

4. Omnia Sol Temperat *Baritone solo*

Omnia Sol temperat purus et subtilis,
Novo mundo reserat faciem Aprilis;
Ad Amorem properat animus herilis
Et iocundus imperat deus puerilis.

Rerum tanta novitas in solemni vere
Et veris autoritas iubet nos gaudere;
Vias prebet solitas, et in tuo vere
Fides est et probitas tuum retinere.

Ama me fideliter! Fidem meam nota:
De corde totaliter et ex mente tota
Sum presentialiter absens in remota
Quis quid amat taliter, volvitur in rota.

The sun warms everything, pure and gentle,
Once again it reveals to the world April's face,
The soul of man is urged towards love
And joys are governed by the boy-god.

All this rebirth in spring's festivity
And the spring's power bids us rejoice.
It shows paths we know well, and in your springtime
It is true and right to keep your lover.

Love me faithfully! See how I am faithful:
With all my heart and with my soul,
I am with you even when I am far away.
Whoever loves this much turns on the wheel.

5. Ecce gratum *Chorus*

Ecce gratum et optatum Ver reducit gaudia;
Purpuratum floret pratum, Sol serenat omnia.
Iam iam cedant tristia!
Estat redit, nunc recedit Hyemis sevitia. Ah!

Iam liquiscit et decrescit grando, nix et cetera;
Bruma fugit, et iam sugit Ver Estatis ubera;
Illi mens est misera,
Qui nec vivit, nec lascivit sub Estatis dextera. Ah!

Gloriantur et letantur in mele dulcedinis
Qui conantur ut utantur premio Cupidinis;
Simus jusso Cypridis
Gloriantes et letantes pares esse Paridis. Ah!

Behold the longed-for and fair spring restores delight,
Violet flowers fill the meadows, the sun brightens all.
Now let sadness be gone!
Summer returns, now withdraw the rigours of winter.

Ah!

Now melts and vanishes ice, snow and the rest,
Fog disperses, and spring sucks at summer's breast;
A miserable soul is he
Who does not live or lust under summer's rule. Ah!

They glory and rejoice in honeyed sweetness
Who strive to make use of Cupid's prize;
Let us, at Venus' command,
Glory and rejoice that we are Paris' equals. Ah!

UF DEM ANGER

ON THE GREEN

6. Dance

7. Floret silva nobilis *Chorus*

Floret silva nobilis
Floribus et foliis.
Ubi est antiquus
Meus amicus? Ah!
Hinc equitavit!
Eia, quis me amabit? Ah!

Floret silva undique,
Nah mime gesellen ist mir wê.
Gruonet der walt allenthalben,
Wâ ist min geselle also lange? Ah!
Der ist geritten hinnen,
O wî, wer soll mich minnen? Ah!

The noble woods are burgeoning
With flowers and leaves.
Where is the lover
I knew? Ah!
He has ridden off!
Oh! Who will love me? Ah!

The woods are burgeoning all over,
I am pining for my lover.
The woods are turning green all over,
Why is my lover away so long? Ah!
He has ridden off,
Oh woe, who will love me? Ah!

8. Chramer, gip die varwe mir *Chorus*

Chramer, gip die varwe mir,
Die min wengel roete,
Damit ich die jungen man
An ir dank der minnenliebe noete.
Seht mich an, Jungen man!
Lat mich iu gevallen!

Minnet, tugentliche man,
Minnecliche vrouwen!
Minne tuot iu hoch genuot
un de lat iuch in hohen eren schouwen
Seht mich an, usw.

Wol dir Werlt daz du bist
Also freudenriche!
Ich will dir sin undertan
Durch din liebe immer sicherliche
Seht mich an, usw.

Shopkeeper, give me colour
To redden my cheeks,
So that I may catch the young men.
Thanks to you for love making.
Look at me, young men!
Let me please you!

Make love, good men,
Lovable women!
Love ennobles your spirit
And gives you honour.
Look at me, etc.

Hail, world, you are
So full of joys!
I will be your subject
Always secure in your love
Look at me, etc.

9. Reie – Swaz hie gat umbe *Chorus*

Swaz hie gat umbe, das sint alles megede,
Die welent ân man alle disen sumer gan. Ah! Sla!

Chume, chum geselle min, ih enbite harte din,
Suzer roservarwer munt, chum uñ mache mich gesunt

Swaz hie gat umbe, das sint alles megede,
Die welent ân man alle disen sumer gan. Ah! Sla!

