then I pulled the oars, all among the Mores in a galley's
crew.

And often I was dressed in rags and tatters.

Through Prussia, Lithuania, Denmark and Scania,
Turkey and Tartary, France, Lombardy and Spain
Drove me my travelling mania and my livelihood to gain,
O'er land and sea in more than one campaign,
With Rupert and with Sigismund, and the Eagle in the Banner.
Arabic and Catalan, Roumanian I could speak,
French, Italian, German, Castilian and Greek,
Russian, Wendish, Flemish, Latin eke.

And I could whistle, play the drum, and fiddle in fine manner.
I have sailed round island and sound, and still came free,
In stalwart ships, from the wind that whips the limbs of
the sea.

The Black Sea snatched me, but a barrel brought me off it:

the near mountains and the distant view. About half-way down, we pass within sight of the ruined shell of Schloss Hauenstein, once the home of Oswald von Wolkenstein, a renowned knight, traveller, and Minnesinger, who was born in the year 1367; fought against the Turks at Nicopolis in 1396; was present at the storming of Ceuta in 1415; encountered innumerable perils by land and sea in the Crimea, in Armenia, Persia, Asia Minor, Italy, Spain, England, Portugal, and the Holy Land; and died here in the castle of Hauenstein in the year 1445. He was buried in the church of the famous Abbey of Neustift near Brixen, where his tomb may be seen to this day." (Corrections: Oswald was born in 1377, and there is no documentary proof of his having fought with Sigismund at Nicopolis, though the annuity of 300 gulden granted him by the latter in 1415 refers to previous services).

My brigantine drank too much brine: I seized a tub,
Which ferried me o'er the breakers' roar into the scrub.
Deep lay my merchant wares with all my profit.

There was a Queen of Aragon, gentle and fair.
Kneeling I raught to her my beard,¹ and there
She fixed a ring with her own hands into the hair.
"Unloose it not," she said, "to me be loyal!"
Then pierced with a fine brass needle both my ear-lobes through,
And locked a ring in each, as they in Spain are wont to do.
I wore them long, and they are called "rings royal."
Straight asked I for the Emperor, who did not know me;
The cross he made, stared as afraid, then waved to call me:
"It's Wolkenstein got up so fine: come here and show me!"
Laughing he said, "but surely the rings gall thee?"
Woman and man in Perpignan laughed loud to hear him;
And there were nine of royal line anear him.
Pedro de Luna, he was Anti-Pope:
To end the schism was the Emperor's hope.

True is it, foolish ways I once forswore,
Became a kind of tramp² two years or more;
And, but that pleasure purpose overbore,
My will had not been better than my deeds.
I served a lady, and for her sake put
Harness upon my back and jousted, but
She cared for me no more than for a nut,
And fooled me with a pilgrim's weeds.
Small cheer had I among the fry that matins sung,
With all the rags and monkish tags about me hung;
And I grew sick of it, swore in the thick of it, and cowl
and girdle flung
Out of the gable before the stable on to the dung.

1) 36, 65; 58, 3, 15 (a girl in Augsburg, "the dear little doll, with her white dress on, rushing about like a he-goat", asks him if he follows the fashion of goats); 59, 13, 30 (a girl in Costnitz amuses herself by pulling the long hairs out of his beard, which was "strewn all about the room as it had been the seed of the corn") 70, 24. Süsskind the Jew mentions his beard (LD, LXXIV, 14 seq.): "It is a fool's errand I am on with my skill in song, but since the lords grant me no largesse, I will flee their court, and let my beard grow long with grey hairs". See Schultz, I, 215 seq.

2) i. e., a pilgrim; cf. 26. "pilgerin" LD, XXXVI, 173; XLIII, 188.

6.

Diplomatists at Play.

At Perpignan.

It is an ancient saw to-day,
An hundred years and over,
And he that ne'er on thistles lay,
No comfort finds on clover.
As time goes on a man grows riper:¹
And I myself have paid the piper
In Spain and Catalonia, where
Chestnuts are the favourite fare.

To catch a bird by artifice,
Take care — when you have picked him —
To put salt on his tail — that is,
When you have got your victim.
With trumpet, drum, and clarion,
And noisy Moors that carry on
With tambourines, the city greets
The Emperor in Perpignan streets.

Rich and poor were in the crowd.
I was with dust nigh smothered.
King Sigismund by rulers proud
Was warmly kissed and brothered.
Eke by their Queens, and some were young:
To these I marked he rather clung,
And did not wipe his lips. Indeed,
With ladies we had made more speed

Than with the Devil and his tool,
That sneaking cat,² that Peter!
Had he been stabbed, it were no fool
Had done the deed, and meeter
Than so to stew for eighteen weeks,
While ever prelate whines and speaks:
And I had dirged my deep regret
With bagpipes on a waggonette.

But sure I ne'er saw longer tails³
Than there on ladies' dresses!

1) Cf. MF, 157, 1—2.

2) Cf. 87, 45; 102, 23. There is said to have been a plot to assassinate Sigismund.

3) Cf. LD, LXXIII, 17.

The lion and the peacock pales!
And as to their caresses —
Shaking hands no custom is:
They offer you a smacking kiss¹ —
Far sweeter greeting, as I think;
And all have rings in ear-lobes pink.²

* * * * *

Those shavelings hatched such cunning tricks,
With all their bowing and scraping!
What time a mattress hard as bricks
Kept me a-yawning and gaping.
Sleepless nights on it I had,
It came from an old cow, by Gad,
That had been operated on,³
As a dumb man told me a year ago.

The Duke of Brieg⁴ he was no prig:
You should have heard him snoring!
And oft I rose without my clothes,
And gave him a "good morning".
Raving to his boots he'd rush,
And with an oath that made me blush,
Chase and in my bed bombard me,
Where I had naught but sheets to guard me!

Count Öttingen,⁵ with his "tick-tick",
At dawn my top-nut batters,
As you may see a raven pick
A dead bull's brow to tatters.
The matins I rung made a din!
I shouldn't wonder if his skin

1) Cf. 86, 21.

