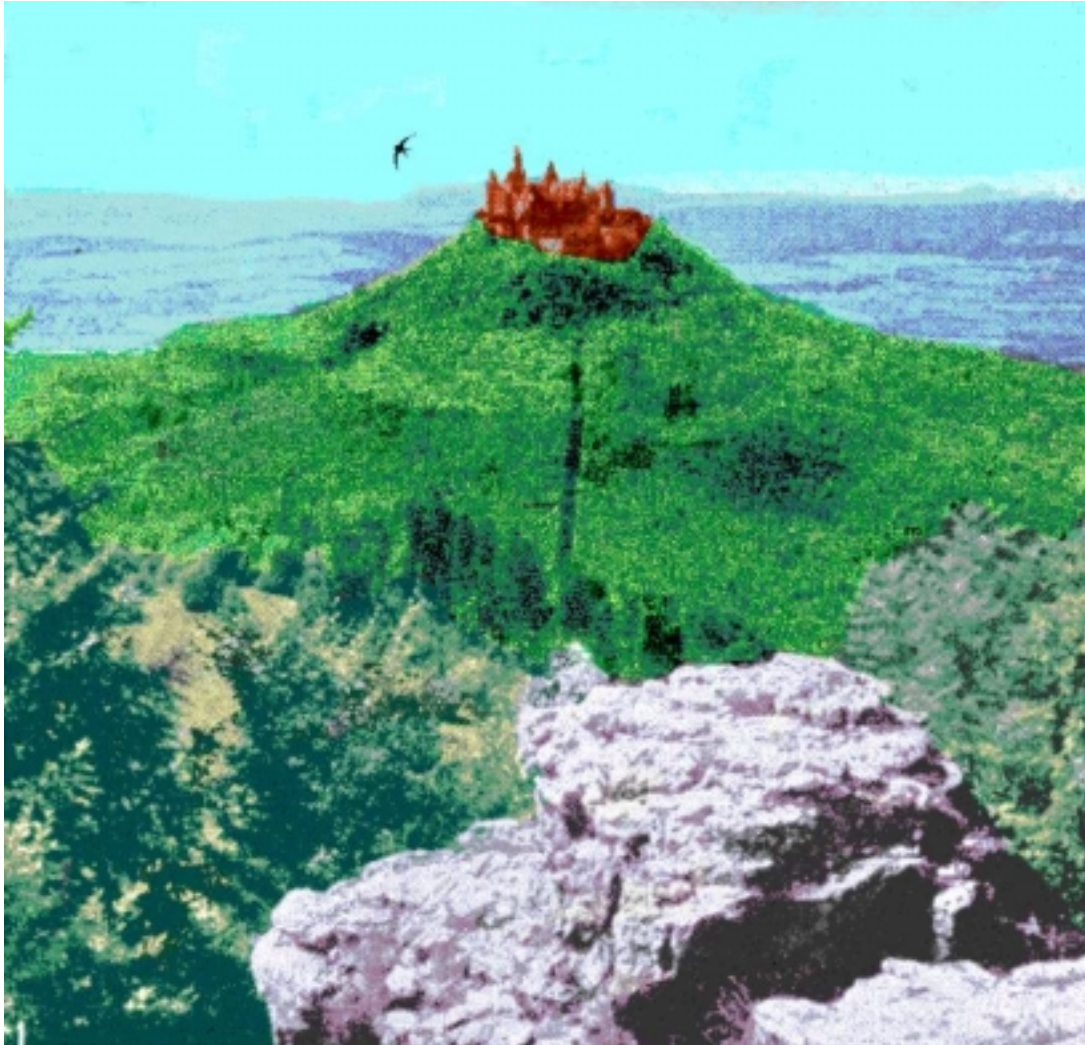




# MORUNGEN LIEDER



12 Songs by Heinrich von Morungen  
with music by H.W. Gade

**Morungen Lieder**

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**Playing Time approx. 1hour 5min**

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**E**nglish parallel translations by the composer © 1989

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**P**ortrait of Morungen from a series of fictive portraits of German poets, dating from the beginning of the 1300-ies.

**T**he manuscript has been revised by cand.mag. A. Grossert without whom the English reader would have been somewhat misled by the translations of the composer.

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*The composer thanks everyone involved in the making of this book*

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*The composer's Clause*

"My music to the texts of Heinrich von Morungen contained in this music book is only permitted in public performance, hereunder live concerts, film, radio, TV, recording, CD, data discs or any other mechanical or electronic media, existing or future, in accordance with the following rules:

No translations into modern German, English or any other language may be used with my music.

Only the original Middle High German text fits the music I carefully wrote and designed for the special needs of the old words.

My own "translations" must never be used to the music, as they are intended as a helping hand only for the non-German listener/reader.

Translations of the text in the national language of the audience should however be distributed during live concerts to clear up the meaning of the songs. These translations must never be used as song texts to my music.

My preface should be read aloud at the beginning of every performance of my work. Preferably in the local national language."

