

The Germans in Dobrudscha (Part 14)

The book listed below, containing 248 pages of information, is being translated chapter by chapter and posted as each chapter is completed. Part 1 gives you a summary of each of the 15 chapters in the “Contents” section. The words in the [square brackets] are those of the translator and are not found in the original text.

Translator: Allen E. Konrad
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The Germans in Dobrudscha

**along with a contribution
to the history of the German
migration in Eastern Europe**

**by
Paul Traeger**

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14.

The Folk Song

The German song in general and the original folk song in particular are of paramount importance for the inner life of the separated elements of our people. They exist for their language education, because with few exceptions they are sung in High German, often the only thing in High German form that comes close to them besides the Bible and hymn book. But above all, the old, genuine folk song is one of the truest transmitter and preserver of our people's own mode of sentiment and imagination. It is rooted in the deepest foundation of the German people's soul and only continues to live on as long as it does not die, shrink away or change in their being. Even school and skillful attention cannot keep it alive when the kindred essence of receptiveness is extinguished, without which there is no understanding and sympathy by the unsophisticated offspring, in which our people have expressed joy and suffering for centuries and have handed them down from generation to generation. Even more so than in the mere preservation of the language, it is thus revealed in the continuation and holding of the folk songs, how far in the foreign environment German sentiment and perception was preserved undiminished. There are Germans in foreign countries who are still completely and flawlessly proficient in the mother tongue and who are nevertheless alienated in experiences and thoughts of their folklore. What applies for individuals can also apply for whole colonies. One will look in vain for old songs in such places. The experience of the folk song thus provides a gauge for assessing the inner preservation of German essence in a foreign country community.

In other respects, knowledge of the existing songs is important. Many of the original folk songs are not that widely spread throughout Germany, but are limited to certain areas of the country. These songs also give support to the origin of the former emigrants. Often the special kind of songs preserved and popular in a colony tells us about their prominent sentimental, playful or soldierly character, something about the past, the spiritual tendency and the lineage of the colonists. Furthermore, the treasured songs of a colony also shows whether and to what extent it has been touched by strangers and modern influences. It therefore merits more attention to the folk songs in the study of foreign Germanness than was bestowed on it so far,¹ and the German scientific folk song information will be enriched with some valuable song, which is lost in the homeland itself. So I have recorded on page 160 the song *Get up, You Young German Brothers (Auf, ihr junge, deutsche Brüder)* which cannot be confirmed in any German folk song collections, but it is still sung in Dobrudscha and also in the German colonies on the Volga River.²

The folk song has remained in the villages of Dobrudscha like the wild growing, uncultivated and untended flower before in the Russian settlements, from where its origins and character comes from. As the forefathers themselves brought it from the districts of the German homeland

¹ Certainly, the existing folk songs have already been collected in various foreign territories, in the Volga, in Bukovina, in Slovenia, at a number of the tribes of Austria etc., but it almost always happened only according to the method and the viewpoints of the German folk song research in general, without closer account of what the songs tell us of the colonies themselves.

² As "Recruit Song from the Volga" featured in the "Heimkehr", *Kriegszeitung des Fürsorgevereins für deutsche Rückwanderer*, Berlin, 1. Jahrg., Nr. 12.

into the steppe, so it has propagated itself from generation to generation. No one refined its melodies, no printed collection preserves its wording in fixed form and establishes the tradition. As mentioned earlier, I have not found in any house a secular songbook or heard of its presence. But even without this observation, this circumstance, as we will see, is the result of the existing song treasure itself. No one has ever taken the trouble to expand on these and give the colonists new songs.

Next, there are two things characteristic of the treasure of folk songs of the Dobrudscha farmers: First of all, we see overwhelmingly that they are connected with old German folk things, with truly, real folk songs, some of which existed already in the 15th and 16th century, and then, some of the contents are quite alien to the current knowledge and imagination of the farmers. Apart from some of the songs that were created here and there in Dobrudscha itself, they stayed the same as the immigrants brought them. Of the 95 songs found in Dobrudscha, only about a dozen are to be considered part of the ethnic artistic songs. But with a few exceptions, these became part of the ethnic heritage in Germany already at the end of the 18th or the beginning of the 19th century, they are for the most part not even in Germany today, but forgotten. That these what became folk songs were heard as poems of the time before the emigration is already evidenced by the names of their authors: Artist Müller, Schubart, Pfeffel, Count Fr. Leopold Stolberg, Joh. Rud. Wyß, Kaspar Friedrich Lossius, Fr. L. Bührlen, Samuel Friedrich Sauter, Körner, Max von Schenkendorf. Some of these poems are also explained by their special character: they are fatherland songs that inspired our people during the wars of freedom and thus, with a fresh impression, accompanied the emigrants to Russia.

On the whole, the finer, let alone the folk-originating songs of higher art form, are unknown. In particular, there is a lack of the numerous songs which today in Germany are among the most popular and widespread folk songs, which, however, usually only after the time of emigration and with the participation of the school and the musical arts have penetrated the people, like Heine's—*Lorelay*, Eichendorff's—*In a Cool Soil (In einem kühlen Grunde)*, Hauff's—*I stand in a very dark midnight (Steh' ich in finstrier Mitternacht)*, Raimund's—*So farewell, you silent house (So leb' denn wohl, du stilles Haus)*, and others.³ Also, not even one of these newer favorite songs has been sung or mentioned to me. With the last stragglers to Russia in the 1830s and 1840s, the two more recent of the fairly moderate art songs I have noted have been recorded by the colonists: Sauter's—*Emigrant Song (Auswandererlied)* and Hoffmann von Fallersleben's—*Tears, tears, I have shed a lot (Tränen, Tränen hab' ich viel vergossen)*. And this, at the same time, with the conclusion of the immigration, it also corresponds to the fact that I did not encounter a single one of the many modern popular songs and box-office hits from operas and operettas, which, for a period of time or continually, captivated Germany. This in contrast to the Germans in the Volga colonies, who, besides the old, brought from the homeland also numerous newer ones by way of teachers and printed collections transmitted songs of Goethe, Heine, Uhland, Körner, Hauff, Giebel, Hoffmann von Fallersleben, Raimund and others songs. This also in contrast to the Germans in Slavonia, who have recorded the beautiful singing of the *Fishermen, the little ones (Fischerin, der kleinen)*, as well as Millöcker's—*Between*

³ Vergl. Die Sammlung der "Volkslieder und Kinderreime aus den Wolgakolonien." Gesammelt und herausgegeben von J.E. und P.S. Sjaratow 1914. "Sogar die billigen Berliner Coupeltsammlungen mit der widrigen Grunewaldpoesielungen schon in die Kolonien hinein." Ebenda, Einleitung XXI.

rocks, full of snow (*Zwischen Felsen, die voll Schnee*) and other modern productions.⁴ But also from another perspective, the lack of the later influence is worth noting. The Dobrudscha farmers have also not adopted anything from the songs of the surrounding foreign nations, neither melodies nor lyrics, nor any idiomatic expressions and refrains.

This striking standstill in the duration of the treasury of songs and its preservation of the old, genuine character finds its explanation, on the one hand, by being almost completely cut off from the German homeland; on the other hand, by the specific position which the folk song occupies in the Dobrudscha colonies.

Since Herder and Shakespeare, Achim von Arnim and Brentano, the great significance of the folk song is no longer questioned by anyone. We attribute that to the most precious sweethearts of our nationality. For the farmers in Dobrudscha, this knowledge is still far away in heaven. The young people sing the old songs and preserves them, but the grown-ups are ashamed of them and consider them to be like other foolishness and sins of youth. The strict pietistic spirit, which, as shown above, reigns in the colonies, despises and stands up against these secular, impious songs as “mischievous songs” (*Schelmenlieder*) and “alley songs” (*Gassenlieder*), which, as I once was with insistent earnestness informed, “is not for Christians.” They are banished from the circle of the family, from the social meetings of the adults, they only live on, but as fresh and indestructible, in the alleys, in the romp around places of the youth and on the strolls of the young boys and girls. As a pastor assured me, only spiritual songs are tolerated in the Lutheran colonies, even at weddings. This fanatic-like narrow-mindedness did not first develop in Dobrudscha, it was and is also in the home of the South Russian villages. I would like to give two examples to prove how so few of the self-educated men and leaders of their communities are free of it. So, it does not show very affectionate understanding for the essence of the folk song when Jacob Stach from the Liebenthal colonies reported:⁵ “A very limited supply of often immoral and disreputable songs and dance pieces satisfies in general the musical need. The accordion is usually the only instrument that some fellows know how to handle, decent folk songs are sung less gladly and usually fall into oblivion, even if such have been practiced in the school.” However, he continues, “In some homes it is a pleasure to observe how of one mind parents and children encourage singing, also the folk song,” but he certainly is not thinking of the actual, racy folk song. And E.H. Bush expresses his opinion: “Singing presents itself, but it usually occurs only in the form of a popular song and therefore there is nothing attractive about it.”⁶ Even in the Volga colonies, the older folks do not consider it proper to sing alley songs, and only at weddings do they take part in the songs of the youth. “Sadly, however, it is about the folk song, for the most part in those colonies, where the church-oriented brothers are numerous, their way of thinking and mindset influenced the entire life-style of the congregation and in narrow-minded pietistic spirit strives to uproot and eradicate these presumed ‘mischievous pieces’ (*Schelmenstücken*).”⁷

Naturally, the religious rejection of the secular song had the consequence that it was banished from the schools as well. Even if the teachers had wanted it, the farmers would not have

⁴ Vergl. Die Liste Arthur Byhans: Deutsche Volkslieder aus Ungarn. Z. B. f. B. 26, S. 335 ff.

⁵ Die deutschen Kolonien in Südrussland. 1. Tl., S. 91.

⁶ Materialien, S. 144.

⁷ Volkslieder und Kinderreime aus den Wolgakolonien. S. XI.

tolerated his encouragement and practice here, nor did they tolerate a teacher playing games with his students. "We did not learn any songs in school," I was told in Fachria and elsewhere with some astonishment over my inquiry. This is the only way to explain that the folk song treasure has not been enriched by new ethnic songs, even by the Reich German teachers who worked in various colonies for years. If here and there a teacher at one time undertook to allow a secular song to be sung in school, it was certainly not a love song or a humorous one, but a serious one from the fatherland. So it might be that *The watch on the Rhine (die Wacht am Rhein)* may have first come into Dobrudscha, perhaps from Uhland's—I had a comrade (*Ich hatt' einen Kameraden*). This song might well have been known to the emigrants, but it is possible that it was only now spread by the German occupation, at least it was sung to me with *Glory, Victory (Gloria, Viktoria)*.

Despite the condemnation of folk singing as an unchristian activity, in all villages there was much and willing singing, in the Catholic perhaps somewhat more or, at least, more openly and freer. The old teacher of a large Lutheran colony assured me that the folk songs found in the Catholic villages were not known to them, but immediately afterwards I heard from some lads and girls a number of the oldest and most authentic. At first, things were a little reserved, but then I was more than once surprised at how inexhaustible the reserve of well-known songs were known to both male and female singers, how untiringly ready they were to sing. Refreshing and joyfully, the whole circle joined in when the music started. The children sing at a very young age and the young boys and girls, but equally women and men, and in Caramurat, even a seventy year old farmer; in Atmagea, an even older farmer woman with a whole series of outlawed mischievous songs in her head. "We could sing to you throughout the whole night," someone said to me in a Lutheran village, and really, for half the night in a Catholic village, a young farmer's wife, together with her husband and the female singers of the church, sang one song after the other. The children are also familiar with the songs of some embarrassing content as well as the harmless ones. I have a fond memory of a visit to a school that was re-established by the German administration. The teacher let a few of the practiced songs be sung. They went quite moderately, with half participation and knowledge. At my request to the class of some eight to fourteen year old boys and girls that they might sing a song that they had not learned in school, after some embarrassed hesitation, a little boy made the first suggestion, and all together the whole group sang with all their hearts: *It is time, it is time to go to sleep, I must go to my beautiful beloved ('s ist Zeit, 's ist Zeit zum Schlafengehen, zu meinem Feinsliebchen muß ich gehen)* (see p. 151). The second song they chose was also similar, of which I unfortunately received no transcript.

Therefore the folk song among the Germans in Dobrudscha today is still a not only wildly growing, but even as a plant which is considered to be a weed (*Unkraut*), which lives only through its own vitality. Retreating because of the influence of fashion and refined taste and enrichment through printed collections, without care and guidance through school and clubs, it has preserved its handed down from the past possession and character. After all, the nature of the songs and the form in which we find them are planed [as in carpentry] and polished by no one. Compared with the writings from the homeland, some were only incomplete or garbled in the memory, others, as in Germany recorded readings, seem to have received the original version purer and more complete than previously known. Sometimes parts of different songs are brought

together and certain popular verses recur in several of them. In some cases, if one apparently no longer understood them, the wording disappears.

What applies to content and text also applies to the singing methods. Here, too, no embellishment or enriching influence has been invoked. One cannot say that the musical enjoyment of the ones listening is a great one. It is usually very loud, almost screaming, sung with something like the tone of a bawling voice. The German farmers learned nothing from the melodic singing of the Russians and Romanians. The poverty of melodies is striking. For most of the songs, one seems to know only the same harsh popular ballad manner, which was made known to us some twenty years before at the ballad pictures at the annual village market. Only in a few cases was I able to recognize a proper, more artful melody. Very popular is the refrain and also added to it exclamations such as *wie ei, ei, ei, jo, jo, oho* and others.

