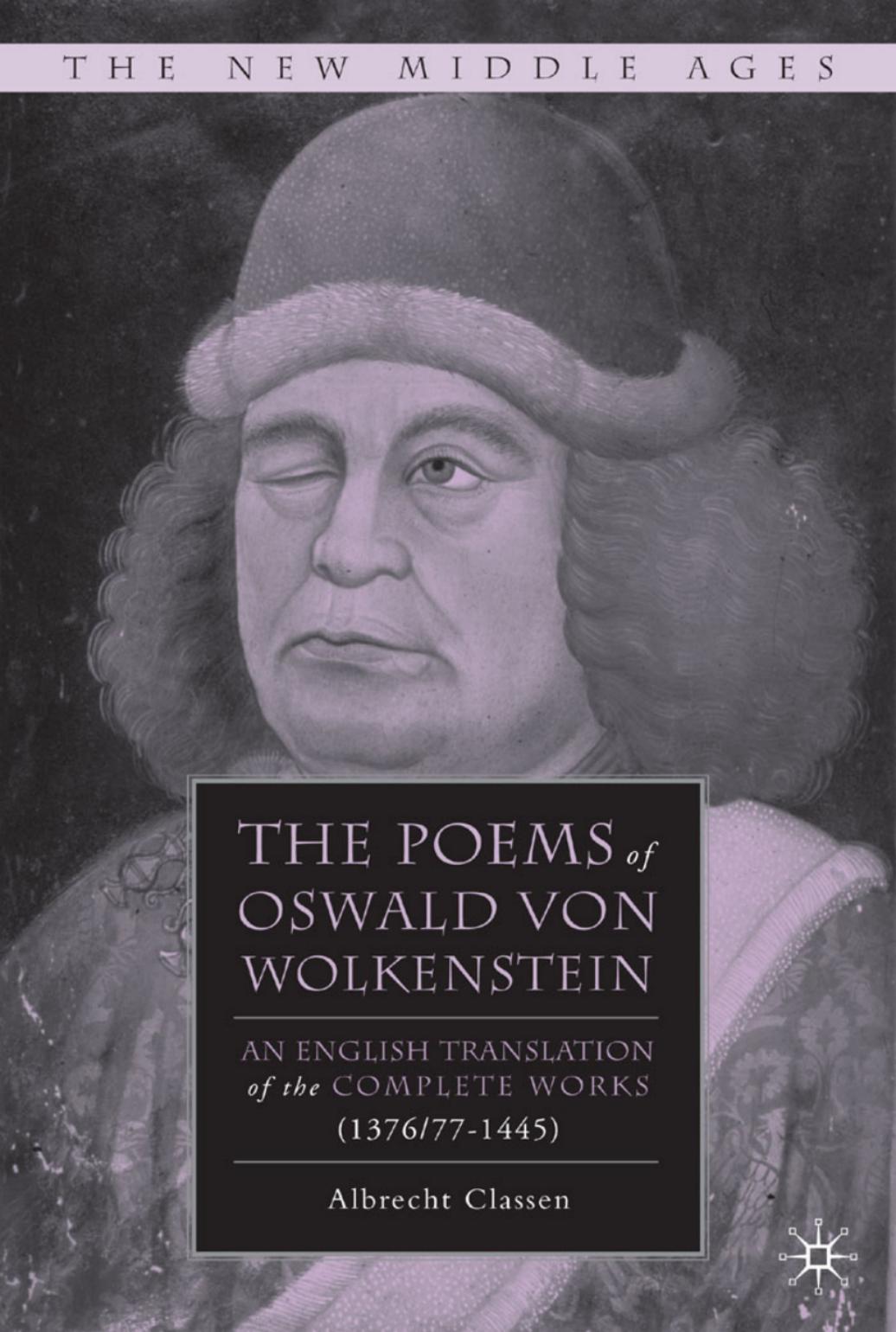


THE NEW MIDDLE AGES



THE POEMS *of*  
OSWALD VON  
WOLKENSTEIN

---

AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION  
*of the* COMPLETE WORKS  
(1376/77-1445)

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# THE NEW MIDDLE AGES

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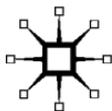
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Oswald von Wolkenstein has accompanied me through my entire academic life since my undergraduate studies, so I am most pleased that I can finally present an English translation of all of his poems. Nevertheless, more important even than Oswald, my true life companion has been my wife, Carolyn, to whom I dedicate this book.

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## CHAPTER 1

### INTRODUCTION AND A BRIEF

### BIOGRAPHY OF OSWALD

### VON WOLKENSTEIN

The traditional canon of medieval German literature is commonly defined by the poets and writers from ca. 1200, more precisely between ca. 1170 and 1220. This was, indeed, a great time when, for instance, Heinrich von Veldeke composed his *Eneit* (ca. 1185), a Middle High German version of the Old French *Eneas*, thereby familiarizing his German audience with the famous classical theme, originally developed by the Roman poet Virgil, of the Trojan hero who, having fled from the burning city, ultimately founded Rome. Hartmann von Aue, more or less drawing from Old French poet Chrétien de Troyes when he wrote his *Erec* (ca. 1180) and later his *Iwein* (ca. 1203), introduced the Arthurian theme to the courtly audiences at the Hohenstaufen courts all over Germany. Gottfried von Strassburg established himself as the greatest poet of a *Tristan* version (ca. 1210), and he has enjoyed fame for this work ever since. Wolfram von Eschenbach, whom Gottfried, by contrast, does not seem to have respected highly, achieved extraordinary esteem with his Grail romance *Parzival* (ca. 1205, in part based on Chrétien de Troyes's *Perceval*), and then his *Willehalm* (ca. 1218), an epic in the tradition of the *chansons de geste*. An anonymous poet, or perhaps a group of poets, created the somber but magnificent heroic epic *Nibelungenlied* (ca. 1200), which concludes with the death of the entire Burgundian company at the Hunnish court of King Attila as the result of Queen Kriemhild's revenge against her traitorous brother Gunther and his liege man Hagen who had killed her husband Siegfried.

Concomitantly, numerous lyric poets, such as Der von Kürenberg, Dietmar von Aist, Meinloh von Sevelingen, Heinrich von Morungen, Albrecht von Johansdorf, Hartmann, Wolfram, Gottfried, and

Reinmar der Alte contributed many masterpieces with their courtly love songs, many of which were later collected primarily in the famous *Manesse Liederhandschrift* (Manesse Songbook, ca. 1300–20). They were followed and superseded by Walther von der Vogelweide (ca. 1195–ca. 1225)—probably the best of them all in terms of his love poetry and his political-didactic stanzas—and finally by Neidhart (formerly also known as Neidhart von Reuenthal, though this confuses the original name with the name of his poetic figure). Neidhart, however, was already situated somewhat outside of that tradition and many times treated erotic scenes (particularly winter and summer songs) involving a rather dubious knightly figure Neidhart (of the Dale of Sorrow) and village women. Parallel to him, though also more conservative, a fairly large group of thirteenth-century Swiss poets, such as Wernher von Teufen, Ulrich von Singenberg, Gœli, Steinmar, and Johannes Hadlaub reexamined the theme of love from many different perspectives and resorted to a variety of poetic genres.

Older scholarship tended to focus on this literary canon only, and paid rather little respect to subsequent periods. This disregard was the result of an almost contemptuous attitude, especially because the critics disregarded late-medieval literature as “epigonal,” that is, as imitative, unimaginative, repetitive, and not creative enough to stand up to their forerunners. Today, however, after several decades of intensive research, all that has changed radically, and we have learned to appreciate many of the literary texts created throughout the following centuries. We have increasingly begun to admire thirteenth- and fourteenth-century literature in its own right, and in light of its own interests, purposes, and intentions—whether we think of the didactic and entertaining poet The Stricker (ca. 1190–ca. 1250), the quasi-autobiographical Ulrich von Liechtenstein (ca. 1200–ca. 1275), the social-critical writer Wernher der Gartenære (ca. 1265–80), or the prolific author and poet Konrad von Würzburg (ca. 1230–87), the didactic-encyclopedic writer Hugo von Trimberg (ca. 1230–after 1313), the gnomic poet Freidank (thirteenth century), the mystical author Mechthild von Magdeburg (ca. 1220–ca. 1282), among many other female mystics who were also active as writers, or the didactic Viennese poet Heinrich Teichner (fl. 1350–65), and the Swiss Dominican Ulrich Boner (fl. 1324–50), author of a significant collection of fables, *Edelstein* (Gem).

Many other names of poets and titles of works would have to be mentioned to do justice to the rich and ever-growing history of late-medieval German literature. New genres such as the *mære* (short verse narrative), the Shrovetide play (Hans Rosenplüt, Hans Folz), religious plays, *Minnereden* (allegorical love narratives), chronicles, travelogues,

fable literature, autobiographies, dialogue poems, chess allegories, and so forth, emerged and embellished the literary landscape. Around 1400, so ca. 200 years after the first major flowering of medieval German literature, a new wave of great literary texts came forth. This happened curiously at a time when the political, economic, religious, and scientific conditions began to change as well, already foreshadowing a major paradigm shift that would ultimately transform the Middle Ages into the age of Humanism and the Protestant Reformation, followed by the Counter Reformation and the age of the Baroque.

Some of the greatest works created ca. 1400 were the encyclopedic-satirical allegorical romance *Der Ring* (The Ring) by the Constance public notary Heinrich Wittenwiler; the incredibly powerful and highly popular debate poem *Der Ackermann* (The Ploughman) by Johann von Tepl (belonging to the region that today makes up mostly the Czech Republic); and the religious and worldly love poetry by the so-called Mönch von Salzburg (Monk of Salzburg, perhaps identifiable with Archbishop Pilgrim II of Salzburg [1365–96]), whose poems were disseminated far into the seventeenth century. Another contemporary poet, perhaps the best among them all, though he did not experience much popularity during his lifetime and was not fully recognized for his literary and musical accomplishments until the late twentieth century, was the South Tyrolean Oswald von Wolkenstein. Although still a representative of the German Middle Ages, there are many indications that he blazed a trail toward a new way of thinking about life and transformed many traditional song types for his own purposes. However, he might have been too far ahead of his time—in contrast to the Mönch, or the contemporary Hugo von Montfort from Styria (1357–1423)—judging on the basis of his revolutionary approach to musical compositions, his ample integration of foreign language phrases into his texts, his autobiographical references, and other aspects characterizing his oeuvre. To introduce him better to an English-speaking audience, I am presenting here the first comprehensive and complete translation of Oswald's songs.

Through intensive biographical-historical research over the last decades we have by now gained an excellent understanding of Oswald von Wolkenstein's life (ca. 1376/77–1445). In fact, he might be one of the best-known late-medieval poets today, considering all the minutiae we are familiar with concerning events already since his youth, which have allowed scholars even to explore psychological aspects underlying some of his expressions of fear, frustration, insecurity, and attitudes toward the foreign world, his family, neighboring peasants, the new world of city life, and so on as formulated in his poetry.<sup>1</sup> We can clearly identify how this man felt about the Alpine region of his homeland, today identified



**Figure 1.1** Oswald von Wolkenstein, Frontispiece, portrait of the poet, Ms. B (Cod. Wolkenstein der Universitäts-und Landesbibliothek Tirol, Innsbruck), fol. 1v

as South Tyrol (in Italian Alto Adige). It was part of Austria until 1919, whereas today it belongs to Italy as an autonomous province. He explicitly reflects upon the misery of cold winter and the delight that the experience of spring provided. His poetic imitation of the sounds made by mountainous creeks (onomatopoesis) is unmatched, and so is the frankness and boldness with which he talks about erotic relationships, flirting, marital joys, and also personal conflicts and military aggression.

Indeed, Oswald's oeuvre teems with countless autobiographical references, though he did not fully compose purely autobiographical poetry *per se* as later poets would do in subsequent centuries, such as the lansquenet captain Georg Niede (1525–89).<sup>2</sup> Instead, our poet heavily relied on a vast gamut of rhetorical devices and the creative transformation of traditional song genres to refract himself often rather playfully in the images of various characters, such as the world traveler, the pious pilgrim, the dejected prisoner, the lonely lover, the husband, the fearful old man, the dying person,<sup>3</sup> the dancer proudly displaying his beard and joking with the young ladies, the farmer collaborating with the young women cutting grass, and so on.<sup>4</sup>

On the other hand, there are available approximately one thousand historical documents that refer to Oswald in his role as a member of the landed gentry in Tyrol, as a diplomat and translator in the service of Emperor Sigismund, as the legal advisor for the Tyrolean estates, as pilgrim, as crusader in the Baltic countries, as landowner, as warrior, and so forth.<sup>5</sup> As tempting as it might be, therefore, to establish a simple correlation between the literary text—Oswald's poems—and his personal experiences in life, as dangerous this approach proves to be, taking us back to nineteenth-century literary criticism usually identified as positivism, accepting literary statements at face value without any sensitivity to their fictional, hence theatrical and imaginary, nature. Oswald's poetic statements are certainly often based on biographical aspects, and they have been commonly used to establish a framework of references for the major biographies written on this poet. However, we have always to keep in mind that his songs are literary projections, and not factual comments about his personal life.<sup>6</sup> A late descendent of Oswald, Arthur Graf von Wolkenstein-Rodenegg, was the first to publish a modern biographical study (1930), much later followed by Anton Schwob (1977).<sup>7</sup> Nevertheless, we have to exercise extreme caution in naively assuming the historical veracity of Oswald's statements about himself in his poems, which would ignore a pervasive strategy underlying much of medieval literature, and so in the case of Oswald as well. Often he modeled his songs on the basis of a wide range of literary examples from the medieval German and wider European tradition.<sup>8</sup> Of course, there are remarkable differences

between Oswald and his courtly forerunners, commonly identified as *Minnesänger* (courtly love poets). However, a comparison between his songs and those composed in the late twelfth- and early thirteenth century would yield a considerable overlap, especially with those created by Neidhart (ca. 1220–ca. 1240), though Oswald adds many new terms and fills the traditional concepts with new meaning, mixing in a vast amount of most concrete imagery and linguistic material that is characterized by highly sensuous reflections and experiences. So, despite his free utilization of the literary tradition, drawing richly from topical imagery and rhetorics, there is a strong sense of an autobiographical awareness, as if the poet were teasing his audience, laying bare his own self in a most dramatic fashion, yet also concealing himself behind many different masks borrowed from the medieval tradition.<sup>9</sup> Alan Robertshaw nicely captures this observation in the following words: “His songs abound in impressions of sights and sounds and in concrete details from the world around him. When he wishes to preach to his audience, his mind is drawn to concrete examples and images. He lacks totally the fondness of many of his contemporaries for personifying abstract concepts.”<sup>10</sup>

Nineteenth-century scholars had made the first efforts to introduce this South Tyrolean poet to the public, such as the dilettante historian, the Benedictine monk Beda Weber, but his edition of Oswald’s poems from 1847 and the subsequent biography from 1850 are a far cry from modern expectations of such scholarly, that is, philological work, and have done more to create a local myth than to lay the foundation for a truly critical assessment of Oswald’s contributions.<sup>11</sup> Subsequently local authors, such as Hubert Mumelter, embraced this historical figure and modeled their novels and poems after him.<sup>12</sup> Oswald’s poems were also reedited by Johannes Schrott and translated into modern German in 1886, then translated by Angelika von Hörmann (1891), Ludwig Passarge (1891), and Wieland Schmied (1960), subsequently by scholars such as Josef Schatz (1902; rpt. 1959), Burghart Wachinger (1964 and 1967),<sup>13</sup> and then by more recent scholars whose work I have consulted regularly in my own translation (including Wachinger’s new translation from 2007 of a selected group of poems)—all of them, of course, addressing a German-speaking audience.

There are many unique and idiosyncratic elements in Oswald’s oeuvre: his employment of some of the new musical strategies developed by the *ars nova* in France, Italy, and Flanders; his strong interest in his own self; his openness toward the entire known world; his extensive travels throughout his life; his frankness in talking about sexual matters, including his intimate relationship with his fiancée and later wife, Margareta von Schwangau;<sup>14</sup> even a brief reference to Petrarch (Kl. 10); and, not to

forget, the fabulous portrait of himself included in Ms. B (today housed in the Universitätsbibliothek, Innsbruck, no signature), which was probably created by the Italian Renaissance artist Antonio Pisanello, or one of his disciples; further, his refreshing interest in nature; his most developed sensitivity to the experiences in the season of spring, and to the misery of winter; then also his vehement opposition against modern city life; the economic rise of the peasant class, at least in Southern Tyrol,<sup>15</sup> and against the development of a central government established by the territorial duke of Tyrol, Frederick IV. All these aspects combined have led numerous scholars to identify Oswald either as the “last minnesinger” (courtly love poet) or as the first German Renaissance poet. The first term denotes that he continued with the various traditions of medieval courtly love poetry; the second term implies that he had broken free of those traditions and veered toward early-modern concepts of the self, the individual, the attitude toward nature and the social environment, and so on. Curiously, neither approach to Oswald’s songs proves to be entirely wrong, and neither can be called entirely correct.

The truth actually lies somewhere in the middle, and it simply depends, which is fascinating enough by itself, on which poems scholars have focused in their critical reading of these texts and melodies. Sometimes, indeed, Oswald espouses deeply religious ideas, advocating the principle of *memento mori*, appealing to the Virgin Mary for her help in safeguarding his soul on its passage into the afterlife, begging God to show mercy for him as a miserable sinner, and ruminating on the traditional concept of the temporality of all material existence.<sup>16</sup> Other times Oswald closely imitates highly traditional concepts of courtly love, presenting an enamored man wooing his lady from the distance, submitting himself under her command, praising her physical beauty, pledging his loyalty and service, expressing his hope thereby to gain her mercy, although she rejects him steadfastly.

Oswald utilizes, among other genres, the conventional courtly love song, the dawn song, the crusade song, and the typical love song cast in the images of spring-like nature. But a careful analysis quickly reveals how much the poet deviated from these poetic conventions as well and pursued innovative strategies both on the thematic and on the linguistic level. In his dawn song Kl. 33, for instance, instead of having two young lovers experience the coming of dawn, lamenting the necessity of their separation, the narrative voice is spending the night alone and bitterly complains about the absence of his beloved, especially because this creates sexual frustration in him. In Kl. 17 Oswald resorts, somewhat at least, to the genre of the crusade song, but here the female voice basically instructs her lover how to prepare himself for the voyage, what sea storms to watch

out for, and she presents to him almost a dramatic enactment of how the sailors work on the ships, with all the shouting and commands in the original language.

In Kl. 21 the poet draws from the traditional genre of nature songs, framed by the realization of the return of spring, and this to the utter delight of the entire rural population, and also of all creatures in the forest and on the meadows, and elsewhere. In a most vivacious manner Oswald mentions all kinds of birds, animals, worms, flowers, and herbs, and he even refers to the peasants who are admonished to use fresh flour for baking bread. The song subsequently turns to uninhibited and wild dances and includes only thinly veiled allusions to sexual activities everywhere. The final stanza proves to be almost untranslatable because it consists of seductive calls to farm animals to come and get their food, which explicitly serve as sexual allusions within the human context.

Kl. 25 introduces two men who fight over the privilege of making love with a young maid. One of them is a courtier, the other a merchant, and both compete against each other, demonstrating where their greatest skills and resources lie. But at closer analysis we quickly realize that both are rather foolish men because the prize is not an admirable courtly lady; instead it is a prostitute, and the umpire in their debate is nothing but an old female matchmaker—a standard figure in much of late-medieval literature.<sup>17</sup> When the merchant finally wins, the courtier, in his rage, beats the old woman, hitting her so hard in her face that she loses her teeth. Fortunately for her, the merchant compensates her with enough money to buy a cow and sufficient food that would not require hard chewing. Neither of the two men emerges as an ideal character; instead Oswald projects his anger against both as representatives of their social groups, insisting, by contrast, at least indirectly, on the better status of his own social class, the independent landed gentry. In several songs Oswald also satirizes city life and bemoans the high prices and the general rip-off that visitors commonly suffer from when they stay in a city inn and eat in the local restaurants.

Oswald also proves to be unusual insofar as he was independently wealthy, at least in his later life, and did not create his poetic and musical works for any patron or on commission by a high-ranking prince, which would certainly explain his little care about making his poems accessible and understandable for his general audience. Often, they seem to address only small groups of friends or family members, intimately familiar with the circumstances and allusions contained in the texts. Finally, although he composed his songs mostly in late-medieval German, he obviously knew many other languages well enough to employ them in two multilingual (polyglot), or maccaronic, poems (Kl 69 and Kl 119), and also

in a number of his travel poems where he repeatedly included linguistic elements from up to ten different languages.

Through his grandmother (Zwenna von Castelbarco-Castelnuovo) he was partly of Italian descent, and he might have been deeply influenced by *trecento* (fourteenth-century) North Italian popular poetry.<sup>18</sup> This did not prevent him from utilizing melodies and songs from the French, Flemish, and Low-German language areas. In fact, Oswald freely combines linguistic features from dialects and foreign languages entirely irrespective of the audience's potential to grasp the specific meaning.

Only a small percentage of his 133 (now only 131 are recognized and acknowledged as authentically composed by Oswald) songs found a wider audience, perhaps not quite surprising considering their thematic and generic complexity, idiosyncratic orientation, and highly challenging linguistic performance. Consequently, only few of his songs have been entered into other song collections throughout the fifteenth- and sixteenth centuries, and in these cases the selection normally pertained to more standard fare and not to Oswald's most innovative poems.<sup>19</sup> Altogether twenty-two songs were copied into a total of twenty-six songbooks from the latter half of the fifteenth century, but the majority of his songs, particularly those that mark him today as a highly individualistic and early-modern poet, never seems to have exerted a wider appeal. In other words, although Oswald was not immediately forgotten by posterity, his works were never copied again as a complete set posthumously (except Ms. c, created on behalf of his own family), and they were never printed.

Oswald commissioned scribes at the Augustinian priory of Neustift near Brixen, which is located in close proximity to his castle Hauenstein near Seis am Schlern, to copy down his poems, first in the Ms. A, later in Ms. B (both in parchment). After his death, his family made sure that a third copy, this one on paper, was produced (Ms. c),\* but all three manuscripts were kept in private collections. Ms. A, which was mostly completed in 1425 (additional entries were added until 1436 or even 1441), is illustrated with a somewhat crude full-size portrait of the poet by an unknown artist. It contains 108 poems, written by a number of scribes. Ms. B, begun in 1431 and completed in 1432, with additional entries until 1438, contains an astonishingly realistic-looking portrait showing his upper torso, probably created by the Italian Renaissance painter Antonio Pisanello or someone in his workshop (see earlier). This manuscript contains 118 poems, eighteen of which are not included in Ms. A. The songs

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\* It is common scholarly practice to utilize small letters for paper manuscripts, and capital letters for parchment manuscripts produced in the Middle Ages.

in Ms. A are arranged according to thematic and chronological criteria, and those in Ms. B are grouped by their melodies. Whereas Mss. A and B (parchment) offer notations for a total of 105 songs, 39 of which are polyphonic, Ms. c (paper) consists of only text. Although Oswald was a world-traveler and enjoyed many contacts in the Hapsburgian lands and in Germany, his songs might have been too idiosyncratic and difficult to understand by his contemporaries outside of his close circle of friends and relatives. Moreover, since the world of the fifteenth century changed rapidly, which particularly meant a strong decline of the landed gentry and its global submission under the territorial dukes, it is little wonder that Oswald's song-poetry quickly disappeared and remained forgotten until the early nineteenth century when the manuscripts were rediscovered in Vienna (Österreichische Nationalbibliothek, cod. 2777 = Ms. A) and Innsbruck (Universitäts- und Landesbibliothek, no call number = Ms. B; then a paper copy, today in the library of the Tiroler Landesmuseum Ferdinandeum, FB 1950 = Ms. c).<sup>20</sup> Michael Denis, a friend of the famous German poet Klopstock, himself a translator of the notorious fictional Scottish bard Ossian and professionally a librarian in the court library in Vienna, was the first to come across one of the manuscripts containing Oswald's poems, Ms. A, ca. 1800.<sup>21</sup>

We would misjudge Oswald's works if we tried to categorize them as early German Renaissance poetry.<sup>22</sup> Although he refers to Petrarch once (Kl. 10, 28), the context itself proves to be rather somber and religious, reflecting very little of the intellectual excitement and reorientation toward classical antiquity that we normally associate with Renaissance thinking.<sup>23</sup> On the other hand, Oswald was very concerned about preserving his own poetic creations, as the three surviving manuscripts indicate (at least Mss. A and B; Ms. c was produced by members of his family as a paper copy, probably for their own purposes, guaranteeing the preservation of their father's or grandfather's poetic productivity). As he expresses himself in one of his poems (Kl. 117), to keep quiet would mean that posterity would quickly forget about him completely.<sup>24</sup>

Altogether, however, this would not provide enough evidence to associate him with some of the earliest German Renaissance writers, such as Johannes von Tepl, with his *Ackermann* (ca. 1401).<sup>25</sup> Nevertheless, the way Oswald describes the intimate relationship between himself and his new wife Margarete von Schwangau in a series of poems, and his extraordinary interest in presenting himself to his audience through various, lengthy autobiographical poems, his remarkable interest in advocating innovative musical strategies, borrowed from the *Ars nova*, his enormous skill in integrating onomatopoeic images, or sound patterns, and in developing intriguing correlations between musical

melismas and textual statements, and his readiness to experiment with novel thematic approaches, such as his war song (Kl. 85), or his polyglot songs (Kl. 69 and Kl. 119), signal undoubtedly a new beginning, a novel stage in the history of late-medieval poetry, verging toward the Renaissance, but not quite having embraced those intellectual concepts and values underlying Renaissance poetry composed in Italy, or France. He was, for instance, certainly not a Petrarcist! However, Oswald might well have copied, or at least imitated, a number of popular fourteenth-century Italian poets in their thematic orientation, their play with languages and dialects, and their satire and erotic allusions.<sup>26</sup> Moreover, he also composed rather unusual poems, such as calendar poems (Kl. 28, Kl. 67), also known as *Cisiojanus*,<sup>27</sup> poems about his imprisonment and torture (numerous times), praise songs on the female body, marriage songs, a narrative song about a painter who experiences a violent attack while trying to enjoy a prostitute in a Hungarian brothel, a didactic song about legal conditions and rules (Kl. 112), a polemical song against the Hussites in Bohemia and their religious deviance (Kl. 27), and religious songs based on medieval Latin models, especially narrative Passion songs (Kl. 111; Kl. 114).<sup>28</sup>

In other words, there are many unusual aspects concerning this late-medieval poet. Modern scholarship has responded with great enthusiasm to Oswald's oeuvre, both from a literary and a musical perspective.<sup>29</sup> Both Mss. A and B contain elaborate notations that make it possible today, despite some lingering questions regarding the status of some individual notes and modes, to recreate Oswald's songs in a real performance, which has been done by now in a number of concerts; these have then resulted in the production of CD-ROMs.<sup>30</sup> More than two-thirds of Oswald's songs are composed monovocally, consisting of the three-part structure typical of the canzone. Many times refrains add considerable color and vivaciousness to the songs. The poet apparently succeeded in translating human emotions into musical form exceedingly well, reflecting, for instance, sighing (Kl. 20, 10) through melismatic performance. Similarly, he managed to render the announcement of a guardsman early in the morning (spiritual dawn song) into notes (Kl. 41). But the real innovative aspects in Oswald's music prove to be his use of polyphony, which only his contemporary, the Monk of Salzburg, whose identity cannot be completely determined,<sup>31</sup> had fully practiced as one of the first in German-speaking lands. Thirty-nine of Oswald's songs are created as polyphonic songs, using up to thirty-eight different tones, or melodies. Kl. 7 and Kl. 15 are canons. But Oswald copied at least sixteen of his polyphonic songs from French, Burgundian, Flemish, and Italian models and changed them for his own needs. In Kl. 100, for instance, the

poet utilized only the tenor of a three-vocal *rondeau* by Gilles Binchois, which could imply that he drew even more of his monophonic songs from other polyphonic songs in different languages, primarily, or exclusively, in the Romance-language areas.<sup>32</sup> Close connections between Oswald's songs and those by his contemporaries can also be demonstrated in the case of Kl. 88, Kl. 103, and Kl. 107.

The reader/listener of Oswald's oeuvre ought to pay most attention to the songs themselves. However, much of the modern excitement about this poet also draws from the fact, as mentioned earlier, that we know so much about him as a historical figure. Therefore, on the basis of the research by Anton Schwob, and others, I subsequently outline the most important events in Oswald's biography.

He was born ca. 1376–77 as the son of Friedrich von Wolkenstein and Katharina von Vilanders, the only daughter of Ekart von Trostperch. However, we do not know anything about his childhood. In 1386 he left home, probably joining a knight on a war campaign or serving in a knightly household as a squire. His father died ca. 1400, and Oswald returned to Tyrol, as evident from some business transactions signed there. The gap in historical documents pertaining to the poet during the summer and fall of 1401 suggests that he participated in the Italian campaign of the German King Ruprecht of the Palatinate. Between 1402 and 1404 Oswald seems to have traveled far and wide, and might have even tried his luck as merchant as far away as the Black Sea. After his return a conflict between Oswald and his elder brother Michael erupted because Oswald had allegedly stolen some jewelry from his sister-in-law. In 1406 the knightly Order of the Elephant was founded, and Oswald became one of its members. In 1407 Oswald, along with his two brothers, joined the Order of the Falcon. The same year Oswald inherited a third of Castle Hauenstein, and the following year he commissioned an epitaph of himself that is still in existence today in Brixen. Around 1409 and 1411 Oswald disappears from the historical documents, and we assume that he went on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. After his return he purchased a prebend at Neustift Priory next to Brixen—where he was later buried. He might have participated in King Sigismund's war against Venice, but he also entered the service of the Bishop Ulrich II Putsch of Brixen. This resulted in a number of conflicts and legal struggles, which came to an end on February 16, 1415, when Oswald switched to the service of King Sigismund, for whom he went on extensive diplomatic travels through Western and Southern Europe.

In 1417 Oswald married Margareta von Schwangau, which earned him the rank of an imperial knight. The following year the couple moved to Hauenstein. In 1419 Oswald traveled to Hungary on behalf of

Sigismund. In 1420 the poet seems to have participated in the war against the Hussites. In the fall of 1421 the conflict about the full possession of Castle Hauenstein resurfaced, especially because Oswald had illegally taken control of the entire castle as his exclusive residence. This led to his imprisonment and later his transfer to the ducal dungeon during the same year, where he was subjected to torture. Although the Hauenstein conflict was only of local significance, Oswald was turned over to the territorial duke, Frederick IV. The duke utilized this opportunity to squash the opposition by the landed gentry altogether—above all, the Wolkenstein family—through extorting a huge ransom for Oswald's release from prison on March 18, 1422. Subsequent details concerning local politics and wars do not matter to us, but in 1423 the Tyrolean nobility formed an alliance against Duke Frederick IV, which was dissolved later that year. In 1425 Martin Jäger, the co-owner of Hauenstein, requested legal help from the duke against Oswald. This led to court proceedings in early 1427, which the poet tried to evade by escaping in February of that year. He was caught, imprisoned, and tortured again, until he finally reached an agreement with Frederick in May of 1427. Later that year, Oswald traveled to northern Germany and became a member of the secret Vehm society, which granted him significant legal rights and status on a global level.

In 1431 both Michael and Oswald von Wolkenstein joined the knightly Order of the Dragon. In 1432 Oswald briefly participated in the Council of Basel on behalf of his lord, King Sigismund, for whom he continued to serve in various positions throughout the following years, which led him also to Piacenza in Northern Italy. He increasingly was called upon to assume the role of a judge for the entire region, especially in political matters. Since Frederick IV's death on June 24, 1439, the nobility, under the leadership of Oswald, had basically run Tyrol by themselves. However, since ca. 1442 the dynastic opposition grew and ultimately shed this supervision by the landed gentry against Oswald's best efforts. In 1443 his brother Michael died, which meant that Oswald became the legal head of the larger family. The same year the nobles' guardianship over Frederick V came to a close, which meant also the termination of the dominance of the landed gentry over the Hapsburgian dynasty in that region.

On August 2, 1445, Oswald died. His wife Margaret passed away sometime after 1451.<sup>33</sup> But this did not mean the total disappearance of the Wolkenstein family. Of course, there was no one ever to compete with Oswald as a poet, and in fact he seems to have remained the only one who, as far as we can tell, ever composed lyrical songs. However, some of his descendants were remarkable politicians, diplomats, royal councilors,

and administrators, such as his grandson Veit von Wolkenstein. Also, Oswald's daughter Maria scored major points in her struggle against Bishop Nicholas of Cusa who ultimately and successfully managed to reform the St. Clair convent in Brixen, of which she was a member.<sup>34</sup> In the sixteenth century several members of the Wolkenstein dynasty, such as Marx Sittich (1563–1620) and Engelhard Dietrich (1565–1647) emerged as noteworthy writers and scholars of their family history. Nevertheless, no other member of the Wolkenstein family was ever to achieve the same fame and reputation as Oswald had enjoyed and continues to enjoy today. He was, indeed, a most remarkable, highly idiosyncratic poet personality spanning across the turn of the late Middle Ages to the early-modern world.

There is no question that we desperately need an English translation of his complete works, though this task often represents considerable linguistic challenges.<sup>35</sup> I would unhesitatingly argue that Oswald created some of the best late-medieval lyric poetry in all of Europe, and he has justifiably enjoyed great respect among German medieval scholars. It is high time, however, that he becomes better known beyond the confines of the Germanophone world, especially because he picked up so many inspirations wherever he traveled, and reflected upon his fascinating experiences throughout his life in a manner that easily legitimizes us to position him right next to some of his greatest European contemporaries, such as François Villon, Charles d'Orléans, Thomas Hoccleve, Michel Beheim, Antonio Pucci, or Alfonso Alvarez de Villasandino.<sup>36</sup>

This English translation will be important for medieval scholarship and the general readership at large because Oswald proves to be the poet *extraordinaire*, unique in his outlook and attitudes, yet fully aware of the rich medieval tradition. He was a composer, musician, poet, traveler, and politician of the most unusual kind, and certainly a most remarkable voice we need to know if we want to explore the history of late-medieval literature and culture in a comparative approach. Oswald's poems, apart from most delightful compositions, provide significant windows into global events that deeply affected the entire fifteenth-century world. He was a witness of and participant in the war against the Bohemian Hussites, a radical religious group that primarily emerged after their leader John Hus had been burned at the stake in 1415 during the Council of Constance. Oswald reflected in numerous ways upon the imperial politics of Emperor Sigismund and his efforts to end the Schism, and to establish international coordination in religious politics with France, England, and the Spanish kingdoms. His poems clearly indicate the growing conflicts between the landed gentry and the great urban centers, and also the significant tensions with the territorial dukes.

Inhalt des Buchs

**U**der Jarzal Saulent vierhundert vnd darnach In dem zway vnd drit  
 sigosten iare an dem nachsten Samstag nach Sant Augustinus tag ist dis  
 buch genacht vnd volbracht worden durch mich Oswalden von Wolkenstein  
 Kitter des allerdurchleuchtigosten Königlich künigs Sigmunds Jar iar. 15.

Item des alten In anfangh	Item des huncels rone	Item O herren licher Michael
Item Wach menschlich yer	Item menschlich geboren	Item S weig soll gefell
Item Wan ich braucht	Item mein sünd vnd schuld	Item Wol auf wol an
Item In der kisten hort	Item erwach an schrick	Item In guldern
Item Ich sich vnd ho das	Item von wolkenstein	Item Sym gredli gret
Item Ich spur am tier	Item vil licher grulle	Item Anich trost am a-been
Item Lobdich got gew	Item An gut geloven	Item Stroh so wil ich
Item du arme mensch	Item durch barbaroy	Item An manlich vnd
Item O welt o welt qui	Item wei machu wellen	Item S weig gur gefell
Item wenn ich mein kranck	Item du ausserweltes	Item Got geb ew amen
Item S suoz wolt wie	Item frolichen so well	Item An yetterli
Item Infrankreich	Item stand auf marcel	Item Wol auf wir wellen
Item we ist die da durchle	Item sag an hern lieb	Item An kligen abt
Item das Benedicte	Item der may mit lichte	Item An hull synach de
Item das Gracia	Item Ach seiliches liden	Item Opfalegraf
Item Ich spur am luff	Item wol auf gefell wer	Item Got wepfs am
Item Warhen vnd lals	Item frolich rathelich	Item Vierhundert Jar
Item Es frigt sich do ich w	Item frolich geschray	Item Herra mit leb
Item Es ist aru ait gelpo	Item wes mich mein pil	Item Ach got wer ich
Item Es sculst det her	Item trostlicher hort	Item Freuntlicher bluch
Item Ir alten weib nu	Item An mensh von	Item Erdb her treib
Item des swollen hünwüs	Item mein pil laust mir	Item Es brich rich
Item Wie vil ich sing vnd	Item Solt ich von sagu	Item lieb den verfang
Item kam freud mit klar	Item es naher gen der v	Item O ramer got
Item An buny vnd am	Item geluck vnd hail	Item Strafchek he
Item durch andentent	Item von rechter lieb	Item Schulch mit lang
Item Ich hab gehoer durch	Item wol nuch an we	Item Omim klisches par
Item a menschlichen got	Item gur wünschlich	Item Hir allen schump
Item der huncel firt	Item wenn ha das ist ver	Item Omim klisches wola
Item kam elend tet mir	Item weilt vor put braun	Item Wach auf mein ho
Item der oben sinebe vnd	Item geni heldmaid	Item Sich manig frunt
Item durch touen weis	Item mein haungt sich	Item wer die augen
Item An tyrlike farb	Item do frayg amors	Item Von trauern mocht
Item es leucht durch gra	Item her wiert pas	Item Es komen neue
Item Infranca den brauten	Item mit gualtliche haen	Item Nempt mar der
Item zwar alle lund	Item die mpnuc fudet	Item kom ueble mar

Figure 1.2 Table of Contents of Ms. B (Cod. Wolkenstein der Universitäts- und Landesbibliothek Tirol, Innsbruck), fol. 1ra

Through his ample command of foreign languages Oswald was capable of drawing many inspirations from contemporary European poetry and music. Though we cannot call him a member of the Renaissance movement, in many ways we can still identify him, metaphorically speaking, as a late-medieval Renaissance man.

## CHAPTER 2

### ABOUT THIS TRANSLATION

To say that the translation of Oswald von Wolkenstein's poetry is difficult would be an understatement. There is hardly any other medieval German poet whose songs represent more linguistic challenges than his. To translate lyric poetry is not easy at all, and one might wonder whether such an effort even should be undertaken because lyrical texts come alive so much from what they do not even say, from hints, suggestions, overtones, innuendos, implications, associations, allusions, references, insinuations, subtleties, word play and puns, implications and intimations, alliteration, assonances, in short, from the vast panoply of rhetorics. Poetry intimately operates in unison with music; it is a kind of performance, and lives by its manifestation in practice, making a translation into another language even more complicated, or limiting it to an approximation to the original, whereas the latter can never be fully substituted by a version in another language. In other words, how could one ever dare to claim to have succeeded in rendering the typical musicality and linguistic wealth and idiosyncrasy of a poem into another language?

Apart from linguistic, stylistic, and poetic challenges, translating the work of a poet is often also confronted with external difficulties, which Nathaniel E. Dubin identifies as linguistic and cultural differences,<sup>1</sup> to which he later adds cultural referents.<sup>2</sup> Many times Oswald includes references to individual characters back at home in Southern Tyrol—peasant neighbors or the territorial duke of Tyrol, other members of the landed gentry in his region or nobles anywhere in the German Empire and all over Europe whom he had met on diplomatic missions, travels, and in various kinds of political and military service. He also reflects upon contemporary politics and military events, normally refracted through his highly individualistic lenses. Moreover, he tends to draw from the rich reservoir of medieval German, and European, lyric poetry, utilizing their

language and imagery, hence regularly transcending traditional concepts and norms dominant at his time.

Altogether, however, despite all these considerable hurdles, translations are a necessity, especially when the challenges are so great as in the case of Oswald's song poetry. Its beauty needs to be accessible even to those who do not have the necessary language skills to understand his statements and messages. Perhaps poetry should only be translated by poets, but the latter are not necessarily trained as good philologists and would not have the specific skills to live up to this task.

Alan Keele and Leslie Norris might have found an ideal solution to this quandary by joining in their mutual interest in Rainer Maria Rilke's poetry. Keele, as the trained Germanist, provided the raw translation as close to the text as possible, making available to Norris, a Welsh poet with no knowledge of German, all the material necessary to transform this basic first version into a poetic one that was, even in scansion, rhyme scheme, syllable count, and the sound of the lines, surprisingly close to the German original, yet by then poetic again in the English translation (Norris and Keele, vii–xi).

However, there is also the danger in this approach in that the reader increasingly relies on the translation and begins to ignore the original. Should a translation not, after all, serve as a bridge to carry, so to speak, the reader/listener back to the original text? The translation should not, ultimately, replace the original; so, despite all laudable efforts by Norris and Keele, among a host of other translators, a straightforward, unambitious translation might achieve the desired goal even better. Admittedly, if the translation does not help the audience to comprehend fully what the poet wanted to say, or cannot relate to the audience what constitutes the poetic quality of the text, perhaps simply because it is too literal, to a point at which it ignores the basic grammatical rules and orthographic principles of the target language, then this proves to be too extreme as well. Again, philologists are not necessarily the best qualified to transform their translations into poetic form. This dilemma represents one of the critical questions that all translators throughout world history have faced, and we cannot hope to solve it here in the case of Oswald's poetry.<sup>3</sup>

Instead, considering the enormous difficulties with his incredibly rich, diverse, provocative, insightful, and highly idiosyncratic lyrical texts, I set myself the task to render them as accurately as possible and as close to the original as possible, pursuing somewhat a purist approach at the cost of poetic beauty. I do not try to imitate the rhyme scheme, the meter, or the specific language characteristic of Oswald, and I do not even attempt to find equivalent modern English names for those used by the poet on a number of occasions. One really needs to listen to his poems being

performed in their late-medieval German in order to appreciate them fully. This translation, therefore, basically serves to facilitate the comprehension, but does not substitute for the original.

What constitute the biggest challenges that we face when translating the works of this Tyrolean/Tyrolese musical composer and poet? The list is long, much too long, unfortunately for the translator, but fortunately for the audience and for the interpreter who, therefore, can fully enjoy the complexity and aesthetic appeal of Oswald's often most unusual works once a certain level of comprehension has been reached. After all, Oswald's songs are aesthetically highly pleasing and appeal even to those audiences that might not fully grasp the meaning of his words. And the scholar knows how important Oswald's texts are as reflections of late-medieval mentality. Without establishing a priority list, we can point out, among other problems, Oswald's mix of languages, sometimes including up to ten different ones, and some of them rather difficult for a Western ear, such as Hungarian. Furthermore, obviously Oswald could quickly adapt to local dialects when traveling, not to speak of the use of his own local Tyrolean dialect forms many times. Moreover, he employs a highly idiosyncratic way of speech, and utilizes a rather complex lexicon that includes technical, nautical terms, expressions typical of Austrian farmland and raising animals, terms for specific kinds of birds of prey and the wide range of other birds, words for military equipment (including siege machines), for hunting with dogs, Alpine farm work, penal torture, the legal system, diplomacy, not to speak of highly individualistic expressions for female and male sexual organs, lovemaking, marriage celebrations, brawls, and so forth.

Many times Oswald placed considerably more emphasis on the musicality than on grammatical, syntactical, or lexical correctness according to Middle High German canonical texts. This means that he often foregoes logical formulations, and instead simply includes individual terms, whether adjectives or verbs, without building on them to create the expected complete grammatical units. The musical composer dominates the lyrical poet, and this to the obvious disadvantage of the language itself. Numerous times certain passages have resisted until today a straightforward translation, and philologists continue to struggle with finding the best possible, correct modern equivalents either in modern German or, as in this case, modern English.

Unfortunately, this had repeatedly led the translators, and I have to include myself here, to speculations about the possible meaning of a passage or words. It might be the wrong approach because Oswald enjoyed playing with language, being incredibly creative in this regard. So at times one could only try to approximate what the poet might have

intended to say. I have systematically compared and studied how previous translators and commentators interpreted those passages. However, Oswald's oeuvre remains surprisingly often rather elusive for us, which constitutes, nevertheless, some of the most impressive aesthetic features of his texts.

Even though a few of his poems have already been translated into English, especially by George Fenwick Jones in his biography of Oswald, and then also by myself for a textbook,<sup>4</sup> a complete translation of all the songs represents a long-neglected desideratum. I have tried to strike a balance between on the one hand a philologically correct rendition, which often would not give a clear understanding of the meaning because of fragmentary sentence structures, onomatopoeic expressions, and the use of foreign language terms, particularly in his polyglot, or maccaronic, poems, and, on the other hand, a translation method that regularly relies on periphrasis in order to come to terms with proverbial sayings, idiomatic and dialect expressions, exclamations, and the like. It cannot be the purpose of this book to comment all the songs in a detailed manner. For this we can rely anyway on the excellent work by Werner Marold, revised by Alan Robertshaw (1926–95), not to mention the large body of modern research on Oswald von Wolkenstein, probably best represented by the *Jahrbuch der Oswald von Wolkenstein Gesellschaft* (vol. 1 1980/81–), and now nicely complemented by Johannes Spicker's in part very detailed commentary.<sup>5</sup> Nevertheless, I have added some explanations of names, geographical and personal, when it was most pertinent, without going into excessive details. When it seemed appropriate to translate more freely, I have added, in square brackets, what the literal rendition would be. Many times it was not possible, or desirable, to imitate Oswald's elaborate internal rhyme schemes, assonances, and alliterations, but the reader should be aware of the most sophisticated employment of such literary strategies throughout his works.

I have constantly used the relevant dictionaries of Middle High German, both in printed form (e.g., Matthias Lexer) and online, but I do not identify them specifically in the endnotes. I have immensely profited from insightful comments by other scholars and their stylistic skills, but I can only plead with the reader in all humbleness not to expect this translation to be a literary match to the outstanding, highly individualized, unique, complex, and sophisticated accomplishments of Oswald himself.<sup>6</sup>

## CHAPTER 3

### PARTIAL REPRODUCTION OF OSWALD VON WOLKENSTEIN'S SONGS BASED ON HIS TWO MAJOR MANUSCRIPTS, A AND B

In order that the reader has a chance to compare the original with the translation, I provide here a selection of Oswald's songs, Kl. 1 through Kl. 11, from his Ms. B, and songs Kl. 119 through Kl. 126 from his Ms. A. These text excerpts are taken from the online version at: [http://www.hs-augsburg.de/~harsch/germanica/Chronologie/15Jh/Wolkenstein/wol\\_intr.html](http://www.hs-augsburg.de/~harsch/germanica/Chronologie/15Jh/Wolkenstein/wol_intr.html) (last accessed on June 15, 2008). To ease the reading of Oswald's poems I have applied some slight adjustments—for example, clearly recognizable abbreviations commonly used in Middle High German texts are spelled out, though not those in Oswald's polyglot poems; the different spelling of the letter "s" (long shaft versus short shaft) is streamlined to the letter "s" with the short shaft, and so on. Also, periods are added to signal the end of a stanza or where a sentence really seems to come to an end, replacing the usual virgel (/). Some readers might, of course, prefer these texts to appear on the pages facing the English translation, but a number of pragmatic reasons favor the separate printing of the original poems here first. The purpose of this book is not to reproduce Oswald's entire corpus of songs, for which there is already the excellent edition by Klein. Moreover, apparently a new edition is being planned or is already being prepared for publication. To offer the original next to the translation would expand this book unnecessarily, whereas a block of selected texts will allow the linguist or philologist to carry out at least a partial comparison. Since these text samples are taken from the diplomatic reproduction of the manuscripts online, the reader will at least get a sense of how the poems actually appear in their original

on parchment. For the critical edition of Oswald's song I must refer the reader to Klein's edition and to future editorial efforts.

## No. I

(Ms. A 1r/v, Ms. B 1r, Ms. c 1r-2v,  
Klein [Kl.] 1)

**I** AJN anefangk  
 an göttlich forcht die leng und  
 kranker gwissen  
 und der von suenden swanger ist  
 das sich all maister flissen  
 5 an got allain mit hohem list  
 noch möchten sy das end nicht  
 machen guet  
 Des bin ich krank  
 an mein' sel zwar ich uerklag  
 mein sterben  
 und bitt dich junckfrow Sant  
 kathrein  
 10 tü mir genad erwerben  
 dort zu Marie kindelein  
 das es mich haben well jnseiner  
 hüt  
 Jch danckh dem herren lobesan  
 das er mich also grüßt  
 15 mit der ich mich uersündet han  
 das mich die selber büßt  
 bey dem ein yeder sol versten  
 das lieb an laid die leng nicht  
 mag ergen

**II** AJin frowen bild  
 20 mit der ich han mein zeit so  
 lang uertriben  
 wol drewzen jar und dennocht mer  
 jntreuen stet beliben  
 zu willen nach jrs herczen ger  
 das mir auf erd kain menczsch  
 nye liebers ward  
 25 Perg holcz geuild  
 jn manchem land des ich uil hab  
 erritten  
 und ich der güten nye uergaß  
 mein leib hat uil erlitten

nach jr mit seinklichem haß  
 30 jr rotter mund hett mir das  
 hercz uerschart  
 Durch sy so han ich uil betracht  
 uil lieber hendlin los  
 infreuden sy mir manig nacht  
 uerlech jr ermlin blos  
 35 mit trauren ich das vberwind  
 seyde mir die bain und arm  
 beslagen sind.

**III** UOn liebe zwar  
 hab wir uns offt dick laides nicht  
 erlassen  
 und ward die lieb nye recht  
 entrant  
 40 seyde das ich lig unmassen  
 geungen ser jnirem band  
 nu stët mein leben krenklich  
 auf der wag  
 Mit haut und här  
 so hat mich got swërlich durch sy  
 geuellelt  
 45 von mein' grossen sünden schein  
 des pin ich übersnellet  
 sy geit mir büss und senlich pein  
 das ich mein not nicht halb  
 betichten mag  
 Vor ir lig ich gebunden uast  
 50 mit eysen und mit sail  
 durch manchen großen veberlast  
 emphrembt sy mir die gail  
 o herr du kanst wol richten sain  
 die zeit ist hye das du mich  
 büssest rain.

**IV** KAin weyser man  
 mag sprechen icht er sey dann  
 vnuernünftig  
 das er den weg icht wandern well  
 der jm sol werden künftig  
 wann die zeit bringt glück und  
 vngeuell

- 60 und bschaffen ding fur war  
ward nye gewant  
Des sünders pan  
die ist so aubenteurlichen  
verrichtet  
mit mangem hübschen klügen  
lacz  
kain maister das voltichtet
- 65 wann got der yedem sein gesatz  
wäglichen misst mit seiner  
heilgen hand.  
Er eyfert man und fröwelein  
auch alle creatur  
er wil der liebst gehalden sein
- 70 jnseiner höchstn kur  
wer das versaumpt des sünd  
geryefft  
er hengt jm nach bys jn ain lacz  
ergreiff.
- V** Lieb ist ein wort  
ob allem schacz wer lieb nuczlich  
volbringet
- 75 lieb vberwintet alle sach  
lieb got den herren twinget  
das er dem sündner vngemach  
verwennt und geit jm aller  
freuden trost  
Lieb süsser hort
- 80 wie hastu mich unlieplichen  
geplosset  
das ich mit lieb dem nye vergalt
- 1v der seinen tod uolendet  
durch mich und mangen sündner  
kalt  
des wart ich hye jngrossen  
sorgen rost.
- 85 Hett ich mein lieb mit halbem  
füg  
got nuczlich nach uertzert  
die ich der frowen zärtlichen  
trüg  
die mir ist also hert  
so für ich wol an alle sünd.
- 90 O wertlich lieb wie swër sind  
deine pünt.

- VI** ERst rewet mich ser  
das ich den hab so fräuelich  
erczürnet  
der mir so lang gebitten hat  
und ich mich nye enthürnet
- 95 von mein' grossen missetat  
des wurden mir fünf eysny  
läcz bereit.  
Nach seiner ger  
so uil ich jn die zwen mit  
bayden füssen  
inainen mit dem tengken arm
- 100 mein daumen müßten büssen  
ein stahel ring den hals erwarb  
der wurden fünff als ichs uor  
hab gesait.  
Also hiels mich mein frow zu  
fleiss  
mit manchem hertten druck
- 105 ach husch der kalten ermlin weyß  
unlieplich was ir smuck  
was ich jr klagt meins herczen  
laid  
jr parmung was mit klainem  
trost bereit.
- VII** MEin hercz das swindt
- 110 jnmeinem leib und bricht uon  
grossen sorgen  
wenn ich bedenck den bittern tod  
den dag die nacht den morgen  
ach we der engestlichen not  
und wayß nicht wo mein arme  
sel hyn fert.
- 115 O maria kind  
so ste mir wolkensteiner bey jn  
nöten  
da mit ich uar indein' huld  
hilff allen die mich tötten  
das sy gebüssen hie jr schuld
- 120 die sy an mir begangen haben  
hert.  
Jch nym es auf mein sterben swër  
so swer ichs doch genüg  
das ich der frowen nye geuër  
uon ganzem herczen trüg

125 schaid ich also uon diser werlt  
so bitt ich got das sy mein nicht  
engelt.

## No. II

(Ms. A 1v2r, Ms. B 1v,  
Ms. c 2v–3v, Kl. 2)

**I** WACH mentzschlich tyer  
brauch dein uernunft jr frowen  
und ouch manne  
wie bistu gar erphlumsen so  
jndeiner sünden wanne

5 das du nicht fürchst des herren  
dro  
der dir dein leib und sel  
uerlihen hat.

Louff süch jn schier  
es uinstert pald die weyl dus  
macht gesehen  
und sol dich yemand  
machen los

10 das müß durch jn geschehen.  
Er brach die hell die nye gefros  
zwar sein gewalt all müglich  
sach durch gat.

Die sunn der man der sterne  
krantz  
den plümlin auf der haid

15 den geit er farb und liechten  
glantz  
bey mancher ögelwaid  
sicht man sein wunder michel  
swër  
wer nicht geloubn wolt das got  
nicht wër.

**II** WER habt den himel  
20 und die erd das wasser grosse  
staine  
was pringt den toner sne und  
wind  
das firmament allaine  
möcht uns beteuten gottes  
kind  
der sein' mütt' uatter ist und man.

25 Jntieffer tymel  
so freyt er fisch da mit sy nicht  
ertrinken

er habt die uogel jnder höh  
das sy nicht abher sincken  
er zieret perg und tal die löch

30 mit manchem klaid das nyemd  
erdenken kan.

Wer nert das würmlin jnder erd  
das räblin junck und marb  
wenn uatt' und mütter uon jm  
kert

und fleucht sein weysse farb  
35 das tüt gots herschafft gross  
und lanck

sein macht gewan nye end noch  
anefangk.

**III** Der aller frucht  
mentzsch tyer und uich ein  
underschaid kan geben  
das eins dem andn' nicht geleicht  
40 der gnad mir an dem leben  
und weyß die frawn gütlicher  
beicht

in der gebot man mir zerbricht  
die schyn.

