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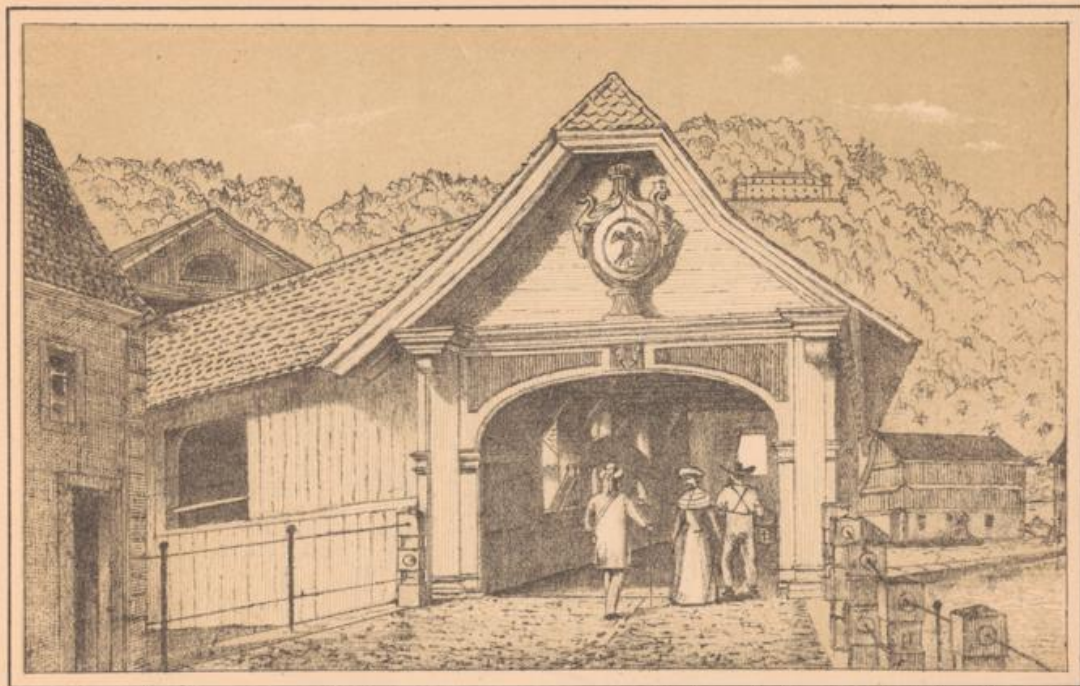
110











Ehemaliger Eingang zur Mühlenbrücke.  
Ostseite.



Ancienne Entrée du Pont des Moulins.  
Côté de l'Est.





# The Dance of Death

ON THE

## MUHLENBRUKE, IN LUCERNE

Painted by Caspar Meglinger

1626 - 1635

Copied by H. Schwegler, artist peintre of Lucerne

*Original and complete Edition containing 64 pictures*

Published by Ant. Eglin, Succr of Eglin brothers.

1893



The Large of 1841

MUHLEBRUKE in LUCERNE

Printed by Godefr. Hegner

Printed at the Schuler- und Buchdruckerei in Lucerne

Gründet und dirigirt durch den Verfasser

Vertheilt in der Stadt Lucerne durch den Buchhändler



## PREFACE.

It was in the year 1611 that the council of Lucerne resolved to adorn with paintings the «Muhlenbrucke» (built 1408) in the same way as the Cathedral- and Chapelbridges.

At first it was concluded to choose scenes of a merry meaning, but as the country was visited soon afterwards by heavy calamities, as war and pestilence, it was found more convenient to put in the mind of people serious thoughts and an exhortation for a more virtuous course of life. For that reason the talented painter Caspar Meglinger (1595—1667) was ordered 1652 by the council of Lucerne to paint a danse of death.

Meglinger, inspired by a similar work, due to a painter Rodolph Meyer from Zurich, represented in 67 paintings the instability of human life.

The bridge on which these paintings were placed, being only partly covered, they wanted to be restored from time to time. On these occasions it was not always acted very scrupulously and the verses underneath were often changed,

and the persons, on whose costs the restoration was made, added their arms to those of the founders. The painter Emil Wegmann (1682) added occasionally the painting of the watchmaker and Hans-Jörg Hunkeler (1727) his own likeness in the person of the physician on the painting «the dying cardinal».

In the year 1781 a part of the bridge was pulled down and 22 of the paintings taken away. Happily they were nearly all well preserved and could be reproduced in this work with those actually on the bridge.

From the original cycle there are wanting only the hermite, the physician, the maid-servant and the beggar.

The reproduction of the paintings was made at the hand of copies from the originals, drawn by the well known painter X. Schwegler in Lucerne.

\* \* \*

A number of the drawings of my edition have been unlawfully copied and reproduced in Phototypie.





#### Arms of Lucerne.

Lucern's wise council mark ye now  
This undertaking once did vow.  
Doth claim this Bridge the selfsame date  
The Chapel Bridge did decorate.

#### 1. Danse on the Cemetry.

What fly and creep, what soar and strive,  
What swim and run, yea, all alive,  
From Death do flee, yet find no place  
On Earth, where see they not his face.

#### 2. Expulsion of Adam and Eve from paradise.

Oh! Father Adam, thy children all  
We Ever weep and mourn thy fall.  
On us poor creatures dost thou lay  
Mortality's' dread pain to pay.

#### 3. The Pope reading mass.

Though of this world I be the head,  
A Pope elected in God's stead,  
Forth from my holy office, Death  
Doth lead me now with failing breath.

#### 4. The Emperor.

Of what avail wealth, power and might,  
The Roman realm, Imperial right.  
For as the bells send forth their peal,  
My leave I take; my doom they seal.

#### 5. The Empress.

What though an Empress fair I be,  
A Roman Queen, too, verily  
Death leaveth of my lofty race  
Nought but the name which doth me grace.

#### 6. The dying Cardinal.

My cassock red, my red hat too,  
My wealth, Death taketh as his due.  
A Cardinal no more I be,  
To dust and clay he turneth me.

#### 7. The King.

A King am I, have land and folk,  
Make mighty spoil, strange wars provoke.  
By great and noble feared I be,  
Till Death to nought reduceth me.



8. The Queen.

Where is my King my kingdom court?  
Who fighteth for me, aideth ought?  
As Death doth strike, my heart doth bleed.  
Each turneth from me in my need.

9. The Bishop.

A consecrated Bishop, I,  
Yet Death cannot, elude thereby.  
He taketh mitre, breaketh stave,  
And casteth me in the cold grave.

10. The Duke.

Of princely blood, a Duke Sereue,  
With courage high, and haughty mien;  
Still bold and young, of joyous grace,  
Death taketh me in his embrace.

11. The Duchess.

A woman fair, my tender frame  
I keep, till cruel Death the same  
From me doth drive, just as the blast  
The beauteous rose to Earth doth cast.

12. The Abbot.

Once of the Convent was I Prior;  
Now Abbot, Primate, rise I higher.  
Go age and honour hand in hand,  
Doth ebb the last dread hours sand.

13. The Abbess.

Jesu Maria! What neareth me?  
Death did I not expect to see.  
Must it come now, my final doom,  
To Jesus go I, my bridegroom.

14. The roman Count.

Of noble rank, and lineage high,  
Imperial Count, His Grace am I.  
My grace is gone. Ungracious Death  
Grace thou me not, yet God graceth.

15. The Countess.

Hold Coachman! spare me yet I pray,  
Am not prepared, go not today.  
My lady Countess, Death am I,  
Say me no word, avay I hie.

16. The Prevost.

A Prevost I; vast revenues  
Do I receive, yet scarce can use.  
My honours here must leave ere long,  
Death leadeth to his Chapter strong.

17. The Curate.

Great danger hath one ever nigh,  
As do I now full well descry.  
The sick I bear the Heavenly Bread,  
And leave for Death the path I tread.

18. The dying Monk.

Beloved brethren, hasten all  
The De Profundis doth ye call,  
Death's anguish doth oppress me sore,  
My cowl and sleeves are wide no more.

19. The Prioress.

Lady Prioress thy life is o'er.  
Of Heaven is open wide the door.  
Draw of thy spotless, veil-prepare  
Whit me the mouldy grave to share.

20. The Nobelman.

Thy shield and helm, thy noble line,  
Thy peacock's plume of rank the sign,  
Dost thou from parents hence inherit;  
Where they are gone, must too thy spirit.

21. The Lady.

Of noble branch am I a flower,  
Death blow'th me down in this strong tower,  
As were I but a withered leaf,  
Dust must to dust, this our belief.

22. The Mayor.

Sir Major, thou shalt at once give o'er  
Thy power and might, thine own no more,  
For every office doth require  
That each one in his turn retire.

23. The Counsellors.

No wisdom helpeth, wit doth fail  
My grasp to 'scape, nought can avail.  
No honour, I, nor grace admit.  
Come quick good sirs, forth is the writ.

24. The Knight.

A noble Knight, in combat fierce  
Full many a heroes heart I pierce.  
Hence must I, useless sword or bow  
To guard me now, against one foe.

25. The Judges.

Sir Judge, prithee, think'st thou one may  
Thine office take from thee today?  
Condemned thou art unto the grave.  
Therefore see now! I break thy stave.

26. The Captain.

Haste Captain! to the left about!  
T'is there assailed thy strong redoubt.  
Look to thy fort. Let all else be.  
Death breaketh in, doth compass thee.

27. The Standard Bearer.

Sir Standard Bearer, yield sore press'd.  
Thy banner from it's staff I wrest.  
The victorys won. The flag is mine.  
O'er thee I wave my red ensign.

28. The Advocate.

For Justice, am I advocate,  
Make many a crooked business straight;  
Yet can I not attain to be  
From Death de jure, safe and free.

29. The Philosophe.

Philosophy, deep study may  
The learned folk much lead astray.  
They seek of all the cause to learn.  
Ere to the end their mind they twin.

30. The Astronomer.

Look down to things of Earth poor wight.  
The Calendar doth claim thy sight.  
By Heavenly course I do descry  
That this thy final hour be nigh.

31. The Merchant.

Merchant! thy goods hast traded much.  
Despatched must thou be now as such.  
I'll take thee as thine own goods here,  
And pack thee in a funeral bier.





32. The Clerk.

Sir Clerk! lay down thy pen I say.  
Must come with me, be cast away.  
For others dost thou wills indite,  
Look thou thine own be made aright.

33. The Architect.

Why buildings high to rear dost strive?  
Thou canst not all things new contrive.  
Dig one ell only in the grownd,  
And thou a walled house hast found.

34. The Apothecary.

Why boastest thou thy vaunted pills,  
Thy physics, cure thee of all ills?  
If Death's cold finger touch the heart,  
No syrups help, nor yet thine art.

35. The Estafette.

Why to thy regiment dost call?  
Thou must into my hands now fall.  
No skill, no might, no art of war  
Defendeth the my guard before.

36. The Painter.

Sir Painter! to delineate  
I given was a strange portrait.  
Such as I am, canst not portray;  
Like me thyself must be I say.

37. The Sculptor.

Sculptor! lay down thy measure true.  
Doth number Death thy moments few.  
A Death's head hath thy tool begun,  
Close but thine eyes, and it is done.

38. The Hunters.

In eager chase game hast thou sought,  
Hast hunted much, but little caught.  
Thyself I with my net ensnare,  
Death's hand it is doth strike thee fair.