2) = ring in den oren, nagelrot. [†]Lexer only quotes this passage to nagelrot = rot wie ein Nagel. As far as the translation into English is concerned, it seems better to delete the comma, but cf. 36, 69 "Ir nāglin rot mich machen krank, die sein ein michel teil ze lank"; "glander negel", quoted Weinh. I, 227; and Joachim du Bellay, (in his sonnet "O beaux cheveux d'argent mignonement retors"), "O beaux ongles dorés". Perhaps, therefore, a better translation would be: "And such a greeting more avails. Rings in their ears, as red as nails". For the "schroffer Übergang" (Heine, "Harzreise") I should not be responsible.

3) Mumme = ein verschnittenes Tier weiblichen Geschlechtes.

4) The son-in-law of Friedrich von Hohenzollern.

5) Sigismund's major-domo.

In places yet is black and blue
With the flung force of some hard shoe.

It would take long to tell the lot,
And so I make it shorter.

Baumgarten poured on Fritz¹ a pot
Of real holy water.

You should have seen the yellow streaks
Streaming down his shirt and cheeks:

It was not long ere Fritz awoke,
And saw the meaning of the joke.

* * * * *

At Paris.

A noble name they found for me:
"Viscount of Turkey"! — Yea,
And many a man deemed me to be
A captive pagan Bey.

King Sigismund gave me a splendid
Gown of gold with silver blended;
And in such Moorish garb I pranced,
Sang them heathen songs, and danced.

* * * * *

As far as I hear, sing and say,²
And see the world how fares it,
A knapsack, at the judgment day,
Is worth the strap that bears it:
A belfry tower a vinaigrette:
All value on the soul be set,
Lest you be sent to brimstone hot;³
And may my poems damn me not.

7.

From purity's pure rocks and high
Did passion's pool attract:
Deep in its vortex whirled was I:
Now washed upon the banks I lie,
A pebble cleaned and polished by

1) Friedrich von Hohenzollern, who was invested by Sigismund with the March of Brandenburg.

2) Cf. 61, 3; 93, 1.

3) A Dantesque description of hell in 98.

That raging cataract.
Yet such is life, if there should be
Of hundred stones one left, you'd see
He would come tumbling after me.

8.¹

“Out and at them!” says Sir Michael von Wolkenstein;
“Follow after!” says Sir Oswald von Wolkenstein;
“To horse!” says Sir Leonard von Wolkenstein.
And they must flee from Greifenstein to Bozen double quick.

Dust and din all down the slope, and medley in the wood!
We drove them down the gullies till they reeked with blood.
Helmet, mail, and battle-axe, sword and cross-bow good
They left us in remembrance, and strewed the hill-side thick.

The ash of tent and baggage was by the castle sprent.
A usurer should be careful to whom his gold is lent;
And if I dare to say it, you know the man is meant.
This is the way we pay you back, O sly Duke Frederick.

By the “Robber’s Stone” it happed, as you would have your jest,
A rivet of a good arm’s length, in many a burgher’s chest,
Nailed him to the mountain wall at some cross-bow’s behest.
Good-burghers come to skirmish here, this jest is not so stale.

The farmers of St. Jürgen, not one of them holds back,
Had sworn to raze the “Robber’s Stone,” and burn it like a stack.
The good men of our garrison shout down to them: “Alack!
Good neighbours, here ye should be ranged, your honour is
but frail.”

A flinging and a shooting, a turmoil and a strife!
This hashing with a sword’s more sport than carving with a knife.
Now stir your limbs, good farmer, you save or lose your life!
On many a house and arsenal the arrows flew like hail.

1) Duke Frederick “with the Empty Pocket” of Austria had been put under the ban of the Empire on account of his support of Pope John XXIII at the Council of Constance (1414—1418). His brother Ernst made an attempt to secure the ducal throne for himself, and in the fighting which ensued the Austrian barons, prominent among whom were the three brothers von Wolkenstein, were leagued against Frederick. In 1418 the stronghold of the Starkenbergers, the most powerful of Frederick’s enemies, was besieged by the ducal troops, reinforced by the peasants of the surrounding villages, with the result indicated in the poem. In spite of his defeat at Greifenstein (= Griffin’s Stone, sarcastically changed to “Robber’s Stone”, as the poem mentions), Frederick succeeded in reducing the barons to submission.

There came the stalwart burghers of Bozen and Meran:
Häfning brave and Melten good led them in the van,
All the villagers of Särten, many a valiant man.
They thought to trap us in the mesh, but we broke through the
mail.

9.

Never more to roam again.

Through Barbary, Arabia, through Armenia to Persia, through Tartary to Syria, through Byzantine Greece to Turkey, Spain — I have forgotten all the countries I went gadding about in. Through Prussia, Russia, over Courland to Lithuania and Livonia, to Denmark and Sweden, and thence to Brabant; through Flanders, France, England and Scotland: it is a long time since I was there. Through Aragon, Castile, Granada and Africa, Portugal and Spain as far as Cape Finisterre, to Marseilles in Provence,

And thence to Ratzes by the Schlern;
Where, caught in marriage bonds and pain,
Life's wretched mill-wheel now I turn,
Bread for all my brats¹ to earn,
Against the grain.

Perched on a dizzy summit steep,
With forest dense o'ergrown,
I survey from my castle-keep
Snow-clad peak and valley deep,
Thicket, rock, and stone.

Honours devised for my behoof
To pay me for my song,
Old pleasures shared with princes throng,
I pay for now beneath one roof.
The end is long.

My fire's burnt out, I stand besides
The ashes of old glories:
Cattle cropping mountain sides,
Ugly louts with horny hides
To listen to my stories.

At my commands my men now scoff,
Who once did what I told them to.

1) Oswald seems to have had seven children; see Schatz p. 13, note. Sweet-Child the Jew of Trimberg also complains of the difficulty of feeding his children (LD, LXXIV, 5). Cf. also 102; 60, 89; LD, XXXVI, 203 seq.; Neidh. 37, 55 seq., 50^b, 144 seq.