There are by far more love songs. Good fortune in love and more still the pains of love, farewell and separation, abandonment and yearning, the cost of being in love and pain over death, infidelity, misconduct and dishonor, love experiences, sadness and joking, that is what we hear from them. But it deserves to be emphasized that they are only songs in which the real vividness of the old, genuine folk song is still alive. It is none of the sugary sentiment and sentimentality that has been found among us in the folk songs that have made their entrance since the last century. On the other hand, a series of old ballad-like folk songs are preserved and popular among these farmer emigrants which are narrated by the love stories of knights, riders and hunters, as the story of Knight Edward and his Ida *Once in a garden among the shade of leaves (Einst in Gartens dunkler Laube)*, the count who slept with his maid *Johann, Johann, saddle your horse (Johann, Johann, sattel' du dein Pferd)*, or the already in 1534 and following years authenticated in various places song of the Painted Roses *A young maiden wants to go to the water (Es wollt' ein Mädchen nach Wasser gehn)*, or the end of the 16th century *There were three who were captured (Es waren drei gefangen)*, *A hunter ventured out full of hope (Es ging ein Jäger aus frischem Mut)*, *There was a lad who was eighteen years old (Es war ein Knab' von 18 Jahr)*. To this also belongs the song recorded by A. Byhan in Cogevalac about the Count and the nun *I stood on a high mountain (Ich stand auf hohem Berge)*, which was taken note of by Goethe in Alsace in 1771, but already shown in 1544 in a Low Land version and among all German tribes, but also circulating in Holland, Denmark, Sweden and Flanders.

Next to the love songs are a small number of popular old soldier songs, mainly those that lament the burdens and sufferings of the soldier's life. About half a dozen fatherland-related songs seem to be disbursed only in some parts of the colonies. Of the older historical folk songs, I have found only one that originated, according to Ditfurth, in 1778 on the occasion of the Bavarian Succession War *King Joseph, do you still want to (Kaiser Joseph, willst du noch)*.⁸ On the other hand, the young fellows of a village sang a whole new historical song to me which came only from the current war and dealt with the Battle of Tutrakan. Unfortunately, I have to give up their rendition in the interest of the German farmers. Furthermore, a few comic poems and the two emigrant songs belong to the collection of the treasury of songs. What characterizes the way of life of the colonists is the absence of almost all social folk songs; in particular, I have not heard a

⁸ Die historischen Volkslieder von 1763-1812. Berlin 1872, Nr. 8.

single one of the many drinking songs of the homeland, which is also appropriate due to the lack of taverns of the German villages.

Now is this possession of what is held in common the whole of Dobrudscha Germanness? Is it living indiscriminately among a comparatively small number of people who have been living together there for several generations? It would be good to assume, and yet, as far as I was able to observe, it is not so. Even in the songs already taken note of in another reference, noteworthy the separate lives one from another of the colonies, which, together with the subdued conservatism of the various groups, still to this day there is no harmonization between these few, on hemmed in ground, which has led to a unification of Germans. Songs that are familiar in one village seem to be completely unknown in another. And it is not just random, but differences in the nature and character of the sung songs that were established in the history, ancestry and direction of the former immigrants. It is certainly no coincidence if among the 16 songs I recorded among the Kashubian folks, emigrants from West Prussia and Prussian-Poland who founded Atmagea, there are only 3 love songs and no less than 10 soldiers songs and fatherland kinds, to which also is included the just mentioned historical one. It's not a random result of my sources, because among my singers in Atmagea there were even more girls and women than boys. In this colony, whose founders had left Germany only after the Napoleonic Wars, and only in this, I found the ethnic artistic songs of patriotic character, which under the pressure of Bonaparte and during the Wars of Freedom, the German youth enthusiasts and those who in older collections are still recorded as folk songs: Count Friedrich Leopold von Stolberg's *My arm becomes strong and great my courage (Mein Arm wird stark und gross mein Mut)* and *Son, here you have my lance (Sohn, da hast du meinen Spcer [maybe Speiß])*, Max von Schenkendorf's morning song *Rises from the earth (Erhebt euch von der Erde)*, Theodor Körner's *Father, I am calling you (Vater, ich rufe dich)* and a seemingly incomplete song:

*Laßt, Brüder, uns trachten
Nach echt deutschem Sinn
Und fremden Land verachten,
Das bringt allein Gesinn.⁹*

Brothers, let us strive
For genuine German consciousness
And despise the foreign country,
That's the only way of thinking.

It might be thought that here we may not only have to do with oral tradition, that there is a written source, a printed or written collection of songs coming from the Freedom Wars. But this contradicts the fact that, on the one hand, the singers often did not know the lyrics of these songs and that they mixed things up, and that on the other hand also the orthography and grammar of the transcripts, as far as I let them come up with them on their own, is quite flawed. Also untenable is the other possible assumption that here the knowledge points back to the Imperial German pastor or the teacher from the Rauhen House. These would certainly have brought other songs like those hardly sung in Germany anymore. There is no doubt that it is old tradition in the Swabian colonies, but not held everywhere, in which the Prussian spirit of the forefathers still shows itself alive. I heard a song of the same kind being describe in that way only in the Caramurat colony, which in its composition also has a strong Prussian-Polish impact, the song

⁹ Shows up in part in "Auf, auf fürs deutsche Vaterland" im Allgemeinen deutschen Liederbuch, Leipzig 1847, Nr. 85.

reproduced on page 159 *When I get up early in the morning (Wenn ich morgens in der Früh aufsteh)*, that was made and sung between 1813 and 1815 in Colberg Regiment.¹⁰

On the other hand, of the 28 songs written down in the Swabian-southern German colonies, there is not a single soldier's song. Up to 4 are all love songs, and cannot actually be considered real folk songs. The ethnicity of the artistic song has here also become completely insignificant.

Strongly noted still today in the songs sung by them is the original tribal character of the colonists, which raises a further question: to what extent can the folk songs reveal the German districts and places of origin? In the course of time, a large part of the old songs that live in our people have found their way to all the tribes within and outside the realm, so that we do not know about their birthplaces if they do not through the content or through the dialect point to a certain area. These must of course be excluded for such an investigation. There are, however, also a few who still have only a narrow distribution area, or at least we can recognize where they were at home first, even if they are scattered out from there into every direction. And the German Folk Song Research has ensured through numerous collections according to provincial aspects, that we can find out which folk songs are sung in the various districts, and often in which localities.

If we look at the dispersed songs in the Dobrudscha villages, we not only get a general confirmation of what we learned from other sources about the origin of the colonists, but in some cases even find a very striking agreement of the individual localities which, on the one hand, were determined as the homeland of the emigrants, on the other hand, as references to their songs. A general confirmation is already evident in the fact that the 22 songs noted in Cogevalc, Fachria and Mangeapunar, for which I found an occurrence in Germany, are all verifiable in southern Germany, and even in the Palatinate, from where, of the most complete collections, 20 are available: in Hesse 18, in Swabia 14, and in Alsace 6. Only 9 of them are also in northern Germany. On the other hand, of the 10 actual folk songs from Atmagea, there is evidence of only 2 in the Palatinate, only 1 in Alsace and 5 in Hesse and Swabia.

What is more remarkable, however, is that we came to learn in their living folk songs the names of several of the localities as the homeland places of the forefathers of a colony, as well as the German discovery. The Catholic families who emigrated to Dobrudscha from the colonies in the Kherson *Gouvernement* came partly from the Palatinate villages of Kirchartt, Kandel, Mörlheim, Nußbach and from the vicinity of Heidelberg. From the songs out of their Dobrudscha settlements of Malcoci, Mangeapunar and Caramurat, in the Rhenish-Palatinate and Baden-Palatinate it was discovered by M. Elizabeth Marriage,¹¹ that there were no less than 7 right in Kirchartt and 5 in Handschuhsheim near Heidelberg; of those by G. Heeger and W. Wüst,¹² 4 in Kandel, 2 in Mörlheim and 1 in Nußbach. The village of Flehingen also belongs to the homeland places of the Baden-Palatinate emigrants, where Samuel Friedrich Sauter was born and was the schoolmaster, the author of the emigrant song *Now the time and hour has come (Jetzt ist die Zeit und Stunden da)*, so that even here it is admitted that an immediate transmission

¹⁰ Deutsche Volkslieder. Sammlung von Fr. L. Mittler. 2. Aufl. Frankfurt a. M., 1865, Nr 1429 "Kriegslieder der Preußen."

¹¹ Volkslieder in der badischen Pfalz, Halle a. S. 1902.

¹² Volkslieder aus der Rheinpfalz. Mit Singweisen aus dem Volksmunde gesammelt. 2 Bde. Kaiserslautern 1909.

in 1830 of a composed song from its place of origin took place when the emigrants left for Dobrudscha.

Not in all villages did I have time and opportunity to record songs when, in most of them, I also suggested that the people sing or tell me what they knew. My transcripts come from 5 colonies and include 56 songs: from Atmagea 16, from Caramurat 12, from Cogealac 8, from Mangeapunar 15 and from Fachria 5. With a few exceptions, only such songs are considered which were really sung to me and whose text I could either record directly after the song or were written down for me by the singers. I have left aside what I occasionally heard in one of the schools opened by the German administration, and I have not had a written song booklet as a source, so that it really only deals with folk songs now in use.

My material is considerably supplemented by an earlier record of German songs taking place in Dobrudscha. In 1915, Arthur Byhan visited a number of colonies and paid attention to the folk song. He recorded 39 secular songs, of which he recorded 19 in Cogealac, songs written by Robert Radke¹³ in a song book of 1899-1901, 12 gathered in a handwritten collection of 1898-1901, songs sung in Malcoci, and 16 written down in Caramurat. In his publication, the full wording of 7 is reproduced, by the other only the starting line.¹⁴ 2 of the printed ones are more recent ridicule (*Spottlieder*) songs on Romanian cultural circumstances, 2 soldiers songs from the 1812 and 1813 campaign. Byhan's collection also contains by far predominantly old, real folk songs. 10 of them are also among those I wrote down.

My rendition of the texts gives the wording as I have heard it, and I have not changed anything, even if it contained apparent mistakes and recollection errors, and made changes to the handwriting of the German-language transcripts to as close to as they had been presented. For the complete impression, I have only chosen what is less known and otherwise not easy to read, or if my reading appeared as comparative material of interest for the Folk Song Research.

With regard to the notes, it was not for me to cite every confirmed occurrence, but only generally to shed light on the distribution and a little about the fellow-countryman affiliation with the districts of origin of the colonist, and the age of what was brought along out of the homeland. Nor did philological studies come into question here, and, as a rule, I did not deal more precisely with the more or less greater deviations from the versions known up to now.¹⁵

¹³ This one is apparently the teacher who later appeared in Anadolchioi, who led the unfortunate emigration to Asia Minor.

¹⁴ With references by Johannes Bolte in Z.d.B f. B. 1917, S. 141-146.

¹⁵ The title abbreviations of the notes refer to the following works: Algier: Weltlicher Liederschatz, Reutlingen 1841. — Amft, G., Volkslieder der Grafschaft Glatz, Habelschwerdt 1911. — Andree: Braunschweiger Volkskunde, 2. Aufl. Braunschweig 1901. — Becker, Karl: Rheinischer Volksliederborn, Neuwied a. Rh. o. I. — Böhme, Fr. M.: Altdeutsches Liederbuch. Volkslieder a.d. 12. Bis 17. Jahrh. Leipzig 1877. — Ditfurth, Frhr. V.: Fränkische Volkslieder, Leipzig 1855. — Erk: Duetscher Liederhort, Berlin 1856. — Erk=Böhme: Deutscher Liederhort, 3 Bde. Lpz. 1893/94. — Erlach, Fr. K. Frhr. Von: Die Volkslieder d. Deutschen, 5 Bde., Mannheim 1834/36. — Frischbier=S.: 100 ostpreuß. Volkslieder, her. V. Sembrzycki. Leipz. 1893. — Heeger=W.: Georg Heeger und W. Wüst, Volksl. a.d. Rheinpfalz, 2 Bde., Kaiserslautern 1909. — Hoffmann, Unsere volkstüml. Lieder, 2. A. Lepiz. 1859; D. Volksgesangbuch, Leipz. 1848. — Hoffmann=R., H. u. Richter: Schlesische Volks. Leipz. 1842. — Köhler=M.: Volksl. von der Mosel u. Saar, her. Von J. Meier, Halle a. S. 1896. — Kretschmer: Kr. Und Zuccalmaglio, D. Volksl. Berlin 1840. — Kunzel: Gesch. von Hessen, Friedberg 1856. — Lewalter: D. Volkslieder, in Niederhessen ges. 5 Hefte. Hamburg 1890/94. — Marriage: Volksl. a.d. badischen Pfalz, Halle a.S. 1902. — Mautner, Konrad: Alte Lieder und Weisen aus dem Steyernärkischen Salzkammergute. Graz (1918). — Meier: Schwäbische Volksl. Berlin 1855. — Meisinger, O.: Volkswörter und Volkslieder aus dem Wiesentale, Freiburg 1907. — Mittler: D. Volksl. 2. Ausg. Frkf. a.M. 1865. — Müller: Volksl. a.d. Erzgebirge, Annaberg 1883. — Mündel: Elsässische Volksl. Straßb. 1884. — Nicolai: Eyn

I discovered 2 old and very familiar folk songs, both of them coming out of the 18th century, which I consider to be the Swabian *Now I am going to the well* (*Jetzt geh i ans Brünnele*), in a number of Swabian colonies (Fachria, Neue-Weingärten, and others). Byhan indicates it to come from Malcoci and Cogealac. Found throughout all of Germany, especially widespread in Prussia (*O Straßburg, o Straßburg, you wonderful city!* (*O Straßburg, o Straßburg, Du wunderschöne Stadt!*)).

Gemalte Rosen.¹⁶

*Es wolt' ein Mädchen nach Wasser gehn,
Wohl an den kühlen Brunnen.
Sie hat ein schlohweiß Hemdchen an,
Dadurch scheint ihr die Sonnen.
O, o, — o, o!
Dadurch scheint ihr die Sonnen.*

*Es kommt ein Reiter geritten stolz,
Der grüßt die Jungfer sein.
"Sie sollens heut Nacht meine Beischläferin sein."
O, o, — o, o!
"Sie sollens heut Nacht meine Beischläferin sein."*

*"Und soll ich deine Beischläferin sein,
So malens mir drei Rosen.
Die eine weiß, die andere blau,
Die dritte von violen."
O, o, — o, o!
Die dritte von violen.*

Painted Roses.