39. The Goldsmith.

Goldsmith! thou dost in ways untold.  
Thy silver vessels cast and mould.  
As thou hast smelted, must be cast.  
Poor earthen vessel, canst not last.



40. The Barber.

Barber, the token's good, say'st thou,  
That thou dost life's warm blood let now?  
Methinks thy sign in aries go'th,  
Lie down and die, though thou be loth.

41. The Pedlar.

Hold! Pedlar, stay! Thy wares give o'er,  
In truth are mine thou and thy store.  
For what e'er runneth on the earth,  
Have I bought for an apples' worth.

42. The Fisherman.

Through human craft no bird doth soar.  
The waters teem with fish no more.  
By power of man, all ill do fare,  
Till him with net and trap I snare.

43. The Watchmaker.

Clock and alarum hast thou made,  
And yet this question dost evade.  
By nature must thou to the Tomb  
As run thy clocks down, tis thy doom.

44. The Gardener.

If kindly Nature help not art,  
Planting be useless, leave thy part.  
For how wilt to the flowers restore  
That life, which I from thee take o'er?

45. The Peasant.

Ho! Peasant, how thy bread dost gain?  
I gain't by labour, want and pain.  
Yet rather peasant poor live I,  
Than nobleman lie down and die.

46. The Soldier.

Courage! good Soldier! parry well.  
Have care no wound my weapon fell  
Imbued with serpents venom make.  
Must die if struck. Thy life I take.

47. The Man of the world.

Who in his wealth and gold doth trust,  
And buildeth joys on this world's dust,  
Ere he his earthly hopes attain,  
With Death for life must fight amain.

48. The Child.

So soon a child is born, its' cry  
Is woe, it's first plaint too a sigh.  
It's message thus the World doth send,  
That every hour a life shall end.

49. The Scholar.

Scholar lay down thine A. B. C.  
Thy letters tell but grief to thee.  
Thy Father Adam wrote thee so,  
When Gods' scourge drove him forth to woe.

50. The Bonvivant.

With joyons dance, in thoughtless mirth  
Close I my life, waste wealth on earth.  
Death hindereth not my wanton ways,  
But serjons at the game doth gaze.

51. The Maiden.

Maid! to the dance I thee invite,  
And beg of thee thy garland bright  
Collect thy jewels, child of Eve,  
Thy maidenhood alone I leave.

52. The Enamoured.

In haste doth Cupid bend his bow,  
Forth draweth Death a sharp arrow.  
Cupid doth strike, Death doth excell,  
And straightway to the ground me fell.

53. The Wedding.

To rend is there no stronger tie,  
Than in the wedded state doth lie;  
None can this bond in sunder break,  
Save he who all to nought doth make.

54. The old Man.

The young may die in greenest youth,  
Nor can the old live long, in truth.  
Will man to ripe old age attain,  
Must keep his life with might and main.

55. The dying Women.

Death contemplated oft have I,  
By day and night, my life long nigh;  
No heed I give him in this hour,  
Yet cometh he in all his power.

56. The Miller.

My lad! did I the question moot  
Of death to thee, would this time suit?  
E'en did thy life last, would the mill  
Thy care not need, ne'er standeth still,

57. The Messenger.

Messenger! what news, what do they say?  
I too bear news, haste not away.  
Our letters tell the same I see,  
That thou today a corpse shalt be.

58. The Quacksalver.

I drive the worm ont with the nest,  
Come buy at once. **PROBATUM EST.**  
Take one thyself, and thou shalt be  
From head to foot gnawed, cruelly.

59. The Vagabond.

I wander all the country o'er;  
What seize I, do I ne'er restore.  
My neck's a pledge, and this I may  
Now have with my whole life to pay.

60. The Fools.

All things a fool doth, in mano' sight  
Approved are, fools e'er do right.  
From Death alone hath no excuse,  
No joke awaileth, no abuse.

61. The Uncertainty of death.

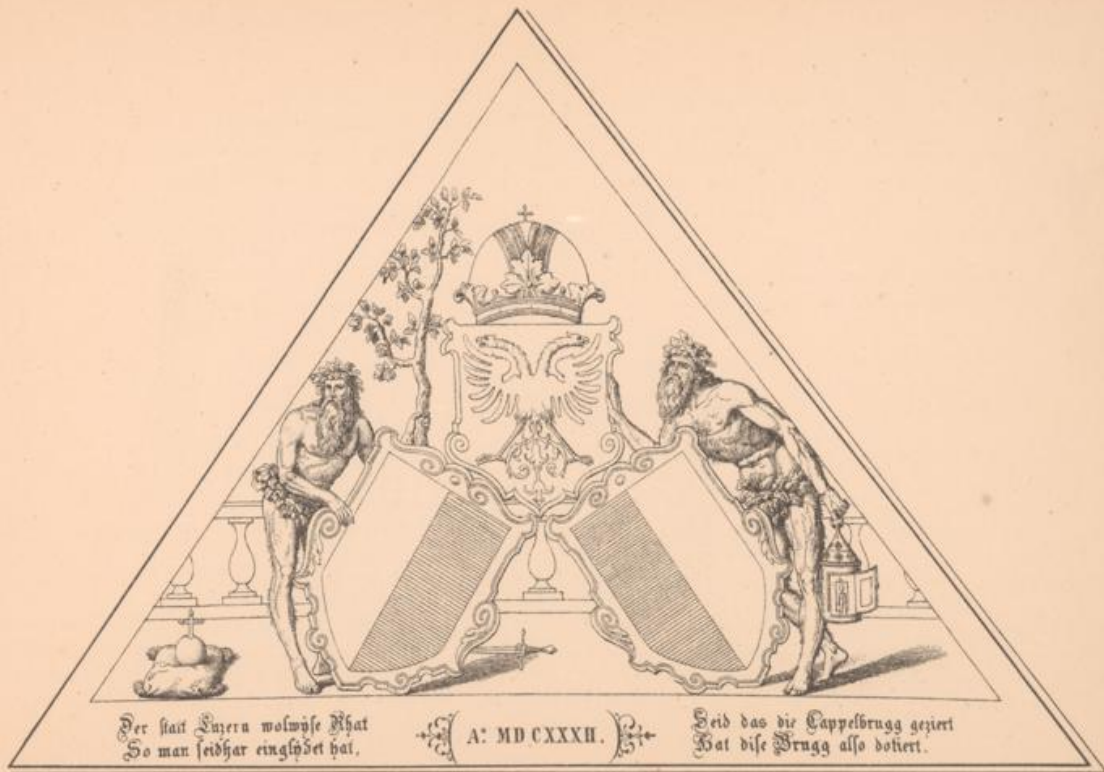
Though Death we know, his hour ignore:  
Know not the victory: know strife sore.  
And unto none is known the fate  
That we each hour of life await.

62. The Resurrection of death.

Upon Ezekiel did light break,  
And he unto the truth did wake,  
How by the Spirit of God, dead men,  
With living flesh, are clothed again.

63. The last Judgement.

The Last Judgements dread search and wrath,  
From us keen fears of Death draw forth,  
The Almighty clad in anger's pall.  
For none know how the tree shall fall.



Der stat Rhenus wolwysse Rhät  
So man seidhar einglydet hat.

A: MD CXXXII.

Seid das die Cappelbrugg geziert  
Hat dise Brugg also dotiert.





Was flücht und frucht was sträbt und schwäbt  
Was schwämt und ründt, Ja was ic labt. **J. D. Johann Halderneyer** Flucht! Alts den Tod, ist doch kein Ort  
Kuff Erden, darin nicht sey der Tod. 1.





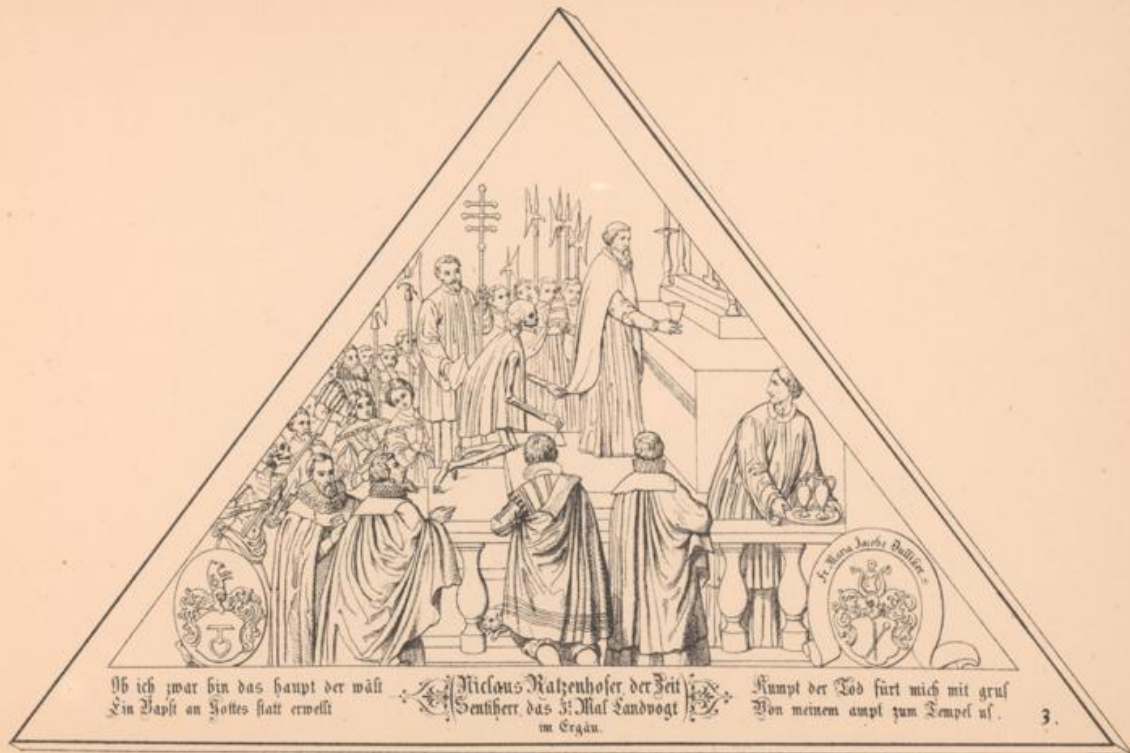


O Vatter Adam, wir Kinder all  
Weinen u. klagen dinen fall

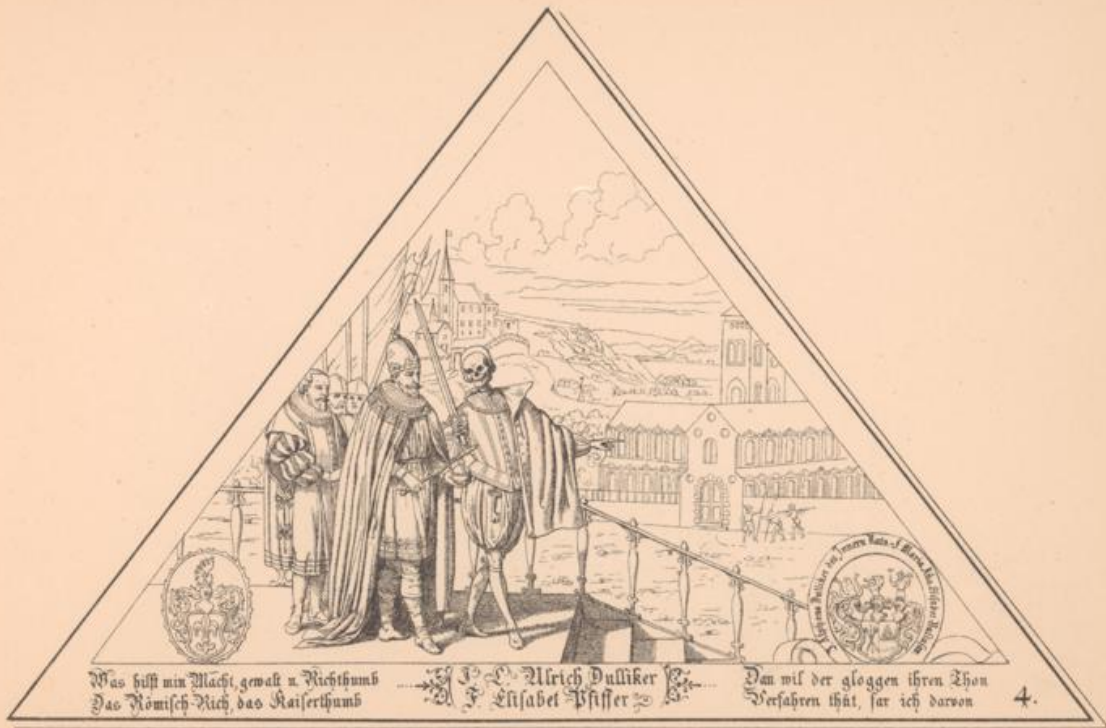
Ludwig Mejer, Ritter  
Landoogt der freyen Emptern.