An weiplich zucht  
kompt sy mir selden ymm' auß  
den oren

45 wie sy die barschafft uon mir  
drung

sy tüt mich uil betoren  
und das sy als ein zeysel sung  
zwar meinen schatz den hat sy  
pald dahin.

Was ich sy man der lieben mër  
50 die sy ainst an mich lait  
und das sy mir ein eysen swër  
uon meinen füssen tët  
und ließ die andn' dannocht stan  
da mit traib ich sy ferr uon mir  
hindan.

**IV** DAbey so merkh  
weltliche lieb wie pald sy hat  
verpranget

wër ich ainst hundert meyl  
 gewesen  
 ir leib hett mich erlanget  
 da mit ich wër durch sy genesen  
 60 nun tüt sy mir den größtn  
 ungemach.  
 Der baine sterck  
 spannt sy mir herrt' jn wann  
 einem pferde  
 das ich darauf nicht mag gestän  
 mit groblichem geuërde  
 65 so ward ich jr geuangen man  
 mein wolgetrauen jr kirchuart  
 uebersach.  
 Mein daumen arm darzu den hals  
 hat sy mir ingesmitt  
 o frow wie bitter ist dein sals  
 70 sy swecht mir mein gelid  
 erst han ich funden was ich sücht  
 nu walt sein got der mir den rock  
 gedücht.

## No. III

(Ms. A 2r, Ms. B 2r, Ms. c 3v-4r,  
 Kl. 3)

**I** Wenn ich betracht  
 ftrëfflich bedenck den tag durch  
 scharpffs gemuete  
 der creaturen underschaid  
 jr übel und jr güte  
 5 so uind ich ains in solchem klaid  
 des übel güet nyemt uerbessren  
 bösren mag.  
 Jch hab gedacht  
 der slangen houbt da uon  
 Johannes schribet  
 wie jn der werlt kain böser frucht  
 10 sich auf der erden scheidet  
 uil schnöder ist unweiplich  
 zucht  
 uon ain' schönen bözen frowen  
 plag.  
 Man zemet liephart löwen wild  
 den püffel das er zeucht

15 der einem weib die haut abbildt  
 und sy die tugent fleucht  
 noch künd man sy nicht machen  
 zam  
 ir üble gifft ist aller werlde gram.

**II** Wirt sy geert  
 20 so kan sy nyemt mit hoffart  
 überwüten  
 ist sy uersmächet so tobt jr müt  
 geleich des meres flüten  
 armt sy an wiriden oder an güet  
 so ist sy doch der boßhait allzeit  
 reich.  
 25 Ein weib entert  
 das paradys des Adam ward  
 geschendet  
 matusalem der starck Samson  
 geswechet und geplendet  
 uon weiben dauid Salomon  
 30 durch frowen sind betrogen  
 fräuelich.  
 Aristotiles ein maister gross  
 ein weib jn überschrait  
 zwar seiner kunst er nicht genoss  
 hofflichen sy jn rait.  
 35 küng Alexander mächtig hön  
 uon frowen uiel und Absolon  
 der schön.

**III** Ajn schön bös weib  
 ist ein gezierter strick ein spies  
 des herczen  
 ein falscher freund der ougn'  
 want  
 40 ein lust truglicher smerczen  
 des ward helyas ferr uersant  
 und joseph jn den kärker tieff  
 u'smitt.  
 Ain heilger leib  
 hiess Sant johanns baptista ward  
 enthoubet  
 45 durch weibes räch da uor uns  
 crist  
 behüt ouch ward betoubet  
 geuangen durch eins weibes list

der uon Wolkenstein des hanck  
er manchen tritt.

Dorumb so rat ich jung und alt  
50 fliecht bözer weibe glantz  
bedenckt inwendig jr gestalt  
uergifftig ist jr swantz  
und dient den frümen freulin  
rain  
der lob ich breys über all  
karfunkelstain.

#### No. IV

(Ms. A 2r, Ms. B 2r, Ms. c 4v-5r,  
Kl. 4)

##### I Hör kristenhait

ich rat dir das mit brüderlichen  
trewen  
du hab got lieb für alle ding  
es wirt dich nicht gerawuen  
5 und wiltu das dir wolgeling  
dein willen ker uon irdischem  
gelust.  
Wer liebe trait  
ze got von dem sy kompt daran  
sy hafftet  
so wirt der wille pald geschickt  
10 das er tæglichen trachtet  
wie er die liebe darzu fickt  
das sy nicht werd geferret gotes  
prust.  
Des schönen glantz der süssen  
zeit  
und untraw diser werlt  
15 lug hoffart spot hass zoren neyd  
göttliche liebe nicht melt  
kain schacz freud gegenwirtklich  
begert sy nicht wan gots uon  
himelreich.

##### II UNsauber scham

20 der werlt da uon ist götlich  
mynn gescheiden  
kain schidung zwischen jr  
und got

beschicht nicht uon jn baiden  
hoffart unkeusch der geitig spot  
darüber ist sy gantz erhaben hoch.

25 Mit widerzäm  
wil sy nicht sehen hören greiffen  
smecken  
kain wollust der ir flaischlich ist  
den kan sy lieplich decken  
den leib die werlt des teufels list  
30 wirfft sy ze rugk allzeiten  
groblich roch.

Si twinget barmung michel  
groß

herabher aus dem tron  
jr handwerck ward nye werch  
genos  
guet ist jr taglon

35 wo sich enczundt der myne zach  
gaistlich da schmilczet laid und  
ungemach.

##### III WEr gaistlich prunst

mit arbait lieplich jnsein hercz  
well stozen

40 der wach so er dick gn' slieff  
bett barhoubt uasten possen  
sein hercz bedenck gots leiden  
tieff  
auf baren knyen ouch halt darjnn  
ein mass.

Fleisch weines tunst  
teglichen meyd mäßlichen nym  
die speise

45 das er den hung' zimlich büss  
so mag die lieb jr weyse  
gaistlich jn jm gewürcken süss  
sein ougen perg das antlicz  
blaichen lass.

Den leib mit armüt frost  
und hitz

50 bett nürlich auf das stro  
wie leiden kompt von gottes  
wicz  
gedultig sey des fro  
wann leyden swennt der suenden  
gall

des lig ich Wolkensteiner jnnder  
fall.

## No. V

(Ms. A 12v, Ms. B 2v, Ms. c 5rv,  
Kl. 5)

- I** JCH sich und hör  
das mancher klagt uerderben  
seines gütes  
so klag ich newr die jungen tag  
uerderben freyes muetes  
5 wes ich uor zeiten darjnn pflag  
und klain emphand do mich die  
erden trueg.  
Mit kranker stör  
houbt rugk und bain hend füss  
das alder meldet  
was ich uerfräuel't hab an not  
10 her leib den mütwill geldet  
mit blaicher farb und ougenrot  
gerumpffen graw ewr sprüng  
sind worden klüg.  
Mir swert hertz müt zung und  
die tritt  
gebogen ist mein gangk  
15 das zittren swecht mir all gelid  
owe ist mein gesangk  
dasselb quintier ich tag und nacht  
mein tenor ist mit rümpffen  
wolbedacht.
- II** AJn krauss weyss har  
20 uon löcken dick hett ainst mein  
houbt bedeckt  
dasselb plasnyert sich swarcz und  
graw  
uon schilden kal durch schöcket  
mein rott' mund wil werden plaw  
darumb was ich der lieben  
widerzäm.  
25 Plöd ungeuar  
sind mir die zend und slawnt mir  
nicht ze kewen  
und het ich aller werlde güit  
ich kund ir nicht vernewen

- noch kouffen einen freyen müt  
30 es widerfür mir dann inslaffes  
träm.  
Mein ringen springen louffen  
snell  
hat einen widersturcz  
für singen hüst ich durch die kel  
der autem ist mir kurz  
35 und gieng mir not der külen erd  
seyd ich bin wordn' swach und  
schier unwerd.

- III** Ach iüngelingk  
bey dem nym war tröst dich nit  
deiner schöne  
gered noch sterck halt dich  
embor  
40 mit gaistlichem gedöne  
wer du yetzund bist der was  
ich uor  
kompst du zu mir dein güit tat  
rewt dich nicht.  
Für alle dingk  
solt ich yecz leben got zu  
wolgeuallen  
45 mit uasten betten kirchengän  
auf knyen venien uallen  
so mag ich kainem bey bestän  
seyd mir der leib uon alder ist  
enwicht.  
Für ainen siech ich allezeit uier  
50 und hör durch groben stain  
die kindlin spottn' mein nu  
schier  
darzü die freulin rain  
mit anewitz ich das uerschuld  
junck man und weib uersaumt  
nicht gottes huld.

## No. VI

(Ms. A 37v, Ms. B 2v, Ms. c 6rv,  
Kl. 6)

- I** JCH spür ain tyer  
mit füssen brait gar scharpff sind  
jm die horen

das wil mich tretten jndie erd  
und stößlichen durch boren  
5 den slund so hat es gen mir kert  
als ob ich jm für hunger  
sey beschert.  
Und nahet schier  
dem herczen mein in  
befündlichem getöte  
dem tier ich nicht geweichen mag  
10 owe der großen nöte  
seyd all mein jar zu einem tag  
geschübert sein die ich ye hab  
uerzert.  
Jch bin erfordert an den tancz  
do mir gewiset würt  
15 all meiner sünd ein grosser  
krantz  
der rechnung mir gebürt  
doch wil es got der ainig man  
so wirt mir pald ein strich da  
durch getan.

**II** ERst deucht mich wol  
20 solt ich newr leben eines jares  
lengen  
uernünftiklich in diser welt  
so wolt ich ma[n]chen enge  
mein schuld mit klainem  
widergelt  
der ich laider gross uon stund  
bezalen müß.  
25 Darumb ist uol  
das herczen mein uon  
engestlichen sorgen  
und ist der tod die mynst gezalt  
o sel wo bistu morgen  
wer ist dein tröstlich ufenthalt  
30 wenn du verraiten solt mit  
haisser buss.  
O kinder freund gesellen rain  
wo ist ewr hilff und rat  
jr nempt das güt lat mich allain  
hin uaren in das bad  
35 da alle müncz hat klainen werd  
newr güte werck ob ich der hett  
gemert.

**III** Allmächtikait  
an anefangk noch end bys mein  
gelaite  
durch all dein barmung göttlich  
gross  
40 das mich nicht überraite  
der lucifer und sein genos  
da mit ich werd enzuckt der  
helle slauch.  
Maria mayd  
erman dein liebes kind des  
großen leiden  
45 feyt er all cristan hat erlost  
so well mich ouch nicht meyden  
und durch sein marter werd  
getrost  
wenn mir die sel fleusst uon des  
leibes drouch.  
O welt nu gib mir deinen lon  
50 trag hin vergiß mein bald  
hett ich dem herren für dich  
schon  
gedient jnwildem wald  
so für ich wol die rechten far  
got schepffer leucht mir  
Wolkensteiner klar etc.

## No. VII

(Ms. A 41v–42r, Ms. B 3r,  
Ms. c 6v, Kl. 7)

**I** Loblicher got  
gewaltiklicher künig der hymel  
tröne  
ich man dich alles das ich kan  
uernym mein kranks gedöne  
5 dein willen laß an mir ergan  
also das ich nicht fließ dein  
ewigs reich.  
Nach dein gebot  
gedultiklich ich leiden wil zu  
eren  
der bitter mart' so du laid  
10 gedultiklichen geren  
umb unser freud und sälikait

dieweylent was uerloren  
 ewikleich  
 Jch bin umbfangen mit der wat  
 darjnn ich büßen sol  
 15 herr das geschicht nach deinem rat  
 zwar das uernym ich wol  
 des seyst gelobt durchleuchtig klar  
 nach dem begeren bin ich willig  
 zwar.

**II** TRaut sëlîg weib  
 20 keuschliche mayd frow mütter  
 gottes kinde  
 der uns durch dich all hat erloßt  
 uon hellischem gesinde  
 den nym zu hilff und gib mir  
 trost  
 da mit ich nicht uerzag inmein' not.  
 25 O swacher leib  
 sündiger balg der wirt hat dich  
 emphanen  
 ich fürcht er well bezalet sein  
 was du ye hast begangen  
 mit deiner grossen sünden schein  
 30 er fordert dich gib mir das  
 bettenbrot.  
 O hercz hastu ye süss erkant  
 da nym das sawer für  
 bistu zu freuden ye gewant  
 da wider trawren spür  
 35 also slach ains gein ändern ab  
 wirdiger got wie köstlich sind  
 dein gab.

**III** DER sorgen raiff  
 hat meinen leib zesamen vest  
 gebunden  
 uon sorgen gross mein hercz  
 geswillt  
 40 forcht sorg die hab ich funden  
 durch sorg mein houbt gentslich  
 erschillt  
 graußliche sorg mir dick den  
 slauf erwert.  
 Mit umbeswaiff  
 uier mauern dick mein trauren  
 hand verslozen.

45 O lange nacht ellender tag  
 ewr zeit ist gar uerdrozen  
 uil mancher schrick kompt mir  
 zu klag  
 dem laider hilff uon mir wirt  
 klain beschert.  
 Gen diser werlt hab ich die  
 angst  
 50 verschuldet sicher klain  
 newr vmb den got der mich uor  
 langst  
 beschüff uon Wolkenstein  
 der sey mein trost und auf  
 enthalt.  
 O fellenberg wie ist dein freud  
 so kalt.

*Nota dise uorgescriben syben lieder  
 singent sich*

*Jn der ersten weyse des anefangs der  
 da sich mit werten*

*Also anhebet Ain anefangke an  
 göttlich forcht etc.*

No. VIII

(Ms. A 2v-3r, Ms. B 3rv,  
 Ms. c 8rv, Kl. 8)

**I** DV armer mentzsch las dich  
 dein sünd hie rewuen ser  
 O haliger gaist gib uns deins  
 heiligen uatters ler  
 das ich bedenck ein klain die  
 macht und wirdig er  
 jnmeim gesangk uon got dem  
 nicht geleichet.  
 5 Newn kör der engel die loben  
 got an underlast  
 jn lobt die sunn der man und  
 aller sterne glast  
 jn lobt der himel der alles wesen  
 umbetast  
 und was dorjnn regniert sein  
 namen reichet.  
 Perg und ouch tal des uoglin  
 schal der uisch jm gag

10 all würm und tyer geloubet mir  
 was ich ew sag  
 laub gras geuild das wasser wild  
 die nacht der tag  
 erkennt und lobt got dem der  
 teufel weichet.  
 3v

**II** SEyd wir nu hören aus aller  
 maist' kunst behend  
 das yetz geschefft jnseinem  
 wesen got erkent

15 des hat sich mancher hertter  
 stain enzway entrennt  
 do er emphand seins schepf fers  
 not und sterben.  
 Vil frucht auf erd und die doch  
 unenpfintlich ist  
 noch ert sy got durch hübsch  
 geplüt und kennet crist  
 ein yeczs gewächs nach seiner  
 zeit als jm die frist

20 ist auf gesaczt uon got sein  
 frucht zuerwerben.  
 Das alle kunst mit reichem gunst  
 ein mentzsch besaß  
 der minsten blum und wër sein  
 rüm noch ainßt so räß  
 möcht er nicht gantz nach jren  
 glancz natürlich häß  
 posnieren schon solt er des leibs  
 werderben.

**III** NV alle creatur die got  
 beschaffen hat  
 fy sind jn wasser jnwind oder auf  
 der erden phat  
 ye danckper ist dem herren jnder  
 maiestat  
 newr umb die gnad das er sy hat  
 formieret.  
 Ach tumm' menzsch wie ist  
 dein hercz dann gar so wild  
 30 feyd du wol weißt das dich got  
 nach jm hat gebildet

und dir uerlihen hat sein grosse  
 gnad so milt  
 gar manigualtklichen  
 vntzelieret.  
 Er hat dir geben leib und leben  
 sel uernunfft  
 dir dient die erd fewr wasser  
 wirklicher luft

35 all tier wild zam der früchte  
 tam aus tieffer grufft  
 ist dir als underteniklich  
 gezieret.

**IV** DER wölken krafft das  
 firmament mit klarem schein  
 und all die freud als sy zu himel  
 mag gesein  
 mentzsch die genad uon got  
 uolgt all dem dinste dein  
 40 dannocht well wir jn denklich  
 nicht erkennen.  
 Mit seinem leib hat er uns aus  
 der hell erlost  
 des sich der lucifer daselben übel  
 trost  
 noch wirt sein heilig' nam mit  
 sweren dick beroßt  
 uon manchem man der ich ew  
 uil wolt nennen.

45 Ach adams kind wie ist so plind  
 dein swacher müt  
 das du nicht kenst und  
 uebernenst dein herren guet  
 der dich mag nemen geben  
 haisser helle gluet  
 und alle freud mag er dir pald  
 entrennen.

**V** O Heilger crist seydt das dein  
 macht ist ungezalt  
 50 so wundert mich ob allem  
 wunder manigualt  
 das wir nicht fürchten ser dein  
 zorniklich gestalt  
 und große plag die du uns  
 macht beweysen.

Des frewt sich manger gaist der  
 dort uerstossen ward  
 uon höch der himel hrab zu tal  
 umb sein hochfart  
 55 die uns uorlaiten töglich jnden  
 sünden gart  
 uon irem rat wayß ich nicht lobs  
 zu breysen.  
 Weib und ouch man ir schowet  
 an ewr missetat  
 snell büßt ewr sünd und nicht  
 enzünt euch uon dem rat  
 der böse wicht mänlichen uicht  
 got frü und spat  
 60 den nym zu hilff für stahel und  
 für [e]ysen.

## No. IX

(Ms. A 3rv, Ms. B 3v-4r,  
 Ms. c 8v-9v, Kl. 9)

**I** O Welt O welt ein freud der  
 kranken mauer  
 wie swër du bist dein lon der  
 wirt mir sauer  
 seydu uff mich geuallen hast  
 und druckst mich auf die  
 erden.  
 5 Weltliche freud ein tüch uon  
 bitterm ende  
 wer dich recht kant der koufft  
 dich nicht behende  
 wil er icht wesen fremder gast  
 gen manger frowen werden.  
 Was hilfft mich das ich manig  
 nacht  
 10 jngrossen freuden han gewacht  
 jndreuczehenthalben jaren  
 nu müß ich wachen seufczen  
 zittren ellentlich.  
 4r All heiligen gü die engel jndem  
 himelrich  
 man ich das sy mir helffen uast  
 15 mein laid zu güt erar[n]en

**II** WAs hilfft mich nu mein raysen  
 fremder lande  
 in manig künigkrich das mir ist  
 bekande  
 was hilfft mein tichten und  
 gesangk  
 uon manger künigin schöne.  
 20 Was hilfft mich manig klüghait  
 fremder synne  
 seydu ich bin worden gar zu  
 einem kinde  
 und mir entweckt mang swër  
 gedanck  
 uil zäherlicher döne.  
 Was hilfft mich silber oder  
 gold  
 25 seydu ich mir selber seldom hold  
 mag werden wol uon herczen  
 das mich der werlde schein so  
 gar betrogen hat.  
 Ach starcker got jn kraft der  
 heiligen trinitat  
 kom mir mit deiner hilffe fang  
 30 jnseniklichem schmerczen  
  
**III** Ajn yeder mentzsch der laß  
 sich nicht belangen  
 nach freuden gross da mit er  
 werd umbfangen  
 für war ich mag sein bürge  
 wesen  
 das end wirt im gar bitter.  
 35 Hatt einer gü zwar des  
 bedarff er  
 hüten  
 ye grösser er ye merer toben und  
 wüten  
 der Neithart ließ eim nicht ein  
 fesen  
 köm newr ein ungewitter.  
 Jch sprich es wol auf  
 meinen aid  
 40 ye grösser lieb ye merer laid  
 kompt uon den schönen  
 frowen

seyd lieb und laid mit freuden  
 trauren ist gemengt  
 und zeit und weyl ain senlich  
 schaiden da uerhengt  
 wie mag das end frölich  
 genesen  
 45 das möcht ein yeder schowen.

**IV** JSt ainer junck schon muetig  
 hoher gaile  
 der ander starck gerad an alle  
 maile  
 der dritte weys er wirt ein kind  
 kompt er zu uerren tagen  
 50 Manig zier und lust wolt ich  
 noch uil erdencken  
 das sich der mentzsch erfrewt  
 noch müss erkranken  
 wenn er der langen jar  
 emphindt  
 erst tüt es sich gesagen.  
 Seyd uns jndiser kranken zeit  
 55 all wertlich freud newr pringet  
 laid  
 und süß ein sauer ende  
 und aller lust auf erd die leng  
 uerdriessen pringt  
 so wundert mich worumb der  
 menczsch nach freuden ringt  
 oft weiser man wie wirstu  
 plind  
 60 inaller kunst behende.

**V** Ach lieber freund wërlich ich  
 wolt uns raten  
 möcht wir aus disen swachen  
 listen waten  
 der wir natürlich hie begern  
 und bēten got den reichen  
 65 Das er uns wolt uergeben vnser  
 sünde  
 und unser hercz jnseiner lieb  
 erzünde  
 So möcht wir wol mit güten eren  
 eim yeden fürsten gleichen.  
 Nu unser leib ergenklich ist

70 und haben weder zeit noch frist  
 das wir uns müssen schaiden  
 uon allen lusten freuden güt  
 und eren gros  
 und uns nicht uolgt wann  
 unsregüte werck gar blos.  
 O hailger gaist welst uns  
 uerkeren  
 75 und alle sund erlaiden

## No. X

(Ms. A 5rv, Ms. B 4rv,  
 Ms. c 10r–11v, Kl. 10)

**I** Wenn ich mein krank uernunft  
 nërlichen sunder  
 und uast bedenck der tummen  
 weide wunder  
 der ich ein tail eruaren han  
 gesehen und gehöret  
 5 So wundert mich uor allem  
 nicht so sere  
 das ich mein zeit newr lenck  
 nach güt und ere  
 und dabey nye kain rü gewan  
 der synn bin ich bedoret.  
 Jch wais wol das noch kompt  
 die stund  
 10 und het ich aller werlde grund  
 dorumb geb ich sey geren  
 das ich nach gottes willen leben  
 solt ein jar  
 der ich uil manches laider  
 uppliklichen zwar  
 in sünden nye wolt widerstän  
 15 so müß ich sein emberen.

**II** Ich hör das man vil manchen  
 weysen nennet  
 das er der werlde curss ein klain  
 erkennt  
 und darauf legt tēgleichen fleys  
 wie er des werd gehewer  
 20 So maynt er dann derselbig  
 hübsch geselle

das jm nicht schad noch schell  
 kain ungeuelle  
 er müg verkeren swarcz jn weys  
 das wer eim esel tewe.  
 Er kan sich stellen marterlich  
 25 und maynt das jm nyemand  
 geleich  
 solt er es halt uerkouffen  
 er geb es umb ein schilling  
 sicher näher nicht  
 er zeucht sein wän zu torhait als  
 Petrarcha spricht.  
 Inaller werlt der toren breys  
 30 kan nyemt mit zal erlouffen.

**III** MAn list und sagt uns uil uon  
 alden jaren  
 was wunder zaichen darjnn sind  
 erfahren  
 seydt das die werlt beschaffen ist  
 uon got dem aller höchsten.  
 35 Man uindt ouch noch derselben  
 wunder gleichen  
 die got verhengt den armen und  
 den reichen  
 babst fürsten herren den ir list  
 uor unual nit mag trösten.  
 Wer hochber klimbt an  
 widerhab  
 40 wer mag des icht uellt er herab  
 ließ sich jnder mitt benügen  
 also das er sein zeit von got  
 nicht feyeren las  
 4v was hilft ein man der uil  
 bedenckt newr auß der mass  
 wil es uon got nicht haben frist  
 45 wie mag es sich dann fügen

**IV** JNhoffnung smercz inforchten  
 und infreuden  
 uertreib wir zeit da uon mag ich  
 nicht geuden  
 seydt das all sach zu diser werlt  
 kain wesen stët beflusset  
 50 Vnd sich das güt zu argem bald  
 uerwandelt

und arg zu gütem seldom  
 widerhandelt  
 ye doch das sich mit bitterm  
 gelt  
 das end strenklich besleusset.  
 Hie ist gewesen hie ist nicht  
 55 falsch untrew böse zuuersicht  
 wir gen einander tragen  
 kind uatter muetter swester  
 brüder all geleich  
 möcht wir mit liegen triegen jn  
 das himelreich  
 so wër es uns ein eben ueld  
 60 den jamer wil ich klagen.

**V** SIch manger sent nach grosser  
 kurzeweile  
 jm wër ze tün fund ers inkouffes  
 eyle  
 herwiderumb all seinen schacz  
 den solt er darumb geben.  
 65 Die werlt tracht wie sy güt  
 und er [er]reyße  
 und geit dorub köstlichen hört  
 mit fleisse  
 das sy jr zeit an widersatz  
 uerzert mit swachem leben.  
 Gedenck ein mentzsch mit  
 aigenschafft  
 70 geburd und end was snöder  
 krafft  
 wir haben und gewinen  
 wenn wir dort ligen zannen als  
 die affen tier  
 küng kayser herczog grafen all  
 geleichen mir  
 hat yemät guets dann  
 fuergehaczt  
 75 an zwifel wir das uinden.

**VI** Ich mayn das wederjn wasser  
 oder auf lande  
 nicht leb kain wilder tier der es  
 erkande  
 wann newr ein tæglich grober  
 menzsch

- dem als sein tün geuallet.  
 80 Ein uich begert nicht mer  
   wann es uerbrauchet  
 nach seiner art natürlichen  
   uerslauchet  
 so tū wir gleich der wetter gens  
 die tēglich wasser snallet.  
 Kain tier bitt seins gelichen tod  
 85 ains hilfft dem andern jn der not.  
 E das ein grober tralle  
 lit ellend armüt als uil mancher  
   weiser tüt  
 er lies ee all sein freund hie  
   sterben umb das güt  
 ob jm da uon wurd sein gedens  
 90 da mit er lebt jnschalle
- VII** FReund wiltu weysshait tugent  
 an dich breysen  
 das la dich ellend armüt  
   underweysen  
 dein wilde mag wol werden zam  
 bistus uon gütē stame.  
 95 Diemütikait und erenst seldom  
 meyde  
 las hoffart bys gedultig leb an  
 neyde  
 so werden all dein ueinde lam  
 dort jnder helle flamme.  
 Frid trag jn deines herczen  
   grund  
 100 das du uon rach icht werst  
 enzunt  
 wenig red ein nuczes sweigen  
 los frag wes du uon gütē  
   Sachen yerre gast  
 traw nicht der werlt jr wandel  
   tūn ist newr ein plast  
 hoffnüg zu got dich nicht  
   ensham  
 105 so mag dir freude naygen

*Nota diss obgeschriben lied  
 Wenn ich mein kranck uernunfft  
 singet sich jnnder weyse  
 O welt o welt etc.*

No. XI  
 (Ms. A 3v–4v, Ms. B 4v–5r,  
 Ms. c 11v–13r, Kl. 11)

- I** O Snöde werlt  
 wie lang ich leib und güt jn dir  
   uorslisse  
 so uind ich dich newr itel swach  
 mit wort werkh und gepërde  
 5 der untrew bistu also uol  
 das ich das ort noch end  
   begreifen kan.  
 Falsch bösen gelt  
 fürstu luglich truglichen gar zu  
   flisse  
 mit mü und arbit ungemach  
 10 und gröblichem geuërde  
 so ringstu nach der helle hal  
 das klagt jr tumen frowen und  
   ouch man.  
 Tēglichen stick wir tag und  
   nacht  
 nach güt und werltlich er  
 15 wirt unser will dar jnn wolbracht  
 5r so hab wir doch nicht mer  
 newr klaine speis und swachs.  
   gewand  
 und was wir güts by dem han  
   fürgesant.
- II** Uil mancher spricht  
 20 inrechter trew sol ich jn allzeit  
   uinden  
 mit leib und guet zu meim gebot  
 uest ewiklichen stēte  
 köm ich mit armüt insein haus  
 er wolt ich wër ein fuxs jneinem  
   hag.  
 25 Klain zuuersicht  
 wir haben sölle zu des Adams  
   kindern  
 newr dienen aim der haisset got  
 die werlt für ungeräte  
 darab so nym dir einen graus  
 30 und hoff zu dem der dir  
   gehelffen mag.

- Ach mir erbarmt manger güter  
man  
und ich mir selber ouch  
der da nit recht bedenken kan  
wie gar es ist ein rouch  
35 der werlde dienst mit grosser not  
was ist der lon wenn man spricht  
er ist tod.
- III** Kain ermer uich  
under allen tieren kund ich nye  
eruaren  
newr eines haisst ein hofeman  
40 der geit sich gar für aigen  
dem herren sein umb klainen sold  
das têt ein esel nicht und wer er  
frey.  
Reit slach und stich  
zuck rowb und brenn den  
mentzschen tü nicht sparen  
45 nym ross und wagen henn vnd han  
gen nyemant tü dich naigen  
gedenck dein herr der werd dir  
hold  
wen er uon dir sicht sölche  
stampaney.  
Du ste uor jm tritt hinden nach  
50 vnd kapff den langen tag  
ist er ein fürst fuer jn so gach  
das er dich sehen mag  
sprech er zu dir ein freuntlich  
wort  
das nemst du für des himel  
fürsten hort.
- IV** IR uogelein  
und andre tier bayde wilde und  
die zamen  
jr traget rechte liebe gar  
gleich kiest sein gleichen  
gemahel sein gemähelein  
60 jnnöten sy bey ainander bleiben  
stän.  
Die freunde mein  
solt jch vor in erkrumben und  
erlamen
- e das mir ain' gäb sein nar  
und solt mich do mit reichen  
65 zu meim gesunt an mailles pein  
ich müßt vor jm ee als der sne  
zergän.  
Des mentzschen lieb wer gar  
enwicht  
die ains dem andern tüt  
hett wir der gab nit zuuersicht  
70 und hoffnung umb das güt  
mein aigen kind gewün  
vordrieß  
wessr es die leng uon mir nicht  
seinen geniess.
- V** UNd solt ich mir  
erwünschen gar nach meines  
herzen freude  
75 ein leben selber wie ich woll  
mir hilfß aller maister synne  
so kuüd ichs doch bedencken  
nicht  
oder ich müßt die leng  
uordriessen darjnn han.  
Was hilfß mein gier  
80 zu grossem güt und nach der  
eren gewde  
was hilfß mich silber oder gold  
was hilfß der frowen mynne  
seyd werltlich freud pald ist  
enwicht  
und wais gar wol das ich schier  
mueß daruon.  
85 Turnier und stich louff tancz  
und spring  
auf einem weyttn' placz  
mach kurczweil uil treib hoflich  
ding  
uerdrä dich als ein kacz  
und wenn der schimpf all da  
ergat  
90 gee wider dar so uindst ein öde  
stat.
- VI** ACh freunt gesell  
du zweifel nicht was ich dir hie  
wil sagen

dien got uon ganczem herczen  
 dein  
 laß dir die werlt nicht smecken  
 95 auß irem lust mach dir ein spot  
 so hastu freude hye und dort  
 genüg.  
 Kain ungeuell  
 las dich beküern das dich  
 mach verzagen  
 kain trübsail las dir pringen  
 pein  
 100 ob leiden dich wil wecken  
 das ist ein sunder gnad uon got  
 dieselbig gnad zuckt dir der  
 helle lüg.  
 Wer sich den zoren binden lat  
 der gleicht sich einem uich  
 105 und dem got hye verlihen hat  
 fünf synn uernünftiklich  
 das ist die höchste wirdikait  
 wer weyslich vicht in  
 widerwertikait.

**VII** Mich wundert ser  
 110 das wir auf diser werlt so vil  
 entpawen  
 und sehen wol wie es ergät  
 wo sind mein freund gesellen  
 wo sein mein eldern uodern hin  
 wo sein wir all newr über  
 hundert jar.

115 Mich wundert mer  
 das ich mich nye kund mässen  
 mein' frowen  
 die mich so lang betrogen hat  
 mit grossem ungeuellen  
 mich hat geplennt mein  
 tumm' syn  
 120 und nye bekant das sy mir was  
 gevar  
 Wir pawen hoch auf einen  
 tant  
 an heusern uesten zier  
 und tät doch gar ein schlechte  
 wand  
 die leng' werdt dann wir

125 uolg brüder swester arm und  
 reich paw dort ein sloss das  
 dich werdt ewikleich.

No. CXIX (this and the following songs are only contained in Oswald's Ms. A). [Abbreviations are expanded only tentatively because of Oswald's play with foreign languages, which he transcribed probably only phonetically at any rate. (Ms. A 15r /v, Kl. 119)]

- I** BOg dep' mi / was dustu da /  
 gramer sici ty / sine cura.  
 Jch fraw mich zwar /  
 q'video te /  
 cum bonavnor / jassem toge /
- 5 Dut mi sperancz / nate strvoio /  
 wann du bist glancz / cum  
 gaudeo /  
 Opa ma' / ich dir halt /  
 nadobrisi slusba / baß calt.
- (I) Bis willen kum / was tustu da /  
 10 an sorg vernamen / dank ich  
 dir ja.  
 Jch fraw mich zwar / das ich  
 dich sich/  
 mit lieb gar / dein so bin ich /  
 Mein geding gancz / der stat  
 zu dir /  
 wañ du bist glancz / mit  
 frewdn' zir /
- 15 Zwar meine werkh / ich dir  
 doch halt/  
 mit dienstn' stark / vil  
 manigualt.
- II** Ka cum mores / mich machn'  
 mat /  
 chage sum preß / hoc me  
 mirat.  
 Bedenk dein gnad / c' pietas /

- 20 negam maluāt / nemon dilaß /  
 kiti cum mand / en iaßem dyał /  
 wo ichs bekant / abo'i mal.  
 Hoc des me / genissn' lan /  
 troge moyge /cum bon  
 wañ an /
- (II) Wie magstu recht / mat machn'  
 mich /  
 dein gefangn' knecht / des  
 wundert mich.  
 Bedenck dein genad / mit  
 guttikait /  
 in kainem phad / thu mir  
 nit lait /  
 Was du verpant / das thet  
 ich gn' /
- 30 wo ich bekant / an vbel kn' /  
 Des lo mich fraw / genissen  
 zwar /  
 auff wol getrewn' / zu gutn' Jar.
- III** Jo te proso / dein genad all da /  
 gesi grando / t' opti-a.
- 35 Halt mich nit sw' / hc rogo te /  
 qo popefar / nate troge.  
 Flor wellenpiank / pomag  
 menne /  
 das ich dir dank / cum fidele /  
 Non fac' hoc / so bin ich tod /
- 40 sellennem tlok / sit tutel rot.
- (III) Dein gnad ich bit / an argn' list /  
 mit guttn' siten / wann dy  
 groß ist.  
 Halt mich nicht sw' / gedenck  
 an mich /  
 als ich angever / gedenck an  
 dich.
- 45 Plum schon vnd plank / hilf  
 mir auß pein /  
 da mit ich dank / der trewe  
 dein.  
 Tustus nit pald / so bin  
 ich tod /  
 aus gruenem wald / var ich in  
 not.
- No. CXX  
 (Ms. A 16r /v, Kl. 120)
- I** FRäw dich dw weltlich creatür /  
 daz dir nach maisterlich' kür /  
 gemessn' ist rain all dein figur /  
 Verglanczt ze tal nach  
 d' mensur /
- 5 an tadel / adel / kreffttiglich dar  
 Jnn v'slossn' /  
 der possn' / gossn' / ist an  
 mayl /  
 dem er sich geben hat zu täyl /  
 der mag sich des erfrewen wol  
 von herczen.
- II** Ain höbtlin klain dez nam  
 ich war /
- 10 dar auff krawß plank krumliert  
 das har /  
 zwo smale pra die euglein clar /  
 ain mundlein rubein roslein  
 var /  
 naß kynn vnd kel / das vell /  
 blaich wais mit wenglin prinne /  
 dye tynnen / synnen /  
 volgestackt /
- 15 von Jungn' Jarn' dar Jnn  
 verstrakt /  
 dankh hab ain mann der es schon  
 wurcht an smerczn'.
- III** Wann ich durch all mey finn  
 betracht /  
 des bildes form leib schon vnd  
 macht /  
 wie es der maister hat bedacht /
- 20 vnd darnach genczlich wirt  
 volbracht /  
 daz kain / so rain / Jr geleich  
 auff erd mug symulieren' /  
 regniren / pulchrier' / wie man  
 wil /  
 gewaltiglich behalt sie daz spil /  
 mit ern' zwar tar sie wol ernstn'  
 vnd scherchn'.

## No. CXXI

(Ms. A 19r, Kl. 121)

- I** NV Rue mit sorgn' / mein  
v'borgen / lich' schacz /  
sleius dein augn' schricklich zu /  
gen des lichten tages hacz /  
Jm ze tracz /
- 5 herczn' lieb es ist noch frw /  
all dein trawrn' / laurn' / las /  
freudn' hoff vnd halt die maß /  
tustu das /  
so bistu wol mein /
- 10 ach liebe dirn' das sol sey  
sein.
- II** Fraw thu mich straffen / ich  
verslaffn' / hab die stund /  
lucifer verschwundn' ist /  
ey du roselacht' mund /  
mach gesund /
- 15 ber dort hie wo mir enprist /  
dein haubt naigt / saig / auff  
meyn hercz /  
ermlein schrenk sunder  
smercz /  
treyb den schercz /  
der vns fraw macht gail /
- 20 zart lieb' man das sey mit  
hail.
- III** Der glancz durch grebe / von  
der plebe / ist entrant /  
ich hor voglin döne uil /  
tag wer hat nach dir gesant /  
dein gewant /
- 25 vnser scham nicht teken wil /  
zwar dein greys / ich preys /  
doch klain /  
gutm' morgn' liebstes ain /  
nicht ser wain /  
mein' kunft / der wort schir /
- 30 mit vrlaub fraw hail wunsch  
ich dir.  
*Finis J.v.*

## No. CXXII

(Ms. A 33r /v, Kl. 122)

- I** WOI auf gesellen an dy vart /  
gen Augspurg zuden frewlin  
zart /  
vnd wer da hat ein langen part /  
der mag gewinnen preyse /
- 5 Auch wer desselben nit enhat /  
der pleib da haim das ist mein rat /  
oder er mocht werden mat /  
vnd darzu kurzlich greyse.  
Sein frewd möcht im wol werden  
gancz /
- 10 ober möcht komen anden tancz /  
all zu den frewlin glancz.  
die duncken sich so weyß /  
Des hab ich wol genomen war /  
do kom ich auf dz tanczhawß dar /
- 15 ich trug ain part gar / wolgeuar.  
der geuil in schon mit fleyß.
- II** Zwar aine sprach sy het den syt  
vormals mer gesechen nit /  
wann von der gayß hielt ich  
es mit /
- 20 es dewchte mich gewacht /  
Das sy mich zuder gaysse schaczt /  
mich dawcht sy wer auch vor  
gehaczt /  
vnd het sich mit den füxsen kraczt /  
also hab ichs petracht.
- 25 Do wir nach der snuer hin  
sprungen /  
an dem tancz / all vmbhin  
drungen /  
mich daucht mir wer vil paß  
gelungen /  
het ich des barts nit bracht /  
den solt ich haben abgeschaben /
- 30 do ich reiten wolt gen Swaben /  
zuden frawn vnd zuden knaben /  
het ich es recht pedacht.
- III** Dy sprach ich wer vngeschaffen /  
und gleicht mich zu ainem affen /

- 35 Also kan sy dy gastlin straffen /  
 fur all dy da sind /  
 oder dy noch künftig werden /  
 dz kan sy auch wol vmbhin  
 kern /  
 jnden sprung hoch von der  
 erden /
- 40 nun huczsch mein liebes kind /  
 wie wol sy kan dy liebe dock /  
 wenn sy hat an den weyssen  
 rock /  
 so fert sy vmbhin recht als ain  
 bock /  
 sy geswier oder ich wer blind /
- 45 darumb das ich nit wol gesich /  
 zur grechten seyten vngelich /  
 da uon so reyb sich nit an mich /  
 ain narren sy an mir findt.

## No. CXXIII

(Ms. A 33v–34r, Kl. 123)

- I** DER seines laids ergeczet well sein /  
 vnd vngenezt beschoren fein /  
 der ziech gen Costnicz anden  
 Rein /  
 ob jm dy rayß wol füge.
- 5 Darjnn so wont mang frewlin  
 zart /  
 dy kunnen grasen jn dem part /  
 ob sich kain har darjnn verschart /  
 dz er nit gn' trüge.  
 Mit ainer so traib ich den  
 schimpf /
- 10 zwar des gewan ich vngelimpf /  
 des lert sy mich ain süssen rimpf /  
 Als der mich wol ersliege /  
 Ain hand sy mir im part vergaß /  
 dye langen har sy darawß las /
- 15 dy weyl der kurczen aines was /  
 sy daucht es wären kryege.
- II** Hör trawt gesell was ich dir seg /  
 genesch wil haben allezeit sleg /  
 ain andre dy zaigt mir den weg /

- 20 mit ain' fewst zum oren /  
 Das mir dz besser aug verging /  
 wie ich die ertrunck zarg  
 ueruieng /  
 vnd meinen tryel vast darumb  
 hieng /  
 dest E wurd ich zum toren /
- 25 Vnd wer aim leicht dz ist ain  
 gelt /  
 schön Els vnd Äll gant den zelt /  
 hin gumppn' vber twerches veld /  
 des hab wir me verlorn.  
 Der leib mich da erfrewet ser /
- 30 des ward mein arm' part entwer /  
 geströwet jndy Stuben hin vnd  
 her /  
 recht als der sat das korn.

- III** Do ich gedacht an podemsee /  
 ze stund tet mir der pewtel we /
- 35 mit schilling ich das Abc /  
 must leren pey der wyde.  
 Zal gilt du must was ir gesangk /  
 dem Stainbrecher von  
 nesselwangk /  
 vil zornikleichen gen mir klanck /
- 40 wes ich dort haim nit plybe.  
 Jn daucht ains wol ich wär ain  
 flasch /  
 er nam das gelt liess mir dy tasch /  
 ich wil das er des klainen gnäsch /  
 noch kainem nit verczig.
- 45 Jch han gewandelt manig her /  
 gen prewssen Rewssen vber mer.  
 Zwar ich gesach nie scherppffer  
 wer /  
 von schinden schaben g'me.

- IV** Ain hoch gepräng von klainem  
 glancz /
- 50 vast edel nöttig swacher swancz /  
 was vns nicht tewr ändern tancz /  
 zu Costnicz dort jnswaben.  
 Vnd het ich funden insolchem  
 lauf /  
 so wolfail aller hendlin kauf /

55 der peitel wer mir selten auf /  
 getan meinem gelt ze schaden.  
 Was ich mein tag ye hab gelert /  
 dz dawcht die frewlin gar  
 vnwert /  
 sy sprach ich wer ir hewr als  
 verd /  
 60 die ab mir wand den kragen.  
 Jch sayt junckfraw pleibt jnnd'  
 hewt /  
 ja seyt jr auch als ander lewt /  
 oder ist ewer leib von gold  
 gedrewt /  
 das mocht jr vns doch fagen.

V Zwar mir sayt ainst ein weyse  
 mugg /  
 geleiche purd prech nynd den  
 rugg /  
 und schlechte gwin ein edle  
 brugg /  
 dy mocht man gen vnd reiten.  
 Wer vber well der vber walcz /  
 vil manig went sy sey gephalcz /  
 70 vnd dy gar höhlichen kalcz /  
 sy möcht der lewt noch peitten.  
 Ain yegklichs geuelte jm selber  
 wol /  
 des ist dy welt der toren vol /  
 75 wenn ich von Costnicz schaiden  
 sol /  
 des emphind ich an der seitten.  
 Jch preyß den edlen guldin  
 schlegel /  
 zu dem so ker ich meinen segel /  
 ett wo ich inder welt hin ker /  
 80 des lob ich seldom meyde.

## No. CXXIV

(Ms. A 37r, Kl. 124)

I Ain ellend schyd / durch zahers  
 flins /  
 mir bey der wyd / verlegt den  
 zins /

der frewden / gewden / ich wol  
 mag /  
 von klag / sag / trag / ich baide  
 nacht vnd tag /

II JR öglin mir ain wang begoss /  
 der ermlin zier / mich da  
 besloss /  
 mit drucken / smucken / an den  
 leib /  
 ach weib / nicht treib / schreib /  
 mich von dir ich bleib.

III Vrlob so nam / die miniklich /  
 10 mit lieber zam / des fröw ich  
 mich /  
 uernünftig / künftiglikeicher  
 beyt /  
 an neyd / leyd / meyd / mich  
 fraw ain klaine zeit.

## No. CXXXV

(Ms. A 37r, Kl. 125)

I Ain eren schacz an tadel's ort /  
 mort / synn vnd müt in senlich  
 rick /  
 dick / schrick / durch geen mir  
 sel und leib /  
 ach weib / seyde ich mich  
 schaiden sol /  
 5 uon dir / so schier / ich byer /  
 dein fraw nicht wol.

II Dein leib der sol mich rewen ye /  
 wie / wol dein zoren mich  
 betrat /  
 wat / mat / ward alles mein  
 gemüt /  
 dein güit / die klag an mir ersach /  
 10 da ward / uerkart / vnhart / mein  
 vngemach.

III O schaiden ich dich klagn' müß /  
 süß / was gen mir ir sträff  
 zucht er /

mer / ler / ir lieb mich nye begab /  
 ich hab / uerloren meinen trost /  
 15 auff erd / die werd / versert /  
 und vnerlost.

No. CXXVI  
 (Ms. A 56v, Kl. 126)

**I** Frew dich durchlächchtig  
 iunckfraw zart:  
 das chäwschlich hewt geporen  
 wardt:  
 von dir ain schöner Jüngling  
 an we vnd vnerhāwen:  
 5 Jn ainer stat ist mir wechannt:  
 vnd haisset betlehem genant:  
 da solich wunderleiche ding  
 weschach von diser frawen:  
 Verswundn' was ir vngemach:  
 10 do sy den herren vor ir sach  
 der alles wesen ain vrsprung  
 ye was an endes schawen:  
 Wol macht ir hercz des fröleich  
 sein:  
 do sy das raine kindelein:  
 15 das mächtig was der welde ring  
 drueckt an ires leibes awen

**II** Gelobt sey hewt vnd  
 ewichleich:  
 auf erd vnd in dem hÿmelreich:  
 der wünnichleiche werde tag  
 20 sein lob hat lob wesessen:  
 Dar an der wäre got erschain:  
 durch dy vil zarten iunckfrawn'  
 rain:  
 menschleichn' mitten auf dem  
 wag.

der erd vnd der weld gemessen:  
 25 Dar inn er laid vil mange not:  
 vmb vnser hail dar zw den tod:  
 das im chain mensch voldanckn'  
 mag  
 des süll wir nit vergessen:  
 Tägleich in vnser herczn'  
 grundt:  
 30 mit wort vnd werchn' zw aller  
 stund:  
 denckleich seiner martter klag  
 das vns dÿ feint nicht fressen.

**III** Got got almächtig' got:  
 gros was dein väterleich gepot:  
 35 do er so verr dich von im  
 sannt  
 in sorgleich abentewre:  
 Als du durch menschleich  
 creatur:  
 mensch wider gotleiche natur:  
 geporn' wardt in vnser lannt  
 40 der kristn'hait zw stewre:  
 Was tet dein vater aber mer:  
 er gab dich an des todes sper:  
 der dir dein götlich hercz durch  
 rannt  
 do lasch der helle fewre:  
 45 Gein allen dÿ den willen dein:  
 ye teten vnd noch chünftig sein:  
 lobleich zw tuen den wirt  
 gehärmt  
 das hÿmelreich scheine.

*Nota*

*das lied singt sich in der melody  
 erwach an schrick vil schönes weib  
 sine repeticioe*

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## CHAPTER 4

### TRANSLATION: THE POEMS OF OSWALD VON WOLKENSTEIN<sup>1</sup>

#### Kl. 1: *Ain anefangk*

I. If one begins with something  
that is in the long run not determined by fear of God and lacking in  
good conscience,  
and pregnant with sinfulness,  
then no master, unless he employs greatest intelligence,  
can complete it successfully without God's help.  
Therefore my soul is sick;  
I lament about my imminent death  
and beg you, Holy Virgin Catherine  
to ask Mary's little child for mercy  
on my behalf  
so that He takes me into His protection.  
I thank the praiseworthy Lord  
for having granted me His favor  
that she herself, through whom I had turned into a sinner,  
allows me to do penance.  
This should teach everyone  
that love without any suffering cannot be of any duration.

II. What a beauty she was  
with whom I spent so much of my time,  
surely thirteen years and more,  
dedicated in unswerving loyalty  
in her service as it pleased her.  
I have valued her more than all other persons here in life.  
I traversed mountains, forests, and fields  
in many different countries on horseback  
and yet I have never forgotten my loyalty to her.  
I have suffered much because of her,

filled with pain of longing.  
 Her red lips<sup>2</sup> had wounded my heart.  
 Often I could admire her  
 most lovely, graceful hands.  
 Full of joy she stretched out her naked arms to me  
 during many different nights.  
 This will bring me to a sad ending  
 because I am fettered at my legs and arms.

III. Because of love, truly,  
 we have often not spared each other deep suffering,  
 but our love was never completely destroyed.  
 Now, however, as I am lying here,  
 excessively tied down as a prisoner in her bonds,  
 the scale of my life does not do well.  
 With hair and skin  
 God has brought me down in a bitter way because of her.  
 Due to my heavy sins  
 I have been rapidly elevated [on the scale to my disadvantage].<sup>3</sup>  
 She is helping me to do penance and to suffer bad pains,  
 so much that I cannot even express my misery half way in poetic terms.  
 Rigidly tied down  
 with steel and rope I am lying in front of her.  
 With much too many and heavy burdens  
 she holds back all joys from me.  
 Oh Lord, at times you take your time to pass judgment:  
 the time has come to purge me by means of penance.

IV. No wise person—  
 unless he is out of his mind—would not want to  
 take the road  
 that is predestined for him  
 because: Time brings forth fortune and misfortune.  
 Something that was predestined has surely never been prevented [from  
 happening].  
 The path of the sinner  
 is strangely lined  
 with many beautiful, sophisticated fetters.<sup>4</sup>  
 No master can fully express this in words,  
 only God alone [can do so], who assigns to each person  
 his part, weighing him with His holy hand.  
 He [jealously] watches attentively men and young ladies  
 and all living creatures.  
 He wants to be loved by all  
 in His highest authority  
 as the one who is to be loved most.  
 He who ignores this will increase his own sinfulness  
 and God will chase him down until he is caught in a trap.

V. "Love" is a word  
more worth than all treasures, when you know how to achieve it  
successfully.  
Love simply overcomes everything.  
Love forces God  
to hold back suffering  
from the sinner and to promise him all joys.  
Love, you refreshing treasure,  
how unlovingly have you blinded me  
so that I never expressed my thankfulness by means of love to Him  
who suffered His death for me and many other cold-hearted sinners.  
For this reason I fell into the burning fire of wild fears.  
If I had only extended at least half of my love  
in a meaningful way to God,  
as I granted it passionately to that lady  
who now treats me so roughly,  
I would surely be on the road [to the Day of Judgment] free of sins.  
Oh worldly love, how heavy are your fetters.

VI. Only now do I profoundly repent  
that I arrogantly incited His anger  
who has waited for me for so long  
and that I have never freed myself of the horns  
of my evil wrongdoing.  
In return five strips out of iron were prepared for me.  
According to His wish  
I got stuck in two of them with both my legs,  
and in one with my left arm;  
my thumb had to do penance;  
a ring out of steel held my neck.  
This made up the five slings, as I said before.  
Thus my mistress hugged me dearly  
with many a hard squeeze.  
O gosh, these cold white arms,  
her hugging was without love!  
However much I lamented to her about my heart pains,  
mercilessly she did not grant any consolation.

VII. My heart is dying  
in my body and threatens to break because of great worries,  
when I am thinking of the bitter death,  
during the day, the night, and the morning  
—oh, what pain-filled sorrow!—  
and I do not know where my poor soul will travel to.  
Oh, you, Mary's heavenly child,  
stand by me, the man of Wolkenstein, in this suffering  
so that I may keep living in Your grace!  
Help all those who bring me to death

to pay for their guilt already here on earth,  
 which they have egregiously committed against me.<sup>5</sup>  
 In the name of my painful death I swear  
 (and probably give a strong-enough oath)  
 that I have never carried ill thoughts  
 toward this woman  
 with hostile feelings in my heart.  
 If I might have to leave the earth [early]  
 I beg God not to punish her because of me.

Kl. 2: *Wach, menschlich tier*

I. Awake, human animal!  
 use your reason, all you women and men!  
 Have you plunged already so deeply  
 into the bag of your sinfulness  
 that you no longer fear your Lord's threat,  
 He who has given you body and soul?  
 Run, search for Him quickly,  
 as long as you can still see; soon it will turn dark,  
 because if there might be anyone who could absolve you,  
 then it would be He alone.  
 He broke open the gate to Hell, which has never been frozen.  
 Indeed, His power transcends everything.  
 Whether sun, moon, the wreath of stars,  
 the flowers on the meadow,  
 to all of them He gave them color and bright shining.  
 Through the delightful appearance of things  
 everyone can truly recognize His incredible power,  
 even he who does not believe in God's existence.

II. Who is upholding the heaven,  
 the earth, the water, big rocks?  
 Who creates thunder, the snow, and wind?  
 The heaven's sphere alone  
 could help us understand God's child  
 who is his mother's father and her husband.  
 In profound obscurity  
 He keeps fish alive so that they do not drown.  
 He holds the birds in the air  
 so that they do not fall down;  
 He decorates mountains and valleys and forests  
 with so many a dress as no one can imagine.