A young maiden wants to go to the water,
Indeed, to the cool well.
She is wearing a snow-white vest,
The sun shines brilliantly on her.
O, o, — o, o!
The sun shines brilliantly on her.

A rider comes ridding so arrogantly,
He greets his young woman.
"This evening, you are to be my concubine."
O, o, — o, o!
"This evening, you are to be my concubine."

"And if I am supposed to be your concubine,
Then paint for me three roses.
Make one white, the other blue,
The third one violet."
O, o, — o, o!
The third one violet.

Feyner Kleyner Almanach, 1. 2. Jahrg. 1777, 1778. Neudr. Mit Nachwort von J. Volte, Weimar 1918. — Pröhle: Weltl. Und geistl. Volksl. Aschersleben 1855. — Neisserscheid: Westfälische Volkslieder, Heilbronn 1879. — Simrock: Die d. Volksl. Frkf. a.M. 1851. — Sztachovics: Braut=Sprüche und Braut=Lieder auf dem Heideboden in Ungarn, Wien 1867. — Treichel: Volksl. u. Volksreime aus Westpreußen, Danzig 1895. — Tobler: Schweizerische Volkslieder, 2 Bde. Frauenfeld 1882/84. — Uhland: Alte hoch= u. niederd. Volksl. 2. Aufl. 1. Bd. Stuttgart 1881. — Vilmar: Handbüchlein für Freunde d.d. Volksl. 2. Aufl. Marburg 1879. — Wegener: Volkstüml. Lieder aus Norddeutschland, 3 Hefte, Leipz. 1879/80. — Wolgakolonien: Volkslieder und Kinderreime aus den Wolgakolonien. — Wolfram: Nassauische Volkslieder. Berlin 1897. — Wunderhorn: Des Knaben Wunderhorn, 2. Anfl. Berlin 1876.

¹⁶ From **Cogealac**. Already very popular in the first half of the 16th century and published in Nuremberg and Frankfurt in the years 1534, 1535 and 1540, as well as in a handwritten Liederbuch der Berliner Bibliothek a.d. U. 1575 (Böhme, Altd. L. Nr. 62). The real meaning of the young woman, that the roses are to be grown between Christmas and Easter, has been lost in our form. But this is otherwise quite complete and originally contrary to the partially very mutilated and altered Lesarten aus der Pfalz (Landau, Luedwigshafen u. a., Heeger=W. 43a,b). Schwaben (Meier 223), Alsace (Mündel 6), Hesse (Mittler 320), from the Moselle (Köhler=M. 139.) It corresponds fairly exactly to the form by Erk (Leiderhort 151, often orally from Brandenburg, Hesse-Darmstadt, Silesia, Saxony, Pomeranian, from Niederrhein). Here you can also find the 3 colors that are missing in the older texts in Wunderhorn (1. 304) and with Uhland (113). It is also found in a transcript from Franconia (Ditfurth II, 58). In northern Germany, the song is confirmed in Westphalia (Reisserscheid 107), in the Harz (Pröhle 22). Our conclusion, which deviates from most of the readings ("Bis uns der Tod einst scheidet") in a text from Silesia (Mittler 319) and in the earldom of Glatz (Amft 28). — Erk=Böhme 117 a-e.

*Da saß er sich auf seinem Pferd
Und reit den Bach hinüber,
Da reit er vor Frau Malers Tür:
“Frau Maler, sein sie’s drinnen?”
O, o, — o, o!
Frau Maler, sein sie’s drinnen?*

*“Und sein sie’s drinnen,
So kommen sie raus
Und malens mir drei Rosen.
Die eine Weiß, die andere blau,
Die dritte von violen.”
O, o, — o, o!
Die dritte von violen.*

*Da saß er sich auf seinem Pferd
Und reit den Berg zurücke.
Und reitet vor fein Liebschens Tür:
“Fein Liebchen, sein sie drinnen?”
O, o, — o, o!
Fein Liebchen, sein sie drinnen?*

*“Und sein sie’s drinnen,
So kommen sie’s raus.
Ich bringe die drei Rosen,
Die eine Weiß, die andere blau,
Die dritte von violen.”
O, o, — o, o!
Die dritte von violen.*

*Da schaut Feinliebchen aus der Tür
Und saget ganz verschreckte:
“Ich hab das Wort auf Spaß gesagt,
Und nicht auf Ernst gemeinet.”
O, o, — o, o!
Und nicht auf Ernst gemeinet.*

*“Hast du das Wort auf Spaß gesagt
Und nicht auf Ernst gemeinet,
So bist du’s doch mein,
Und ich bin dein,
Bis uns der Tod einst scheidet.”
O, o, — o, o!
Bis uns der Tod einst scheidet.*

Then he mounted his horse
And rode across the brook,
He rode up to the door of Lady Painter:
Lady Painter, are you in there?”
O, o, — o, o!
Lady Painter, are you in there?

And if you are in there,
Then come outside
And paint me three roses.
One white, the other blue,
The third one violet.”
O, o, — o, o!
The third one violet.

Then he mounted his horse
And rode back to the hill.
And rode up to beautiful beloved’s door:
“Beautiful beloved, are you in there?”
O, o, — o, o!
Beautiful beloved, are you in there?

“And if you are in there,
Then come outside.
I am bringing the three roses,
One white, the other blue,
The third one violet.”
O, o, — o, o!
The third one violet.

The beautiful beloved looked out the door
And said, quite terrified:
“I just said that for the fun of it,
And did not really mean it.”
O, o, — o, o!
And did not really mean it.

Even though you said it for the fun of it
And did not really mean it,
So you are still mine,
And I am yours,
Until death separates us.”
O, o, — o, o!
Until death separates us.

*Die drei Gefangenen.*¹⁷

*Es waren drei gefangen,
Gefangen waren sie.
Gefangen waren sie gehührt,
Eine Trommel ward gerührt,
Zu Straßburg auf der Brück.*

*Was begegnet ihnen da auf der Brück?
Eine wunderschöne Madam.
“Wohin, du Hübsche, du Feine,
Du Herzallerliebste meine,
Wohin steht dir dein Sinn?”*

*“Geh du nur him zum Kommandant
Und tu eine Bitt’ um uns:
Er wolle deiner gedenken,
Den Gefangenen soll er dir schenken,
Den Jüngsten, der drunter ist.”*

*“Glück zu, Glück zu, Herr Kommandant,
Ich hab eine Bitt’ an euch.
Ihr möchtet meiner gedenken,
Den Gefangenen möchten sie mir schenken,
Den Jüngsten, der drunter ist.”*

*“Ach nein, ach nein, das kann nicht sein,
Die Gefangenen kommen nicht los.
Die Gefangenen müssen sterben,
Das Gottesreich ererben,
Dazu die Seligkeit.”*

*Das Mädchen wandt’ sich um und um
Und weinte bitterlich.
Sie ging über Berg und Steine
Bis zu den Gefangenen hin.*

*“Ach neine, ach nein, das kann nicht sein,
Die Gefangenen kommen nicht los.
Die Gefangenen müssen sterben,*

The Three Prisoners

There were three who were captured,
They were captured.
Captured, they were led away
A drum was beat,
On the bridge to Straßburg.

What did they meet on the bridge?
A very beautiful madam.
“Where to, you beauty, you dainty one,
You most dearest one to my heart,
What are you intending to do?”

“Just go to the commandant
And make a request on my behalf:
Would that he grant your desire,
He should give the prisoner to you,
The youngest one, who is among them.”

“Good luck, good luck, Sir Commandant,
I have a request for you.
I would like what I am desiring,
That you might give to my the prisoner,
The youngest one, who is among them”

“Oh no, oh no, that cannot be,
The prisoners cannot be released.
The prisoners have to die,
To inherit God’s Kingdom,
And also bliss.”

The young woman twisted and turned
And wept bitterly.
She crossed over hill and stones
Until coming to the prisoners.

“ Oh no, oh no, it cannot be,
The prisoners cannot be released.
The prisoners have to die,

¹⁷ From **Atmagea**. The song originating in 16th century (Vilmar S. 127 f.) is spread throughout Germany. With Uhland (199) the Low Lands in a very broad version from a Low Lands Song Book from the beginning of the 17th century. Erk received it orally from the area of Frankfurt a. M. (Ldh. 12a). This reading has similarity with the Palatinate (Heeger=W. 19a, b, Marriage 9) and the Swabian (Meier 214) that in stanza 2, in place of the encounter on the bridge, the thought of father and mother and on the dearest occurs. Also, these are usually shorter than those from Fulda (Middle 242). District of Wetzlar (Becker 5), Nassau (Wolfram 45), Harz (Pröhle 16), Silesia (Hoffmann=R. 230), in which the prisoners meet the girl, as is also the case in the texts in our Kashubian colony. In abbreviated reading also in Westphalia (Reisserscheid S. 24). Erk=Böhme 233.

*Das Gottesreich ererben,
Dazu die Seligkeit.”*

*Was zog er von seinem Finger?
Ein goldenes Ringlein.
“Sieh da, du Hübsche, du Feine,
Du Herzallerliebste meine,
Das soll dein Denkmal sein.”*

*“Was soll ich mit dem Ringlein,
Was soll ich damit tun?”
“Leg du’s in deinen Kasten
Und laß es ruhn und rasten
Bis an den jüngsten Tag.”*

*Und wann das Mädchen beim Kasten kam
Und sah das Ringlein an,
Ihr Herz wollt ihr zerspringen.
Was fang ich Mädchen an?*

Die Linde im Tal.¹⁸

*Es stand eine Lind’ im tiefen Tal,
Die war oben breit und unten schmal,
Und darunter zwei Verliebte saßen,
Die vor Lieb ihr Leid vergaßen.*

*Und da sprach einer zu der andern:
“Ich muß noch sieben Jahre wandern.”
“Mußt du gleich noch sieben Jahre wandern,
Will ich doch nehmen keinen andern.”*

Wiedersehen an der Bahre.¹⁹

*Es gings ein Jäger aus frischem Mut,
Ohó!
Er hatt’ zwei Federn auf seinem Hut.
Eí, ei, eí, ei, jo!*

To inherit God’s Kingdom,
And also bliss.”

What did he pull from his finger?
A golden ring.
Look here, you beautiful, you dainty one,
You most dearest one to my heart,
This is to be a remembrance to you.”

“What should I do with a ring,
What should I do with it?”
“Put it in your (hope)-chest
And let it lie there and rest
Until the last day.”

And whenever she came to the chest
And looked at the ring,
Her heart would leap within her.
Young lady, what have I started?

The Linde (Lime) Tree in the Valley

A linde (lime) tree stands deep in the valley,
Wide at the top and small underneath,
Under it sat two people in love,
Who because of their love forgot their grief.

And one said to the other:
“I have seven more years to travel.”
“Though you must travel seven more years,
I shall not take another.”

Farewell at the Bier.

A hunter ventured out full of hope
Ohó!
He had two feathers in his hat.
Eí, ei, eí, ei, jo!

¹⁸ From **Cogealac**. Already documented several times in the 16th century and spread throughout Germany, Switzerland, Bohemia, Transylvania, and in the low lands of Holland and Flanders. Wunderhorn I, 96. The Palatinate (Heeger = W. 20a, Marriage 4), Swabia (Meier 163), Franconia (Ditfurth II, 25a), Hesse (Mittler 56), Nassau (Wolfram 22), Harz (Pröhle 18), Westphalia (Reifferscheid S. 26), Silesia (Hoffmann = R. 22., Amst 18), West Prussia (Treichel 3), Volga Colonies No. 25. Erk=Böhme 67c.

¹⁹ Sung in **Cogealac** with a peculiar very jubilant melody. In the Palatinate (Heeger=W. 38), among others, noted in Kaiserslauten, Kusel, Ludwigshafen. This version corresponds fairly precisely to the present one, as well as one in Oberlahn (Becker 10. Further: Hesse (Lewalter IV, S. 13, Mittler 129) Nassau (Wolfram 28), Harz (Pröhle 57), Volga Colonies. No. 30. Erk Göhme 110 f u.g.

*Die eine weiß, die zweite rot,
Ohó!
Da dacht' er schon, sein Schatz ist tot.
Eí, ei, eí, ei, jo!*

*Und als er in den Wald rein kam,
Ohó!
Da hört er Glocken läuten schon.
Eí, ei, eí, ei, jo!*

*Und als er an den Friedhof kam,
Ohó!
Da sieht er Gräber graben schon.
Eí, ei, eí, ei, jo!*

*“Guten Tag” “Schön Dank” Ihr Gräber mein,
Ohó!
Für wen grabt ihr das Gräberlein?”
Eí, ei, eí, ei, jo!*

*“Es ist gestorben ein Jungferlein,
Ohó!
Für das graben wir das Gräbelein.”
Eí, ei, eí, ei, jo!*

*Und als er auf den Hof rauf kam,
Ohó!
Da sieht er's Mütterchen weinen schon.
Eí, ei, eí, ei, jo!*

*“Guten Tag” “Schön Dank” Lieb Mütterlein,
Ohó!
Für wen weinst du so hübsch und fein?”
Eí, ei, eí, ei, jo!*

*“Es ist gestorben ein Jungferlein,
Ohó!
Für das weine ich so hübsch und fein.”
Eí, ei, eí, ei, jo!*

*“Das Jungferlein hat recht gemacht,
Ohó!
Es hat sich ja zur Ruh geschafft.”
Eí, ei, eí, ei, jo!*

One was white, the second one red,
Ohó!
Then he thought, his sweetheart is dead
Eí, ei, eí, ei, jo!