And as to girls, my hair is off;¹
My singing is a wheezing cough,²
My lips are blue.

Still there is always something new:
Cry of peacocks, song of asses.
The everlasting brook here, whew!
It nearly roars my head in two.
Thus time passes.

The worst of all the damned old racket,
My children's piteous wails!
O my tympanum, they'll crack it!
And if I up and dust their jacket,
Their mother,³ with all sails

Set, swoops down to save her pet,
And bites my head off: "Sir, unhand it! —
You've beat it to an omelette!"
She'll pummel me and smack me yet;
But I shan't stand it.

Stirred up by venomous foes of mine,
The prince I serve looks on me sourly.
Hungry wolves prowl now and whine
Around my castle Hauenstein,
And will devour me.

LXIX. Life and Death of the Noble Brennenberger.⁴

Fit I.

In Vienna town at the Austrian court
A thousand tongues are ringing
With what the Brennenberger hath
To the noble Duchess been singing.

1) See 93, 20—24.

2) See 93, 33.

3) Cf. 64, 104.

4) "Der Brennenberger" was a Minnesinger in whose poems I find nothing original enough to repay translation, but the middle ages spun a gradual web of fable round his figure, and the following "Meistergesang", together with the Ballad of Sir Tannhäuser, and the folk-songs which follow, may not be out of place as specimens of the poetry which was sung when the German muse became a gypsy, haunting camp-fires at night, and breathing from the lips of boys and girls.

“O Brennenberger, dear vassal of mine,
Art thou indeed in earnest,
To sing there is no lady so fair
Whithersoever thou turnest?” —

“Yea, lady, the fairest of women are you!
These fables that men weave
Of the beauty of the Queen of France
I never can believe.” —

“Yet will I rest not till this skein
Of lies some man unravels.
Take thou my gold, and jewels sheen,
And get thee on thy travels.

And when thou seest the Queen of France,
Be judge between us twain:
And she who winneth beauty's prize,
Shall pay thee for thy pain.” —

“O lady, if ill news I bring,
I lose my hopes of Heaven;
But I am sure I shall tell you a tale
With a merry heart and steven.”

Fit II.

Now he has come to Paris town,
With jewels and with gold;
And there to the inn-keeper's wife
He hath his purpose told.

“Sit in a huckster-woman's weeds,
The castle-gate before,
And cry, when the Queen comes forth to church:
'Come buy my jewels store!' ”

Now he became a huckster-wife,
And spread his wares to view;
And it was bruted at the Court,
And when the fair Queen knew,

She called her page, and charged him so:
“Before my face go summon —
With stealth and care, lest the King should know —
This wealthy huckster-woman.”

The huckster came into the Queen's bright bower;
She could not trust her eyes.
"God sain you, most noble Queen," she said;
"Your noble ladies likewise."

The Queen she took her by the hand,
With snow-white hands and tender;
She bought her bracelets, she bought her rings:
There was no end of the splendour.

Now this went on till the evening came,
The huckster was in sorrow:
"Where shall I lie this night?" she said:
"Good store is left for to-morrow."

Brennenberger thought: "I would I were at home;
I am not made of stone.
If you vouchsafe, most noble Queen,
I fain would sleep alone."

The Queen spoke out: "That may not be;
Thou must be bedded meetly.
For thy neck-laces and rings of price
We must with honour treat thee.

Now I have here twelve maidens dear:
Lie with the youngest together:
Lie close and warm, and fear no harm
From this inclement weather."

It was about the time of Yule,
The longest nights of the year:
Brennenberg lay with the youngest maid,
He lay in dule and fear.

Sore dismayed by the gentle maid;
His elbow out he bent:
Had he not called upon the Saints,
The Devil him had shent.

Fit III.

The huckster rose at break of day;
She was in evil plight:
Twelve days the Queen there kept her pent,
With another maid each night.

The thirteenth day out spoke the Queen:
“With all my maids ye lay;
Now lie with me this last night of all,
We will part at the break of day.”

He was afeared of such rich meed,
His face did blood-red burn!
“Most noble Queen, O let it wait
Till I again return.

I will return with richer wares,
Which, if they you delight —
And O, if the King, your noble Lord,
Should come to you at night!” —

“The King comes not to me at night;
He is to me a stranger.
The King has shunned me ever so long,
Thy honour will be in no danger.

And warders three in my service stand,
Of his approach to warn:
We will of knights and heroes talk,
Until the break of morn.”

Brennenberg was in sore distress:
“With the Queen so close to me,
She is so fair, it would be my death:
Worsted I should be.

And if I harmed the lady fair,
I should for ever rue:
Hers of Austria is my heart,
I will to her be true.”

Fit IV.

And when they went to bed that night,
They sought for the huckster in vain:
Brennenberg never rested an hour,
Till he came to Vienna again.

“Brennenberg, thou dear vassal of mine,
How hath it gone with thee, say?” —
“O lady, ill and well, and I
Twelve days a prisoner lay.

Twelve nights with tender virgins twelve:
A youth distressed was I!
And the last night of all the Queen herself
Desired with me to lie.

My huckster's heart was ill bestead,
This had I not withstood:
I slunk out of the city-gate,
And fled as fast as I could." —

"Alas, that e'er I counselled thee
On her to cast thine eyes!
But say, my love, to whom wouldst thou
Adjudge all beauty's prize?" —

"O lady, she is Heaven on earth,
None can be peer to her;
Her face was like a sun, it seemed
As if in Heaven I were." —

"And if thou deemest her fairer than I,
Sing thou thy songs to her;
Go back to France again forthwith,
To be her servitor." —

"Nay, noble lady, I say not so,
You dwell in my heart's core:
I know no fairer woman than you,
For whom I suffer sore." —

"Yet didst thou say, a fairer dame
Thine eyes did never see." —
"Yea, verily; it must have been
Her beauty blinded me.

Yet you have fairer neck and chin,
And nobler is your mien;
But after you no woman is
So lovely as the Queen.