I

**A** anfangk ansonlich forthe die leut und künber groyss und der  
 von sünden sünner ist das sich all mayer fluch an got allam mit  
 dessem list noch möchten sy das end nicht sparsen spitz Des bin ich künft an men sel swar  
 ich wechlag men stuben sond bin dich suchyon Eine kathren ai um genad erwerbē Die zu warte  
 künden Das es mich haben wēll sijnema hüt Ich danck dem deryn loben und der er mich also gūst  
 mit der tēh mich verpudet bin Das mich die selber künft der den an yeder sol versten Das lied an  
**A** in sworen pūb hnt der tēh hant men seit so lang verleben  
 vil davorē sū und democht mir hantēn siet beliben zu  
 willen nach so swaren got Das mir auß ed hant menrecht  
 nye liebde wach. Wey soler geuch hantēden laud des  
 ich wil hāb erretten. noch ich die gūten wie verpūb men  
 Durch so so hnt ich vil behacht vil lieber hantēn las. mpreiden sy mir māng macht verlost  
 hantēn bloe mit tawten ich dūberverd sēd mir die kün und am beslagen sēd

**U**n liebe spare hab wir uns oft die laider nicht alassen und ward die lieb wie rechte an  
 trant sēd Das ich lig unmsen gewangen se hantēn hant nū siet men leben kēnlich  
 ay der wagt hnt hant und hnt so hat mich got sverlich durch sy gēuellet von men gūten  
 sünden sēden Das yn tēh ubersellet so hnt im hnt und sēlich dem Das tēh men not mē  
 hnt bekūten mē. Der v hnt ich verunden was mit erot und mit sul durch manchen mē  
 an vberste. onproude sy mir die gūl o der du hnt vil versten pan Die vnt ist die die die  
 mich bystet vā

**R**an weger man may specken tēh er sey dāne vromung Das er den weg tēh munden  
 so well der in sol werden künft man die gēuonigt sēlich und vngēuelt vnd kēhspen  
 sūg in mir ward nye vromer Das sūndere pan die ist so and vromer lēden verrecht mit māng  
 hntēden kēgen sēd sam māyer die vollichet man got der vden pan yekē vngēuelt in  
 mit sōre kēgen sēd! Er erot man und sōmelam auch alle creatur er will die kēh getat  
 den sēn hntēn hntēn sēd mer das vromer des sūnd gēuelt er kēgt in mach die in  
 im las gēuelt

**L**ied ist ein wort oballen sēd mer lieb mit dich vromer lieb vromer alle sēd lieb  
 got den dāne vromer Das er den sūnd vromer vromer vromer in alle sēden  
 hntēn sēd hntēn sēd mit die hntēn vromer sēd er kēgt mit lieb dem nye vromer der

Künft vromer die hntēn sēd die kēgt

*(Small text at the bottom of the page, likely a rubric or commentary, is mostly illegible due to fading and small size.)*

Figure 4.1 Ain anfangk, Ms. B (Cod. Wolkenstein der Universitäts- und Landesbibliothek Tirol), fol. 2r

Who sustains the worms in the soil,  
 and the young and tender raven  
 when its father and mother  
 flee from his white coloration?  
 All this God's almighty and far-reaching power achieves,  
 and his strength has neither beginning nor end.

III. He who knows how to make  
 people, farm animals, and wild animals all differently,  
 so that one does not look like the other,  
 may He grant me His mercy in my life  
 and direct the one lady to give a friendly confession  
 upon whose command they break my shins.  
 Lacking in all female virtues  
 she is constantly torturing me in my ears,  
 trying to swindle me out of my cash:  
 she makes me totally crazy,  
 even if she could sing like a siskin.  
 Soon she will have acquired all my wealth for sure.  
 It does not matter how intensively I remind her of the sweet love talk  
 that she once exchanged with me,  
 and when I appeal to her  
 to take off a heavy metal piece off my feet—  
 the other fetters [love bonds] she could keep—  
 I chase her even further away from here.

IV. Recognize then  
 how quickly worldly love disappears!  
 Even if I had been hundred miles away,  
 she still would have been able to exert so much influence over me  
 that I would have recovered well.<sup>6</sup>  
 But now she causes greatest discomfort to me.  
 She holds my strong legs  
 more tightly than those of a horse,  
 so that I cannot stand up anymore.  
 Through a mean cunning  
 she made me her prisoner.  
 My simplistic trust in her made me misunderstand her pilgrimage.  
 She has cast my thumb, arm, and even the throat  
 in iron bonds.  
 O lady, how bitter is your broth;  
 it weakens my limbs.  
 At first I found what I had searched for,  
 but now I can only place my hope on God who provided the cloth for  
 my dress.

Kl. 3: *Wenn ich betracht*

## I. When I consider

and think hard at bright daylight using my reason  
about the differences between all creatures  
and their good and evil character,  
then I discover one that is made such a way  
that no one can change its evilness or goodness.  
Originally I had thought  
that the head of the snake of which St. John writes  
was the most evil creature  
here on earth.

But much worse is unwomanly behavior,  
the torture that one suffers from a beautiful, yet evil woman.  
You can tame wild leopards and lions,  
you can train a buffalo to carry heavy loads.  
But even if you flay a woman  
who is running away from virtues,  
you would never be able to tame her,  
since her evil poison makes the whole world angry.

## II. When she enjoys public reputation

no one exceeds her in arrogance;  
if she is disrespected, she is totally out of her mind  
like the floods of the sea.

Even if she were to become poor in honor or wealth,  
she will always be rich with evilness.

A woman once cast shame

on the Paradise, therefore Adam was dishonored.

Methuselah and the strong Samson

lost their power and were blinded

because of women. David and Solomon

were terribly deceived by women.

Aristotle, a grand teacher

[suffered because] a woman climbed onto his back.

Indeed, his wisdom did not save him from this at all:

she rode on him in courtly fashion.

King Alexander, mighty and nobly spirited,

experienced his fall because of a woman; the same happened to Absalom  
the beautiful.

## III. A beautiful, evil woman

is like a decorated [deceptive] rope; she has a spear in her heart,

she is a false friend who puts up a wall before his eyes,

or joy filled with hidden-deceptive pain.

For that reason Elias was sent to exile far away,

and Joseph was locked deep in a cellar.  
 A saint,  
 called St. John the Baptist, was  
 decapitated because of a woman's vengefulness.  
 May Christ protect us from this! Moreover,  
 the lord of Wolkenstein was tricked by a woman's cunning  
 and taken captive; therefore he is limping ever since.  
 My advice to young and old therefore is:  
 Escape from the beautiful appearance of evil women!  
 Keep in mind how they look like within,  
 how poisonous proves to be the train [of the dresses].  
 Offer your service instead to respectable, pure ladies  
 to whom I give more praise than to all jewelry.

Kl. 4: *Hör, kristenheit*

I. Listen, Christendom!  
 in brotherly loyalty I give you the following advice:  
 Love God more than anything else,  
 you will not regret it,  
 and if you wish to have a good life,  
 then turn your interest away from earthly enjoyments.  
 He who loves God—  
 He is the origin of it and it is He to whom love is attached—  
 will quickly gain the resolve  
 to try hard every day  
 to return this love to Him  
 so that it does not stay away from God's bosom.  
 The glitter of the beautiful, the [end] of the sweet time,<sup>7</sup>  
 the unreliability of this world,  
 then lying, arrogance, mockery, hatred, anger, and jealousy  
 do not speak of God's love.  
 This love does not ask for the [worldly] treasure and the joy of the  
 moment,  
 but instead for God in Heaven.

II. Divine love is clearly separated  
 from the impurity and dishonor of this world.  
 Neither one of these separates  
 this love and God.  
 It is sky-high above  
 arrogance, debauchery, and mockery of greedy people.  
 Filled with disgust  
 love does not want to see, hear, touch, or feel  
 concupiscence, which is a matter of the flesh,  
 nor lend itself as a cover for love.

She has always rejected the body, the world, and the devil's tricks  
 always throwing it behind her back in a rough manner.  
 Great mercy has forced her  
 to come down from her throne;  
 never did any craftsmanship come close to her accomplishments.  
 Her daily reward is extensive:  
 There where the candle of love is lit spiritually,  
 pain and sorrow melt away.

III. He who would like to instill at the cost of pain  
 spiritual passion lovingly into his heart,  
 ought to stay awake, even if he would like to go to sleep,  
 pray and fast with no hat on,  
 beat on his chest and think of God's heavy suffering  
 while kneeling down. All this, however, not without moderation.  
 Stay away from meat and the smell of wine  
 every day, eat food only in small portions  
 in order to overcome hunger not in an extreme fashion.  
 In this way love can deploy  
 its power in him in a spiritually sweet way.  
 He ought to close his eyes and have his face turn pale,  
 to embrace poverty and live, accepting cold and heat,  
 with very little, sleeping only on straw.  
 After all, suffering is part of God's plan.  
 You should suffer it patiently  
 because suffering takes away the bitter consequences of sins.  
 And so, I, the Wolkensteiner, am sitting in the prison of Fall.<sup>8</sup>

Kl. 5: *Ich sich und hör*

I. I see and hear  
 that many a person laments about the disappearance of his property;  
 I, on the other hand, only lament about the disappearance of my youth,  
 the disappearance of my carefree attitude  
 and of that what I used to do at that time  
 without any consciousness about it because the earth provided me with  
 support.  
 Now, being hampered by bodily failure,  
 my head, back, legs, hands, and feet alert me to the approaching old age.  
 Whatever sins I might have committed without any need,  
 you, sir body, make me pay for this recklessness  
 with paleness, red eyes,  
 wrinkles, grey hair: I can no longer do big jumps.  
 My heart, my brain, my tongue, and my strides have become hard to move,  
 I am walking bent over,  
 my trembling weakens all my limbs.

When I sing I only intonate "O dear!"  
 I sing nothing else day in and day out;  
 my tenor has become rather rough.

II. My wavy blond hair  
 that once covered my head with curls,  
 now displays its beauty in grey and black,  
 bald spots form a round shield,  
 my red lips are turning blue,<sup>9</sup>  
 which makes me look disgusting to the beloved.  
 My teeth have become  
 loose and ugly and do no longer serve for chewing.  
 Even if all material in this world belonged to me,  
 I would not be able to get the teeth renewed,  
 nor to purchase a carefree attitude.  
 This would be possible only in a dream.  
 My abilities to fight, to jump, and to run rapidly  
 have turned into limping.  
 Instead of singing,  
 I do nothing but utter coughing sounds.  
 My breathing has become heavy.  
 The cold earth would be the best for me  
 because I have lost my strength and am not worth much.

III. Oh, young man,  
 recognize this: do not rely on your physical beauty,  
 or on your upright growth or your strength. Turn upwards  
 [to heaven] with spiritual songs.  
 As you are now, I have been before.  
 Once you will be like me, you will not regret to have acted properly.  
 There is nothing better for me now  
 but to strive toward living according to God's will  
 with fasting, praying, and attending church service,  
 to kneel down to pray.  
 But I am not strong enough to do any of this  
 because my body is no longer strong enough to sustain itself because of  
 old age.  
 Constantly I see everything fourfold instead of in its real shape  
 and hear everything muted by a thick rock.  
 The children are mocking at me,  
 and so the young ladies.  
 My lack of reason brought this upon me.  
 Young men and women, do not forget God's grace.

Kl. 6: *Ich spür ain tier*

I am sensing an animal  
 with broad feet and extremely pointed horns;

it wants to crush me into the earth  
 and pierce me with one thrust.  
 Its mouth is gaping open toward me  
 as if I were given to him against its hunger.  
 Now it is already approaching me,  
 and I feel how it brings death to my heart—  
 I will not escape this animal.  
 Alas, what great misery  
 that all those years that I have used up  
 are now piled into one.  
 I have been invited to join a dance  
 at which I will receive a great wreath  
 with all of my sins.  
 This accounting is justified.  
 If God, the only One, wants it so,  
 then it all will be crossed out.<sup>10</sup>

II. Only now does it appear beneficial to me  
 to live one more year  
 reasonably in this world  
 because then I would  
 reduce my debts that I unfortunately now have to pay back in a  
 lump sum  
 in small amounts.  
 For that reason  
 my heart is filled with heavy sorrows,  
 yet death itself counts the least among them.  
 Oh, soul, where will you be tomorrow?  
 Who will grant you encouraging refuge  
 when you will have embarked on your journey inspired with passionate  
 penance?  
 Alas, children, friends, you pure companions,  
 where will then be your help and advice?  
 You will take all [my] property and will let me go  
 alone to that bath [penance]<sup>11</sup>  
 where all coins have only little value  
 in contrast to good deeds, in case I would have done some.

III. Almighty,  
 you are without beginning and end,  
 be my protector on behalf of all your rich divine mercy  
 so that Lucifer  
 and his helpers do not trick me,  
 and that I can be pulled out of the hole of Hell.  
 Virgin Mary,  
 help that your beloved son remembers his great suffering!  
 Insofar as He has redeemed all Christians,  
 He should not overlook me either.

May I be filled with courage [when I think] of his tortures  
 when my soul will escape from the bodily fetters.  
 Oh world, hand over your reward,  
 carry me away and quickly forget me.  
 If I had served the Lord instead of you,  
 in the thick-set forest,<sup>12</sup>  
 I would surely pursue the correct path.  
 God, Creator, shine brightly ahead of me, Wolkenstein!

Kl. 7: *Loblicher got*

I. Praiseworthy God,  
 mighty ruler of the heavenly throne,  
 I appeal to you as much as I can,  
 listen to my pain-filled singing,  
 do with me as it pleases You,  
 so that I do not fail to enter Your eternal kingdom.  
 According to Your wish  
 I will patiently  
 suffer in honor of the bitter pain that you  
 willingly and with patience  
 took upon Yourself  
 on behalf of our joy and salvation,  
 because we had once been lost for eternity.  
 I am covered with the cloth  
 in which I am supposed to do my penance.  
 This, o Lord, happens according to your advice,  
 as I truly recognize very clearly.  
 May You be praised, You who is so translucently illuminated,  
 I will be completely obedient according to Your will.

II. Dear, sweet Lady,  
 chaste maid, lady, mother of God's child  
 who liberated us because of you  
 from the Hellish fiends.  
 Ask Him for help and give me consolation  
 that I do not despair in my suffering.  
 Oh, weak body,  
 sinful bag, soon the host has received you.  
 I am afraid that he wants to receive a payment in return  
 for whatever you have committed  
 in great sinfulness.  
 [Soul:] "He is calling for you, give me a reward."<sup>13</sup>  
 O heart, if you have ever experienced sweet life before,  
 now you have to exchange it for the bitterness.  
 If you have enjoyed happiness erstwhile,

now you must feel sorrow.  
 Forgo therefore the one for the other.  
 Worthy God, how precious are your gifts.

III. A rope of fear  
 holds my body tightly together,  
 my heart is swelling up with worries,  
 fear and anxiety I have found,  
 my head resounds from worry,  
 horrifying worry often keeps my sleep away.  
 Four thick walls hold my sorrows  
 in tight embrace.  
 Oh, long night, oh unhappy day,  
 your time only makes me miserable.  
 I have to lament about many terrors  
 against which there is no help coming from me.  
 The fright that fills my heart  
 does certainly not result from this world;  
 only from God who once upon a time  
 gave me life in Wolkenstein.  
 He will be my consolation and refuge.  
 Oh Vellenberg, how cold is your "joy."

Kl. 8: *Du armer mensch*

I. You miserable human creature, you better deeply repent your sins here  
 on earth!

Oh Holy Spirit, send us the teachings of Your Holy Father,  
 so that I might be able to reflect upon the might and dignified honor  
 in my song about God for Whom there is nothing comparable.  
 Nine choirs of angles constantly sing songs of praise of God,  
 the sun praises Him, the moon, and all the shining stars,  
 the heaven that embraces everything also praises Him;  
 and whatever exists in life, extols His name.  
 Mountains and also valleys, the birds with their singing, the fish  
 in water,  
 all worms and animals, believe me what I am telling you,  
 leaves, grass, fields, gushing water, the night and the day  
 recognize and praise God, from whom the devil shrinks away.

II. Since the time we have now learned through the sophisticated  
 insights of all scholars,  
 that every creature within itself pays honor to God,  
 many a stone has cracked open  
 when it learned [felt] of its creator's pain and death.  
 There are many fruit on earth that have no feeling,

yet they honor God through their beautiful blossoming and recognize  
Christ,

and each plant does so according to the time frame given to it  
by God, by bringing forth its fruit.

Even if a man could collect all knowledge thanks to his best skills,  
he still would not be able to recreate  
the lowliest flower, even if he himself enjoyed highest esteem,  
in its natural shining beauty,  
and this not even after a whole lifetime.

III. Now, since all creatures that God has brought forth,  
whether in water, in the air, or on earth,  
express their thankfulness to the Lord in His Majesty,  
simply for the grace that He granted them a form,  
alas, stupid man, why then is your heart so wild [blind],  
since you well know that God has created you in His image  
and has granted you His grace so generously  
in so much infinite variety?

He gave you a body and life, soul and reason;  
earth, fire, water, and the wonderful air are your servants,  
and so all animals, wild and tame, the smell of fruit in the deep ground  
are at your disposal in wondrous manner.

IV. The power of the clouds, the celestial sphere in its clear light,  
and all the joys that might be in heaven,  
listen man, God's mercy, all obeys your orders alone,  
and yet we do not want to recognize Him gratefully.  
He freed us from hell with His own life,  
which was a bad consolation for Lucifer.  
Nevertheless, His holy name is often abused  
by many people whom I could mention to you.  
Alas, you child of Adam, how blind is your weak mind  
that you do not recognize the goodness and acknowledge your good lord,  
although He can take you and hand you over to the Hellish fire  
and can rob you of all joys quickly.

V. Oh holy Christ, since your power is infinite,  
I am surprised that, despite manifold wonders,  
we are not much afraid of Your angry appearance  
and the terrible plagues that You could send us.  
Many a spirit who was expelled  
from the height of heaven down to the valley because of its arrogance is  
pleased about it.  
They seduce us daily to turn to the garden of sins.  
I cannot sing any song of praise about them.  
Women and also men, consider your wrongdoing,  
quickly repent your sin and do not let the evil spirits inflame you with  
some advice.

Fight vigorously against them, take God  
 both early in the morning and late in the evening  
 as your guide against steal and iron.

Kl. 9: *O welt, o welt*

I. World, oh world, you give joy like a badly built wall,  
 how cumbersome you are! Your reward does harm me  
 since you have fallen upon me  
 und press me down on the earth.  
 Earthly delight, you bale of cloth with a faulty [evil] ending,  
 he who sees through you does not buy you so quickly,  
 unless he wants to be an unwelcome guest  
 at the court of so many a noble lady.  
 What use was it for me to have spent  
 many nights filled with joy  
 during thirteen and a half years!  
 Now I have to wake up and must sigh and tremble miserably.  
 To all the good saints, to the angels in heaven  
 do I appeal to help me energetically  
 to transform the seed of my suffering into something good.

II. What help has it been for me to travel in foreign countries,  
 and in many kingdoms that I grew to know,  
 what good does me now my writing of poetry and my singing  
 about many beautiful queens?  
 What good does me the wisdom of other people,  
 since I have turned back into a child  
 and many heavy thoughts in my mind  
 have awakened many tearful sounds?  
 What good does me silver or gold  
 since I myself can no longer  
 be satisfied with myself in my heart?  
 How could the false appearance of the world have deceived me so much!  
 Oh, mighty God, with the strength of the Holy Trinity  
 come and rescue me from the painful suffering!

III. No person should care about  
 excessive joys that would only ensnare him.  
 Truly, I can testify to that,  
 his ending will be very bitter.  
 If one person owns property, he needs to protect it,  
 the more fame attached to it, the more strife and conflict [will arise].  
 Neithart would not even leave behind a speck of it,<sup>14</sup>  
 if only a thunderstorm arose.  
 I can swear on my oath,  
 the more love, the more sorrow

you reap from the beautiful ladies.  
 Since love and sorrow, and joy and happiness are mixed,  
 and since time and duration impose sorrowful separation,  
 how then can the ending be happy?  
 Each person needs to consider this himself.

IV. Even if one person is young, beautiful, courageous, and filled with  
 great joyfulness,  
 and the other strong, built straight without any shortcoming,  
 and the third wise: they all will turn into children  
 when they later approach their final days.  
 I could think of many enjoyable and lustful things  
 that give happiness to man, and yet they do harm to him,  
 once he feels the burden of old age,  
 as he will realize all this.  
 Since in these evil times  
 all worldly joy only bring us sorrow  
 and sweetness turns into a bitter end,  
 and all happiness here on earth finally brings irritation,  
 I wonder why man is striving for joy.  
 Many times, you wise man prove to be blind  
 in all your sophisticated skills.

V. Oh, dear friend, I would like to give us all an advice  
 how we could wade out of the water of these weak concepts,  
 which we naturally desire here.<sup>15</sup>  
 We should pray to God, the Mighty,  
 to forgive our sins  
 and to inflame our hearts with love for Him.  
 Then we would be similar in good honors  
 compared to every duke.  
 Now, since our body is transitory,  
 we do not have enough, or extra, time,  
 we will have to leave behind joyfulness, happiness, material goods, and  
 great honor,  
 nothing will come along with us except for our good deeds.  
 Oh Holy Spirit, would you change our attitude  
 and make us loathe all sinfulness!

Kl. 10: *Wenn ich mein krank vernunft*

I. When I distance myself from my sick reason  
 and thoroughly consider the glorious things of this stupid world,  
 of which I have experienced some,  
 and of which I have seen and heard some,  
 I am not so surprised, above all,

that for the whole time [of my life] I have only aimed for money and  
public honor  
and never repented anything;  
I must be confused in my mind.  
I know well that the [final] hour will come,  
even if I owned the entire world,  
I would be happy to give it away instead  
so that I could live according to God's will another year.  
I have never wanted, in my extreme arrogance,  
to resist so many sinful things.  
Now I must renounce them.

II. I hear that many are called "wise,"  
when they recognize the course of this world a little  
and daily make an effort  
to gain some good fortune.  
Then this smart fellow thinks  
that nothing evil will happen to him, or fall upon him.  
He might change black to white,  
which would be impressive only for asses.  
He might assume a martial attitude  
and believe that no one would be like him.  
He could try to sell it  
and give it away for a shilling, but surely not more.  
This would only transform his illusion into foolishness, as Petrarch says.  
In the entire world no one can count  
all the praise heaped on fools.<sup>16</sup>

III. People read and tell us a lot about the old days,  
what signs of miracles could be observed  
since the creation of the world  
by God, the Highest.  
Such wonders can be still be found [today]  
which God granted to the poor and the rich,  
to the popes, the dukes, and the lords, whose cunning  
cannot protect them from misfortune.  
He who is climbing high without support,  
will certainly fall back down because of this failure.  
He should have been content with being in the middle  
and would not waste the time that God has assigned to him.  
What good does it do to the man who is planning much without  
moderation?  
If God does not grant a specific time for it,  
how then can it be realized?

IV. Filled with hope, pain, fear, and joy  
we spend our time, which I cannot praise with happiness,

since all things in this world  
do not have any constancy.

The good quickly turns into evil,  
and the evil hardly turns into good,  
yet the evil comes at a painful price,  
putting a strict closure to all.

Here something once used to be, now there is nothing.  
We are filled with falsity, disloyalty, and lack of confidence  
toward each other.

Child, father, mother, sister, brother, everyone,  
if we could reach Heaven with lying and deceiving,  
it would be a smooth path.

[Since it is the opposite], I have to lament about it.

V. Many aim for great amusement,  
and they would pay for it quickly, if possible,  
giving away all their treasure, over and over again,  
which they would have to pay for it.

The world strives to grab for property and honor  
and readily pays for it with great treasures,  
and this because it spends its time  
in a useless life.

Man should carefully consider  
birth and death, how little strength

we have, and little gain,

when we will be lying there, grinning with our teeth like the monkeys,  
[think about it], kings, emperors, dukes, counts, all like me.

If someone has sent ahead [of time] good deeds,  
we will certainly find it [again].

VI. I think that there neither in water nor on dry land  
is any wild animal that would not have understood this,  
except for the ordinary roughly hewn man,  
who is happy with what he is doing.

An animal does not need more than what it consumes  
and devours according to its natural character.

We behave like the weather goose [cock]  
that searches for food in the water.

No animal wants those of its own species to die,  
the one helps the other in emergencies.

But before such a boorish man

patiently suffers misery and poverty, as a wise man does,  
he would rather let all his friends die here to gain some wealth,  
if he can thereby achieve his fame,  
which allows him to live splendidly.

VII. Friend, if you want to be praised for wisdom and virtue,  
then let misery and poverty teach you a lesson.

Your wild nature might become tame,  
if you have a good character [descend from a good family].

Never shun humility and honor,  
let go off arrogance, be patient, live without envy,  
then all your enemies will fail  
in the flames of Hell.

Hold peace at the bottom of your heart,  
so that you won't be inflamed by vengefulness.

Do not speak much, it is useful to be quiet.

Listen, ask [for help] when you are about to turn away from good things!

Do not trust the world, its course, its actions are only a dust.

Don't be ashamed to have hope for God,  
then joy will turn to you.

Kl. 11: *O snöde werlt*

I. Oh, miserable world,  
as long as I am wasting my life and property in you,  
you prove to be nothing but hollow and frail  
in words, deeds, and behavior.

You are so extremely unreliable  
that I cannot understand beginning or end.

You hand out false and evil money  
through lying and deception.

There is nothing but effort and struggle, restlessness  
and evil hypocrisy,  
with which you aim for the gate to hell.

You ignorant women and men lament about that!

All the time, by day and night, we cling  
to property and worldly reputation,

and even when we realize our goal,  
at the end there won't be anything left

but plain food and simple clothing

and those things that we have sent ahead to heaven [good deeds, donations].

II. Many people say

that they will always be there for me in full loyalty  
with life and property, all available to me

forever and totally reliable,

but if I were ever to get to their house impoverished,  
they would like to chase me away like a fox in the forest.

Little confidence

we should have in Adam's children,

and should serve only one, that is, God.

The world is evil-minded,

hence you better detest it

and only rely on Him who can help you!

Oh, what pity I have for many a decent person  
 (this also applies to me)  
 who does not fully understand  
 that the hard service given to the world  
 is nothing but a smokescreen.  
 What reward will then be handed out when they say: "He is dead"?

III. There is no other more miserable creature  
 among all the animals that have ever existed  
 but the one that is called "courtier."  
 This person makes himself his lord's vassal  
 in return for a small salary.  
 Even an ass, if he were free, would not do it [voluntarily].  
 [These courtiers say:] "Ride, stab, slay,  
 rip away, rob, set fire, and do not spare anyone,  
 take away horse and cart, chicken and cock,  
 never show any mercy to anyone!  
 Remember, your lord will favor you  
 if he sees you performing such entertaining acts.  
 Place yourself in front of him, follow him,  
 and gaze around you all day long—  
 he is, after all, a duke!—full of eagerness  
 so that he notices you!  
 If he grants you a friendly comment,  
 then this is better for you than the treasure given by the Lord of heaven."

IV. You little bird  
 and other animals, wild and domesticated,  
 you really demonstrate true love.  
 Those who are of the same kind stick together,  
 the bridegroom to his bride,  
 they support each other in emergencies.  
 My "friends"! [They act very differently!]  
 If I were to go to them, bent down and lame,  
 before they would grant me any help  
 and thereby  
 contribute to my recovery, without having to suffer themselves,  
 I would have to melt away in front of them like snow.  
 The love for people,  
 which one person extends to another, would not amount to much,  
 if we were not always expecting gifts  
 and hope for property.  
 Even my own child would reveal opposition,  
 if it would not know for sure that it would gain some profit from me.

V. If I could wish for myself,  
 just as it would please me,  
 a life according to my desires,

and even supported by the intellectual capacities of all scholars,  
still I would not be able to comprehend it  
and would, at the end, feel dissatisfaction.  
What good does my desire do to me,  
a desire for much property and honor,  
what good do silver or gold to me,  
what good does the admiration by women,  
when all earthly joys quickly pass away  
and when I know only too well that I will soon have to go away?  
You can go to tournaments, fight, run, dance, and jump  
on a wide-open field,  
look out for much entertainment, dedicate yourself to courtly things,  
bend over like a cat,  
but, once the fun is over,  
return to the same site, and you will find an empty place.

VI. Dear friend and companion,  
do not doubt what I want to tell you.  
Serve God with all your heart,  
do not enjoy this world,  
instead, mock its lustfulness!  
This will give you much joy both here on earth and beyond.  
Do not take any misfortune too seriously,  
which could make you grieve,  
do not allow sadness to weigh you down!  
If you are shaken awake by suffering,  
then this means a special grace from God  
since this grace rescues you from the Hell hole.  
He who is tightly stuck in his anger  
is like a brute beast.  
After all, God has granted us  
five senses based on reason.  
He who knows how to defend himself in a difficult situation  
demonstrates great dignity.

VII. I am greatly amazed  
that we rely so much on this world  
although we can clearly see where it will take us.  
Where are my friends and companions?  
Where did my parents and forefathers disappear?  
Where will we all be in five hundred years?  
Moreover, I am really amazed  
why I have never been able to free myself from my mistress  
who has for such a long time  
deceptively led me into misfortune.  
My simple mind has blinded me  
and I have never understood that she cunningly trapped me.

We pile up high foolish things,  
 such as houses and castles,  
 although a simple wall would just as well be enough,  
 which keeps standing much longer than we.  
 Follow my advice, brothers and sisters, poor and rich,  
 erect a castle in the other world, which will protect you forever.

Kl. 12: *In Frankereich*

I. France,  
 León-Galicia,<sup>17</sup> Aragon, Castile, England,  
 Denmark, Sweden, Bohemia, Hungary,  
 Apulia and Navarra,  
 Cyprus and Sicilia,  
 Portugal, Granada, and Egypt:  
 These sixteen kingdoms  
 I have traveled and explored until  
 I found a loyal-minded treasure.  
 She will retain her loyalty,  
 without any painful distrust, in return for my service,  
 as long as I only know to live in full dedication to her.  
 Moreover, I am confident that she, if I should lose her grace  
 or her favoritism,  
 would not avenge it in response to my own guilt,  
 as other women tend to do so.  
 Instead, in that case she would remain merciful  
 until I would struggle t against her friendship.

II. No more beautiful woman,  
 indeed, has ever been seen by any person with his own eyes, and  
 whoever knows her,  
 must simply agree with me  
 that there is nothing wrong with her at all.  
 Her face shines like the sun,  
 so brightly are her eyes and so red are her lips!  
 How could I remain sad  
 if I imagine her vividly everywhere,  
 and to observe this pure woman  
 whom I can see wonderfully crowned in front of me.  
 Her tenderness instills joy and happiness;  
 if I were sick, then she would make me well again right away.  
 I would not at all be disgruntled  
 if I could convince her tenderly  
 to allow me access to her garden  
 where she is ambulating among the roses.

If then, as a sign of her favor, I would get a green wreath,  
I would be filled with great joy.

III. Once there had been four crowned queens,  
who gave me many honors  
(for which I had not really been worthy),  
and many a beautiful princess  
asked me to join their singing,  
once I had expressed my thanks kneeling in front of them.  
But when I think about it properly,  
my mistress stands above these four thanks to her sophisticated artistry,  
which she developed shaped in noble manners.  
After all, no person has ever listened  
to more celestial sounds  
uttered by any person,  
such as when she raises her voice lovingly.  
She commands the entire harmony  
with a rich resonance.  
She applies *mensur apposita* (the appropriate notational arrangement),  
and all the long and short notes  
she can produce [make tremble] with her vocal cords,  
which echo deep in the soul of my heart.

IV. Even if Paris,  
Venice, Bruges, Damascus, and Tripoli in the Arabic country  
would be totally covered with pearls and gold,  
if Genua would be filled with gems,  
if Barcelona would be entirely made out of diamonds,  
and Montpellier would consist of all kinds of art work,  
she [my lady] still would be the one  
who would outshine all these treasures through her infinite glory,  
which gives me joy so many times.  
And when I am caught up in deep sadness  
in thousand slings,  
then she frees me from so many a deep ditch.  
Free of all blame, chaste, humble,  
rich in all virtues,  
well mannered in everything she does,  
thus the beautiful virgin sits on her throne.  
Sadness does not affect me at all,<sup>18</sup>  
because she is well inclined toward me, so I do not have to fear anyone's  
menaces.

V. Oh, you crowd of women,  
it would be time that I say goodbye to you.  
You deceive me really too much.  
You do not care at all to give me any consolation.

My service is unwelcome to you,  
 since white hair is growing in my brown beard.  
 I hope that the Bright One,  
 the Tender, Pure, the lovingly formed Beauty  
 will continue to show me her feminine virtues,  
 as long as I do not insult her,  
 and frees me from love pangs.  
 This mistress always properly directs my way.  
 You emperors, kings, dukes, and barons,  
 servants, or whoever you might be,  
 what I would like to sing about in jubilation and exclamation;  
 I would like to dance with my mistress  
 who never breaks her loyalty with me  
 as long as I serve her dutifully.

Kl. 13: *Wer ist, die da durchleuchtet*

I. Who is she who is more translucent  
 than all the sun's gleaming,  
 who boldly gives moisture  
 to the withered wreath?  
 Who is she who leads the circle dance  
 and grants the mild month of May to experience the sprouting [of plants]?  
 It is a noble, pure virgin  
 who verily delivered for us a son  
 who was in himself her father in a chaste way.  
 Virginally pure she delivered Him,  
 He who signifies the triplicate free unity,  
 by which help we gain confidence, escaping  
 the merciless greed of Hell.

II. Who might be able to glorify  
 the virgin appropriate to her noble character?  
 In the whole world, truly,  
 there has never been born a more loving girl.  
 Ah, you lovely gracious, chaste creature!  
 Your lucidity casts gleaming light on your whole appearance without  
 deception,  
 just like the bright ruby  
 that produces effortlessly its tender-translucent light,  
 spreading it over its servants in flowing gold.<sup>19</sup>  
 I would like to sing devotionally a song about this flag of honor  
 without bragging, singing three times upon it,<sup>20</sup>  
 and I hope to expect  
 to receive grace from the Beloved.

III. Who is this rose without thorns  
 about whom you can read and hear  
 and who will shoulder the great wrath  
 all by herself,  
 when she will free us at the Day of Judgment  
 from the variegated and profound misery?  
 He who then is given a piece of rope for his rescue  
 from the virgin,<sup>21</sup> free of all blemishes,  
 will have turned toward you, Lady [in time]  
 For him the path toward Hell will be blocked.  
 Oh pure, honest lady, your shield  
 breaks the devil's spear,  
 make his lance take a different way! Amen.

Kl. 14: *Gesegnet sei die frucht*

Blessed be the gifts,  
 drink, food, bread, and wine,  
 all coming from God. He was truly born  
 in virginal chastity  
 and suffered for us death in His trinity.  
 He, who always and infinitely lives  
 since ever has been without beginning,  
 may he soon send us His body as our food  
 when we become decrepit here on earth.  
 Help us, lady, crown!  
 Kyrie Eleison,  
 Father, Holy Ghost,  
 and Your Son,  
 grant us Your full grace  
 and do not allow our enemies  
 to lead us astray into misery.  
 Amen. Benedicite!

Kl. 15: *Wolauff, als das zu himel sei*

I. Listen up, all you who are in Heaven,  
 you who live gracefully  
 with Alpha and Omega, the shout of honor!  
 Help us to say thanks  
 to Him with sweet angelic song  
 for all the necessary food and drink  
 with which he nourishes  
 mankind in its blindness. Amen

II. For this, Lady [Virgin Mary], may you be praised, without any evil  
 afterthought,  
 for Your greatest treasure [Jesus],  
 who created in You a site of freedom.  
 In the face of Him I accuse myself, a sinner,  
 that I have wasted through miserable activities  
 many days without doing any good  
 in a contemptuous manner in this time,  
 in these days that Your son has loaned to me.

III. Alas, now it is much too late!  
 Filled with fear I am calling out:  
 Help, Virgin, together with the entire Trinity,  
 do not allow that we fall into the mouth of Hell.<sup>22</sup>  
 You, my mistress, are the one who can rescue me!  
 For this let us sing the *deo gratias!*  
 In peace and restfulness, oh Lord, cloth all these souls  
 in whom You discover true belief. Amen.

Kl. 16: *Ich spür ain lufft*

I. "I feel a wind with cool breath  
 which is called, as I know well,  
 the Nor'easter.  
 Being the night guard, I am telling you: believe me,  
 the day is approaching over the dark forest.  
 I see and inform you of the early glow of the dawn's light.  
 Everywhere the birds are singing,  
 crested larks, skylarks, siskins, thrushes, nightingales;  
 their melody echoes from the mountains and the valleys.  
 If anyone might be resting here [in bed] carefully watching out,<sup>23</sup>  
 may he take precaution to depart from the beloved."  
     The young woman had overslept,  
     the young man also had not woken up early enough,  
     and both lamented  
     the hostility of the day.  
     The young woman reprimanded the day heftily:  
     "Sir Day, you do not know how to protect  
     your honor properly!"

II. Quickly she handed over a white shirt  
 to the young man with her shining hands:  
 "Get up and rush, watch for the grey morning!"  
 He pushed a windowpane aside  
 and told her:

“By God, he is arriving indeed, heavy with sorrow.  
 He permeates the sky.  
 The morning star has lost its gleaming,<sup>24</sup>  
 the night has given way to the shining day.”  
 He kissed her red lips, [saying:]  
 “Alas, heart-beloved, it has not even been half an hour ago  
 that we both embraced us in total delight.”

They sighed and lamented,  
 their lips tightly pressed together,  
 hoping to chase away  
 the bright shining of daylight.  
 She said: “My beloved,  
 whatever might happen,  
 you surely belong to me alone!”

III. The guardsman lifted the horn and produced a sound,  
 he sounded loudly so that he was heard everywhere.  
 He announced the morning wind and the glowing of the east.  
 Filled with love the young woman thought:  
 “Alas, sun, who has pulled you up?  
 The person who would announce the evening star to us would be most  
 welcome to me—,  
 I honestly wished that you would be in the west—  
 I would be pleased to see him, if he could fulfill my wish.”  
 At this the fine young man laughed loudly:  
 “My greatest treasure, this can unfortunately not be.  
 I have to depart from her and embrace the pangs of love!  
 You who create joy in me,  
 you sugary nourishment for my heart,  
 you have entirely robbed  
 my heart and mind.”  
 They hugged tightly,  
 embracing each other with naked arms.  
 [He said:] “I am leaving, my beloved!”

Kl. 17: *Var, heng und lass*

I. “Pull off, let the boat go and await prudently  
 until you have found the right sea passage!  
 If you know how to control this, mariner, you will prove your skill.  
 Tell me, where do you desire to go?  
 If I can assist you with some advice,  
 do not renounce them, otherwise your hair will turn grey.”  
 The young man said: “For this journey  
 you can certainly give me help, beloved girl of my heart.

What my heart desires, is completely open to you.  
 My thoughts have turned, as you have suggested, toward Syria  
 to the Holy Sepulchre  
 I will struggle daily to gain your grace.”

They embraced each other happily,  
 many times and full with passion,  
 and kissed,  
 which gave them both much happiness.  
 She said: “Depart in an orderly manner,  
 [but] watch out for the *Kalamiten* [westerly winds],<sup>25</sup>  
 if I may give you an advice!”

II. “Turn the bow immediately toward the Levant [the east]  
 and allow the *Poniente* [easterly wind], without becoming a victim of  
 carelessness,  
 to provide you with some help at the stern.  
 Raise the entire sail  
 up to the top of the mast and catch the westerly wind!  
 Hold the steering wheel tightly, do not allow the ship to sway.  
*Maestro Provenz* [northwesterly wind] will push you forward,  
 and equally so the good favor of the mighty force, *Tramontana* [northerly  
 wind].  
 When the *Greco* [northeasterly wind] comes, helmsman, take down half  
 of the sails!  
 Untie the braces, quickly, take the rope!  
 Straighten the magnetic needle with the help of the measuring tape  
 and the constellations on the navigational map!  
 Do not allow the *Levant* [easterly wind] to push you away from your  
 direction!  
 [Guys], everyone quickly to the other side, run!  
 Jump down into the bilge!  
 Do not let the sea storm overpower you,  
 Seek in time the safe harbor.  
 Once you have reached its entrance,  
 watch out for the shallow depth,  
 then release the anchor.

III. Often the *Sirocco*  
 blows mightily against you most aggressively.  
 Because of this wind you will suffer badly when the ship is shaking  
 heavily.  
 This worm likes to bring storm.  
 Divide with the compass a quarter of a divider.  
 If you get seasick, do not despair!  
 Pull down the sail, forward, do not tarry.  
 Give the mariners encouraging instructions. Do not let the current push  
 you out of the way!

It will be blocked when the southerly wind marches toward you heftily.  
 It will be to your advantage  
 at half strength, as I once have heard people saying.  
 Hoist the sail with all skill, turn it toward the wind behind the rope!  
     Turn the steering wheel carefully  
     and most considerately.  
 When the *Gorwin* [southwesterly wind] rises strongly,  
 it will quickly put you  
 on course toward the Orient.  
 May God allow you to return again,  
 my dear beloved!”

Kl. 18: *Es fügt sich*

I. It occurred to me, when I was ten years of age,  
 that I wanted to see what the world was like.  
 [Since then] I have dwelled in so many a hot and cold corner, in misery  
 and poverty,  
 with Christians, Greek-Orthodox, and heathens.  
 I had taken three pennies in my bag and one piece of bread  
 from home to keep me alive, when I ran away into hardship.  
 Because of strange “friends” I have ever since lost so many drops of  
 blood,  
 that I thought that I would die.  
 Suffering from heavy penance I walked on foot  
 until the day when my father died. I was fourteen then and yet still did  
 not own a horse,  
 except for one that I had stolen, and one that I also had stolen, a mule,  
 light in color,  
 but unfortunately I lost both in the same way.  
 You know, I was messenger boy, cook, and horse groom;  
 I even pulled an oar—that was hard—  
 near Candia [Crete] and elsewhere, and later back again.  
 All kinds of coats were my best clothing.

II. To Prussia, Lithuania, Tartary, Turkey, and to the other side of the sea,  
 to France, Italy, Léon-Galicia  
 love drove me, and I had to pay for it myself, marching with the armies  
 of two kings:  
 Ruprecht and Sigmund, both under the sign of the eagle.  
 French, Arabic, Catalan, Castilian,  
 German, Latin, Slovenian, Italian, Russian, and Greek:  
 these ten languages I used whenever necessary.  
 Moreover I knew how to play the fiddle, the trumpet, drums, and the  
 flute.  
 I sailed around islands and peninsulas, and many other countries

on large ships, which saved me from the dangers of storms.  
 I busily traversed the northern and the southern part of the sea.  
 The Black Sea made me hug a barrel,  
 when, in my misfortune, my brigantine crashed.  
 I was a merchant then, but I survived well and could rescue myself,  
 I and a Russian. In the wild sea my capital and profit sank away  
 down to the depths, whereas I swam to the shore.

III. Before the queen of Aragon—what a beautiful woman!—  
 I knelt down, gladly I pointed my beard toward her,  
 and with white hands she attached a precious ring to the beard.  
 She was very kind and said: “Never remove it again!”  
 With her hand she cut a hole into my earlobe  
 with a little needle made out of brass.  
 According to their customs she attached two rings to them,  
 which I wore for a long time. They are called *raicades*.  
 Then immediately afterward I went up to King Sigmund.  
 He stared at me with gaping open mouth, crossed himself when he  
 recognized me.  
 He immediately cried out loudly to me: “You wear such trashy stuff!”  
 Then he asked me in a friendly way: “Do the rings not hurt you?”  
 The women and also the men looked at me, laughing altogether,  
 among them nine people of royal descent who happened to be in Perpignan,  
 among them their pope of Luna, called Peter,  
 and also, as the tenth of them, the Roman [German] king and the lady of  
 Prades.

IV. I wanted to reform my vain life, believe me that,  
 and I turned into a migrant monk<sup>26</sup> for well over two whole years.  
 At the beginning I was certainly inspired by devotion,  
 but then love spoiled the end entirely.  
 Irrespective of how long I traveled around on horseback, looking for  
 knightly sport,  
 and served a lady, what I will pass over in silence,  
 she never wanted to grant me her grace, not one iota,  
 until a monk’s garb made me into a fool.  
 Many things then worked out easily for me,  
 when the cowl with the hood clothed me.  
 Truly, never before or after did a girl prove to be so friendly,  
 who had gracefully listened to my words.  
 Straightaway my devotion flew away through the chimney  
 when I shook the cowl off amid the smoke.  
 Since then I have experienced many struggles in matters of love,  
 and my joy has been bitten by frost quite badly.

V. It would take too long to relate all my suffering,  
 but I am tortured above all by wonderfully beautiful lips,

which have wounded my heart until the day of bitter death.<sup>27</sup>

In her presence I often broke out in cold sweat,  
the color of my face often changed from red to pale  
when I encountered the pretty girl.

Because of much trembling and sighing I often no longer felt  
my body, as if I had been burnt.

Suddenly frightened even when two hundred miles away from her,  
I feel roasted and as yet without comfort.

Cold, rain, and snow, along with torturing frost can never bother me  
so much

that I would not have burnt when the beloved sun [his mistress] heated  
me up.

When I am with her, then the center and limits of my life are no longer free.

Because of a lady I am forced to take foreign, bad roads  
leading me into the unknown, until hatred disappears thanks to her  
gracefulness.

If she were willing to help, my sadness would turn into blissfulness.

VI. Four hundred women or more, but not one man,  
did I find on the island of Ios [Nios]; they lived there on this small spot  
of earth.

No one has ever seen a more beautiful image in one hall.

Nevertheless, none of those ladies could outshine  
the one for whom I carry a heavy load on my back.

Oh God, if she only knew half of my painful burden,  
then everything would be much easier, whatever suffering I would  
experience,

and I would have hopes that she might grant me her pity.

When I am wringing my hands many times while in foreign lands,  
then I am painfully feeling the lack of her greeting,  
and I do not sleep well in sweet peacefulness neither late at night nor  
early in the morning.

The reasons for this are her tender, white arms.

Young men and women, you who are in love, keep this kind of suffering  
in mind.

How happy I felt when the beloved granted me her blessing.

Truly, on my honor, if I had to realize that I would no longer see her,  
then my eyes would have to pay for it with many tears.<sup>28</sup>

VII. I have spent forty years minus two so far [in my life]  
with exuberance, wild behavior, creating poetry, and singing all kinds of  
songs.

Now the time would be ripe to listen as a married man  
to the screaming of my own children in the crib.

But I will never be able to forget the one [woman]  
who instilled happiness in me here on earth.

Nowhere in the entire world would I be able to find anyone like her.

Moreover, I am very afraid of the nagging scolding [barking] of the wife.<sup>29</sup>  
 So many a wise man has so far appreciated my judgment and advice,  
 and they also enjoyed my happy songs.

I, Wolkenstein, certainly live unreasonably  
 by having been so committed to this world.

Also, I admit, I do not know when I will die,<sup>30</sup>  
 whereupon nothing more significant will follow than the results of my  
 deeds.

If then I would have served God properly according to His will,  
 then I would not be afraid of the hot blazing flames [in Hell].

Kl. 19: *Es ist ain altgesprochener rat*

I. According to an old adage  
 which has been known for more than hundred years,  
 how can the person who has never experienced suffering  
 know the meaning of joy?

Similarly, I once enjoyed a wonderful life,  
 but then I had to pay for it in full  
 in Catalonia and León-Galicia,  
 where people are fond of eating chestnuts.

II. What my beard had to suffer at the hand  
 of some beautiful ladies in Constance,  
 and the way my seal ring was stolen out of my pocket  
 by a mastery hand,  
 but these are not the same  
 (the one is entirely removed from the other)<sup>31</sup>  
 compared to my experiences in Aragon  
 in the city called Perpignan.

III. He who wants to catch a bird  
 and does not want to let it escape again,  
 needs to set up a snare and lure the bird seductively  
 so as to deceive it.  
 With nets, snares, and a wooden trap  
 so many a noble bird is caught  
 that is wrapped in with such cunning,  
 and then loses its life.

IV. People played flutes, trumpets, string instruments,  
 Moors beat the drums;  
 then many people in a long row  
 carried model towers and castles,  
 and also angels, wonderfully decorated.  
 They sang and played many melodies,

each of them by himself,  
in many strange and different voices.

V. Poor and rich people rushed toward us,  
the dust made my voice hoarse.  
Honorably welcomed was  
Sigmund, who subsequently was crowned emperor,  
in the city of Perpignan.  
Then they prepared a hot bath for him,  
but if they also had poured the hot water on the edge,  
we all would have suffered badly.<sup>32</sup>

VI. He was welcomed with kisses  
from kings and also from a young and an old queen,  
but only when he was kissed by the young,  
he did not, as I could observe, wipe his face.  
If the disagreement [Schism] had played a role with the ladies,  
we would have certainly reached a compromise much earlier  
than with the "screwy" Peter [Pope Pedro Luna]  
and his servant, the devil.

VII. I have never observed in lions or peacocks,  
indeed, so long tails [trains],  
as the ladies in that country  
wear them attached to their dresses,  
not to forget the earrings and their red nails.  
They hesitated less to grant a kiss  
with graceful exuberance  
than to shake hands.

VIII. King Sigmund struggled every day  
for eighteen weeks  
with popes, bishops, cardinals.  
If those had been stabbed to death  
who proved to be hypocritical  
and favored the Schism,  
I would not have mourned for anyone  
with a song that I would have played on my flute while riding a cart.

IX. [These public figures] cooked up many secret plans,  
although they friendly greeted us, bowed politely.  
As a consequence I had to spend many long nights  
lying on nothing but a mattress.  
I could not find any rest on that hair [filling the mattress]  
because it originated from an old cow,  
called "Mumme,"  
as a mute had told me last year.

X. The lord of Oetting [a companion] rang in  
 the dawn on my head,  
 as if a raven were picking  
 at the skull of a dead bull.  
 In turn I hit him  
 many times with a shoe, which was not soft at all,  
 on his skin,  
 which left many tear marks.

XI. The Duke of Brieg was not dumb,  
 he was lying on his bed often worrying.  
 Many times I got up revealing my rear to him,  
 thus sending him a pleasant “good-morning,”  
 which he rewarded by throwing a hard shoe,  
 accompanied by curse words, at me,  
 and I had to take cover,  
 pulling the blanket over my head.

XII. Indeed, such stories could go on forever,  
 if I put my mind to thinking about them.  
 Sir Baumgarten one morning  
 blessed Sir Fritz with “holy water”  
 taken from a foul smelling bucket:  
 He marked his face, the jacket, and the linen  
 with yellow streaks.  
 Sir Fritz had to rhyme on this [clean up everything].

XIII. When I heard the sound of the big bell  
 alerting us to danger,  
 even seconds seemed to be an eternity  
 and I did not feel inclined at all to sing.  
 “You miserable little bell,” I thought,  
 “if I now were  
 with noble men and friends on castle Wolkenstein,  
 I would not get worried if I heard your ringing.”

XIV. The noise of this war bell,  
 shocked me so much through its loud noise  
 that I fell down one [whole] staircase  
 making a clean-sounding bumping noise.  
 At the bottom I faced my lord,  
 dressed like a man in his armor,  
 with his sword attached.  
 A loud ruckus then began.

XV. My good “bag” [wallet] did not cause me any worries,  
 he was called “made of ducats,”  
 since Christendom

had been reunified in Narbonne.  
Duke of Brieg, Bishop of Riga,  
Archduke: you all gained honor equally  
in the struggle for King Sigmund's victory;  
you will be rewarded,

XVI. and so also those who left behind  
armor and horses at the end,  
meaning that many had to wade  
on foot through the street-dirt.  
They all will be highly rewarded  
when they turn [to the king] begging for money.  
I also brought home only two and a half  
horses of my whole group.

XVII. See, little Peter, you evil cat,  
you moonstruck<sup>33</sup> malicious child,  
your old bald head was of no use for you!  
In Avignon I heard  
of a document, signed by kings, lords, and representatives of individual  
countries,  
those who previously had believed in you.  
They are now playing a song for you, shrill and loud,  
blowing into a wooden pipe<sup>34</sup> for your dance.

XVIII. Then we all came together  
in large numbers, thickly packed in a procession,  
playing flutes, trumpets, and bells  
and singing hymns.  
At night a dance was prepared for us.  
You see, this "bald-Pedro"  
was quickly forgotten over so many a beautiful girl  
during the dance and other courtly games.

XIX. Quickly everything turns to its opposite,  
and here I am thinking of the "bag."  
Someone stole two ducats out of it,  
and I had only one left,  
which I had attached to my body.  
Many who had chosen a noble bride  
would have been very pleased  
to receive so much in dowry as this ducat was worth.

XX. But nothing of that was so bad  
because the beautiful Margarete  
poked a hole into my earlobe with a needle,  
as is customary there in her country.  
This noble queen

attached two gold rings,  
and knotted one into my beard.  
She wanted me to appear in public adorned this way.

XXI. I received a high rank:  
"Viscount of Turkey."  
Many thought that I was  
a heathen nobleman.  
King Sigmund gave me  
a valuable Moorish coat, woven with thread of gold.  
I knew well how to move around with it elegantly  
and how to sing and dance like a Moor.

XXII. In Paris thousands of people  
stood outside of their houses, on the streets, and in the alleys,  
there was a thick crowd of children, women, and men,  
surely for two miles.  
Everyone looked up to Sigmund, the Roman king<sup>35</sup>  
and called me,  
in my fool's garb,  
a silly dandy.

XXIII. The delegation comprising all [university] faculties  
with their "golden sticks"  
gave more honor to him on his throne  
than to an angel.  
Each individual faculty  
heaped praise on him, truly impressively  
in a large auditorium,  
in the presence of countless students and teachers.

XXIV. In my old age I even learned  
walking on my knees,  
I did not dare to stand on my legs,  
when I had to introduce myself to her,  
I mean Lady Else [Isabeau] of France,  
a highly respected queen  
who, with her own hands, adorned my beard  
with a diamond.

XXV. In big bodies of water  
you can catch many fish by using large nets;  
likewise they did with me,  
placing four and a half heavy bags of money on a table,  
and King Sigmund filled  
my "bag" with many beautiful shining coins,  
and at the end I could carry all this  
only with the help of two others, despite my best efforts.

XXVI. A matter of great urgency demanded  
 that I left on horseback.  
 King Sigmund, member of a noble stock,  
 requested that I should not wait for him.  
 In Paris he shook my hand  
 and then he sailed over to England  
 in order to establish peace between the kings,  
 as I want to mention just in passing.

XXVII. More than all other Frenchmen I give honor, *par ma fois*,  
 to a loyal man  
 whose devotion seems to me without flaw:<sup>36</sup>  
 to the noble count of Savoy.  
 As a reward the Emperor  
 granted him the rank of duke.  
 At the ceremony many fell down  
 together with collapsing bleachers.

XXVIII. Whatever I hear [from others], sing or talk,  
 and whatever I think about the course of the world,  
 on the Day of Judgment  
 a bag with clothing is just as much worth as a belt,  
 and a bell tower just as much as a jug of vinegar.  
 If we now begin to worry about our soul properly  
 so that it would not vanquished,  
 then I would have performed my songs for a good purpose.

Kl. 20: *Es seusst dort her von orient*

A wind blows from the Orient,  
 called *Levant*;  
 he knows his way through India well,  
 quickly he reaches Syria,  
 in Greece he does not allow anyone to detract him,  
 rushing over to the coast of North Africa  
 he rapidly arrives in Granada  
 and erupts in Portugal and Spain.  
 This noble element  
 controls the whole world, from one end to the other.  
 The day [break], which follows him in the sky,  
 has sent him ahead as a messenger.  
 Boldly the *Ponient* [westerly wind] tries to block him.  
 This pleases the people in the Occident,  
 those who live in Narbonne.  
 A lovely girl noticed the storm  
 when she held [a young man] in a tight embrace,

pleasantly and filled with love.  
 She said: "I notice a hostile force.  
 The day has changed the night through its gleaming.  
 Wake up, my treasure!  
 The twinkling of the stars has withdrawn from the heavenly garden.  
 Guardian, I realize how unreliable you are in your protection,  
 you throw me into misery!  
 Oh, you scoundrel, who instructed you  
 to get me caught in worries for my love  
 and that my heart gets frozen for pain?  
 I would feel sorrow forever  
 if he [her lover] could not escape without being seen;  
 this might be the consequence of your mean-spirited intention!"  
 She began to embrace him [her lover] tightly  
 to wake him up from his sleep,  
 to snuggle up to him lovingly,  
 to push him tenderly  
 so that his body stretched,  
 that he woke up and, without failing,  
 treated her devotedly.