# Morungen Lieder

Playing Time approx. 1 hour 5min

## Table of Contents

	<i>Page</i>
Preface by the Composer .....	4
Overture [6:25]	
<b>1</b> In sô hôher swebender wunne [5:33].....	5
(In such high soaring Joy)	
<b>2</b> Von den elben [6:30] .....	8
(By the Elves)	
<b>3</b> Mîn herze, ir schoene und diu minne [3:00].....	10
(My Heart, her Beauty and the Love)	
<b>4</b> Vrowe mîne swaere sich [3:00] .....	11
(Lady, look at my pain)	
<b>5</b> Wê, wie lange sol ich ringen [3:57].....	12
(Alas, how long shall I fight)	
<b>6</b> Owê, - sol aber mir iemer mê [4:31].....	14
(Alas, will I ever again)	
<b>PAUSE</b>	
<b>7</b> Uns ist zergângen der lieplîch summer [8:03].....	17
(For us the lovely Summer has gone)	
<b>8</b> Wie sol vrïdelôser tage [4:14].....	19
(How can joyless days)	
<b>9</b> Ich hôrte ûf der heide [3:13] .....	21
(I heard in the Meadows)	
<b>10</b> Vrowe, wilt du mich gern [1:05].....	23
(Lady, if you want to save me)	
<b>11</b> Ez tuot vil wê [4:31] .....	24
(It hurts so much)	
<b>12</b> Ez ist site der nahtegal [10:03] .....	26
(It is the habit of the Nightingale)	
How to pronounce middleage German .....	30

## Preface

**N**ow comes the time of the autumn. Withering hopes of  
Yesterday. Unseen tears. And above all the shimmering  
Ghosts of love gone by, the love we lived and the love we  
Failed. Come, judge us! Did we do wrong? We tried so hard  
As did once the noble Heinrich von Morungen. Let his songs  
Be a mirror of our sudden decline!

**I**n all my writing and music I have always sung the praise  
Of love, be it painful or desperately sweet. A dark morning  
In the early 1989 I stumbled over a text by Heinrich von  
Morungen ("Lady, look at my pain"), and I bowed my head in  
Deep respect for a superb love poet for all times and ages.  
His words reflected my own innermost feelings. So I began at  
Once to put music to the beat of the poet's heart. It was myself  
I heard.

**N**ightly visions and soaring streams of bright light. Tender  
Words and rigid sarcasm. This is the boundless world of true  
Love, expressed by a middle age poet in a dead language, yet  
Vibrating with strength and originality. Do not frown at the clichés.  
This is the man, who invented the phrases all later writers from  
Walter to Byron and Goethe came to borrow until we found them  
Silly and common, alas!

**A**ll my new music was written with extreme solicitude. No  
Bars were left unturned. Every single key, chord, meter and  
Note fit their word. The sound and the rhythms blend tightly repeat  
And echo 'till they create a unison voice crying out for a love,  
Long lost. Across history, style and death I embrace you,  
My distant brother, Heinrich von Morungen!

**L**ove has been good to me. I looked high, but love rewarded  
Me. I saw its shiny eyes and the smile, and love touched me.  
Burning with lust and pain my body slowly decays. And my spirit  
Will soon be free. At long last.

*Henrik "Mik" Wilhelm Gade,  
Copenhagen the 14<sup>th</sup> of August A.D. 1989*



*„...dur daz volge aber ich der swal,  
diu durch liebe noch dur leide ir singen nie verlie.“  
[Heinrich von Morungen]*

# Overture

Full Orchestra	Piano / Vocal Score	Vocal / Choir Score
		 <a href="#">mor_00.pdf</a>

## Orchestra

- 2 Flutes
- 2 Oboes
- 2 Clarinets
- 2 Bassoon
- 1 Contrabassoon
- 1 Trumpet
- 2 Trombones
- 1 Tuba
- 2 French Horn
- 1 Drum Kit
- 1 Glockenspiel
- 1 Harp
- 8 Violins
- 6 Violoncellos
- 4 Cellos
- 4 Contrabasses

## Vocals

- 1 Tenor Solo
- 1 Alt Solo
- 4 Soprano
- 4 Alto
- 4 Tenor
- 4 Bass

# 1 In sô hôher swebender wunne

Full Orchestra	Piano / Vocal Score	Vocal / Choir Score
		 <a href="#">mor_01.pdf</a>

**I**n sô hôher swebender wunne  
 sô gestuont min herze ane vröidem nie.  
 ich var, als ich vliegen kunne,  
 mit gedanken iemer umbe sie,  
 Sît daz mich ir tröst enpfie,  
 der mir durch die sêle mîn  
 mitten in daz herze gie.

**2.**  
 Swaz ich wunneclîches schouwe,  
 daz spile gegen der wunne die ich hân.  
 luft und erde, walt und ouwe  
 suln die zît der vröide mîn enphân.  
 Mir ist komen ein hügender wân  
 und ein wunneclîcher tröst.  
 des mîn muot sol hôhe stân.