And as he entered the woods,
Ohó!
He already heard bells ringing.
Eí, ei, eí, ei, jo!

And as he approached the cemetery
Ohó!
He already saw grave-diggers digging.
Eí, ei, eí, ei, jo!

“Hello” “Many thanks” to you grave-diggers,
Ohó!
For whom are you digging this grave?”
Eí, ei, eí, ei, jo!

“A young maiden has died,
Ohó!
That is why we are digging the grave.”
Eí, ei, eí, ei, jo!

And as he came onto the yard,
Ohó!
He already saw the little mother crying
Eí, ei, eí, ei, jo!

“Hello” “Many thanks” dear mother,
Ohó!
For whom are you crying so much?”
Eí, ei, eí, ei, jo!

“A young maiden has died,
Ohó!
That is why I am crying so much?”
Eí, ei, eí, ei, jo!

“The young maiden did well,
Ohó!
She ended up with her rest.”
Eí, ei, eí, ei, jo!

Absage.²⁰

*Schatz, mein Schatz, kannst du mich
nicht mehr lieben,
So mußt du es entschlossen sein.
Denn ich will dich nicht betrüben
Und will leben ganz allein.*

*Und die Schwalbe machts kein Sommer.
Und vielleicht vergeßich dich.
Wird sich finden eine Reichere,
Die mich treuer liebt als du.*

Graf und Magd.²¹

*“Johann, Johann, sattel’ du dein Pferd,
Du mußt noch heute reiten weit.”
(Chor): He! He! Juchhei! Juchhei!
Du mußt noch heute reiten.*

*Und als er wor das Stadttor kam,
Sah er die Blumen blühen.
(Chor): He! He! Juchhei! Juchhei!
Sah er die Blumen blühen.*

*Die Blumen blühen weiß und rot.
Er dacht’, sein Liebschen wär schon tot.
(Chor): He! He! Juchhei! Juchhei!
Er dacht’, sein Liebschen wär schon tot.*

*Und als er dann ein Stückchen ritt,
Sah er die Gräber graben.
(Chor): He! He! Juchhei! Juchhei!
Sah er die Gräber graben.*

Disowning.

*Sweatheart, my sweetheart, if you cannot
love me any more,
So you will have to make up your mind.
For I do not want to grieve you
And I will live all alone.*

*Swallows do not a summer make.
And maybe I will forget you.
Will find myself a rich one,
Who will love me more sincerely than you.*

Count and Maid.

*“Johann, Johann, saddle your horse,
Today you still have far to ride.”
(Chorus): Hey! Hey! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Today you still have to ride.*

*And as he came up to the city gate,
He saw the flowers blooming.
(Chorus): Hey! Hey! Hurrah! Hurrah!
He saw the flowers blooming.*

*The flowers blossomed white and red.
He thought his sweetheart was already dead.
(Chorus): Hey! Hey! Hurrah! Hurrah!
He thought his sweetheart was already dead.*

*And as he rode on a little further,
He was the grave-diggers digging.
(Chorus): Hey! Hey! Hurrah! Hurrah!
He was the grave-diggers digging.*

²⁰ From **Fachria**. With the use of a handwritten songbook from the year 1750 by Erk (Ldh. 145) out of Brandenburg, Hesse-Darmstadt, Thuringia, Pomeranian, the Palatinate (Heeger = W 174 and others from Kandel, Marriage 12), Moselle and Rhenish-Palatinate (Becker 91), Saarbrücken, Berukastel (Köhler=M. 50), Nassau (Wolfram 235), Erk=Böhme 699 a, b, Volga Colonies 70. The whole first stanza is frequent in all of Germany, the second usually slightly different with another 2 or 3 more. In Silesia, the present verses come either with 2 more or with a different starting stanza. (Hoffmann = R. 79 u. 83.)

²¹ From **Fachria**. Part of the old, widespread song: *There slept a count with his maid—Es schlief ein Graf bei seiner Magd* or *A knight plays with a maid—Es spielt ein Ritter mit einer Maid* (Uhland 97 A, Böhme Altd. L. 69). First recorded by Goethe 1771 in Alsace for Herder (D. B. aus Herders Nachlaß. 1856, I, 158 No. 5), in Nicolais Feynem Kleynem Almanac 1777, No. 2. In the Palatinate out of Kirchartd (Marriage 12), from Speyer and many other familiar places (Heeger=W. 37), in Hesse out of Harleshausen (Lewalter II, 4), Nassau (Wolfram 61, out of Schönau and others), Swabia (Meier 177, Wurmlingen), Franconia (Ditfurth II, 7, 8); Furthermore, out of Silesia (Hoffmann = R. 4), Brandenburg and Saxony (Erk, Liederhort 26), Hanover, Schleswig-Holstein, East-Prussia etc. Like here, a reading from the Kuhländchen (Mediator 131) begins with the command to saddle horses: *Hired man, get up, saddle my horse for me—Kuecht, stie uof, sottl mir mai Ros.* Erk=Böhme 110.

*Und als er noch ein Stückchen ritt,
Sah er die Träger tragen.
(Chor): He! He! Juchhei! Juchhei!
Sah er die Träger tragen.*

*“Ach liebe, liebe Leutelein,
Was tragt ihr für ein Särgelein?”
(Chor): He! He! Juchhei! Juchhei!
Was tragt ihr für ein Särgelein?*

*“Wir tragen eine junge Maid
In ihrem weißen Totenkleid.”
(Chor): He! He! Juchhei! Juchhei!
In ihrem weißen Totenkleid.*

*“Wie heißt das tote Mägdelein?”
“Schön Röschen war ihr Name fein.”
(Chor): He! He! Juchhei! Juchhei!
Schön Röschen war ihr Name fein.*

Der treue Knabe.²²

*Es war ein Knab von achtzehn Jahr,
Der liebt sein Schatz schon sieben Jahr.
:: Schon sieben Jahr und noch viel mehr,
Die Liebe nimmts kein End nicht mehr. ::*

*Der Knab zogs fort in ein fremdes Land,
Die Botschaft kommt, sein Schatz ist krank.
:: So krank, so krank bis auf den Tod,
Drei Tag, drei Nacht spricht sie's kein Wort. ::*

*Und als der Knab zu der Stube rein kam,
Die Tränen gringen am Backen herab.
:: “Geschwind, geschwind, holts mir ein Licht,
Sonst stirbt mein Schatz, daß Niemand sicht.” ::*

*“Geschwind, geschwind, holts mir ein Weib,
Das meinen Schatz schlohweiß bekleid.”
:: Geschwind, geschwind, holts mir vier Knaben,*

And as he rode on yet a bit further,
He saw the bearers carrying.
(Chorus): Hey! Hey! Hurrah! Hurrah!
He saw the bearers carrying.

“Oh dear, dear people,
What kind of coffin are you bearing?”
(Chorus): Hey! Hey! Hurrah! Hurrah!
What kind of coffin are you bearing?

“We are carrying a young maiden
Dressed in her white death clothing.
(Chorus): Hey! Hey! Hurrah! Hurrah!
In her white death clothing.

“What is the name of the deceased maiden?”
“Beautiful Rose was her beautiful name.”
(Chorus): Hey! Hey! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Beautiful Rose was her beautiful name.

The Faithful Lad.

There was a lad who was eighteen years old,
He loved his sweetheart already for 7 years.
:: For seven years and even much more,
The love never came to an end. ::

The lad departed for a foreign country,
News arrived, his sweetheart is ill.
:: So sick, so sick even unto death,
3 days, 3 nights she never spoke a word. ::

And as the lad came into the living-room,
Tears ran down his cheeks.
:: Quick, quick, fetch me a light,
Else my sweetheart dies and no one sees.” ::

“Quick, quick, fetch me a woman,
Who will dress my sweetheart snow-white.”
:: Quick, quick, fetch me four lads,

²² From **Cogevalac**. Widespread throughout Germany. Often it is a ‘young Hussar’ or a ‘good soldier.’ In the Palatinate of Heeger = W. (31) found in more than 30 localities, including in Rußbach in the Baden Palatinate (Marriage 17), in Kirchardt, Handschuhshheim etc. In Swabia (Meier 162, Bühl, Pfullingen and others in a very broad style), Lower Hesse (Lewaiter II, 41), by Darmstadt (Künzel S. 584), Nassau, (Wolfram 27), on the Lower Rhine (Simrock 142), on the Moselle (Köhler=M. 263), Franconia (Ditfurth II, 10). In northern Germany: Harz (Pröhle 44), Silesia (Hoffmann=R. 239, 240 in Breslau, Corsenz), Glatz (Amft 34), Brandenburg (Erk, Ldh. 29), Holstein (Mittler 149). Westphalia (Reifferscheid S. 41, with a different beginning). Also in Bohemia, Tyrol, Carinthia, Hungary, Switzerland, Volga Colonies No. 30. Erk=Böhme 93 a-e.

Die meinen Schatz auf den Kirchhof tragen.” :: To carry my sweetheart to the cemetery.” ::

*“Nun legt sie rein und deckt sie zu,
Dort soll sie schlafen in ewiger Ruh!*

*“Now lower her in and cover her up,
There she should sleep in eternal rest!”*

***Die unbarmherzige Schwester.*²³**

*Es waren drei Geschwisterin,
Darunter ein altes Weib.
Die hat sechs kleine Kinderlein,
Für die hat sies kein Brot.*

The Unmerciful Sister.

There were three sisters,
One of them an old wife.
She had six little children,
For them she had no bread.

*Sie ging zur reichen Schwesterin
Und stellt ihre Armut vor.
Die Reiche dreht sich um und um
Und schaut die Arme nicht an.*

She went to the rich sister
And made her poverty known to her.
The rich one turned from side to side
And did not look at the poor one.

*Sie ging in ihr schönstes Kämmerlein
Und schaut die Arme nicht an.
Und als ihr Mann nach Hause kam,
Da wollt' er sich schneiden Brot.*

She went to her prettiest cozy little room
And did not look at the poor one.
And as her husband came home,
He wanted to cut some bread for himself.

*Das Brot, das war so hart wie Stein
Das Messer so rot wie Blut.
“Ach Weib, ach Weib, du liebes Weib,
An wen hast du dich verschuld?”*

The bread was as hard as stone
The knife as red as blood.
“Oh wife, oh wife, you dear wife,
Because of whom have you incurred guilt?”

*“An meiner armen Schwesterin,
An die hab ich mich verschuld.”
“Geh in zur armen Schweisterin
Und stell ihr dein Reichtum vor.”*

“It is my poor sister,
Because of her have I incurred guilt.”
“Go in to the poor sister
And place before her your abundance.”

*Gieb mir die zwei kleinsten Kinderlein,
Für die hab ich noch Brot.”
Das Kleinste in der Wiege,
Das fängt zu reden an:*

“Give to me the two smallest children,
For them I still have bread.”
The littlest one in the cradle,
The one just starting to talk:

*“Ach Mutter, liebes Mütterlein,
Verzeih es ihr nur nicht,*

“Oh mother, dear little mother,
Do not say that to her,

²³From **Atmagea**. The song seems to be unknown in southern Germany, on Schwäbisch=Alemannic soil. Its main distribution is Silesia, Erk (LDH. 25) received it from Liegnitz, Hainau etc., Hoffmann = R. (300) from Corsenz Kaufung, Great=Läswitz and other places, Amft from Glatz, Thanndorf (36) Outside of Silesia, it was found in the area of Perleberg and Wittstock (Erk, Ldh. 25 a), in the area of Münster (Mittler 503), in Nassau (Wolfram 13), Hesse (Mittler 502) and on the Lower Rhine (Simrock 79, 80), Volga Colonies (No. 46). There are only 2 sisters. The end of our reading corresponds to an old one from Westphalia. (Erk=Böhme 209 b).

*Hat uns der liebe Gott bis jetzt geholfen,
So hilft er uns auch noch."*

As the dear God has helped us up to now,
So he will also continue to help us."

Das Nonnelein.²⁴

The Little Night Moth. [maybe also Nun]

*Es schliefen zwei verborgen
In einem Federbett.
:: Sie schliefen bis an der Morgen,
Biss daß die Sonn aufgeht. ::*

Two slept hidden
In a feather bed.
:: They slept until morning,
Until the sun came up. ::

*"Nun adies, nun adies, mein herztausiger Schatz,
Jetzt muß ich scheiden von dir.
:: Bis auf den anderen Sommer
Komm ich wieder und schlaf bei dir." ::*

"Goodby, goodby, my dearest sweetheart,
I have to depart from you.
:: Until next summer
I will return again and sleep with you." ::

*Und als der halbe Sommer rum war,
Die Zeit war ihm so lang.
:: Er kehrt gleich wieder zurück
Zu seinem Nonnelein. ::*

And when half the summer came around,
The time was taking too long for him.
:: He quickly returned again
To his little night moth. ::

*Und als er in die Stube reinkommt,
Voller Freude war er voll.
:: "Wo ist denn mein schönes Nonnelein,
Wo ich geliebet hab?" ::*

And as he entered the living room,
He was really full of joy.
; "Where then is my pretty little night moth,
The one that I have loved?" ::

*"Das Jammern und das Weinen
Hat sie zum Tod gebracht.
:: Dein Nonnelein ist gestorben
Schon heut den dritten Tag." ::*

"The distress and crying
Brought her to her death.
:: Your little night moth died
Today is already the third day." ::

*"Jetzt will ich auf den Kirchhof gehen,
Will suchen Nonneleins Grab.
:: Will rufen und will schreien,
Bis daß mir's Antwort gab." ::*

"Now I want to go to the cemetery,
Want to search for little night moth's grave.
:: Will call and will shout,
Until I receive an answer." ::

*Das Nonnelein gab Antwort
Aus seinem Nonneleins' Grab:
"Bleib nur draußen, bleib nur draußen,*

The little night moth gave an answer
Out of its little night moth grave:
Just stay away, just stay away,

²⁴ From **Mangeapunar**. The first known publishing in the Wunderhorn (II, 259). The song seems to be limited to southern Germany. In the Palatinate, Marriage (14) notes it in Kirchartd, Heeger=W. (62 a, b) in various localities, Köhler=M. (182) in the Bernkastel district and Saarbrücken. Also found in Swabia (Meier 230), Hesse (Mittler 540, 541, Lewalter III 27, Künzel S. 565), Nassau (Wolfram 144), on the Rhine (Vilmar S. 155). The beginning comes in very different versions: *Now farewell, my heart's most-beloved sweetheart—Nun ade, mein herzallerliebster Schatz* (Wdh.); *Ah Anna, dearest Anna—Ach Anna, liebste Anna; A youth who joined the soldiers—Ein Jüngling, der zu den Soldaten ging* (Köhler); *Marianna, Marianna, my little sweetheart—Mariann', Mariann', mein Schätzelein* (Wolfram), "In the summer, in the summer—Im Sommer, im Sommer (Middle 540). The text is pretty much the same everywhere. That however the sweetheart is a little night-moth (or nun) and the song was called that afterwards by the singers, it does not occur in any of the German versions. Erk=Böhme 201.

