

Murmur Mori, Mirko Volpe: Wizlaw III von Rügen, Loibere Risen - 13th cent

Sources:

Jena, Ms. El. f. 101

Musical Instruments:

Gittern, Symphonia, Frame Drum, Sleigh Bells, Chant

Notes:

"The leaves fall from the trees and the branches are bare. The flowers are gone, beautiful in their former splendor. The frost comes to envelop the plants so I am sad: still I will sing thinking of my fair lady! Though the winter is cold, others joys will come."

This is the feeling and the context into which this wonderful composition by Prince Minnesänger Wizlaw III von Rügen takes us.

A love song at the end of summer, a melancholic love for the frost that strips the trees and covers flowers and meadows. But it is the face of the beloved, with cheeks as red and beautiful as roses, that give the minnesänger the strength to sing despite the icy north wind. The Prince of Rügen courageously abandons the troubadour topos of spring love to sing even in the cold winter, painting a melody which, despite the centuries, sounds wonderful and pleasant even to current tastes while effortlessly supporting the words of this poem with delicate tones, like the leaves on the trees inexorably await, day after day, the moment to fall.

Lyrics and translation:

Loibere risen von den boimen hin zu tal
Des stan blot ir este.
Blomen sich wisen daz se sint vurtorben al
Schoene was ir gleste.
Sus twinget de rife
Maniger hande wurzel sal
Des bin ich gar sere betrubet.
Nu ich zu grife sint der winder ist so kal
Des wirt nuwe vroide geubet.

Helfet mir schallen hundert tusent vroiden mer
Wen des meien blute kan bringen.
Rosen de vallen an minr vrowen roter ler
Da von wil ich singen.
Twingt mich de kulde,
Al ir wurzel smackes ger
De sint an ir libe gestrowet.
Wurbe ich ir hulde, son bedrocht ich vroiden mer
Sus de minningliche mich vrowet.

Leaves fall from the trees down the valley, that is why the branches are bare. All the flowers are faded, their splendor was beautiful. The frost overcomes also many herbs and makes them fade. I am very sad about that. However, since winter is so bare, there must be other joys. Help me sing of a joy a hundredthousand times greater than that which the buds of May can bring. Roses enchant me on the red cheeks of my lady, that's what I will sing of. I may be harassed by cold; all the fragrance of the scenting herbs is dispersed on her body. Could I win her grace, the lovely one would give me so much joy that I would not need any other joy.

Loylere risen. von dem toymē.
 hnt tzu tal. des stan blot ir este.
Blomen sich wissen. das se sint
 vür toren al. stonē wäst ir glesse
Sus twinghet der iphe. manighet

hande wirtzel sal. des bin ich ghar
 sere te trüere. **D**u ich tzu griphe.
 sint der winter ist so kal. des wirt
 mitwe vroppe ghe vlet.
Delpher mit stallen. hundert
 nissent vropden met. wen
 des meien blüte kan bringhen.
Bosen te vallen. an mit vrowen
 roter ler. da von wil ich singhen.
Tuwinet mich de hulde. al ir vür
 zel sinaghes ger. te sint an ir lre
 ghe strowet. **V**oete ich ir hulde.
 so te drocht ich vropden met. sus
 demingliche mich vrowet.