**3.**  
 Wol dem wunneclîchen maere,  
 daz sô suoze durch mîn ôre erklanc,  
 und der sanfte tuonder swaere,  
 diu mit vröiden in mîn herze sanc.  
 Dâ von mir ein wunne entspranc,  
 diu vor liebe alsam ein tou  
 mir ûz von den ougen dranc.

**4.**  
 Saelic sî diu süeze stunde,  
 saelic sî diu zît, der werde tac,  
 dô daz wort gie von ir munde,  
 daz dem herzen mîn sô nâhen lac,  
 Daz mîn lîp von vröide erschrac,  
 und enweiz von liebe joch,  
 waz ich von ir sprechen mac.

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## In such high soaring Joy

**I**n such high soaring joy  
So packed with delight was never my heart,  
I circle as if I were flying  
In thoughts always of her,  
Since I received her comforting words,  
That through the soul of mine,  
Went to the middle of my heart.

2.  
What I joyfully see,  
Mirrors the joy in me,  
Air and earth, woods and meadows,  
Shall embrace the time of my delight.  
To me has come a lucky hope,  
And a joyful comfort,  
Thereby my spirit shall rise high.

3.  
Hail the joyful news,  
That range so sweet through my ear,  
And the gentle doing pain,  
That sank with delight in my heart,  
From there a joy sprang for me,  
Which from love just like dew,  
Oozed from my eyes.

4.  
Blessed be the sweet hour,  
Blessed be the time, the worthy day,  
When the word came from her mouth,  
That lay so close to my heart.  
That my being was shattered with delight,  
And I do not know due to love,  
What I may speak of her.

*(Word to word translation by the composer,  
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## 2 Von den elben

Full Orchestra	Piano / Vocal Score	Vocal / Choir Score
		 <a href="#">mor_02.pdf</a>

Von den elben wirt entsehen vil manic man,  
 sô bin ich von grôzer liebe entsên  
 von der besten, die ie dehein mân ze vriunt gewan.  
 will aber sî dar úmbè mich vên,  
 Und ze unstaten stên,  
 mac si danne rechen sich  
 und tuo des ich si bite, sô vréut si sô sê're mich,  
 daz mîn lîp vor wunnen muoz zergên.

2.  
 Sî gebiutet und ist in dem herzen mîn  
 vrowe und hêrer, danne ich selbe sî.  
 hei wan muoste ich ir alsô gewaltic sîn,  
 daz si mir mit triuwen waere bî  
 Ganzer tage drî  
 unde eteslîche naht!  
 sô verlûr ich niht den lîp und al die maht.  
 jâ ist si leider vor mir alze vrî.

3.  
 Mich enzündet ir vil liehter ougen schîn,  
 same daz viur den durren zunder tuot,  
 und ir vremen krenket mir daz herze mîn  
 same daz wasser die vil heize gluot.  
 Und ir hôher muot  
 und ír schoene und ir werdecheit  
 und daz wunder, daz man von ir tugenden seit,  
 daz wirt mir vil übel - oder lîhte guot?

4.  
 Swenne ir liechten ougen sô verkêrent sich,  
 daz si mir aldur mîn herze sên,  
 swer dâ enzwichen danne gêt und irret mich,  
 dem muoze al sîn wunne gar zergên!  
 Ich muoz vor ir stên  
 unde warten der vröiden mîn  
 rehte alsô des tages diu kleinen vogellîn.  
 wenne sol mir iemer liep geschên?

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## By the Elves

**B**y the elves many a man was enchanted,  
So was I enchanted by strong love  
By the best woman a man has ever befriended.  
But will she for that reason hate me,  
And stand up against me,  
Willing to take her revenge on me  
In doing what I ask of her; then she will make me so happy,  
That my life will perish with joy.

2.

She rules and is in the heart of mine,  
Lady and mightier than I am myself,  
Hey, if I ever could have that much power over her  
That she stayed faithfully by my side  
For 3 whole days  
And some nights  
Then I would not loose the life and all the power,  
Yes, she is unfortunately much too independent of me.

3.

I am inflamed by the light of her eyes so bright,  
As the fire does to the dry tinder,  
And her treating me like a stranger offends the heart of mine,  
Like the water the glowing embers,  
And her high spirit  
And her beauty and her dignity  
And the wonders, they tell of her good deeds  
That is bad luck to me - or maybe good.

4.

When her bright eyes turn to me in a way  
That all through my heart she sees,  
Who would dare go in between and trouble me,  
He must have all the joy of his totally destroyed,  
I must stand in front of her,  
And await my delight,  
Just as the little bird (awaits) the light of dawn.  
When will I ever achieve such happiness?

