

Winter Tree dance, choreographed by Stefan Freedman

Music: Loibere Risen by Faun

Written by Wizlaw III. von Rügen in the 13th century

German (Middle High German)	English translation
Loibere Risen	Leaves Blow
Loibere risen von den boimen hin zu tal, des stan blot ir este. Blomen sich wisen daz se sint verturben al, schoone was ir gleste. Sus twinget de rife maniger hande wurzel sal, des bin ich gar sere betrübet. Nu ich zu grife sinte der winder ist so kal des wirt newe froide geübet. Helfet mir schallen hundert tusend vroiden mer, wen der maien blüte kan bringen. Rosen de vallen an mint vrouwen roter ler, davon wil ich singen. Twingt mich de kulde, al ir wurzel smackes ger de sint an ir libe geströwet. Wurbe ich ir hulde, son bedracht ich vroiden mer sus de minnigliche mich vröwet.	The leaves blow from the trees deep in the valley Barren are the branches Flowers die away, all the wreathes that decorated the circle dance are withered It stares at the tree roots with an icy frost: Solemnly, I will grieve, with this in mind Come, lovely dreams, bring winter warm comfort New joy will come Let us welcome a thousand joys this hour More than May can bring Roses sprout on the red lips of women Let us sing But winter's rage is upon their faces Every sense sprinkled in fragrance They have arisen, I do not know of a greater joy Than when I rejoice in love