Those who go round and round are all maidens
They do not want a man all this summer long. Ah! Sla!

Come, come, my love my heart yearns for you.
Sweet rose-red lips come and make me better.

Those who go round and round are all maidens
They do not want a man all this summer long. Ah! Sla!

10. Were diu werlt alle min *Chorus*

Were diu werlt alle min
Von deme mere unze an den Rin,
Des wolt ih mih darben,
Daz diu chünegin von Engellant
Lege an minen armen. Hei!

If all he world were mine
From the sea to the Rhine,
I would do without it
If the Queen of England
Would lie in my arms. Hey!

IN TABERNA

THE TAVERN

11. Estuans interius *Baritone solo*

Estuans interius ira vehementi
In amaritudine loquor mee menti
Factus de materia, cinis elementi
Smilis sum folio, de quo ludunt venti.

Cum sit enim proprium viro salpienti
Supra petram ponere sedem fundamenti,
Stultus ego comparor fluvio labenti
Sub eodem tramite nunquam permanenti.

Feror ego veluti sine nauta navis,
Ut per vias aeris vaga fertur avis;
Non me tenent vincula, non me tenent clavis
Quero mihi similes, et adiugor pravis.

Burning inside with violent anger,
Bitterly I speak to my heart:
Made of matter, my element is ash.
I am like a leaf played with by the winds.

If it is the way of the wise man
To build foundations on stone,
Then I am a fool, like a flowing stream,
Under whose course nothing endures.

I am carried along like a ship with no navigator,
In the paths of the air like a light, hovering bird;
Chains do not hold me, keys cannot imprison me,
I look for people like me and join the wretches.

Mihi cordis gravitas res videtur gravis;
locus est amabilis dulciorque favis;
Quicquid Venus imperat, labor est suavis,
Que nunquam in cordibus habitat ignavis.

Via lata gradior more iuventutis,
Inplicor et vitiis immemor virtutis
Voluptatis avidus magis quam salutis,
Mortuus in anima curam gero cutis.

My heaviness of heart seems a burden to me;
It is pleasant to joke and sweeter than honeycomb;
Whatever Venus commands is a sweet duty,
She never dwells in a lazy heart.

I travel the broad path like a young man,
I give myself to vice, unmindful of virtue,
I am eager for pleasures more than for salvation,
My soul is dead, so I shall look after the flesh

12. Olim lacus colueram *Tenor solo and chorus*

Olim lacus colueram,
Olim pulcher exiteram
Dum cignis ego fueram.

Miser, miser!
Modo niger
Et ustus fortiter!

Girat, regirat garcifer;
Me rigus urit fortiter:
Propinat me nunc dapifer.
Miser, miser, etc.

Nunc in scutella iaceo,
Et volitare nequeo,
Dentes fredentes video:
Miser, miser, etc.

Once I lived on lakes
Once I looked beautiful
When I was a swan.

Misery me!
Now black
and roasting fiercely!

The spit turns and turns again;
I am burning fiercely on the pyre:
The steward now serves me up.
Misery me! Etc.

Now I lie on a plate
And can fly no longer,
I see bared teeth:
Miser me! Etc.

13. Ego sum Abbas *Baritone solo and chorus*

Ego sum abbas Cucaniensis,
Et consilium meum est cum bibullis,
Et in secta Decii voluntas mea est,
Et qui mane me quesierit in taberna,
Post vesperam nudus egredietur,
Et sic denudatus veste clamabit:
Wafna! Wafna!
Quid fecisti sors turpissima?
Nostre vita gaudia
Abstulisti omnia! Ha ha!

I am the abbot of Cockaigne
And my assembly is one of drinkers,
I wish to be in the order of Decius,
And whoever seeks me early in the pub,
After vespers he will leave naked,
And thus stripped of his clothes he will cry:
Woe! Woe!
What have you done, vilest Fate?
The joys of my life
You have taken all away! Ha ha!

14. In taberna quando sumus *chorus*

In taberna quando sumus
Non curamus quid sit humus,
Sed ad ludum properamus,
Cui semper insudamus.
Quid agitur in taberna,
Ubi nummus est pincerna,
Hoc est opus ut queratur,
Sic quid loquar, audiatur.