II. The young man jumped up out of fear that he was trapped:  
 "Tell me, beloved, how am I to understand it  
 that your tender embrace,  
 now done in wild desire  
 and uncontrollably, creates fear in me?  
 Did I do something wrong to you?"  
 "But no, most beloved man,  
 I feel great pain because of your deplorable departure.  
 For that reason I have lost my self-control.  
 Listen to the delightful bird song!  
 They do not stop announcing the dawn,  
 each of them plays its own melody,  
 singing with a loud voice from high up on the trees.  
 The person who has trapped us here  
 should feel deeply sorry for this!"  
 "Beloved woman, your heartfelt sorrow  
 really robs me of all of my joy.  
 Truly, your public reputation,  
 free of all evil blemishes, has often given me great joy,  
 but there are many rumors among the spies  
 who everywhere because of their despicable suspicion  
 would like to thrust us into the valley of shame.  
 I would really want to be an animal,  
 a nightingale, for instance,  
 so that you, delightful creature,

would not have to lose, free of all guilt, the grail of honor.  
 But I hope that no evil rumor  
 will triumph over you through jealous barking.  
 Oh guardsman, by forgetting to blow into your horn as a signal  
 you have failed in your loyalty!"

She extended her tongue  
 and kissed him on his mouth.  
 Blind love is unreasonable:  
 She really shed hot tears,  
 dripping out of her sweet eyes,  
 and yet she felt carefree pleasure  
 when she hugged him beautifully wounded.

III. "Alas, this separation! I belong to you!"  
 said the young woman,  
 "my great joy has disappeared  
 since I have to part from you, my singularly chosen one,  
 because of the bright day.  
 Alas, *Tramontana*, how you have forgotten me  
 now in this misery,  
 allowing carelessly and lazily  
 the southerly and the easterly winds to enter?  
*Ponient*, your mighty howling toward us  
 has been pushed back by the bright day.  
 And you, Lucifer [morning star], enemy of daylight,  
 have given in to the grey gleaming.  
 Therefore I, a most miserable girl,  
 have to turn away from the most pleasant embrace."  
 "Lady, do not allow your bright eyes to dim!  
 Your beautifully shaped lips  
 have created thorough and profound love in me  
 and no distressing situation would dare to cause any damage to me.  
 I would not give a hair for my sadness.  
 My heart, consider the nourishment of your body,  
 which has always protected me from acting reproachfully.  
 May St. Balthasar protect your honor,  
 which has not been hurt  
 by me, there is no doubt about it,  
 I swear an oath on it in the name of all angels.  
 Let me free from your tender white arms,  
 I do not dare to stay any longer!"  
 [She:] "Friend, do not forget to return!  
 May St. Peter protect you!"  
 The young woman skillfully  
 allowed him to enter her mouth  
 passing by the white battlement of her teeth

in memory of St. Johann [amatory symbolism].<sup>37</sup>

Twice they hugged each other lovingly  
rushing, urging in their longing.

Kl. 21: *Ir alten weib*

I. You old women, be happy together with the young!  
What the cold winter has ruined for us,  
the month of May will regain jubilantly,  
giving the little roots new juice, applying mild strength.  
He can no longer stand the cold snow;  
whatever had withdrawn into hiding, densely clinging to each other,  
he wants to wake up and pull out of its state of mourning:  
leaves, flowers, blossoms, grass, worms, and tired animals.  
You birds, lubricate your hoarse throats,  
climb high and sing out loudly!  
Renew your fur, you animals wild,  
wallow thoroughly in the yellow flowers!  
You young women, be happy worry-free!  
Peasant, sift new flour,  
with which you can bake bread next fall.  
Mountain, meadow, valley, forest, and field  
present themselves most splendidly thanks to the earth's mercifulness.  
All creatures, wild and tame,  
longingly desire to produce offsprings,  
each formed after its own model.  
My horse is neighing for joy about the cornucopia of May,  
and the ass is also laughing.  
[Everyone,] come dancing, jumping,  
running, wrestling,  
fiddling, singing,  
come here, come here!  
strum and strike an instrument,  
kiss the lips  
happily onward,  
woo the loving girls!  
Without worry  
let us put on  
wreaths of flowers,  
cover the cheeks  
with leaves,<sup>38</sup>  
embrace each other with the arms,  
kiss with the tongues,  
this is pleasure for my beard!

II. Though the cuckoo does not thrill really impressively,  
while someone is singing in French using the courtly descants,

for me the sound of “cuckoo, come closer, beloved!” is much more pleasant and delights me much more than Giustiniani’s song performed on the fiddle.<sup>39</sup>

To go hunting in a group, hawking, trapping, shooting pigeons, collecting chanterelles at the edge of the forest together with a girl, only clothed by a bush: all these entertainments I praise more than all the courtly customs.

Month of May, your tent

in which the fresh grass is taking a bath, pleases me well.

Every animal is seeking a lair

where it can protect its youngsters from danger.

“Drink this drink, you Catalonian, you Spaniard!”

This song and “Pay the Toll!”

do not sound like the singing of the throttle.

In that country [Spain] I had an experience,

and if you can discover some grey hair on my head,

then I got those surely thanks to those young ladies

who have these pleasingly formed white legs,

entirely covered by red pants,

and such brilliantly gleaming eyes,

encircled with black makeup.

One of them alone,

whom I have in mind,

gives me pleasure.

My body and limbs

would not be stiff

and my sadness would disappear [if I were fortunate with her].

Oh, the lovely woman,

if only she would drop her pants.

If she untied the strings

my wound

would be entirely healed,

and my longing for knowledge

would be satisfied.

In Paris and London

I would buy her two pairs of shoes.

III. Delightfully she moves in the rhythm of the round dance,

but at the dance her high jumps seem unwomanly,

and so her custom to use makeup to give her face a smooth appearance;

this young woman even wears the rings in her ears.

My long beard has often prevented me

from winning kisses from sweet-red lips,

from those who rather extend their beautiful cheeks than their hands

when they pleasingly welcome people.

Her red fingernails drive me crazy,

they are too long and heavily bent.  
 She squats down on the floor  
 and tends to sit there motionless.  
 I prefer the bed curtain  
 over the sound  
 of the alarm-ringing bell.<sup>40</sup>  
 Whether in Spain, Prussia, Egypt,  
 Denmark, Russia, Estonia,  
 Navarra, France, England,  
 Flanders, Picardie, Brabant,  
 Cypress, Naples, Byzantium, Toscana,  
 or the Rhineland—whoever got to know you,  
 recognized in you the sweet doll!  
 Yes, tender little mouse,  
 little tail, little string,  
 little Henry, little Claus,  
 come into the shed,  
 throw the dice,  
 humming, whispering,  
 they will certainly  
 not enter a fight.  
 Little Clara, little Grete,  
 Elli, little cat,  
 jump around,  
 tighten your bands!  
 Catch the rat [penis]!  
 Holla, go hunting,  
 laugh at him, laugh at him,  
 who is begrudging us having fun?<sup>41</sup>

Kl. 22: *Des grossen herren wunder*

I. The wonders of the mighty Lord  
 no one can describe fully in a song,  
 but one of them I would like  
 to uncover a little more,  
 that is, how people  
 develop as children under the influence of planets,<sup>42</sup>  
 how they are ennobled through them  
 or made into evil persons.  
 Moreover, we have to consider  
 twelve signs, clearly separated from each other  
 according to the seven planets.  
 Every day, whether early or late,  
 they penetrate  
 deep into man's interior,

which consequently  
determines the body, the mind, and the character.  
Let me tell you the names of these planets:  
first the flow of the Sun,  
then the course of the Moon;  
Mars, Mercury,  
Jupiter and Venus, two wise celestial bodies,  
which no one ignores for good reason.  
Properly, as it ought to be,  
Saturn joins them.  
Then Lion in its sign  
is one of the twelve;  
the crawling Cancer  
equals the Scorpion;  
Taurus, Aries, Virgo,  
Gemini, Pisces, Sagittarius,  
put on Libra and look;  
spray water on Capricorn and Aquarius.

II. He who is born  
in the sign of the rising sun,  
receives a gift from the Lion's joy:  
he will always be strong, quick,  
clever, imaginative, passionate, courageous,  
decent, and thoroughly healthy,  
in need of sleep, hardly ever morose  
and always moving around.  
Small feet—short in their strength—  
a broad face, a large chest,  
a small head, clear, bright eyes  
and a well-formed nose mark those of his species.  
They are interested in how to help in emergencies,  
they enjoy very much to hear news,  
they are not subservient, they are called to the court  
and care little about threats.  
The moon is cold and moist,  
just like the Cancer,  
and produces people who are heavyset;  
sleep easily overcomes them;  
they have a big head, small eyes,  
the tip of their nose is round;  
they know really well how to lie.  
Their mind is lazy, fickle,  
in matters of love they prove to be chaste;  
they hardly know of great joy,  
and they like to be alone,  
their skin feels hard,

they have thin lips, small teeth,  
 an oblong face,  
 slim shoulders, plump hands,  
 they are not short in virtues.

III. Mars is the guide for an evil sort of people,  
 terribly thin and terribly hot.

Scorpion and Ram

are located in the same circle.

There is not much praiseworthy  
 in terms of human characteristics with them.

They equip their people  
 with very little in terms of body, spirit, and physical appearance.

Their people are through and through liars,  
 they wage wars, steal, and rob,

and they are entirely given to thievery,  
 they rape women and hurt honorable priests.

They are characterized by thin cheeks, wrinkles, bragging,  
 and deep-set eyes under their eyebrows,

then also by broad shoulders, arrogant laziness,  
 and a tongue that is lying and deceiving all the time.

At Mercury

I can discover

something of an eagle,

then a marvelous group of servants,  
 consisting of Virgo and Gemini.

They produce God-fearing Christians,  
 wealthy, generous, honest, and loyal,

sharp-minded poets, clever lawyers,  
 stone masons and goldsmiths, all the time.

They know how to contradict each statement;  
 they have beautiful eyebrows, and they are middle-sized,

respectful, and are eager to hear something  
 about exotic matter. Their faces are narrow,

their noses are long, and they have a high forehead.

The eyes are beautiful, the hair is thick,

and they keep their thoughts, clever as they are, to themselves,  
 always flawless and proper.

IV. Jupiter, the peak of all virtuosity,  
 happily displays its virtues everywhere,  
 courageously supported by Sagittarius,  
 just like the noble Pisces.

They achieve their goal in hunting,  
 peacefully, moist, and passionate,  
 by detesting bad behavior

and demonstrating, free from lame hesitation, a noble character.

The head is small, the hair is pleasing, the nose is thin

and the chest is wide: an elegant person

with narrow eyebrows, thin lips without moustache,

long teeth and strong, tight thighs.

They are suspicious, unstable in their mood,

constantly interested in traveling from location to location,

and open to love,

eager to get into action.

The people under the influence of Venus, the Beautiful with healing  
power,

are refreshing:

Venus allows Libra and happy Taurus

to enjoy carefree life,

with fiddling and singing,

what pleases those [under her influence] naturally.

In love wooing, dancing, and bouncing

no one can do better than her!

The throat is strong, the head is small and covered with many curls,

the eyes are small, the forehead is broad,

the arches of the nose are long and heavily bent,

large teeth, beautiful and well-shaped hands,

the arms are short, the feet are rather short and strong

for such a large person.

They are happy about concupiscence,

and they enjoy thinking about it.

V. Those born in the sign of Saturn,  
are cunning people, cold and meager.

The horned mountain goat

belongs to the same kind,

given to murdering, stealing, robbing,

and some of them are rapists.

They have no calms to turn

to gambling, cursing, drinking, and stealing.

They are sluggish because of all their tumors and worm infestation;

they have dim eyes, a black, flat nose,

thick hair, they are broad in their built, their heart is filled with hatred,

and they have broad lips. In their character they are foolish,

rash in the flame of their anger

yet they are characterized by arrogant inconstancy.

From this stem also arises

the source of Aquarius,

but the glow of the mold from which these people arise

is mixed with the sign of Aquarius,

permeated in part by him,

as I knowingly tell you.  
 They are ashamed for that reason,  
 they are pale, white in their face.  
 None of them achieves a successful life and dies a natural death.  
 But this type of people  
 has one God-given natural advantage,  
 since they know, when something condemnably evil happens to them,  
 as I have explained a minute ago,  
 how to escape from it  
 thanks to the support of their virtuosity,  
 and he strives with an honest mind  
 for the support of the Holy Cross.

Kl. 23: *Wie vil ich sing und tichte*

I. It does not matter how much  
 I sing and compose songs about the miserable course of this world,  
 nothing matters to me,  
 when I think of death,  
 which never lets go of me,  
 never mind how far away I turn from him,  
 and constantly strives to kill me.  
 Once he got very close to me.  
 Without any customary declaration of war,  
 he drags us all away;  
 he knows how to set cruel, sophisticated snares  
 for every person.  
 For those who are caught all pleasant and calm life is then lost  
 because [death] travels very fast.  
 If I had not escaped from him,  
 he would have abducted me already long ago.  
 While I was traveling on water or land,  
 on horseback or on foot,  
 he had often bound me already  
 with his fast rope.  
 If I had owned all of the treasures  
 that a sultan had chosen for himself,  
 [death] could have swallowed them all,  
 if only I could have been free instead.  
 Bad falls, sudden baths  
 and deep, heavy wounds  
 I remember sevenfold,  
 and yet I still have no promise  
 from him to provide me with enlightenment

about time, duration, minute, or quarter of an hour [regarding the moment of my death].

He is my travel companion,  
and by God he knows how to track me down.

II. I want to relate honestly  
and relate my first misfortune:  
Once I participated in a joust with lances,  
sitting on elegant horses, and I missed,  
so I raced through a door [by accident]  
eight-feet tall and four feet.

Yet, my time still had not come;  
I fell down twenty-four steps  
deep into the cellar,  
making a huge noise.  
My horse broke its neck!  
Me thinks, I dove  
deep into a wine barrel,  
nevertheless I invited  
my best friends to join me in drinking.

Several weeks later  
God granted me His protection:  
My ship in the roaring sea  
was torn apart,<sup>43</sup>  
which forced me to hug a barrel  
filled with delicious Malvasia wine.  
This barrel brought me to the coast—  
I would have almost despaired.

After that journey  
I received as my first “gift”:  
an imprisonment  
and lost all my property.  
My head rang loudly  
from the beating, I felt deaf.  
And someone drove a sword  
almost half way into my body.

III. I also wanted  
to learn how to swim in the deep ocean,  
but I quickly sank to the ground,  
and no one saw me again  
for more than an hour.  
This took away all the heat.  
On the bottom  
I searched for fish using the tip of my nose.  
Once upon a time I was taken prisoner and put away,

treated like a thief,  
tightly bound with ropes.  
It had been my "heart-beloved"  
through whom I had purchased  
my bad suffering;  
if she only had died sometime.  
She continues to be dangerous for me.  
I understood this finally  
when I traveled to Hungary on horseback once,  
and again, because of this love affair,  
I got into a dire strait:  
on roads of water and thunderstorm  
I learned Hungarian, hush!  
and I almost would have perished.  
The "Tauggel," a waterfall, gave me more than I had wanted  
(it was a rushing water,  
falling down from a high rock),  
I fell down there making a huge splash.  
Such "fun" did not please me.  
I would bet for all the gems  
nicely polished to a fine shine,  
that only one of hundred  
would survive all that if he "joked around" as I do.

IV. About two and a half years later  
depression entered my life.  
I wanted to leave home  
and travel into foreign countries,  
to Portugal, Granada,  
Léon-Galicia and to the country of the Berbers.  
There I had the opportunity  
for rather dubious entertainment.  
A noble duke  
called Frederick,  
displayed his anger toward me,  
which secured me little wealth.  
I was taken prisoner by him  
without having been guilty of anything.  
I already imagined  
that my earthly life had come to an end.  
God did not forego his punishment  
meted out from His highest court of justice,  
so I suffered very badly.  
Thanks I extend to my former girlfriend,  
who whistled to many of my tortures  
to go after me,  
although already long ago

the painful death had taken her away.  
 May the hailstorm destroy her inheritance  
 and may the wild bear scratch it away!  
 I have no longer any interest in her.  
 If I had only let this love  
 boil away over a strong heat,  
 then I would have been better off  
 in body, soul, honor, and property.

V. There would be so much more to tell  
 (but I won't do it now)  
 what I have experienced  
 in my youthful years  
 among Christians, Russians, heathens  
 and in Greece for a long time.  
 All such entertainment does no longer please me  
 since old age has gotten hold of me.  
 Who knows, once when He,  
 the one of whom I spoke, will pull me down  
 and pushes me into the ground,  
 if then I will be well prepared?  
 If then the judge will decide  
 to beat me with his hard rope  
 —what horrible scenario—  
 to whom would I then be turned over?  
 Therefore, you princes and lords,  
 figure this out for yourself.  
 I do not need to teach you,  
 you know yourself how it goes.  
 All of you, whether poor or rich,  
 refrain from committing sins  
 so that death  
 does not overcome you in a storm.  
 World, I ask myself over and over,  
 who might have blinded you so much,  
 you, who can see so well day in and day out  
 how death drags us away.  
 Today we are well off and strong, tomorrow we are decrepit,  
 and the next day we are dead.  
 [World,] your honor counts nothing  
 as long as you do not think of this misery!

Kl. 24: *Kain freud mit klarem herzen*

I. Never have I experienced pure joy in my heart  
 for a whole day

without hope, fear, or self-torture  
 really staying away from me.  
 Daily I notice much misery  
 here in this world,  
 and this also because of the many companions  
 who make my old age increase.  
 My joy has never been very great;  
 much stronger has been the waiting  
 for the scythe of death  
 to cut down my time-contingent joy.  
 Strong hope misleads me  
 to rely on it [joy].  
 However, I am afraid that [hope] will deceive me,  
 irrespective of how much I turn toward her.  
 When suffering embraces me  
 and pushes me toward death,  
 then both joy and hope slip away from me  
 and abandon me to misery.  
 Fear rises up in me about how I might die,  
 but worse will be to know  
 whether I will perish there or not  
 in the terrifying fire.

II. All sages interpret  
 Holy Scriptures in that way  
 that no one can be saved  
 who, at the moment of his death,  
 will be found to be filled with the poison of sinfulness,  
 without confession, penitence, and honest repentance.  
 His soul will be tortured there  
 with many different brews.  
 Since every single sin  
 will have to be paid for heavily,  
 I cannot understand at all,  
 for which I reproach myself now,  
 why I do not spend my existence, which is bound to lead me to death,  
 as a penitent,  
 whereas instead  
 I allow my weak, contemptible body to go under  
 in the sins—some heavy, others moderate, and others small—  
 and in ridiculous desires.  
 My mind proves to be blinded,  
 and my reason is deaf  
 insofar as I do not lock away  
 this poisonous dragon,  
 who wants to ruin my soul with cutting force

in a mighty, thunderous attack.

III. I have lost a marvelous treasure,  
 which I have to lament,  
 and which makes me angry  
 because of my past days  
 that I have completely  
 wasted in well over forty-six years  
 stuck in sinfulness.  
 I truly repent this.  
 Time here on earth  
 strikes the soul many time and very hard.  
 Time requires here on earth  
 that God's grace will come down upon us.  
 Time brings us joy and pain  
 on the way toward death.  
 Listen, human creature, you do have the choice  
 to select what you want.  
 Oh, you only true Protectress,  
 you virginal-chaste Power,  
 with my praise I will always say thanks to you  
 because you have delivered a little child,  
 who, because of its suffering  
 on the wooden cross will rescue us,  
 as long as we simply refrain from that  
 what displeases Him.

Kl. 25: *Ain burgher und ain hofman*

I. A burgher and a courtier  
 began a debate with each other.  
 They selected an umpire,  
 that is, an old maid,  
 to find out who could please  
 better the young ladies,  
 that was their intent.  
 The noble courtier began thus:  
 "I am a courageous young man,  
 my hair is curly and blond,  
 I wear a green wreath on my head  
 all year long.  
 I know how to sing and play well  
 and how to shout 'Yippee.'  
 Would I then not  
 please the young ladies better than you?"

[Burgher:] "By contrast, I am a smart burgher,  
 my life runs all smoothly;  
 by employing silent, sweet words  
 I am winning many pleasant things.  
 Moreover, I carry a heavy bag,  
 filled with many coins;  
 I will allow her to grab some,  
 young ladies like that!<sup>44</sup>  
 Just ask the old jawbone,  
 quickly and straightaway."  
 [She:] "I have to admit this honestly,  
 the burgher is certainly right.  
 I have done much matchmaking  
 in the area of Brixen<sup>45</sup>  
 and have suckled emptied so many a barrel [of wine],  
 so I know very well how the world operates."

II. [Courtier:] "I am not particularly smart,  
 I have only little cash,  
 but I am, you old titty mother,  
 attractive and noble!  
 Should I therefore not have more success [than him]?  
 I really make enough efforts  
 at riding on a horse, at dancing, and celebrating  
 on the green meadow!"

[Burgher:] "I woo with good manners,  
 I will not allow any shortcoming in that;  
 I have not often sat in a saddle,  
 but I achieve,  
 thanks to my wealth and my bodily beauty, more  
 than you, you bold young man,  
 and I know how to please  
 many young women with precious gifts."

[Courtier:] "A noble, highborn lady  
 will not pay attention to your gifts;  
 her heart will not be able to resist  
 when she will see me so cheerfully  
 and daringly  
 jump over a deep ditch.

I expect her to be favoring me  
 when I'll send her my letter."

[Old Woman:] "I must laugh about that,"  
 the old woman Grieswärtlin said in response.<sup>46</sup>  
 "What can anyone do with that?  
 Such a love affair does not yield any profit!  
 Once I fell stupidly in love [I missed a shot]

with a young man,  
and this did not produce anything else  
but a poor drink for me!"

III. [Burger:] "Young man, you might end up being left behind in the cold,  
you have failed already twice.

If you lose a third time,

then this will be all your own fault.

I trust that I can win a girl for myself,

whom you cannot win even if you run hard after her.

You are no match for me,

you are not properly baptized [you do not have enough money]."

[Courtier:] "The devil would have to be blamed for it [not me],

I am a Christian through and through,

as the priest can confirm it<sup>47</sup>

who has granted me protection through baptism.

And I will have the winning advantage

over you with the young women,

when I will thrust my lance

at the knightly joust."

[Burger:] "I have never learned

how to fight in a tournament.

I own a bold bag of money

in which I thrust my hand;

I take out of it in plentitude

gold, silver, and gems

and share those with the noble ladies;

they are much more pleased with that!"

"That's right," said the old woman,

"you [knight] will never be to my liking!

There is no better love

than the love for silver or gold.

I would rather give in

to the stiff-bodied death

than to allow a courtier's misery

to swallow me up!"

IV. [Courtier:] "The fact that I have now lost,

you old, mean-spirited bag,

will make me angry forever.

Here, I am hitting you on your head,

making almost eleven of your teeth

fall out, not really pleasant, is it?

May the devil devour you,<sup>48</sup>

this is my reward for you!"

"I the burgher open a tight string

of my big bag:

see here, my dear Diemut [Humbleness],  
 five pounds for this strike!  
 Buy for yourself some chicken, eggs, sausages  
 and delicious wine,  
 and when you feel thirsty again,  
 then come back to me [for more].”  
 [She:] “This reward [from the knight] makes me feel bitter,  
 since I have no teeth left.  
 May the hailstorm get this courtier  
 who hit them out of my mouth!  
 From now on I must suffer from hunger,  
 if you do not buy me a cow  
 so that I will be able  
 to milk her in the morning for my cream.”  
 [Burgher:] “I will buy cows and calves,  
 everything what you need,  
 since I have defeated the blond courtier  
 in this competition.  
 By the way, I have heard  
 of the beautiful girl [tart] up there at the corner.  
 Be my spokesperson with her,  
 you will get sausages and bread buns as reward.”  
  
 Thus the strife has come to an end,  
 I hope you will praise me for that.  
 He who welcomes old hags,  
 must like to have guests.  
 After all: old women and ducks  
 belong in a lake.  
 Why should I keep this a secret?  
 No other animal chatters more!

Kl. 26: *Durch abenteuer tal und perg*

I. In order to experience something and to avoid turning lazy  
 I wanted to travel beyond mountains and valleys  
 toward the Rhine, to Heidelberg,  
 to visit England appealed to me a bit,  
 and then onward to Scotland and Ireland,  
 later to sail with heavy transportation ships, crossing the sea to Portugal.  
 I longed for a particular little flower,  
 wanted to gain such decoration  
 from a noble queen  
 and then to hold on to it very firmly.

II. I continued the trip from Lisbon to Morocco,<sup>49</sup>  
 to Ceuta where I once helped to win a battle

and where many noble Moors  
 had to flee and leave behind their property.  
 I would have liked to visit Granada again  
 where the “red” king [the Muslim ruler Jussuf III] still would have  
 welcomed me [warmly].  
 I had been decorated fabulously in knightly garb.  
 I would have been the first in the procession ahead of my servants;  
 instead I was allowed to cut a splendid figure  
 next to a person in charge of the heating.

III. Surely, I had already participated in many raids,  
 but that did not help me a bit  
 when they tightened me down at the stirrups  
 fettering me at the stirs.  
 I had never seen such customs before,  
 and I did not learn them without experiencing some damage;  
 I lamented my misery to God  
 that I had moved away from Hauenstein [his home castle].  
 I was deeply afraid of the road to Wasserburg  
 in a star-clear night.

IV. There in a corner  
 on castle Vellenberg I gained familiarity with two foot chains.  
 I kept quiet, did not talk much,  
 but I remembered horrible reports.  
 If I had been allowed to appear in knightly fashion,  
 with such “stirs,” I would have cut a good figure!  
 All my carefree happiness  
 collapsed into a miserable moaning.  
 I kept it to myself  
 what I payed for an indulgence.

V. Thus I was lying there for many days,  
 even the king would not have been able to compensate me for my  
 fearfulness,  
 after all I did not know whether my neck  
 was to be broken, though I was innocent.  
 Indeed, high up, below, behind, and in front  
 people were posted to guard me well.  
 “Watch out, Peter Merkel, run to the gate  
 make sure that he does not flee from here—he is very smart!”  
 The prince [Oswald’s enemy] had filled their head  
 [with wild stories] about my cunning.

VI. Later I was pompously guided,  
 just like at a crusade against the Prussians, to Innsbruck,  
 firmly sitting on the back of my horse,  
 not to be noticed bound to its body below.  
 I was riding behind them, filled with misery,

although I had not stolen the emperor's treasure.  
 They put me away from all sun light:  
 for twenty days I was lying there, instead of dancing.  
 What I ruined in cloth at my knees  
 I saved at my shoe soles.

VII. An old Swabian, named Blank,  
 had been placed next to me.  
 Oh God, he smelled terribly!  
 He did not contribute to my well-being.  
 He had an open wound at his leg,  
 he had a really bad breath,  
 and he also often poisoned the air  
 from below, very unmannerly.  
 If he were soiling the Rhine as well,  
 I would have wished him good luck with that!

VIII. Peter Heizer and his wife,  
 Mr. Blank and a scribe, who was drunk every day,  
 they all gave me nausea  
 when we dipped our bread together in the sauce.  
 See, the one was spitting, and the other  
 made deep and long farting noises below,  
 as if an overloaded mortar canon  
 would explode through the power of gunpowder.  
 They demonstrated various kinds of "courtly manners"  
 in most unusual ways.

IX. My joyfulness turned into darkness  
 when I began to perspire remembering  
 that the Count Elector of the Rhenish Palatinate  
 had only recently invited me to sit with him at his dinner table.  
 How similar then were the falcon and the calves!  
 The Roman King had entirely forgotten me,  
 next to whom I also had sat once upon a time  
 and with whom I had taken cabbage out of a bowl.  
 But now I had fallen down from the gable  
 deep down into a bottomless pit.

X. I remember still another person from that hiding place [prison],  
 called Korp; I could never make him shut up.  
 He snored like a kettle blacksmith  
 who had sunk down, entirely drunk of the strong Traminer wine.  
 Truly, I have never heard of such a sleep [snore] before.  
 I had to close both of my ears tightly.  
 He numbed my head so badly  
 that it threatened to burst apart.

If I were a woman,  
 he would never please me, even if he owned endless amounts of  
 money.

XI. Those from Kreyg and Greisenegg,  
 and also the Seneschal Molle spoke up on my behalf,  
 likewise did Salzmeier and the lord of Neidegg.  
 Barons, counts, Mr. Seldenhorner, relatives, and neighbors  
 urgently pleaded  
 with the mighty, noble, highborn prince  
 to grant me his mercy  
 and not to act rashly in his first wrath.  
 He said: "Indeed, such people  
 are not born on trees."

XII. Such words were of advantage for me.  
 I had to reach a compromise with the partner of my beloved  
 who years ago  
 had even attached heavy metal bands to my legs.  
 What I gained from this love  
 still my children will feel well [in the future].  
 Even when I will already rest in my grave  
 they will wring their hands over the fact  
 that I ever got to know  
 the name of the woman Hausmann.

XIII. The prince, who had let go some of his wrathful thoughts,  
 no longer so irritated to his councilors:  
 "For how much longer should I let him lie in the prison?  
 Can you not finally reach a decision in this legal case?  
 What good does me his sorrowfulness there?  
 I believe that I can find some entertainment with him;  
 we will sing "fa, sol, la" together  
 and write courtly poems about the beautiful ladies.  
 Come on, as soon as the agreement has been reached,  
 let us create a legal document for it!"

XIV. The chancellor indeed was charged with it  
 and he immediately freed me from my prison.  
 Everything was properly written down and sealed.  
 For this I am grateful to Duke Frederick until my death.  
 The marshal said: "Follow me,  
 my lord wants to hear you singing [or: sign the document]."  
 When I appeared before him, he immediately laughed;  
 see, everyone started to scream for fun.  
 So many a person said: "You should not have  
 tried to avoid your destiny!"

XV. The worthy, invisible God,  
 who is praised so wonderfully through his Highly Chosen One [Christ],  
 in the long run did not grant me my free will,  
 wherefore I often lost the game.  
 My pretentiousness and my vain concept of honor  
 have often been drowned by him without water;  
 so when I go this way, he pulls that way.  
 In this struggle I am simply duped.  
 The proper penalty for my love affair  
 cost me many pennies.

Kl. 27: *Ich hab gehört durch mangel granns*

I. I have heard how through so many a beak  
 a fool will be ridiculed through a proverb:  
 You know, Lippel<sup>50</sup> would be a splendid goose,  
 if only he had feathers that would help him to fly.  
 Everyone should learn from this  
 that the course of life can turn around in many ways.  
 You can observe this well with the geese:<sup>51</sup>  
 Deliberately they increase their stupidity  
 in Bohemia and also elsewhere  
 wherever they have to let go their feathers.

II. The feathery fowl is totally frightened—  
 eagles, falcons, goshawks, and merlins—  
 when they go hunting I am not pleased  
 because I hear the ringing of their bells so well.  
 For that reason many noble animals [knights]  
 are being killed by a crude goose,  
 or are bitten badly and pushed down to the ground.  
 How this is possible, you do not need to ask  
 because [as the proverb says:] “old sins produce new disgrace,”  
 as I hear the sages say.

III. You noble falcons and peregrines,  
 your significance for the spiritual world  
 is illustrated in a dignified way by your flight that aims much higher;  
 therefore you instruct intelligently the other falcons.  
 The mighty Lord in the “upper” empire  
 has strengthened your beaks and claws with a terrifying horn.  
 Now, withdraw into yourself, repent and be ashamed  
 since you have angered this Lord,  
 throw off the old feathers in your molt,  
 then the goose can be fenced in more easily.

IV. You saker falcons and gyrfalcons, take note,  
 all you noble animals in Christianity, listen up!

Please realize that an army of geese  
 is coming from a [hostile] country to attack you.  
 You can already hear from time to time a little goose  
 laughing mockingly out of a fat throat.  
 Up with you, all birds, noble or not!  
 Give your help, mighty eagle, stretch out your wings!  
 Boldly thunder down and hit on the geese,  
 may their backs resound from the strokes!

V. Yes, Hus, may all suffering follow you in a hateful manner,  
 may Lucifer, the lord of Pilate, bite you!  
 His abode is open for you,  
 when you arrive from countries far away.  
 If you feel cold, he will warm you;  
 you don't have to worry about a bed.  
 You will encounter many dear comrades, rich or poor.  
 on the same path.  
 If you do not let go of Wycliffe,  
 his teachings will turn against you, filled with hatred.

VI. Every bird here in this world  
 remains in its station, wherever he was born  
 and does not betray his faith;  
 only the goose would like to wear curved horns  
 with which it wants to chase away  
 the other, noble, birds in order to break away afterward  
 from the community [of all birds] in a rushing flight down.  
 It turns with its wings toward the hellish stream  
 and falsifies in this process Holy Scripture more than all  
 its forefathers ever would have thought to be possible.

VII. The best bird that I know of  
 is the goose, as people once have sung.  
 In the Bohemian land this has changed into its opposite  
 because at one point they committed the grave mistake  
 with one word: In the song it once said "the best"  
 clearly to be read,  
 then the teachers and the laypeople wrote instead  
 the word "the worst," as you can hear it all over the world.<sup>52</sup>  
 In this way the goose has transformed  
 in a most despicable manner.

VIII. Its broad feet could be quickly cut down  
 if only He would want it who created us all.  
 This would happen if he were to let go his devastating wrath  
 and push his terrible weapon back into the scabbard,  
 the weapon that He is holding above our head,  
 the weapon with its sharp cutting blade, terrifyingly pointed,  
 because of our miserable sinfulness

that we commit every day because of the seductive force of sinful  
 behavior,  
 and for which no one remains unpunished  
 in the painful heat [of Hell].

IX. I admonish you, good Christians,  
 plead with me piously to the Lord of the Heavens  
 that he turn away his wrath from us,  
 the wrath that we recognize as His revenge when devastating things  
 happen  
 in France, England, Catalonia,  
 in Lombardy and in the middle of Bohemia  
 as the consequence of murder, massive dying  
 and heretical concepts of religion.  
 Assist me, Mary, change Your son's mind!  
 This I am begging you, I the man from Wolkenstein. Amen.

Kl. 28: *Menschlichen got*<sup>53</sup>

I. God in human shape, properly circumcised,  
 three Holy Kings have a rich reward for Erhart  
 in heaven, and so also Marcellus and Antonius,  
 Priscia, Octavo, Fabian;  
 Agnes meets Vincent,  
 Paul meets Polycarp, John [Chrysostom] pales Constantine.  
 Bridget and Mary come from the other side,  
 Agatha, Dorothea, Helena, Apollonia, and Scholastica  
 gracefully praise Octavo,  
 Valentine and Juliana  
 kindly ask Simeon about Peter,  
 John, Matthew, Walburga will push,

II. Roman, Donatus, Simplicius, Kunigunde, and Adrianus  
 arrange on Thursday in the glorious shine of March  
 a little bath for Gregory.  
 Help us, Marthan, that Gertrudis  
 will grant us housing! Do not dissipate, Benedict!  
 May Rupert lead us to our mighty Lady,  
 April, determined by unstable attitudes,  
 Ambrosius and Coelestinus  
 most wisely handed Pope Leo over to Tiburtius.  
 Rescue us from our misery, Valerianus!  
 Grant us here a pleasant ending, Gregorius and Marcus!  
 Vitalis makes the herbs come out of the ground.

III. Philippus, Sigismund, Holy Cross, Florianus,  
 Godehard and John, two saints.

Corbianus burned, Pancratius embellishes himself with Sophia,  
 Peregrinus brought Pudentius and Basilla;  
 the blooming of May, as Urban had wanted it.  
 Grant all your forgiveness, John and Cyrillus, to Petronilla!  
 Give us your protection, loyal Erasmus,  
 Boniface and Senate. By Primus,  
 wait a little more, do not let the plants rot away, Vitus!  
 Praise to a holy and beautiful knight,  
 that is, Achatius; St. John then baptizes the little John,  
 Leo, Peter, "bite" Paul!

IV. The queen rides ahead of Ulrich,  
 Kilian also wants to do that.  
 Margarita, Henry, tell us, and grant Alexius the separation.  
 Arnolf invited Praxedis,  
 and Magdalen invited the virgin Christina,  
 Jacob, Anna wove a carrying basket for Felix.  
 Peter, Stephen, the honorable Stephanus,  
 Oswald, Sixtus, Afra praise Laurentius,  
 Hippolytus and Eusebius harvest nuts.  
 "Drink, Lady, a 'Bernard!'" says Agapitus;  
 ask Timotheus and Bartholomew directly  
 whether Rufus, John, and Augustine are still alive.

V. Aegidius pours good wine for Saint Magnus,  
 Regina, Mary, Corbinian, and Jacinthus.  
 Protus sang: "Highly praised be the government of the Holy Cross!"  
 Euphemia, Lambertus, please listen to me,  
 and likewise Matthew, Mauritius, Rupert,  
 Vigilus, Cosmas, Wenceslaus, Michael, and Jerome!  
 Remigius, do you know Francis  
 with his rotten cheese? Or Dionysius with the hood?  
 Maximilian teaches Coloman the art of hanging.  
 Gallus, hush! Lucas wrote devotedly,  
 Ursula sought out Cologne, Crispinianus and Columban stay at home;  
 Simon, Narcissus announce the coming of Wolfgang.

VI. All Saints, Eustachius caught the venison,  
 Leonard gives presents to the four brothers,  
 Martin gives presents to the generous Martinus; Briccius fried geese for  
 Otmar,  
 join the dinner happily, Elisabeth!  
 Caecilia, Clemens, Chrysogonus,  
 Catherine, Conrad, Vigilus, quickly fetch Andrew!  
 Barbara, sing joyfully the "sol, la!"  
 Nicetus, Nicholas, Maria of Montserrat,  
 Damasius, and Lucia,  
 may they all be helpful!

Thomas announces, from India, [the triumph] over Jerusalem.  
Stephen, John, the Innocent Children: here comes Sylvester.

Kl. 29: *Der himel fürst uns heut bewar*

I. May the Lord of Heavens protect us today,  
God and His graceful, chaste mother,  
the army of angels and all the honorable saints of God.  
May the ruler of all powers,  
who has designed every creature  
in an artistic manner, meant to [live in] air and earth,  
be a shield against all misery  
and give us a protective umbrella thanks to His tortures and His painful  
death.  
May the red blood achieve the forgiveness of our sins!  
Lord, do not pour Your wrath upon us  
because of our sinfulness, though we have often  
forsaken Your grace through our sinful hubris in our deeds and neglectfulness!

II. May the Highest bless us today,  
and so the loving stream,  
which Longinus brought forth with his lance!  
May this lance, the crown, and three nails  
keep away damage and dishonor from us,  
may peace and the five holy wounds be with us!  
Lord, do not extend Your bitter drink of gall to us,  
although we have become sick because of our sins!  
Crucifix, save us forever!  
Today I entrust us to the holy tomb  
and Him who, having died innocently, let Himself be buried in it.  
Mary, grant us Your help when we exhale our last breath!

III. [Holy] Trinity—Son, Holy Ghost,  
enclosed in the shape of the one Father—  
since you hold the power, You crown over all princes,  
share some of your glorious, endless mercy  
with our soul when it will thirst, entirely naked,  
longingly for Abraham's lap!  
Do not grant power to the devil  
to deceive and mislead us in his terrifying shape,  
when he approaches our decrepit body with his gaping mouth!  
As soon as we depart from this vale of sorrow  
and have to fight free of joys and with difficulties against the arm of  
death,  
then, oh God, grant us a merciful ending!

Kl. 30: *Kain ellend tet mir nie so and*

I. No misery has hurt me so much  
 from such a small matter in a foreign country  
 as when I faced an inn filled with children:  
 their screaming deafened me so much  
 that often I could not even hear  
 my own words, and this especially in winter  
 when I had been freezing all day,  
 and had ridden on horseback to exhaustion; then this [noise] gave me  
 little joy in the evening,  
 and a large room often became too small for me.  
 In many cribs little children  
 screamed with such loud voices that they brayed in my ears.  
 In the long run I much rather enjoy the nightingale.

II. Instead of their loud rumbling  
 I prefer to praise the green month of May,  
 especially when two people then join lovingly.  
 There are many more aspects  
 that bother me with a little child when it screams  
 and disturbs me in my singing, that is,  
 when it sings in many wrong dissonances,  
 with loud falsetto and yet without any graceful harmony.  
 Such noise has embittered me a lot.  
 It is rather hard to get one of them to shut up,  
 they are recalcitrant like an evil cat!  
 My heavy fist has made them pay for it.

III. Near Pressburg in Hungary, indeed,<sup>54</sup>  
 a child of two and a half years caused me to grow many grey hair:  
 it hardly ever allowed me  
 to find sleep at night until the early morning,  
 just like all the other critters around me.  
 Constantly I was hunting them, and often I avenged myself at them.  
 The child often shouted: "I am so thirsty!"  
 The people got him mead and wine, as if it had been a prince,  
 and so fish, chicken, sausages, whatever its heart desired.  
 Nevertheless it hardly ever became restful.  
 Many times I pinched its skin  
 (secretly, but very hard), whereupon its voice changed.

IV. That man really surprises me  
 who does not know how to raise his child [properly]  
 and spares the rod.  
 That person is, as far as I understand it, certainly not smart

and could easily fall on [slippery] ice,  
 which would garner little fame for his descendants.  
 Dear mothers, have you never heard  
 [the saying from] long ago: The more you love your child, the longer the  
 broom [rod]!  
 You mock the eternal Creator God with such children,  
 if you allow them to have their will,  
 which will result for many of them in much misery.  
 For this difficult reason revenge will haunt you.

Kl. 31: *Der oben swebt*

I. He is the one who hovers above and holds steady below,  
 who busily works in front, behind, at the side,  
 who lives forever, since eternity without beginning,  
 He—both old and young—is the one who was from the origin  
 enfolded in one single word three times,  
 without a wrong note and in incomprehensible combination,<sup>55</sup>  
 He is the one who died torturously, but was not dead.  
 He was born chastely and without causing pain,  
 being both white and red, by a beautiful virgin.  
 He is the one who created so many miracles,  
 who tore open the gates of Hell and brought harm to [poisoned] the  
 devil.  
 He is the one who makes stems and stocks grow out of the roots by  
 means of the sap within.<sup>56</sup>

II. He is the one for whom all heart-shrines are open,  
 whether they are rough, filled with shortcomings, poor, noble, or  
 beautiful,  
 so that He can discover in them many thoughts.  
 He is the one to whom all deeds and actions are subject,  
 the heavenly stars, the sun, the moon,  
 the earthly sphere, people, animals, and all bodies of water.  
 He is the one from whom all knowledge has emanated.  
 He is the one who prudently grants all creatures  
 beautiful grace and makes it visible pleasantly.  
 He is the one to whom all animals, domestic and also the wild ones,  
 are thankful for having created the seed  
 for the rich nourishment so lavishly dispersed,

III. He is the one who has founded  
 heaven and earth flawlessly and without [needing] foundation,  
 and who makes the water flow through strange channels.  
 I could sing about these miraculous things  
 a thousand times and everywhere

with a loud voice, but my art is not good enough.  
 He is the one who granted me a pure soul,  
 a body, honor, property, reason, and a Christian coat [faith].  
 May He give me advice, allowing me to thank him properly  
 and to fend off all my enemies,  
 both here and there, so that no one can hurt me.  
 Oh, You chaste Lady, lend me your assistance in this effort.

Kl. 32: *Durch toren weis*

I. In a foolish way I am turning grey  
 and can acquire only little fame  
 on this ice, unless a [radical] change occurs,  
 if I could figure out quickly how  
 I might be able to escape the persecution by the dragon  
 that will [certainly] grab me if I do not get out of its clutches [in time].  
 This is Hell with its gaping mouth,  
 in which there are exactly seven chambers filled with terrible fire.  
 Once I will begin to understand this,<sup>57</sup> my suffering will [only] grow.  
 Solomon announced the following:  
 “Just as you commit sins, human creature, you will receive the adequate  
 punishment!”  
 Great joy in return for garbage—such a deal cannot be learned.

II. “Punishment for punishment,” as God Himself announces.  
 In the terrible space of the first chamber,  
 there in Hell, boiling foam tortures, hot as a seal  
 and so unbearable because of a ferocity of the fire  
 that not even all rivers, the waves in the ocean  
 would be capable of quenching the sharpness of the smallest flame.  
 This chamber causes pain to him,  
 who was caught in the act of adultery outside of marriage.  
 He is greeted by loud wailing coming from hot sacks [bodies?].  
 This is the punishment for that sinful act.  
 Everyone has to pay his mill toll according to his wealth.  
 May Mary help us to take the right road!

III. The second chamber is miserably  
 cold, causing mighty trembling.  
 No fire can heat up this icy swarming.  
 He who has led a life with hatred and envy,  
 bickering with everyone,  
 suffers down there in the gleaming of frost.  
 The third chamber is so dark  
 that you can grab the darkness at a hair.  
 No one is allowed to have bright light down there.

Those who have demonstrated lack of faith,  
all Jews, heathens, and heretics are fettered here.  
Flashing light touches their mouths and noses.

IV. The fourth prison is of a bad sort,  
filled with a horrifying, disgusting smell,  
which neither mandrake nor any other herb can chase away.  
There you find for sale,<sup>58</sup> loaded with much shamefulness,  
the bold robbers and arsonists,  
and also those who deny justice and happiness to the poor.  
The fifth prison is ugly,  
filled with disgusting and horrible things, plus terrible fires in large  
numbers.

The torture suffered there is manifold.  
Because of arrogance, great vanity  
according to how man has dressed up and put on silly clothing,  
there he has to be tailored with base bitterness in the heart.

V. The sixth prison is amazingly filled  
with worms, reptiles, snakes, and blindworms.  
This horrible pond is reserved for the usurer.  
Each person who sets up his snares with speculations and taking of  
pawns,  
or with high tolls and taxes,  
yells for help there in that prison because of that sinful opposition  
[to God's commands].  
The seventh room is fearful  
because of the heavy, eternal dread.  
Here abide rotten, evil nuns, monks, and priests  
and all those who because of their sins  
despaired even against the Almighty.  
Therefore they are punished to stay there in Hell.

Kl. 33: *Ain tunckle farb*

I. The deep-red color on the western horizon  
makes me shudder for longing  
because I am missing her  
lying here all alone here in the night without any cover.  
She who knows so well to embrace me with her white arms and hands,  
oh so lovingly,  
is so far away that I cannot suppress the lament,  
out of sadness, in my song.  
For sheer stretching all my limbs are cracking,  
when I sigh for my beloved,  
she is the only one who awakens my desire,  
and then there is my instinctual, natural lustfulness.<sup>59</sup>

II. I am tossing back and forth  
 all night long, without finding sleep.  
 Coming from a distance, desirous thoughts  
 approach me with irresistible weapons.  
 When I do not find my beloved on her spot,  
 whenever I try to touch her with my hand,  
 then there is, without delay, alas, and causing trouble for me, fire in the roof  
 as if the hoarfrost would burn me.  
 Without a rope she turns me around  
 and fetters me at dawn.  
 Incessantly her lips create lust in me,  
 filled with longing lament.

III. In this way, dear Gret, I am spending  
 the night until the morning.  
 Your sweet body pierces my heart,  
 I have to sing openly about it.  
 Come, dearest treasure, to me! A “rat” with a big claw<sup>60</sup> frightens me<sup>61</sup>  
 and makes me wake up often.  
 Beloved, since you do not grant me any peace either early in the  
 morning or late in the evening,  
 help me to make the bed frame creak!  
 I could celebrate loudly with sheer joy  
 if I imagine in my heart  
 how my beautiful beloved  
 might embrace at dawn gracefully and tenderly.

Kl. 34: *Es leucht durch graw*

I. The tender glaze gleams through the greyishness,  
 translucently scattered.  
 Peer through your eye lashes, you graceful creature,  
 composed of every imaginable beautiful feature.  
 You have wonderful hay rows,<sup>62</sup> and no one could, at least as far as I  
 can tell,  
 carve no little foot more beautiful!  
 She is far beyond any reproach, happy-carefree,  
 and if could win from her even only one amorous greeting,  
 my suffering would weigh very little  
 and would disappear completely  
 because of her, whose honor and praise  
 can be sung above all beautiful virgins.

II. The day is happy and bright,  
 therefore all the meadows resound with music,  
 where many birds, with their many different types of voices,  
 out of love for the pure lady,  
 precisely color their notes, gracefully compose, consolingly weave

bonds of clear voices.

The entire spectacle of flowers, the wreath of May, the gleaming of the sun,  
the upward stretching height of the heaven  
all serve the crown most beautifully that has given  
birth chastely, to all our joy, a son.

Where has there ever been such a bright, sweet virgin  
upon whom could have been sung a better hymn?

III. Water, fire, air, earth, wind,  
the treasure and the power of gems,  
everything miraculous that you can find  
are nothing compared to the pure virgin  
who has redeemed me and gives me daily consolation; she is the highest  
in the monastery of my heart.

Her graceful body is flawless. Ah, innocent garden,  
block with the help of all the plants from happy Easter  
the door against the horrible suffering!

When my head  
lowers down toward your sweet, red lips,  
then, beloved, think of me!

Kl. 35: *In Suria, ain braiten hal*

I. Everywhere in Syria you can hear clamor  
because of a great announcement:  
all righteous people are happy,  
those on the earth and in Hell,  
about the news that, completely free of pain,  
a chaste virgin has given birth to a son.  
Only the devil is apparently angry about this miracle,  
and consequently he tore, in his fury,  
a deep cleft in a wall,  
as the people from old times report.  
In Bethlehem above the cave chamber  
I have seen the cleft.

II. Oh mighty God, King over all empires,  
ruler, master over all lords,  
over all living creatures here on this earth,  
both in the past and in the future,  
how beautifully was the night richly embellished  
with simple decoration through Your divine miracle,  
when, immaculately, praiseworthy, cheerfully, and with rich grace,  
completely chastely  
the most beautiful, glorious virgin who was ever born  
gave life to you.

She had to accept a miserable abode  
when she delivered You.

III. An oxen and an ass, in the company of other animals,  
met each other as friends:

they had in front of them a manger with hay.

She had to place You into it,

she who had given birth to you, in front of whom You were sitting, and  
whose ruler You were.

God was Your Father, and she was Your Mother;

You had created them, after a careful selection. People say of her

that You, noble son, are so lovingly connected with her

that I, the man from Wolkenstein,

cannot find words for this love.

You divine person, delivered by this virgin as a chaste person,

assist me at the day of my death!

Kl. 36: *Zwar alte sünd pringt neues laid*

I. Certainly, old sins produce new suffering for sure!

I am aware of this every day

heavy sorrows fall upon me,

and so for me there is no escape.

Although a woman's body, marked by death,

has sunk into the earth,

her inheritance with its sharp-cutting blade, persecuting me quickly,

has reached my well-being here on earth.

I can neither walk nor swim,

and my plough is making crooked furrows.

Whatever she had done to me nicely or meanly,

may God forgive her for that.

II. Creator of all living beings,

the Lord, ruler over all princes,

who so longingly desired

human nature

in order to compensate with his chalice [grail] for Adam's painful fall

in a praiseworthy manner,

took upon himself in long torture

bitter suffering done to him by the race of Jews.

With His death he gained a treasure,

which had rested deep below in hiding.

For His noble, saintly red blood we give thanks to Christ,

who was born by a chaste virgin.

III. Oh You vessel of overflowing mercy,

which no one can empty!

I have wasted so many swigs out of it  
 through sinfully spilling over  
 from early childhood until the limit  
 of almost fifty years.

That I have never thanked Thee for Your mercy, please do not put on  
 my account,

nor my sinfulness, my guilt, until my grave.

I repent it honestly

ever to have behaved this way.

Help me, God, You whom I welcome

in such an undignified manner, upon Your grace!

Kl. 37: *Des himels trone*

I. The heavenly throne

pales

in the face of the strong approach of the day.

The little birds

softly awaken me

with graceful singing.

The snow has disappeared;

leaves, grass, and clover

are sprouting wonderfully.

Therefore I would like, from deep in my heart,

free from suffering,

to sing for my lady

who can quench

all my longing

and take away the sadness

with her tender hands.

The noble lady

makes me happy,

my sorrow

is small.

When I think

of her agility,

of her constant

loving embraces,

in which she is an expert,

I then am committed

as a servant

of the tender lady,

wherever I might go.

II. Start the tune, lets dance!

The lime tree is sprouting leaves,

the forest has turned green.  
In this May  
be happy, heart-beloved  
and free of worries.  
Regard the glowing flowers,  
beautifully colored,  
tender in their shape.  
Let us decorate with them beautifully!  
The bright gleam  
was created  
by many colors:  
young and tender  
new leaves of grass,  
spicy herbs  
of many kinds.  
New and old  
have turned sweet;  
let us greet  
their sprouting and growing!  
In pairs of two or four,  
in groups like animals,  
express your desire by bleating,  
rushing busily,  
this is the fullness of life.  
You're the epitome of female manners,  
think of me  
when I  
meet you at the dance!

III. Flee, you harsh storms,  
no longer bother us;  
you are vanquished,  
you who have blown  
around the red lips  
of my girl.  
Her face, her white hands  
must be well protected from you  
when she, roaming through the meadow,  
dips her little shoes  
in dew.  
Forward, you lazy ones,  
go out into the street.  
You, who have,  
like those who were soaking wet,  
been sitting on the bench before,  
mindless and weak,  
enjoy the sun!

The refreshing well  
gleams brightly.  
May, you can  
grant all things  
a new beginning,  
that makes us laugh.  
You ask me, about what?  
Simply about the fact  
that uniquely and solely God  
has truly  
granted us such a grace.

Kl. 38: *Keuschlich geboren*

I. Chastely  
a truly bold child was born  
of a pure virgin  
who has taken away  
man's great anger  
by way of eternal forgiveness.  
All our countless enemies  
have been entirely  
and ghastly devastated  
by a small child  
and were cut to pieces  
and smashed to bits.  
Have fun with these criminals,  
my brothers,  
especially because a miserable creature  
has set up  
snares  
and has lured us  
sweetly  
to the "dance."  
The splendor of May  
comes from its might,  
but none of the joys,  
the jubilation,  
the little roots and herbs,  
leaves and bushes,  
the flutter of flowers  
can be compared  
with such a "dance,"  
instead they have to give way  
to the power of that "dance."

II. A woman, a girl,  
a virgin, and a lady  
bore this child.  
Who might be able  
to praise completely  
the vessel<sup>63</sup> that this hero  
selected for Himself?  
Heroically  
he leapt out of her, cheerfully,  
without causing suffering, pain, or flaws,  
in a happy mood.  
May he be praised eternally for this!  
Delight about this grand miracle  
full of liveliness  
because a spark  
has produced for us  
an unusually fiery glow,  
without having been ignited.  
Who has [ever] figured out  
this power  
that can do everything it wants!  
Be happy therefore eternally  
about that room  
in which never darkness,  
sorrow, or misery  
have ruled.  
Do not be ashamed,  
chaste creature,  
about having been chosen  
by Him Who lied within you.