Das du uns Armen uferleidi  
Die grüwlich straff der Stärblichkeit. 2.













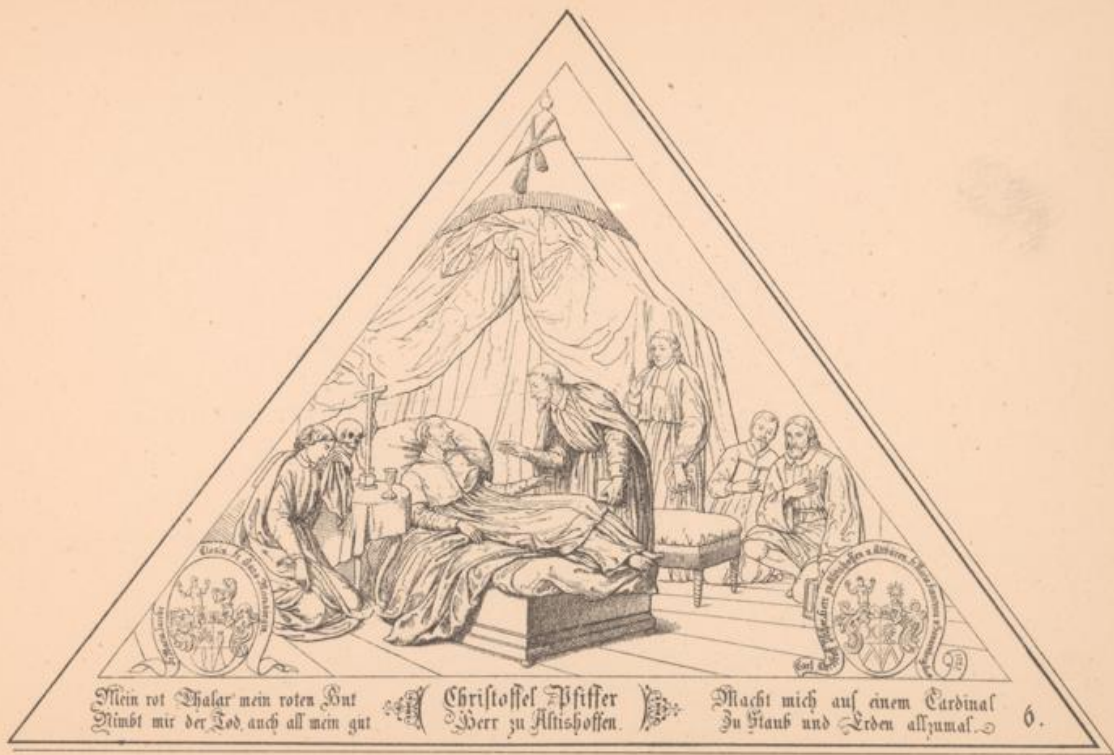
Wan schon ich bin ein Kaiserin  
Dazu ein Römisch Königin,

Post Pfister des Innern Rathes  
der Zeit Landt zu Münster

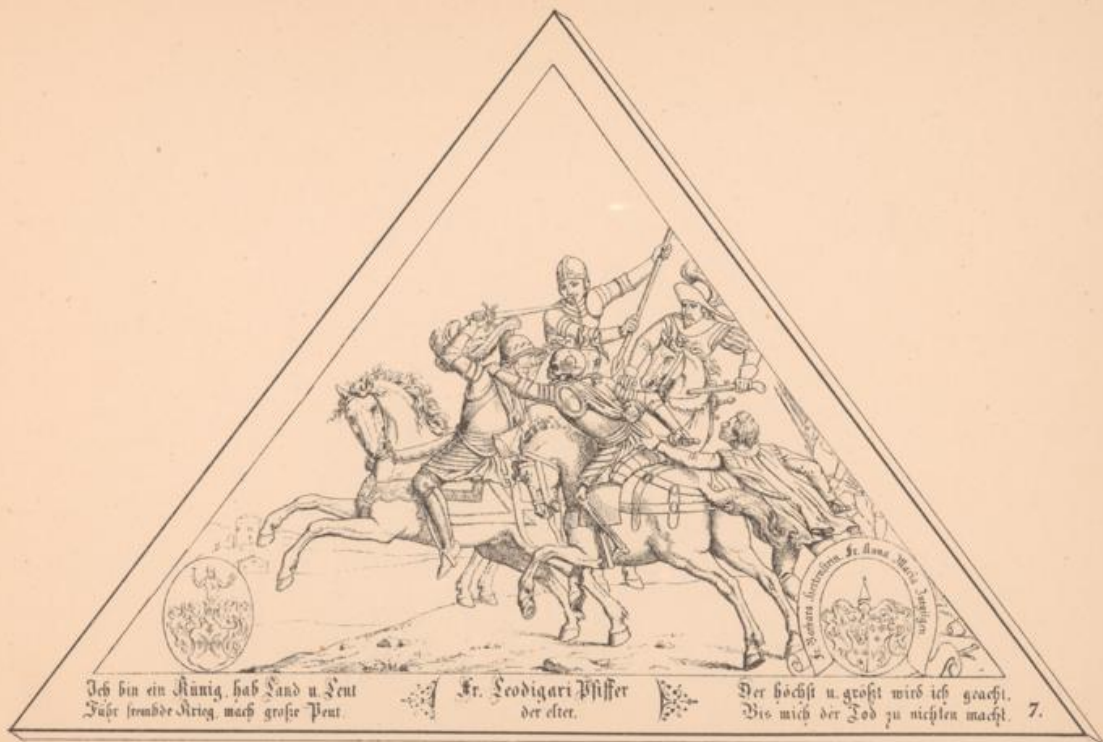
Last mir der Tod vom hohen Stam  
Nichts übrig als den bloßen nam.











Ich bin ein König, hab Land u Leut  
 Führe fremdde Artig, mach große Pent.

Fr. Leodigari Pfister  
 der elter.

Der höchst u großt wird ich geacht,  
 Bis mich der Tod zu nichten macht. 7.