*(Word to word translation by the composer,  
Not to be used as text to the music © H.W. Gade 1989)*

### 3 Mîn herze, ir schoene und diu minne

Full Orchestra	Piano / Vocal Score	Vocal / Choir Score
		 <a href="#">mor_03.pdf</a>

**M**în herze, ir schoene und diu minne habent gesworn  
 zuo ein ander, des ich waene, ûf mîner vrôuden tôt.  
 zwiu habent diu driu mich éinen dar zuo erkorn?  
 ôwê, Minne, gebent ein teil der lieben mîner nôt,  
 Teilent si ir sô mite, daz sî gedanke ouch machen rôt.  
 wûnsche ich ir senens nû? Daz waere bezzer verborn.  
 Lîhte ist ez ir zorn,  
 sît ir wort mir deheinen kumber gebôt.

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### My Heart, her Beauty and Love

**M**y heart, her beauty and love has conspired,  
 With each other, so it seems to me,  
 In order to kill my joy.  
 Why have the three of them chosen me who is alone.  
 Alas, love, give my darling a part of my distress,  
 Let her take part so nicely that the thoughts make her blush too  
 Do I wish her longing now? It would be better without  
 Perhaps she is angry,  
 As her words did not bid me to feel this agony.

*(Word to word translation by the composer,  
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## 4 Vrowe mîne swaere sich

Full Orchestra	Piano / Vocal Score	Vocal / Choir Score
		 <a href="#">mor_04.pdf</a>

**V**rowe mîne swaere sich,  
 ê ich verliese mînen lîp.  
 ein wort du spraeche wider mich:  
 verkêre daz, du saelic wîp!  
 Du sprichest iemer neinâ neinâ nein  
 neinâ neinâ nein.  
 daz brichet mir mîn herze enzwein.  
 maht dû doch eteswenne spreche jâ,  
 jâ jâ jâ jâ jâ jâ?  
 daz lît mir an dem herzen nâ.

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## Lady, look at my Pain

**L**ady, look at my pain,  
 Before I loose my life,  
 One word you spoke to me,  
 Take it back you blessed woman,  
 You always speak no, no, no,  
 No, no, no  
 That breaks my heart in two.  
 Couldn't you just for once speak yes,  
 Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes?  
 That's what I have most at heart.

*(Word to word translation by the composer,  
 Not to be used as text to the music © H.W. Gade 1989)*

## 5 Wê, wie lange sol ich ringen

Full Orchestra	Piano / Vocal Score	Vocal / Choir Score
		 <a href="#">mor_05.pdf</a>

**W**ê, wie lange sol ich ringen  
 umbe éin wîp, der ích noch nie wort zuo gesprach?  
 wie sol mir an ir gelingen?  
     seht, dés wundert mích, wan es ê niht geschach,  
     Daz ein mán also tóbt, als ich tuon zaller zît,  
     daz ich sî sô herzeclîche minne  
 und es ê' nie gewuoc und ir dient iemer sît.

**2.**  
 Ich weiz vil wol, daz si lachet,  
     swenne ich vor ir stân und enweiz, wer ich bin.  
 sâ zehant bin ich gewachet,  
     swenne ir schoene nimt mir sô gar mînen sin.  
     Got weiz wol, daz si noch mîniu wort nie vernam,  
     wan daz ich ir diende mit gesange,  
 sô ích beste kunde, und als ir wol gezam.

**3.**  
 Owê des, waz rede ich tumme?  
     daz ich niht enrette als ein saeliger man!  
 sô swîge ich rehte als ein stumme,  
     der von sîner nôt niht gesprechen enkan,  
     Wan daz er mit der hant sîniu wort tiuten muoz.  
     als erzeige ich ir mîn wundez herze  
 unde valle vür sî unde nîge ûf ir vuoz.

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# Alas, how long shall I fight

1.

**A**las, how long shall I fight  
For a woman whom I never spoke a word,  
How can I succeed with her,  
See, that puzzles me, that never once before,  
A man did rage as I do all the time,  
That I love her with all my heart,  
And never thought about it  
And nevertheless I have served her ever since.

2.

I know very well that she smiles,  
When I stand in front of her, and don't know who I am,  
So weak do I become,  
When her beauty has deprived me of my senses,  
God knows well that she hasn't yet perceived my words,  
Only with songs have I served her,  
The best I could, and to which she was entitled.

3.

Alas, what do I say, foolish me,  
Why do I not talk as a blessed man?  
So let me stay silent as a dumb person,  
Who cannot speak his needs,  
And with his hands he must express his words,  
Likewise I show her my wounded heart  
Falling down for her, and bowing my head to her foot.

*(Word to word translation by the composer,  
Not to be used as text to the music © H.W. Gade 1989)*

## 6 Owê, - sol aber mir iemer mê

Full Orchestra	Piano / Vocal Score	Vocal / Choir Score
		

Owê, -  
 Sol aber mir iemer mê  
 geliuhten dur die naht  
 noch wîzer danne ein snê  
 ir lîp vil wol geslaht?  
     Der troub diu ougen mîn.  
     ich wânde, ez solde sîn  
     des liechten mânen schîn,  
     Dô tagte ez.