*Hier ist gar ein finsterer Ort.
Man hört keine Vögelein pfeifen
:: Und auch keine Glöcklein läuten,
Weder Sonn oder Mond aufgeht.” ::*

Trübsinn.²⁵

*Ist alles dunkel, ist alles trübe,
Dieweil mein Schatz eine andere liebt.
Ich hab geglaubt, er liebet mich,
Aber nein, aber nein, er hasset mich.*

Ritter Eduard.²⁶

*Einst in Gartens dunkler Laube
Saßen tren zwei Hand in Hand.
Ritter Eduard neben der Ida,
Schlossen treu ein festes Band.*

*Ida winte, Eduard tröst sie.
Ida Läßt das Weinen Sein.
“Wenn die Rosen wieder blühen,
Werde ich wieder bei dir sein.”*

*Und er zog bei Mondes Schimmer
In die Schlacht fürs Vaterland
Und gedachte oft an Ida,
Wenn der Mond am Himmel stand.*

*Als ein Jahr, ein Jahr verflossen
Und die erste Knospe brach,
Kommt der Ritter in den Garten,
Wo zuletzt er Ida sah.*

This is a very gloomy place.
One hears no birds chirping
:: And also no bells ringing,
Either at the rising of the sun or the moon.” ::

Gloomy Disposition.

Everything is dark, everything is gloomy,
Because my sweetheart loves someone else.
I believed, he loved me,
But no, but no, he hates me.

Knight Eduard.

Once in a garden among the shade of leaves
There sat two hand in hand.
Knight Eduard beside Ida,
Contracting a genuine permanent union.

Ida wept, Eduard comforted her.
Ida continued to cry.
“When the roses once again bloom,
Will I be with you again.”

And he went off in the moonlight glimmer
Into battle for the fatherland
And thought often about Ida,
When the moon was up in the sky.

After a year, a year passing
And the first buds began to show,
The knight came into the garden,
Where he last saw Ida.

²⁵ From **Fachria**. Distributed throughout all of Germany. I never heard the usual continuation of *What good is a beautiful garden to me...etc—Was nützt mich ein schöner Garten...etc* in Dobrudscha. The Palatinate (Marriage 64 out of Kirchartd, Heeger=W 171 and others from Kandel and Mörlheim), from the Westerwald and Rhenish-Palatinate (Becker 161), Alsace (Mündel 30, Hesse (Lewalter I. 4), Nassau (Wolfram 234), Saarbrücken (Köhler=M. 53), Franconia (Ditfurth II. 92), Harz (Pröhle 25), Halle (Bolte, ZVsV 1916, 188), Erz Mountains (Müller S. 113) Silesia (Hoffmann=R. 82), West Prussia (Treichel 63), East Prussia (Frischbier=S. 61). In all German versions, it is assumed that the singer is a male, therefore, it is called: *She loves me—Sie liebet mich*. Erk=Böhmen 618.

²⁶ From **Caramurat**. Recorded in various areas of Germany, especially in many localities of the Palatinate, including in the well-known Catholic colonist homelands of Kandel, Rußbach, Mörlheim (Heeger=W. 40 a-e), Handschuhsheim (Marriage 27). Equally popular in Hesse and Nassau (Lewalter IV. S. 11, Wolfram 32), on the Moselle and Saar in the Bernkastel district, Saarbrücken and Saarlouis (Köhler=M. 183), in the Baden meadow valleys (Meisinger 61), “the most sung song in the Rheims areas” (Becker 104); also in Braunschweig (Andree, R., Braunschw. Volksk. 2 A. S. 484). In West Prussia (Treichel 30), the couple is called Edwald and Minna, just as in the Volga Colonies (No. 33) Ewald and Mina. Erk=Böhme 112 a-e.

*Was erblickte er von ferne?
Einen grossen Hügel stehn,
Und auf Marmor stand geschrieben:
"Oben wirst mich wieder sehen."*

*Darauf zog er in das Kloster,
Legte Helm und Pausen ab
Und gedachte oft an Ida,
Wenn der Mond am Himmel stand.*

Häsleins Klage.²⁷

*Ich armer Haas im weiten, breiten Feld,
Wie grausam wird mirs nachgestellt.
Sie stellens mir ja noch
Bei Tag und bei Nacht.
Ich hab' ja noch kein Menschen
Kein Schaden gemacht.
Ich fress' ja nur die Blätter ab,
Damit ja ich mich sättige.
Hinter dem Berg das Wasser,
Das trink ich für mein Pläsier.*

*Und wenn er mich erwischt
Beim Hals oder beim Kopf,
Er schlaudert mich auf sein Sattelknopf,
Und schlaudert mich hin
Und schlaudert mich her,
Als wenn ich ein Diebelein vom Galgen wär.*

*Und als er mich zu Hause bracht,
Da hat er viele Gäst.
Da hebt er mich auf aufs allerletzt.
Da hucken die großen Herrelein
Und nagen meine Knöchelein ab.
Ach Gott, wie hat das Häselein
So gut geschmeckt!
Ei, schenket nur ein
Vom reinsten Wein.
Ei, bin ich doch ein feines Häselein.*

What did he catch sight of in the distance?
There stood a hugh mound,
And on the marble was written:
"You will see me again up there."

So he entered a monestary,
Gave up the helmet and the traces
And often thought of Ida,
When the moon was up in the sky.

Little Rabbit's Complaint.

I, poor rabbit in the far and wide field,
What terrible things lie in wait for me.
They even lie in wait for me
By day and by night.
Not to anybody have I
Done anything bad.
I only eat off the leaves,
The ones which fill me up.
The water beyond the hill,
I drink for my pleasure.

And when he gets hold of me
By the throat or by the head,
He swings me onto his saddle-horn,
And swings me this way
And swings me that way,
As if I were a little thief on the gallows

And as he brought me to the house
There he has many guests.
He eventually picks me up.
There sit the big lordly women
And gnaw on my little bones.
Oh God, how that little rabbit
Tasted so good!
Ineed, pour
Some of the best wine.
Indeed, I am really a wonderful little rabbit.

²⁷ From **Mangeapunar**. Most similar from Derendingen in Swabia (Meier 136) and from Hundheim in the Rhine-Palatinate (Becker 102), also known from the Hesse-Darmstadt, Baden and Silesia areas (Erk, Lieder Hoard 57 c, d) and from the area of Heidelberg and the Harz (Pröhle 58); In stanza 3, a very mutilated reading from the Palatinate (Heeger=W. 54 a-c) and from Nassau (Wolfram 448.) Also a strong variant from Switzerland (Tober I. 77). Erk=Böhmer 169 a-c.

*Nachtfahrt.*²⁸

A.

*Es waren mal zwei Mädchen,
Zwei, zwei.
Die Jüngste war die schönste,
Die ließ mich allemal herein,
Juja.
Die ließ mich allemal herein.*

*Die führte mich hinauf,
Nauf, nauf.
Ich dacht', es sollt zu Bette gehn,
:: Zum Fenster stieß sie mich hinaus. ::
Juja.*

*Da draußen lag ein Stein,
Stein, Stein.
Er schlug mir zwei Rippen im Leib entzwei,
:: Dazu das linke Bein. ::
Juja.*

*Auf einem rutsch ich heim.
Heim, heim.*

B.

*Ich ging wohl in der Nacht,
Und die Nacht, die war finster,
Daß man kein Stern mehr sah.*

*Kam ich vor Feinsliebchens Fenster,
Und die Schönste, die darunter ist,
Macht mir auf die Tür.*

*Sie nahm mich bei der Hand,
Ich dacht, es sollt zu Bette gehn,
Zum Laden stößt sie mich heraus.*

Night Journey.

A.

There once were two young women
Two, two.
The youngest was the most beautiful,
She always let me come in,
Hurrah.
She always let me come in.

She led me up,
Up, up.
I thought, we are going to bed,
:: She pushed me out of the window. ::
Hurrah.

Outside there lay a stone,
Stone, stone.
It shashed two of my ribs in two,
:: And also the left leg.
Hurrah.

I crawled home on the other,
Home, home.

B.

I once went into the night,
And the night, it was dark,
So much so that no star could be seen.

When I came up to my sweetheart's window,
And the most wonderful, that there ever is,
Opened the door for me.

She took me by the hand,
I was thinking, we are going to go to bed,
She pushed me out at the shuddered-window.

²⁸ (A) from **Cogealac**, (B) from **Caramurat**. Old, from the 16th and 17th century, a song verified many times. Wunderhorn II. S. 38, Umland 260 G, Böhme, Altd. Ldb. 74. Both versions in about 10 places of the Palatinate (Heeger=W. 52 a-c, Marriage 202), often also in Hesse and Nassau (Wolfram 104, Lewalter II, S. 46), in Saarbrücken (Köhler=M. 123), Swabia (Meier 218), on the Niederrhein (Simrock 48), Franconia (Ditfurth II, 51), Erz Mountains (Müller S. 100), Silesia (Guhrau u.a. Hoffman=R. 121, Amft 68) West Prussia (Treichel 13). Most variant readings of B, which declares the return, is found in a transcript from Schallodenbach in the Palatinate (Heeger=W. 52 b) and on the Lower Rhine (Mittler 297). Volga Colonies 37. Erk=Böhme 157.

*Da fiel ich auf einen Stein,
Zerbrach mir alle Rippen im Leib,
Sogar das linke Bein.*

*Ach, Schatz, der Schaden ist groß,
Und wenn der Schaden geheilt ist,
Dann komm ich wieder zu Dir.*

Treu auf ewig.²⁹

*Keine Rose ohne Dornen,
Keine Liebe ohne Pein.
:: Nur für dich bin ich geboren,
Dein Geliebter will ich sein. ::*

*Bis sich einmal die Berge niedrigen
Und die Täler fallen ein,
:: Und die Äste tragen Blätter,
So lang will ich lieben dich. ::*

*Wenn ich einmal sterben müßte,
Und der Tod meine Augen schließt,
:: Pflanzest du auf meinem Grabe,
Roseblumen, Vergißmeinnicht. ::*

Waldabenteuer.³⁰

*Als ich an einem Sommertag
Im grünen Wald im Schatten lag,
Da sehe ich von fernher stehn,
Ein Mädchen, das war wunderschön.*

*Als mich das Mädchen hat erblickt,
Nahm sie die Flucht in den Wald zurück.
Ich eilte hin und auf sie zu
Und rief: "Mein Kind, was fliehst du?"*

*"Ach, edler Herr, ich kenn dich nicht
Und fürcht ein Mannsbildangesicht;
Denn meine Mutter sagt zu mir,
Ein Mannsbild sei ein wildes Tier."*

So I fell uppon a stone,
Broke all the ribs in my body,
Even the left leg.

Oh, sweetheart, the injury is big,
And once the injury is healed,
I shall again come back to you.

Faithful Forever.

No rose without thorns,
No love without pain.
:: I was born just for you,
I want to be your loved one. ::

Until the mountains become smaller
And the valleys are filled in,
:: And the small twigs bear leaves,
That is how long I will love you. ::

If the time comes for me to die,
And death closes my eyes,
:: Plant upon my grave,
Rose flowers, Forget Me Not. ::

Forest Adventure.

As I on one summer day
Lay in the shadows in a green forest
There I saw standing in a distance
A young woman, which was wonderful.

As the young woman noticed me,
She fled back into the forest.
I hurried here and there after her
And called: "My child, what are you fleeing?"

"O, noble sir, I do not know you
And feared the face of a man;
Because my mother said to me,
A man is a wild animal."

²⁹ From **Mangeapunar**. The first verse is found as the beginning of an otherwise variation song by Erk=Böhme 680. Verses 2 and 3 resembling a song from Wurmlingen (Meier 21).

³⁰ From **Caramurat**. Sung a lot in southern and northern Germany: Palatinate (Heeger=W. 90 a, Marriage 75), Nassau (Wolfram 97), Swabia (Meier 128, from the Remstale), Hesse (Lewalter I. 46) Silecia (Hoffmann=R. 131), Erz Mountains (Müller 108), East and West Prussia (Treichel 8, Frischbier 43), Volga Colonies 51. Erk=Böhme 517.

