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W. BANG’S NOTE ON MF 18, 25 FF.

Keywords: Willy Bang, Edward Schröder, German studies, archive materials, history of linguistics

Abstract

The following short article deals with an unpublished comment W. Bang wrote on a passage from “Des Minnesangs Frühling”. Bang was sending this short note for a journal edited by E. Schröder who used it for his own comment of the same passage but without referring to Bang.

On various occasions – for example, in the discussion of W. Bang’s “Études Aztèques I.” and in the introduction to Bang’s correspondence with H. Winkler, an Ural-Altaic philologist – I have remarked on the versatility of this unusual scholar. While nowadays Bang is known mainly as a Turcologist – or rather, as one of the founders of modern Turcology – as well as for his contributions to both English and Iranian studies, few are aware of his role as researcher and teacher in the field of German studies. Bang’s surviving letters are evidence of a frequent and comprehensive exchange with many leading scholars of his time, among them E. Schröder.

Parts of Schröder’s literary estate are preserved in the manuscript collection at the Staats- und Universitätsbibliothek at Göttingen, including a letter and three
postcards by Bang as well as a “manuscript” Bang sent to Schröder. The latter is actually a very short note, a single sheet of paper comprising only a few lines and carrying no information on when or where Bang wrote it. It was originally written as “miscellany” for the *Zeitschrift für deutsches Altertum und deutsche Literatur* but for reasons unknown, it remained unpublished. One may assume that like many of Bang’s other writings it was simply not followed through in the turbulent years after Bang’s hurried departure from Belgium at the start of World War I.5 The text of the miscellany reads as follows:

*Zu MF.* 6 18, 25 ff.

Die Stelle lautet bei Vogt, 1911, S 14:

Ich hörte wilent sagen ein maere,  
das ist min aller bester tröst,  
wie minne ein sælikeit ware  
und des anderen schaden nie erkös.7

Der letzte Vers fehlt in C, lautet vn anherschat nie erkös in B, dessen Quelle wohl and’herschaft d. h. ander hêrschaft las.

Über die genaue Bedeutung von hêrschaft ließ sich streiten; ich denke an „Herrlichkeit” und interpretiere die Stelle: wer von der Minne befallen ist, kennt nichts höhere,  
vor ihr hat von je her alle andere Lust und Freude zurückgestanden.

W. Bang.8

In a not much more extensive miscellany of eleven lines, Schröder himself would later comment upon the selfsame passage and read parts of line 28 like Bang before – 
“an hêrschaft nie verkös”9 – without, of course, referring to Bang.

The note discussed here is an example of Bang’s lesser known work within the field of German studies. While his writings on oriental languages and literatures are as well-known as his contributions to English studies – e.g. his *Materialien zur

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5 After the outbreak of the war, Bang led a somewhat unsettled life before he moved to Berlin, where he was offered a professorship at the *Ungarisches Institut* at Berlin university in 1920. In those days, it had a minor “department” of Turkish Studies, which Bang chaired from then on. The miscellany seems to have been written before, since the correspondence between Bang and Schröder preserved in the manuscript collection (Cod. Ms. E. Schröder 35) dates to the years 1910 to 1918.


8 On MF. 18, 25 ff. In Vogt, 1911: 14, the passage reads: *Ich hörte wilent sagen ein maere, das ist min aller bester tröst, wie minne ein sælieit ware und des anderen schaden nie erkös*. The last line is missing in C, it reads *vn anherschat nie erkös* B, the source may have read *and’herschaft*, i.e., *ander hêrschaft*. The exact meaning of *hêschaftris* open to dispute; I think of “glory” and interpret this passage as: He who is seized with courtly love knows nothing higher, since time immemorial, it has taken precedence over all other desires and pleasures. W. Bang.

9 Schröder 1932: 123.
Kunde des älteren englischen Dramas – his comparatively few articles on German language and literature have fallen into oblivion. But it was in this field that the exceptional scholar proved to be especially creative: He wrote poems in German dialect which likewise are mostly forgotten today. Among the material Bang had probably compiled himself but left behind when leaving Leuven, were two pages of his poems, likely to have been privately printed to be distributed among friends and colleagues.¹⁰ Both those largely unknown samples of his poetry, conveying his interest in German dialects, and his comment on “Des Minnesangs Frühling” presented in this article demonstrate once more Bang’s versatility. At the same time, they raise our awareness of the numerous aspects of his work which are still unexplored and of the surprises which the nowadays scattered, surviving letters from a once vast correspondence may still hold.

Works cited


¹⁰ A copy can be found in the appendix.
Sälber sueche!

Säesszi Beeri sett i ässe,
Wo mer d’Mueter sueche tueat? —
Sälber sueche, sälber finde,
Denn so sind sie guet!

Rychi Meitli sett i liebe,
Wo mer d’Mueter sueche tueat!
Sälber sueche, sälber finde,
Denn so sind sie guet!

's Härzhäusli.

Im ch lýnte Häusli, wo-n-ig weisz,
Dört bin-i lang scho z’Huus:
's Härzhäusli vo mit Schätzeli,—
Und schönn mi doch nit us.

's het Fänschli und het Ture drinn,
Es weisz kei Mönch wie vill,
Und finde doch kei Usgang meh,
Cha sueche, wie-nig will!

Holde Täuschung.

Am Obe chumm ig 's Wägli uf,
I gesch scho Huus und Garte,
Und wüszt mi Schatz, wär zue-n-em chunnt,
Es tät mi gwüszerwarte!

Was lachet zu de Bäume-n-us
I rot und wysze Farbe?
I weisz nit, blüchst es Meitli so
Oder d’Rose-n-und Ille-n-im Garte!

Gsätzli vom Chibichnah.

I.

Und e stejalti Jumpere-n
Und e blutetunj Chnab —
E Distelfunk und e Nachtechuz —
Und e Hochzyt und es Grab —
Und es Schätzeli, wo Nei seit,
Wena mes frogt um e Schmutz:
Paspt ebip nit zärme,
Isch ebig mit Nutz!

II.

Und e Bueb ohni Meitli,
Und e Herr ohni Gald;
Und e Garte ohni Meie,
Und e Buur ohni Fald,
Und e Schatz ohni Liebi
Gilt nit uf der Wält:
Drum freut mi myn Schätzeli,
Drum freut mi my Schatz,
Si Liebi launt üher,
Het im Härz nümme Platz.
D’Liebi.

Ha d’Mueter gfrogt, was d’Liebi syg?
Het gseit, sie well mer’s säge:
Es syg e wohri Höllestrof
Und fasch gar nit z’erträgo.

Ha d’Mueter gfrogt, was d’Liebi syg?
Het gseit, es hitzigs Fleber,
Und wenn’s die glorhigst Chronket wär,
Sie wett se währli lieber.

Ha d’Mueter gfrogt, was d’Liebi syg?
’s syg öppis für zum Ploge,
Aber wenn sie nomols jung chönnt sy,
Sie wett’s no einisch woge!

Es tönt e Glogge. —

Es tönt e Glogge-n-übers Land.
Was tued sie ächttert singe?
Es truurigs Lied? Es hetters Lied?
Wär eha mer d’Antwort bringe?

Es tönt e Glogge-n-über’s Land. —
Der Nachtwind tuets verträge.
Gangfrog e-n-jedre, wie’s em tönt? —
’s wird keine’s glychlig säge. —