"Owê, -  
 Sol aber er iemer mê  
 den morgen hie betagen?  
 als uns diu naht engê,  
 daz wir niht durfen klagen:  
     'Owê, nu ist ez tac',  
     als er mit klage pflac,  
     dô er jûngest bî mir lac.  
     Dô tagte ez."

Owê, -  
 Si kuste âne zal  
 in dem slâfe mich.  
 do vielen hin ze tal  
 ir trehene nider sich.  
     Iedoch getrôste ich sie,  
     daz sî ir weinen lie  
     und mich al umbewie.  
     Dô tagte ez.

"Owê, -  
 Daz er sô dicke sich  
 bî mir ersehen hât!  
 Als er endachte mich,  
 sô wolt er sunder wât  
     Mîn arme schouwen blôz.  
     ez war ein wunder grôz,  
     daz in des nie verdrôz.  
     Dô tagte ez."

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# Alas, will I ever again

## 1. (he)

Alas -  
Will I ever again,  
See shine through the night,  
Whiter even than the snow,  
Her body so well created,  
It deceived the eyes of mine,  
I thought it had to be  
The shining moonlight.  
Then the day was dawning

## 2. (she)

Alas -  
Will he ever again,  
Stay here 'till the morning?  
Then maybe as the night goes by,  
We do not have to mourn,  
Alas, now the day has come  
As he mournfully cried,  
When he lay by my side for the last time,  
Then the day was dawning.

## 3. (he)

Alas -  
She kissed me countless times  
In her sleep,  
And all the while so many  
Tears of hers were falling.  
But I comforted her,  
To stop her weeping,  
And she embraced me in full,  
Then the day was dawning.

## 4. (she)

Alas -  
That he so often,  
Lost himself looking at me,  
As he uncovered me,  
He wanted to see without clothes,  
My naked arms,  
It was a great wonder,  
That he never tired doing that  
Then the day was dawning.

*(Word to word translation by the composer,  
Not to be used as text to the music © H.W. Gade 1989)*

# PAUSE

## 7 Uns ist zergangen der lieplîch summer

Full Orchestra	Piano / Vocal Score	Vocal / Choir Score
		 <a href="#">mor_07.pdf</a>

**U**ns ist zergangen der lieplîch summer,  
 dâ man brach bluomen, da lît nu der snê.  
 mich muoz belangen, wenne sî mînen kummer,  
 welle volenden, der mir tuot so wê.  
 Jâ klage ich niht den klê,  
 swenne ich gedenke an ir wîplîchen wangen,  
 diu man ze vröide so gerne ane sê.

2.  
 Seht an ir ougen und merkent ir kinne,  
 seht an ir kele wîz und prüevent it munt.  
 si ist âne lougen gestalt sam diu Minne.  
 Mir wart von vrouwen so liebez nie kunt.  
 Jâ hât si mich verwunt  
 sêre in den tôt, ich verliuse die sinne.  
 genâde ein küniginne, du tuo mich gesunt.

3.  
 Die ich mit gesange hie prîse unde kroene,  
 an die hât got sînen wunsch wol geleit.  
 in gesach nu lange ni bilde alsô schoene  
 als ist mîn vrowe; des bin ich gemeit.  
 Mich vröit ir werdekeit  
 baz danne der meie und alle sîn doene,  
 die die vogel singent; daz sî iu geseit.

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# For us the lovely Summer has gone



**F**or us the lovely summer has gone,  
Where we picked flowers the snow is lying,  
I must be sorry, when she will make my pain  
Perfect - that grieves me so  
Yes, I do not complain of the clover  
When I think of her womanly cheeks  
Which is a delight to look upon.

2.

Look at her eyes and feel her cheek,  
Look at her white neck and examine her mouth,  
She is no doubt shaped like love itself,  
I never heard from ladies such an affection,  
Yes, she has wounded me,  
To the very death; I loose my mind,  
Have pity, queen, give me my health!

3.

She whom I with songs praise and crown,  
In her has God perfected his dream,  
As long as I have been watching,  
No sight has ever been as beautiful,  
As my lady; that pleases me,  
Her dignity delights me,  
More than May and all her tunes,  
The ones the birds sing; mark my words.

*(Word to word translation by the composer,  
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## 8 Wie sol vröidelôser tage

Full Orchestra	Piano / Vocal Score	Vocal / Choir Score
		 <a href="#">mor_08.pdf</a>

**W**ie sol vröidelôser tage  
 mir und sender jâre iemer werden rât?  
 sô ist daz aber mîn hoechste klage,  
 daz uns beide, an sange, an vröide, missegât.  
 Sît daz diu werlt mit sôrgen sô gar betwungen stât,  
 maniger swîget nu, der doch dicke wol gesungen hât.

2.

Ich was eteswenne vrô,  
 dô mîn herze wânde nebens der sunnen stân.  
 dur die wolken sach ich hô.  
 nû muoz ich mîn ouge nider zer erde lân.  
 Mich triuget alze sêre ein vil minneclîcher wân,  
 sît daz ich von ir niht wan leit und herzeswaere hân.

