



## "Grace, honor and praise are her domain" | "Zucht er und lob ir wonet bey"

### Text Information

Author | Erhard Oeglin

Language | Early New High German

Period | 16th Century

Genre | Lyric Verse/Song

Source | Bayerische Staatsbibliothek München 00082229 Rar.27 Stimme T f.43r

Collection | Love Songs of the Medieval World: Lyrics from Europe and Asia

URL | [sourcebook.stanford.edu/text/oeglin\\_grace\\_honor\\_praise/](http://sourcebook.stanford.edu/text/oeglin_grace_honor_praise/)

Translation by Christopher Hutchinson.

### Introduction to the Text

The first printed songbook with songs primarily in German was printed in July 1512 by the Augsburg printer Erhard Oeglin (ca. 1470-1520). The songbook consists of four partbooks – it is also the first German song collection with four voices throughout – and contains 49 songs with a mixture of spiritual and secular content; 43 of which are in German and 6 in Latin. Oeglin was an innovative printer, credited as one of the first printers to print musical notation with movable type and as one of the first printers of "Zeitungen" – news-sheets. Oeglin does not attribute any of the songs to particular composers but some of these songs do appear in other songbooks of this period where they are attributed to various composers active at the Imperial court, including Ludwig Senfl, Paul Hofhaimer and Heinrich Isaac. These songs are collectively known as tenor lieder, as the melody is usually carried by the tenor line. This was the prototypical song type in Germany at the turn of the sixteenth century and enjoyed particular prominence at the court of the Emperor Maximilian.

### Introduction to the Source

Digitized copies of these partbooks, from the Bayerische StaatsBibliothek in Munich, are available online [here](#).

### Further Reading

Saunders, Steven. "Music in Early Modern Germany." *Early Modern German Literature 1350-1700*, edited by Max Reinhart, Rochester: Camden House, 2007.

Keyl, Stephen. "Tenorlied, Discantlied, Polyphonic lied: Voices and instruments in German secular polyphony of the Renaissance." *Early Music*, vol. 20, no. 3, 1992, pp. 434–445.



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Thüe was ich wil so ist mein gunst / umb sunst / dye  
grosse prünst / der trewen lieb myet mich schwer-  
lich / mir gschicht unrecht bey meinem aydt / mein  
zeyt / on alle freyt / vertreiben muß den lon hab ich  
/ mein allte trew bedenck gsell pass / und lass mich  
bleyben ewig dein / in güet erschein / vertreib mein  
peyn / und laß mich sein / bevolhen dyr erbarmb dich  
mein.

Ja fraw dein red mein hertz vast yeht / nw liebt /  
und unmass tryebt / dein tugend groß mich armen  
brüder / du waist das ich an argen won / lieb hon /  
dich hösten kron / und stätz bewar dein zucht und  
er / dan all mein frewd in ewr giet / ich pitt / verstet  
mich ewen recht / ich bin gantz schlecht / darum an  
secht / getrewen knecht / und uns bayde nit weitter  
schwecht.

Nicht lass mich gen dir verhetzen / letzen / auch  
nit setzen / kan mich von dir kayns menschen list /  
ach werden glück erbarmb dich mein / vereyn solch  
schwere peyn / durch deine güt als frumb du bist / o  
mein hertz aller liebster gsell / ich stell / mein trost  
und hayl in dich / ich mayns treylich / mein lieb an  
sich / bit hertziklich / deyn aygen bin glaub sicher-  
lich.

Ach gsell nit glaub ir trew sich an / ob schon / sein  
gwonlich lon / traurige lieb erzaygen thüt / rumb laß  
nit ab deyn gmüt hyn lenck / bedenck / on not nicht  
krenck / dich selber han ayn güten müß / der gley-  
chen dw zart schöne fraw / an schaw / sein klag und  
schmerzlich peyn / den hertz verzeyn / kein frömb-  
den scheyn / nit lass darein / trew ist seltzam drumb  
halt dich sein.

Whatever I do, my favor is in vain; the great ardor  
of faithful love torments me grievously; I'm being  
wronged, I swear! I have to pass the time with no joy;  
that's my reward. Sweetheart, think hard about how  
faithful I have always been, and let me remain yours  
forevermore; come to me in good cheer, take away my  
pain and let me be bound to you: have mercy on me!

Yes, my lady, your words move my heart deeply; now  
your virtue beguiles and [at the same time] saddens,  
me, poor brother that I am, without measure. You  
know that I love you and trust you, my dearest trea-  
sure, and always maintain your favor and grace: For all  
my joy lies in your goodness. I ask and understand me  
right: I'm being completely honest; so look at me, your  
faithful servant, and don't weaken us both anymore.

Don't let me defy you or stand in your way, no human  
deception can take me away from you. Oh, dear for-  
tune, have mercy on me; alleviate this grievous pain  
with your goodness, for you are gracious. Oh, my  
heart's dearest companion, I place my comfort and  
salvation in your hands; I mean it in good faith; I ask  
you from the bottom of my heart, see my devotion: I  
am yours for sure, believe me.

Oh, my lad, don't believe [the slanderer], see her faith-  
fulness, in case sorrowful love should give its usual  
reward, don't give up, set your mind to it, think about  
it, don't hurt yourself unnecessarily: Be in good cheer.  
Likewise, you, gentle, beautiful lady, see his sorrow  
and grievous pain. Lock your heart and don't let any  
strange pretence enter it. Loyalty is rare: therefore,  
stay with him.