

Walther von der Vogelweide, "Under der Linden" (c. 1190)

Under der linden
an der heide,
dâ unser zweier bette was,
dâ mugent ir vinden
schône beide
gebrochen bluomen unde grass.
vor dem walde in einem tal,
tandaradei,
schône sane diu nahtegal.
Ich kam gegangen
zuo der ouwe:
dô was min friedel komen ê.
dâ wart ich enpfangen,
hêre frouwe,
daz ich bin sælic iemer mê.
kuster mich? wol tûsentstunt:
tandaradei,
seht wie rôt mir ist der munt.
Dô hât er gemachet
alsô riche
von bluomen eine bettestat.
des wirt noch gelachet
inneclîche,
kumt iemen an daz selbe pfat.
bî den rôsen er wol mac,
tandaradei,
merken wâ mirz houbet lac.
Daz er bî mir læge,
wessez iemen,
(nu enwelle got!), sô schamt ich mich.
wes er mit mir pflæge,
niemer niemen
bevinde daz, wan er unt ich,
und ein kleinez vogellîn,
tanderadei,
daz mac wol getriuwe sin.

Under the Linden
Out on the heath,
Where our bed for two was,
You may still find
Beauty both
In broken blooms and grass,
Where, in a field at the forests' edge,
Tandaradei!
So sweetly sang the nightingale.
I came walking
Through the meadow:
My lover had come before.
And he greeted me,
Highest Lady!
So that my joy is always with me.
Did he kiss me? A thousand times:
Tandaradei!
See how red my mouth is.
He prepared for us a place
Of riches
A bed from flowers.
It made me laugh
With delight.
One who comes along the same path,
At the roses he may well
Tandaradei!
Mark where I lay my head.
That he lay with me,
If anyone knew,
God forbid—I would be shamed.
What there he did with me,
None must ever know,
Except for he and I,
And a little bird,
Tandaradei!
Who will probably be true.

Walther von der Vogelweide. "Under der linden". In Karl Lachmann, ed. *Die Gedichte Walthers von der Vogelweide* (Berlin: George Reimer, 1891), 39–40

(Trans. M. Bryson)