And if she were twenty times fairer than you,
You is it I would praise;
For to you belong my heart and mind,
To you belong my lays."

Fit V.

Now had the noble Brennenberg
Sung song on song abounding
In praises of his mistress high,
From land to land resounding.

The Duke he was an angry man,
And to suspicion prone:
“Ye woo my wife so much, ye yet
May with your life atone.”

He hired three murderers with red gold,
That never pity knew;
They tore his heart hot out of his breast,
And mocked him while they slew.

At eve the cook, in a golden dish,
Did serve it, spicèd sweet:
And her red mouth did eat the heart,
That but for her had beat.

“And do ye know what now ye ate,
The larks baked in the pie?” —
“I do not know, it tasted sweet,
And fain to know were I.” —

“It was the heart of Brennenberg,
Who often you delighted:
He brought you ever much joy and glee:
So is false love requited.”

The Duchess wox as pale as death,
As pale as death wox she:
“And if I have eaten the heart of the knight,
Who brought me joy and glee,

Thereafter I will drain a draught,
Such draught I straight will drain,
That food or drink shall nevermore
Pass my lips again.”

Then did the noble Duchess rise,
And to her chamber go:
“Mary, Queen of Heaven, to thee
I plain my anguished woe.

I must for ever grieve for him;
For my sake he was killed:
My anguish for his guiltless death
Can but by death be stilled.

Thou knowest, he never came so near
That he might me embrace;
And he had rather, for noble fear,
Fled a hundred miles from my face.

To thee I plain, my heart is sore;
I die in agony;
For thy Son's Passion's sake, give thou
Eternal peace to me."

Merciful Mary lifted her up,
And in her bosom cherished:
The Duke was put to the Empire's ban,
And soon, repentant, perished.

LXX. Folk-songs.

1.

Matin-song.

The warder, from his watch-tower high,
Blares forth the baneful morning nigh.
"Arise, O comrade! Heart and heart,
That would be fain no more to part,
Are sundered soon!
Through the greenwood gleams the moon."

"O truelove, mark the words I say,
It is not nigh unto the day.
Through the rack shine moon and star,
Our joy the warder fain would mar;
I tell thee, sweet:
The midnight cannot be so fleet."

He pressed her closely to his breast,
He said: "Thou makest my heart blest!
The rapture of my heart art thou;
All my pain is vanished now.

I swear to thee:
So dear as thou is none to me."

What is this thing his fingers hold?
It is a ring of the good red gold.
"See, love, the red gold! Oft I swore,
I loved thee in my deep heart's core!
I did not lie:
For thee I'd lay me down and die!"

The nightingale sang from the spray,
As she had sung so many a day.
Now all the East was purpled o'er:
"Hearts that were fain to part no more,
Are parted soon.
Through the green wood gleams the moon."

2.

Jocund Day.

Belovèd, now awake
To parting and to fears!
The wildwood singers make
Music sweet as music's tears,
With choral pipings rent and blent:
I see a host of glittering spears,
Onrushing in the Orient.

Hark, how the cocks are crowing!
The day is growing light;
The cool winds are blowing,
The stars are shining bright.
Dame Nightingale is ringing us,
To stay the heels of coward night,
A matin-song melodious.

See how the heavens glide
From white to violet;
And now in gray is dyed
The welkin that was jet.
The crimson host is sweeping on;
While straggler shadows skirmish yet,
Arise, my love! let me be gone.

3.

Serenade.¹

Come now, and let us wake them: time
It is that they arise!
But gently to the window climb,
Where love with love together sleeping lies.

I heard a gently flowing river:
Methought it was the Rhine.
And at her window, with his quiver,
Stood Cupid shooting at a love' of mine.

I brake three lilies from their stem,
And in at the window threw:
Sleeping or waking, cherish them;
And rise, sweet love, and let me in to you.

“How would it be, were I asleep,
And could not let you in?
For I am lying now so deep
My truelove's arms within.”

If you do in your love's arms lie,
Deep in the arms of love,
And if your love should not be I:
On me have mercy God in Heaven above!

And he who made this little song,
And set it to the tune,
He thought it over well and long,
And sang it for “Good-Night” beneath the moon.

4.

Über die braune Haid'.

There did a fair-eyed maiden stand,
Washing her shirts by the river strand,
A gallant knight was singing;
She waved to him with her snow-white hand,
To help her do her wringing.

“O maiden, wilt thou fare with me,
To break the rose-buds from the tree,

1) See Jeanr., p. 145—146.

On yonder grass-green meadow?" —
"Sir Knight, I will not fare with thee,
Unless the flowers be red O!" —

"O maiden, will you fare with me,
To pull the ripe pears from the tree,
Out yonder on the moors O?
O maiden, if you come with me,
The ripe ones shall be yours O!" —

"Ere I will o'er the moorlands stray,
I'll ask my mother if I may —
My mother first must know, Sir.
But if my mother say not nay,
I'll venture it, and go, Sir."

5.

Up the hill a horseman gay,
What does he see beside the way?
A maiden fair, she was eighteen.

He spoke to her upon the hill:
"Come thou with me, and do my will,
And hunt upon the moorlands green."

"I will not do your will, and follow
To hunt o'er grassy hill and hollow,
But I will keep my maidenhead.

On my brown hair I wear a wreath,
And I have come out on the heath,
To gather roses red."

She was a maid of eighteen years;
And when she broke the first rose, tears
Ran down her face her bosom on.

"Now do you weep for lack of wealth,
Or haply for a ruined health,
Or for your honour lost and gone?" —

"I do not weep for lack of wealth,
I do not weep for ruined health,
But for a ruined maidenhead.

I weep my rose-wreath lost and gone,
At Straszburg on the bastion:
My wreath of roses red.”

6.

Schnadahüpfel.

My love is a trooper, a trooper so fine:
The horse is the Kaiser's, the trooper is mine.

My heart is a true one, and locked with a key:
A lad has the key of it, only he.

True am I, true shall be, my heart is true,
In Frankfurt, in Straszburg, Vienna too.