III. Who is capable  
to grasp  
the experiences  
of that child  
that emanated from the fire within the visionary's spirit?  
Never has anyone  
had a sense of His deeds  
coming through no door.  
These gifts are perfect  
and infinite in number.  
Whatever he does or does not do  
is always, without any reproach, perfect.  
Praise be the star,  
Your birth,  
and the Eucharist!<sup>64</sup>

His voluntary death  
 for our consolation  
 has liberated us.  
 This has allowed You  
 to come down  
 from the highest tree.  
 She is the one who had been lost  
 because of your wrath  
 until a thorn  
 poked the wheat  
 that you  
 had kept in storage.  
 From your garden  
 we hope to receive grace!<sup>65</sup>

Kl. 39: *Mein sünd und schuld*

I. I confess to you, priests, my sinfulness and guilt,  
 to you as the representatives of the One who has power over everything,  
 and I am speaking frankly and directly, red for shame, anxious,  
 with tears in my eyes because of my devotion,  
 and I have the firm intention never again  
 to commit sins deliberately,  
 wherever I might turn.

Upon my own decision, oh Lord  
 I confess, secretly, in humbleness, my guilt:  
 I am failing in my faith,  
 I often curse in the name of God  
 and have excessively insulted  
 my honorable father and mother.

II. Rashly I turn to robbing, stealing, and killing,  
 attacking body, honor, and property of other people.  
 I dishonor the holidays, display lack of obedience toward the command  
 of fasting.

I have no problems in giving false testimony.  
 I cannot get enough of gambling and taking others' property;  
 and sorcery, lying, and disloyalty delight me.  
 I have participated in treason and arson.  
 My life is determined by arrogance.  
 I never abstain from greed.

I am more than familiar with mockery, wrath, and lack of chastity,  
 and also with debauchery and heavy drinking all day long,  
 and I am as lazy and envious as an ass and a dog.

III. I incite sins, and give advice,  
 I commit sins, and make it easy for them to happen,

offering readily my help for these deeds,  
 I participate in them, instead of revealing them by admonishment.  
 I have never paid heed to those who are naked,  
 I have never helped the poor in their hunger and thirst.  
 My behavior has never made any of the sick, dead, imprisoned,  
 and abandoned people to fold their hands in prayer because of  
 my compassion.  
 I have spilled innocent blood,  
 I cause poor people heavy worries.  
 The sin of sodomy is not alien to me  
 and I do not pay even half of the salary to those who deserve it [for their  
 service].

IV. God's wisdom, insights, and profound thoughts,  
 divine advice, God's power and spiritual strength,  
 fear of God, divine knowledge,  
 divine love, and beneficence have never been close to me.  
 I despise the priest, I commit adultery,  
 I disregard baptism and confirmation,  
 I receive the Eucharist in an undignified manner,  
 I feel disgust over the Last Rites, confession, and penitence.  
 I dislike poverty, and I spend my time  
 idly in evil manners.  
 God's commands  
 I condemn mercilessly, openly expressing my anger.

V. I use my ability to see and hear for sinful purposes,  
 I suck up everything that I taste and smell,  
 all my feelings, walking, and thinking  
 are nothing but fruitless for the Lord.  
 He, who has created heaven and earth,  
 and every creature finding a home therein,  
 advised me, Wolkenstein,  
 that I should teach how to confess  
 by way of my song many courtiers  
 and many undecided people  
 who are uncertain about themselves,  
 just like the "geese" [Hussites] in Bohemia.

VI. For that reason I have mentioned honestly  
 the Ten Commandments and the Seven Deadly Sins—a long list—  
 and then the more unusual sins  
 out of a penitent's sense of guilt,  
 then the works of the holy, pure compassion,  
 the Gifts of the Holy Spirit like precious stones,  
 also four sins that cry out to Heaven, and, connected with them, all five  
 senses.  
 Oh priests, be merciful with me!

Absolve me, in the name of the Holiness of the Seven Gifts  
of my sins,  
and also in the name of the eight Beatitudes, absolve me,  
so that I may catch fire in piety.

Kl. 40: *Erwach an schrick*

I. Wake up, without fear, you beautiful one,  
you who has no equal here on earth,  
irrespective of how any other woman might look like;  
be happy about it in a praiseworthy manner.  
Look at the sheltering tent of May  
and help me to overcome all worries, my beloved!  
As soon as you notice the shining [new] day,  
stand by me, my lady,  
that the guardsman will not cause me danger  
and remain quietly in hiding,  
should I spend too much time in the dark  
sleeping in its protection,  
together with a lady with whom I have slept by day and night  
happily and loyally  
and who has quickly lured me to her  
to join her in risky adventures.

Get up, young and old! Arm yourself  
and enjoy the green of the month of May  
who is gleaming in delightful blooms,  
equipped with all colors!  
Dress up nicely, ladies and gentlemen,  
let us not waste away the May,  
which ought to uplift us  
filled with happiness and without bitterness!

II. The delightful singing of the little birds  
is resounding sweetly in my head,  
from high up on the mountains down to the valley,  
which fills my heart with longing for you,  
you are the unique and chosen one.  
I hope that you will not leave me alone,  
because you are my highest Grail  
which chases away all suffering.  
I want forever to be  
your loyal servant, oh lovely mistress,  
you, chosen among all other women,  
endowed with many different treasures.  
You surely deserve



to receive my service, you noble pure girl,  
in your precious bodily appearance,  
completely colored by honor.

III. The dawn's light is approaching,  
Lady, I better take heed  
not to disregard the guardsman  
who has always served us loyally  
and in whom we can confide as securely  
in deep love, as a child  
turning toward its mother's protection.  
We can be truly happy.  
Time is rushing by with a cool breath,  
I notice this clearly by many a breeze,  
which has touched me while I was in a painful dream:  
I fear our separation.  
Grant me the favor, beloved, that I can see you, my beauty  
soon again in the forest of May  
filled with joy next to the highest tree,  
which has grown new leaves.

Kl. 41: *Von Wolkenstein*

I. While being in a good mood, I Wolkenstein was on my way to  
Cologne  
and came to an innkeeper called Braun near Salzburg;  
he had a exceedingly virtuous, beautiful wife,  
modestly cheerful, marked by courtly ideals.  
She cared for me and provided me with all the necessities  
without causing any trouble, for which I thank this shining example of a  
woman,  
honestly I wish her many pleasant years to come;  
may God in all His Goodness promote her well-being!  
A really well informed, a powerful man,  
from the court of the archbishop, Mr. Eberhart, heard about me  
who asked me to come to him. Immediately I went to see him.  
At his dinner table I became tired of the overly rich food.  
Wherever I went, I experienced much pleasantries and wonderful  
entertainment  
and this in great number  
wherever I went, just like that honest knight  
who observed the blooming earth in all its fresh splendor.<sup>66</sup>

II. Having received a free pass I soon started my journey again  
toward Munich. I give thanks to the noble knighthood  
that invited me to join the noble, beautiful ladies.  
We sang and rejoiced, as it pleased us.

I was offered plenty of the best wine  
 in Augsburg and Ulm, for which I am thankful to this day.  
 In Ulm I participated in a dance, gloriously formed  
 by well-educated girls who knew how to sing courtly songs.  
 A noble gentleman called his wife to him  
 asking her to meet me: "Greet him heartily!"  
 She said to him: "I hear something peculiar from you.  
 How could I find this pilgrim pleasant in any way?"  
 I had to pay dearly that I have only one eye.  
 He who judges a person only by his external experience is not smart.  
 My simple dress caused me, as it often happens, to experience disgrace.  
 My coat said: "Why didn't you stop roaming the world?"

III. I turned toward Heidelberg to a mighty lord.

There I met five worthy electors:  
 the three high-ranking bishops from Cologne, Mainz, and Trier,  
 then the Count Elector of the Palatinate and the recently appointed  
 Margrave of Brandenburg.  
 From high on the hill I came all the way to the gate  
 of Duke Louis, whom I regard as the best prince,  
 as far as honesty and Christian generosity are concerned; I was granted  
 an audience,  
 and courtly-pleasantly he talked with me.  
 I was asked to sing many songs.  
 Cheerfully I entered his chamber  
 and settled down, which no one minded. Such reward  
 and such honors have I never experienced with my friends:  
 they put on me a coat and a gown as if I had been a doll;  
 my pilgrim's garb gave way to furs of fox and marten.  
 a stuffed hat flew through the air and landed on my head!  
 I had to promise always to keep his generosity a secret.

IV. On horseback and then with a ship I traveled to Cologne,  
 from there to Aachen I rented a terribly wobbly cart  
 that rolled on the road, constantly rolling back and forth,  
 which I felt in the form of painful hits.

My lord in Cologne and the one from Berg, two fine princes  
 gracefully demonstrated to me their munificence:  
 whatever I asked from them they granted it to me,  
 very nobly, gracefully with great kindness.  
 I am not going to tell you more what else I experienced.  
 On the Rhine I looked for good wine; then I returned  
 from Fürstenberg to Heidelberg to my prince with the beard,  
 a duke, count palatinate in the circle of electors  
 who readily paid for my food and board,  
 wherever I went, I did not have to pay for the servant and the horse.  
 Now I am here [in Heidelberg], and I know how it all goes,  
 until I'll return to my wife's lap.

Kl. 42: *Vil lieber grüsse süsse*

Many friendly, heart-felt greetings  
 rise and spread,  
 they rush happily along,  
 and enter in a procession.  
 Busily, in the early morning and late in the afternoon  
 we hear how they assemble,  
 sing and make noise,  
 the little birds in the meadow,  
 with clear, beautiful sounds,  
 we hear how they fly  
 among the glowing branches  
 covered with leaves,  
 and how they compete against each other.  
 May we soon see  
 the wide field with its meadow  
 in the color of green,  
 bold and peaceful,  
 spectacular!  
 Cold,  
 miscreant winter,  
 your rule  
 was broken  
 by the mellow winds.  
 I will sing as a simple person  
 about the gleaming summer  
 carefree,  
 as appropriate,  
 jubilantly and with loud cheers.  
 The green clover  
 chases the snow  
 away for good this year  
 down to the sea  
 and into its wild waves.  
 May the singing of the  
 nightingale,  
 of the thrush,  
 then the sound of the lark  
 please us better  
 than the comforts of the stove!

II. There are yellow flowers, shining,  
 brightly colored and costumed,  
 brown ones, others yellow and blue  
 and grey, then others of different kinds.  
 Oh, month of May, your jubilant splendor

breaks out in blossoms,  
it decorates [everything], strives for  
wonderful pleasures.

Beautiful stubs of grass, individual leaves  
sprout out of the soil and grow  
happily. Indeed, what a splendor,  
the shining of the violets,  
the gleaming, the dancing  
of all the trees,  
the familiar, pleasing  
adornment after the cold frosts.

The brushes  
grow blossoms,  
put on a dress of leaves,  
wonderfully wildly,  
rough as a goat,  
is the black thorn  
with white flowers.

Hatred,  
which winter had created,  
has disappeared entirely.

A refreshing well,  
the warm sun  
delights us.

Jump happily, you nun,  
escape from the convent through the backdoor,  
so that you can dance  
on the banks of the Rhine  
in brightly gleaming light  
as a noble woman,  
a love thirsty beguine [lay sister]  
at Easter.

III. The mushrooms push up and rise up  
the heaps of soil.

The little snakes wind along happily,  
they get a new skin.

Cuckoo, lead us as well  
onto the meadow!

Quick, you girls,  
seek a hiding place behind the bushes.

There let us tenderly exchange kisses and jokes  
with lips tightly pressed together  
and with warm arms, lovingly embracing,  
secretly in the shrubs.

Quiet, lips, keep quiet!

If the chaste  
 girl hesitatingly  
 were to expose a leg  
 up to the knee,  
 I would join her,  
 would not hesitate at all;  
 instead I would, as well as possible,  
 try to convince her  
 to let me get closer to her,  
 to cuddle tenderly with her,  
 squeeze her lovingly,  
 and to lower her onto the ground.  
 If she allowed me to do so,  
 I would then be compensated  
 for all that I have suffered [up to now].  
 If she were to allow it,  
 I would win this fight  
 and would in this pinching,  
 touching, grabbing  
 experience  
 many different erotic pleasures  
 with this girl.

Kl. 43: *Ain güt geboren edel man*

I. A high-ranking nobleman  
 once wooed a beautiful young woman  
 and spoke to her with well-mannered, virtuous words:  
 "Please be so good, you delightful lady,  
 would you briefly listen to  
 what I would like to ask you as your servant?  
 I am completely miserable,  
 deprived of all joys  
 and do not know where to turn,  
 please have pity on me, lady!"

II. [She:] "You better stop making fun of me,  
 but if you have fallen ill, then God may assist you,  
 He can certainly free you of all your sorrow!  
 You will find only little consolation with me,  
 and you will hardly find any help.  
 Seek elsewhere, try to find joy in another location!  
 I cannot provide any help at all,  
 as is plainly visible to everyone.  
 I am nothing but an unimportant young woman,  
 why would you count on me then?"

III. [He:] "Oh, Lady, why do you put me down?  
Unfortunately it is not a laughing matter with me;  
for many years I have already had to suffer  
secret sorrows while being in your service,  
and God in Heaven knows exactly  
that my laments of love have never achieved anything with you.  
Since no other female creature  
has ever pleased me more in my heart,  
my weakened body  
had to suffer heavy tortures."

IV. [She:] "You can say whatever you want,  
she who pleases you is not here,  
I know this for sure, unless my senses deceive me,  
because I am ugly  
and am twenty-four years of age;  
why would you desire fine love from me?  
I do not know how to perform courtly singing or how to speak  
elegantly,  
and would not be able to please anyone.  
So if I now would be really your secret love [treasure],  
you would detest me tomorrow."

V. [He:] "Why would you need elegant words?  
Your beauty causes me suffering,  
your noble appearance has conquered my heart.  
Accept my wooing, dear noble lady!  
I have always felt pain  
when someone insulted you with his false tongue,  
and that what aggravates you so, wonderful lady,  
as to cause your shining eyes to shed tears,  
that grieves me  
and makes my hair turn grey."

VI. [She:] "I truly thank you for this honestly.  
You gain praise and honor for this,  
when you disdain the humiliation of young ladies.  
But I am little concerned about it:  
I feel rather confident  
that evil rumor cannot affect me.  
He who maligns young ladies without good cause  
or who brags about them without any reason  
can be certain to barter for dismay,  
his good name will be ruined."

VII [He:] "Reward me, noble creature,  
in the name of all your honor and your female virtues,  
because I have never desired what could have hurt you!

What good would be my daily sorrow?  
 I would like to be your devoted servant  
 and would be sorrowful because of any lack of success.”  
 [She:] “I really do not need such servants,  
 your service is too demanding for me.”  
 [He:] “Do not use such hard words, lady, think about it carefully,  
 that is my greatest desire.”

Kl. 44: *Durch Barbarei, Arabia*

I. Traveling through Morocco,<sup>67</sup> Arabia,  
 through Armenia to Persia,  
 through the Tartar lands to Syria,  
 via Byzantium to Turkey,  
 then Georgia,<sup>68</sup>  
 such “jumps” I no longer know how to do.  
 For a long time  
 I have not traveled through Russia, Prussia, Estonia,  
 Lithuania, Livonia, and along the coast  
 toward Denmark, Sweden, further to Brabant,  
 through Flanders, France, England  
 and Scotland,  
 through Aragon, Castilia,  
 Granada and Navarra,  
 from Portugal and Léon-Galicia  
 to Cape Finisterre,  
 from the Provence to Marseille.  
 In Ratzes below Castle Schlern.  
 I am caught in marriage,  
 which increases my misery  
 very much against my will,  
 caught on a round, small hill,  
 encircled by thick forest.  
 Every day I see countless  
 tall mountains and deep valleys,  
 rocks, brushes, tree stumps, and snow sticks.  
 Something else also depresses me,  
 that is, the noise of small children  
 that mightily afflicts my ears  
 and pierces them.

II. What I have ever received in honors,  
 by princes and queens,  
 and what joys I have ever experienced,  
 I have to pay for it now all where everything is under one roof.

My miserable situation  
 will not come to an end soon.  
 I would urgently need many skills,  
 since I have to secure the bread [for my family].  
 Moreover, people threaten me,  
 and no red lips grant me consolation.  
 Those to whom I once used to be dedicated  
 now abandon me miserably.  
 Wherever I look, the burnt-out remains  
 of most valuable decorations block my view.  
 Instead of her with whom I once enjoyed company,  
 I only see calves, goats, rams, and cows  
 and clumsy people, sunburned and ugly,  
 entirely covered by soot during winter.  
 They make me happy like bad wine and roaches.  
 Not knowing where to turn I beat my children,  
 pushing them into a corner.  
 Then their mother comes rushing toward me  
 and begins to scream at me badly.  
 If she were to hit me with her fist  
 I would have to pay dearly!  
 She yells: "Now you have roughly torn apart  
 the children like flat bread!"  
 I am horrified at her wrath,  
 yet I have often to cope with it,  
 it is sharp like splinters!

III. For amusement I find various things,  
 such as singing of asses and the screaming of peacocks—  
 all that is not desirable for me.  
 The mountain creek mightily rushes down with its constant "hurlahai,"  
 cracking my head [with this noise],  
 giving me headaches.  
 Thus I carry my own burden.  
 Daily worries, most unpleasant news  
 never stay away from Castle Hauenstein.  
 If I could change this somehow,  
 or if someone else could do it for me,<sup>69</sup>  
 I would be grateful forever.  
 My territorial duke is angry with me  
 because of evil-minded envious people.  
 He does not desire my service,  
 which means a serious loss for me and creates anger,  
 although otherwise no other member of a noble house—  
 believe me that upon my honor—  
 has ever tried to hurt me, my honor, property, or good name

at his own princely  
 elegant and delightful court.  
 All those whom I had trusted  
 are angry with me without any reason, horrible to say.  
 I lament to the whole world,  
 to the honorable and wise people  
 and also to the many high-ranking noble princes,  
 who manage to increase their own reputation,  
 not to let the wolves  
 rip me, the poor Wolkensteiner, apart,  
 I am also alone as an orphan.

Kl. 45: *Wer machen well*

I. He who wants to lighten his moneybag  
 should, in order to achieve his goal,  
 inquire about the road to Überlingen:<sup>70</sup>  
 there fourteen chanterelles  
 cost fifteen shillings  
 from the Constance currency,  
 and one egg costs sixteen farthings  
 (two eggs cost thirty-two).  
 They serve little meat, but any amount of cabbage;  
 the row of many people  
 eats from a small bowl,  
 their stomachs are hungry.  
 They also serve a watery sauce prepared in the pan;  
 the fried meat is small.  
 "Venison and fish are limited,  
 you are not allowed to eat them!  
 So, forward, move!  
 You have been sitting here for too long.  
 Everyone has to pay two pennies,  
 don't forget that!  
 Rush, on you go!  
 I cannot wait any longer,  
 open the knots of your moneybags.  
 No further question, please.  
 You are getting a small amount [to eat]  
 and you have to pay a large amount.<sup>71</sup>  
 I want to see your money pieces dance on the table.  
 My motto is: 'pay now, no minute to lose.'  
 I don't want to teach you this lesson,  
 that is, with a ladle, hitting you black and blue!"

II. Really sweet wine, like juice of the black thorn,  
 made my throat very scratchy  
 and made my song get stuck deep in there.  
 In my thoughts I'd rather turn to the Traminer wine.  
 Its harsh grip  
 causes considerable discomfort  
 because it grants just as much joy and happy mood  
 as the heavy bag does to the ass.  
 Its sharpness makes my blood stop flowing,  
 which causes me to turn weak and irritated.  
 Its wild rushing  
 makes my lips get tight.  
 Truly, you can observe there  
 in the middle of the square much entertainment,  
 like dancing, jumping, and play with the fiddle,  
 presented by an unkempt cat.  
 In Überlingen I no longer want  
 to ask for the sweet things there [girls],  
 I might at most ask there for the handle of a mallet  
 in the value of a rat [penis?]  
 so that they can feel angry.  
 My innkeeper knew his business:  
 he took the gold out of [my] leather bag.  
 I noticed that at the price for a bed:  
 One feather mattress cost twelve ducats!  
 And if an old cart had arrived there,  
 the innkeeper would not even have allowed it to keep its wheels!  
 I dare even less to sing his praise  
 than that of a cedar tree,  
 he was such a cutthroat!

III. My best treasures I have left there behind as pawns,  
 that is, manure, old women,  
 and fat pigs fed with bran.  
 In my boredom I hunted many fleas;  
 the peasants  
 I could no longer stand.  
 Till this very moment I am longing for a "jewel" with curly hair,  
 that is, the housemaid.  
 She had two little breasts like bats  
 on the bow of her chest.  
 With her scratching and tousling  
 she frightened many.  
 Two tiny feet, formed like shields,  
 were stuck in her wide shoes.

Upon them two legs rose, crafted in short length  
 like thick tree stems of beeches.  
 Her arms and hands are covered with hair,  
 white like that of a black crow.  
 She never hesitated to hit people freely,  
 and knew how to clothe them  
 in cuss words and curses.  
 The bright shine  
 of pearls and broaches  
 remained hidden at the dance in Überlingen,  
 just when the time had come to bring them forth.  
 There was no "wreath" of May,  
 paired with rosy cheeks, whom I could have praised.  
 Instead, only at the stove could I try my luck,  
 however there I was surrounded by children's screaming,  
 which gave me a hefty scare.

Kl. 46: *Du ausserweltes schöns mein herz*

You are my chosen beautiful heart,  
 the keen pleasure of you  
 has taken away all my pain.  
 Oh, beloved falcon lady,  
 how beautiful is your pretty little beak!  
 No one has ever seen a more delightful young woman!  
 I am not able to portray her adequately at all:  
 she has white little breasts, round like pears,  
 and she can show them off splendidly at court.  
 Her wonderful body frees me from all my melancholy.  
 And if I were never to see her again,  
 I would have to think of her courtly manner, demeanor, and her  
 feminine honor,  
 wherever I would be in the world.  
 Separation from the beloved has the taste of sour sugar.  
 With growing confidence I am approaching the darling,  
 and I hope that she as well will not leave me!  
 Ever mindful, I show my fealty to her  
 and have strong hopes for her.

Kl. 47: *Fröleichen so well wir*

I. Let us cheerfully  
 turn to singing and leaping,  
 let us join together, delightfully  
 dancing in the May forest,  
 and let us in frolicsomeness

collect fresh chanterelles,  
 don't forget to remember  
 where the beloved ran away from me.  
 Return,  
 my heart's beloved, that would be my wish!  
 You know for sure why  
 you turned away from me and I from you,  
 my most precious treasure,  
 I will certainly keep my word  
 when the wreath of roses will be mine!

II. Your womanly grace  
 punishes and admonishes me often  
 when you reject my desire.  
 This news frightens me a bit.  
 Do not block, do not build a barrier  
 for your lovely gazes toward me.  
 Considering my tortures and your restraint,  
 let me soon experience some consolation.  
 Oh, beloved companion,  
 I will do whatever you desire in your grace.  
 Your frightening aloofness  
 robs me of my senses.  
 Grant me your intimacy in secret,  
 desirous without embarrassment,  
 cheerfully soothe my heartfelt torture!

III. Erotic desire  
 often causes me to sigh and to lie awake in bed.  
 This suffering and separation  
 doesn't want to cease.  
 I, weak man, cannot achieve my goal  
 with lamentations.  
 My skillful lady  
 holds me tightly, just as she desires.  
 Bitter death  
 can certainly free me from suffering,  
 unless she, in her mercifulness,  
 decides not to bring about my horrible ruin.  
 Tender, most beautiful lady,  
 chase those tortures away now,  
 cheer up the man with cries of jubilation!

Kl. 48: *Stand auff, Maredel*

I. "Get up, little Margaret! Pull out the turnips, dear little Gret!  
 Make fire. Boil meat and cabbage. Rush, don't be wasteful!

Go now, you lazy thing, wash out the bowls!  
 Servant Künzel, who has asked you to fool around with the maid?  
 Out of the house, you impertinent thief!"

II. "Lady, I really do not want to, dawn is still far away.  
 Look, how should I then  
 really find rest?  
 Come on, grant me some time!  
 We all have a "little ax" [penis?].  
 Stay here, do not rush away!  
 I love my darling Künzel  
 more than anyone else!"

III. "Gret, run over to the hay barn and look for the needle, take the rake  
 with you!  
 You will certainly find a fork, the flail, the sieve, and the scythe there.  
 Take Hans and Katherine with you, the Kunz stays here with me!  
 Be quiet, you miserable creature, do not scream so loudly,  
 otherwise your disgrace will get known and your reputation will  
 decline!"

IV. "Whoever will come to me to free me from my sorrow,  
 so nicely, so cleanly, so secretly?<sup>72</sup>  
 Work means my death!  
 Katherine is useless,  
 forget the little Hans!  
 With a really heartfelt kiss  
 I give myself to Kunz  
 from the wonderful Ziller valley."

V. "You are bad, little Gret!  
 Sit down and spin, clean up, make sure  
 that you do not tear your dress!  
 If you seduce a man you will turn into a whore.  
 You doll, I'll give you four pounds of money  
 if you find a husband for yourself!"

VI. "Lady, your railing does not help.  
 I do not want to spin and brush.  
 My inclination draws me to little Kunz,  
 because he belongs to me.  
 He gives me much happiness, and that's what I desire very much."

Kl. 49: *Sag an, herzlich*

I. "Tell me, heart's love, what is the meaning of this terribly loud music  
 for us?"  
 "Aahü, aahü,<sup>73</sup> up with you, who are totally naked!"

You my chosen<sup>74</sup> man, is this outsider [the guardsman] allowed to disturb  
us so sorrowfully?

To whom will you entrust me?

“Aahü, aahü, the light of the day is approaching!

Those who would tend to stay in bed too long, better get up now!

Listen, listen, listen, friend, to this good advice,

Get up, quickly up with you, rush!

The little birds are singing in the forest,

the black bird, the thrush, and the fink,

and a little siskin, who claims to be a ‘cuckoo.’”

II. “Listen, lady, notice the sound of the horn. Don’t feel grief;  
it is resounding in the mountain and the valley.

I also hear the nightingale.

See, the shining light of the dawn

breaks through the shades of blue! Blow mightily,  
guardsman. I feel your deep anger.

A wind coming from the Orient touches me,  
which also divides the dark sky and brightens it up,  
taking away our joy.

Delightful, pretty girl,

the horn makes terrible sounds.

I hear you well, you make my beloved sad.”

“Listen, listen, listen, listen

the longing lament! Miserable day,

how long will our pain last because of you?

Take your leave, most precious treasure, but return very soon!”

Kl. 50: *Der mai mit lieber zal*

The month of May envelopes

the entire land:

hills, the plain, mountains, and valleys.

Delightful birds, in a concert,

make merry and sing with loud voices

the tufted lark, the field lark, the thrush, and the nightingale.

The cuckoo follows them from behind—

he is a bad pest

to these small, cheerful little birds.

Listen to what he is saying:

cu cu, cu cu, cu, cu,

give me a toll,

I demand it from you,

I will take it from you;

soon hunger

makes my stomach greedy!

“Oh misery! Where should I turn now?”

said the little creature.

Wren, siskin, titmouse, lark, come now, let us sing:

oci and do I, do I, do I, do I,

oci, oci, oci, oci, oci, oci,

fi fideli, fideli, fideli fi,

ci, cieriri, ci ci, cieriri,

ci ri, civigk, cidivigk, fici, fici!”

But the cuckoo only sang: “kawa wa, cu cu!”

“Raco,” sings the raven,

“truly, my voice is also beautiful,

but my stomach must be filled.

My song goes like this:

“Shove it in! Inside! Fill it up!”

“Liri liri liri liri liri liri lon,”

is the song of the lark, is the song of the lark, is the song of the lark.

The thrush announces: “My song is so loud!, my song is so loud!, my  
song is so loud

that it echoes in the forest!”

Hey birds, you twitter, jubilate,

you croak and crow

here and there,

just like our priest.

Zidi wick zidi wick zidiwick,

zificigo, zificigo, zificigo, the nightingale sings,

that could win the Grail with her singing.

Kl. 51: *Ach senliches leiden*

I. Alas, love pangs,

shunning, fighting, separation, all that hurts,

it would be better to drown in the sea!

Graceful, delightful lady,

you banish me, chasing me to Josaphat.<sup>75</sup>

My heart, mind, spirit, and reason have lost their strength.

Death will mean the end of it all

if your mercy will not

help me out of my deep misery.

I hide my anguish from you.

Your red lips have

immediately aroused urgent desire in me,

and therefore I am waiting to receive your grace.

II. My heart is struggling, filled with sorrow,

and breaks into pieces. Please soothe and alleviate my sorrow!

Lady, I am waiting for your conciliatory benevolence,  
 like the dolphin,  
 when its instinct guides it down to the bottom of the sea  
 during a storm, but then it is inflamed  
 by the brilliance of the sun  
 which refreshes his entire mind.  
 Heart-beloved, demonstrate your constancy  
 in the name of all of your female goodness!  
 Do not let your guest  
 die, suffer, and woo in desperation!  
 I am out of my mind and furious because of the pain of distance.

III. My head is shrouded  
 in laments, sleep, and anger with myself.  
 One hour tortures me more than thousand others would.  
 When I reflect upon my sorrow at night,  
 I am lying awake, with no strength at my disposal,  
 as all my joy is being defeated.  
 No one consoles me,  
 which makes my suffering truly bitter.  
 My heart is roasted  
 by many deep sighs.  
 Oh, when will  
 sadness depart from me? This waiting and hoping plague and torture me,  
 so that I am losing my mind.

Kl. 52: *Wolauff, gesell! wer jagen well*

I. Good sport! He who wants to go hunting  
 without running into difficulties  
 had better be attentive every moment,  
 in this way you can kill a lot of wild animals.  
 Pay attention, Joy [here and following always allegorized dogs' name],  
 I would like to hear you barking!  
 I hear of "Love and Consolation,"  
 which has often  
 freed me from the tortures loaded upon me.  
 "Chase," the trail is still fresh!  
 Follow, you brave pack of hounds!  
 Up with you, "Gift"!  
 On to the trail, "Stand" and "Turn,"  
 close up, as "Will" and "Hope" do!  
 You are on the wrong trail;  
 go around in a circle, search then from there!  
 After them, "Sad"! The prey is getting tired.

II. Good sport! He who wants to go hunting  
 ought to know how to set up the nets properly.  
 Place the dogs at the upper spot.  
 Forward, let's go with shouting and making noise,  
 that the huntsmen will be really pleased  
 on the mountain and in the valley.  
 Let us hear the horn! Sound the horn down to the bottom of the valley,  
 I hope we will succeed.  
 See, there runs the noble female deer.

III. Be patient!  
 Do not let "Joy" and "Pleasure" off the leash,  
 then we can catch the prey.  
 Ignore the old trail,  
 do not unleash  
 "Sound" and "Announce" carelessly.  
 Forward, "Dummy!"  
 "Move" and "Trap!"  
 Come here, "Gay" and "Healthy!"  
 Hold steady, good dogs,  
 thank you for your good barking!  
 Now go, follow the trail, good luck!  
 Hush, hush, hush, hush, ho, hush!<sup>76</sup>  
 Hop, "Grant," on to the trail, "Stand" and "Turn,"  
 join the others like "Will" and "Hope!"  
 You are on the wrong trail,  
 go around in a circle, then search further from there!  
 After it, "Sad"! The prey has become tired.  
 Chase after it, you good pack of dogs! Go for it, "Grant it!"

Kl. 53: *Frölich, zärtlich*

I. Wake up happily, softly, gracefully, brilliantly, delightfully, calmly, and  
 restfully  
 in a pleasant, sweet, pure, considerate manner,  
 you delightful, beautiful woman:  
 stretch, stand up, show off your graceful, noble body proudly;  
 open your bright, clear eyes!  
 Observe carefully  
 how the garden of stars  
 fades away in the gleaming of the beautiful, bright, and brilliant sun.  
 Let us go to the dance,  
 let's make a beautiful wreath  
 with a bouquet  
 of yellow, brown, blue, grey  
 yellow-red-white  
 and violet flowers.

II. Your full red lips  
 should lisp, whisper, speak silently, and chatter delightfully<sup>77</sup>  
 about delightful, charming, pleasant matters.  
 These lips have truly awoken me a thousand times  
 and tenderly,  
 and have rattled me out of the dream in my sleep, every time  
 when I observe such a tender, red, narrow gap between them,  
 formed into a smile,  
 framed by white, lined-up little teeth,  
 making her mouth smile, round and softly, in the color of roses,  
 really brightly,  
 like a wonderful picture.

III. If she wanted—and she should—if she came, she would remove from  
 my heart  
 this painful, heavy, bitter suffering!  
 Especially if she let rest a white little breast on me,  
 see, then my sadness would be simply swept away.  
 How could a delightful, graceful young woman  
 lift up my heart even further,  
 without causing pain,  
 granting only fantastic, lovely, pure happiness?  
 Lips on lips, they kiss!  
 Tongue to tongue, breast on breast,  
 belly on belly, hair on hair,  
 really fast,  
 and always pushing hard!

Kl. 54: *Fröhlich geschrai so well wir machen*

Let us organize a really carefree dance party filled with laughter,  
 and contempt him whom we dislike.  
 “Young lady, are all eggs still there as we had counted them?”  
 “Go and check them, you delightful hero,  
 eat them without peeling them.”  
 “Lady Money, bring us the cold wine!”  
 “Go slow!” yelled the farmer’s maid, who was lying underneath him on  
 the bench.  
 “Continue for a long time, my lover, I will be thankful forever,  
 your singing,  
 your shoving,  
 and your great turning back and forth  
 give me much pleasure!”  
 “Come forward,” said my mistress, “who is going to play on my  
 fiddle?”  
 “I’ll do it,” yelled Heinz and George,  
 and began with the love game.

Then she said: "Oh dear, Heinz, my lover,  
 are you exhausted?  
 Well then, George, come, take his place,  
 you most beloved courtier,  
 teach me the ABCs,  
 but do not hurt me!  
 The first can go; it is the second man's turn!"<sup>78</sup>

Kl. 55: *Wes mich mein bül ie hat erfreut*

I. Those gifts with which my beloved had made me happy,  
 later forced me to chew on them for a long time  
 thanks to much dirty rusty metal,  
 which she made me try out upon her order,  
 for which I do not have enough words to describe it.  
 I am not fortunate  
 since she had my feet painfully attached  
 lovingly to a pole,  
 not to speak of many other painful tortures,  
 which I had brought upon myself through her "love."  
 If I had to give her special thanks  
 she would have had to wait a long time that I would express them.  
     Thanks to her I am suffering  
     in Hungary,  
     totally bothered by "children"  
     who are called "seven feet."  
     They step on me  
     and torture me,  
     they pinch me  
     and pester me so much  
     that I could get redeemed for my sins.

II. In Pressburg<sup>79</sup> near the opening of the stove  
 I and the Ebser met for council.  
 I truly managed to feed and work with the oven so well  
 that I forced the king to come out [of the adjacent chamber].  
 I identified myself to him so that he noticed me,  
 and he said: "You suffer apparently  
 because of her who has broken off with you  
 because your 'musical strings' no longer sound like they should."  
 I replied to him unabashedly:  
 "If I had possessed such a heavy moneybag<sup>80</sup>  
 as Your honor, then, listen to this,  
 I would have fared considerably better with my lady."

III. I hope that the court trial will come to a good closure,  
 if Duke Frederick will abstain from his fight with me.

If he does not do so,  
 then it won't be funny anymore.  
 He wants to have six thousand ducats,  
 and in that case my love affair would taste very bitter for me!  
 If I had not pursued her further when she refused me,  
 then my back would not have to sigh for pain  
 while lying on the bench during the long night here in Hungary  
 where they use the saddles as pillows.  
 Hence may every lover strive to act in matters of love  
 in such a way that he can laugh about such pleasures [at the end].

Kl. 56: *Tröstlicher hort*

I. [He:] "Consolation granting treasure, who is granting me consolation?  
 Heart-beloved, how long do I have to miss you?  
 Your absence hurts me  
 and makes me very sad; I beg you,  
 listen to me, give me help and advice  
 as quickly as possible.

II. Companion, my joy, happiness, bliss, and delight,  
 longingly I am passing my time by day and by night.  
 Many heavy sighs  
 badly hurt my heart, which does not waver,  
 for sure not,  
 and it preserves its love for you.

III. Your full lips give me joy,  
 your teeth make me heave; he who wins you over  
 can truly easily perform songs.  
 My heart does not want to and cannot  
 get well without you, it wants to please you.  
 Therefore I have chosen you,  
 delightful lady, so that I can honorably serve you.

IV. My heart often and clearly observes  
 how a strange gaze causes a pleasant scare  
 in the snare of the beloved.  
 Lady, your traps and nets  
 have entirely enveloped and trapped me.  
 No one can free me,  
 except your marvelous, flawless body."

V. [She:] "I will gladly do so,  
 my chosen one,  
 be entirely mine,  
 love me dearly,

as I love you, from early in the morning until late in the evening,  
because, truly, there is only you.

VI. Lovingly, without fail,  
I will comply with your wish.  
May he lose all joy  
who is thinking badly of us.  
I hope that this will all come true.  
May you be protected from evil.

VII. You are my only one,  
that is, truly only you,  
despite all other friendships great and small.  
It is only appropriate that I thank you immediately by pledging you my  
complete loyalty.<sup>81</sup>  
And I have to regard myself lucky.  
Every day I make visible my love through a stream of loyalty.

VIII. Through honest joy  
I feel like you,  
being in the brilliance of mighty joy.  
May you await loyally your opportunity,  
blissfully  
will the pledge of honor protect you and me.”

Kl. 57: *Ain mensch von achtzehen jaren klüg*

I. A delightful girl of eighteen years  
has muted all my joys,  
I could never free myself from her  
since I caught sight of her appearance with one eye.  
I am constantly all restless,  
her lips torture me from morning to evening,  
they part and close so gracefully  
when she speaks.

II. How far away I ever might be, immediately [when I think of her]  
her clear face is on my mind on all my travels through distant lands,  
her soft gazes embrace  
knowingly my heart in true love.  
By God, if she only knew of my thoughts  
when I am standing in front of her,  
as a lovesick man,  
yet do not dare to reveal my love through any gesture.

III. No one has ever met a more feminine woman,  
so tender without any flaw.  
Her fine manners torture me,

from my head to my toes [sole].

And when I properly imagine her measurements,  
short, long, narrow, wide—nothing too much, nothing too little—  
how could I, or anyone else, be angry with this beauty?  
Oh, if only she were thinking of me!

Kl. 58: *Mein büß laisst mir gesellschaft zwar*

I. My love treats me the same way  
as the months in a year do.

At first, not to forget, there is January,  
which makes me utterly cold and freezing.  
Something connects her with every month  
in her attitude and also in her bodily appearance.

February does not contradict me in this,  
winter has destroyed all its pleasantries.

Often she causes me to get sick or well again,  
because of love and sorrow, over and over again,  
which March is bringing about, who is secretly teaching her that,  
as I heard the medical doctors say.

Good fortune helps against misfortune.

Certainly, I believe to be a trustworthy companion,  
but she behaves like April,  
acting crazy once here, then there.

II. Indeed, she is pretty and attractive,  
which she shares with May;  
I grant her this advantage depending on  
whether she pleases me.

Her hair, her lips, her tender cheeks,  
her little eyes, shining like rubies,  
all this receives the bright gleaming from June  
by way of his impressively beautiful blossoms.

July has applied all his skills  
to her white breasts,  
her light arms, her white hands,  
comparable to the silvery glow in the fire.

She is a wonderfully beautiful girl,  
carved like the pears,  
which August brings forth delightfully for us,  
joyfully and in a cheerful mood.

III. She behaves like September,  
which sometimes can be nasty,  
since it makes people tired and lazy  
in their attitude and their strength.

I have observed that with her,  
 because she tends to let the memory of me slip out of her mind.  
 October, as I hope,  
 will bring me good luck, which he has, like in the past,  
 often brought to the house, just like you would do for me,  
 satisfying my heart so that my longing  
 will be fulfilled through her beauty.  
 November is pleasantly supplied  
 with many things that feed us well,  
 but since she is on the go all the time,  
 I receive only little grace from her.  
 December is cold at day and at night.

Kl. 59: *Solt ich von sorgen werden greis*

I. If my hair were turning grey for sorrow,  
 and if I were turning intelligent and wise because I am learning from failure,  
 this is thanks to the glorious workings of my beloved,  
 which she turned against me,  
 she, for whom I once  
 had worn a tender golden chain,  
 carefully hidden, attached to the arm;  
 but she has entirely forgotten this!  
 When, in total contrast to it,  
 a metal piece, three fingers wide,  
 was applied to me delightfully and really tightly,  
 at the very same spot,  
 and when I had to witness the mockery,  
 how she knew how to spin her web around another man,  
 who had hurt me really badly,  
 then I lost all my appetite.

II. In blind confidence I inflamed  
 in great and honest love for her.  
 In return I had to take so many rough hits  
 on this so-called "hike,"  
 when I misunderstood her pilgrimage,  
 which she wanted to undertake, as she had claimed.  
 No saint had criticized her  
 for canceling this journey.  
 I, however, thought  
 that this journey was intended to serve for my soul's salvation,  
 and if she had led me toward heaven,  
 then it would have been my duty to speak on her behalf,  
 that is, because she had ordered brutally,

to rub lovingly back and forth  
 both my shins  
 at an extraordinarily heavy fetter.

III. What does it matter, a carefree character simply forgets it.  
 What love does to you cannot hurt.  
 The more you love the child, the bigger the rod!  
 I was her great love.  
 I recognized that clearly because she is constant.  
 Prudent love needs deliberation [valuable objects].<sup>82</sup>  
 For that reason I was carefully  
 pulled up in the air with my feet attached to a beam.  
 Her heart demanded four thousand mark,  
 and Castle Hauenstein; this was just a joke for her,  
 as I clearly perceived, when the pain  
 that the rope caused me made me scream.  
 While she whistled the song of the cat's salary,  
 I sang the song of the mice.  
 For a long time five chains out of iron dearly embraced me  
 according to her command.

Kl. 60: *Es naht gen der vasennacht*

I. The Shrovetide is approaching,  
 so we should be joyful without cares.  
 Everyone form pairs of two,  
 like the tender turtledoves!  
 But I have fittingly chosen as a partner  
 my crutches [in this dance],  
 which my beloved had selected for me  
 so that I could drag them passionately.<sup>83</sup>  
     So I am pressing the crutches, jerking them toward me,  
     put them lovingly in my armpits,  
     making them creak.  
     What else could bring even better ruin  
     of Shrovetide for me?  
     Ha! Just stop with your whining!

II. As the wild birds  
 now begin to form loving harmonious pairs,  
 why shouldn't then the "tame" young people,  
 now as Spring is beginning, hesitate  
 to embrace a pretty girl and to kiss her?  
 So, come here, let me see how you feel!<sup>84</sup>  
 Enjoy your youthful body in secret,  
 do not hesitate at all!

III. The Shrovetide and the time of May  
 are whistling loudly out of a bag[pipe?].  
 Everything that had withdrawn into hiding throughout the year  
 is coming out now at daytime.  
 But my lady had waited with her cunning  
 filled with deceptive gestures  
 until the Fall; I continue to lament about her pilgrimage,<sup>85</sup>  
 since I have to limp.

Kl. 61: *Gelück und hail*

I. Good fortune and blessing in large measure  
 do I wish you, lady, at New Year's!  
 I will really never fail in your service  
 to show you my honest and sincere loyalty,  
 as you will realize!  
 Your sweet lips are the cause of it,  
 and the red cheeks, a delightful pair,  
 illuminated by the bright, clear eyes;  
 your ears are small, your hair  
 is curly, wavy, braided, permed,  
 golden in color and dyed in yellow.

II. Nose, teeth, chin, and neck, the throat  
 flow down in proper measure  
 to the round swelling of the white breasts.  
 The firm cleavage between them evokes loud admiration.  
 Every limb is well balanced.  
 Arms and fingers are long, small both hands,  
 the belly is thin and all flat,  
 the pubic hair without reproach,  
 in the back you are solidly supported through round fullness,  
 the rear is properly tight,  
 the feet are sweetly shaped.

III. Her sweet body was never marred by a bad flaw,  
 she only has good manners, all pure virtues,  
 youthful, then well-mannered, noble behavior  
 is being displayed, first the one, then the other  
 in masterly performance.  
 She is noble, free from any reproaches.  
 Dear, sweet mate, do not forget me.  
 Since I am called yours,  
 heart-beloved, be so kind to me  
 and grant me what I have asked from you for a long time  
 and what attracts me so seductively!

Kl. 62: *Von rechter lieb krafft*

I. [He:] "Because of the force of true love,  
thoughts do not leave me free.

A lady

has conquered me.

Grant me, lady

your grace.

Assure me of it

that I am your most heart-beloved.

No one shall publicly learn

of this highest good through us."

II. [She:] "Tell me, beloved,  
what do you feel in your heart.

Gladly

I hear and listen to it [verbatim: see].

I would like to praise

your honor without any distraction.

My highest treasure, you will

win me without fail.

Be entirely taciturn,

that will help you.

III. You source of joys,  
you sweet nourishment of my heart,  
to be your woman alone  
is all that I desire.

Oh, most beloved friend,

may there be only joy, no sorrow!

Be always steady,

do not doubt me,

and remain all quiet

because of the rumors that unfaithful watch-guards spread!"

IV. [He:] "I spend my lengthy time, mistress,  
in restless sleep."

[She:] "I do not dare to do anything,  
though you are the one whom I have chosen as my only one.<sup>86</sup>

This is all brought about only

by the game of lies by the spies.

Their evil-minded and false suspicions

cause me pains.

Allow my heart to depart,

because it is getting late."

V. [He:] "You have completely taken away  
all my sorrow,

your wonderful body  
 means both joy and pain for me.  
 Whatever you ask from me in your grace,  
 I am willing to do.  
 I would love to fulfill your wishes  
 most happily.  
 Honestly, my heart-beloved,  
 I am ready to serve you at day and at night!"

VI [She:] "Are you really not suspicious?  
 Tell me that without getting angry with me.  
 Why, really,  
 do you leave me all alone?  
 When you want to experience something exciting [in matters of love],  
 you have to risk much.  
 The rumors voiced by those [spies]  
 will be over soon.  
 I wish you happiness without tortures,  
 darling, quickly return to me!"

Kl. 63: *Wol mich an we der lieben stund*

I. What delightful, sweet moment it was for me without any regret,  
 when a pair of charming lips  
 smiled at me with a wonderful smile,  
 and the rose-colored lips  
 opened, revealing an upper and a lower  
 row of completely white teeth, neatly arranged;  
 above [the mouth] two bright brown eyes were dancing,  
 whimsically back and forth,  
 looking sharply at each gaze,  
 slightly from above a well-formed little nose.  
 I grey-haired man would fall prey to this impudence,  
 and if she were to "threaten" me with a kiss,  
 I would certainly take this risk  
 without fearing to fail, and keep it for me quietly,  
 would not tell anyone about it or lament,  
 preserve it completely secretly in my heart.

II. I am forced to look only with the left side  
 (since I have been waging a war with the right side for my whole life),  
 what kind of round buttons she is carrying on her chest,  
 pointedly carved just like the tops,  
 placed right on the heart.  
 Ah, what a tender-delightful swelling!  
 If they touched nakedly my chest,

then my grey color would not bother me,  
 the beard would have to be cut from the skin,  
 unless the knife and the servant were missing!<sup>87</sup>  
 If I then would gain an embrace  
 from her naked arms, then I would become really faint;  
 when the beloved were to wrap her arms around me,  
 I would fall into a stage of happy inebriation.  
 If she were willing to put me into bonds in such a way,  
 I would absolve her of all sins.

III. From the band of the belt  
 down to the feet my thoughts are wandering  
 how beautifully well balanced her forms are.  
 If I could achieve furthermore  
 to touch her limbs and to gaze at them,  
 and if she then would come so close to me  
 that it would behoove me to uphold male honor,  
 I would certainly not run away from her, oh no!  
 Even if I would be struck down in this struggle,  
 I might nevertheless receive  
 another invitation to visit her house,  
 which would not frighten me at all;  
 instead I would quickly concourse with the chaste one,  
 without having any evil thoughts,  
 so that I could attach a lattice  
 of body, hands, feet, and legs to her.

Kl. 64: *Gar wunniglich*

I. "She has conquered my heart like a storm,  
 because of my love I have become all hers in full loyalty,  
 tightly embraced by the ropes of her really tender arms.  
 I belong to you, my highest fortune,  
 I can certainly promise you that with a legal document [letter]!"

II. "How do you intend to achieve happiness with me?  
 I am only ready to grant love without obliging myself to anything.<sup>88</sup>  
 Heart-beloved, pay attention that the we are not being caught by the  
 traitors' ropes!  
 May everything evil take hold of those bad people,  
 and may they never again experience anything pleasant!"

III. "In full loyalty, which you should not forget, my lady,  
 I am ready to serve you every day with longing.  
 I expect to gain a lot of joys from the gaze coming from bright eyes.  
 Your red lips liberate me, when they nod to me delightfully,  
 in a pleasing manner freeing me from deep sorrow."

Kl. 65: *Mein herz, das ist versert*

I. My heart is hurt  
and wounded by poison,  
cut by a sharp sword,  
deep down to the bottom.

There is no doctor here on earth who could heal me,  
except for that young woman who has caused me this pain.

II. Lady, would you please be a crown of your noble kind!  
Preserve your valuable treasure so well  
that your wild game won't get hurt  
by the snares of dishonor,  
and that no tongue can delight about you in this misery.  
In that case my heart will be entirely healthy and refreshed.

III. I plead with you, beloved, for some words  
filled with honest consolation:  
Please realize this pitiable execution,  
and redeem me from it!  
It is certainly better to die early yet honorably  
than to live here for two hundred years in disgrace!<sup>89</sup>

Kl. 66: *Weiss, rot, mit brawn verleucht*

I. White, red, brown in full glow  
in a round field  
caused me to suffer much, heavy sorrow,  
which I do not want to talk about.  
The world turned worrisome for me,  
when my eye sank into it  
in dedication and with longing.  
This sickness made me dizzy,  
time passed without me noticing it,<sup>90</sup>  
I was entirely powerless.

II. Only green-colored leaves  
covered her noble body,  
which would have certainly aroused  
the manhood in every fine duke,  
if he could have fooled around with her.  
Now, as I have seen this body,  
so wonderfully buxom,  
I hope that it will free me of my sorrow!  
He who recommended the office [task] to me,  
I would press myself tightly to it [body].

III. A delightful forking,  
above that a strong stem,

which bears two full pears,  
 carved most lovingly,  
 white and fresh, wherever you touch them.  
 If I were a small child  
 —however, now I am reasonable, old, and experienced—  
 and could suck at one of those pears  
 for my nourishment,  
 I would never turn grey of old age.

Kl. 67: *Genner beschneid*

January honorably circumcises Christ.  
 Three Holy Kings, in honor of Erhard,  
 quickly rushed following the star.  
 Marcellus and Antonius saw Prisca.  
 Fabian, Agnes, and Vincent are very well known,  
 Paul, Polycarp: the golden month of John [Chrysostom].  
 Bridgit, turn on February, Mary, blow [Blasius],  
 write, Agatha! Dorothy read!  
 Helena, Apollonia, Scholastica span,  
 Valentine and Juliana finished the weaving.  
 Simeon carried a heavy load.  
 Paul, Peter, Matthew, the learned Walburga.  
 Receive the Lord May, Lady Kunigunde!  
 Adrianus got well on Thursday  
 in a bath of March.  
 Gregory, quickly teach the students;  
 Gertrudis, prepare us your guesthouse well;  
 start the fire, Mary, look up Rupert!  
 The fact that April sends us strong showers  
 does not bother Ambrosius.  
 May the noble Leo  
 and Tiburtius protect us from deceitfulness.  
 Valerianus, ban bad suffering!  
 Saint Gregorius, Marcus, protect us from sudden anger,  
 in a graceful, constant manner.  
 Philippus, May, Cross, Florianus,  
 Godehard, and John stay with us,  
 and so Corbianus, Pancratius, and Sophia.  
 Peregrinus brought Prudentia and Basilla  
 a green wreath, as Urban had requested.  
 John and Cyrillus, go to Petronell.  
 June, quickly buy Erasmus.  
 Senate and Prime, correctly set the plants correctly,  
 which will make Vitus happy.  
 Praise to the three saints without pain,

Achatius, great John, little John.  
 Leo and Peter, quickly help Paul!  
 Mary gave Ulrich and Julius fish as gifts,  
 Kilian picked six cherries,  
 Margarita and Henry shared with Alexius.  
 Arnulf invited Praxedis,  
 and Magdalen the virgin Christina.  
 Jacob and Anna announce Pantaleon.  
 Peter and Stephan, escape the heat of the hot August.  
 Stephanus, King Oswald, Sixtus, and Afra  
 went on a hunt with Laurentius.  
 Hippolytus, Eusebius, and tender Mary  
 drank a "Bernhard."  
 Timotheus said to Bartholomew:  
 "Augustine preached like a monk!"  
 In September Aegidius grants us a good fresh wine.  
 Let Mary taste, Magnus!  
 The loving service under the cross.  
 Euphemia, Lambertus, protect us caringly!  
 Matthew, Mauritius, protect my soul!  
 Vigilus, Cosmas, Wenzeslaus, Michael,  
 Jerome—October. Jump, Francis,  
 at the dance, while you wear your monk's garb.  
 Coloman hang around in Austria.  
 Gallus said that Lucas writes well.  
 Ursula met Crispinianus in Cologne,  
 Simon knew Toulouse well.  
 November announces All Souls.  
 Leonhard, liberate all those chained from prison!  
 Drink wine, Martin, and Otmar, eat geese!  
 Elisabeth might probably arrive to console us.  
 Cecilia, Clemens broke the little chain.  
 Conrad said: "What is Andreas fishing for?"  
 December: "Help us, Barbara,  
 Saint Nicholas, Mary,  
 and also the beautiful Lucia,  
 to free us from our sins.  
 Sir Thomas and the Holy Christ,  
 Stephan, John—children. Thomas is eating  
 at New Year's Eve."

Kl. 68: *Mein herz jüngt sich*

I. While breaking out in loud jubilation my heart is being rejuvenated,  
 it feels consoled and freed by a tender hand,  
 which opens, in dedication, free of any flaw,

caringly took off, freed me from all my fetters,  
 without making any mistake.  
 I praise the day, the hour, the moment and time, minute and quarter of  
 the hour  
 when I heard and realized  
 how quickly really I was liberated  
 from my lamentation; this took away  
 the pain in my heart.

II. Most honorably, oh, my G., the only one in this world,  
 you provide me with great happiness down to the bottom of my heart;  
 subsequently the noble R and an E grant me pleasant consolation  
 with red lips,  
 happy all the time.  
 At the end two Ts have sealed  
 the honest relationship between us two forever.  
 Recall this, dearest treasure, every day again,  
 and I am ready to do so as well  
 in complete loyalty.