*“Ach Kind, glaub deiner Mutter nicht
Und lieb ein schönes Mannsgesicht.
Deine Mutter ist ein altes Weib,
Drum haßt sie uns als junge Leut.”*

*“Ach, edler Herr, wenn dies wahr ist,
Dann glaub ich meiner Mutter nicht.
Dann setz dich nieder an meine Seit
Und setz dich hin ins grüne Gras.”*

*Ich setzt mich nieder an ihre Seit,
Da war sie voller Zärtlichkeit.
Ich drückt sie an mein Herz und Brust,
Da war sie voller Freud und Lust.*

*Da kann man sehn, wie Mädchen sind,
Sie geben sich ja gar geschwind.
Und schickt man sich ein wenig dumm,
So bitten sie schon selber drum.*

Zu ihren Füßen.³¹

*Schönstes Kind, vor deinen Füßen
Lieg ich hier ganz bitterlich,
Wenn ich von dir scheiden müßte,
Wärs die größte Pein für mich.*

*Wie du redest, wie du lachest,
Mir eine füße Miene machest,
Stell ich mirs im Traum herfür,
Wie du Schönste schlafst bei mir.*

*Es ist kein Künstler auf dieser Erden,
Kann keiner auch gefunden werden,
Der dich schöner Malen kann,
Als ich dich im Herzen han.*

*Gold und Silber, Meerkorallen,
Reichtum, Schönheit, Edelstein,*

Oh child, do not believe your mother
And love a handsome man's face.
Your mother is an old woman,
That is why she hates us as young people.”

Oh, noble sir, if this is true,
Then I do not believe my mother.
Then sit down by my side
And sit here in the green grass.”

I sat down by her side,
And she was very affectionate.
I squeezed her to my heart and breast,
And she was full of joy and desire.

So one can see, how young women are,
They give themselves so quickly.
And if it happens that one acts a little dumb
So they themselves begin to ask about it.

To Their Feet.

Lovely child, before your feet
I lie here completely embittered,
If I have to leave you,
It would be a greatest pain for me.

How you speak, how you laugh,
How your feet appear to me,
I imagine it in my dream,
You, lovely one, sleeping next to me.

There is no artist on this earth,
And no one can also be found,
Who can paint you more beautifully,
As I have you in the heart.

Gold and silver, sea coral,
Riches, beautiful things, precious stones,

³¹ From **Mangeapunar**. Distributed only in southern Germany and Switzerland. From the first half of the 18th century. By F.D. Gräter in “Bragur” (2. Bd. Leipzig 1792, p. 119) printed as “affectionate folk song with a pining melody.” The song has eight verses here as do all other versions known to me. Our four lines are there almost without deviations in the wording, but in each stanza they are still connected with 4 other verses. The song is found in the Palatinate and others in Kandel (Heeger=W. 82), in the Black Forest (Meier 26), Nassau (Wolfram 205), Franconia (Ditfurth II. 109), Switzerland (Tobler I, CXXII u. S. 226), Volga Colonies 77, Erk=Böhme 504.

*Von diesem tut mir nichts gefallen
Als du Schönste nur allein.*

None of these appeal to me
As you alone, lovely one.

***Heimlicher Liebe Pein.*³²**

Pain of Love for Home.

*Schau an mein bleiches Angesicht,
Wie mich die Liebe hat zugericht.
Es ist kein Feuer auf Erden, es brennet ja so heiß,
Als die verborgene Liebe, die niemand weiß.*

Take a look at my pale face,
How love has prepared me.
No fire on earth can burn so hot,
Like the secret love, which no one knows.

*Die Dischtelein, die Dörnelein,
Die stechen ja so sehr,
Aber falsche Zungen
Ja noch viel mehr.*

Little thistles, little thorns,
They really can prick,
But deceitful tongues
Way much more.

*Ich wollt, es wär ja wahr,
Tät liegen im kühlen Grab,
Da wär ichs alle, alle
Meine Sorgen los.*

I want, if it was really true,
To lie dead in a cool grave,
There I would of each and every one of
My troubles be free.

***Warum so traurig?*³³**

Why So Sad?

*“Ach Schatz, warum so traurig
Und sprichst mit mir kein Wort?
Ich sehns dir an deinen schwarzbraunen Äuglein an,
Daß du geweinet hast.”*

“Oh sweetheart, why so sad
And not speaking a word with me?
I see by your dark brown eyes
That you have been crying.”

*“Warum soll ichs nicht weinen
Und auch so traurig nicht sein?
Denn ich trag unter meinem Herzelein
Ein kleines Kindelein.”*

“Why should I not be crying
And also be so sad?
Because I am carrying beneath my heart
A little child.”

*“Warum soll ichs nicht weinen
Und auch so traurig nicht sein.
Denn es wärs ja besser, ich wäre gestorben,
Täts liegen im kühlen Grab.”*

“Why should I not be crying
And also be so sad.
Far better that I were dead,
Laying in a cool grave.”

³² From **Mangeapunar**. These verses are found in similar or different compilations, most as parts of different versions of songs *Early Sunday Morning—Des Sonntags Morgens in aller Früh* Hesse (Mittler 987-989), on the Rhine (Simrock 140), Palatinate (Heeger=W. 116 b, Marriage 49, verse 4 from *Petersil, Petersil, you green weed—Petersil, Petersil, du grünes Kraut*), Franconia (Ditfurth II, 84), Silesia (Hoffmann=R. 152), verse 3 and 4 of the first stanza and verse 1 and 2 of the second in Wunderhorn (II, 216 in *My sweetheart, he has gone on a pilgrimage—Mein Schatz, der ist auf die Wanderschaft hin*), furthermore, stanza 2 in *Black band, you have to disappear—Schwarzes Band, du mußt vergehen* (Erk=Böhme 720)/

³³ From **Cogalac**. The first stanza often comes with other text. (Richolai 1778, 35, Wunderhorn I, 209, 210, Mittler 774-778, Rtk=N. 531, 532). The text of the present version is usually exactly the same, but often with different stanzas and other ingredients songs from Swabia (Meier 9), Palatinate (Marriage 51, Heeger=W. 100 b, 101 from Kandel, 103, 103), Lower Hesse (Lewalter II. 39), Nassau (Wolfram 118), Saarbrücken (Köhler=M. 144, 145), in the District of Straßburg (Mündel 31), Braunschweig (Andree S. 230/1), Zürich Canton (Tobler I, 36).

*“Was hättest, wenn du gestorben wärst,
Tätst liegen im kühlen Grab,
Dein Leib, der wär dirs verwesen
Zu lauter Asch und Staub?”*

*“Was hilft mir all dein Reden,
Wenn ichs keine Ehr mehr hab.
Es wär ja besser, ich wär gestorben,
Tät liegen im kühlen Grab.”*

*“Darum brauchst du nicht weinen
Und auch nicht traurig sein.
Denn wir beide, wir gehen zusammen,
Ich selber will Vater sein.”*

Die Entehrte.³⁴

*So schön wie eine Rose,
Die auf dem Strauche blüht,
So schön ist auch ein Mädchen,
Wenn sie ihr Kränzchen trägt.*

*So falsch wie eine Schwalbe,
Die auf der Bahne schwebt,
So falsch ist auch ein Zungesell,
Wenn er ein Mädchen verführt.*

*Und hat er sie verführet,
In Tränen läßt er sie stehn.
Das Mädchen dacht in ihrem Sinn:
Wo soll ich nunmehr hin?*

Treubruch.³⁵

*Du Tor, du brichst den Schwur der Treue,
Du liebst mich schon lange Zeit nicht mehr.
Hab nur Geduld, es trifft dich einst die Reue,*

*“So what if you were dead,
Lying in a cool grave,
Your body, decaying
To nothing but ashes and dust?”*

*“How do all your words help me,
If I do not have a marriage.
It would be much better, that I were dead,
Lying in a cool grave.”*

*“So you do not have to cry
And also not be sad.
For the two of us, when we come together,
I myself will be the father.*

The Disgraced.

*As beautiful as a rose,
That blossoms on the bush,
So beautiful also is a young woman,
When she wears her little garland-wreath.*

*As deceptive as a swallow,
That hovers over the path,
So deceptive also is a comrade's tongue,
When he seduces a young woman.*

*And having seduced her,
He leaves her behind in tears.
The young woman thinks in her mind:
So where do I go from here?*

Breach Of Faith.

*You fool, breaking a vow of faithfulness,
You have not loved me for a long time.
Be patient, your time is coming,*

³⁴ From **Cogalac**. Noted in Hesse (Lewalter III, 23), Nassau (Wolfram 218 with different beginning stanza) and Silesia (Hoffmann=R. 170, somewhat altered: *How really beautiful is Lilje, who swims in the water—Wie schön ist doch die Lilje, die auf dem Wasser schwimmt*). Erk=Böhme 714.

³⁵ From **Caramurat**, sung as a popular ballad. Actually, without any alterations, only with still 3 more stanzas, in Alsace (Mündel 41), in the Palatinate from Kandel, Pirmasens and others (Heeger=W. 228 a) and from Handschuhshheim (Marriage 102), in the Hunsrück and Bernkestel District (Köhler=M. 41 and B), in West Prussia (Treichel 55, with 6 further stanzas.)

Dann schlägt dein Herz von lauter Vorwürf schwer. When your heart beats heavy with blame.

*In der Blüte meiner schönsten Jahre
Gab ich mich zum Opfer für dich hin.
Du raubest mir die Unschuld samt der Tugend,
Spott und Haß war höchstens mein Gewinn.* In the blossoming of my nicest years
I gave myself to you as an offering.
You robbed me of innocence and virtue,
Ridicule and hate was my biggest prize.

*Die Liebe hast du mir geschworen,
Du nahmest Gott zum Zeugen für dich an.
Na, ist denn deine Lieb schon ganz verloren?
Und seht, wie sich der Mensch verändern kann.* You pledged your love to me,
You took God as your witness.
So, is your love already completely lost?
See how a person can change.

*Ich will nicht mehr mein Herz verschenken,
Weil ja die Liebe nicht mehr möglich ist.
An dich will ich so lange denken,
Bis einst der Tod mein nasses Auge bricht.* No more do I not want to give my heart,
Since love is no longer possible.
I want to remember you so long,
Until death finally plucks my wet eyes.

***Hoffnungslose Liebe.*³⁶**

Hopeless Love.

*Drei Rosen in dem Garten,
Die Blätter fallen ab;
Kannst du mich nicht erwarten,
Erwartet mich das Grab.*

Three roses in the garden,
The petals are falling off;
You cannot wait for me,
The grave waits for me.

*Das Grab ist nicht das Ärgste,
Viel ärger ist die Not,
Die Liebe ohne Hoffnung,
Viel besser ist der Tod.*

The grave is not the most vexing,
More annoying is the distress,
Love without hope,
Much better is death.

***Nächtlicher Besuch.*³⁷**

Night-Time Visit.

*'s ist Zeit, s'ist Zeit zum Schlafengehn,
Zu meinem Feinsliebchen muß ich gehn.*

It's time, it's time to go to sleep,
I have to go to my beautiful loved one.

*Muß ich gehn, muß ich gehn,
Und seh sie vor dem Fenster stehn.*

I must go, I must go,
And see her standing in front of the window.

³⁶ From **Mangeapunar**. The first stanza is a version of the song *Whoever wants to love must suffer—Wer lieben will, muß leiden* coming from the Palatinate region of Kandel, Wörlheim and others (Heeger=W., 141 a, 9 Str.). I was unable to establish other occurrences of the song. This by Erk=Böhme (897 b) with the same noted beginning has nothing to do with our verses.

³⁷ From **Caramurat**. Widely distributed in southern and middle Germany. Some with different beginnings, but usually much the same in the Palatinate (Heeger=W. 365 u. 377), on the Lower Rhine (Simrock 181), in the Lahn Valley, Limburg, Westerwald (Erk=Böhme 816 d), in the Harz Mountains (Pröhle 23). With greater variations in Hesse (Lewalter IV. S. 41), Nassau (Wolfram 115 a, b), Silesia (Hoffmann=R. 76), Alsace (Mündel 105), Black Forest (Meier 5), Westphalia (Reifferscheid S. 42), Franconia (Ditfurth II, 133). Also in the Styrian Salzkammern (Mautner 206).

*“Wer ist dort draußen vor meiner Tür,
Der mich so leis aufwecken will?”*

*“Frage nicht lang, wer drauß möcht sein,
Steh du nur auf und laß mich rein!”*

*“Ich kann dich ja nicht lassen rein,
Bis Vater und Mutter schalfen ein.*

*“Stelle dich, stelle dich in eine Eck,
Bis Vater und Mutter gehn ins Bett.”*

*“Ich kann mich nicht stellen in die Eck,
Denn es leuchten ja schon zwei Morgenröt.”*

*“Zwei Morgenröt, zwei helle Stern,
Aufs Jahr sollst du mein Weibchen werd’n.”*

Schwerer Abschied.³⁸

*Auf der Reis bin ich gewesen
Vorm achtzehnten Jahr.
:: Schöne Mädchen habe ich gesehn,
Bis nachts um zwei und drei. ::*

*“Kehre um, du teures Mädchen,
Denn der Weg ist für dich zu weit.
:: Und die Nacht fängt an zu grauen,
Ei, was sagen denn deine Leut?” ::*

*Und sie konnte ja von mir nicht weichen,
Und sie konnte ja von mir nicht gehn,
:: Und sie konnte ja vor lauter Weinen,
Ja vor Weinen den Weg nicht sehn. ::*

*“Wenn ich sterbe auf fremder Erde,
So bekommst du meinen Totenschein,
:: Dann zerbrichst du den schwarzen Siegel
Und betrauerst mich ganz allein.” ::*

*“Who is out there in front of my gate,
Who so softly wants to wake me up?”*

*“Do not ask too long who might be out there,
Get up now and let me in!”*

*“I cannot let you in,
Until father and mother have fallen asleep.*

*Stand, stand in a corner,
Until father and mother go to bed.”*

*“I am unable to stand in a corner,
Pre-dawn is already glowing.”*

*“Pre-dawn, two bright stars,
In a year you will become my little wife.”*

Difficult Departure.