When we are in the pub,
We do not think how we will go to dust,
But we hurry to gamble,
Which always makes us sweat.
What happens in the tavern
Where money is host,
You may well ask,
If I tell you, then listen.

Quidam ludunt, quidam bibunt,
Quidam indescrite vivunt.
Sed in ludo qui morantur,

Some gamble, some drink,
Some behave loosely.
But of those who stay to gamble,

Ex his quidam denudantur,
Quidam ibi vestiuntur.
Quidam saccis induuntur;
Ibi nullus timet mortem,
Sed pro Baccho mittunt sortem:

Primo pro nummata vini
Ex hac bibunt libertini;
Semel bibunt pro captivis
Post hec bibunt ter pro vivis
Quarter pro christianis cunctis,
Quinques pro fidelibus defunctis
Sexies pro sororibus vanis,
Septies pro militibus silvanis,

Octies pro fratribus perversis,
Nonies pro monachis disperis
Decies pro navigantibus,
Undecies pro discordantibus,
Duodecies pro penitentibus,
Tredicies pro iter agentibus.
Tam pro papa quam pro rege
Bibunt omnes sine lee.

Bibit hera, bibit herus,
Bibit miles, bibit clerus,
Bibit ille, bibit illa,
Bibit servus cum ancilla,
Bibit velox, bibit piger,
Bibit albus, bibit niger,
Bibit constans, bibit vagus,
Bibit rudis, bibit magus,

Bibit pauper et egrotus,
Bibit exul et ignotis,
Bibit puer, bibit canus,
Bibit presul et decanus,
Bibit soror, bibit frater,
Bibit anus, bibit mater,
Bibit iste, bibit ille,
Bibunt centum, bibunt mille.

Parum sexcente nummate
Durant, cum immoderate
Bibunt omnes sine meta.
Quamvis bibant mente leta,
Sic nos rodunt omnes gentes,
Et sic erimus egentes.
Qui nos rodunt confundantur
Et cum iustis non scribantor.

Io io io io io io io io io!

Some are stripped bare,
Some win their clothes here,
Some are dressed in sacks.
Here no one fears death,
But they throw the dice in Bacchus' honour.

First for the wine merchant
The free men drink,
Twice for the prisoners,
Again for the living,
Four times for all Christians,
Five times for those who died in faith,
Six times for the loose sisters,
Seven times for the footpads in the wood,

Eight times for the errant brethren,
Nine times for the monks dispersed,
Ten times for the seamen,
Eleven times for the squabblers,
Twelve times for the penitent,
Thirteen times for the wayfarers.
To the Pope as to the King
They all drink without restraint.

The mistress drinks, the master drinks,
The soldier drinks, the priest drinks,
The man drinks, the woman drinks,
The servant drinks with the maid,
The swift man drinks the lazy man drinks,
The white man drinks the black man drinks
The regular drinks the wanderer drinks,
The yokel drinks the wise man drinks,

The poor man drinks and the sick man,
The exile drinks and the stranger,
The boy drinks the old man drinks
The bishop drinks and the deacon,
The sister drinks the brother drinks,
The old man drinks, the mother drinks.
This man drinks, that man drinks,
A hundred drink and a thousand drink.

Six hundred pennies would hardly
suffice, if without moderation
Everyone drinks immeasurably.
However much they cheerfully drink
We are the ones whom everyone scold,
And so we shall be poor.
May those who slander us be cursed
And may they not be accounted with the righteous.

Io io io io io io io io io!

COURS D'AMOURS**IN PURSUIT OF LOVE****15. Amor volat undique *Soprano solo and Children***

Amor volat undique; captus est libidine.
 Iuvenes, iuencule coniunguntur merito.
 Siqua sine socio, caret omni gaudio;
 Tenet noctis infima sub untimo
 Cordis in custodia: fit res amarissima.

Love flies everywhere seized by desire.
 Young men and girls are rightly coupled.
 The girl without a lover misses out on all pleasures,
 She keeps the dark night hidden
 In the depth of her heart; it is a most bitter fate.

16. Dies nox et omnia *Baritone solo*

Dies nox et omnia
 Mihi sunt contraria,
 Virginum colloquia
 Me fay planszer,
 Oy suvenz suspirer,
 Plu me fay temer.

Day night and everything
 Are against me,
 The chattering of maidens
 Makes me weep
 And often sigh,
 And, most of all, scares me.