III. Please forget in your womanly decency  
 everything with which I ever might have angered you, wonderful  
 creature, in your virtuosity.  
 More than anything else in the world I am concerned about your honor,  
 and I am absolutely ready to serve it,  
 in praiseworthy manner without delay,  
 unrelentingly until the day of my death here on earth  
 and hundred thousand years more.  
 Because of us no deceptive spy shall ever enjoy the least reward  
 for its betrayal, not even by a hair's width,  
 may God allow this to come true, my heart-beloved.

Kl. 69: *Do fraig amors*

I. Oh my true beloved,  
 assist me!  
 My horse, my steed,  
 and also my heart  
 aspire only,  
 mistress, toward you.  
 Wherever I run around, sleep,  
 or walk,  
 my anchor truly  
 never hold me tightly.  
 Now a prisoner, but once a free man,  
 I plead to you.  
 Switch from German to Italian,

soften up [the heart] in French,  
 laugh in Hungarian,  
 bake bread in Slovenian,  
 then sing a song in Flemish!  
 The seventh language is Latin.

II. Sweet, most beautiful lady,  
 see here, my heart,  
 be near me,  
 everywhere!  
 Seriously  
 and with decency  
 I am all at your service,  
 whatever you desire.  
 I really do not understand anything  
 of dishonest measures.  
 God knows exactly  
 how much I am in love with you.

III. Whatever you desire,  
 my beautiful Gret,  
 from the depth of my heart  
 I will do it immediately.  
 Believe me that, most beloved  
 Gret, on my honesty [loyalty]!  
 I place myself  
 at day and night  
 under your command,  
 wherever I might walk.  
 Beloved, I am all yours  
 in full dedication!

Kl. 70: *Her wiert, uns dürstet*

I. "Sir innkeeper, we are very thirsty:  
 bring the wine! Bring the wine! Bring the wine,  
 so that God may bring your suffering to a good end—  
 Bring the wine! Bring the wine! Bring the wine!—  
 and support your well-being.  
 Fill the glass now! Fill the glass now! Fill the glass now!"

II. "Gretel, would you like to be my girlfriend?  
 Say so quickly! Say so quickly! Say so quickly!"  
 "Yes, if you buy me a handbag,  
 then I will be willing, will be willing, will be willing,  
 but do not rip my little skin [hymen],  
 just push, push! Just push, push! Just push, push!"

III. Now, little John, would you like to dance with me?  
 Then come! Then come! Then come!  
 Let us jump around like goats.  
 John, do not stumble! John, do not stumble! John, do not stumble  
 and be careful with my slit.<sup>91</sup>  
 Push gently, push! Push gently further, push! Push, little John, push!

IV. Play your flutes nicely, little Heinz, Philipp, dear darling!  
 Rush, be happy, wild! Rush, be happy, wild! Rush, be happy, wild.  
 Form pairs, move, hit the drums!  
 Hans and Lucie, Cunz and Cathy, Benz and Clara,<sup>92</sup>  
 jump like calves! Race around, little Jack!<sup>93</sup>  
 Yeepee, hi! Yeepee hi! Yeepee hi!

V. The ring dance is beginning. Foam up, fresh wine!  
 Give me already! Give me already! Give me already!  
 Yep, let's go, little Giustiniani (Jösstel), what about another little fight!  
 Move on, fellow! Move on, fellow! Move on, fellow! Move on, fellow!  
 Metz and Diemut, swallow the most favored bites!  
 Go, go, go! Go! Go, go, go! Go, go, go!

VI. Now hurry, they are all eating in the village,  
 do not tarry! Do not tarry! Do not tarry!  
 Follow them, Conrad, you lame stumblebum,  
 you idiot, you idiot, you idiot!  
 You stare around like a carp!  
 Hurry, fellow, hurry, fellow! Hurry, fellow, hurry! Hurry, hurry, hurry!

Kl. 71: *Mit günstigem Herzen*

I. [He:] "Out of heartfelt affection  
 I am wishing you  
 an especially good  
 New Year  
 and whatever, here on earth,  
 your heart might desire.  
 Amen, my treasure,  
 this is really perfect.  
 Think of me,  
 my companion!"

II. [She:] "Your singing and pleasantries  
 please me;  
 I enjoy being with you,  
 my loyalty will be your reward!  
 May this wish, my beloved,  
 come true for us both!  
 Thank you for your words,

I am your servant.  
 If it pleases you so much,  
 then it should happen, indeed.”

III. [He:] “Your red lips, beloved lady,  
 delight me much.  
 I am yours truly,  
 filled with constancy.  
 Your well-mannered honor  
 awakens deep love in me.  
 This makes me  
 truly happy.  
 I am very pleased to hear this,  
 beautiful, lovely Gret.”

IV. [She:] “Your manliness  
 has inflamed me.  
 I feel like you,  
 I am ready for you!  
 Your ocean of your virtues  
 makes me feel attracted to you.  
 It is exactly  
 as I am telling you.  
 Whatever your desire might be,  
 Os[wald], may it come true.”

V. [He:] “Do not forget me, darling,  
 in the name of your honorable mind!  
 Who is my savior,  
 who strengthens me?  
 What a joy, truly,  
 is all this for me:  
 You free me from pains,  
 you free me from torture,  
 you free me from suffering  
 and from my sorrow.”

VI. [She:] “The image of your deeply impressive face  
 is flowering in my heart.  
 Who is my savior?”  
 [He:] “This can be only me.<sup>94</sup>  
 mistress, without fail.  
 I will praise you loudly  
 without getting sidetracked.  
 And you even more,  
 beloved, this is right.

Beautiful, graceful mistress,  
I am striving for it.”

Kl. 72: *Die minne füget niemand*

I. No one is allowed to experience love  
who does not own anything,  
because, wherever he is going,  
people are saying: “You lazy bum,  
watch out! What do you want from me?  
Go away on the spot!  
If you do not own anything, turn around  
and disappear from here!  
Your love wooing  
does not suit to you well!”

II. The innkeeper does not want to give us any credit,  
which is my greatest complaint.  
He is bothering me by day and by night  
because of my debt. Oh world,  
shame on you! You are nagging me,  
you drunken innkeeper!<sup>95</sup>  
Now the lady of the house, the servants, maids, and children  
are making noise and they yell.  
The winter  
is pressing hard on my moneybag.

III. Let us drink out of the little bottle!  
When we [finally] put down the heavy glass,  
our head is spinning,  
Fill the cups, little John,  
fill up the bottle! That flows wonderfully  
down my throat!  
Sir Wine, come in!  
Pour freely,  
flow freely,  
down to the bottom of the bladder.

IV. I should love the young virgin,  
which causes the lady of the house to be angry.  
Nevertheless I had to “poke” her.  
I pushed and cleaved  
this heavy lump finally into two,  
I poor fellow!  
The straw was flying high,

and at the shaking  
and rattling of the shed she lost her veil.<sup>96</sup>

Kl. 73: *O Herzen lieber Nickel mein*

I. "Oh, my heart-beloved little Nick,  
please do not forget me not"!  
Yay, hey-ho!  
"Sure not, my tender little Else;  
your love will stay in me all fresh."  
"So keep it as it is."  
"My heart is melting away because you are separating from me."  
"Be quiet, dear girl, I will return soon enough!"  
"Oh Nick, dear Nick, most beloved beautiful Nicholas,  
hug me, kiss me, lend me your little mouse!"<sup>97</sup>

II. "Promise me quickly, my beautiful Else,  
not to take any other man!"  
Yay, hey-ho!  
"I would rather throw myself off a rock,  
than to sleep with another man!"  
"So keep it as it is."  
"I will never relent in my dedication to you!"  
"My great Nicholas, you will [always] be in my thoughts."

III. "May God bless you, my dearest treasure!  
No separation pains me more than this one!"  
Yay, hey-ho!  
"You leave me here behind and spend time elsewhere,  
how can we then ever get together again?"  
"So let it be as it is."  
"I will return in a short while."  
"My tender Nick, grant me that soon!"

Kl. 74: *Sweig still, gesell*

I. "Be calm, my friend, the situation is okay.  
Give me the messenger's award for news about the young lady!  
Yay, hey-ho!  
She became my mistress and I her servant,  
and now the condition is certainly favorable.  
So keep it as it is.  
I mean the delightful one with whom I am joined,  
and for that reason I feel really happy; only now have I found happiness.  
Oh chaste little doll, most beloved beautiful doll,  
You please me all around down to the last tip of your dress.

II. I will always be her servant  
 and hope that the beloved will not reject me—  
 yay, hey-ho!—  
 with her lovely little breasts;  
 I would be delighted to entrust her a naked wren—<sup>98</sup>  
 So keep it as it is!—  
 without having any evil intentions, to its appropriate mistress,  
 and then I would love to be the servant myself.

III. I still remember with great delight the wonderful hour  
 when she chose me as her servant—  
 yay, hey-ho!—  
 and I expect that her rose-colored lips  
 will free me from my sorrow.  
 So keep it as it is!  
 Heart, soul, and reason are overjoyed because of her without getting  
 tired,  
 irrespective of how far away I might be away from her, yippie, what a  
 fair-skinned person!

Kl. 75: *Wol auff, wol an*

I. So, let's go!  
 Children, women, and men,  
 be in a good mood,  
 be lively, frolic, run!  
 Yes, dance, jump,  
 plug the harp, sing  
 in face of the delightful  
 garden of May with its green colors!  
 The nightingale  
 and the song of the thrush  
 reverberate over mountain and meadow.  
 Being together in pairs,  
 chatting lovingly,  
 listening to [the bird's song] in a hiding place  
 grants even more joy  
 than the strong sun.

Let us avoid the gross sight  
 of heavyset women  
 whom we encounter  
 on our way!  
 Beautiful lips  
 chatting lightly  
 give us high spirits in many different ways.

II. Put on leaves, little shrub,<sup>99</sup>

sprout, little herb!

Off to the bath,

Ossi, Gretli!<sup>100</sup>

The blossoming of the flowers  
overcomes our tiredness.

Build a little cover

out of leaves, Metzli;

bring the tub,

let us flirt!

“Wash me, young woman,  
my head!”

“Rub me, young man,  
at my belly button!”

“If you help me,  
I might grab the little rat!”<sup>101</sup>

III. Yippee!

You splendid May,

push the chanterelles out of the ground,

and you [even] produce morels.

You have given delight

to people, leaves, grass,

wolf, fox, and hare,

and you have covered the world with green color.

What winter

had brutally forced

behind the wall

in a deeply hiding place

thereby betraying it badly,

will be liberated

and compensated with cheerfulness, thanks to you, May.

Kl. 76: *Ain graserin*

I. A grass-cutting woman, walking in the cool dew

with her white, naked, tender little feet

in the green meadow has filled me with happiness;

this brought about because of her scythe covered with brown hair,

when I helped her to adjust the gate

against the fence pole,

to take up the wooden peg and push it in,

very tightly, to avoid that in the future

the girl would no longer have to worry about losing her geese.

II. While I saw the beauty approaching me when I built the fence,

even the short waiting took too long for me,

until I could help her to overcome the problem

between two fence poles.

Beforehand I had whetted my little hatchet  
making it ready for the service,  
sharp and whet, as good as possible,  
then I helped her to rake the grass into a pile:  
“Do not shake, my darling!” “But no, dear Hans!”

III. After I had mowed the clover,  
and after I had closed up all gaps in the fence,  
she desired from me further that I should  
weed one more time in the garden below.  
As a reward she was willing to weave and bind  
a wreath out of roses for me.  
“Comb the flax for me, lift it up!<sup>102</sup>  
Take good care of it if you want it to grow!”  
“Heart-beloved goose, what a pretty beak you have!”

Kl. 77: *Simm Gredlin, Gret*

I. “Well, little Gret, Grete, my dear Gret,  
my tender beloved, you most heart-pleasing beauty,  
do not let off in your chaste honor that you show toward me!”  
“As well as possible, little Ossi,  
I will learn forever  
in your school to remain steady.”  
“I will keep your words that have come from rose-colored lips  
forever in my mind  
and write them deep down in my heart.”  
“My treasure, that’s exactly what I am desiring from you,  
because I will never waver [in my loyalty].”  
“Think of me, dearest Ossi;  
your little Gret will make you happy!”

II. “You cannot please me more  
than when I am lying in your arms,  
hidden like an hermit.”  
“In my concern to protect you I will never relent;  
without the slightest hesitation I will keep you warm.  
This is no effort for me.”  
“My thanks to you, my most beloved wife,  
I will never forget this;  
you are, after all, the one whom I love.”  
“You will not have to worry, my heart-beloved,  
about any misfortune coming from me.”  
“I thank you for that, my dear!”  
“Dear, most treasured man, I feel so happy,  
when I embrace you lying at your breast!”

III. "More than any other delight your heart makes me happy  
 as does your beautiful body,  
 when it lovingly leans toward me."  
 "My friend, I am jubilant about this delight,  
 and your wife is happy about it  
 when you touch my breast with your hand."  
 "Oh lady, it is a sugar-sweet delight for me  
 and sweetly permeates all my limbs  
 that you always demonstrate your favor."  
 "Totally confide in me,  
 little Ossi, forever and ever!"  
 "Let there never be a change, little Gret!  
 May there never be  
 any change in our relationship, which would grant us happiness!"

Kl. 78: *Mich tröst ain adeliche mait*

I. A noble virgin inspires me,  
 who proves to be truly a shining example of purity, without any flaw.  
 Her chaste honesty is strong enough  
 to resist and chase away any indecent excess in behavior  
 by way of her graceful dignity.  
 In my heart praise belongs to her forever,  
 above all other ladies whom I have ever seen.  
 Her behavior, her benevolent nature,  
 taking away all sorrow,  
 sweetly, without any pains.

II. Be happy, you earthly creature,  
 that harmony, your actions, and your staying away of all evil prove your  
 excellence,  
 and that you own, as a human being,  
 a chaste dress, praiseworthy for its fine quality  
 and free of all sins.  
 Her body turns out to be broad, narrow, short and long from head to toe,  
 without blemish, delightfully formed,  
 and the combination  
 of blissfulness and whiteness permeated by red  
 crown you above all other maidens.

III. Virgin, in the name of your wonderful honor,  
 if I were truly worthy in the face of God,  
 then I would long for nothing else  
 but that I could belong to you alone,  
 just like a slave!  
 Then I would jubilate about her, praise her lavishly, and loudly sing  
 songs for her

as my mistress to whom I then would belong  
 and who happily heal my heart, spirit, body, and soul  
 certainly without causing pains  
 by way of words, deeds, and gestures.

Kl. 79: *Fröhlich so wil ich aber singen*

I. “Happily I will sing again  
 a song of praise to my noble, tender mistress.”

“Heinz, Henry, only now I will experience a happy destiny  
 because you remain constant in your dedication.”

“Oh, lady, you did not mean this as a joke?”

“But no, Henry, by God not!”

“Today pain, before that joy—if I could gain your grace,  
 I would even accept death as a payment!”

“Even if you suffer so much, you do not have to die right away  
 or to suffer heavy sorrow.”

II. “Your body grants me joy, and so as well the golden broaches  
 in front of your blouse.”

“I am, for sure, protected by a girdle,  
 I am a lady of noble birth.”

“You are like a falcon’s neck.”

“But I cannot fly fast at all!”

“And even if it meant the end of ploughing the field, I still would give  
 two oxen for you  
 at least to receive a kiss.”

“What would you say to that, my little Heinz, you fool,  
 if you then had to swallow rejection?”

III. “Your blond hair and also your white hands  
 fill me with high spirits.”

“You pull my leg, in reality, and I would bet on that by your teeth,  
 if you accept that.”

“I could swallow three people at once with my teeth!”

“Oh, you really believe that, little Heinz Step-into-the-Pottage?”

“Either you accept me as I am or I will jump  
 on the spot into the water because I am so angry!”

“If you then came up to me totally soaked wet,  
 then I would be delighted to see that!”

IV. “You noble lady, why do you have to mock at me?  
 This could make me crazy in no time!”

“I will happily send you decent sour creme  
 from my red goat.”

“Oh, I myself have enough cream!”

“Thank you very much, my little Heinz ‘Move-the-Plough!’”

“I will complain about it to my dear mother

that you have treated me so deprecatorily.”  
 “Go away, lubricate the cart and thresh fodder for the horses,  
 as everyone of your social class has to do!”

Kl. 80: *Ain rainklich weib*

I. [See,] a chaste lady, beautiful in her youthfulness,  
 masterly crafted, free of any possible criticism against her.  
 Her behavior and her body make me so happy  
 that any of her requests would give me delight.  
 No effort would be too great.  
 I would say: “Heart-beloved, whatever you might want,  
 I will always do for you,  
 unless it might displease you.”

II. Her red lips  
 and her cheerful  
 constantly smiling face make me always happy;  
 her true and flawless spirit  
 proves itself through her words and comportment,  
 entirely unspoiled and without any deception;  
 her delightful body carries heavy fruit of virtues,  
 which puts me into bonds of love.

III. She has occupied my heart with incessant desire,  
 without mercy by day and by night.  
 Because of this game, my lady, I am complaining to you.  
 Your consolation would certainly help me.  
 I have been constantly in your service,  
 irrespective of whether you cared about it or not.  
 Be responsive to my pleading, beautiful lady,  
 have mercy in your heart with my suffering.

Kl. 81: *Sweig, güt gesell*

I. “Be quiet, dear friend, regard it with a smiling face as a joke  
 and do not take any cuss word as an insult in your heart;  
 do not fight on behalf of any dubious case;  
 pull back there where you cannot enforce your will [or: where there is  
 no room for you].  
 These are the words that Heinz Mosmair wrote with great emphasis [in  
 his letter].  
 He who sends a gift to the judge ahead of the trial  
 and also does not forget the priest,  
 he seems to me

not to be a fool, if he can do both in an advantageous way.  
Instead he would have to be called a circumspect layperson [lawyer].

He who raises nettles and weeds lilies,  
will create total chaos in his little garden,  
and he who exposes his doves  
to the ravens and vultures who do not simply celebrate [or take a  
break at a party]  
will eventually, by his own will, profit little.”

II. Without any evil intentions I have announced these words—  
now let us sing of the noble-minded ladies,  
among whom I have never chastised any one,  
unless it would have been, considering their reputation,  
neglect in a most egregious manner.

He who secretly commits sins, will receive his penance  
in secret as well.

Keep that in mind, dear, delightful lady,  
do not allow your honorable name be smeared by rumor,  
do not brag publicly about our love affair!

III. Since I am called the “nightingale”  
and really sing honorable songs about the young ladies,  
I praise especially one of them with a loud voice,  
that is, a delightfully beautiful lady who is better protected in her honor  
than through the force of strong lions.

Also, I am thankful to God with my full heart  
because he has marvelously created such a beautiful woman,  
free of all flaws that her reputation outshines all gold  
and that virtuosity and esteem live with her,  
which will not be put at risk in public.

Kl. 82: *Got geb eu ainen guten morgen*

I. “May God grant you a pleasant morning,  
most noble empress!

I have gained the firm conviction  
that you are a most beautiful lady,  
well known far and wide.”

“I have to worry as little about it  
as about the carefree love  
to a beautiful noble young man,  
who lives below the town of Kra,  
that is, in Kastelruth.”

“See, see, for this I have to thank you eternally;  
may he be in your service in return,  
this really attentive fellow,

and make quickly sure  
 that you do not escape him!"  
 "There would be no way too long for me,  
 even if it took me to Vienna,  
 to free the attractive, excellent young man  
 from the snares of his sorrows,  
 and so rescue him.

Fresh, free, happy, cheerful,  
 ye, yipee-yodling,<sup>103</sup>  
 vivacious, crazy, foolish, careless,  
 racing, out of mind, noisy,  
 daring, rushing, most rushingly,  
 resounding, strange, thundering, grumbling,  
 thus is my heart, all free from suffering,  
 when I perceive my most beloved in person."

II. "Oh my, o my, you fantastic piece of gold,  
 you truly know how to express yourself well,  
 which shocks me pleasantly,  
 trust me that, in honest joy!  
 This is caused by the stream of your eloquence."<sup>104</sup>

"See, dear peasant, if you truly loved me,  
 you would, indeed, not fear my speaking,  
 since no impure drop [of blood]  
 forms in my heart  
 because of any rise of emotions [trembling]."<sup>105</sup>  
 "In numerdum and numine!<sup>106</sup>  
 you have said this only flippantly.

I still have a fat cow,  
 which I would give you [as a gift], if you would love me  
 and if you were to dismiss the silly fellow."

"Sir Farmer, with this I would break my promise.  
 I have committed myself so much  
 that my treasure delights me, I mean the young man,  
 my lover, my boy, with his curvy-wavy hair,  
 when he combs it."

III. "May the Holy Spirit bless us tonight,  
 Saint Hedwig and Saint Miserable Wine!  
 How badly you are in love  
 with this miserable creature!  
 I wished I knew him personally."  
 "He is the one who is most intimately and tightly  
 locked into my heart,  
 no doubt, I belong to him;  
 if only I could serve him,

to the best of my abilities with my red lips!"  
 "Well, now we know it! Watch out, big fellow!  
 What should I make of the fact  
 that you entirely disregard  
 what I told you before  
 straightforwardly with good words?"  
 "Go, cut wood, do something against the cold  
 and make a fire with a bundle of sticks!  
 Thrash the wheat both day and night!  
 Spare me with your lamentations!  
 Clear the fields of trees, mow, work on the field!"

Kl. 83: *Ain jetterin*

I. A farm maid, collecting feed, young, lively, free, and dexterous,<sup>107</sup>  
 on a steep mountain side daringly high up  
 provides me with joy and high spirits,  
 about that time when the forest at lower levels  
 covers itself with green leaves.

Then I ambush her, like a fox  
 quietly in the woods,  
 peek through the bushes—take cover, as a mountain lion!—  
 until I will have caught her at her brown patch [= vagina],  
 crawling on my feet and legs,  
 "just do not let yourself be scared away!"

Her red lips, in most noble shape  
 are so sweet, as if they were made out of sugar;  
 her feet are delightfully small, her legs are white,  
 her breasts are firm, words and gestures  
 move along in the way that the mountain people and the hunters  
 use them.<sup>108</sup>

II. I hunt the blackbird  
 and so many wonderful thrushes,  
 high up in Lenepach<sup>109</sup>  
 with a stick, which kills them,  
 once I have pulled the string  
 hiding in a hut, well covered  
 with leafy branches, wonderfully green.  
 Perhaps she will come to me, she who awakens  
 all my joys, giving me hopeful encouragement,  
 sneaking through the opening,  
 bending down skillfully.

III. When I have prepared my bird hunt<sup>110</sup>  
 and have set up all my equipment,

you hear indeed the loud sound of sweet baiting quickly thereafter.  
 The beauty can really laugh about it,  
 because she steals all my art  
 that I have learned in catching birds.  
 I will then have just too much of her slit [= vagina),  
 which asks too often for my gimpel [penis],<sup>111</sup>  
 which makes the hut rumble loudly  
 from such carefree baking of wheat buns.<sup>112</sup>

Kl. 84: *Wol auff, wir wellen slauffen*

I. It's time, we want to go to sleep,  
 servant, turn on a light,  
 the time has come,  
 we do not want to overlook it  
 (he who will be the last will be the butt of our jokes)  
 when lay priests, monks, or ministers  
 stomp to our wives,  
 which might cause a bad fight.

II. Pick up the glass and let us drink,  
 we do not want to depart  
 from this good wine.  
 Even though it makes our legs numb,  
 it still has to go into our mouths.  
 Sir Cup, obey the sign!  
 Even if we will stagger to our beds,  
 that won't be the worst evil.

III. Now we stumble to the door,  
 let's make sure that we do not totter,  
 walking unsteadily.  
 What should this wine cost in terms of dust?  
 Sir innkeeper, drink with us!  
 We will surely not be angry  
 if you then might vomit  
 according to Polish customs.

IV. Carefully bring here the prince,  
 do not let him fall on the ground  
 of God's kingdom!  
 I will sing his praises forever,  
 He instills us with many joys.  
 May one help the other!  
 Innkeeper, do not slip on the ice,  
 the ground is uneven here!

V. We totter as in a dance.  
 Let us ask the innkeeper's maid  
 whether the beds have been prepared.  
 She put too much salt into the cabbage,  
 and ruined the good soup.  
 But why should we complain about it?  
 It did not even have enough fat in it,  
 so the shortcomings were threefold.

Kl. 85: "*Nu huss!*" sprach der Michel von Wolkenstein

I. "Now yee-ha!" screamed Michel von Wolkenstein,  
 "let's hunt them down!" shouted Oswald von Wolkenstein,  
 "Huzza!" called Leonhart von Wolkenstein,  
 "now they all have to run away from their [siege of] Greifenstein."<sup>113</sup>

II. A mighty storm rose out of the glow  
 down to the rocks, which all turned blood-red.  
 They left behind their armor, crossbows, and the iron helmet  
 at long last, which pleased us mightily.

III. The siege machines, shelters, and the remaining tents<sup>114</sup>  
 were all burnt down to cinder on the upper field.  
 I hear the saying that whoever lends money with an evil mind will be  
 paid back in kind.  
 The same way we want to pay you back, Duke Frederick.

IV. No one could stop the skirmishes,<sup>115</sup>  
 which took place in the Ried outside of Ravenstein [in the field  
 surrounding Ravenstein]<sup>116</sup>  
 and many [people] were pierced with a hand-long nail  
 attached to an arrow, propelled through the air by a crossbow.

V. The peasants of Saint George, the entire community,  
 had sworn a false oath to us,  
 there came the good fellows from Ravenstein:  
 "May God bless you, neighbors, your loyalty is short."

VI. Then a delightful shooting and slinging  
 began, and no one minded fighting hard: "Ring the bells and run away!"<sup>117</sup>  
 Now move, good courtier, either win [this fight] or escape!"  
 Moreover, many roofs and defense hats were singed.

VII. Those from Bozen, Ritten, and Meran,  
 those from Häfning and Mölten rushed into the battle from high up.  
 Those from the Sarn-Valley and Jenesien, the bold men,  
 wanted to trap us, but we got away.

Kl. 86: *O phalzgraf Ludewig*

I. Oh Count Elector of the Palatinate, Louis,  
 near the Rhine, your path  
 brings long strides, there are great virtues,<sup>118</sup>  
 no one of your kind  
 can compare with you  
 (listen to what I have to tell you);  
 this clearly and vividly shows  
 in the noble nature.

You realize and demonstrate it through your constant and noble mind,  
 through your bravery, true wisdom, and generosity.  
 And you loyal man are delighted by the ladies, on my faith [I know this  
 for sure],  
 as I have learned from your loyal  
 wife, the lady from Savoy.

II. I praise you, Heidelberg,  
 wonderfully situated on top of the mountain [the castle at least]  
 where beautiful, noble red lips  
 eat their bread and porridge  
 in a well-mannered happy way.  
 They closely guard their honor:  
 little Metze, little Katy, little Kathrin,  
 Agnes and Engichin,  
 all of you tenderly ornamented through youthfulness and virtues,  
 good lifestyle and behavior.  
 I praise God, the Merciful One, as well as I can,  
 since he knows how to create  
 such wonderfully formed young women.

III. When I sailed down the Neckar,  
 this “creek” did not flow slowly  
 into the Rhine, and neither does the Main and the Nahe  
 near Bingen. Neckerau.  
 With your dry shaving  
 you set traps for pockets.  
 Without any fuss I was nicely welcomed  
 in Mannheim, Bacherach.  
 I was well equipped by the man with the beard  
 against the cold with heavy fox fur,  
 and surprised with marten fur.  
 May such joys never end for me.

Kl. 87: *Rot, weiss, ain frölich angesicht*

I. Red, white, what a delightful face,  
 emerging in strong contrast from the black dress,

the smooth forehead only little covered  
 by a beautiful little veil,  
 thin and transparent;  
 she has rose-colored lips  
 that smile, and a mouth equipped with white teeth,  
 the whole face illuminated by gleaming black eyes.  
 It is she who awakens joy in my heart,  
 making it tremble inside,  
 and then causing cheerful laughter:

Her words and behavior reduce my sorrow  
 when I allow it all to have an effect on me;  
 and so her youthfulness, her delightful virtues,  
 full of singing and joking, give me a happy mood.  
 Be delighted about that, most beloved lady!

II. Although thoughts do not let me free,  
 I still do not dare to say anything.  
 I am dominated by fear,  
 which only makes it worse for me,  
 that I will not be able to speak.  
 Moreover, my uncouthness impinges me,  
 robbing me of all consolation.  
 All this fear makes my beard turn grey  
 because my heart is being roasted because of its amatory longing.  
 Filled with deep sorrow  
 I have to toss and turn all the time.

III. Stealthy glances, few words:  
 he who cannot use his language  
 will often experience sorrow,  
 because he cannot express his suffering.  
 This I got to feel often.  
 Unique M., I love you all virtuously  
 from the bottom of my heart.  
 May your wonderful body not make me feel embarrassed,  
 and instead let me experience happiness.  
 Never speaking a word about it  
 is what I have done.<sup>119</sup>

Kl. 88: *Vier hundert ja auff erde*

I. Four hundred years on earth are like one single day over there  
 where two lovers can secretly hide.  
 I would not prove to be abashed;  
 I would simply press the beauty  
 to my chest, as my heart desires,  
 then my sorrow would have been overcome,

and my good fortune would grant me pleasant times.<sup>120</sup>

II. I praise that day and gloat of that wonderful delight,  
 when she selected me without any pain,  
 as the only and unique one for her joy.  
 Keeping this in mind forever,  
 I will never ban her  
 from the pond of my heart,  
 as I pledged to her most seriously.

III. Goodbye, my lady, no other separation has hurt me so much!  
 If I were not to see the noblewoman again,  
 I would scream like crazy filled with poison,<sup>121</sup>  
 and I would sorely miss your full red lips,  
 which have deeply wounded me  
 forever until the abyss of death will come.  
 Then: "murder, woe is me!" and woe forever!

Kl. 89: *Herz, müt*

I. Heart, mind, body, soul, and whatever I have,  
 are all infused with joy by a pleasant face,  
 to whom I will be dedicated,  
 constantly ready to do service.

Lady, you will be in my heart  
 forever, indelibly,  
 and if you were to wish the same for yourself,  
 then no emperor would feel so good as I do.

II. I wished you would be aware, without any fear,  
 of my affection that I feel for you, at least half of it.  
 Then you would learn many pleasant news  
 about us two without doubt.

III. How far away I might be, your wonderful body  
 comes to me, intoxicating me.  
 Full of longing I desire your body.  
 You make me happier than all other women.

Kl. 90: *Ach got, wër ich ain bilgerin*

I. By God, if I were a pilgrim,  
 as I had been in the old days,  
 I would like to hike to my sisters  
 in a brotherly mood, free of hatred.  
 I would like to chat with them  
 about many experiences and news,

and would want to whisper endearingly into their ears  
without any evil intentions.

Soon enough I would have sown two sticks [in the form of a crucifix]  
on to the coat, as in the past,  
underneath of which I would have  
transformed myself into a monk without fail,  
who would rather visit his dear sisters than the mothers.

II. When lovers are together,  
then night amounts to nothing but a moment.  
How should I be content with this short moment?  
I am simply not getting enough  
of her who does not frighten me  
and who has conquered my heart  
with great force,  
and this for the rest of my life.<sup>122</sup>

III. This separation from my beloved wears me down,  
I suffer from it with loud laments.  
Yet I suffer heavily every day  
because I can never say goodbye,  
and that sorrow resides with me.  
She delights me more  
than all joys that the world can offer,  
and this gives me grief.

Kl. 91: *Freuntlicher blick*

I. Her friendly gaze  
badly wounds the shrine of my heart  
by way of a sharp arrow;  
two clear eyes  
shining, brilliantly beautiful  
forcefully take me into their power.  
When suddenly awoken out of sleep,  
thoughts and melancholy  
often surge up in me,  
and I scream for help  
from the noble lady,  
if only she were with me!  
Her friendly greeting  
uttered from her sweet mouth  
quickly creates for me  
soothing for my love  
both at day and at night,  
when I imagine and feel  
how the strength of her arms

tenderly embraces me  
 Tightly I nestle with her,  
 bending down  
 so that she does not shrink back,  
 until her red lips  
 open the painful fetters,  
 which she skillfully  
 knew how to apply.<sup>123</sup>

II. Dear, precious lady,  
 if we do not see each other again,  
 my senses will die  
 because the blissfulness  
 of your body  
 the Grail, threatens to throw me down into the valley [smash me].  
 As a stranger  
 I am wondering around  
 and cling to illusionary hope,  
 just like the one  
 who is left alone.  
 I have to renounce friends,  
 and my sorrow swims  
 on the wild sea  
 every day,  
 which almost makes me despair,  
 because my dearest bliss  
 has offered me this happiness  
 and does not cut through the bond  
 through any error.  
 Alas, for that reason  
 there is now fire on the roof  
 and no calmness  
 in the shrine of my heart,  
 when I imagine vividly  
 the tender turning and rolling  
 with many embraces  
 without any rest.

III. Oh, chaste fruit,  
 have pity on me in my misery!  
 What good would be my death to you?  
 Your red lips  
 can certainly heal deep wounds  
 that misfortune has caused me.  
 There is no escape route.  
 Only for you, my lady,

does my heart yearn.  
 Your glorious beauty  
 should soon help me  
 to give me what I am missing so badly.  
 Just think,  
 my beloved, you know where . . . !  
 Hold on,  
 let me not fall into sadness!  
 Take away my heartfelt suffering,  
 which has already enwrapped me,  
 with the help of your radiant, gracious,  
 so multifarious beautiful charm!  
 Only that would make me rich,  
 no one could compare himself with me  
 thanks to such a [rich] storage,  
 this sweet pond of lust.  
 I would kiss goodbye to pain,  
 and my clover would grow as green as before.<sup>124</sup>  
 Separation, bitterly cold snow,  
 sharp-cutting scream,  
 no longer return!

Kl. 92: *Treib her, treib überher*

“Herd over, herd over, you my beloved little Bärbel,  
 join me with your sheep!  
 Come quickly, my beautiful little Bärbel!”  
 “I notice, I notice you well, but I will certainly not do that.  
 Your pasture is not worth anything,  
 my meadow is fully covered in green.”  
 “My pasture, my pasture is one of the best in the entire world,  
 covered with clover, leaves, grass, and a rich display of flowers;  
 in my area where I guard the animals the snow has long melted away!”  
 “But I hear, I hear much beautiful bird singing,  
 and the time is not passing slowly;  
 my thoughts are free from all worries.”  
 “I have, however, have, however, here a cool and clear well,  
 covered by shade, which protects from the sun.  
 Come now, you greatest source of happiness for my heart!”  
 “Thirst, thirst does not torture me at all,  
 since I have not yet eaten cheese and bread,  
 which my mother has given me this morning.”  
 “Many mushrooms, little mushrooms grow here in this shrubbery,  
 moreover, there are many young, fluffy birds.  
 If you came over to me, I would share it all with you.”

“If you, if you are ready to pledge to me that you will certainly leave me  
in peace,

then I might herd over [my animals] to you.

Otherwise my animals will move elsewhere.”

“Don’t worry, don’t worry, you most unique beautiful doll!

I will braid your blond locks

and smoothen your red dress.”

“So often, so often you have promised me most assuredly, like a rock,  
to keep the peace between us,

but you have never kept your promise to me that you would leave me  
alone.”

“The damage, the damage that you incurred was miniscule,  
just as your sister said.

From now on I will leave you in peace.”

“It will show, it will show only then when I want to become a bride,  
whether my hymen has been pushed aside (broken).

Phew, you do it much too loudly with me.”

“You are wel(l), you are welcome, you delightful beautiful treasure!

I would love to have you here instead of over there.

Now whisper a friendly word [into my ear]!”

“And if I stayed here, and stayed here, who would then be with you,  
beloved?

My heart has never left you

without pain, as you yourself know just too well.”

“That pleases me, pleases me truly! More than hundred thousand times  
your red-colored lips refreshen me,

freed from a harsh bond holding the heart!”

Much joy, much joy and delight the two then experienced,  
until the evening arrived quickly.

They parted without suffering.<sup>125</sup>

Kl. 93: *Herz, prich*

I. Ib [Tenor]. Heart, break! Seek revenge! See:  
pain penetrates,

forces you and carries with it

natural love in the form of eternal sorrow.

For revenge I scream bitterly.

Free me, companion,

if you keep in mind, as I know you will, your loyalty.

II. My treasure, your one and only

word kills all my joyfulness.

In my misfortune—what a rope—

I am handed over to an uncertain destiny.

A tumultuous wild animal has conquered my heart.

Evil, limp away, now quickly,  
 Good Fortune, secure me most desired embraces!

III. Death and sorrow: young woman, free me  
 from such suffering! May your red lips  
 give consolation. Hurt the dogs,  
 whose voices never sounded sweetly to me.  
 Through penitence I will not experience joy again,  
 since one has never blown a horn  
 when the lovers wanted to embrace each other.<sup>126</sup>

Kl. 94: *Lieb, dein verlangen*

I. "Beloved, longing for you  
 has gripped me,  
 but remained unfulfilled.  
 Know then, lady, trust and see to it  
 how you can compensate me for your staying away!

II. Your graceful body  
 holds me in embrace,  
 lovingly and tightly  
 the arms press me to you, and the cheeks  
 reveal loving excitement."

III. "Hey, what does that mean?  
 I have never simply  
 refused to give an embrace. Lead, guide,  
 heart-beloved, me who is staggering!"<sup>127</sup>

Kl. 95: *O rainer got*

I. Oh, pure God,  
 the highest in mercy and virtues, inexhaustible in pity,  
 You sharp and learned doctor of all knowledge,  
 You who give rewards for good deeds,  
 avenger of evil power,  
 mighty ruler over all [worldly] rulers,  
 I deeply regret the mockery  
 that you have to suffer in this sinful world.  
 Oh virtuous one, just lament when you need Him,  
 because people tolerate honor to be replaced by shamefulness,  
 and righteousness is substituted by injustice.  
 Those who know how to handle this feel triumphant.  
 You learn those tricks in the schools of the courts  
 (as far as I can tell),

so that so many a chair  
 is moved up ahead of all tables and benches,  
 although it would rightly be identified as nothing but a small stool,  
 if its honor would be judged by its weight.

II. I recognize three animals

on earth, two of which are very rarely hunted after,  
 whereas the third is never let in peace:  
 it is called falsity.

The two other animals are loyalty and honor,  
 which I praise more than all earthly treasures.

When the four issue

the order: "Lift up!" "Carry away!" "Allow him  
 to compensate for his guilt!" "Dig him in and cover him up!"  
 only then his true name will be recognized,  
 that he was the one and the only one.

If he reveals to be filled with deceptiveness, the snare of Hell will catch him.

There he will meet many of his kind,  
 caught because of their guilt,  
 who lost here [on earth] through numerous frauds  
 God's grace

(for which no one could praise them),  
 until the abyss of Hell has swallowed them.

III. Where in the forest

loyalty and honor live, they are seeking each other out,  
 and equally so do evilness and falsity,  
 so that those of the same kind  
 come together by mutual attraction.

You can confirm this well through the example of the highest-ranking  
 people:

They quickly recognize  
 who belongs with them, even if the other might come from [as far as]  
 Flanders.

Even if he were a badly spiced herb,  
 they would make him rich immediately.  
 See, he enjoys [the profit of] his evil art,  
 for which a righteous person  
 should certainly not have to pay.<sup>128</sup>

He who is constantly striving to live honorably  
 and dedicates himself to just matters,  
 to him the highest Lord of Heaven  
 will give a room in His kingdom,  
 and grants him here good encouragement,  
 which is better than the treasure of all princes.

Kl. 96: *Grasselick lif*

I. "You horrible love, where did you hide so often  
this whole, long, beautiful summer?"

"That I have bumped into you,  
creates great joy in my heart."

II. "Frolicsomenely, happily, free of all sadness  
allow me to be the only one to give you joy!"

"I would not want to renounce it;  
instead I want to be only your woman."

III. "Dear treasure, let the lock be closed  
and bolted imperially tight!"

"Only now have I discovered the bliss,  
and my heart does not desire any other person again!"

Kl. 97: *Senlich mit langer zeit*

I. A time of longing, wastefulness, and boredom,  
that's what a lovely woman is creating in me,  
when I wake up and do not find her,  
she who is entirely mine.

Sadness enwraps me entirely,  
and bad pains grow in me  
because in my arms

there is no beloved, free of any deceptiveness.

Happy, lively, vivacious, and cheerful I would certainly be  
if the beloved would come back to me one more time.

II. Oh separation, you bitter root, ominous plant,  
you keep my beloved girl away from me,  
I have never had anyone like her before,  
free of any blemishes.

Truly, I wished that he who once invented separation  
would never have again a beautiful night  
together with a beautiful woman,  
enjoying it with her.

Like a child I must mourn, wait, and sit in ambush,  
until I will have found my beloved again.

III. Companion, you, my happiness, joy, delight, blessing, you most  
precious G.!

Take away from me, in the name of God, the pain of longing,  
reasonably and according to wise council

so that I may see you again soon,  
if I have to believe what you say<sup>129</sup>

regarding your constant love in which you will not fail  
 so that your noble seed  
 will not produce poor-quality fruit.  
 Brilliant, shining, gleaming, glorious Grete,  
 do not forget me, whatever might happen.<sup>130</sup>

Kl. 98: *O wunnikliches paradis*

I. Oh delightful Paradise,<sup>131</sup>  
 in what perfect shape do I find you in Constance!  
 In contrast to everything that I hear, see, and read,  
 you give me [more] joy in my heart.  
 Inside, outside, everywhere,  
 in Münsterlingen<sup>132</sup> and all around  
 your noble reputation dominates.  
 Whose hair could turn grey there?

Many pleasures for the eye  
 in most various dresses,  
 modest, decorated, or embellished  
 shine there in Constance.

With red lips,  
 unassuming,  
 one of them threatens me  
 with rose-colored cheeks.

II. Behavior, words, and appearance free of blame,  
 coupled with happy-cheerful gait  
 you can espy at many proud, noble ladies.  
 (Saint Peter prevents me from lying [about this]),  
 whose praise I must sing forever,  
 devoutly in my prayer,  
 since he displays every virtue,  
 and I would be insulted, if anyone claimed something else.

III. So many pretty, angelic ladies,  
 resplendently beautiful in bright gleaming  
 have grabbed me there  
 in the "Cat"<sup>133</sup> during the dance.  
 I cannot forget them at all  
 because of their delightful appearance.  
 Polite, delightful entertainment  
 of all kinds you can find in Constance.

Kl. 99: *Für allen schimpf*

I. More than any other entertainment, much of which  
 I find to be offered cheerfully in Nuremberg

in honorable fashion, I am excited  
 about the erotic bantering played  
 by many lovely and beautiful ladies,  
 who, never having turned their back to such strife,  
 yet without having attracted any criticism,  
 reject such bantering,  
 although they have never become familiar with it.

Forward then, my fellow!  
 He who prefers to banter  
 instead of grumbling,  
 should strive for honorable,  
 mutual happiness;  
 then he can become joyful  
 for his good fortune  
 without behaving wrongly,  
 as long as he stays within his limits!

II. Decency, honor, praise, and virtues, that's their motto.  
 He who obeys the rules  
 can participate in this bantering  
 with all kinds of joyful games,  
 peacefully, without causing any trouble,  
 in great happiness. He who might consider it an evil thing,  
 should himself be condemned  
 and proscribed by the emperor!

III. When such harmless entertainment takes place,  
 then consider it in this way:  
 Who would be able to abstain from this natural inclination,  
 without bantering himself?  
 If someone were to interpret this wrongly,  
 he would act according to his own boorish manner,  
 no woman should feel love for him  
 since he has not learned anything better!

Kl. 100: *O wunniklicher, wolgezierter mai*

I. Oh blissful, most wonderful May,  
 your beautiful sweet exulting  
 brings many different joys,  
 especially when two  
 happily hold each other's hands  
 during a festive dance.

II. Into green the forest, mountain, meadow, field, and the valley have  
 transformed .  
 The nightingale  
 and all the other birds' singing

can be heard in countless numbers  
everywhere resounding.

III. Since the [new] season happily removes sorrow,  
wake up, love, in me!

I will try quickly  
to track her down  
whom I have not seen for a long time  
so that she can hug me with her white arms.

Kl. 101: *Wach auff, mein hort!*

I. "Wake up, my treasure! The bright dawn  
is sending its gleaming light from the Orient.  
Look through your eyebrows, see the shining,  
how the crown of heaven penetrates in tender-blue colors  
the grey without meeting resistance.  
I am afraid that daybreak will be upon us soon."

II. "I lament this deadly suffering, I do not want it to happen,  
in the woods you hear the little birds  
singing with loud voices most lovingly.  
Oh, nightingale, your artistic song  
causes me pain; I cannot give you a reward for it.  
I have to lament very differently than women normally do."

III. "Now we must say goodbye. The spear of your heart  
wounds me, since I cannot stay here.  
The pain from the separation makes me very sad,  
your red lips fill me with pains of longing,  
more pain than death would cause me.  
My departure makes me despondent."

Kl. 102: *Sich manger freut*

I. Many are looking forward throughout the whole year  
to the bright light of May,  
and so it has been with me.  
Listen to what has happened to me:  
I met an old woman  
who caused me great trouble.  
If only half of that came true what I am wishing her,  
she would have a stiff knee.  
Her name is Unrübîn,<sup>134</sup>  
what my back got to understand fully,  
when she took me to my beloved  
and when I then could not escape.

My body got a rough treatment,  
 I hardly knew how it happened.  
 As a “precaution” against bladder stones and cramps  
 they massaged my skin,  
 four of them, who had joy doing it,  
 and how I escaped from them God alone knows.  
 Only then did I regret that I had been  
 a guest with this very old lady.

II. I came riding on horseback toward her house,  
 and she waved at me with a finger;  
 I had to listen to what she wanted to tell me;  
 curiosity pushed me strongly.  
 She began very harmlessly:  
 “Hanns Painter, I want to inform you  
 that Dorli desires you very much.”  
 My heart filled with great joy,  
 and was very pleased about this news.  
 I said to her: “If that is correct,  
 then I would truly learn who I am,  
 because I always make a good impression on girls,”  
 and I really felt great saying that.  
 [The old woman’s] honesty was hollow.  
 But I did not realize it  
 until I was led through a forest of sticks  
 most cruelly.

Never before have I had a worse experience  
 on any trip before that one.

III. I paid for it with a big fight with my wife,  
 only because of that one day,  
 and this without any good reason,  
 only because I had wanted to get away from her.  
 I had to go to St. Lorenzen,  
 no further questions had to be asked.  
 This “pilgrimage” turned out badly for me,  
 it ended terribly for me,  
 as I am going to tell you.  
 I was welcomed friendly,  
 and asked to enter a chamber,  
 without any further humbug.  
 Because of my desire I was full of overconfidence  
 and made it grow green like a tree.  
 I was placed on a bed next to the young woman [bride]:  
 the bed, the pillows, white linen,  
 everything was done well.  
 I was supposed to produce a “bishop” [create a child];

instead four Hungarians jumped out of their hiding place,  
may the Devil get the child.<sup>135</sup>

IV. The saying goes: "Enjoy life without worries!"

This way the old bitch lulled me in,  
and then she unlocked the door  
and allowed them.

"May the devil carry away your mother!" was their greeting<sup>136</sup>  
(I could not understand their German),

and then a stream of oak sticks  
came from the Hungarians upon me.

The love affair was paid for  
with hits and strikes with iron beams.

Both women and women could [later] see the swellings.

I did not dare to fend them off.

The worst treatment

I got from one Hungarian.

I wished one would tear him fully  
flesh and skin apart,

to make him lose his speech,

and if they resorted to the gallows,

it would not be a loss to the country  
if they were all dangling up there.

V. I addressed them with very polite words,  
although my heart did not agree with the fact  
that they took me prisoner.

But at that point I still felt kind of okay.

They roughly demanded all my money;

only now did my misery grow,

but I granted them everything,

whatever they wanted

until I could get away from them,

badly beaten all over my body.

I returned to Bruneck

as quickly as possible to my wife.

She looked at me as if I wore

a blue helmet,

and she blessed<sup>137</sup> my bath

with cussing and chastisement.

I begged her upon a pledge of loyalty

not to say anything about it to her neighbors.

She said: "This is an old story,

but its blood is being rejuvenated."<sup>138</sup>

VI. He who has trust in old women,  
accepts the devil as a marriage partner.

See, that's the way it happened to me,  
 and to many other people as well.  
 One should bite them in their skin<sup>139</sup>  
 and then throw them into the pond,  
 which would be a grandiose festivity  
 and would earn the world's great respect.  
 Sorcery and matchmaking,  
 that's what [these old women] like to do;  
 often one of them is badly burned  
 in a hot fire,  
 so I am rather confident  
 that this will happen to this [old bitch] as well.  
 They [the old women] do not shrink from anything,  
 where they ply their business [turn their sails],  
 as you can tell from this event.  
 It would be good to blind them  
 and all their miserable, useless helpers,  
 that's my heartfelt wish.

Kl. 103: *Wer die ougen wil verschüren*

I. He who likes to make his eyes tear from smoke,  
 likes to end his life with good teeth  
 and to eat poor food and to sleep on straw  
 should go to Lombardia  
 where most people experience unhappiness.  
 The dirt on the street is deep, the bread is expensive;  
 you encounter ungodly penitence paired with false loyalty  
 in that country every day.  
 That is a kind of food that I [do not like] to chew.

II. He who wants to buy pikes that are very light on the scale,  
 better asks first for the price, my friend,  
 that is, a pike with a liver out of stone.  
 Inquire in the emperor's chancellery  
 where you can get such fish.  
 "You, man from Jülich,<sup>140</sup> tell me, how much does a pound cost?"  
 "Five soldi and three zecchini."  
 So much the little liver is worth  
 in this sweet [fat] pike!

III. Herman, Marquart!<sup>141</sup> Constance and Ulm: that was life!  
 We found much joy through well-shaped lips,  
 and my buddy would sit behind the stove.<sup>142</sup>  
 That would always be a better form of entertainment  
 than to get the moneybag depleted in Piacenza. My conscience  
 is often failing me, though I am laughing.

My scribe, as often happened,  
complained about his great discomfort.

IV. Sebastian, if you were an ox in Florenzola,  
or a little dog and would drag with great effort  
manure on a big cart every day,  
then I would prefer this more than sweet porridge!  
I certainly wanted to give you such a hit  
on your chest as you have done  
with false greed, brutal as a bull.

I would certainly fiddle you a song in the same way,  
and if you received more in return, then this would be to my liking.<sup>143</sup>

Kl. 104: *Von trauren möcht ich werden taub*

I. From constant mourning I could become deaf,  
since lately winter with its tight grip  
has moved in again at his old farmstead.<sup>144</sup>

He is squatting so closely at my door  
that he can track me in many different ways,  
which gives me very little joy.

His miserable appearance is the reason.

Cold, frost, and thick snow  
and also a creek covered with ice  
he brought with him from the Bösaier house,<sup>145</sup>

whose name I likewise do not praise  
because: from a bad egg  
a good creature has never been brought forth through a bird's heat.

Grass, flowers, and green clover  
have disappeared since then,  
the little birds  
have flown away.

The forest has been shaven of all its leaves,  
and the sun has lost, because of his loud noise  
around castle Hauenstein, its gleaming.

II. Since this farmer is so much an enemy,  
and since I also do not dare to go to Brixen  
because I have enraged there  
a small person whose name remains unmentioned,  
because of a small altercation

that I had with this upright foot soldier,<sup>146</sup>  
I regret nothing what I [really] wish for him,  
him who ruined my happiness there.  
Then this giant would not be allowed  
his sinful sneaking  
to his prostitute,

through the back alleys  
 in his coat. Gabriel,  
 for this [deed] may one more of your teeth rot away!  
 I would be really surprised  
 —just like if someone were to give me the town of Strasbourg as a gift—  
 if everyone would be swept away  
 with a red-hot iron broom,  
 that is, those who pursue their love affairs openly  
 in a ridiculous, shameful manner.

III. I thought that my case was looking good,  
 only lack of loyalty was the sore point.  
 I noticed this clearly because of a rumor  
 that came flying out of a moldy air.  
 My best escape was keeping quiet.  
 Thank God that I got away,  
 when they really wanted to have the bolts and fences  
 to lock tightly.

*Noli me tanger* [do not touch me]!

Do not bother me, Perzli, little Uli.<sup>147</sup>

Whatever cannot be bent together,  
 you arrange [behind the screen] on the little chair of a judge,  
 quite cleanly hidden through a new strategy  
 of the Italian kind.

But I am chagrined  
 by this bowing and buckling under;  
 if I only could stretch out my stomach once again,  
 then it would immediately be my turn to press someone else down,  
 who would love to rip away from me the stairs  
 deep on the bottom of the sea.

IV. Oh yes, Cologne, Vienna, Mainz, Paris  
 Avignon, Constance, Nuremberg!  
 Whatever kinds of joys I had experienced there,  
 these I do no longer know here  
 since I have had to live on the high mountain for so long  
 instead of on the low-lying plains [meadow].  
 The reason for this is a woman  
 from Schwangau in my house, whose husband I am,  
 and many children,  
 who drive away all joys,  
 insofar as I have to consider  
 how to protect them  
 so that the wolves  
 cannot snap away  
 a morsel of bread or wine.  
 One worry finds another.

This is the problem for him who wants to take care of everything.<sup>148</sup>  
 My Lord of Austria could do this  
 on behalf of his hidden treasure [= his soul].  
 Death often judges and decides many things  
 and straightens out so many a wrong idea.

Kl. 105: *Es komen neue mër gerant*

I. News are arriving here<sup>149</sup>  
 of a count, called "Sweet,"  
 who serves his guests in a sour way,  
 there in Ronciglione.<sup>150</sup>  
 The news even reached the pope  
 in Rome, and many cardinals,  
 which caused a huge uproar  
 among women and men.  
 The "church festival" was organized  
 by peasants and squires,  
 who stormed the inn  
 and rushed upstairs  
 well equipped with clubs and spears,  
 filled with evil intentions.  
 Sixteen guests altogether  
 wanted to "bless the bishops."<sup>151</sup>  
 He who did not yet have a bruise,  
 did not ask to borrow one for himself:  
 he got immediately four of them  
 to make up for the one  
 and could take them with him.

II. The innkeeper was thrown out of the window  
 already at the first onslaught,  
 so that an equal part of the bill  
 he had to pay himself.  
 Dietrich Dannauer and Janke Knapp  
 were brutally pulled down the stairs  
 by their hair—  
 sad for them.  
 My friend Matthias Schlick<sup>152</sup>  
 jumped like a cat  
 out of the window.  
 He said: "This is the beginning!  
 I wished, I would be on the river Lech  
 in a delightful boat!"  
 He also received a [hard] hit

on his nose-bone,  
 which made him look like a shell  
 fourteen days later in Rome.

His servant, German, like a rock,  
 climbed high up, without a rope.

III. Sir Gotschalk and Sir Mert from Speyer  
 carried a beat-up harp  
 under their armpits down to the thumbs  
 in a white bandage.<sup>153</sup>

And all the other lovely acts of friendship done to  
 them

they had to lament bitterly,  
 as I heard from them in detail,  
 listening to them attentively.

Sir Hanns of Denmark  
 was thrown through a hole,  
 which was in the wooden floor, down into the stable,  
 which caused his ears to ring loudly,  
 as if he were dreaming  
 very near the hot fire.

