

Loibere risen

Wizlâw III von Rügen (fl. c. 1300)

Trans. Carol Anne Perry Lagemann (SCA Kasha Alekseeva)

1. Shri - vel - ing leaves fall to the ground from dried - out trees, —
2. Help me to now sing of a thou - sand o - ther joys, —

5
Bar - ren, cold, — of spring gent - ly and fear - ful. Flo - wers ap -
Which the air of spring gent - ly rais - es. Ros - es a -

9
pear dead to the eyes of him who sees, — Though they once were cheer - ful. The
dorn her and her face with cheer - ful poise; I will sing her prais - es. —

14
frost's la - cer - a - tion Black - ens plants with cru - el ease, And this caus - es
Frost ne - ver wa - vers, But the smell of herbs des - troys Cold - ness when her

19
my pre - sent sad - ness. In com - pen - sa - tion, O - ver Win - ter's life - less
fi - gure is sight - ed. Win - ning her fa - vors, I will seek no o - ther

24
freeze — I will think of warm - ness and glad - ness.
joys; — With her charms would I be de - light - ed.