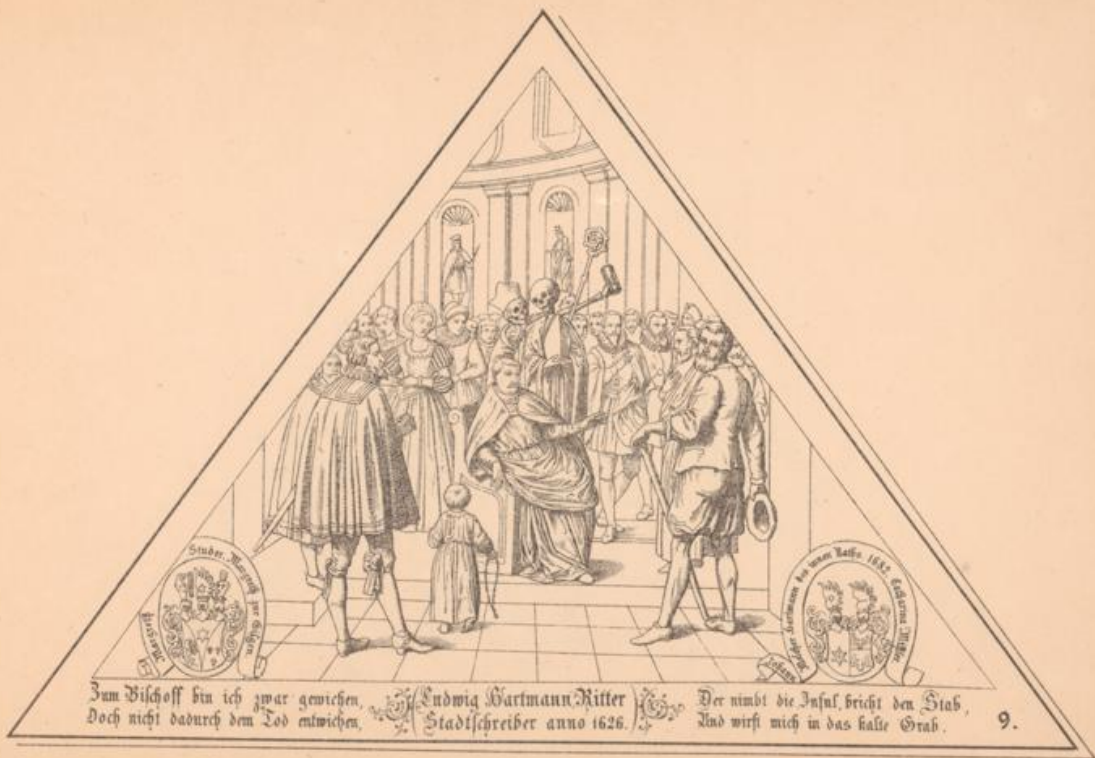


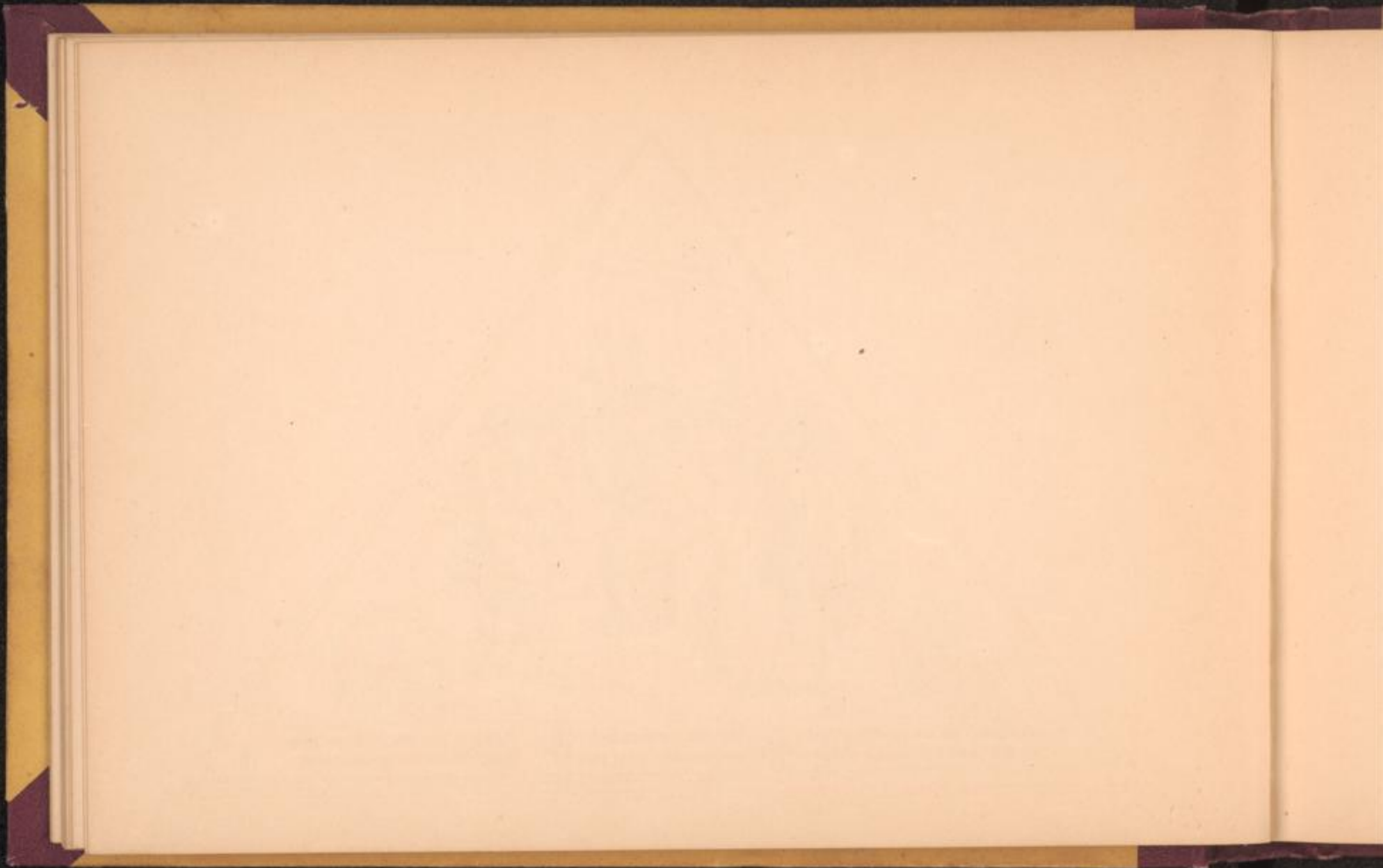


Wo ist mein König, mein Königreich? / Soll Rindig, des innern Rath's / Do der Tod trängt, das Herz mich engt, 8.  
 Mein Hofgesind, wer streit für mich? / und Fr. Anna Doreein, Renovat 1727. / Sich jederman von mir abwendt.













Von Fürstenblut ein Herzog gut  
In dem Hochmut voll freunds und mut

Post An der Allmend?  
Werr: no Schwanse d: Dat endeschriftet  
Fr. Jacobe Segiserin.

Noch fräch und jung fröhlich in sprung  
Nimbt mich der Tod in einem rung.

10.



















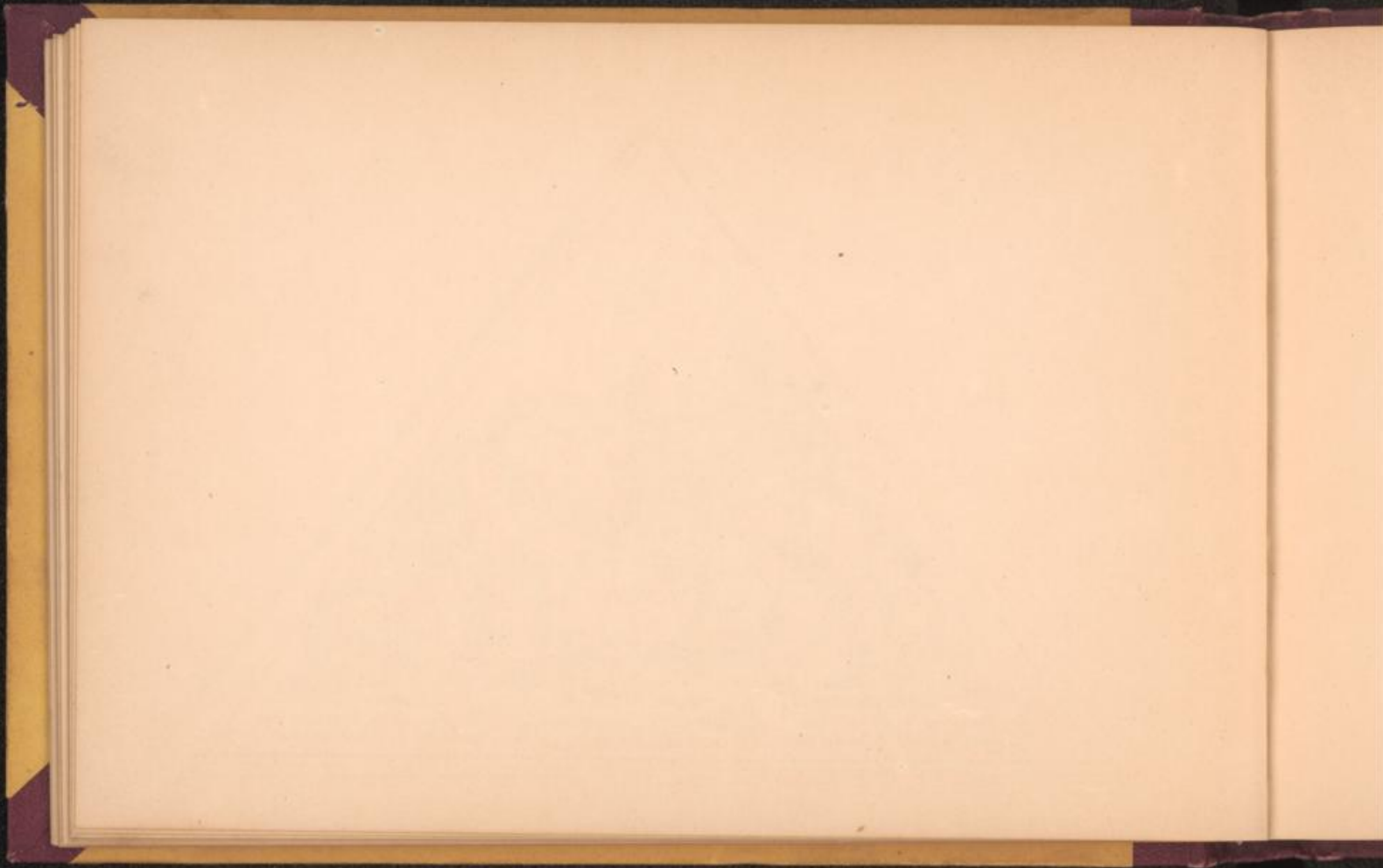


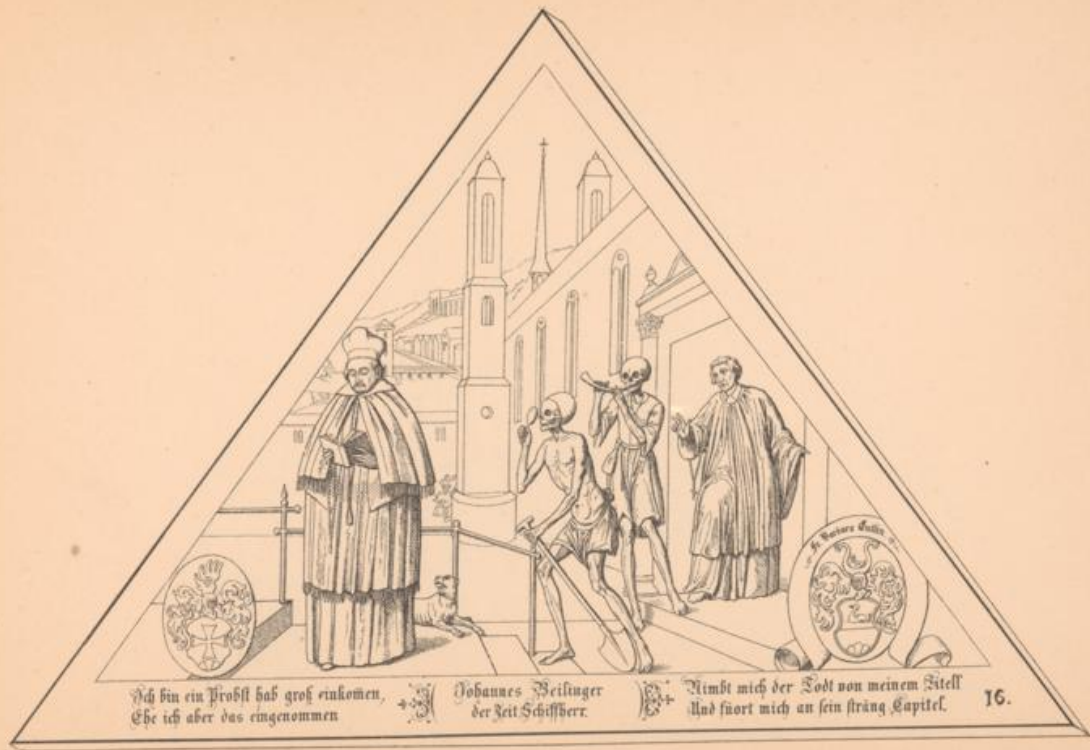


Halt still gutschier, verschone mir  
 Ich bin nit graust, sar nit mit dir.

† (Christoffel Sonnenberg Ritter,  
 Fr. Catharina Dankrat, Fr. Mat. Jacoben) †  
 Anab. Fr. Anna Eglar.

Ich bin der Tod und sahre fort  
 Frau Gräfin, sagt mir nur kein Wort. 13.









Was große & salztrank für Jüngerbar  
Die ich es (es) selbstn wol erfahr.

Kron: Melchior Dietmann  
1697.

Es trag zum Seelenen Fortwanchred  
Wirt mit dem Hägk. Buch in Tod

17.