They pushed strong Rigo from Vienna  
 through the hole right behind him.

He called out loudly: "Who is here?"

This has really frightened me!

I thought you were the beam forming the floor.  
 Such calamities make my hair turn grey."

IV. Sir Stern was beaten [black and] blue  
 and shouted: "*miser cordia* [Have pity!]"  
 This helped him as little as an egg [not a bit],  
 he got what he deserved as reward,  
 Still, seven others I have not yet mentioned,  
 since I did not know them,  
 who all were worthily "ordained"  
 in this big *hurlahai* [brawl].

The "bishops" were nicely colored in blue  
 on their backs, feet, hips, and legs.

Everyone who had gone there,  
 regretted it very much  
 that Duke Sweet played the *firlafai*  
 in such a sour tone.

Many of them began to groan  
 like an old cart,  
 which has never seen any lubrication,  
 and turned into fools

when they colored themselves in red juice  
in this tumult.

V. That's what happened at this "church festival,"  
and he who did not fall down three staircases,  
or at least two, see,  
had not been properly ordained.  
Those who did not feel the clubs  
which the [others] had carried in their hands  
(though this made many rather unhappy),  
had not properly confessed.  
Once this fair had taken place  
and dawn began to break  
they said to each other  
with moaning laments:  
"Let's get up from this straw  
before we will suffer even worse blows!"  
None of them could climb onto a horse  
without moaning.  
You could see arms and legs  
bandaged with bundles of flax.  
This certainly cannot be forgotten,  
and is deep in their hearts.

Kl. 106: *Nempt war der schönen plüde*

I. Take note of this wonderful display of flowers.  
The cold winter has grown tired.<sup>154</sup>  
Children, come out to the dance!  
The dance floor of May is brilliantly and brightly decorated  
with many colors from  
tender herbs and green grass,  
it is a meadow covered with yellow flowers.  
The nightingale sings easily much louder than the chicken.  
The thrash has wagered  
with an old raven  
that she can compose better songs on the glories of May.  
The reward is a young capon.  
Many young maids come rushing up,  
notice that, you bold young men.

II. I expected that from the beautiful cheerful girl.<sup>155</sup>  
I would like to crown her heart,  
she can quickly soothe the pain for me  
and take away all [my] bitter sadness,  
she, who makes me feel so sorrowful and restless,  
and tests through many adventures [which I have to go through].<sup>156</sup>

I have always been her loyal servant,  
 and see, now I am, in the same vein, her knight.  
 In her service I will remain,  
 as long as I will live,  
 if she would be so kind  
 to mellow her resistance a little, graciously.  
 I carry a heavy burden of a considerable weight;  
 if only she were to free me of it!

III. Oh, you cheerful, tender, chaste woman,  
 your help does not come quickly.  
 You shining appearance, beautifully shaped,  
 command over me without worrying about your reputation!  
 My knightly singing, for far too long  
 fearfully repressed, may wake you up blissfully,  
 my lady, you are the happy one, jubilating.  
 I would take it as a privilege if you were granting me  
 what in the eighth year by now  
 I have often desired  
 with longing sighing, indeed,  
 and yet I am still not freed from my bonds.  
 Only if your beautifully colored lips consoled me,  
 would I have found happiness.

IV. You uplifting delight, sun,  
 fountain, well of my heart,  
 the shining of your bright little eyes  
 has put me fully in the fetters of love.  
 When you nod with your delightful head toward me,  
 sending willing greetings to me,  
 I feel a sweet desire.  
 May this be repeated often to the delight of my heart!  
 Write my name as “unforgettable,” lady.<sup>157</sup>  
 How ever far away in foreign lands I might be,  
 your wonderful image comes to me,  
 I cannot turn away from it.  
 Oh, we see each other only rarely, beloved woman,  
 when will this suffering come to an end?

Kl. 107: *Kom, liebster man*

I. “Come, dearest man,  
 I gladly give myself over to you  
 forever!  
 Come, dearest companion,  
 joyfully pull away from misfortune!  
 Come, best treasure, boldly

disregard the snares of false tongues!  
 Come quickly, drive away the sorrow from my heart  
 and give consolation to me, poor woman!  
 Your manliness revives mind and spirit  
 in me, more than anything else in the world.”

II. “Your words and gestures  
 reduce all the heaviness in me,  
 lady, and even better news  
 is the fact that a noblewoman  
 desires me, young, high ranking, and honorable,  
 who rejuvenates the heart without any pains  
 by way of loving bantering  
 in delightful, various ways.  
 Her gracious, beautiful appearance  
 prevents me from growing old, but it refreshes me  
 and besprinkles me with clear delightful eyes.”

III. “Separation throws me into misery,  
 your departures is killing me,  
 reddening my eyes,  
 I am distraught,  
 totally bereft of my senses.  
 My womanly manners, the fruit of it all,  
 loses all its significance because of this longing.  
 If you do not write to me soon  
 and stay away from me for long—  
 if you really do that—  
 then I am very afraid,  
 that I will never see you again.”

Kl. 108: *Ich klag*

I lament, I lament, I lament  
 so deeply about an angel, a delightful angel.  
 Oh day, free the loving woman.  
 Chase the old, cold wrinkles away,  
 you wonderfully considerate tranquil person!

Kl. 109: *Ave, mater, o Maria*<sup>158</sup>

[In the manuscript the full Latin version comprising nine stanzas is presented first, followed by Oswald’s own translation comprising two stanzas.]

I. *Ave*, mother, queen,  
 merciful consoler,

without you there is no path of true love  
in this miserable world.

Have mercy on us,  
where the praiseworthy voice raises up,  
at the throne of the heaven's empress  
in the eternal world.

II. Oh Mary, lady, maid, and virgin,  
rich in honor, praiseworthy clad,  
since the Lord cannot reject any of your requests,  
so help us, noble crown  
that we find, after death has taken us,  
over there a joyful spectacle  
and win all blissfulness  
with your beautiful child.

Kl. 110: *Ich hör, sich manger freuen lat*

I. I hear that some people are happy  
to associate with any women from the noble class,  
irrespective from what country, castle, or city  
she might originate. I reject this outright  
deep from the bottom of my heart.  
Whatever country I have explored so far,  
I only love one pair of lips,  
coming from Swabia,  
and likewise her speech, comportment, and behavior,  
her person, her figure altogether.

II. A proud Swabian woman gives proof of that,  
in whom I did not find anything to reprove  
and who is attached more to my heart  
than all other [women], whom I have encountered elsewhere:  
the eyes, nose, mouth, chin, and neck  
are all nicely shaped; then her skin,  
red, white, light, and with a little shining,  
her arms, hands,  
and breasts that promise joy without end,  
they are firm, white, and painted white very cleanly.

III. Her waist is very thin, her behind is round,  
tightly shaped and round, nicely set apart;  
two wonderfully hot thighs,  
the lower legs leave nothing to complain,  
and down to her little feet, small and tender,  
truly graceful. She has a chaste nature  
that can resist all control of the world.  
The right balance in comportment,

in acting, and letting go other things,  
she alone knows how to command.

Kl. 111: *In oberland*

I. In the upper land  
a high-ranking, powerfully ruling king lost once  
both his men and women [his entire people].  
This was caused by two people  
because they disregarded his order.  
He [One man = Christ] was sent  
by his father immeasurably far  
down the lower land. He [God] destined him  
to experience many adventures  
that he had to face despite all suffering  
against many a wild mob of people.  
Great suffering, poverty, frost, and heat  
he accepted, like all members of the [divine] court  
patiently in his unfathomable wisdom  
as the child of his mother,  
who had borne him here as a virgin  
without pain and faults, as I announce to you honestly.

II. His glorious power  
governs in omnipotence, completely,  
in his father's empire,  
and yet here on earth  
he allowed that his life [time] passed most painfully for him  
until he suffered the torture of the cross.  
Desirous to gain victory  
was he in his mind, constantly striving  
to break down the dark dungeons  
with his own hands,  
and to fetch the just out from it,  
who had died here in his service.  
He displayed great signs of miracles  
and gave sweet lessons  
before the pain of death gripped him,  
which he suffered as a man  
at the hands of his own creatures  
whom he had given a human shape.

III. There had not been a more beautiful day  
in the thirty-third and a half years of his life,  
although his power was so overbearing  
that no one can comprehend it.

Praiseworthy for having no ending and no beginning,  
He is the Lord whose nature is eternal.

It is unclear

why He was ready to absolve us all [from condemnation] in such a  
painful manner.

He was [after all, the one] who created heaven, earth, leaves, and grass,  
that is, all creatures,  
who were given life by means of one single thought,  
which is a path rich with every conceivable grace.

Thomas Aquinas explains to us

that a flawless little boy,

out of love and on behalf of justice,

exposed Himself to the sword of the torturers,

although His father could have absolved us from the original sin by  
means of His power.

IV. For that reason the highly praised king  
asked in front of the mountain,  
before one of his disciples gave him the kiss,  
covered with bloody perspiration,  
His father, begging him fervently,  
to let him free, if possible.

The dress of fear

became too tight in face of death's ferryman.

Nevertheless he subordinated the stream of his will  
under the hands of His crowned father  
in the words of a willing son,  
although his heart was unbearably heavy.

When he had received the confirmation  
that he would suffer His death,

He turned to His disciples,  
who were fast asleep.

He said: "Wake up, pray with all your reason,  
since you do not know the day or time when death will arrive."

V. Then Judas already arrived  
who had betrayed His lord,  
with a swarm of loud Jews  
and kissed him on His cheek,  
so as to make him identifiable,  
since He looked partly like one of the disciples.

The honorable man,<sup>159</sup>

Jesus, spoke to the people who approached him  
with countless swords, spears:

"Whom are you looking for in such a throng?"

"We are looking for Jesus of Nazareth."

He answered politely: "That is me."  
 When he had spoken this divine word,  
 delivering it from His holy mouth,  
 they all fell backward  
 on the ground in the garden.  
 This demonstrated His true power,  
 and that He suffered the torture voluntarily.

VI. His praiseworthy power  
 then permitted that they took Him prisoner, pushed Him,  
 fettered Him, pulled out His beard,  
 threw Him on the ground.  
 He was taken to the house of a judge  
 in an ugly, miserable, and highly jealous manner.  
 No one can fully tell  
 the suffering of the sweet Lord  
 during the endless dark night.  
 Saint Peter, the most honorable man,  
 disclaimed him three times in a short sequence,  
 Him who redeemed us by means of the horrors of His martyrdom.  
 Mary, the flawless virgin,  
 felt indescribable sorrow  
 when a disciple brought her the message.  
 She shed hot tears  
 for her praised, beloved treasure,  
 whom she had conceived, delivered through a chaste slit.<sup>160</sup>

VII. As now they had gotten their wish  
 fulfilled with Him gruesomely  
 throughout the long night until daybreak,  
 they took Him quickly  
 to Caiphas, Pilate, and then  
 to Herod, as if He had been a criminal.  
 For a long time  
 we could sing about what they asked him;  
 He answered them curtly,  
 which irritated them considerably.  
 Herod said to himself:  
 "He is an ignoramus since he cannot speak,"  
 and made him put on a fool's garb  
 to ridicule Him.  
 They had fun with Him,  
 and then He was taken again  
 to the still dissatisfied Pilate,  
 making a mockery of him as a wild fool.

VIII. In an enormous tumult  
 filled with horrible screaming, drumming, and blowing

the King, King over all kings,  
the Lord, Lord over all lords,  
patiently as a lamb  
allowed them to take Him once again to Pilate.  
This miserable worm  
repressed, out of fear of the emperor, his conscience,  
deeply hidden in a corner of his heart.  
Although he knew the truth,  
the Jews' vicious hatred,  
made him cave in to them, so he made a contemptible decision.  
Cruelly he ordered Him,  
while attached naked to a column, to be whipped;  
miserably the blood  
streamed out of His body.  
They placed a crown of thorns on His holy head,  
pressing it tightly, exerting stupefying pressure.

IX. He was taken out of the courthouse,  
suffering severe pain,  
and led to the Jews, while Pilate spoke:  
"See, look at your king!"  
They responded: "We do not have a king,  
we have only an emperor, in whose service we are."  
With mocking derision  
they knelt before him, their hearts filled with evilness,  
and rendered homage to him with mean-spirited hostility  
greeting him falsely.  
"Ave, rex iudeorum, speak,  
greetings to the king of the Jews who was sent to us!"  
And they craftily held a court  
over him, like a robber.  
"Let us hand out  
the death penalty for Him!"  
Then they screamed with a loud voice:  
"Pilate, quickly crucify him, crucify him, crucify him!"

X. He washed his hands  
and said: "I am not guilty of His death!"  
Then they took our beloved Lord  
and with great joy placed  
a cross on his weak back,  
which he could not carry himself.  
Oh, how miserably  
did His dear mother accompany Him,  
when she saw her own blood [Jesus]  
in front of the dishonorable people  
stagger toward His own death

under this cross that was built with heavy beams.  
 When they had taken Him there,  
 where He was supposed to die,  
 they disrobed the exhausted Lord,  
 just as His father wanted it  
 and put him shamelessly  
 with His back on the stem of the cross.

XI. Three blunt nails

they hammered Him through His hands and feet,  
 stretched out on the cross; He was pulled and tortured  
 by a Jew.

Mary heard the sounds of the hammer,  
 which pierced through the core of her heart.

Rapidly they pulled him  
 most painfully up.

He looked at His mother,  
 whom He had entrusted to John  
 and uttered the following words

with a loud voice: "Eli, Eli!

My God, my God, how quickly you have  
 abandoned me in death!

Into your hands, father, I entrust  
 my spirit in this torture!"

With this he died in his human existence.

May His mercy be granted to me in the beyond!

May all be confounded who persecute us [a cursing statement  
 in Latin]

A blind Jew who was called Longinus  
 came with a spear,  
 which he poked into His holy side,  
 and blood and water gushed toward him  
 directly into his eyes: he could see again.  
 May God in eternity protect us from misery. Amen.

Kl. 112: *Mich fragt ain ritter*<sup>161</sup>

A knight asked me [once] full of curiosity;  
 he had explored the world for many years  
 very thoroughly  
 and had seen many kingdoms, countries, and cities,  
 traveling from one ducal court to another,  
 and he had also seen several pagan kingdoms,  
 as it is just fitting for a knight.

But something was not clear to him,  
 and he wanted me to explain it to him,  
 wherefore he asked me for instruction. 10  
 "Explain to me, my dear friend,  
 what could be the reason  
 that although divine justice  
 principally, without distinction,  
 has the same validity in all of Christendom 15  
 for every person, without being biased in any way,  
 is applied at the courts,  
 and yet it happens very rarely,  
 especially because  
 no one pays attention to the laws 20  
 set up according to the imperial ordinances,  
 meaning that both poor and rich are deceived."  
 I said: "As far as I can tell  
 many people are responsible for that.  
 He who will find a judgment based on his subjective thinking,<sup>162</sup> 25  
 even if he is particularly knowledgeable, will go astray,  
 unless he establishes a wise council—  
 which would be a tribute to Lady Honor—  
 and follows them, fearful of God.  
 In a country where they ignore this, 30  
 violence has entrapped the law,  
 such as when the abbot carries the dice,  
 the fellow brothers copy him  
 out of respect for their lord in a shameful manner.  
 Governor, city councilman, justice of the peace, and ferryman, 35  
 judge, lawyer, member of the jury, and bailiff,  
 all of them step onto the wrong path,  
 each of them out following his superior's model [out of love for their superior].  
 Their conscience,  
 through which you are supposed 40  
 to arrive at divine justice, is so hollowed  
 (since no one is forbidding it to them)  
 that no one is treated equally.  
 It means evil prospects  
 and a heavy punishment for a country 45  
 if you have to pay for getting "justice."  
 This way the chance for the poor man  
 is the very last at the dance.  
 The corrupt person enjoys an evil reputation,  
 although he is, in his character, very peaceful 50  
 because he is eaten up entirely  
 by an evil greediness, as they say.  
 So many a person lets him

mislead him to Hell.  
 But, to take and to give, poor and rich, 55  
 see, this is a great difference.  
 He who takes what people willingly give him,  
 but in such a way that he does not allow any evil jealousy  
 to come into play against justice,  
 neither for love, gifts, or threats, 60  
 and wants to assist the donor  
 so that he can enjoy divine justice,  
 irrespective whether the matter is to make a judgment or to council,  
 his taking [of gifts] represents for him a minor shortcoming.  
 But if he were acting like this only out of fear of God 65  
 then this would truly be much better,  
 and if this happened free of charge,  
 then this would not mean a loss;  
 instead he would achieve thereby such a high reputation  
 that he would earn a profit from it. 70  
 Moreover: If he were able to judge over both parties  
 and wanted to strive toward this goal with upright efforts,  
 then this would gain him respect and honor  
 from God and the people.  
 It would be a blessing to have that kind of judgment where  
 you could apply it in such a way 75  
 that true friendship would emerge.  
 What can be solved by means of the law  
 means a hard loss to devils.  
 When deliberating legal matter, many people  
 lose track when speaking judgments, deliberating, giving  
 of gifts, and bribery. 80  
 False witness statements, oaths, and deceptive arguments  
 are most welcome to the devil.  
 Hardly [good] law achieves its goal  
 without some or more sinful actions,  
 and this above all 85  
 because everyone is supposed, upon his oath,  
 to decide a case according to his own conscience  
 although some are so ignorant  
 that they cannot count up to five.  
 How can such a person understand law? 90  
 When he reads the statement he acts  
 as if he were Solomon.  
 Especially within a [small] community  
 law hardly ever stays pure without any stains.  
 Already when someone hires only one lawyer, 95  
 and when then, depending on the importance of the case,  
 people join the court,

they all believe him alone,  
 irrespective how unbelievable his claims might be.  
 The judge also permits it,  
 and does not want to comprehend the injustice committed,<sup>163</sup> 100  
 which the other party suffers.  
 This is all due to the one who takes bribes,<sup>164</sup> wherever he  
 appears in court.  
 If a prince relies on incompetent councilors,  
 whose soul nor their feeling of honor aspires for high goals,  
 then he will handle justice [hold the law in his hand] 105  
 only in the way it pleases him, and everything will be confirmed  
 accordingly,  
 because the councilors know just like the dogs  
 the lord's wishes all the time.  
 Here the law proves to be malleable  
 because one can act at will and with force, 110  
 and this is exactly the case with those [today]  
 who wield power  
 and use the law over and over again,  
 as I notice, without fear or conscience,  
 from head down to their toes, 115  
 but all this will end with heavy penalties.  
 A judge<sup>165</sup> who accepts gifts  
 from him on whose behalf he is speaking,  
 cuts a dubious figure  
 whom one should not allow to decide a case. 120  
 If they believe his oath nevertheless,  
 then this turns into a sin, which I regret.  
 Law has a nose made out of wax,  
 it can be manipulated like a hare.  
 If the dog forces him to take an alternative route, 125  
 he constantly jumps one way and the other.  
 I hear that so many a lawyer takes  
 from both parties, which is condemnable.  
 He receives from the one officially,  
 the other bribes him in secret. 130  
 He is speaking in favor of the one party,  
 the other carries the victory [treasure].  
 In this way the one party is betrayed  
 that had trusted him.  
 Oh, Judas, you unholy man, 135  
 what kind of brothers have you left behind here!  
 Not only the one who is calling himself "lawyer,"  
 but also many high-ranking lords who subscribe to changing ideas,  
 then ecclesiastics and laypeople,  
 who even claim to enjoy high honor 140

in this world and in the eyes of God.  
 I am afraid that there they will earn nothing but derision.  
 There is something else that I do not want to keep silent about,  
 that is, an evil custom in this world:  
 Those who are ecclesiastics and run worldly courts 145  
 more than knights or squires,  
 and want to use both swords,  
 why are they so important?  
 Saint Peter owned only one  
 with which he injured the Jew, 150  
 and it was of no use for him,  
 when he escaped into a cave.  
 The basis of everything is the following:  
 The spiritual teaching established by God.  
 Ecclesiastic lords are often obstinate, 155  
 and none of them follows St. Peter's example.  
 When clerical lords rule over people and lands,  
 then more misuse happens  
 than under [worldly] lords whose task it is  
 to mete out justice steadfastly, 160  
 or under other nobles, great and small  
 in the entire Christendom.  
 God has wisely set up three classes  
 whom he will grant as reward  
 eternal freedom of worries in the afterlife, 165  
 that is, clerics, nobles, and peasants.<sup>166</sup>  
 The clerics are supposed  
 to pray at day and at night  
 to ask God to help the two other classes.  
 Knighthood is supposed to fight 170  
 very hard for the two other groups.  
 The peasant's task it is  
 to strive daily  
 for our and also for his own food.  
 There are serious aberrations, 175  
 especially among the clerics  
 because of evil conditions in our world,  
 as I have explained above.  
 I wished every ecclesiastic  
 would pay attention to the rules for his own class, 180  
 as he should do so according to the law,  
 which would be a great alleviation for the world.  
 There is more discontent in this world caused  
 by the priests and their companions  
 than by anyone else among the laypeople; 185  
 God had certainly not planned that.

Because of them the law is more bent  
 than by anyone else.  
 I realized this in Rome faster [better] than anywhere else  
 within a few years. 190  
 They turn justice to injustice, and injustice to justice,  
 they distort all knowledge.  
 Deception, cheating, sophistry  
 you learn in Rome, as much as you like,  
 drawing from the prelates' strategies,<sup>167</sup> 195  
 with which they realize simony.  
 [Considering] that there where we should find refuge  
 for the clearance of our heavy sins  
 they spread such evil teachings  
 we should lament about that to you, heavenly God, 200  
 and also that increasingly the scholars,  
 who were supposed to be our illuminators,  
 and to teach us how to gain the eternal life,  
 turn to such practices.  
 This all comes down from those powerful ones 205  
 who expose themselves publicly  
 and ruthlessly use injustice  
 without any fear of God and without any shame.  
 Whoever acts that way, whether a cleric or a layperson,  
 will not be protected from sinfulness 210  
 because: If the head becomes sick because of ignorant wavering,  
 then all limbs also fall sick.  
 The emperor likewise enjoys taking bribes,  
 and many princes have the same attitude.  
 They would easily pass over things, 215  
 if they would find support  
 among the councilors, lands, and people.  
 I prefer rather those firmly established laws,  
 which are obeyed as imperial laws.  
 One should also accept old well-proven customs 220  
 as a given law.  
 If people were obeying them, many things would become right  
 which otherwise would stay wrong for a long time  
 if one follows arbitrary decisions. Where this happens,  
 and where imperial law is not applied, 225  
 they don't want to hear anything about it  
 that something pertains to the emperor,  
 although he represents the source of all laws  
 from where they all flow justly  
 naturally into all countries. 230  
 No territorial law can be drawn up  
 without the imperial law;

it must be complemented by it  
 with numerous imperial additions  
 (just like all waters have as a source 235  
 the river in the enormous depth of the ocean),  
 unless God's law is supposed to be perverted  
 and the right turned into wrong.  
 Whatever has been handed out as an imperial fief  
 can never at any time truly 240  
 free itself from the empire  
 through any kind of imagined logic.  
 Many well-established customs  
 are available to every country, on the condition  
 that they are applied according to the country's tradition 245  
 and used to improve [people's lives] day by day, without  
 creating [new] misery.  
 An evil custom, irrespective how old it might be,  
 should be abandoned immediately  
 and should be reformed quickly with God's intention in mind,  
 so that it deserves to be called a good old custom. 250  
 Where this is not being done,  
 it won't be worth a farthing.  
 No one can set up a custom anew.  
 If this happens nevertheless without consultation  
 and approval by imperial privileges, 255  
 this procedure will be punishable.  
 After all, when he [the emperor] grants a fief, he does not  
 grant anything  
 beyond the right and traditional customs.  
 For every legal case, as is established,  
 laws apply reasonably and without infringement. 260  
 How could anyone in the heat of haste  
 consider them if he is not familiar with them?  
 When he is asked, with his best conscience,  
 to make a good and solid judgment,  
 he will go astray, even if he is intelligent, 265  
 knows the law really well,  
 and has seen enough of the world  
 as is appropriate and fitting  
 in those cases where law and council  
 have to be dealt with reasonably. 270  
 There are so many heads, and so many minds.  
 How then should it be allowed for one  
 to interpret a law only according to his own opinion,  
 a law that has been studied for a long time?  
 If a person is right in one case, he is wrong in two others. 275  
 In many ways the arbitrary law is hurtful,

of which one would [anyway] not make use in court cases,  
 if the imperial law were [properly] in place.  
 Would a peasant, who has never had to deal with written  
 documents  
 and has always been only in the company of oxen, 280  
 understand law better  
 than a skilled good fellow  
 or a learned, wise man?  
 Where should he have studied it?  
 Also, I am really amazed 285  
 that they often appoint an idle fool  
 as judge who is lacking  
 in fear of God and wise council,  
 and in what else pertains to judging,  
 of which he has no understanding. 290  
 How is he to discipline women and men,  
 if he does not know how to discipline himself?  
 Let me explain this to you better:  
 He who is entrusted with the land or people,  
 office, administration, court, and things like that, 295  
 to punish and judge poor and rich  
 ought to demonstrate in public  
 that he is free of all shortcomings and failures.  
 This also applies to those  
 who rule over land and people, 300  
 irrespective of whether they are ecclesiastics or laypeople.  
 Oh, how seldom does this happen!  
 A prince should have at his court and in his country  
 councilors who possess  
 a god-fearing conscience, noble and wise, 305  
 and know how to speak understandably for everyone and enjoy  
 honorable praise.  
 Where a prince does not have that,  
 law is in a bad shape:  
 both with respect to legal judgments and court decisions  
 law is abused 310  
 and no one can rely on it.  
 However much he might be able to rely on good laws,  
 at court his case will be decided  
 with such a judgment  
 that it is only to his disadvantage. 315  
 Here law proves to be badly abused.  
 Derogatory words and all threats  
 are strictly banned in court,  
 yet people do not abstain from them,  
 which is well known, as I hear. 320

A wise man who belongs to the council  
 should always strive  
 to give advice equally  
 to both parties peacefully.

If a man wants to be an advisor, 325  
 he can freely give council to both sides.  
 But if he wants to help only one of them,  
 he should not also advise the other  
 and should also not care about his legal position;  
 instead only about that what is going on at the public hearing. 330  
 In this way he will remain free of evil jealousy,  
 and law will love him on both sides.<sup>168</sup>  
 No councilor should seduce neither man nor woman  
 with dubious promises,  
 which he later cannot fulfill, 335  
 when the judgment is proclaimed.  
 If he continues to advise him,  
 he will be responsible for the party's failure.  
 Judge, you ought not to be partial,  
 favoring either the big or the small party, 340  
 and do not grant anyone a privilege  
 who originates from the same leather [the same family].  
 At such a court,  
 where the judge permits  
 that each party places its own people, 345  
 its law cannot be praised or trusted.  
 When the law is wounded there  
 and is gravely ignored through [false] oaths,  
 then it is your fault, judge  
 that you allow the parties to act at their own will. 350  
 After all, everyone supports his own people,  
 although legal judgment should be impartial,  
 free from deception and should be thoroughly transparent,  
 even though this finds rarely a confirmation.  
 You should, moreover, not ask anyone for information 355  
 if you are certain  
 that he favors one party  
 (an honest conscience is strictly opposed to it).<sup>169</sup>  
 And you should not favor anyone through particular questions,  
 what I am telling you is not without good reason. 360  
 There are not many countries  
 where such corrupt law works well.  
 For these devils it is a great curse  
 when people follow closely the books  
 in which the laws can be found 365  
 interpreted according to God's will, applicable to all legal cases.

Moreover, the well-established customs  
 are available to every country according to its own tradition,  
 that are to be obeyed by the poor and the rich,  
 which is a praiseworthy sign for a country, 370  
 as is the case especially in Italian territories,  
 as I know from many kingdoms [there].  
 Likewise, it is customary in all imperial cities  
 and in other German lands,  
 to issue judgments through a council of twelve men, 375  
 which is better to do than through a council of the whole  
 community.  
 Rarely can a case be handled by a whole community  
 without this leading to many misdeeds and disgrace.  
 I do not praise it where this is practiced,  
 instead of the written law. Where the laws 380  
 are applied by people who understand it,  
 women and men have a good life.  
 Let me present to you something similar:  
 [It is like] when someone observes two people at a game, and  
 although he has never seen either one of them before, 385  
 wishes for one of them rather to lose.  
 This is the same situation in court  
 where many people show up.  
 When one of them enjoys good fortune,  
 the others follow him, whatever might happen. 390  
 All this would not occur in a court  
 where the written laws are obeyed.  
 So many a man's conscience is weak  
 and slimes his way toward Rome.  
 Therefore I certainly do not approve at all 395  
 of deciding a legal case in a community  
 through a collective judgment.  
 Such a custom is not good,  
 especially since divine law does not get into the embarrassing  
 situation  
 to enter through the back alley 400  
 at any public judgment,  
 as long as there is goodwill [they listen to it].  
 Moreover, there are many other shortcomings  
 that make law take a bad fall,  
 unless they follow the prescriptions 405  
 as written in old books,  
 and which are improved every day.  
 These protect everyone,  
 as long as they are applied honestly and clearly,  
 and this is my opinion, [signed:] Oswald Wolkenstein. 410

Kl. 113: *Ir bäbst, ir kaiser*

I. Sir pope, Sir emperor, you peasant,  
 why do you not want to be pious?  
 Since God will not abandon you,  
 simply stay within your order,  
 which He selected for you,  
 and fulfill this position praiseworthy,  
 as it is fitting for us according to our faith,  
 as the words say so explicitly:  
 clergy, nobility, and worker [peasantry].

II. You, Holy Father, should pray at day and night  
 for the entire Christendom,  
 just like everyone else who is an ecclesiastic,  
 and devotedly pray on our behalf  
 to God who has given life  
 to all creatures and who has redeemed us,  
 by taking upon Himself His holy death,  
 which He suffered in human shape  
 on the wooden cross.

III. Oh emperor, may you protect us with your sword,  
 and those who are blessed for it,  
 moreover the law and the loyal faith  
 forever with all your might!  
 Protect the widows, orphans, poor and rich,  
 and pay good attention  
 that no one can blame you for any wrongdoing  
 that somehow could disturb the pond of honor,  
 [and in that case] rather first spill your own blood.

IV. He who is born to be a worker,  
 should work in order to gain the loyal treasure [to safeguard his soul].  
 If he rejects it, then his work  
 will be lost both here and in the afterlife.  
 On the other hand, if he is loyal,  
 as it is appropriate for a farmer,  
 and then dies with a clean conscience,  
 then he will gain his good fortune for sure  
 in eternity without fail.

V. Oh world, how painfully you trot along!  
 In the afterlife everyone will appear before God,  
 as does the emperor and the pope,  
 and each person according to his social status,  
 the princes, the counts, the knights, and the servants,  
 burghers, peasants, all will be called up,

cardinals, bishops, and prelates as well.  
 All you ecclesiastics and laypeople, listen and see,  
 to act rightly would be good in this world.

Kl. 114: *Hört zu*

I. Listen what miserable news  
 a chaste woman received,  
 that a prince was taken prisoner,  
 who was the ruler over heaven, earth, and all living creatures,  
 and whom she had delivered as a child,  
 she, who had been a maid before and after, according to the  
 announcement:  
 "Ave," and had conceived and delivered without maculation.  
 A servant and disciple, who had escaped,  
 informed the lady, as they say,  
 how they had roughly grabbed the prince,  
 him, whom she had raised in love,  
 and had dishonorably and in a mean rush  
 taken him in a huge tumult to the house of Annas,  
 the judge of the Jewish people.  
 Oh lady, how terrible was the pain  
 that your pure heart felt  
 when it heard of the voluntary sacrificial death.  
 The terror gripped the entire body,  
 making you sink down in a swoon.

II. The infinite sorrow and the exhaustion from longing  
 were, if we think about it, lady, understandable,  
 once you had recovered your senses  
 and found out that you had been robbed of your child  
 by people whom I would not trust,  
 and who falsely without any true proof  
 accused him before the judge.  
 Oh immaculate, chaste virgin,  
 I am amazed that your  
 innocent heart did not burst from this heavy burden,  
 when you heard and saw in that night  
 how the Lord in a huge spectacle<sup>170</sup>  
 was driven quickly with his body burdened by words and  
 deeds  
 to the crypt of death.  
 Oh God, how unbelievable was the impression  
 when your disciples escaped!  
 Saint Peter even denied You.

Without any respite and recovery you were alone,  
surrounded by Your enemies.

III. You creature chosen by God [= Mary]  
translucent and sanctified above all other women,  
how could your noble nature  
in your fragile body cope with  
this sudden terror and the painful witnessing  
of him being hit with the whip, which made you fall  
immediately down to the floor?

Your pity was deep,  
as many saw,

because the greatest ruler, naked  
was whipped so much while attached to a column  
that the blood resulting from such hitting with sticks  
colored his body red while he was tortured,  
tightly fettered with a braided rope.<sup>171</sup>

Delightful, tender empress,  
how heavily burdened were your heart, soul, and mind,  
when they looked at the heavenly prince  
with derisive glee! Oh, precious bride,  
how exhausted your dear son was!

IV. They honored, with a prickly wreath of thorns,  
the heavenly ruler,  
they pressed it so deeply down on him  
that his face was covered with blood, the entire head drenched.

Then they placed on him,  
most evil-mindedly, a cross that he hardly could carry  
and at which he was supposed to die  
and which he could not lift up himself  
because of his physical exhaustion,  
since it had been made too heavy.

His dear mother saw it;  
she acted quickly in face of his suffering  
and wanted to rush immediately to his aid,  
which they did not allow her to do.

Every mother should imagine [in order to understand]  
that she would see her child under such circumstances  
standing before her and walk toward death—  
how great then would be her own desperation!

V. Oh, what miserable and sorrowful lament  
about which you can hardly find anything written down [in the biblical  
records],

only that the lady then cared  
for her virginally born child,  
who [later] spilled its hot blood and sweat,

while approaching death,  
 through which he redeemed us all!  
 At a place called Calvary  
 where the cross came to a rest.  
 They nailed him at his feet and hands,  
 shamefully naked, onto the cross.  
 Mercilessly his body and his limbs  
 were rammed tight on a rock—that's what the pitiable one suffered.  
 Then you gave up all hope, Mary.  
 He bent down toward you, lady,  
 when he pointed you out to his disciple.  
 The sound of the hammer and the drink of gall,  
 and so as well the stab with the spear  
 robbed you, Mary, of your senses. May His death on the cross help us all!  
 Amen

Kl. 115: *Wer hie umb diser welde lust*

I. He who wants to exchange for this earthly entertainment  
 his eternal joy in the beyond,  
 that is, his activities, whether leading to win or to lose,  
 would not be a model for me in any game.  
 See, in reality he is deceiving himself  
 and relies on something very doubtful,  
 as I am telling you honestly.  
 Likewise: he who wants to protect his soul  
 so that it will be well taken care of,  
 should let the worldly joys go away  
 and keep himself free of sins.  
 He who would want to pay attention to his own misdeeds,  
 would not need to report every day  
 about my failures early in the morning and late in the evening.  
 He who must serve two lords  
 who are hostile to each other,  
 really needs good fortune,  
 so that he performs successfully in his service.  
 A man who has a solid foundation in honor  
 never needs to be ashamed of it,  
 advises the Wolkensteiner.  
     No prince has ever been so mighty  
     that I would not be an equal to him,  
     ideally speaking, I mean.

II. He who wants to live in peace  
 and strives for the salvation of his soul,  
 ought to stay away from princes' bread and wine

because their attitude is very bad!

I would esteem the character of a wise man higher  
than the wealth of four foolish princes,  
and so I would preserve my soul.

There are countless fools  
who would not voluntarily risk their lives  
for the highest treasure, the Grail of honor,  
and also not for the dignity of the imperial crown.  
See how self-conceited many people are,  
they fill up the world with fools,  
as it must be said.

Oh, the poor lamb  
that has a wolf as its lord,  
but even the wolf does not have it much better  
when he has a wooden ceiling above [= has to submit under an overlord].  
Some think that they know me well,  
although they don't really know themselves,  
like any other kind of animal.

Similarly he, who has never found a loving wife, believes  
he would have the very best.

Surely no one will confirm this for him.

III. Wine, anger, gambling, and beautiful women,  
these four things [easily] deceive so many a man.

Also, he who praises himself,  
see, gains little honor therefrom.

Who can select the best people,  
since no one would like to be the worst,  
not in the very least.

Often a man, who never gained any reputation,  
is praised after his death.

Many honest words do not dishonor anyone,  
strong virtuosity ennobles both woman and man.

What you have gotten accustomed to in your youth,  
you desire to have in your old age,  
and then you are badly deceived.

For the wolf sheepskin is not very fitting.

He who has amassed property with great effort,  
faces bottomless greed,  
which is torturing him up to his death.

You can also observe that easily acquired property  
gives people an arrogant attitude and a vain mind  
and often leads to sinfulness.

Indeed, no one can stay constant  
during a day in the same mood,  
good or bad, what a deceptive picture.<sup>172</sup>

IV. He who embitters someone's life,  
distances him far from his joy.  
The poor people have nothing else  
but good hope and a meager existence.  
He who has a heart given to devotion,  
is not bothered either by love or sorrow  
in the whole wide world.  
Sins, nails, and hair  
grow busily on every person year in and year out!  
Everyone enjoys only that, indeed,  
what he likes to do the best.  
It is my opinion that a generous person  
can never give enough,  
irrespective of much he might own.  
For him who lies in prison,  
a short moment is of long duration,  
and if I were now telling everything that I know,  
I would have to cover many miles.  
As one hears, seldom a fool's advice  
has helped to conquer a big country,  
if anyone were to rely on it.  
Seldom you see a prophet  
nicely wear the crown  
at home, he does so only in foreign countries.

V. And if an ox traveled through all the countries of the world,  
people would only call him livestock.  
He who would be able to recognize himself,  
would rightly be called a wise child.  
One should hush a horrible dog,  
to stop him from barking all the time.  
It would be nice if someone could do it.  
He who only struggles with himself,  
must battle a hard fight.  
Hope makes many a Christian joyful,  
even if he could not yet win a heart-beloved.  
Good, rich abilities of the mind are a fortune.  
The thief will seldom be free of all suffering  
in all of Christianity.  
Even if I could have free will,  
I would still leave the empire to the emperor.  
The wise people could not maintain themselves,  
if the fools would not differ from them [so clearly].  
We wish every day to reach old age,  
and when it arrives, there is nothing but lament,

which makes us feel fed up.  
 When a friend rejects  
 a dishonest request,  
 then the guilt would truly be my own.

Kl. 116: *Zergangen ist meins herzen we*

I. My heart pain has disappeared  
 since the snow now wants to melt away  
 from the Seus alm and from Flack,  
 as I heard the Mosmair say.  
 The earth's steams have awakened,  
 the water passages begin to swell  
 from Kastelrut to the Eisack.  
 This really puts me in a cheerful mood.  
 I hear the large and the small birds,  
 in my forest around Hauenstein,  
 make music in their throats  
 by sounding high, tender notes,  
 from down at the ut up to the la,  
 and nicely down into the valley to the fa,  
 with many sweet and very loud voices.  
 Enjoy it, dear friends!

What does this news concern the Plätscher?<sup>173</sup>  
 I won't repress my singing,  
 whoever feels displeased about it, must tolerate it,  
 and it does not concern me at all [what he thinks]!  
 Even if the evil ones are hostile toward me,  
 I find consolation with the well-meaning fellows,  
 although this year  
 a fake, bad coin has value.

II. The torture of my heart left me  
 when I heard the first nightingale  
 sing charmingly following the plough  
 over there in the Matzen.  
 There I saw four times two animals  
 harnessed in line with each other,  
 who were able to plough open the soil very well  
 according to the manner practiced by the Mutzner.<sup>174</sup>  
 He who had crawled away from the winter  
 and had pulled away from the evil world,  
 may now look forward to the green time  
 that May will present to us.  
 You poor creatures, come out of your holes,

run, seek a new feeding area and enjoy life well!  
 The mountain, the meadow, and the valley are all covered with leaves far  
 and wide,  
 so it may go well for you.

III. Get up, good people, cheer up!  
 He who possesses honor, better wishes us the best.  
 No one can cover an evil deed with words,  
 however you might look at it sharply.  
 An old saying goes like this:  
 Honest deeds constitute a great treasure  
 because: "Everything will come to light!"  
 Often people do not keep that in mind.  
 Sir Christian in the upper parish,  
 who is certainly not a fool,  
 whoever wants to deceive him somewhat,  
 must get up very early.  
 He is waiting for a while, but not too long,  
 then he softly strikes the other's cheek,<sup>175</sup>  
 which takes away all his false trickery  
 and makes it impossible for him to laugh.

Kl. 117: *Und swig ich nu*

I. And if I were to keep quiet any longer,  
 then people would actually forget about me,  
 and in a few years no one would think of me.  
 Therefore I want to begin anew  
 to sing again, if I can,  
 about those people whose behavior  
 changes when wine  
 is too much for their heads<sup>176</sup> and confounds their minds  
 in such a way as I am going to tell you,  
 by way of twelve different kinds of drunkenness  
 that affect each person differently  
 according to their nature.<sup>177</sup>

II. Often a person believes himself to be so wise  
 and believes to gain highest fame thereby,  
 when the juice of the grapes has affected him negatively.  
 The next one believes that he is so rich  
 that even the emperor might not be an equal to him.  
 The third appears like an extremely hungry horse,  
 so no one can push enough of fresh or rotten food  
 into the ever open mouth.  
 The fourth one screams cries over his heavy sins,

and his heart is passionately in flames out of deep repentance  
for strange reasons that no one can comprehend.

III. The fifth one desires to do unchaste actions,  
to which he is dedicated day and night,  
once he has become addicted to the power of wine.

The sixth has a miserable practice:

He condemns the soul through [false] oaths  
so that she will be entirely exhausted when facing God.

The seventh is ready to fight, he growls like a dog  
held by a chain and who barks all the time;  
its round head is ready for a fight.

The eighth becomes so happy out of drunkenness  
that he is ready to sell his honor, property, wife, and children;  
the evilness of drunkenness shows in him.

IV. The ninth helplessly becomes crazy,  
everything what he knows, sees, or hears,  
he presents openly to everyone.

The tenth fights against sleep.

The eleventh sings wild songs

and screams totally uninhibited both in the evening and in the morning.

The twelfth becomes so drunk from heavy drinking  
that he feels the alcohol already at the top portion of his throat  
and voluntarily pays a tribute to the innkeeper [= vomits].

These are the consequences, as you have heard, of wine,  
so that I cannot praise it, never mind how noble it might be;  
easily one could find something better to drink.

V. With ordinary people

who are lacking in particular intellect I am not surprised  
when drinking confuses their lame minds.

I am only distraught about the truly well-educated ones,  
who belong to those who demand highest respect  
but at meaningless drinking heat up without self-control,  
causing noticeable damage to their reputation, body, and property,  
their honor, soul, and mind.

A weak character reveals itself in a dishonorable fashion.

Every person should clearly keep in mind

how attractive a steady mind proves to be among men and women.

Build on this your high praiseworthy reputation.

Kl. 118: *Wol auf und wacht*

I. Onward, wake up,  
pay attention! Constantly keep in mind  
during the day and at night  
your despicable sinfulness

so that it won't  
flare up deep down at the bottom of Hell!  
Fight with the lion like a knight!  
To defend yourself against their biting and mauling  
and their tearing you down with sharp claws,  
demonstrate real repentance by intending never to do anything evil  
again,  
regretting it all in earnest,  
what you did in the past and today,  
when we aroused His and Her anger.

II. Wake up, friend,  
stretch and shake fully  
and chase him away  
who only wants to ambush us  
and badly rewards us for our service,  
misleading us with disgusting kisses,  
that we have loaned to him,  
and that he wants to give us as gifts.  
We women and men,  
let us free ourselves out of the narrow cells,  
and let us run away,  
to receive wonderful joy  
about the most praiseworthy wonderful flowers.

III. Notice, listen! my calling  
helps to gain the reward  
from a crown,  
which with its sharp thorns  
barely rescues us from the wrath  
of the horns of eternal Hell  
and which have badly hurt us,  
while we were imprisoned and tied up.  
Down below among the raging dogs  
we would have expected nothing but suffering.  
All this one person has overcome,  
who had been tortured  
and then had been nailed onto the cross.

IV. Listen carefully to me,  
I turn to you as an honest man.  
Only with yes and no  
do I explain the news to us,  
loyally without evil intentions.  
Our words, deeds, and behavior  
hurt me, the Wolkensteiner  
because daily there is more

of what debases the earth:

Only that is considered to be worthwhile what robs the dignity,  
false advice teaches disloyalty.  
Evil remains evil forever,  
therefore guard yourself of God's wrath.

V. Listen to my calling,  
to the echo everywhere,  
on the mountain, in the valley,  
caused by the screaming of my heart.  
Serve only the one and the three,  
so that He will free us  
from the danger of falling back to the evil,  
which will allow us to enjoy  
the sprouting of high grace,  
and not be covered,  
as we deserved it, by the downhill rushing burning avalanches.<sup>178</sup>

[The following songs have been preserved mostly in MS. A and in other manuscripts.]

Kl. 119: *Bog dep'mi was dustu da*—[This is the other polyglot song by Oswald, which has the German translation follow each maccaronic stanza. I have translated only the German sections.]

I. Welcome! What do you do here?  
Free from all worries I am thanking you very much.  
I am very happy, indeed, to see you.  
I am filled with love for you.  
All my hope I have set on you  
because you are the shining model filled with joy.  
With all my efforts I will stand by you,  
serving you in many different ways.

II. How do you manage to weaken me so,  
the servant in your prison? I am amazed.  
Kindly consider your own mercy!  
Do not cause me pain whatever path I might take!  
Whatever you command, I would like to do,  
as long as I recognize it to be without an evil core.  
Grant me this finally, lady,  
in good confidence in the new year.

III. I beg you for your grace without any false thought  
with good manners, [especially] since [you] have so much of it.  
Do not make it hard on me, think of me,  
as I am thinking of you very simply.

Flowers, beautiful and bright, rescue me from this misery,  
 with which I thank you for your loyalty.  
 If you do not do it soon, I will be dead.  
 I am going from green forest into suffering.

Kl. 120: *Freu dich, du weltlich creatr*

I. Rejoice, worldly creature  
 that according to a masterly plan  
 all your bodily parts have been matched so well,  
 down to the measuring stick without any fault in a brilliant manner,  
 including the firmly embedded claim on nobility.  
 The casting of the body was perfect.<sup>179</sup>  
 He to whom it has been dedicated,  
 can enjoy it with a full heart.

II. I noticed a small head,  
 and upon that the hair: curly, blond, and wavy;  
 two thin eyebrows, clear eyes,  
 rubin-colored lips, in the color of roses,  
 nose, chin, and neck, all with white skin, and the cheeks are sparkling;  
 behind the forehead are good senses  
 expansively developed since youth.  
 Thanks to the one who created it so painlessly.

III. When I consider with all my mind  
 the shape, the body, the beauty, and the strength,  
 as the master has conceived it,  
 and then has realized it perfectly,  
 which no one here on earth can match so purely,  
 when [the creature] sits on the throne and shines, or whatever,  
 it absolutely wins the game;  
 in full honors she may dare to be serious and joyful.

Kl. 121: *Nu rue mit sorgen*

I. "Now take a rest from your worries, my secret treasure!<sup>180</sup>  
 Close your eyes after all this fear  
 before the attack of the bright day,  
 and despite him.  
 It is still early, heart-beloved.  
 Let go your sorrow and the lurking,  
 expect joy to come, but be considerate!<sup>181</sup>  
 If you do that,  
 you will certainly be mine."  
 "Oh, dearest girl, so shall it be!"

II. "Lady, punish me! I have overslept the hour.  
 The morning star has disappeared.  
 Alas, you rose-colored lips,  
 heal,  
 help here and there, wherever I suffer from a shortcoming.  
 Bend your head, lower it upon my heart!  
 Embrace me with your arms free of sorrows!  
 Do some fun,  
 which, lady, will make us happy!"  
 "Tender dear man, that will be my happiness."

III. "The grey light is already replaced by the blue color;  
 I perceive many voices of birds.  
 Who has asked for you, day?  
 Your clothing  
 does not want to cover our shamefulness.  
 Your grey light I praise very little."  
 "Good morning, my most beloved chosen one!  
 Do not cry so much,  
 I will come back soon.  
 I have to leave, Lady, I wish you good luck."

Kl. 122: *Wol auf, gesellen*

I. Well then, fellows, let's begin with our travel  
 to Augsburg to the dear girls,  
 and he who wears a long beard  
 can gain a good reputation [there]!  
 For him who does not have one  
 I recommend he stay at home,  
 otherwise he might get tired  
 and soon turn grey.  
 His joy would be perfect  
 if he were allowed to the dance  
 with the wonderful girls  
 who believe that they are so smart.  
 I have experienced it myself.  
 When I went over to the dance hall,  
 I wore a well-trimmed beard,  
 which pleased them mightily.

II. One of them said, indeed, that she had never seen this [facial] feature  
 anywhere before,  
 except in a goat. If I had agreed with her,  
 it would have been a disgrace

to be compared with a goat.  
 I had the impression that she had been goaded on  
 and had scratched herself with the foxes,<sup>182</sup>  
 at least that's the way I felt.  
 When we did the jumping in a straight line,  
 and pushed each other around at the dance,  
 I believed that it would have been better for me  
 if I had not brought the beard along with me.  
 I should have had it shaved,  
 when I planned to go to Swabia  
 to the ladies and gentlemen;  
 if I only had planned this better.

III. She said [the same woman?] that I was ugly  
 and looked like a monkey.  
 That was the way she knew to ridicule the guests,  
 worse than all the others who had been there  
 or whoever will be there in the future.  
 But she can show a completely different side of herself  
 when leaping high above the ground:  
 Hush then, my dear girl!  
 How well she knows how to do it, the dear doll.  
 When she wears the white skirt,  
 then I chase around her like a buck.  
 She wanted to swear that I was blind  
 because I cannot see the same way  
 on the right side [as on the left],  
 for which reason she did not want to press herself to me;  
 she has found a fool in me.

Kl. 123: *Der seines laids ergezt well sein*

I. He who wants to be free of his worries  
 and would like to be shorn dry clean,  
 ought to travel to Constance on the Rhine,<sup>183</sup>  
 if this trip fits into his plans.  
 Many fine women live there  
 who know well how to scratch gently the beard,  
 looking to see whether a hair might be hiding in it  
 that might bother him.  
 With one of these ladies I had my fun,  
 which unfortunately caused me real trouble.  
 She taught me to smile so sweetly,  
 as if someone wanted to slay me.  
 One hand she rested in my beard

and pulled out the long hair,  
 as long as there were shorter ones;  
 she obviously thought it was a war.<sup>184</sup>

II. Listen, dear friend, what I am going to tell you:  
 after sweet desert always follow beatings.  
 Another woman showed me the way [illustrated that]  
 with a hit of her fist on my ear,  
 which caused my better [healthy] eye  
 to turn dark because of such stormy welcome drink  
 and my mouth to drop low.<sup>185</sup>

Immediately I was made a fool.

As it says: Never mind who is lending you, it remains money  
 [a debt].

The beautiful Else and Elli determined the pace [the hitting],  
 jumping diagonally across the field,  
 which made us lose even more.

They had truly entertained me splendidly:

My poor beard had been scattered  
 all over the room,  
 as if it had been the seeds at sowing.

III. When I think back of the Lake Constance,  
 I really feel sorry for my moneybag.

By paying with shilling  
 I had to learn the ABCs  
 at the "Willow Tree."<sup>186</sup>

They were singing: "You must pay, now, show your money  
 to the Steinbrecher of Nesselwang!"<sup>187</sup>

With angry words they yelled, asking  
 why I had not stayed at home.

Apparently he mistook me for a bottle,<sup>188</sup>  
 he took the money, left me the bag.

I believe that he has so far  
 never denied anyone to nibble at some sweets.<sup>189</sup>

I have gotten around a lot in the world,  
 to Prussia, Russia, and also to Outremer [Palestine],  
 but I have never experienced a sharper resistance  
 with such evil scraping and scratching.

IV. It was a pompous show with little glitter,  
 highly elegant, but so poorly in its miserable tail end,  
 it was not expensive for us at the dance  
 in Constance in Swabia.<sup>190</sup>

If I had found on this travel  
 so many kinds of cheap offers,

my moneybag would have been rarely opened  
to do damage to my money.

What I have learned in the course of my time  
seemed entirely useless to the young woman.  
She said that she would not care for me at all,  
and turned a cold shoulder to me.

I replied: "Young lady, stick in your skin [remain on firm ground],  
you are not really anything better,  
or has, perchance, your body been carved out of gold?  
Would you please tell us so?"

V. Really, once a wise mosquito told me  
that a burden equally distributed would not break anyone's back.  
And: Honorable profits create a decent bridge,  
which you can cross walking or riding on horseback.  
He who aims too high easily stumbles.

Some [women] believe that they are worthy for a count of the  
Palatinate,<sup>191</sup>

and they clamor arrogantly  
that they want to wait for this message [this bridal quest by a count].  
Everyone is pleased with himself,  
therefore the world is filled with fools.

When I have to leave Constance,  
I will notice it at the side. [I will not have any money left; my bag on the  
left side will be empty]

I praise the noble, golden truncheon,<sup>192</sup>  
in the direction of which I turn my sail;  
wherever I might get in the world,  
I will never withhold my praise for it.

Kl. 124: *Ain ellend schid*

I. A separation under sparkling tears  
robs me, by my willow,<sup>193</sup> of the profit.  
I may as well brag about the joys that I experienced!  
I announce [instead] my sorrow, which I suffer at day and night.

II. Her eyes whetted my cheeks,  
with her beautiful arms she embraced me,  
pressed me to her, nestled into me.  
Ah, lady, do not ban me from your presence, do not write me off, I am  
staying.

III. The lovely lady took leave  
with delightful tenderness that granted me joy,  
waiting reasonably for the future events.

Oh lady, you must be without me for a short while without being jealous  
and sorrow!<sup>194</sup>

Kl. 125: *Ain eren schacz*

I. A treasure of honor without any blame  
alas, leads me astray in bonds of love, reason, and mind,  
then great fright drive through my soul and body;  
ah lady, since I have to depart  
from you so soon, I just can't bear to be without you.

II. You will always put me into a sad mood,  
although your anger overcame me,  
I felt crushed on the inside.  
But when you in your grace noticed my suffering,  
my sorrow was softly transformed.

III. Oh separation, I must lament about you.  
Her punishment, her behavior, her honor were sweet for me,  
and also a lesson. Her love never abandoned me.  
I have lost my consolation  
here on earth, being wounded and not redeemed.

Kl. 126: *Freu dich, durchlechtig junckfrau zart*

I. Rejoice, translucent, delightful virgin  
that today, in a chaste manner,  
a young beautiful boy was born from you  
without pain and any injuries  
in a town which is, as I know,  
called Bethlehem,  
where this miraculous event  
took place thanks to this woman.  
Her discomfort disappeared  
when she saw the Lord in front of her  
who has been the origin for all beings  
without any noticeable ending.  
Truly, her heart could delight about it  
when she held the pure little child  
that was the ruler of the entire world,  
to her protective body.