3.

Wil si vrömden mir dur daz,  
 dazs ein lützel ist mit valscher diet behuot?  
 dêst ein swacher vriundes haz,  
 daz si mit den andern mir sô leide tuot,  
 Es hoeret niht ze liebe ein sô kranker vriundes muot.  
 wil aber sî die húote alsô triegen, dâst uns beiden guot.

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# How can joyless Days

1.

**H**ow can joyless days,  
Or a whole such year ever be mended,  
It is my highest complaint,  
That we both miss the song and the delight,  
As the world has been overcome with grief so totally,  
Many a man is now silent who once sang so well.

2.

I was once happy,  
When my heart used to stand beside the sun,  
Through the clouds I looked high,  
Now I must lower my eyes to the ground,  
I am deceived all too much by a very lovesick hope,  
As I gain nothing but pain and a broken heart from her.

3.

Will she become a stranger to me,  
Because some false people guard her a bit,  
That is a poor hatred from a friend,  
To cause me pain by others,  
It is not worthy of love, such an ill minded spirit of a friend  
But if she wants to deceive the guards,  
Then it's the best for us both.

*(Word to word translation by the composer,  
Not to be used as text to the music © H.W. Gade 1989)*

## 9 Ich hörte ûf der heide

Full Orchestra	Piano / Vocal Score	Vocal / Choir Score
		 <a href="#">mor_09.pdf</a>

**I**ch hörte ûf der heide  
 lûte stimme und süezen sanc.  
 dâ von wart ich beide  
 vröiden rîch und an trûren kranc.  
 Nâch der mîn gedânc sê're ránc ùnde swanc,  
 die vant ich ze tanze dâ si sanc.  
 âne leide ich dô spranc.

**2.**  
 Ich vant sî verborgen,  
 eine únd ir wéngel von tréhen naz,  
 dâ si an dem morgen,  
 mînes tôdes sich vermaz.  
 Der vil lieben ház tùot mir báz dâne daz,  
 dô ich vor ir kniewete, dâ si sâz  
 und ir sorgen gar vergaz.

**3.**  
 Ich vant si an der zinne  
 eine, únd ich was zuo zir gesant.  
 dâ mehte ichs ir minne  
 wol mit vuoge hân gepfant.  
 Dô wânde ich diu lânt hâ'n verbránt sâ'zehant,  
 wan daz mich ir süezen minne bant  
 an den sinnen hât erblant.

*(After the RECLAM Edition, 1975, Helmut Tervooren,  
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# I heard in the Meadows



1.  
**I** heard in the meadows,  
Light voices and sweet singing,  
Thereby I became both,  
Rich in joy and weak in grief.  
And she who my thoughts embraced in circles.  
I found her dancing where she sang,  
Without pain I then jumped in the dance.

2.  
I found her in hiding,  
Alone and her cheeks were wet with tears,  
When she in the morning,  
Threatened me with my death.  
But the hatred of the much beloved one  
Was dearer to me than ever,  
When I knelt to her where she sat,  
And she forgot all her worries.

3.  
I found her in the roof chamber,  
Alone, and I was sent to her,  
There I had the power to win  
A token of her love in a just way,  
Then I thought I could surround the lands with flames,  
If not for the ties of her sweet love,  
Blinding my senses.

*(Word to word translation by the composer,  
Not to be used as text to the music © H.W. Gade 1989)*

## 10 Vrowe, wilt du mich genern

Full Orchestra	Piano / Vocal Score	Vocal / Choir Score
		 <a href="#">mor_10.pdf</a>

**V**rowe, wilt du mich genern,  
 sô sich mich ein vil lützel an.  
 ich enmác mich langer niht erwern,  
 den lîp muoz ich verlórn hân.  
     Ich bin siech, mîn herze ist wunt.  
 vrowe, daz hânt mir getân  
     mîn ougen und dîn rôter munt.

*(After the RECLAM Edition, 1975, Helmut Tervooren,  
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## Lady, if you want to save me

**L**ady, if you want to save me,  
 Then take a short glance at me,  
 I can no longer defend myself.  
 And my life seems lost to me.  
 I am sick, my heart is wounded,  
 Lady, that has been done to me,  
 By my eyes and your red mouth.

*(Word to word translation by the composer,  
 Not to be used as text to the music © H.W. Gade 1989)*

# 11 Ez tuot vil wê

Full Orchestra	Piano / Vocal Score	Vocal / Choir Score
		 <a href="#">mor_11.pdf</a>

**E**z tuot vil wê, swer herzeclîche minnet  
 an sô hôher stat dâ sîn dienst gar versmât.  
 sîn tumber wân vil lützel dar ane gewinnet,  
 swer sô vil geklaget, daz ze herzen niht engât.  
 Er ist vil wîse, swer sich sô wol versinnet,  
 daz er díent dâ' man sîn dienst wol enphât,  
 und sich dar lâ, dâ man sîn genâde hât.