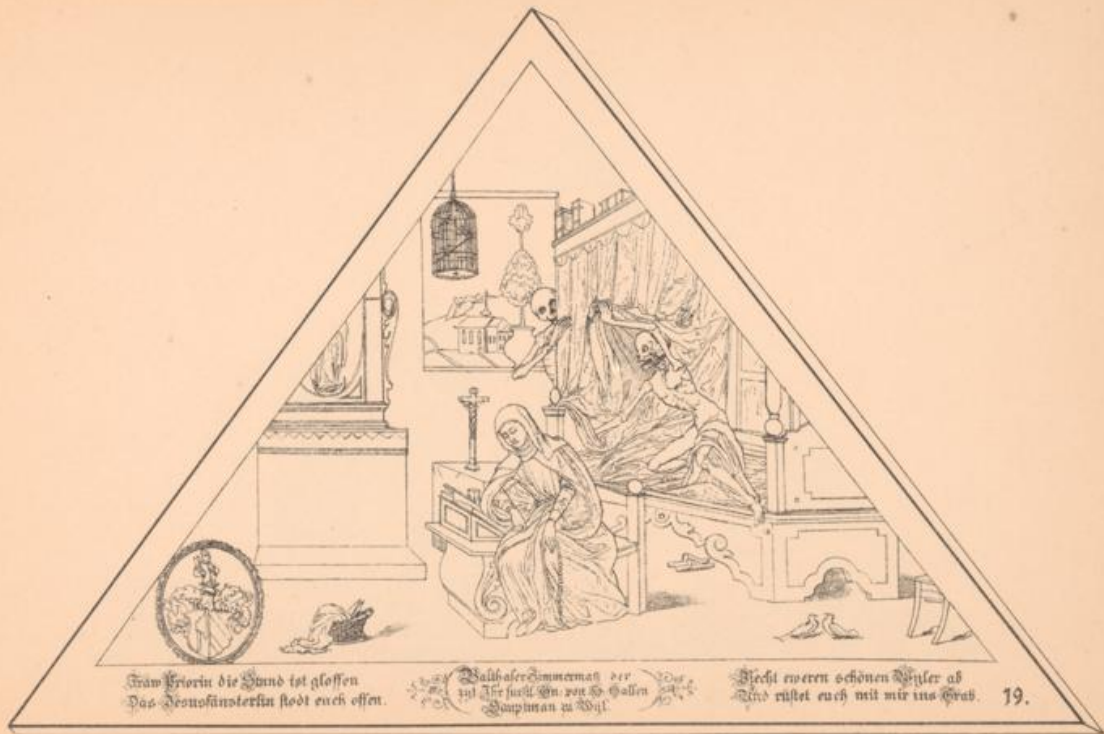






Ihr lieben Brüder lauffend all. (H. Kochi, Anderallmend, d. Innern Raths) Die angst des Tods macht mir vil träng,  
 Zum He profundis in's Rehentall. Pfund Zoller u. St. Anastasia Pfiffer. Min witten Kermel u. Kullen z. äng. 18.









Din Stamm und nam und hohen Adel  
 Din schilt und halm und Pfauenwidel

+ Joh Ludwig Hartmann +  
 Sie fürst, Gnaden u. Wt. 50. Hallen  
 zweiter Hauptm. in Wyl. 2. 111.

halt du erbt von Eltern her  
 Wo sie hingehen mußt auch dar.











Herr Schultheiß ewer macht u. gewalt  
 Sollt übergeben Ihr allsobald,

Hans Hartmann

Den jedes ambi Vorbehalt in sich,  
 Das einer in dem andern wick.





Es hilft kein Weisheit noch verstand  
Das Ihr entrünnend meiner hand

Landvogt Alphons Antoni  
Pfeffer.

Ich sieh nit an gunst noch Ehren  
Das Urteill ist gesell kompt bald ihr. Baren.

23.



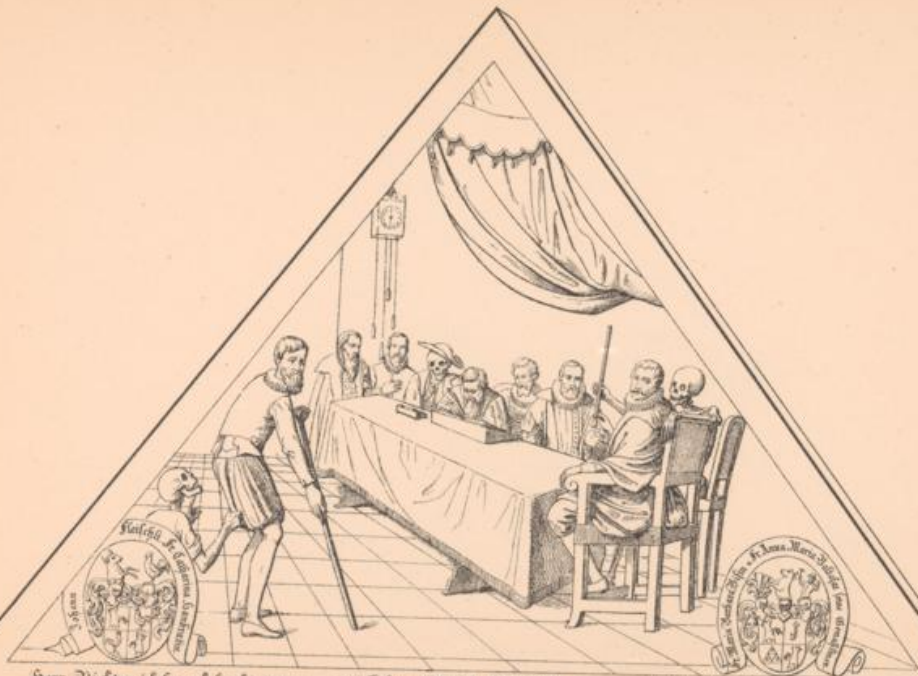


Wie Ritterlich hab ich im Strahl  
So manchen kühnen Held erlan

Wendel Petermann  
der Jai Lando der Graffsch Babspurg

Und muß jetzt dran, do ich nit kann  
Mich wehren gegen einen Mann





Herr Richter, ich frag ob frecht vermag  
 Das man ohn klag, auf diesen Tag

Johann Melch. Fleischli.

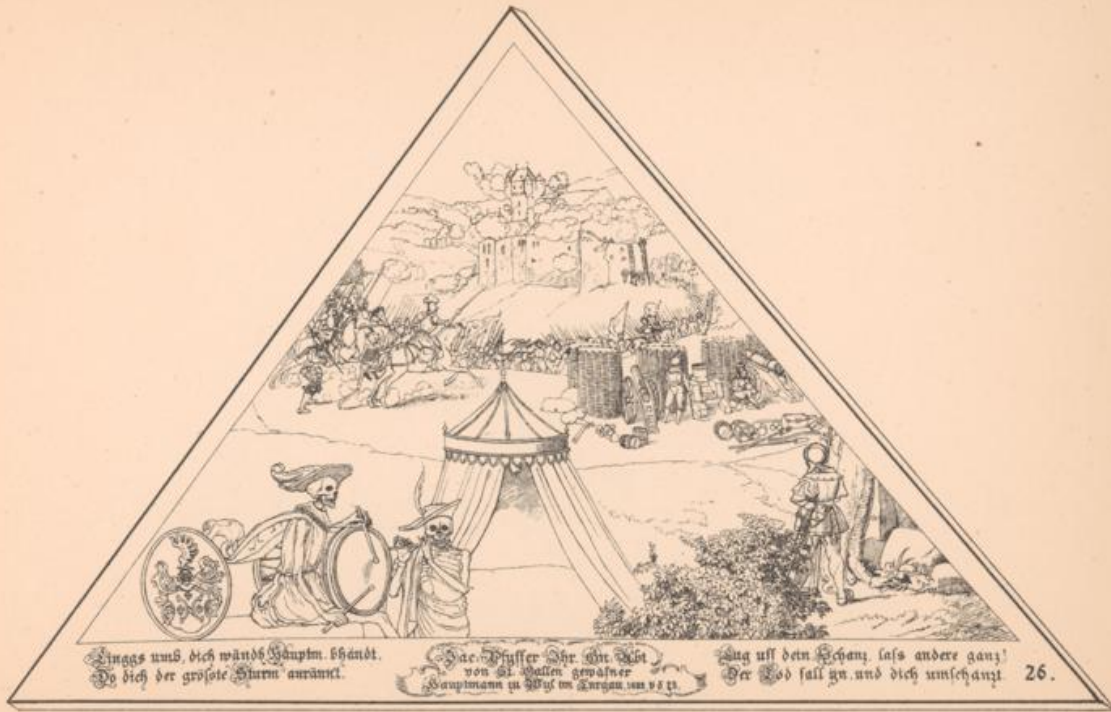
Anno 1705.

Dich setze ab, verdamm zum Grab  
 Darüber brech' ich dir den Hiaß.









Einmal was, dich wändt Hauptm. ehändt.  
 Do dich der grösste Sturm anrühret.

Sag, Hüßer Ihr die Welt  
 von si. Hallen grösster  
 Hauptmann zu Wolf im Lurgau von 16 12

Sag uff dem Schanz, lass andere ganz!  
 Der Tod fall zu, und dich umschanz. 26.







Herr Fendrich gib dich mir gefangen,  
Die Fahne reich ich dir von der Slangen

Herr Stallhalter Heinz, Ludw.  
Segeßer z. Brunnegg, Ritter u.  
Panzerherr

Den Sieg ich gewann, die Fahne ich nimm,  
Und über dich den Blutfahne schwing.



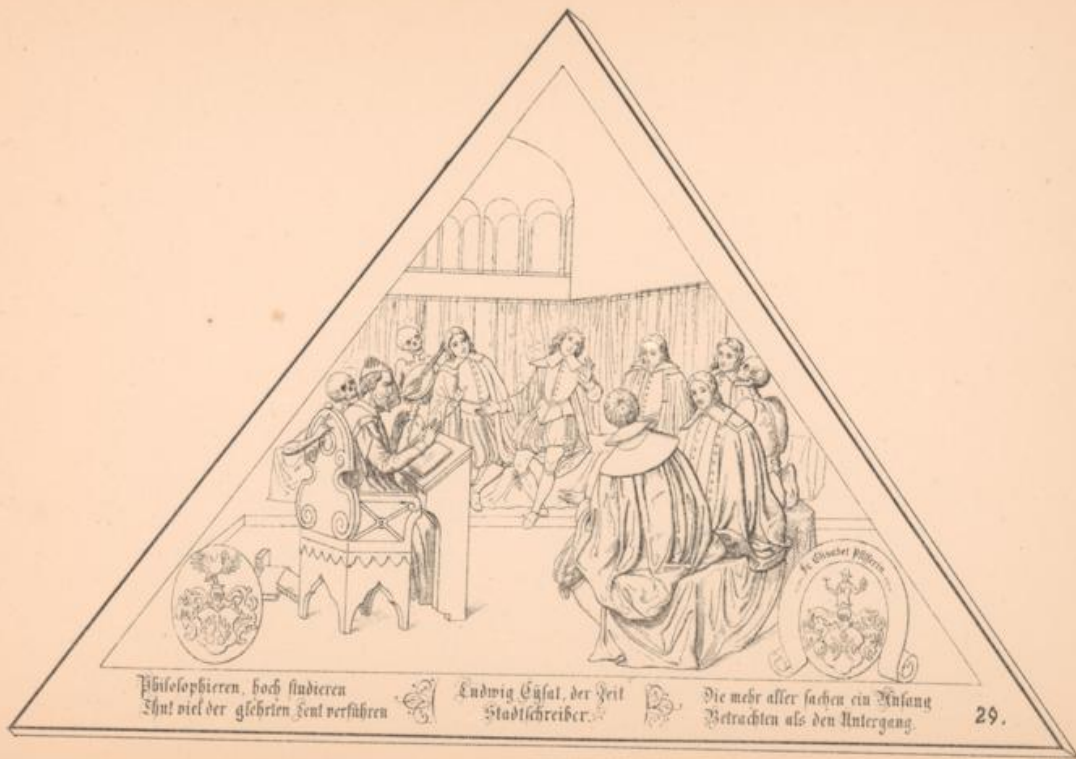


Vor Gericht bin ich ein Advocat  
Nach manchen krummen bandel grad.

Johann Martin Krauer

Kann doch nit gwinnen das ich frey  
De Jure vom Tode ledig sey.