The higher the church-tower, the sweeter the chimes:
I love him the better, the farther the climes.

The church-spire peeps over the top of the hill:
The priest shall make one of the two of us still.

Above my house hover two snow-white doves:
He will not deceive me, for me he loves.

7.

Schnadahüpfel.

My love is gone from me, I see him no more:
I look such a fright now, I miss him so sore.

My love is gone from me, far over the seas:
I dare not think of it, my heart has no ease.

My love is in Hungary, I'm by the Rhine:
I cannot forget him, this truelove of mine.

Two ducks on the pond, and two fish in the sea:
Love sinks, and will never again rise for me.

What helps me an apple, as red as may be?
What helps a fair sweetheart, parted from me?

I love him for ever, though seas do us part.
And what have I for it? A broken heart.

1) Cf. poem by Heinrich von Mügeln.

8.¹

Je sent les douls mals leis ma senturete.

What is the sweetest joy on earth?
To be in a convent, lonely.
Wherefore I to live behind
A grating cold am now resigned. —
O Love, what have I done!

Each morn, when I to chapel go,
I chant the psalter, lonely.
And when I the Gloria Patri sing,
My truelove I am remembering. —
O Love, what have I done!

My mother and father visit me;
They pray together, lonely.
And they are clad like the gay pea-fowl,
And I am shrouded in cord and cowl. —
O Love, what have I done!

At evening, when I go to bed,
The bed in my cell is lonely.
And then I think — O God, where's the harm! —
That I had my truelove in my arm! —
O Love, what have I done!

9.

Malois soit de Deu ki me fist nonnete.

God send to him a lean twelve months
Who, in my own despite,
A sooty mantle put on me,
All and a cassock white.

And if I must become a nun,
Let me but find a page,
And if he is fain to cure my pain,
His pain I will assuage.

1) Rather than translate, as an example of the nun-songs (*chansons de nonne*, *Nonnenklagen*), the prolix composition LD, XCVIII, 581 seq., I have selected the two following Volkslieder. See Jeanroy, p. 189 seq.

10.

La mer à boire.

There is a nut-brown maid I know,
Would God that she were mine!
Then she from oaten straw should spin
For me a brown silk twine. —

“If I from oaten straw shall spin
A brown silk twine for thee,
Then thou from oaken leaves must cut
Two purple robes for me.” —

If I from oaken leaves shall cut
Two purple dresses fine,
Then thou must fetch me the scissors from
The bottom of the Rhine. —¹

“And if I shall fetch thee the scissors from
Coblentz upon the Rhine,
Then thou must count the stars for me
That in the heavens shine.” —

And if I shall count the stars for thee,
That twinkle in the sky,
Then thou must build a ladder for me,
That I may climb so high.

11.²

Tant soie je brunete.

If I've a swarthy skin,
I cannot make it white.
It is my mother's sin:

1) Cf. Tannhäuser's poem (translation 2). Such tasks are often set in the Kalevala; cf., in Kirby's translation, Runo VII, 311—318, VIII, 93—98, 108—112, 123—132. Gummere, “Popular Ballad”, pp. 139 seq.; Uhland, *Schriften* III, pp. 213 seq.

2) See note, p. 118, and cf. further E. Schmidt, *Reinmar*, p. 112, *Frauent.*, XXXIX, 49, 56, and Wackern., *Kl. Schr.*, I, p. 161 seq. If, as Wackernagel suggests, the identification in old German poetry of white with beautiful (cf. A. S. Bláchléor idis, *Judith* 128) and of black with ugly (cf. Marlowe, “*Hero and Leander*”, I, 50: “Since Hero's time hath half the world been black”), is owing to a difference in races, it is curious that in Finnish poetry “*Kulta*” (= golden) should be used of anything dear, precious, or beautiful (cf. Kalevala, transl. by Kirby I, 11 note, XIV, 69 note). (Cf. Dowden's note to Shakspeare's sonnet CXXVII, and Massinger, “*A New Way to Pay Old Debts*”, III, 2: “A black-brow'd girl, my lord”). In the

She did not wash me clean,
When I was but a wean,
When I was such a tiny little mite.

12.¹

Beside my truelove's pillow
A golden casket fine
Stands with a heart locked in it,
A heart that once was mine;
O God, had I the key on't,
I'd throw it in the Rhine!
Could I be by my truelove,
How could I there repine?

Kalevala the heroes have black hair, and the heroines golden hair; in Irish poetry often blond: "múirnín na grúaige báine", "Nóra an cúil ómra", "cúilin bán". It is surprising that in the Minnesong so little should be made of the length of the ladies' hair; cf. LD, XLVII, "ir hâr reit val ze mâze lanc", very pale praise beside the gorgeous Irish (in the song "A raibh tú ag an g-Carraig?") "Her hair down-sweeping to her sandal-tie".

1) Cf. pp. 1, 1; 199, 6, l. 4, and the Scotch poem (trans. by Herder) "O waly waly up the bank":

"But had I wist before I kist,
That love had been sae ill to win;
I had lockt my heart in a case of gowd
And pinn'd it wi' a siller pin."

Appendix.

1. P. 11, 6, l. 1; for "yellow" read "waning". I had imitated Carew "A Pastorall Dialogue", l. 14. The original is: "Der tunkele sterne, sich, der birget sich". "Der tunkele sterne" is usually translated "Abendstern", evening-star, but the sense of such a translation is not clear. I prefer to take the poem as the first crude aubade in the Minnesong. Cf. Shelley, ed. Forman, vol. II. p. 393:

"The lovely star when morn has broke
The roof of darkness, in the golden dawn,
Half-hidden and yet beautiful."

2. P. 11, 8. An old Italian sonnet, which is very similar to this poem and to that on p. 177, has been translated by Rossetti into poetry:

"O my own falcon whom I have taught and rear'd!

Sweet bells of shining gold I gave to thee,
That in the chase thou shouldst not be afeard.

Now thou hast risen like the risen sea,
Broken thy jesses loose, and disappear'd

As soon as thou wast skilled in falconry."