*I was on a journey
For eighteen years.
:: I saw beautiful young women,
During the night between two and three. ::*

*“Come in, you precious young woman,
For you have a long way to go.
:: And the night begins to turn gray,
Oh my, what are your people going to say?” ::*

*And she could not give in to me,
And she could not leave me,
:: And she could with loud crying,
Yes, due to crying not see the way. ::*

*When I die on foreign soil,
So my death certificate will come to you,
:: Then you break the black seal
And mourn for me all alone.” ::*

³⁸ From **Caramurat**. Mainly distributed in southern Germany with the beginning: *I have ridden on a train—Auf der Eisenbahn* (Elbe Wildbach, Feldberg) *bin ich gefahren*, or in older versions: *I went on a vacation—Auf Urlaub bin ich gangen*. Lahn and Taunus area, Rhineland, Westerwald, Wetteran (Erk=Böhm 1431), Baden-Palatinate (Marriage 119), Alsace (Mündel 63), Ottweiler and Bernkastel districts (Köhler=M 176 A. B.), Nassau (Wolfram 123 a, b) and Silesia (Mittler 1445, Amst 131). Volga Colonies. 151.

Soldatenabschied.³⁹

*Heute scheid ich, heute wandr' ich,
Keine Seele weint um mich.
:: Seins nicht diese, seins doch andre. ::
Wer bekümmert sich draum, wenn ich wandre,
Holder Schatz, gedenk an mich.*

*Jetzt geb ich meinem Pferd die Sporen,
Und reit zum oberen Tor hinaus.
:: "Und du mein Schatz, du bleibst mir auserkoren, ::
Bis ich wiederum komm nach Haus."*

*"Schatz, ach Schatz, laß dich erweichen,
Stieg herab von deinem Pferd.
:: Ruhe sanft in meinen Armen, ::
Bis die finstere Nacht anbricht."*

*Die finstere Nacht hat uns überfallen,
Wir müssen bleiben hier im Wald.
:: Hier muß ich mein Zelt aufschlagen ::
Und muß bleiben hier im Wald.*

*Jetzt lad ich mir mein Doppelpistol
Und schieß vor Freude zwei, drei Schuß.
:: Mein'm Herzliebchen zum Gefallen, ::
Sie ist die Schönste unter allen,
Sie ist die Schönste weit und breit.*

*Eiserne Ketten, rote Bänderlein
Müssen ja zerrissen sein.
Ein fein Tüchlein in meiner Truhe,
Für mein Aeugelein 'mit abzuwaschen,
Weil ich von ihr scheiden muß.*

Soldiers Departure.

Today I depart, today I travel,
No soul sheds a tear for me.
:: Not these, not even others. ::
Who concerns himself, if I travel,
Sweetheart, think about me.

Now I give my horse the spurs,
And head on out for the outter gate.
:: And you my sweetheart, you remain
my chosen, ::
Until I come back home again."

"Sweetheart, oh sweetheard, relent,
Get off of your horse.
:: Rest gently in my arms, ::
Until the darkness of night ends."

The darkness of night has overcome us,
We must stay here in the forest.
:: Here I have to pitch my tent ::
And have to say here in the forest.

Now I am loading my double-barrel gun
And fire for joy two, three shots.
:: To please my dearly beloved, ::
She is the most beautiful of them all,
She is the most beautiful far and wide.

Iron chains, red ribbons
Have to be torn.
A fine cloth in my trunk,
With which to wash out my eyes,
Because I must depart from her.

³⁹ The 1776 in Schubart's German Chronicle (25 Nov.) and printed in his "ballads" and soon popular poem of the painter Friedrich Müller was sung to me in **Mangeapunar** with the original text of the poet, in **Caramurat** in the present version. This connection of the first stanza by Müller with some of the following I find documented only from the Baden-Palatinate (Marriage 125 a). A variation of our verses in Franconia (Ditfurth II, 82 and 83) and Lower Hesse (Lewalter I. S. 6 without our verses 3 and 6). The stanzas from 2 on are sung with the beginning: *Who cares now, if I wander off from this company—Wer bekümmert sich nun, wenn ich wandre, hier aus dieser Kompagnie* in Alsace, in Thuringia, Saxony, Brandenburg, Silesia (Erk = Böhme 1357) as an independent song, which is found to also has been published by the Prussian Ministry of War in the "Soldier's Songbook" (Berlin 1892, No. 70). Verse 6 is an otherwise not occurring addition from another song.

Frisch auf, Soldatenblut.⁴⁰

*Frisch auf, Soldaten, ins Blut!
Fasset euren frischen Mut
Und laßt auch nicht erschüttern,
Wenn auch die Kanonen zittern.
Schlaget nur herzlich drauf und drein!
Gott wirds euer Helfer sein.*

*Die Tochter sprach zu der Mutter:
“Wo ist mein jüngster Bruder,
Wo ist mein Leibeskamerad?”
Spricht so mancher Herr Soldat:
“Hier sieht man nichts vom Bruder
Vor lauter erschossenen Toten.”*

*Hier liegt ein Fuß, ein Kopf, ein Arm,
Daß es Gott drauf mög erbarm!*

Soldatenschicksal.⁴¹

*O wunderbares Glück!
Schauts noch einmal zurück.
Was hilft mir mein Studieren?
Viel soll es absolvieren.*

*Des Morgens früh um halber vier,
Da kommt der Herr Oberoffizier.
Er wird uns kommandieren
Vielleicht zum Exerzieren.
Habe nicht geschlafen aus,
Muß ich schon zum Bettchen raus.*

*Drum wichset eure Taschen,
Poliert eure Gamaschen,
Daß alles blank poliert,
Daß man kein Fehler spürt.
O wenn die Zeit doch käme,
Daß ich meine Freiheit nehme!*

Look Alive, Soldier Blood.

Come on soldiers, Look alive!
Take on fresh courage
And also do not be unnerved,
Even when the canons shudder.
Only beat courageously beat after beat!
God will be your helper.

The daughter said to the mother:
“Where is my youngest brother,
Where is my dearest comrade?”
So speaks many a noble soldier:
“One sees nothing here of the brother
Only dead ones shot to pieces.”

Here lies a foot, a head, an arm,
May God have mercy!

Soldiers Destiny.

O wonderful good fortune!
Look back at it one more time.
What good does my studying do me?
It should finish a lot.

Early in the morning at half past four,
There comes the commanding officer
He will give us orders
Maybe to drill.
I did not have a good night's rest,
And I must already get out of bed.

So straighten out your pockets,
Polish your leggings,
So that everything shines,
So that you do not notice any mistake.
And when the time eventually comes,
I will take my liberty!

⁴⁰ From **Caramurat**. This song is to have come out of the Seven Year's War. (Erk=Böhme 1354). Widely distributed mainly in southern Germany: Swabia (in the vicinity of Reutlingen: Mittler 1428, Hechingen: Meier 120), Palatinate (Mittler 1428), Hessen (Lewalter III, 2), Nassau (Wolfram 313). On the Moselle and Saar (Köhler=M 285), Wetzlar district (Becker 38a), isolated in northern Germany: Braunschweig (Andree, Br. B.2.A. S. 487), Erz Mountains (Müller 12).

⁴¹ From **Atmagea**. First published as a pamphlet at the beginning of the 19th century (Erk=Böhme 1402.) Circulated in Swabia (Meier 112), on the Lower Rhine (Simrock 301), Nassau (Wolfram 279: *To Kassel in front of the gate—Zu Kassel vor dem Tor*), Oderbruch, Saxony (Mittler 1443.)

*Schreibfeder und Papier,
Das hab ich stets bei mir,
Ein Tintenfaß daneben,
Ein Glas Wein, das ist mein Leben,
Schöns Mädchen an der Hand,
Das heißt Soldatenstand.*

Feather pen and paper,
I have that right here with me,
An ink-well nearby,
A glass of wine, that is my life,
Beautiful young woman in hand,
That is what is called a soldier's position.

***Kriegslied der Preußen.*⁴²**

Prussian War Song.

*Wenn ich morgens in der Früh aufsteh
Und das Blut von allen Bergen strebt,
Dann scheinen alle Berge rosenrot
Vor lauter jungem Franzosenblut.
Und sie müssen sterben
Mit Hurrah!*

When I get up early in the morning
And the blood from all the hills strains,
Then all the hills appear rose red
Due to all the young French blood.
And they have to die
With (a shout of) Hurrah!

*Wir Brüder, wir ziehen in das Feld
Fürs Vaterland und nicht ums Geld.
Da stehn ja sechsmalshunderttausend Mann,
Die fangen gleich zu feuern an
Auf die Franzosen, auf die Franzosen
Mit Hurrah!*

We brothers, we head on out onto the field
For the fatherland and not for money.
There stand some 600,000 men,
Immediately they begin to fire
Upon the French, upon the French
With (a shout of) Hurrah!

*Unser Kaiser ist ein tapfrer, tapfrer Held,
Er lebt wie ein Adler in der Welt.
Er lebt wie ein Adler in der Welt.
Und er soll leben
Mit Hurrah!*

Our king is a brave, brave hero,
He lives like an eagle in the world.
He lives like an eagle in the world.
And he should live
With (a shout of) Hurrah!

*Ihr Mädchen, nehmt euch wohl in Acht,
Daß man euch nicht zu einem Tanzbären macht.
Sonst hängt man Euch die Trommel an,
Und ihr bekommt dann keinen Mann,
Und ihr müßt schweigen!
Mit Hurrah!*

You young women, pay careful attention,
That you are not turned into a dancing bear.
Or else a drum will be hung on you,
And then you will not get a man.
And you will have to keep silent!
With (a shout of) Hurrah!

⁴² From **Caramurat**. According to Kretzschmer (Volksl. I, 192) created and sung in the Colberg Regiment from 1813 to 1815 (Mittler 1429). Usually the song begins: *Like this we Prussians move onto the battlefield—So ziehn wir Preußen in das Feld*. Silesia (Hoffmann=R. 258 and 260), Hessen (Lewalter, V, 116), Nassau (Wolfram 475). Also included in the Soldiers Song Book by the Prussian Ministry of War. (44). Erk=Böhme 532a. In verse 2 and 4, the word “Tambur=drummer” became “Tanzbär=dancing bear” in Dobrudscha.

Beim Ausmarsch.⁴³

“Ach Vater, ich bins euer Sohn,
Helfet mir mit Geld davon,
Helfet mir mit Gut oder Geld,
:: Daß ich nicht brauch ziehen in das Feld” ::

“Ach Sohn, das ist schon ein Wort,
Aber ich muß selber fort.
:: Aber ich muß ziehen in den Krieg,
Und ihr bleibet hier.” ::

Ach Gott, wie scheint der Himmel rot,
Rosenrot in einer Glut!
Das bedeutet Soldatenehrenblut.
Das erbarmt sich Gott!

Nun reiten wir zum Tor hinaus,
Ach, Vater und Mutter, einen Gruß nach Haus!
Wann kommen wir wiederum zusammen?
In der Ewigkeit.

Kaiser Joseph und Friedrich der Große.⁴⁴

Kaiser Joseph, willst du noch
Eines mit mir wagen?
Ich und mein Prinz Wilhelm wird
Vor dir nicht verzagen.

Oder meinst du, daß ich alt
Und nicht möchte kommen?
Darum hab ich meinen Prinz
Wilhelm mitgenommen.

Weil ich aber noch gesund
Und der Welt will zeigen,
Daß ein junger Held wie du
Ganz vor mir muß schweigen.

At Troop Departure.

Oh, my father, I am your son
So help me out with some money,
Help me with goods or money,
:: So I do not have to go to the battlefield” ::

“Oh son, I hear what you are saying,
But I myself must be on my way.
:: But I have to be drawn into the war,
And you are staying here.” ::

Oh God, how red the sky appears,
Rose red like in a glowing ember!
That signifies honorable soldier blood.
God have mercy!

Then we ride on out to the gate,
Oh, father and mother, a salute to the home!
When will we come together again?
In the hereafter.

King Joseph & Friedrich the Great.

King Joseph, do you still want to
Attempt something with me?
I and my Prince Wilhelm are
Not going to lose courage before you.

Or are you meaning that I am old
And do not want to come?
That is why I have my Prince
Wilhelm brought along.

Since however I am still healthy
And want to show the world,
That a young champion like you
Must be completely silent before me.

⁴³ From **Atmagea**. According to Silcher under the Württemberg domestic military (Erk=Böhme 1344). The usual starting verse: *Brothers, brothers, we are going off to war—Brüder, Brüder, wir ziehn in den Krieg* is missing here. Distributed in southern German: Swabia (Meier 91, in the vicinity of Tübingen and others), Franconia (Ditfurth II, 248, in Rotenburg), Alsace (Mündel 146), Nassau (Wolfram 309), Volga Colonies. 140.

⁴⁴ In **Atmagea** from the oldest woman who belonged to the colony. Originated in 1778 in the Bavarian War of Succession. (Ditfurth, Hist. Volksl. von 1763-1812 Nr. 8 according to a pamphlet, Fränk. Volksl. II, 218). It appears that the song is completely forgotten in Germany at this time, it was still active in Swabia in the middle of the previous century. (Meier 122, in Reusten, Oberamt Herrenberg.)

Niemand kommt nach Haus.⁴⁵

*Der Bauer schickt den Johann raus,
Er soll den Hafer schneiden.
Hei, hei, hei, eije.
Der Johann schneid den Hafer nicht,
Hoho!*

*Der Bauter schickt den Pudel raus,
Er soll den Johann beißen.
Hei, hei, hei, eije.
Der Pudel beißt den Johann nicht.
Hoho!*

*Der Bauer schickt den Stecken raus,
Er soll den Pudel schlagen.
Hei etc..
Der Stecken schlägt den Pudel nicht,
Der Johann schneid den Hafer nicht,
Hei, hei, hei, eije.*

*Der Bauer schickt das Feuer raus,
Es soll den Stecken brennen.
Hei, hei, hei, eije.
Das Feuer brannt den Stecken nicht,
Der Stecken schlägt den Pudel nicht,
Der Pudel beißt den Johann nicht,
Der Johann schneid den Hafer nicht.
Hei, etc.*

*Der Bauer schickt das Wasser raus,
Es soll das Feuer löschen.
Der Bauer schickt den Ochsen raus,
Er soll das Wasser saufen.
Hei etc.*

*Die Ochsen sauft das Wasser nicht,
Das Wasser löscht das Feuer nicht,
Das Feuer brennt den Stecken nicht,
Der Stecken schlägt den Pudel nicht,*

No One Is Coming Home.