Philosophieren, hoch studieren  
 Thut viel der gelehrten Zeit verführen

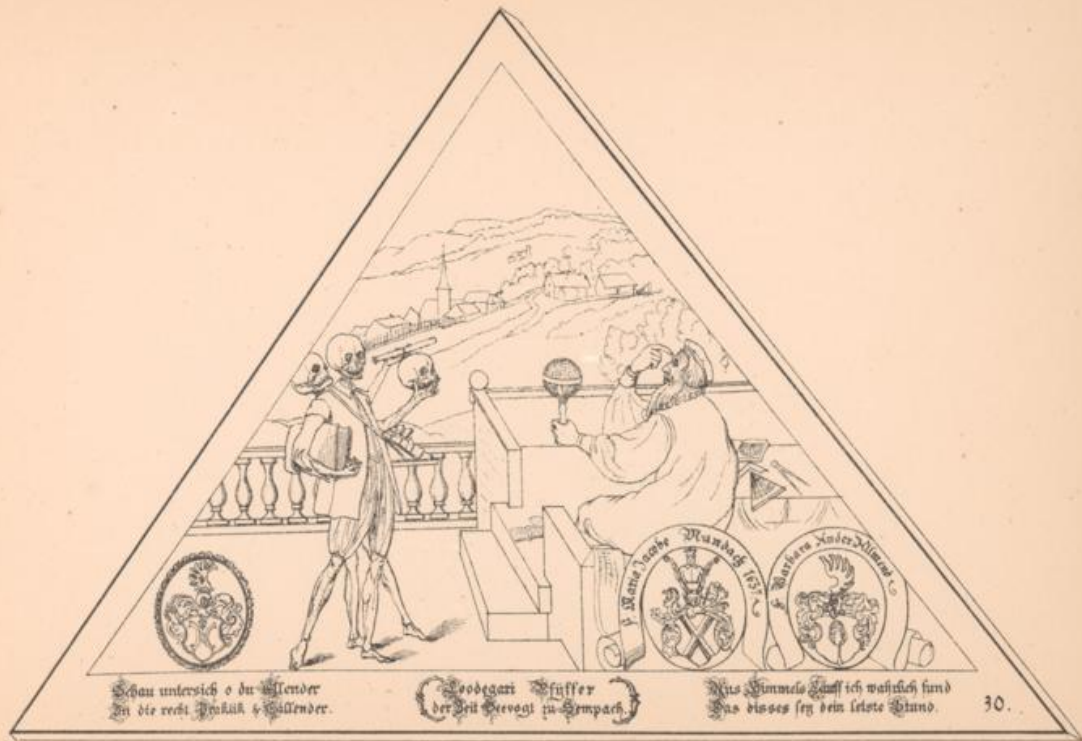
Ludwig Cufat, der Zeit  
 Stadtschreiber.

Die mehr aller sachen ein Anfang  
 Betrachten als den Untergang













Gutsferger, du hast gferget vill  
Der Güter, darumb ich auch will

Melchior Balthasar, der Zgt  
Gutsferger.

Dich selbs feragen wie ein Wahr  
Und einpaken in ein Footenbahr.

31.



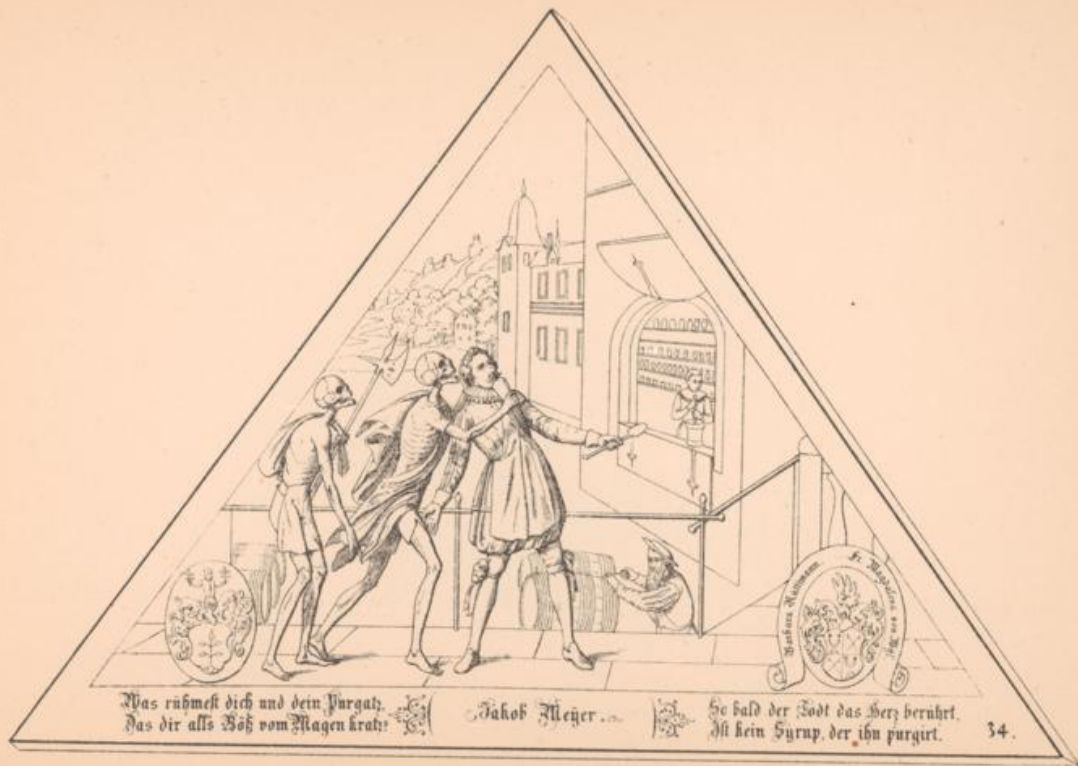




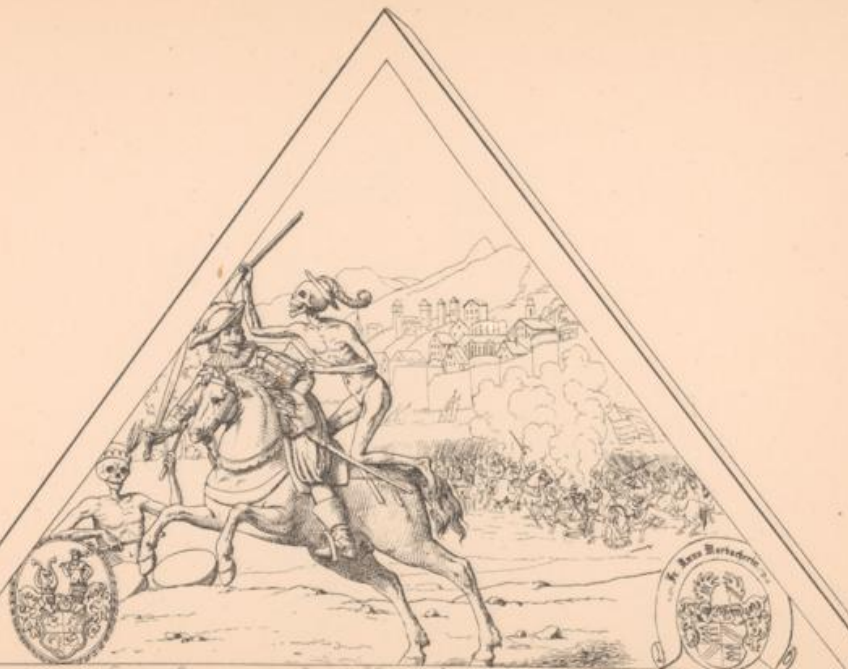












Was schreyt umb Hilf zum Regiment.  
Du bist schon gefallen in Mein Handt.

Hauptm. Nicolaus Bircher.  
Landv. zu Mallers.

Kein Fleis noch Macht, kein Kriegespracht,  
Erwehret sich vor meiner Wacht.















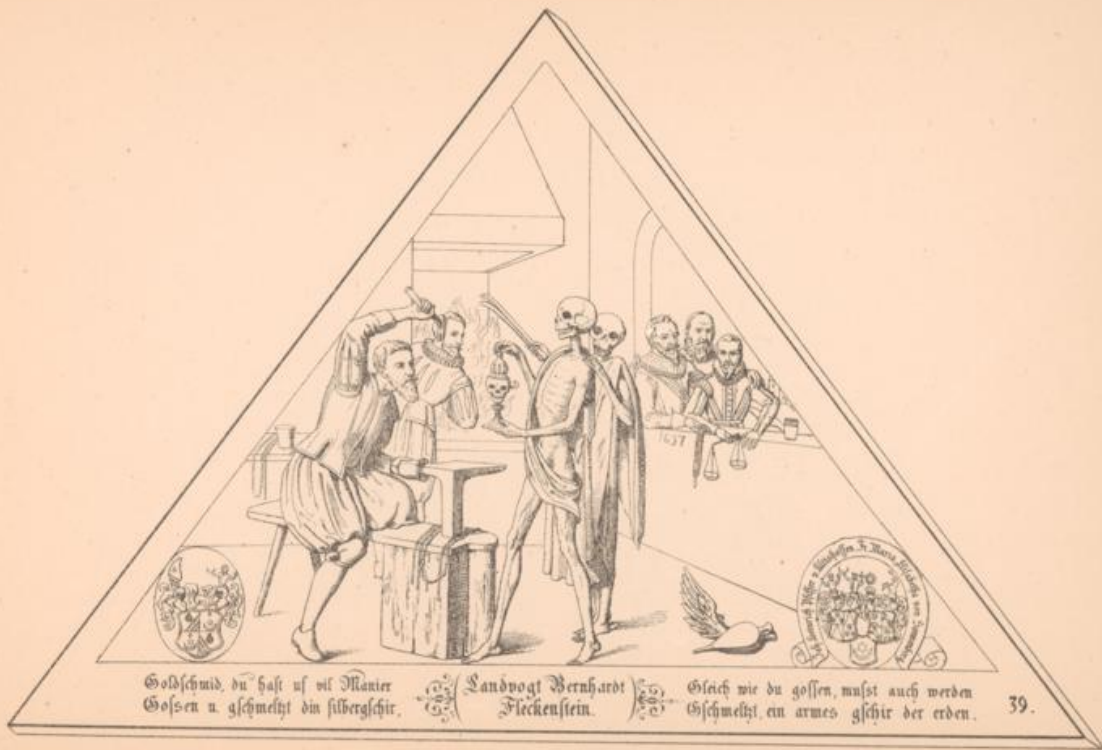
Da bist hüt manchem gwidt noch gangen  
 Hest vil geiaht, vnd wenig glangen

† J. Karelton zur Eilgen  
 der eht Landvogt zu Bäggtis

1631

Drumb selbs in meinem gorn auch bhang  
 Der Todlich gebe dir den lang









Balketer ist das Zeichen gut,  
 Das man vom Leben lasse blut.

Georg Baltisser.

Ich glaub, die Zeichen seij im Wider,  
 Ja wider dich, stirb, leg dich nieder.

40.





Krämer gib her, was hast vür wahr  
Du und dein wahr ist mein vür wahr.