**2.**  
 Ich bedârf vil wol, daz ich genâde vinde,  
 wan ich hab ein wîp ob der sunnen mir erkorn.  
 dêst ein nô, die ich niemer überwinde,  
 sîn gesaeh mich ane, als si têt' hie bevorn.  
 Si ist mir liep gewest dâ her von kinde,  
 wan ich wart dur sî und durch anders niht geborn.  
 ist ir daz zorn, daz weiz got, sô bin ich verlorn.

**3.**  
 Wâ ist nu hin mîn liehter morgensterne?  
 wê, waz hilfet mich, daz mîn sunne ist ûf gegân?  
 si ist mîr ze hôh und ouch ein teil ze verne  
 gegen mittem tage unde wil dâ lange stân.  
 Ich gelêbte noch den lieben âbent gerne,  
 daz si sich her nider mir ze trôste wolte lân,  
 wand ich mich hân gar verkâpfet ûf ir wân.

*(After the RECLAM Edition, 1975, Helmut Tervooren,  
 Printed with permission of the Publishing House)*

## It hurts so much

**I**t hurts so much, when one loves with all his heart,  
In such a high place where his services are despised,  
His foolish hope does not win anything,  
When he complains so much and never reaches the heart.  
He is very wise, who bears well in mind,  
That he should offer his services, where they are well received,  
And go there, where grace awaits him.

**2.**  
I need so much to win (her) grace,  
As I have chosen a woman brighter than the sun,  
It is a misery I will never overcome,  
Unless she looks at me, the way she did before.  
She has been dear to me from the youth,  
As I was born for her and for nobody else.  
If that makes her angry - by God - then I am lost.

**3.**  
Where is now my shining morning star?  
Alas, what good is it to me that my sun has arisen?  
She is too high for me and also a bit too far,  
At noon and will stay there for long.  
I yearn to live to see the dear evening,  
When she will comfort me down here,  
As I have lost myself totally in the hope of seeing her.

*(Word to word translation by the composer,  
Not to be used as text to the music © H.W. Gade 1989)*

## 12 Ez ist site der nahtegal

Full Orchestra	Piano / Vocal Score	Vocal / Choir Score
		 <a href="#">mor_12.pdf</a>

**E**z ist zite der nahtegal,  
 swanne sí ir liep volendet, sô geswîget sie.  
 dur daz volge aber ich der swal,  
 diu durch líebe noch dur leide ir singen nie verlie.  
 Sît daz ich nu singen sol,  
 sô mac ich von schulden sprechen wol:  
 "ôwê,  
 daz ich ie sô vil gebat  
 und gevlêhte an eine stat,  
 dâ ich genâden nienen sê."

2.  
 Swîge ich unde singe niet,  
 sô sprechent sî, daz mîn singen zaeme baz.  
 sprich aber ich end singe ein liet,  
 sô muoz ich dulden beide ir spot und ouch ir haz.  
 Wie sol man den nû geleben,  
 die dem man mit schoener rede vergeben?  
 ôwê,  
 daz in ie sô wol gelanc,  
 und ich lie dur si mînen sanc!  
 ich wil singen aber als ê.

3.  
 Owê mîner besten zît  
 und ôwê mîner liechten wunneclîchen tage!  
 waz der an ir dienste lît!  
 nu jâmert mich vil manger senelîcher klage,  
 die si hât von mir vernomen  
 und ir nie ze herzen kunde komen.  
 ôwê,  
 mîniu gar verlonen jâr!  
 díu ríuwent mich vür wâr.  
 in verklage si niemer me.

4.

Ir lachen und ir schoene ansehen  
    und ir gúot gebaerde hânt betoeret lange mich.  
in kan anders niht verjehen  
    swer mich rúomes zîhen wil, vür wâr, der sündet sich.  
Ich hân sorgen vil gepflegen  
    und den vrouwen selten bî gelegen,  
    ôwê,  
    wan daz ich si gerne an sach  
    und in ie daz beste sprach,  
    mir enwart ir nie niht mê.

5.

Ez is niht, daz tiure sî,  
    wan habe ez deste werder wán den gretriuwen man.  
der ist leider swaere bî.  
    er ist verlorn, swer nû niht wan mit triuwen kan.  
Des wart ich wol gewar,  
    wan ich ir mit triuwen ie díente dar.  
    ôwê.  
    daz ich triuwen nie genôz!  
    dés stê'n ich vröiden blôz.  
    doch diene ich, swie ez ergê.

6.

Ob ich si dûhte hulden wert,  
    sôn möhte mir zer werlte lieber nith geschên.  
het ich an gót sît genâ'den gert,  
    sin künden nâch dem tôde niemer mich vergên.  
Herumbe ich niemer doch verzage.  
    ir lop, ir êre unz an mîn ende ich singe und sage.  
    waz,  
    ob si sich bedenket baz?  
    unde taete si liebe daz,  
    sô verbaere ich al ôwê.