3. P. 16, note 2. That it is the first German dawn-song is the generally accepted opinion: for the suggestion in the above note I am alone responsible. — It is hard to know which of the various words used by different writers to translate "tageliet" is most suitable. Hallam, "Literature of Europe in the Middle Ages", uses "Watchman's Song" (he derives his knowledge from Weber's "Northern Antiquities"); Mr. Saintsbury, Introduction to Donne's Poems in the Muses' Library, has "aubade", while Mr. E. K. Chambers, in notes to same volume, has "Aubade or dawn-song"; Professor Yorke Powell (Elton's Life, II, p. 411), "Dawn-Song"; Mr. Gleeson White, "Ballades and Rondeaus", "alba"; Miss Ida Farnell, "Troubadours", "Alba" or Morning Song; Mr. J. F. Rowbotham, "Troubadours", "aubade"; Mr. F. C. Nicholson, "Daysong"; and Mr. Swinburne gives "alba" in his magnificent imitation of an anonymous poem (Bartsch, Chr. pr., 6th ed., p. 107). By way of comparison with the German day-songs I give below a translation of Mr. Swinburne's model, or rather antique mould which he has filled and

broken with a whole blast-furnaceful of glowing nineteenth-century passion ("Poems and Ballads", Vol. 2, p. 102).

Beneath the hawthorn, bowered in orchard deeps,
Lady by lover passion-wearied sleeps
Until the cry of him that vigil keeps.
Ah God, ah God, that day should be so soon.

"O God, thrust back into the outer moat
The dawn that scales the world, and in yon throat
Stifle the cries that over partings gloat!
Ah God, ah God, that day should be so soon.

Press me upon thy heart, love, once again!
O sure the birds do sing their sweetest when
Love holds his triumph over jealous men.
Ah God, ah God, that day should be so soon.

The morning breeze stirs in the grasses, see!
And with the breeze I drink the breath of thee,
As sweet as honey, O my love, to me.
Ah God, ah God, that day should be so soon."

The lady is so gracious, fair, and sweet
That often men to see her stay their feet
Anear her. And in her heart is no deceit.
Ah God, ah God, that day should be so soon.

4. P. 30, 6. v. Hausen was himself killed in the Holy Land (at the battle of Philomelium in 1190). Another crusading-song of his in the same vein is the following (Hüppe, p. 35):

"Grieved were I if any noble dame
Came by chance to love a renegade;
Must she not assoil her own fair fame,
And with his disgrace her soul degrade?
Can they be true lovers, who,
God's crusaders, feared and ran?
Sing these verses to the craven crew:
I salute them as I can.
Though I never see them more,
Their dishonour I with tears deplore."

Sordello, in one of his poems, begs his lord, the Count of Provence, to excuse him from accompanying him on a Crusade, as he is afraid of the perils he would be exposed to.

5. P. 35, v. Morungen 1. The first stanza is translated by Schönbach, *Die älteren Minnesinger*, p. 133. The second stanza was, by an oversight, omitted; I give it here:

Many will murmur, "Mark how he is singing!
He would be silent, if his heart were sore."
How should they know what woe my heart is wringing?
Now I will do even as I did before:
In their despite I sing as heretofore,
Even when they mocked me for the grief I bore;
And how should one, whom all regret is stinging,
With happy faces all around him, soar?

(l. 6 I read "dô huop si mich gar unhô", cf. MF, 132, 30). See Michel pp. 138, 152, 182; Wilm., *Leben* III, note 268.

6. P. 38, 3, l. 3. English readers will be reminded of Queen Mary and Calais, and also of the ending lines in Carew's "Secresie Protested": "Rip up my heart, Oh! then I feare, The world will see thy picture there." See Schmidt, *Reinm.*, p. 116.

7. P. 39, l. 3. Wilmanns, *Leben*, II, 10, interprets: He only means that his song is in the mouths of many. Michel pp. 54, 90, 163.

8. P. 41, 7, 1st stanza. Cf. B. de Ventadorn (Michel p. 31):
"I never thought
Her lovely laughing mouth with kisses would betray me,
Yet that sweet mouth did with one sweet kiss slay me."

The idea is familiar to the poets of the *Pléiade*, cf. du Bellay, "Les Amours" XV:

"For all the sorrows borne in helpless shame
Five years or more that you my love despise,
For all the tears, and all the burning sighs
I heaved up from my heart's deep well, I claim
This kiss, that may without a hint of blame,
Or jealousy, or fear of prying eyes —
A common courtesy that courtiers prize —
Be given in grace by every honest dame.
But you, whether by rigour, or, it may be,
For pity, fearing your embrace might slay me
Swifter than thrust of an assassin's knife,
Denied the boon. If you in pity spare
To kiss, misuse not so the love I bear,
For such a death would please me more than life."

Equally sensuous is Louise Labé, Sonnet XIII:

"If I were fainted on that manly breast
Of him for whom I live as one that dies:
If I could dare, out-brazening envious eyes,
To live with him of my short days the rest:
If, clasping me, he murmured, 'My heart's best!

Let us suffice each other in such wise,
 Torrent of earth nor tempest of the skies
 The one shall from the other's bosom wrest':
 If, as when ivy fastens on the tree,
 I clung to him, and Death, for envy of me,
 Slew me, between us thrusting his keen knife,
 When my love's kisses had their sweetest sting,
 And on his lips my soul was hovering,
 I should die well, far happier than in life."

More of v. Morungen's poetry might repay translation. MF, 131, 33 seq. he has expressed in full a motive sketched by Keats in a letter to Fanny Brawne (Letters ed. Buxton Forman No. 115), "To see those eyes I prize above my own Dart favors on another —":

"Let not that smile on others shine,
 Which, as I claim, is wholly mine;
 Nor be she lavish of her eyes
 To those her eyes do not concern;
 Nor shake enchantment from that urn
 In which my life's subsistence hoarded lies."