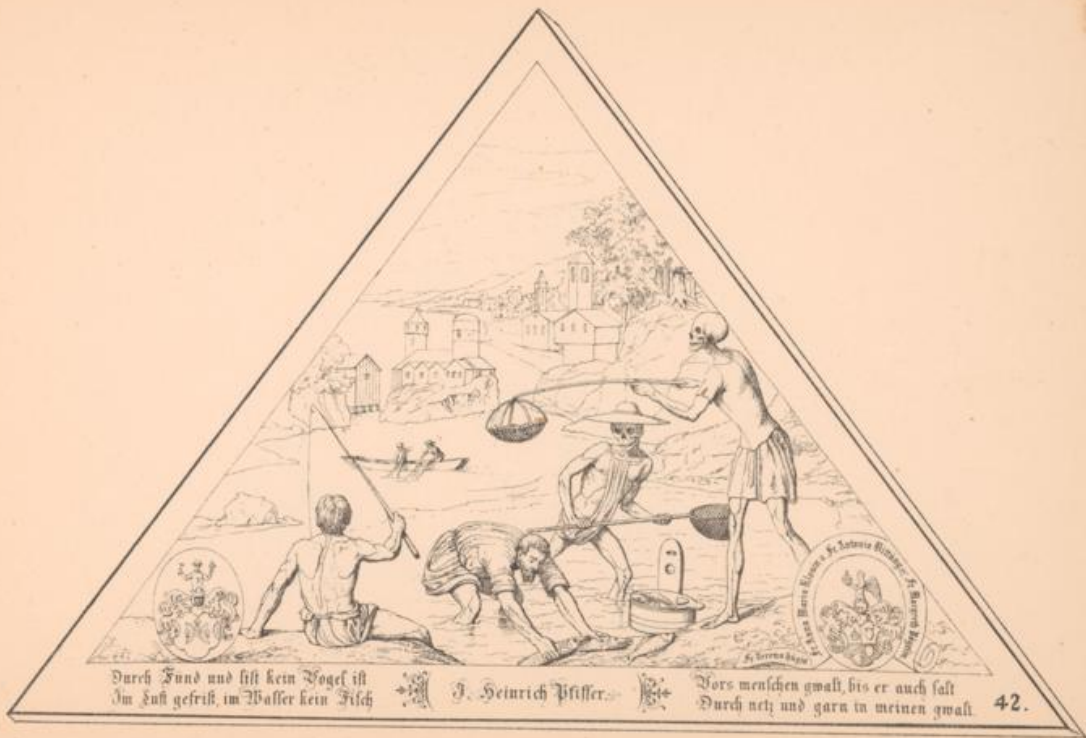
Hans Jakob Bircher  
d. Feil Vogtschreiber

Dann was uff ganzer Erden lauff  
Hab ich alles umb ein apfel kauff.

















Wenn die Natur mit hilft der Kunst  
 So ist das Pflanzen alls umsonst.

Johann Ludwig Peyer im Hof  
 Schwarttente in Katteringe  
 Fr. Anna Maria Egglin

Den wie willst du der Blum ihr Leben  
 Das ich dir selbst nim, widergeben.





Neh' nur wie für gewöhnlich du dein Brot  
Ich gewinn mit Arbeit, Angst und Not.

Jakob Schindler.

Will leben doch lieber ein Pörsmann  
Als gestorben für ein Edelmann.







Früch auß Soldat parier dein tügen  
Und laße dich uff kein wund sägen



S. Martin an der  
Allmend



Muß sterben sobald Ich triff  
Mein wehr ist gischerst von schlangengift



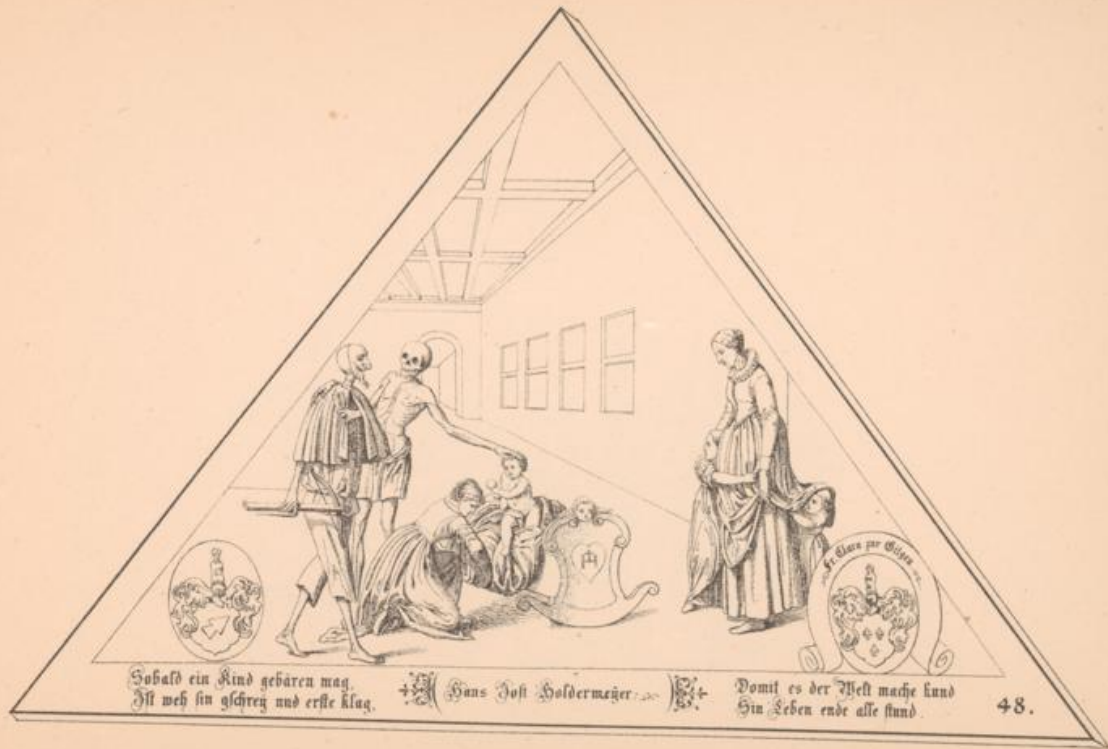


Wer auf sein Geld und gut vertraut  
 Und auf die Welt sein Wollust bunt

Joh. Ludw. Peyer im Hof  
 Schlossvogt zu Wylken.  
 Fr. Anna Schwaicher. Fr. Elisabet Witzig.

Ehe er ins Werk sein Hoffnung richt  
 Der Tod mit ihm ums Leben sicht









Daß Erden ist kein sterker Band  
 Zu lösen, als der Ehelich Stand,

Herbard Meyer.

Dan dieses Band der allein bricht,  
 Der sonst alles zu nichten richt.

