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Illustrations of northern antiquities, from the earlier Teutonic and Scandinavian romances

Weber, Henry William

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Anke van Tharaw

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ANKE VAN THARAW.

THIS very amiable little piece owed its origin to rather an unamiable cause, having been an ebullition (not of tenderness and love, but) of spite. The following translation of it is done from the original Prussian Low Dutch, in "Sammlung Deutscher Volkslieder, mit einem Anhang Flammaendischer und Franzoesischer, nebst melodien. Herausgegeben durch Buesching und von der Hagen. Berlin, 1807." It appeared in a large collection of songs from various poets, with music, by Alberti, printed at Koenigsberg in 1638 and 1650, and has often been reprinted. A High German translation of it will be found in Herder's "Volkslieder," vol. i. p. 92; the first nine couplets of which are reprinted in "Des Knaben Wunderhorn."

The author was Simon Dach, who was born at Memel (a somewhat singular place to give birth to a poet!) in 1605, and died in 1659, of consumption and hypochondria. "Anke van Tharaw" was produced as a poetical revenge on the occasion of his first love having jilted him. But however subject *first love* may be to those spurts of spleen and passion by which our fates in life are so often decided, its impressions are seldom entirely effaced from the mind; and poor Simon Dach never forgave himself for having written a song which has been admired by every body that understood it, for nearly two centuries. During his last illness he suffered much; and after a dreadful access of pain, "Ha!" said he, "that was for the song of Anke van Tharaw."

ANKE VAN THARAW ;

ANNIE O' THARAW.

TRANSLATED FROM THE PRUSSIAN LOW DUTCH.

*Anke van Tharaw öss, de mi geföllt,
Se öss mihn Lexen, mihn Goet on mihn Gölt.*

*Anke van Tharaw heft wedder eer Hart
Op mi geröshet ön Löw' on ön Schmart, &c.*

ANNIE O' THARAW, I've waled for my fere,
My life and my treasure, my gudes and my gear.

Annie o' Tharaw, come weal or come wae,
Has set her leal heart on me ever and ay.

Annie o' Tharaw, my riches, my gude,
Ye're the saul o' my saul, ye're my flesh and my blude.

Come wind or come weather, how snell sae or cald,
We'll stand by ilk ither, and closer ay hald.

Pain, sickness, oppression, and Fortune unkind,
Our true-love knot ay but the faster sall bind.

As the aik, by the stormy winds toss'd till and fra,
Ay roots him the faster, the starker they blaw;

Sae love in our hearts will wax stranger and mair,
Thro' crosses and down-drug, and poortith and care.

Should ever my fate be frae thee to be twinn'd,
And wert thou whare man scarce the sun ever kenn'd,

I'll follow thro' deserts, thro' forests and seas,
Thro' ice and thro' iron, thro' armies o' faes.

Annie o' Tharaw, my light and my sun,
Sae twined our life-threads are, in aye they are spun.

Whatever I bid you's ay sure to be dane,
And what I forbid, that ye'll ay lat alane.

The love may be warm, but how lang can it stand
Whare there's no ae heart, and ae tongue, and ae hand?

Wi' cangling, and wrangling, and worrying, and strife,
Just like dog and cat, live sic man and sic wife.

* This, and the following stanza, stand thus in the original :

“ War òm söck hartaget, kabbelt on schleiht,
On glihk den hungen on katten begeiht.

“ Anke van Tharaw, dat war wi nich dohn,
Du böst mihn Dühfken, mihn Schahpken, mihn Hohn.”

ROMANTIC BALLADS.

Annie o' Tharaw, that we'll never do,
For thou art my lammie, my chuckie,² my dow.

My wish is to you ay as gude's a comman',
I lat *you* be *gudewife*, ye lat *me* be *gudeman*;

And O how sweet, Annie, our love and our lee,
Whan thou and I ae soul and body sall be!

'Twill beet our bit ingle wi' heavenly flame;
But wrangling and strife mak a hell of a hame.

² So Macbeth, Act iii. Scene ii.—“Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed.”

It is still in use in Scotland as a term of endearment: In England, an uxorious old fool calls his young wife, “my CHICKEN.”