The farmer sends out Johann,
He is suppose to cut the oats.
Hei, hei, hei, eije.
Johann does not cut the oats,
Hoho!

The farmer sends out the poodle,
It is supposed to bite Johann.
Hei, hei, hei, eije.
The poodle does not bite Johann.
Hoho!

The farmer sends out the stick,
It is suppose to beat the poodle.
Hei, hei, hei, eije.
The stick does not beat the poodle,
Johann does not cut the oats,
Hei, hei, hei, eije.

The farmer sends out the fire,
It is supposed to burn the stick.
Hei, hei, hei, eije.
The fire does not burn the stick,
The stick does not beat the poodle,
The poodle does not bite Johann
Johann does not but the oats.
Hei, hei, hei, eije.

The farmer sends out the water,
It is supposed to put out the fire.
The farmer sends out the oxen,
It is supposed to drink the water.
Hei, hei, hei, eije.

The oxen does not drink the water,
The water does not put out the fire,
The fire does not burn the stick,
The stick does not beat the poodle,

⁴⁵ From **Caramurat**. In the "Vergliederbüchlein" of about 1740. By Erlach (IV, S. 439) from a youthful memory. The song seems to be known almost only in northern Germany. Wegener (3. Heft, S. 303) considered it dialect, but otherwise identical in Süderstapel in Schleswig: *De Buur, de schik den Joch'n hin* with the sequel that the butcher should slaughter the ox. So also in Volga Colonies 254. With Erlach, there still follow the devil and the priest, in the old source (Erk = Böhme 1744) also the Vulture, the Witch, the Hangman, the father. From southern Germany, I find it with some variations only out of the Baden Wiesentale, (Meisinger S. 68).

*Der Pudel beißt den Johann nicht,
Der Johann schneid den Hafer nicht.
Hei, hei, hei, eije, oho!*

Die arme Seele.⁴⁶

*Der Himmel stand offen,
Weiß keiner warum?
:: Und ein jeder muß streiten
Und kämpfen darum. ::*

*Da draußen, da draußen
Vor der himmlischen Tür,
:: Da steht eine arme Seele,
Schant traurig herfür. ::*

*“Arme Seele, arme Seele,
Komm du nur herein!
:: Deine Sünden seins vergeben,
So groß als sie sein.” ::*

*Dort singen alle Engelein,
Lobehr und Lobpreis!*

Auswandererlied.⁴⁷

*Jetzt ist die Zeit und Stunde da,
Wir reisen nach Amerika.*

The poodle does not bite Johann,
Johann does not cut the oats.
Hei, hei, hei, eije, oho!

The Poor Soul.

Heaven stands open,
Does no one know why?
:: And everyone has to dispute
And struggle over it. ::

There on the outside, there on the outside
Before the heavenly gate,
:: There stands a poor soul,
Grieved with shame in front of it. ::

“Poor soul, poor soul,
Just come on in!
:: Your sins are forgiven,
As great as they are.” ::

There all the angels sing,
Worthy of honor and worthy of praise!

Emigration Song.

Now the time and hour has come,
We are travelling to America.

⁴⁶ From **Mangeapunar**. First mentioned in 1793 (Erk=Böhme 2037). In southern, but also in northern Germany and in Switzerland (Tobler I, 13; II, 2) bekannt. Schwaben (Meier 198 strong deviations), on the Bodensee (Erk, Ldh 49 c), Saarbrücken, 449), Franconia (Ditfurth I, 100), Prussia (Frischbier=S. 94).

⁴⁷ From **Cogealac**. The song was very common in all the emigration areas of southern Germany and still is today. The author is Samuel Friedrich Sauter, schoolmaster in the Baden village of Flehingen, from which also Russia emigrants are drawn. It appeared in Sauter's "Sämtlichen Gedichten," Karlsruhe 1845, in a new selection by Eug. Kilian i.d. Neujahrsbl. D. Bad. Hist. Komm., Neue F. 5, Heidelberg 1920. But this publication has not been a standard dissemination. The poem has the title in the collection: *Farewell for Emigrants to America on 12 June, 1830—Abschied für Auswanderer nach Amerika am 12. Juni 1830*. So it seems to have arisen on a very specific occasion and sung for the first time. From then on, it has quickly become widely known by means of verbal transmission, transcripts and probably also by pamphlets, and at least at that time by stragglers who arrived in the Russian settlements, not only in the Russian, but also into the Volga colonies, where it is also sung. Published as "The very popular song of emigrants—Das sehr beliebte Lied der Auswanderer" in 1846 in "Hess. Sitten, Sagen und Gebräuche, her. V. G. Kaute" in Offenbach. In Sauter's collection of 1845, the poem has 12 stanzas, while almost everywhere else only 5, and although fairly consistent, are always sung the same. That Sauter is the original author (*Vaterschaft*) is something that is open to question. The thought process and even the wording of various verses unmistakably indicate an older poem, which Sauter used as a model, from Schubart's, first printed in 1787 and similarly fashioned, "Kaplied": *Up, up, you brothers and be strong! The day of departure has arrived.—Auf, auf, ihr Brüder und seid stark! Der Abschiedstag ist da*. This poem was so popular at the turn of the century that it was taken up by Arnim and Brentano in the Wunderhorn. (I, S. 301, *Hot Africa—Das heiße Afrika*.) By the way, the name of Sauter as the author of our song was so little known that neither Mittler nor Erk=Böhme mentioned it. In the Palatinate, Heeger=W. and others in Kandel (323a), Marriage (127) in Handschuhsheim, Alsace (Mündel 205-207), Swabia (Meier 146), Odenwald (Künzel S. 571), Hesse (Mittler 963, Lewalter IV, 29), Nassau (Wolfram 438), Erz Mountains (Müller 48), Earldom of Glatz (Amft 533), also in Eifel, Thuringia, Styria (Erk=Böhme 795). "Macedonia" in the first line of the last verse is to be a seaport according to the explanation of my singers.

*Der Wagen steht schon vor der Tür.
:: Mit Weib und Kind marschieren wir ::*

The wagon already stands at the gate.
:: We march off with wife and child ::

*Und alle, die da sind verwandt,
Reicht uns zum letzten mal die Hand,
Ihr Freunde, weinet nicht zu sehr,
:: Wir sehen uns nun und nimmermehr. ::*

And all, those that are related,
Reach out their hand to us for the last time,
Friends, do not cry too much,
:: We see each other now and never again. ::

*Und als wir auf dem Segel schwamm,
Da stimmen wir ein Loblied an.
Wir fürchten keine Wasserfahrt,
:: Wir denken: Gott ist überall. ::*

And as we floated on the sail ship,
We began to sing a song of praise.
We are not afraid of travelling by water,
:: We realize that God is everywhere. ::

*Und als wir nach Mazedonien kamen',
Da heben wir die Hände: hurra!
Und singen laut: Viktoria!
:: Nun sind wir in Amerika! ::*

And as we came to Macedonia,
We held up our hands: Hurrah!
And sang loud: Victory!
:: No we are in America! ::

In contrast to the widespread dissemination of this emigrant song, I have not been able to find a reproduction of page 18 in any German collection. It apparently emerged only among those migrating to Russia and remained limited to this event.

For those who emigrated, two other one-time ethnic artistic songs in Germany, were of deeper importance, so that they stayed alive with them, while they were almost forgotten by the folks among us. A person's sentiments come to the fore when one listens to a German farmer couple in Dobrudscha sing:

*Herz, mein Herz, warum so traurig?
Und was soll das Ach und Weh?
Schön ist es im fremden Lande,
Doch zur Heimat wird es nie.⁴⁸*

Heart, my heart, why so sad?
And what is it with the doleful outcry?
It is beautiful in the foreign country,
However, it will never be as our homeland.

The second of these songs is the *Farewell Song (Abschiedslied)* by Hoffman von Fallerslebe, which the farm women in Mangeapunar sang perfectly:

*Tränen, Tränen hab ich viel vergossen,
Weil ich scheiden muß von dir.
:: Denn mein Vater hat mir solches beschlossen,
Aus der Heimat wandern wir. ::⁴⁹*

Tears, tears I have shed many,
Because I have to leave you.
:: Such has my father resolved with me,
We are leaving our homeland. ::

⁴⁸ From **Mangeapunar**. By Joh. Rud. Wyß: Swiss homesickness—Schwytzer Heimweh, original in the Bern dialect, first published in 1811. In the middle of the previous century, the song was still also an ethnic one. Algier included it in his "Compilation of Secular Songs—Weltlichen Liederschatz" (Reutlingen 1841 Nr. 672), and Hoffmann von Fallersleben included it in "Our Ethnic Songs—Unsere volkstümlichen Lieder." (2. Aufl. 1859, Nr. 424). At present, it seems to be sung in the people only in Nassau (Wolfram S. 481) and on the Moselle (Köhler = M. 153), as well as in the Volga Colonies (No. 91). G. Wustmann has it back in his collection "When the grandfather took the grandmother—Als der Großvater die Großmutter nahm" (2. Aufl. Leipzig 1887, S. 449).

To the songs which have been forgotten in Germany belongs also:

Der gute Reiche.⁵⁰

*Es rauscht ein Fluß, an einem Bach
Ein armes Maidlein saß.
Aus ihren schwarzbraunen Äugelein
Floß manche Träne ins Grab.*

The Good Realm.

A river rushes, at a brook
Sits a poor maiden.
From her little dark brown eyes
Flow many tears upon a grave.

Von den Liedern, die ich in keiner der mir zugaenglichen deutschen Sammlungen auffinden konnte, seien nur zwei wiedergegeben:

Of the songs which I could not find in any of the German collections accessible to me, there are two more to reproduce:

Verlassen.⁵¹

*Verlassen, ja verlassen,
Verlassen hast du mich.
Du denkst, hast mich betrogen,
Betrogen hast du dich.*

Forsaken.

Forsaken, yes forsaken,
You have forsaken me.
You think you have deceived me,
You have deceived yourself.

*Schon länger als zwei Jahre
Haben wir uns herzlich lieb.
Auf einmal ists gekommen,
Die Liebe ist zu End!*

For more than two years
We loved each other whole-heartedly.
And all at once it happened,
Love has come to an end!

*Wer ist denn schuld gewesen?
Die Leute, die nicht wollen,
Daß dus mein Schatz sollst werden,
Sie bleiben in der Schuld.*

So whose fault was it?
The people, those who did not want,
That you should be my sweetheart,
They are the ones at fault.

*Ich bin noch jung und ledig,
Kann machen, was ich will.
In meinen jungen Jahren
Kann ich lieben, wen ich will.*

I am still young and single,
I can do whatever I want.
At my young age
I can love whomever I want.

*Ich geh in den Rosengarten,
Brech mirs drei Röslein ab*

I go into the rose garden,
Break off three roses

⁴⁹ Originated in 1842, published in Hoffmann's "Volksgesangbuch" (Leipzig 1848 Nr. 145) and in Erk's Liederkranz, 1 Heft Nr. 155. In the Folksong collections in more recent times, no longer listed, however, still familiar in the Volga (105).

⁵⁰ In *Atmagea* which was sung by 3 young fellows. Acurately: *At a river, the fuming womb—An einem Fluß, der rauschend schoß*, by Kaspar Friedrich Lossius, first published in 1781. Hoffmanns Wolkst. Lieder Nr. 46. In more recent times, only verified from Nassau (Wolfram S. 480) and from the Volga (188), yet, I have heard it sung as a young boy in the Erz Mountains. Republished by Wustmann. As the grandfather (page 132)

⁵¹ Sung in *Atmagea* as a popular ballad.

*Und stell sie auf mein Fenster.
Lieb Schätzle, gute Nacht.*

*Ein Schifflin ist gefahren,
Ein Schifflin is jetzt fort.
Wann sehen wir uns wieder,
Wann sehen wir uns dort?*

Aufgebot.⁵²

*Auf, ihr junge, deutsche Brüder,
Leget eure Arbeit nieder,
Denn man ruft euch zum Soldat.*

*Dieser Ruf ergeht an alle,
Dieses ist ein Trauerschalle
Dem, der einen Sohn nur hat.*

*Den vor einundzwanzig Jahren
Seine Mutter hat geboren,
Muß schon auf den Schauplatz hin.*

*Hier wird oft den Herzen bange.
Wird es ewig oder lange?
Geht es nur mit Ach und Weh.*

*Wir sind nur dazu geboren,
Haben vieles Gut verloren,
Gott wird unsern Schaden sehn.*

*Wieviel Söhne dieser Erden
Auf einmal gesammelt werden,
Wird das nicht ein Jammer sein!*

And place them upon my window.
Dear sweetheart, good night.

A little ship has sailed,
A little ship is now on its way.
When will we see each other again,
When will we see each other there?

Conscription

Get up, you young German brothers,
Put your work aside,
For you are being called to be a soldier.

This call goes out to everyone
This is a grieving sound
To anyone who has only one son.

For the one who twenty-one years ago
His mother has given birth,
Must show up at the inspection site.

Here hearts are often anxious.
Is it for ever, or for a long time?
Is the doleful outcry.

This is what we were born for,
Have lost out on a lot of good,
God will see our misfortune.

Many sons on this earth
Will be gathered together all at once,
What a pitiful thing!

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⁵² From **Caramurat**. "Old Song—Altes Lied." I discovered it, in a shortened version, but otherwise quite frequent only verified by the Volga Germans, vergl. Anm. S. 183.