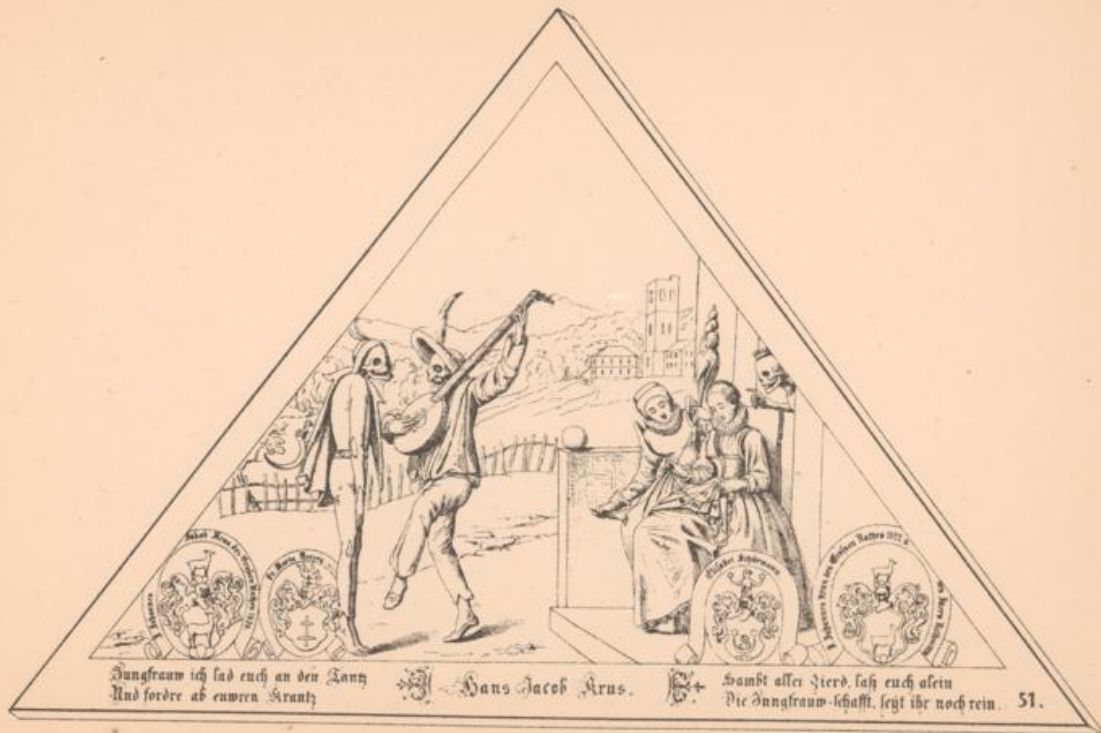








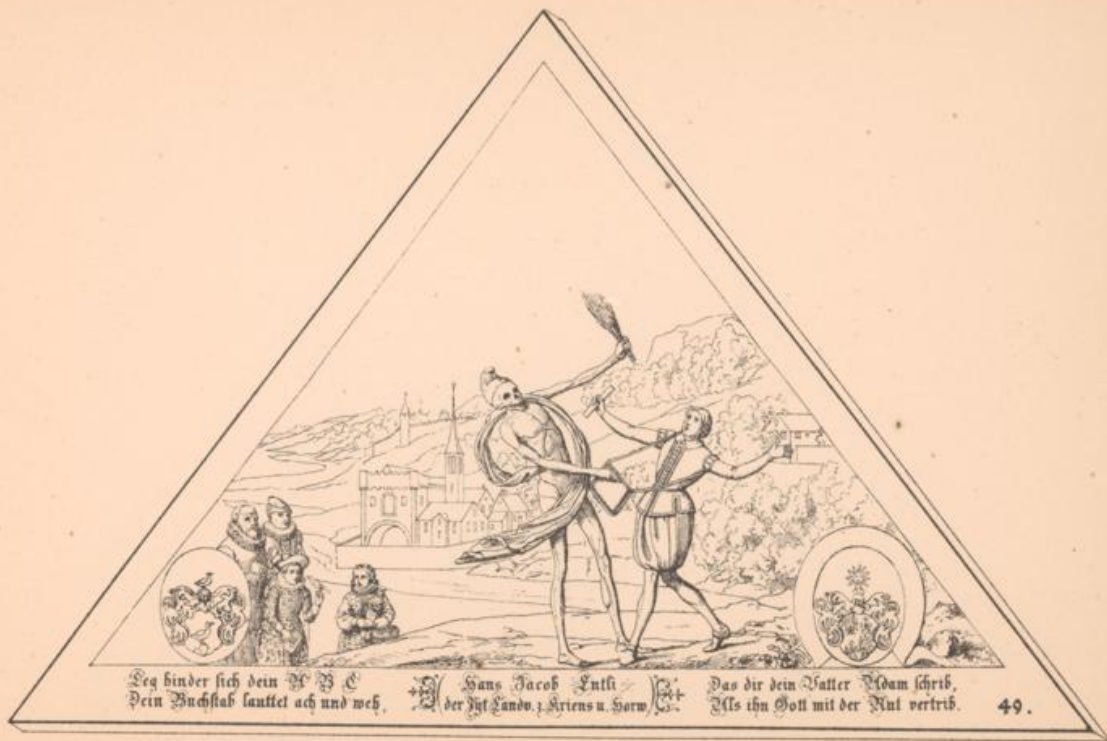
















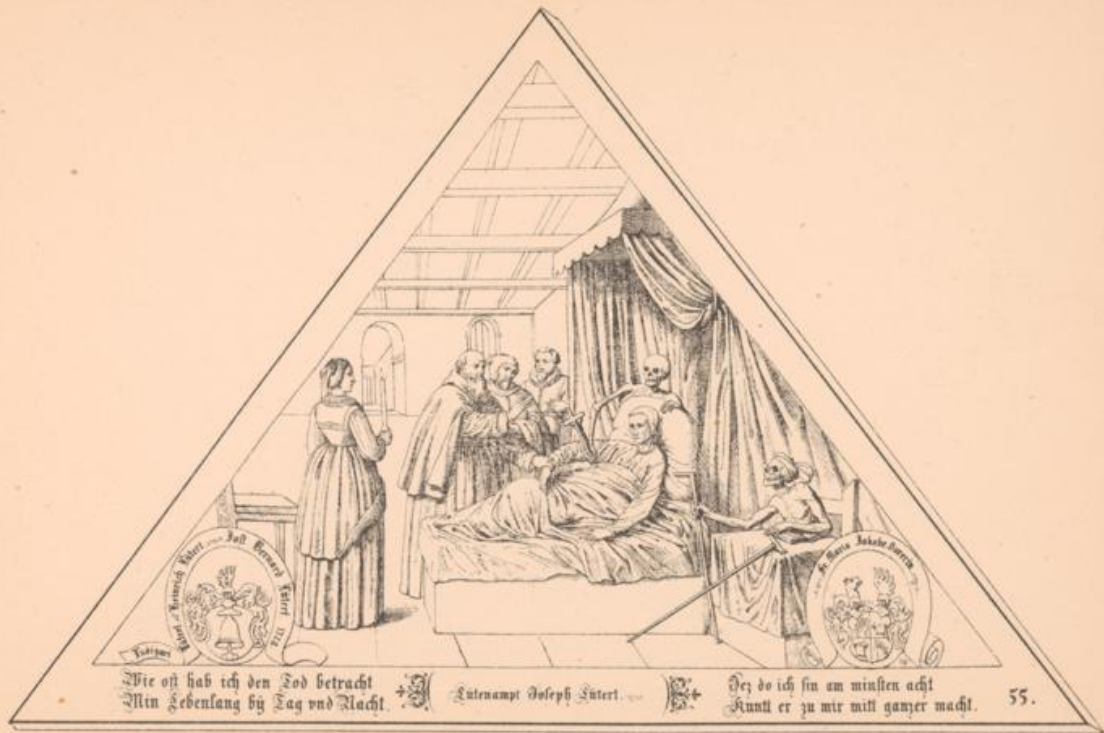


Mit springen, dantzten, übermut  
Schlūs ich min leben, verzehr min gut

¶ Melch. Krepfinger. ¶

¶ Doch last mich treiben min mutwill  
Der Tod, und lagt mit Ernst in'spfil.









Wan ich ein Anecht, d'r Gottschafft brächt  
Grund zu sterben, wär's dir rächt!

Balthasar Feer.

Dis ohne Sorg, die müß gott  
Müß, wan schon din leben stoth.

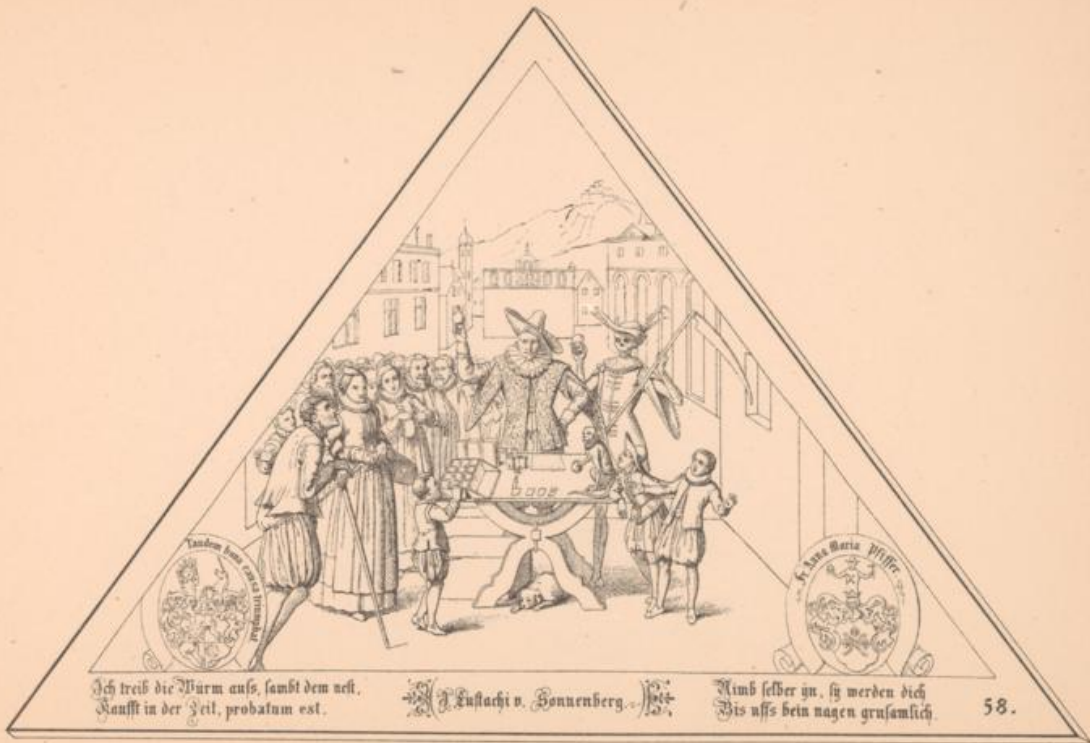
56.











Ich treib die Wurm auß, sambt dem nest.  
Kaufft in der Zeit, probatum est.

✠ A. Lustacht v. Bonnenberg. ✠

Wimb selber yn, sy werden dich  
Bis uffs bein nagen grusamlich.

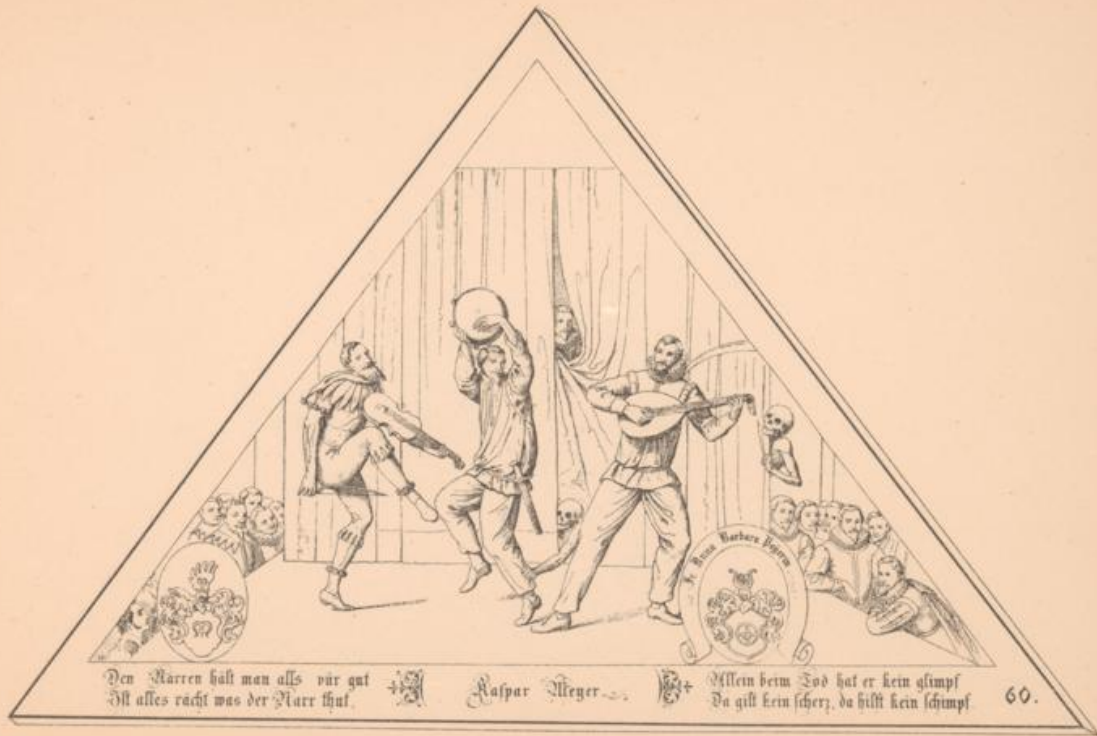
58.



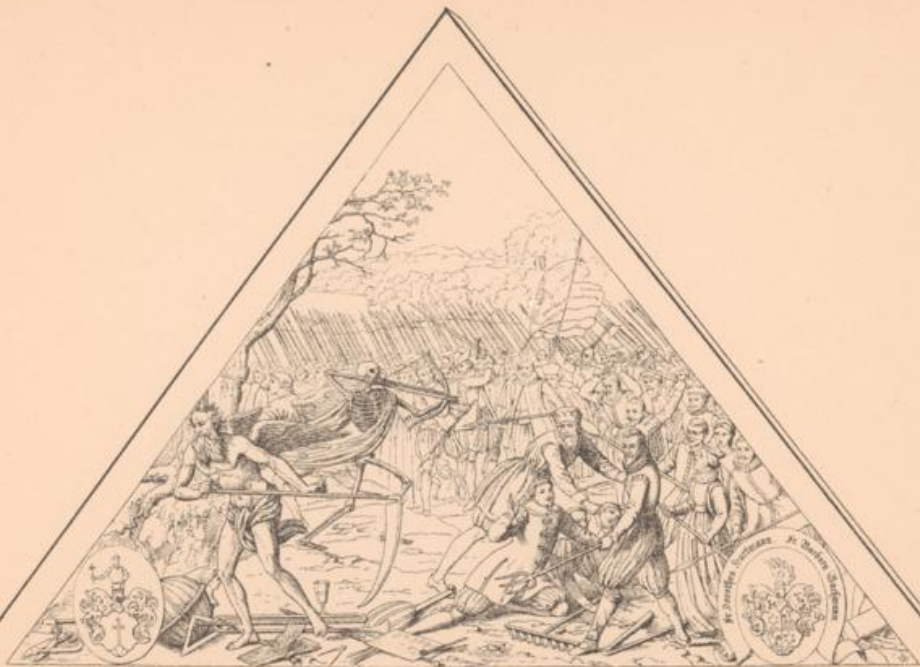












Swäh ist der Tod, ungnäh sein Zeit  
 Ungnäh der sig, gnäh ist der Streit.



Hans Schiffmann  
 Romm. 1773.



Und mag auch niemand werden kund  
 Was wir erwarten alle kund.







Hechtel nam durch ein glicht  
 Der osterendtnis gawhen bricht,



Alexander Pfiffer.



Wie Todtenbein durch Gottes Geiſt  
 Werden bekleidet mit lebend fleiſch.

62.