MF, 144, 24—30 is, I think, good:

"Breasts are no safer for cuirasses:
 As glass against the sun is no defence,
 Through steel of harness into hearts she passes,
 Who is the magnet of all excellence,
 A hive of a hoarded sweet,
 A meadow bursting into brightness under the May-month's feet."

147, 4—16 he has a version of "I shall but love thee better after death":

"Why, gentle murderess, be so fain
 To kill me with affliction sore?
 Perchance you fancy, I being slain,
 You never will behold me more.
 Nay, but my soul of yours is handmaiden;
 And though you catch my body in a mesh
 Of torment, when you are issued forth to spirit from flesh
 My painless soul persistent will but wait on you again."

(l. 7, "Quando di carne a spirito era salita", Il Purgatorio, XXX, 127).

9. P. 53, 5. Cf. with the argument of this poem that in Waller's "In Answer to Sir John Suckling's Verses": "'Tis expectation makes a blessing dear . . . Restraint preserves the pleasures we have got, But he ne'er has it that enjoys it not." "Laws of Love" (Livre de l'Art d'Aimer, fol. 103; Rowbotham, p. 246), 14, "Too easy possession renders

love contemptible"; 29, "Too great prodigality of favours is not advisable, for a lover who is wearied with a superabundance of pleasure is generally disinclined to love".

10. P. 100, 58, "Alas, what dreary semblance now young people bear!" Cf. Herrick, "Hesperides", 614: "Lost to all music now, since everything Puts on the semblance here of sorrowing. Sick is the land to the heart . . ."

11. P. 111, XXVI. Otto Julius Bierbaum has, in the following lyric, caught the sweet, sad longing of the old dancing-songs freeing itself in boisterous merriment:

"On the green, and round the lime too,
There is a dance that spins,
And a song to keep the time to,
With yearning it begins.
Tears gather, as we sing it,
The yearning is so sweet —
Lift, lift your feet, and fling it,
As in the spring is meet."

12. P. 139, 12. The answers are: 1) Cain; 2) ice, or, perhaps, mist; 3) sun and wind.

13. P. 139, 13. Still more offensive to the person addressed is the following (Roethe 158):

"Sir Ralph, you are so clever, I hear tell,
If you can solve my riddles, you'll do well.
How many feet have your mother and her donkey? Answer me that!
Now, without malice, let me ask, Sir Ralph,
How many feet have your mother and her pet calf?
This is no riddle for a good friend to take umbrage at!
Come, come! What, can't you make it out yet, brother?
My ancestress, you know, was that same madam
Who was of all your ancestors the mother,
And we are kinsmen on the side of Adam."

The answer is four, not six!

14. P. 148, XLIII. The King is Conrad IV, elected in 1237; the Emperor is his father, Frederick II; the King of Thuringia is Heinrich Raspe, set up as anti-king in 1246; and the Pope is Innocent IV.

15. P. 152, note I. The original is:

"Her beauties are, but not for hire,
The body-guard of King Desire.
And her pure life, as a mirror bright,
Gives despondent hearts delight."

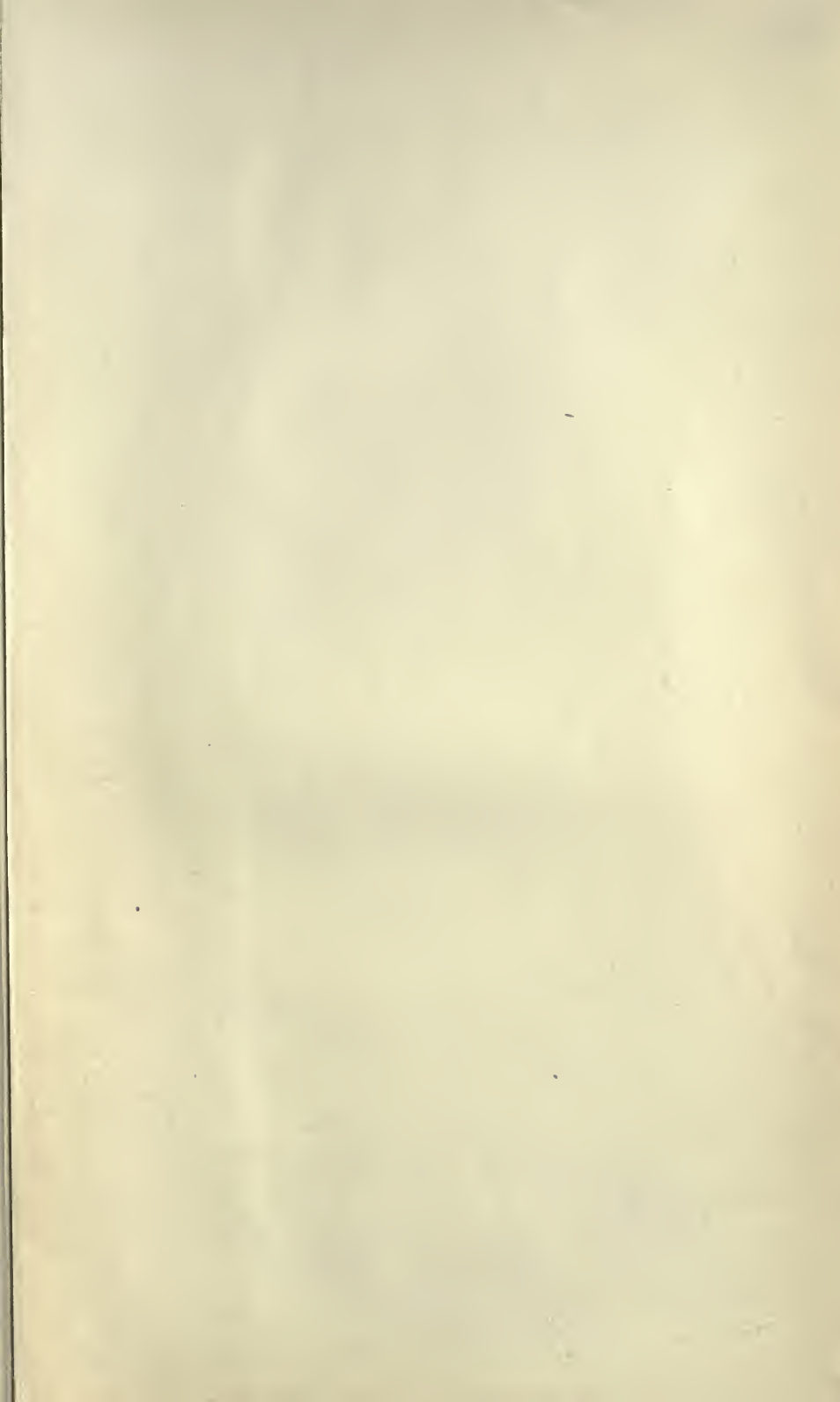
Cf. p. 39, 4, l. 11, and Rossetti's sonnet ("House of Life", LVIII):