O sodales, ludite,
 Vos qui scitis dicite,
 Mihi mesto parcite,
 Grand ey dolor,
 Attamen consulite
 Per voster honor.

O friends, go on playing,
 Tell me, you who know,
 Spare me, sorrowful as I am,
 Great is my grief,
 Advise me at least,
 By your honour.

Tua pulchra facies
 Me fay planszer milies,
 Pectus habet glacies.
 A remender,
 Statim vivus fierem
 Per un baser.

Your beautiful face
 Makes me weep a thousand times,
 Your heart is of ice.
 As a cure
 I would be revived
 By a kiss.

17. Stetit puella *Soprano solo*

Stetit puella
 Rufa tunica;
 Si quis eam tetigit,
 Tunica crepuit. Eia!

A girl stood
 In a red dress;
 If anyone touched it,
 The dress rustled. Eia!

Stetis puella
 Tamquam rosula:
 Facie splenduit
 Os eius floruit. Eia!

A girl stood
 Like a little rose:
 Her face was radiant
 And her mouth in bloom. Eia!

18. Circa mea pectora *Baritone solo and Chorus*

Circa me pectora
 Multa sunt suspiria
 De tua pulchritudine
 Que me ledunt misere. Ah!
 Mandaliet, Mandaliet,
 Min geselle chömet niet.

In my heart
 There are many sighs
 For your beauty,
 Which wound me sorely.. Ah!
 Mandaliet, Mandaliet,
 My lover does not come.

Tui lucent oculi
 Sicut solis radii
 Sicut splendor fulgaris
 Lucem donans tenebris. Ah!

Your eyes shine
 Like the rays of the sun,
 Like the splendour of lightning
 Which brightens the darkness. Ah!

Mandaliet, Mandaliet,
Min geselle chömet niet.

Mandaliet, Mandaliet,
My lover does not come.

Vellet deus vellent dii
Quoad mente proposui
Ut eius virginea
Reserassem vincula. Ah!

May God grant, may the gods grant
What I have in mind:
That I may
Unchain her virginity. Ah!

19. Si puer com puellula *Male Chorus*

Si puer com puellula
Moraretur in cellula,
Felix coniunctio.
Amore suscescente,
Pariter e medio
Avulso procul tedio,
Fit ludus ineffabilis
Membris lacertis labilis.

If a boy with a girl
Tarries in a little room,
Happy is their entwining.
Love rises up,
And between them
Tiredness is driven away,
An indescribable playfulness begins
In their limbs, arms and lips.

20. Veni, veni venias *Double chorus*

Veni, veni, venias,
Ne me mori facias,
Hyrca, hyrca, nazaza, trillirivos!

Come, come, O come,
Do not let me die,
Hyrca, hyrca, nazaza, trillirivos!

Pulchra tibi facies,
Oculorum acies,
Capillorum series,
A quam clara species!
Rosa rubicundior,
Lilio candidior,
Omnibus formosior,
Semper in te glorior!

Beautiful is your face,
The gleam in your eye
Your braided hair,
What a glorious creature!
Redder than the rose,
Whiter than the lily,
Lovelier than all others,
I shall always glory in you!

21. In Trutina *Soprano solo*

In trutina mentis dubia
Fluctuant contraria
Lascivus amor et pudicitia.
Sed eligo quod video,
Collum iugo prebeo;
Ad iugum tamen suave transeo.

In the wavering balance of my feelings
Set against each other
Lascivious love and modesty
But I choose what I see,
And submit my neck to the yoke;
I yield to the sweet yoke

22. Tempus est iocundum *Soprano and Baritone, Chorus and Children*

Tempus est iocundum. O virgines,
Modo con gaudete, vos iuvenes!
Oh, oh, oh! Totus floreo!
Iam amore virginali totus ardeo!
Novus, novus amor est, quo pereo!

This is the joyful time, O maidens,
Rejoice with them, young men!
Oh, oh, oh! I am bursting out all over!
I am burning all over with first love!
A new, new love for which I die!

Mea me confortat promission,
Mea me deportat negatio.
Oh, oh, oh, etc.

I am heartened by my promise,
I am downcast by my refusal.
Oh, oh, oh, etc.

Tempore brumali vir patiens,
Animo vernali lasciviens.
Oh, oh, oh, etc.

In the winter man is patient
The breath of spring makes him lust.
Oh, oh, oh, etc.