*(After the RECLAM Edition, 1975, Helmut Tervooren,  
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# It is the Habit of the Nightingale



**I**t is the habit of the nightingale;  
When it has fulfilled its romance, it turns silent.  
But I follow the swallow,  
Who through love or through pain never loses its song.  
As I am going to sing anyway  
I can rightfully speak of my duties:  
    Alas,  
    That I prayed so much,  
    Aiming at a level,  
    Where I would never find grace.

**2.**  
If I am silent and do not sing,  
Then they say that singing suits me better,  
But if I speak and sing a song,  
Then I must bear both their mockery and their hatred too,  
How can I learn to live with those,  
Who poison you with beautiful words?  
    Alas,  
    If they succeeded so well,  
    That I gave up my singing!  
    I will sing just as before.

**3.**  
Alas, my best time,  
And alas, my light joyful days!  
How many did I spent in her service,  
Now I grieve for the painful laments,  
She has heard from me,  
And yet never could they enter her heart.  
    Alas,  
    My throughout wasted years!  
    They utterly distress me,  
    I will lament them forever more.

4.

Her smile and her beautiful looks,  
And her good manners have obsessed me for long,  
I cannot tell you anything else about her,  
He who accuses me of boasting,  
He is committing a sin.  
I have suffered many worries,  
And seldom slept with ladies.

Alas,  
Except for willingly looking at them,  
And speaking the best of them,  
Nothing did I gain.

5.

All that is dear,  
Is held in high esteem but the faithful man.  
He is unfortunately close to pain,  
He is lost, if being faithful is all he can do,  
That was very clear to me,  
When I served her faithfully then,

Alas,  
That my faithfulness was never rewarded.  
Therefore I stand deprived of my joy,  
Yet I serve her, however it goes.

6.

If she thought me worthy of her favour,  
Nothing would be more dear to me in the world,  
Had I asked God for his grace,  
It could never fail me after the death.  
Likewise I will never renounce (her),  
Her praise, her glory to my end I will celebrate  
In songs and recitation.

What,  
If she thinks better?  
And if she, the dear one, did that,  
Then I would overcome all my alas.

*(Word to word translation by the composer,  
Not to be used as text to the music © H.W. Gade 1989)*

# How to pronounce Medieval German

I had to learn myself to read Middle High German in 1985 as I worked with my musical drama "A Mystery Play" based on a poem by Hartman von Aue. First I found the language very easy to read for a Dane with moderate skills in modern German. But as usual the old languages play tricks on you. What at first seems obvious often turns out to have a surprisingly different meaning than the similar words of today. The word "genern" in Middle High German seemed to mean "genere" in modern Danish ("bother" in English). I wrote the tune believing the poet to say "Lady, if you want to mock me/bother me". He was in fact saying "Lady, if you want to *save* me"! More banal but much more vulnerable and fitting to the tone of my love requiem. Who could know that a positive "save" (Middle High German "genern") turned into today's negative "bother" (Danish "genere").

I started setting music to the poems in my own half digested understanding. It was fun and I almost did not miss more than 5 to 10 important key points. Well, if you do not jump you never break a leg!

In the end my feelings and the strength of the original words will survive, I know.

## A Couple of Simple Rules Regarding Pronunciation

1. The letters *ae*, *oe* are the early equivalences of the later German *ä* and *ö*. The first one some times spelled with the letter *æ*. They are pronounced as in modern German *ä* (*ae*) and *ö* (*oe*).
2. The letters provided with the circumflex (^) are pronounced as long vowels.

*Ex.: Mînen [m - iiiiee - nen] almost like in Danish "min".*

*î* = "iiee"

*ô* = "ooo"

*ê* = "eee"

All the other letters/words can (oh, close your eyes, language scientists!) be pronounced as in modern High German.

At least I hope so!

*25<sup>th</sup> of August 1990,  
H.W. Gade*



# MORUNGEN LIEDER

*12 Songs by Heinrich von Morungen  
with New Music by H.W. Gade*

**L**ove has so many names. It disguises itself behind many faces  
And bodies. Every language and every age has its own way of  
Telling the story. One of the greatest love poets of Germany is  
Heinrich von Morungen. He lived in the late 1100's and wrote  
Just a few texts. But these words have been the envy and inspiration  
Of his fellow poets ever since.

**H**.W. Gade is himself an experienced love poet and songwriter.  
In 1989 Gade chose 12 of Morungen's texts as the basis of a  
Large orchestral work, *The Morungen Lieder*. The songs are put in  
Order to tell the love story of 2 strong people, a man and a woman.  
From the triumph of newborn love to bittersweet reflections on the  
Forbidden and impossible love.

**M**orungen Lieder is a typical example of H.W. Gade's style.  
Beautiful simple melodic lines hovering over restless  
Waves of changing harmonies and rhythms. The music is soft,  
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