II. Today and forever  
on earth and in the heavens  
may this marvelous, glorious day be praised,  
which deserves praise beyond all measure,  
at which the true God

thanks to the tender, pure virgin  
 was handed over to the earth and the world  
 as a man amidst the surf of the sea,  
 where the greatest suffering  
 and even death was His destiny for our sake,  
 for which no man can ever thank him enough.  
 We should not,  
 at any day on the bottom of our heart,  
 forget this whenever we speak or do something.  
 Indeed, we should remember his miserable tortures  
 so that our enemies will not devour us.

III. God, God, almighty God,  
 how great was Your father's charge  
 sending you very far away from Him  
 onto a sorrowful adventure,  
 when you were born in our world  
 in human shape,  
 as a man and yet of divine nature,  
 to lead Christianity.  
 But what did Your father do beyond that?  
 He handed you over to the spear of death,  
 which ran through your divine heart.  
 At that moment the fire of Hell was quenched  
 for all those who had ever obeyed your will  
 and who will do so in the future as well  
 in a praiseworthy manner. For them  
 the barn in heaven will be ready.

Kl. 127: *Mein trawt gesell*—[Eliminated as a non-authentic poem by  
 Oswald]

Kl. 128: *Sÿ hat mein hertz getroffen*

I. She has hit my heart,  
 this beautiful and cheerful one.  
 I have hope in her  
 that everything will have a good outcome.  
 For that reason I am happy about this chaste lady  
 deep in my heart.  
 I know for sure whom I have in mind:  
 I want to be her servant.

II. If only she were thinking differently,  
 this beautiful, this attractive woman,  
 then I would not move from her side

ever and ever  
 without any interruption.  
 Otherwise I would be forlorn  
 since I am filled with love.

III. Even if I participate in public entertainment,  
 and display happiness elsewhere,  
 I remain in her heart  
 and nowhere else  
 in true love and loyalty,  
 and will never forget her.  
 I would regret it forever  
 if she were angry with me for that reason.

IV. If I were to lose her grace,  
 it would hurt me forever,  
 and it would happen without my fault.  
 Upon my oath I can swear  
 that I have never during my lifetime  
 aggrieved her love,<sup>195</sup>  
 otherwise I would have to lament again  
 and my anger would be great.

V. But I will never give up my efforts with her,  
 she means everything for me!  
 I want to be dedicated to her  
 with heart, soul, and my senses.  
 If she were to have mercy  
 with my sorrow that I bear  
 and take me into her arms,  
 then my laments would have come to an end.

VI. I will continue to live with this hope,  
 which has often sustained me.  
 If I were not receiving signs of hope,  
 I would have entirely consumed,  
 indeed, all my joy here on earth,  
 which would be partly her fault,  
 but I wish her in any way  
 good fortune and all my blessing.

Kl. 129: *Mundi renouacio*

I. The shining bright rebirth of the world  
 brings new happy joyfulness for all creatures.  
 Now God has truly risen again,  
 and all creatures rise with Him.

The elements are totally in his service;  
they understand, after a sweet lesson,  
the power of their father's kingdom.

II. The fire shines over here in beneficial gleam,  
the air flows sweetly and blows gently,  
the waters run unhindered,  
the soil keeps its sturdiness!  
This lightness strives toward a mighty swoop-up,  
the heaviness sinks down,  
all things renew themselves.

III. The sky appears in clearly polished colors,  
the sea is truly resting calmly,  
the thunderstorms rule only in the far distance,  
our valley begins to turn green,  
the naked floor is covered with green and bears fruit,  
cold nature turns warm  
because the sweet flow of life has begun again.

IV. The eternal word breaks open deadly frost,  
the lord of this world [= the devil] has been pushed into a corner,  
and his great power that he exerted over us,  
and which he thought he could maintain,  
is now completely destroyed,  
since he could not hold on to it,  
and so he lost his power here [property].

V. A very soft wind now blows over the paths  
that the Cherub once guarded in his terrifying manner,  
as God had ordered him to do,  
once he has put away his fiery sword.<sup>196</sup>

VI. Death had vanquished life,  
but man soon recovered it  
what he had lost before:  
the paradisiacal delight and the spur of joy.

Kl. 130: *Mittit ad virginem*

I. God sent [once]  
down to earth to the virgin  
an angel, well known,  
called Gabriel,  
a fitting one for a mighty message.

II. The messenger was so strong  
that he broke open  
the shrine of nature

and removed all of the virgin's doubts.  
Her name was maid and mother [at the same time].

III. The newborn young king  
stood up above all creatures.  
His kingdom and his scepter  
have shorn away all sins,  
we owe him praise and honor for that.

IV. He slew the dragon, the enemy,  
he finished them off,  
he destroyed their hubris  
and did not allow them  
to rule here any longer.

V. Step further away from here,  
you princes, children of Hell,  
since we have Mary,  
through whom we have become  
part of the Father's kingdom.

VI. Step forward, shining angels,  
properly announce your words,  
reveal Scripture to us  
that has never before  
been heard in such a way  
by any similar messenger [prophet].

VII. Lord Angel, announce well:  
With "ave" I am greeting you,  
virgin full of grace.  
Respond with: May God be with you  
and keep all fear away from you.

VIII. Virgin, receive God,  
who wants to become man.  
You follow His order,  
believe me that for sure,  
His spirit has foreordained everything.

IX. The maid was faithful  
and accepted, without having any doubt  
everything that the angel told her.  
We all owe her our thanks for that.  
So she conceived God.

X. He who created us,  
that is in the shape of human beings,

through His creative power,  
 He has always been just  
 and He has never abandoned us.

XI. He who is our helper  
 and protects us from the morass of sin,  
 the sweet Lord Jesus Christ,  
 may He lead us home  
 where He is living forever.

Kl. 131: *Den Techst vbr' das geleyememors Wolkenstain'*

I. "Your grace, lady, urges and besets me  
 in my mind, you singularly beloved one,  
 so rich in honor.  
 Similarly I must give praise to your beautiful body.  
 Your heartfelt rejoicing wounds me much,  
 but at the same time the polite jesting  
 that you do, my beloved, pure friend,  
 fills me with tender joy in many ways.

What I am singing now  
 is rather simple; truly you are  
 the one to whom I present my heart.  
 Command it freely,  
 beloved dearest maid,  
 I am ready in love and sorrow  
 to serve you. Nothing more pleasant  
 could give me a greater honor  
 than when you alone determine my actions."

II. "I do not believe that I can quench your longing,  
 that I can sweeten your desire.  
 Because the fruit of my womanly manner  
 will hardly ever grant you joy.  
 You could well meet my own desires,  
 and you could free me of all my worries.  
 Your words and melody  
 could very pleasantly refresh the depths of my heart.

You ought to forgo all company with me.  
 Your good hope for me will, in my opinion,  
 not find joy,  
 through which your suffering could be elevated.  
 As it looks to me,  
 I cannot in any way  
 promise you at all  
 to fulfill your wish without getting hurt,

if I granted myself to you in happiness.  
Be quiet: Love is blind.”

III. “Your doing and behavior inflame me  
and enter me here and there,  
therefore consider this,  
lady, place me for good in your grace.  
My lips will be sealed and not reveal this message to you,  
without suffering, my sweet beloved treasure.<sup>197</sup>  
My full, steady loyalty  
to you will never come to an end for any reason.  
Cheerfully I will demonstrate my thankfulness.  
Your kind honor did not experience from me  
any loss,  
which could have hurt your reputation.  
My heart desires  
constantly for you. Likewise your beautiful body  
strengthens me, dear, desirable lady.  
Remove my pain! I will remain  
your servant forever upon your grace.

Kl. 132: *Medlin zart stein*

I. Young woman, tender precious jewel,  
to be with you  
would be the greatest joy on earth for me.  
I also would wish  
that you would be equally inclined toward me  
as I already feel toward you.  
I want you to know that,  
so reward me for this,  
which is my honest request.  
Ju Ju, black little girl, there is no other way around it.<sup>198</sup>

II. If this were to happen,  
I would proclaim  
that there is no one on earth like me  
who would be in a happier mood.  
I would wish for nothing else  
with more love than to have you.  
Constantly  
I ask myself  
how this could be properly realized.  
Ju ju, black girl, there is no other way around it!

III. For all that  
and whatever

might be possible I will strive ten times more  
in order to serve you.  
Accept this from me.  
Nothing will be too much for me,  
but only delight.  
I cannot imagine anything else.  
This way we would find an agreement.  
Ju Ju, black girl, there is no other way around it.

Kl. 133: *Wilt du haben*—[Eliminated by editor and no longer counted as one of Oswald's poems]

Kl. 134: *Got mus fur vns vechten*

God must fight for us,  
if the Hussites are to be killed.  
The lords, knights, and squires  
do not do it.  
They only make big plans,  
but these do not help,  
which awakens in sincere hearts  
fearsome, terrible worries.

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## NOTES

### 1 Introduction and a Brief Biography of Oswald von Wolkenstein

1. Max Siller, "Oswald von Wolkenstein. Versuch einer psychohistorischen Rekonstruktion," *Mediaevistik* 19 (2006): 125–51.
2. *Leben im 16. Jahrhundert: Lebenslauf und Lieder des Hauptmanns Georg Niede*, ed. and commentary by Brage Bei der Wieden. *Selbstzeugnisse der Neuzeit*, 4 (Berlin: Akademie Verlag, 1996); here also a good discussion of the current research on autobiographical writing, 13–23; see my review in *Jahrbuch für Volksliedforschung* 42 (1997): 139–40.
3. Sieglinde Hartmann, *Altersdichtung und Selbstdarstellung bei Oswald von Wolkenstein*. *Göppinger Arbeiten zur Germanistik*, 288 (Göppingen: Kümmerle, 1980); for a broad approach to the topic of old age, see *Old Age in the Middle Ages and the Renaissance: Interdisciplinary Approaches to a Neglected Topic*, ed. Albrecht Classen. *Fundamentals of Medieval and Early Modern Culture*, 2 (Berlin and New York: de Gruyter, 2007).
4. Albrecht Classen, *Die autobiographische Lyrik des europäischen Spätmittelalters: Studien zu Hugo von Montfort, Oswald von Wolkenstein, Antonio Pucci, Charles d'Orléans, Thomas Hoccleve, Michel Beheim, Hans Rosenplüt und Alfonso Alvarez de Villasandino*. *Amsterdamer Publikationen zur Sprache und Literatur*, 91 (Amsterdam and Atlanta, GA: Editions Rodopi, 1991).
5. *Die Lebenszeugnisse Oswalds von Wolkenstein: Edition und Kommentar*, ed. Anton Schwob. 3 vols. (Vienna, Cologne, and Weimar: Böhlau, 1999–2004).
6. Anton Schwob, *Historische Realität und literarische Umsetzung: Beobachtungen zur Stilisierung der Gefangenschaft in den Liedern Oswalds von Wolkenstein*. *Innsbrucker Beiträge zur Kulturwissenschaft. Germanistische Reihe*, 9 (Innsbruck: Institut für Germanistik der Universität Innsbruck, 1979).
7. Arthur Graf von Wolkenstein-Rodenegg, *Oswald von Wolkenstein*. *Schlern-Schriften*, 17 (Innsbruck: Universitäts-Verlag Wagner, 1930); Anton Schwob, *Oswald von Wolkenstein: Eine Biographie*. *Schriftenreihe des Südtiroler Kulturinstitutes*, 4 (1977; Bozen: Verlagsanstalt Athesia, 1989).
8. Albrecht Classen, *Zur Rezeption norditalienischer Kultur des Trecento im Werk Oswalds von Wolkenstein (1376/77–1445)*. *Göppinger Arbeiten zur Germanistik*, 471 (Göppingen: Kümmerle, 1987); Sieglinde Hartmann, "Oswald von Wolkenstein et la Méditerranée: espace de vie, espace

- de poésie,” *Jahrbuch der Oswald von Wolkenstein Gesellschaft* 8 (1994–95): 289–320; Hartmann, “Oswald von Wolkenstein heute: Traditionen und Innovationen in seiner Lyrik,” *Jahrbuch der Oswald von Wolkenstein Gesellschaft* 15 (2005): 349–72.
9. See Ulrich Müller, “*Dichtung*” und “*Wahrheit*” in den *Liedern Oswalds von Wolkenstein: Die autobiographischen Lieder von den Reisen*. Göppinger Arbeiten zur Germanistik, 1 (Göppingen: Kümmerle, 1968); see also Norbert Mayr, *Die Reiselieder und Reisen Oswalds von Wolkenstein*. Schlern-Schriften, 215 (Innsbruck: Wagner, 1961).
  10. Alan Robertshaw, *Oswald von Wolkenstein: The Myth and the Man*. Göppinger Arbeiten zur Germanistik, 178 (Göppingen: Kümmerle, 1977), 166–67.
  11. Beda Weber, ed., *Die Gedichte Oswalds von Wolkenstein*. Mit Einleitung, Wortbuch und Varianten (Innsbruck: Wagner, 1847); Weber, *Oswald von Wolkenstein und Friedrich mit der leeren Tasche* (Innsbruck: Wagner, 1850).
  12. Hubertus Mumelter, *Oswald und Sabina: Zwei ohne Gnade* (1931; Leipzig: Insel, 1938); the original title did not include the name of Oswald and his allegedly beloved, Sabina. On Mumelter, see *Hubert Mumelter, Dichter und Maler (1896–1981)*, ed. Mathias Frei. Monographien Südtiroler Künstler, 25 (Bozen: Athesia, 1981).
  13. Siegfried Grosse and Ursula Rautenberg, *Die Rezeption mittelalterlicher deutscher Dichtung: Eine Bibliographie ihrer Übersetzungen und Bearbeitungen seit der Mitte des 18. Jahrhunderts* (Tübingen: Niemeyer, 1989), 238–46.
  14. Hans Pörnbacher, *Margareta von Schwangau: Herrin Oswalds von Wolkenstein Gemahlin* (Weißhorn: Anton H. Konrad Verlag, 1983).
  15. Lambertus Okken and Hans-Dieter Mück, *Die satirischen Lieder Oswalds von Wolkenstein wider die Bauern: Untersuchungen zum Wortschatz und zur literarhistorischen Einordnung*. Göppinger Arbeiten zur Germanistik, 316 (Göppingen: Kümmerle, 1981); Albrecht Classen, “Der Bauern in der Lyrik Oswalds von Wolkenstein,” *Euphorion* 82, 2 (1988): 150–67.
  16. Burghart Wachinger, “*Blick durch die brow*: Maria als Geliebte bei Oswald von Wolkenstein,” *Fragen der Liedinterpretation*, ed. Hedda Ragotzky, Gisela Vollmann-Profe, and Gerhard Wolf (Stuttgart: Hirzel, 2001), 103–17.
  17. Gretchen Mieszkowski, *Medieval Go-Betweens and Chaucer’s Pandarus*. The New Middle Ages (New York and Houndmills, Basingstoke, Hampshire: Palgrave Macmillan, 2006).
  18. Classen, *Zur Rezeption norditalienischer Kultur*; see also Classen, “Oswalds von Wolkenstein Beziehungen zu Italien—eine These im Kreuzfeuer der Kritik,” *Die kulturellen Beziehungen zwischen Italien und den anderen Ländern Europas im Mittelalter*, ed. Danielle Buschinger and Wolfgang Spiewok. Wodan, 28 (Greifswald: Reineke-Verlag, 1993), 67–81.
  19. Hans-Dieter Mück, *Untersuchungen zur Überlieferung und Rezeption spätmittelalterlicher Lieder und Spruchgedichte im 15. und 16. Jahrhundert: Die Streuüberlieferung von Liedern und Reimpaarreden Oswalds von Wolkenstein*.

- 2 vols. Göppinger Arbeiten zur Germanistik, 263 (Göppingen: Kümmerle, 1980).
20. [http://www.literature.at/webinterface/library/ALO-BOOK\\_V01?objid=14399&page=3&ocr=&zoom=1](http://www.literature.at/webinterface/library/ALO-BOOK_V01?objid=14399&page=3&ocr=&zoom=1) (Ms. B completely digitized). Last accessed on June 15, 2008.
  21. Francesco Delbono, "Oswald von Wolkenstein: Zur italienischen Rezeption und zu Biographie und Werk," *Gesammelte Vorträge der 600-Jahrfeier Oswalds von Wolkenstein, Seis am Schlern 1977: Dem Edeln unserm sunderlieben getrewen Hern Oswaltten von Wolkchenstain*, ed. Hans-Dieter Mück and Ulrich Müller. Göppinger Arbeiten zur Germanistik, 206 (Göppingen: Kümmerle, 1978), 393–410.
  22. Hans-Dieter Mück, "Oswald von Wolkenstein—ein Frühpetrarkist? Überlegungen zur literarhistorischen Einordnung," *Oswald von Wolkenstein: Beiträge der philologisch-musikwissenschaftlichen Tagung in Neustift bei Brixen 1973*, ed. Egon Kühebacher. Innsbrucker Beiträge zur Kulturwissenschaft. Germanistische Reihe, 1 (Innsbruck: Institut für deutsche Philologie der Universität, 1974), 121–66.
  23. See, e.g., William Kerrigan and Gordon Braden, *The Ide of the Renaissance* (Baltimore and London: The Johns Hopkins University Press, 1989).
  24. Albrecht Classen, "Sangeskunst und moderne Selbstverwirklichung im Werk Oswalds von Wolkenstein (1376/77–1445)," in *hohem prise. A Festschrift in Honor of Ernst Dick*, ed. Winder McConnell. Göppinger Arbeiten zur Germanistik, 480 (Göppingen: Kümmerle, 1989), 11–29.
  25. Christian Kiening, *Schwierige Modernität: Der "Ackermann" des Johannes von Tepl und die Ambiguität historischen Wandels*. Münchener Texte und Untersuchungen zur deutschen Literatur des Mittelalters, 113 (Tübingen: Niemeyer, 1998); for a critical evaluation, see my review in *arcadia* 37 (2002): 402–07.
  26. Albrecht Classen, "Oswald von Wolkenstein (1376 or 1377–1445)," *German Writers of the Renaissance and Reformation 1280–1580*, ed. James Hardin and Max Reinhart (Detroit, Washington, DC and London: Gale Research, 1997), 198–205; *Zur Rezeption norditalienischer Kultur*.
  27. See, e.g., <http://www.chd.dk/cals/gks79cal.html> (last accessed on June 15, 2008).
  28. Johannes Spicker, *Literarische Stilisierung und artistische Kompetenz bei Oswald von Wolkenstein* (Stuttgart and Leipzig: Hirzel, 1993).
  29. [http://www.gened.arizona.edu/aclassen/oswald\\_v\\_w\\_.htm](http://www.gened.arizona.edu/aclassen/oswald_v_w_.htm) (last accessed on June 15, 2008).
  30. *Es füegt sich: Lieder des Oswald von Wolkenstein (1376/77–1445)*. Gesungen von Eberhard Kummer (Vienna: Impact Presentations, 1998). Distributed by the Oswald von Wolkenstein Gesellschaft.
  31. He might have been the Archbishop Pilgrim II of Salzburg, who was first mentioned as a canon of the Salzburg cathedral in 1353. He is believed to have been ordained as a priest in Venice in 1354, to have studied for several years in Avignon, subsequently to have been appointed as papal chaplain in 1363, and as Archbishop of Salzburg in 1365. See Burghart

- Wachinger, "Mönch von Salzburg," *Die deutsche Literatur des Mittelalters: Verfasserlexikon*. Second, completely rev. ed. Kurt Ruh et al. Vol. 6, 1 (Berlin and New York: de Gruyter, 1985), col. 658–70.
32. Rainer Böhm, "Entdeckung einer französischen Melodienvorlage zum Lied *O wunniklicher, wolgezierter mai* (Kl. 100) von Oswald von Wolkenstein," *Jahrbuch der Oswald von Wolkenstein Gesellschaft* 13 (2001–02): 269–78; Lorenz Welker, "New Light on Oswald von Wolkenstein: Central European Traditions and Burgundian Polyphony," *Early Music History* 7 (1987): 187–226; see also Erika Timm, *Die Überlieferung der Lieder Oswalds von Wolkenstein*. Germanische Studien, 242 (Lübeck: Matthiesen, 1972).
33. See also Robertshaw, *Oswald von Wolkenstein*, vi–viii, et passim.
34. Albrecht Classen, "Prolegomena zu einer Veit von Wolkenstein Biographie," *Fifteenth-Century Studies* 14 (1988): 23–38; "Die Familie Wolkenstein im 15. und frühen 16. Jahrhundert," *Mitteilungen des Instituts für Österreichische Geschichtsforschung MIOG* 96, 1–2 (1988): 79–94; "Footnote to the Canon: Maria von Wolkenstein and Argula von Grumbach," *The Politics of Gender in Early Modern Europe*, ed. Jean R. Brink, Allsion P. Coudert, and Maryanne C. Horowitz. Sixteenth Century Essays & Studies, Vol. XII (Kirksville, MO: Sixteenth Century Journal Publishers, 1989), 131–47.
35. For further explanations, see chapter 2.
36. Classen, *Die autobiographische Lyrik*.

## 2 About This Translation

1. Nathaniel E. Dubin, "Creative Choices: Notes on Translating the Old French Fabliaux," *Comic Provocations: Exposing the Corpus of Old French Fabliaux*, ed. Holly A. Crocker. Foreword by R. Howard Bloch. Studies in Arthurian and Courtly Cultures (New York and Houndmills, Basingstoke, Hampshire: Palgrave Macmillan, 2006), 175–92; here 176.
2. Dubin, "Creative Choices," 180. This also includes context- and time-specific humor, sexual innuendoes, puns, allusions, symbolism, etc., which all pose tremendous problems. Dubin takes a very sensitive, but somewhat very liberal, approach to this task. He observes:

They find some things very funny that we do not, or would prefer not to—violence, for example, and ethnic jokes, belittling women, and mocking the handicapped. I neither tone down nor apologize for such values. I want rhyme and rhythm to lure my reader into a temporary acceptance of the cruel streak that runs through medieval society, without masking it in stilted, archaic diction. I may venture a joke that only a contemporary English speaker could catch, so long as it adds nothing to the literal meaning and involves no anachronism. (184–85)

Of course, this also raises huge problems as to the philological appropriateness of the translation, and Dubin seems to claim more freedom in his translation than I would be willing to concede.

3. See the laudable, though also rather problematic, efforts to translate Heinrich von Meissen's poetry into English by Barbara Newman, *Frauenlob's Song of Songs*, with the critical text of Karl Stackmann and a musical performance on CD by the Ensemble Sequentia (University Park, PA: The Pennsylvania State University Press, 2006); see my review, forthcoming in *Medievalia et Humanistica*.
4. George F. Jones, *Oswald von Wolkenstein*. Twayne's World Authors Series, 236 (New York: Twayne, 1973); *Eroticism and Love in the Middle Ages*, ed. Albrecht Classen. Fifth ed. (1994; Mason, OH: Thomson Custom Publishing, 2004), 563–74. See also Kim Vivian, Frank Tobin, and Richard H. Lawson, *McGraw-Hill Anthology of German Literature*. Vol. I: *Early Middle Ages to Storm and Stress* (New York and London: McGraw-Hill, 1994), 303–08. Nine of Oswald's poems were also translated by Alan Robertshaw and Sieglinde Hartmann in the text accompanying the musical performance by Eberhart Kummer on the CD-ROM *Es fueget sich* (Vienna: IMPACT Presentations, 1998), though here we observe a strategy to render the texts as idiomatically appropriate for the modern reader as possible, which often comes at a certain price.
5. Johannes Spicker, *Oswald von Wolkenstein: Die Lieder*. Klassiker-Lektüren, 10 (Berlin: Erich Schmidt, 2007).
6. Dubin, "Creative Choices," 180, set as his own goals in translating the *fabliaux* the following: "to respect the integrity of the individual line, to preserve humor and wordplay wherever possible, to give a feeling of performance, and to recreate a reasonable facsimile of the rhythms, all as I understand and 'hear' it." In many respects he magisterially achieves these goals, but at times his work results in a form of poetic recreation, which is something different from a translation. Nevertheless, despite our differences, I immensely respect Dubin's philological accomplishments.

#### 4 Translation: The Poems of Oswald von Wolkenstein

1. I would like to express my gratitude to my dear colleague and friend, William C. McDonald, University of Virginia, who read the entire manuscript and offered valuable corrections and suggestions. All remaining mistakes are, of course, mine.
2. Here and throughout I render "red mouth" with "red lips."
3. For further explanations of this passage, see Marold and Robertshaw (7).
4. Normally "latz" means "a man's fly," whereas here Oswald uses it for "rope," or "fetter"; see Marold and Robertshaw (7).
5. Hofmeister (9) interprets "begangen" as "acquired," but a simple "committed" renders the meaning very clearly.
6. Neither Hofmeister nor Schönmetzler seem to make much sense out of these lines, and Marold and Robertshaw mostly skirt the issue. The meaning seems to be as follows: "even if I had been hundred miles away, she

- still would have been able to come to my rescue, whereby I would have recovered.”
7. Hofmeister (15) uses a rather loose translation that extrapolates a lot into the simple phrase. Schönmetzler (22) stays much closer to the original.
  8. For the historical background of this reference, see Marold and Robertshaw (12–13).
  9. These last two lines are entirely missing in Hofmeister’s translation.
  10. Hofmeister’s translation (20) that “a final line will be drawn” does not properly convey the sense of hope that all sins will be forgiven. Robertshaw, in the text to *Es fueget sich* (Kummer), offers the following interpretation: “that sum will soon be crossed out.”
  11. Robertshaw, in the text to *Es fueget sich* (Kummer), prefers the following translation: “on the lonely road to penance,” but this is quite far removed from the original.
  12. Hofmeister suspects that Oswald here might have referred to the existence of an hermit (21, n. 8), but the image of the “forest” might well be a metaphor for the world, similar to how Dante formulated it at the beginning of his *Divina Commedia*: “Midway life’s journey I was made aware / That I had strayed into a dark forest, / And the right path appeared not anywhere” (I, 1–3).
  13. This verse needs some interpretation since the original text only says the following: “he is demanding you to come, give me the reward for the message.” Hofmeister (23, n. 9) interprets the direct object “mir” as a reference to the soul of the poetic “I.” Schönmetzler’s translation (26) confuses the matter without offering any significant help.
  14. Neithart was the famous thirteenth-century satirical poet who, under the disguise of “Neidhart of Reuental,” composed erotic winter and summer songs, regularly ridiculing rowdy peasants and sexually uncontrolled countrywomen. Hofmeister (28) ignores the name and translates it instead as “Der Feindselige” (the hostile person). Schönmetzler (30) keeps the name, but inappropriately changes the entire idiomatic expression of this line in Oswald’s poem.
  15. Hofmeister (29) translates this expression very loosely as “useless efforts.” Schönmetzler (31) offers the likewise inappropriate translation “lame lustful things” (“matten Lüsten”).
  16. Hofmeister (31) renders this as “the glorious group of fools”; Schönmetzler (32) as “the swarm of fools.”
  17. Hofmeister (40) differentiates here right away, considering that Oswald subsequently refers to other Spanish kingdoms, but the poet uses the term “Ispanien” (Spain).
  18. Literally it means the following: “In return for sadness I would not give even one straw.”
  19. Whereas in Kl. 12, 66, “runst” meant “ditch,” here the meaning refers to the content of a ditch, or a riverbed, hence “flowing,” or “streaming.” Hofmeister (44) renders the phrase as “wrought gold,” and Schönmetzler (41) as “gold jewelry.”

20. Hofmeister (44) assumes that Oswald here refers to an instrument, whereas Marold and Robertshaw (28) suggest this reading, which seems to make better sense.
21. Literally, this means “lap” or “woman.” Marold and Robertshaw (29) admit that these verses are highly complicated and not clear in their meaning.
22. Hofmeister (48) renders this passage quite differently: “do not hand us over to the mouth of Hell.” The original has only the verb “las,” meaning “to let,” “to pass,” etc. It seems most unlikely that Oswald might have implied that the Virgin could have actively handed the sinner over to Hell.
23. Hofmeister (49) interprets this, incorrectly, as “without paying attention.” Schönmetzler (45) has it right, by contrast.
24. The Romans had been the first to name Venus as Lucifer, combining the noun “lux” (light) with the verb “ferre” (to bring forth), hence “bearer of light.” See also <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lucifer> (last accessed June 15, 2008).
25. Perhaps she means the Vendavals, westerly winds, though this term normally refers to winds blowing in the Philippines.
26. Oswald uses the term “beghard” here, which Robertshaw, in the text to *Es fueget sich* (Kummer), translates accordingly, but beghards were not known for a peripatetic lifestyle; hence “migrating monk” seems more fitting.
27. Robertshaw, in the text to *Es fueget sich* (Kummer), offers the following interpretation: “which has wounded my heart to the point of bitter death.”
28. Robertshaw, in the text to *Es fueget sich* (Kummer), renders this verse as follows: “my eye would shed many a tear in regret.”
29. Oswald uses the plural, as Robertshaw translates as well in the text to *Es fueget sich* (Kummer), but the context suggests that the poet intended the singular.
30. It is unclear why Robertshaw, in the text to *Es fueget sich* (Kummer), translates this expression as “when death will overtake me.”
31. Robertshaw, in the text to the CD-ROM *Es fueget sich* (Kummer), in an attempt to give us a clearer sense of this passage, provides a much too liberal translation: “two tugging against one.”
32. The meaning is rather unclear; Hofmeister (62) offers the following: “readied a steam bath,” whereas Marold and Robertshaw (52) only explain the term “leck” as “hot tub water,” which is also confirmed by Lexer and elsewhere. Schönmetzler (53) translates as follows: “If they had created hot steam.” Kühn (154) plays on the expression “to make steam” to mean “exerting pressure,” but all this remains somewhat speculative. Hofmeister as well as Marold and Robertshaw believe that Oswald might have referred to an attempted assassination attempt.
33. Here, the pun is on the name of the Spanish pope, Pedro de Luna; “luna” is the Latin word for “moon.”

34. Marold and Robertshaw (56) offer various options for the translation, but prefer this explanation; Hofmeister (66) prefers to read “tillen” as the dance floor.
35. In this instance Robertshaw, in the text to *Es fueget sich* (Kummer), stays closer to the original “man of Rome,” but this does not help much to understand the meaning; hence “King of Rome,” or “Roman king.”
36. Robertshaw, in the text to *Es fueget sich* (Kummer), moves considerably away from the original: “of one loyal man, whose worthiness / seems to me quite rare (par ma foi!).”
37. In all likelihood Oswald is alluding to oral sex in this scene, one of the most graphic description I know of in medieval literature, and yet still beautiful in poetic terms.
38. Scholarship has not been able to figure out tentatively what the concrete meaning of these verses might be; see Marold and Robertshaw (68). Hofmeister (77) does not comment on this passage and translates it in a straightforward manner as if there were no significant problems.
39. For the reference to this Venetian court composer, see Classen (1987: 66–67) and Classen (1994).
40. This is another difficult passage that refuses a straightforward translation. Marold and Robertshaw (70) make a number of meaningful suggestions. Here I follow Hofmeister’s (78) proposal.
41. Here we can only try to intimate what Oswald might have wanted to express. These verses teem with erotic, sexual allusions and are predicated on an enormous onomatopoeic firework of expressions for which there are no complements in English.
42. The verbatim translation is as follows: “how man forms as the child of planets.”
43. Hofmeister (89) translates the text as if God had done this to Oswald, whereas the text does not say so at all. Schönmetzler (70) and Wachinger (2007, 221) translate as I do, giving preference to the original over the interpretation by Hofmeister.
44. Vivian, Tobin, and Lawson (303) offer the alternative translation: “I let them nibble on it.”
45. Brixen is a town in South Tyrol, not far away from Oswald’s castle Hauenstein.
46. Vivian, Tobin, and Lawson (304) unexplainably leave out the name.
47. Vivian, Tobin, and Lawson (305) change the meaning slightly by reading the text differently: “and know this from the priest.”
48. Vivian, Tobin, and Lawson (305) properly render the verb “schenden” as “rape,” whereas Hofmeister (98) uses the much too tame expression “devour.”
49. Oswald only refers to the land of the Berbers, which could be any of the modern North African nations, though Ceuta, mentioned in the next line, is a small Spanish exclave on the southern strait of Gibraltar that the Portuguese conquered in 1415 and ceded to Spain in 1668.

50. This is a pejorative diminutive for Philipp, probably an equivalent to “Joe-Blow.”
51. This is a reference to the Hussites.
52. The pun only works in German, switching from “best” to “boest” (worst).
53. This “Cisiojanus” is a calendar song. To understand the multitude of saints’ names, see, e.g., Marold and Robertshaw (97–120).
54. Today this is Bratislava, the capital of Slovakia, ca. two hours east of Vienna.
55. Robertshaw, in the text to *Es fueget sich* (Kummer), offers the somewhat freer, but also more beautiful version: “mysteriously entwined without dissonance.”
56. Robertshaw, in the text to *Es fueget sich* (Kummer), renders this verse quite impressively, but also too freely: “who feeds all roots with sap through stems and umbels.”
57. Hofmeister’s (121) translation is too free and injects additional meaning.
58. Oswald added this phrase only for rhyme’s sake.
59. Vivian, Tobin, and Lawson (307) translate too literally as follows: “and the lust of my father.”
60. Vivian, Tobin, and Lawson (307) correctly follow the verse literally, whereas Hofmeister (125) uses a much too tame alternative such as “obstinately.”
61. Oswald uses the metaphor of the “rat” for his penis.
62. The meaning of this passage is unclear, since “jan” means “row,” “stretch,” perhaps also “gain.” Marold and Robertshaw (129) also mention the Tyrolese dialect word “jandle” for “girl,” or “virgin,” which would require that Oswald simply shortened it to rhyme with the modal verb “kan.” Hofmeister (126) and Schönmetzler (100) associate “jan” somehow, and without good justification, with “sheaf.” This is also the option chosen by Wachinger (2007, 297), but he refers to Sieglinde Hartmann (Wachinger 2007, 391) as his authority in this regard. The two studies by her that he has included in his bibliography, however, do not contain this information, here disregarding the entirely wrong data for page and annotation in either one of Hartmann’s studies. The word “jan,” unless in the meaning of “little John,” is not included in *Grimms Wörterbuch*. Dr. Max Siller, University of Innsbruck, was so kind as to explain that in Austria/Tyrol “jan” is the row of grass piled up during cutting (email August 18, 2007), which then would mean that the young woman’s hair of her eyebrows are compared to the individual grass leaves in the row. I would like to express my thanks to Dr. Siller for his help.
63. This refers to Mary’s womb. Hofmeister (137) inappropriately translated the word as “hospital.”
64. In contrast to all previous translators, Wachinger (2007, 293) reads this passage entirely differently: “Praised be the star! Because you [Mary] have born and fed the one who desired death for our consolation.”

He reasons that the word “meren” is to be read as a verb, meaning “to increase,” “to promote,” whereas the subsequent “sterbens geren” would refer to Christ (389).

65. I closely follow Wachinger’s translation (2007, 293) because it appears to make more sense than Hofmeister’s or Schönmetzler’s, but none of them has been able to decipher the truly cryptic language used here. Wachinger suggests that Oswald might have established a thematic link between Adam’s and Eve’s fall and mankind’s redemption through Mary (390). See also Marold and Robertshaw (138).
66. The reference is unclear, though some scholars assume that Oswald here might have thought of the figure Parzival from Wolfram von Eschenbach’s eponymous romance (ca. 1205). See Marold and Robertshaw (144).
67. Generally “Barbarei” meant the area of northwestern Africa; today it also includes Algeria and Lybia. See Marold and Robertshaw (63).
68. Oswald seems to refer to Georgia in the Caucasus region; see Marold and Robertshaw (151).
69. Here I follow Wachinger’s translation, which captures the sense of these two verses nicely (2007, 203).
70. This is a town on the shore of Lake Constance.
71. The meaning of these verses are difficult to render, but a freer translation seems to be appropriate here; see also Hofmeister’s suggestion (162, n. 176).
72. Here I follow Wachinger’s suggestion (2001, 91), though the adverb “unrain” (unclean) cannot so easily be rendered as “cleanly.” See Hofmeister’s (169) discussion of this passage.
73. These are purely onomatopoeic words; they are supposed to imitate the sound of wake-up horns.
74. Literally it means “unique, exceptional.”
75. This is the biblical valley where God’s Day of Judgment takes place according to the prophet Joel in the Old Testament (4:2).
76. There is no good way to translate these onomatopoeic verses properly into English.
77. Again, Oswald’s wealth of linguistic word play cannot be fully imitated in English, or in any language, for that matter.
78. Here Oswald resorted to the Latin phrases “ite, venite!”
79. As mentioned earlier, this is modern-day Bratislava, Slovakia.
80. Oswald clearly employs the past perfect, whereas Robertshaw, in the text to *Es fueget sich* (Kummer), renders this verse in the subjunctive simple past: “If I had as heavy . . .”
81. Hofmeister (185, n. 206) argues that this passage would have to read “I am thanking you for complete loyalty,” because otherwise the poet would have indicated that before the lady had not been loyal to him. But since the poem reflects their love affair, her pledge of loyalty seems fitting after all.
82. See Robertshaw (1977: 155), for further explanations of the complex use of dialect terms.

83. Robertshaw, in the text to *Es fueget sich* (Kummer), suggests the following alternative: “instead of loving cares.”
84. Robertshaw, in the text to *Es fueget sich* (Kummer), proposes the following translation: “how you taste,” which carries a strong erotic, if not sexual implication (oral sex?).
85. In the original the verb is in the simple past, but the translation in present tense makes more sense.
86. Neither Marold and Robertshaw nor Hofmeister care to comment on this difficult passage, though there is a clear switch in voices from the male to the female voice. But Hofmeister (197) does not even signal this, whereas Schönmetzler (168) translates “trawn,” which clearly means “hope,” “trust,” “expectation,” etc., as “distrust.”
87. This verse could also mean the following: “Even if . . .”
88. For a good explanation of this passage, see Marold and Robertshaw (184): “even though you might not have any reason to assume that you could expect me granting your wish.”
89. This is one of those proverbs that can be found many times in medieval Latin and vernacular literature; see now Reuvenkam, *Sprichwort*, 118–24.
90. Marold and Robertshaw (188) offer a better interpretation than Hofmeister (204) according to whom this line would mean as follows: “time was no longer meaningful for me,” or “I was beyond time.”
91. Hofmeister (213) alerts us to the possible double meaning, “slit” either referring to the woman’s dress, or her vagina. Considering the extremely erotically charged situation of this “wedding-song” (?), his choice for the second option seems to be most fitting.
92. Robertshaw, in the text to *Es fueget sich* (Kummer), offers even the following corresponding English names: “Jack, Lucie, Conny, Cathy, Benny, Clare.”
93. For the use of the verb “ranzen” in contemporary texts see Zimmermann (266), who argues for an interpretation involving a pornographic meaning.
94. To make sense, this verse would have to be added, copying it from the previous stanza, otherwise the exchange between the two would not make sense. The distribution of the male and the female voice represents a rather thorny issue; see Marold and Robertshaw (195–96).
95. Hofmeister (218) translates the epithet as “obese,” but the word can simply be translated as “drunken,” which would fit an innkeeper quite well.
96. Note the specific erotic metaphor used here.
97. Again here is a specific sexual allusion, the little mouse standing for the penis.
98. Here is a sexual allusion to his penis; see Marold and Robertshaw (200), whereas Hofmeister (222) considers this as well in a note but translates the phrase as “defenseless wren.”
99. Marold and Robertshaw (202) explain “Raucha” as a verb “riuhen,” “riuhen,” or “rûhen,” to become rough, or “to get leaves.”

100. These are nicknames for Oswald and Margarete—hence are highly autobiographical allusions.
101. This is the sexual metaphor for the penis.
102. Oswald uses highly technical terms in the preparation of flax for the sexual allegory.
103. Here I have tried to render the original onomatopoetic phrase into English, but Oswald's phrase still might be preferable here: "ju, jutz, jölich."
104. The meaning of this expression is not quite clear, but Marold and Robertshaw (212) do not comment on it. Hofmeister (239) offers "Wortschwall" ("flood of words"). Schönmetzler (205) simply speculates what the phrase might signal: "You must not lose courage." The noun "gelüidme" means "noise," "screaming," "temptation." See Hennig (103).
105. Marold and Robertshaw (212) offer some suggestions, and Hofmeister (239) translates the text somehow, but here future philological and dialect research will have to do more work.
106. This is probably a satirical formulation reflecting on the peasant's lack of knowledge of proper Latin.
107. Here we would have an excellent example of how Oswald constantly plays with alliterations and assonances, in this case relying on the letters "j" and "f," without paying particular attention to any syntactical, or other grammatical, rules. Robertshaw, in the text to *Es fueget sich* (Kummer), offers a much too liberal translation rather removed from the original: "The young, pretty, fresh, free girl, . . ."
108. Again, Robertshaw, in the text to *Es fueget sich* (Kummer), frees himself too much from the original: "have an alpine charm."
109. Lenepach is a town west of Meran; see Marold and Robertshaw (214).
110. Robertshaw, in the text to *Es fueget sich* (Kummer), alternatively offers the following: "When I have the bait ready."
111. "Gimpel" is an onomatopoetic, hence self-explanatory, term that I would not want to translate. The reader can vividly imagine the meaning.
112. This lines exists only in Ms. A, but Wachinger (2007, 105) incorporates it in his edition and translation; see also his commentary (337).
113. The translation of all these verbs as "said," as Robertshaw, in the text to *Es fueget sich* (Kummer), suggests, diminishes the actual meaning of the entire scene, and ignores the actual phrases employed by Oswald.
114. For the equipment used in a siege during the Middle Ages, see Lepage (129–39, especially 138–39).
115. Again, the poet is playing with word variations that cannot be fully translated into English.
116. Ravenstein is a castle north of Bozen, whereas the Ried is an area, or an estate; see Marold and Robertshaw (218).
117. Robertshaw, in the text to *Es fueget sich* (Kummer), translates these verses too freely: "Hurling and fighting, a fierce battle started, / nobody felt sorry: 'Get cracking and speed up!'"

118. Hofmeister (247) does not give us a clear sense of what these lines could mean, whereas Schönmetzler (211) reads them as literally as I do. Marold and Robertshaw (222) offer no help.
119. Wachinger (145) offers a freer, more understandable translation: "Not to be able to speak I have rarely experienced."
120. Again this is a rather contradictory verse because literally it says the following: "this good fortune would lead me to sorrow in love." See Hofmeister's comments (251, n. 256).
121. Literally it means the following: "that would be my poisonous scream."
122. Verbatim translation is as follows: "while I am getting old."
123. The verbatim translation is as follows: "know how to create"; Hofmeister (256) translates it this way as well.
124. Hofmeister (258) translates the entire line more freely, perhaps too freely, as follows: "and I would live a life as prosperous as before."
125. Here, as in a number of other songs, Oswald takes the extra step to engage in frank discussions of sexuality in startling directness, though I would still not identify it as obscenity; see Kossack and Stockhorst (1–33).
126. Scholarship has so far not properly deciphered the meaning of these verses. Hofmeister's version (262) does not make sense, but neither does Schönmetzler's (223). The translation by Marold and Robertshaw (234) might come the closest, though they also have to render quite creatively the original into modern German. This song is one of many examples where Oswald placed, as it seems, more emphasis on the musicality of his words than on their syntactical or grammatical meaning, not to speak of the content.
127. Marold and Robertshaw (235) admit themselves that the song resists all attempts at reaching a clear interpretation, mostly because the poet placed too much emphasis on the play with rhyme words.
128. Hofmeister (265) offers the following reading: "wofür ein Rechtschaffener sicher nicht zu büßen hat!" ("for which a righteous person certainly does not have to suffer penance!"). Schönmetzler (226) reads as follows: "Die ihm kein Frommer drum entgelten soll" ("for which no pious/righteous person ought to pay").
129. The use of a capital "S" in line 25 "Seid das ich gelouben sol, als du da sprichst" proves to be confusing, since "seid" can only introduce a subordinating conditional clause.
130. Hofmeister's translation: "so fest es nur geht!" (268) does not seem to fit here; Schönmetzler (228) renders the line almost verbatim, which does not make much sense. See also the discussion of this verse by Marold and Robertshaw (241), who speculate that Oswald might have used these words which normally only Margarete is speaking (Kl. 71, 40 and Kl. 77, 4) as a kind of facetious quote.
131. This is a suburb of Constance, located outside of the city wall during the Middle Ages, where tournaments and festivals took place (Marold and Robertshaw 241).

132. This is a castle and town near Constance (Marold and Robertshaw 241).
133. This is the name of the dance hall that used to be the guildhall of the patricians in Constance (Marold and Robertshaw 242).
134. Hofmeister (274) translates the name as "Plagerin" (a bothersome person), assuming that Oswald meant "unruowe" or "unruo" when coining the name "Unrübin." Schönmetzler (235) renders the name as "Frau Kratzer" (Lady Scratcher). Kühn (374) offers the attractive alternative: "Frau Ruppig" (Lady Rough-Shod).
135. Hofmeister (277) replaces the obviously erotic connotation with a standard curse: "may the devil get them," which mellows Oswald's highly dramatic and sexualized language too much.
136. Marold and Robertshaw (246), referring to Motz (1915), translate this line of Hungarian as such. Hofmeister (277) translates as follows: "Let us dip him under the water," whereas Schönmetzler (236), probably most correctly, considering the linguistic context, simply leaves the text as used by Oswald who did not intend his audience to understand what the Hungarians were saying: "Vieggia waniadat."
137. Hofmeister (278) uses the verb "versüßte" (sweetened), though "blessed" is much closer to the original and carries better the satirical meaning.
138. Hofmeister (278) offers a freer translation, which conveys the meaning better: "'Das ist eine alte Geschichte, / die sich aber ständig wiederholt!'" ("This is an old story that repeats itself all the time"), but it also loses the specific image Oswald employed, playing on the poor man's victimization, his bloody body, and the blood of the account told by the painter to his wife.
139. Hofmeister (278) and Schönmetzler (237) translate "baissen" as "to pinch," though the simple meaning is "to bite," which certainly fits here better.
140. The name appears as "Gülcher," a dialect form for "man from Jülich," a small town near Düren in the area of North Rhine Westphalia on the Dutch border. Marold and Robertshaw (248) explain that the notary and secretary in the service of Emperor Sigismund, Peter Kalde, had the nickname "Gulger" (the one from Jülich), originating from Setterich in the principality of Jülich. Oswald participated in the Italian campaign of the emperor and was familiar with Peter Kalde to whom he refers here satirically.
141. This also refers to members of the imperial ambassadorial company; see Marold and Robertshaw (248).
142. This is supposed to be a reference to the imperial councilor Matthias Schlick; see Marold and Robertshaw (248), but all previous translators simply render the term "öheim" as "Oheim" (uncle, friend, relative).
143. Oswald here expresses great anger about someone who had hurt him badly, but we do not yet know whom he might have referred to (Wachinger 379).
144. This is a pun on an historically verifiable person and on winter as a season; see Marold and Robertshaw (249).

145. This reference, or pun, is unclear until today. It is probably a local name.
146. Oswald refers to a fight that he had with Bishop Ulrich II Putsch of Brixen; see Marold and Robertshaw (249); Schwob (1977/89, 223–25) discusses the historical background.
147. These are names for the Bishop of Brixen, Ulrich II Putsch, with whom Oswald had a severe conflict. “Perzli” is a variant of “Putsch.”
148. This verse had to be expanded slightly to make sense of the syntactical problem in the original—reconnecting the subject of this sentence with the one in the previous lines.
149. I could have translated this verse also as Hofmeister (286) did, “There are news to report,” but it would detract from Oswald’s typical poetic imagery.
150. This is a town in central Italy, about 15 miles from Viterbo in the Cimini mountains.
151. This is apparently a sexual allusion, perhaps the following: “wanted to sleep with prostitutes.”
152. See Marold and Robertshaw (252) for further explanations. See also Anton Schwob’s (1977/89, 276–77) discussion of the historical background.
153. This means their arms were broken.
154. This is another typical case of the difference in translating Oswald. Hofmeister (290) uses the adjective “cold,” whereas Schönmetzler (245) uses “tired,” as the original says.
155. The word “hoene” actually means the very opposite, “contempt,” “ridicule,” but also “arrogance,” and hence perhaps “the one in good spirits,” as Hofmeister (290) translates (“Frohgemute”).
156. Oswald here uses a wonderful string of verbs with the same assonances: “unrübet, trübet, / übet,” which cannot be rendered into appropriate English.
157. Hofmeister (291) tries a very loose translation here: “Perceive in me, lady, a person who will never forget you.” Schönmetzler (246) offers the following: “Do not forget me, oh lady, and stay,” which is equally unsatisfactory.
158. This is a religious song in Latin.
159. The text has the spelling “nam” = “name,” but it seems most likely that it is an orthographic mistake for “man” = “man.”
160. The word “latz” is normally used to refer to men’s flap. Hofmeister (302) resorts to the traditional “chaste lap,” though this is not exactly how Oswald formulated it since he tends to describe the female body in graphic terms.
161. Only here I will add verse numbers because this long didactic poem has no other structuring elements, such as stanzas.
162. Hofmeister (307) translates this as “wish,” but the text clearly says “head.” Schönmetzler (259) even uses the noun “power,” which is even further away from the original text, which clearly reads “houbt” = “head.”

163. Hofmeister (310) argues that the verb “*verstēn*” cannot be translated here as “to understand” because it would be in contradiction to the entire context. The exact wording, however, presents no difficulties to render the verb in its original meaning because it refers to “injustice.”
164. Again, the use of the name “*Gebhart*” has to be read as a play on words, though in a reversed order, meaning “the one who likes to take”; see Marold and Robertshaw (262) and Hofmeister (310).
165. Oswald uses the term “representative” or “intercessor,” but the meaning is really “judge,” as the subsequent context indicates.
166. Oswald uses the term “workers,” but within a medieval, particularly rural, context this would mean “peasants.”
167. The meaning of “*piegkanei*” remains somewhat unclear; see Marold and Robertshaw (263), though the context is clear.
168. Hofmeister (316) changes the sentence into active voice: “when he preserves law on both sides.” See also Schönmetzler (265).
169. Hofmeister (317) here draws from Ms. c where the meaning is considerably clearer, whereas the passage in Ms. B seems too fragmented to make good sense.
170. Here is a typical example of how easily one can confuse a Middle High German word with a New High German word because of a slightly different spelling: “*bracht*” is really “*pracht*,” meaning “spectacle,” not the past tense form of “*bringen*” (brought).
171. This is a most unusual phrase not listed in the standard dictionaries. See Marold and Robertshaw (268) for further explanations.
172. This difficult passage could be interpreted differently; Marold and Robertshaw (270) suggest the following: “God and evil appear in alternative intervals.”
173. This might be an historically verifiable person, or it could be play with words, meaning “the chatterbox.” See Marold and Robertshaw (272).
174. We do not know for certain whether Oswald here refers to concrete persons, or whether he is playing with the language; see Marold and Robertshaw (272–73).
175. The verb “*firnen*” is drawn from the Holy Confirmation when the bishop softly strikes the young aspirant’s cheek to remind him to bear all strikes by destiny and similar misfortune with patience; see Marold and Robertshaw (273).
176. Literally it means “if the wine gets too close to them.”
177. Hofmeister (335) tries too hard here and confuses the German reader, Schönmetzler (278) simplifies these verses too much, whereas Marold and Robertshaw (274) do not even try to offer help in understanding these obscure verses.
178. Marold and Robertshaw (276) explain “*ran*” as “running” or “rushing” of the hot avalanches, i.e., of the fiery streams of Hell.
179. For the linguistic explanation of the words used in this line, see Marold and Robertshaw 280: “*posse*” = small cast figure.

180. Only Schönmetzler (286) has captured, it seems, the correct meaning of this contradictory line, whereas Hofmeister (345) uses the adverb “hag-gardly.” Marold and Robertshaw (281) do not comment on this verse.
181. This verse only makes sense if the conjunction “and” is replaced with a “but.”
182. This is a proverbial statement. Hofmeister (347) replaces it with “she was howling with the wolves.” Marold and Robertshaw (284) suggest, in light of the participle “gehaczt” = “instigated,” that the meaning seems to be closer to “to be in a conspiracy.”
183. Technically, this is correct since the Rhine, originating from Switzerland, is flowing through the Lake Constance, with Constance situated on the northwest side.
184. Marold and Robertshaw (286) believe that the noun “kriege” here does not refer to “war,” but instead to “kriec” (hoist), which Hofmeister (349) copies from them. But the simple meaning of “war” makes good sense here; see also Schönmetzler (289).
185. Oswald deliberately switches from his ear to his eye to his mouth to create a comic effect. As far as I can tell, no one has commented on this phenomenon yet.
186. Hofmeister (350) identifies this as a reference first to an inn, but then also to the death penalty of hanging, which does not seem to fit here at all.
187. The first name could be translated as “Stonebreaker,” but it is a personal name, as Marold and Robertshaw (287) explain with reference to historical documents.
188. The rapid change from singular to plural probably served to increase the dramatic setting, having first one group of people in the pub yelling at him, then the innkeeper taking the money as payment from his purse.
189. The meaning remains rather obscure, and neither Hofmeister (350) nor Schönmetzler (290) provide a clear translation that would be understandable and close to the original. Kühn (468) offers quite a different rendition, but it might be much closer to the original: “[If he likes] he should forbid right away a little nibbling in his house.” Even Marold and Robertshaw (287) can only guess what Oswald might have meant here, suspecting only that this innkeeper might have been a pimp who has always allowed his guests to sleep with his prostitutes for good money.
190. Hofmeister (351) reads it just the opposite way: “we did not spend extraordinary amounts for this . . . .” Schönmetzler (290) translates this passage as follows: “It was not expensive at the dance.” The basic meaning is as follows: “This show . . . during the dance was not expensive for us because it was only fake.”
191. The unusual verb “phalzen” is apparently correlated to “phalz,” the seat of a count of the Palatinate, or simply an “imperial palace”; hence “she would be worthy of being married to a count.” See also Marold and Robertshaw (288).

192. This is either the name of an inn, then it would be “Schlegel,” or an ironic reference to some beating that he received there; see Hofmeister (352).
193. This is supposed to be a curse word, associating the willow tree with a gallows; hence “by the gallows”; see Marold and Robertshaw (289).
194. Oswald’s original verse teems with the following alliterations: “neid, leid meid . . . zeit!”
195. Schönmetzler (294) has entirely changed the meaning of this verse by treating the direct object “love” as the subject.
196. Hofmeister (361) reads this line entirely differently, suggesting that it refers to a past event: “when he displayed his fiery sword.” See also Marold and Robertshaw (292) for the biblical source and hence the full meaning.
197. The contradictory nature of these lines remains unresolved, and none of the previous translators and commentators has offered any suggestions in this regard.
198. “Brown” or “black” is the common epithet used in late-medieval German love poetry to describe a beloved young woman and has no racial implications whatsoever. See Wehrli (1077). Instead, it generally refers to country girls who are, due to their work conditions, darkly suntanned. It also implies a certain degree of sexual availability because these color epithets traditionally refer to the woman’s genitals.

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