"Passion to her is
A glass facing his fire, where the bright bliss
Is mirrored"

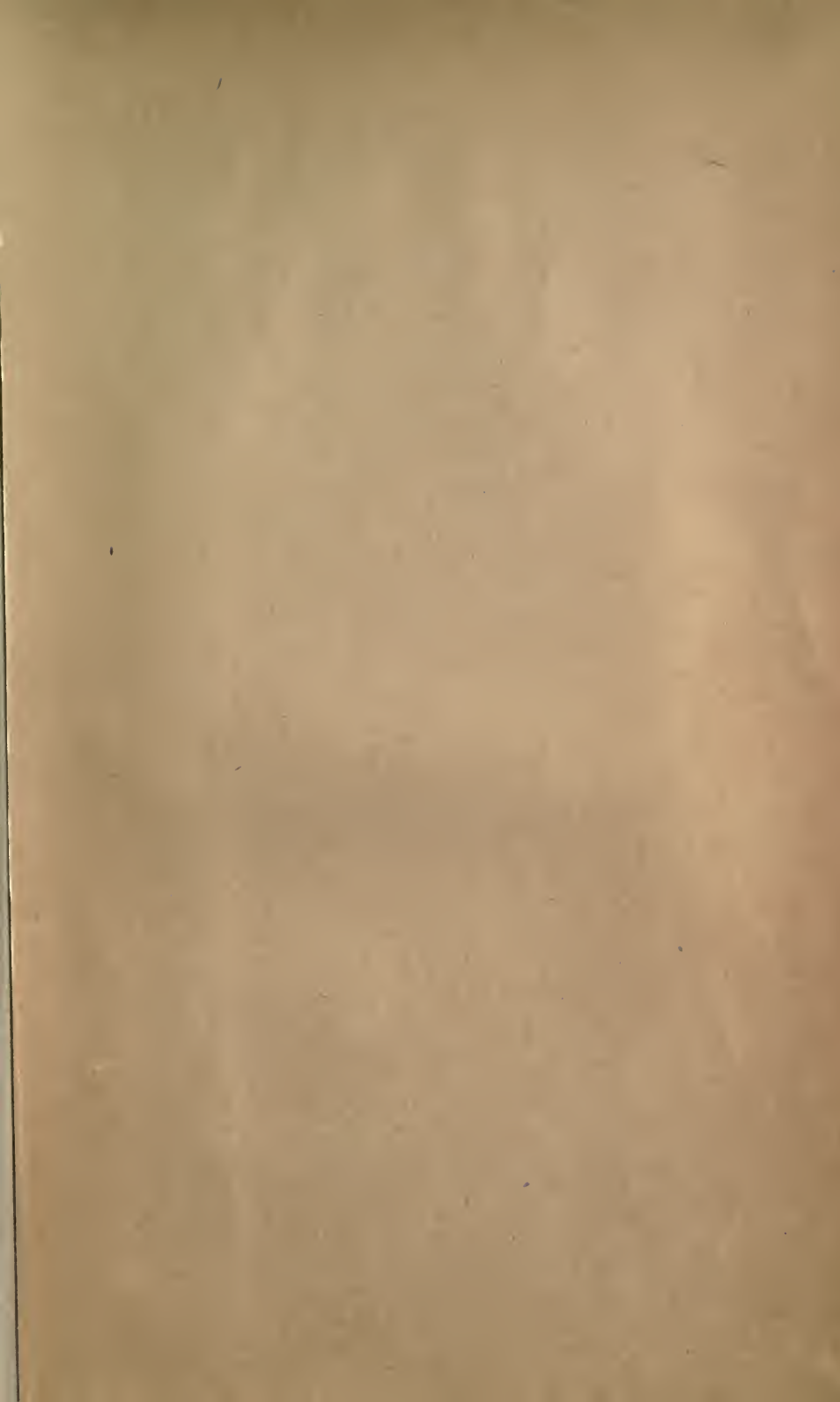
16. P. 153, note 3. Remarkable is the way Folquet of Marseilles treats the idea (Chr. pr., p. 131, l. 18 seq.):

"Love honours me in such a high degree
As even to let me house you in my heart.
Wherefore I do beseech you, succour me!
And save me from your own enkindled dart,
Lest you, in me confined, yourself should smart —
But no, deal with my body as you will,
So that my heart may be your dwelling still."

17. P. 189, LXIX. The legend occurs in an Indian beast-fable, and crops up in various places in the Middle Ages. See "Romania", vol. 8, 1879, p. 343 seq. The most famous of the other versions are: 1) that of the Châtelain de Coucy, turned into a ballad by Uhland, and of which an English version exists ("The Knyght of Courtesy", Ritson's Ancient English Metrical Romances, London, 1802, vol. 3, p. 193); 2) that of William of Cabestaing (Farnell, p. 41), adapted by Boccaccio in the Decameron (4th day, novel IX, cf. also 4th day, I). Conrad of Würzburg's "Herzmære" is an adaptation of the French story. See also Cento Novelle Antiche, 62. Mr. J. F. Rowbotham in his "Troubadours", p. 263, comments on the story of Guillem of Cabestaing: "a story which has not a parallel that we know of in history or fiction since the times of Thyestes."







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