

64m175

Joh

26

Threshing Song

from the Plattdeutsch or Low German
of Borneman

This ms. contains fragments of two
other poems:

1. The fire love enkindles
2. He unmatched 'd in battle-field.

In the latter the hero Palnatok is
mentioned. This may therefore be
derived from the Danish poet
Oehlenschläger, though I have not
yet verified this supposition.

H.W.

The music, see in the Appendix

Proseurta Song From the Spiel Deutch of Wornemann

We youths and ye maidens, hark, Characteler cries
Make up
And Morning so gloriously through the skies
Make up.
The Neighbors are thrushing all round about here
Clap Clap Clap, saunders from each quarter the ear
No true matted youth and no maiden
Will doze any longer their bed in.
clap clap clap
clap clap clap.

We youths and ye maidens hark Characteler cries
Make up
And Morning so gloriously through the skies
Make up
God prosper our labor, extremely they mean
The sheaves are long, heavy's the help may they bear
The beams and the better the barley
O! trop it will bushel up rarely
clap clap clap
clap clap clap.

We youths and ye maidens hark Characteler cries
Make up
And Morning so gloriously through the skies
Make up
The grandmothers brush the oven clean out
From hours the wind, why into the mill galls about
When we be the best, we'll be grinding before us
That she may lead the morning may take us
clap clap clap
clap, clap clap.

He smatch'd in battle fight,
Lay his own hand brash dead,
Widder than to shell put yield?
palmate, bond by field part,
The by woman's mother's abhorred,
Gaw'd his trusty strong-cord
Through his heart to thrust the sword?
From rushing for a horse's sake
With eye we could see, my sight,
Wherefore should I should be
It is, it is, it must be right
Now my good steel breaks thee here,
Upon thy throat my broad blade
Thou shalt feel my spirit's core
With the good blood outpouring.
Curse on every coward heart,
Curse on him who could any fall,
I will play a horse's part
Ed in approach thy hall.

