

IPA (International Phonetic Alphabet) SYMBOLS AND THEIR SOUNDS

<b><i>There are IPA symbols for all possible vowel sounds, each symbol having only one pronunciation. Diphthongs are spelled by writing out both of the vowel symbols in the diphthong.</i></b>			
[ɑ]	“ah” in “father”		
[e]	closed “ay” sound, but not a diphthong	[ɛ]	open “eh” in “let”
[i]	closed “ee” in “meet”	[ɪ]	open “ih” as in “fit”
[o]	closed “o”, sounds like “go”, but not a diphthong	[ɔ]	open “o”, sounds like “aw” in “thought”
[u]	closed “oo” in “boot”	[ʊ]	open “oo” in “foot”
[y]	lips of [u] but say [i] in the mouth (German ü)	[ø]	lips of [o] but say [e] in the mouth (German ö)
[ə]	schwa, a neutral vowel sound as in “ <u>a</u> bout” or “i <u>t</u> em”		
[ʌ]	the “uh” sound as in “cut” or “done”		
[æ]	the vowel in “at” or “that”		
[j]	“y” as in “yes”, generally a glide to the next vowel (note: in many languages, “j” sounds like an American “y”)		
<b><i>The IPA symbols for most consonant sounds look just like the English letter (“t” is pronounced [t]). Sometimes letters sound like a symbol that looks like another letter (“c” in “cat” is pronounced [k]). Here are some other special symbols. Sometimes, an entirely new symbol has been created to indicated a sound (“sh”= [ʃ])</i></b>			
[ʃ]	“sh” and in “shun”	[tʃ]	“ch” as in “chew”
[ʒ]	as in “v <u>i</u> sion” or French “j <u>e</u> ”	[dʒ]	“j” as in “j <u>u</u> mp” or “g” in “g <u>e</u> rm”
[g]	“g” as in “g <u>a</u> te” (not the sound in “g <u>e</u> rm”)	[ŋ]	voiced “ng” as in “th <u>i</u> ng”
[ç]	as in German “ <u>i</u> ch”	[x]	as in German “b <u>u</u> ch” or Scottish “l <u>o</u> ch”
[ɹ]	the American “r” sound as in “r <u>o</u> om”	[r]	flipped or rolled “r”
[θ]	unvoiced “th” as in “th <u>i</u> n”	[ð]	voiced “th” as in “th <u>i</u> ne”

## The Carmina Burana of Carl Orff (Gavin Betts, copyright 2010)

The poems presented here are those which have been set to music by the German composer Carl Orff (1895-1982). They form only a small part of the whole Carmina Burana, the name applied to a large collection of medieval poems which survive in a late medieval manuscript found in the early nineteenth century in southern Germany. These poems, which come to more than two hundred in number but are never of any great length, can be roughly classified as follows:

- (i) Moralistic and satirical poems, the former being concerned with the human condition and the world at large, the latter with abuses in the church.
- (ii) Love songs and songs celebrating the return of spring.
- (iii) Songs connected with drinking and gambling.

Most of the poems seem to have been intended to be sung. The main language is Latin; a few are in German or are macaronic, i.e. mixtures of Latin and a vernacular (here either German or French). The manuscript has a type of musical notation, which is not followed by Orff but which has been used by others to reconstruct the original presentation. No poem is assigned to an author.

A remarkable feature of the intellectual life of the late Middle Ages was the ease and readiness with which scholars and students (and no doubt a good many hangers-on) moved about Europe from one university town to another. There seems to have always been a large number of such people in temporary residence in university towns both in their native countries and in foreign parts. As might be expected, they were not always on good terms with locals who had no connection with, or interest in, intellectual pursuits (such *rustici* are a frequent butt in the Carmina Burana) and, as their common interests naturally brought them together, they tended to form a class apart, a society to which the terms *Wandering Scholars* and *Ordo Vagorum* have been applied. These it was who in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries composed and sung most of the poems of Carmina Burana. Because they were generally without bonds or ties and were not involved in acquiring or maintaining social status, they were not concerned overmuch with the conventions of society, nor were they greatly troubled by the fulminations of religion against worldly pleasures. The Carmina Burana show attitudes not usually associated with the Middle Ages; we see a quite amoral attitude to sex, a fresh appreciation of nature, and a disrespect of the established church which even today's society would find hard to tolerate. The Wandering Scholars were very much concerned with enjoying themselves, they were frank and uninhibited, and were not afraid of attacking or ridiculing people and institutions they did not like. Their poetry was written for the immediate present, to express an emotion or experience, to complain of some current abuse, but chiefly, one may conjecture, to entertain their fellows as they caroused. At its best it has spontaneity and freshness which compensate for its limited range and technique.

Most poems are in Latin because this, as the established language of instruction and scholarship, was the lingua franca of the *Vagantes* and was used by them even in lighter moods; the vernacular languages were not yet properly established as vehicles for sophisticated literary expressions. We must, however, always remember that the Carmina Burana were written by people for whom Latin was an acquired language. All too often we find a vague wordiness (the first poem is the worst offender in our selection) and sometimes an outright misuse of words which must have been difficult for even a contemporary to understand.

*These pronunciations represent one possibility for how this might have been pronounced at the time the poems were written.*

FORTUNA IMPERATRIX MUNDI	<i>fōrtuna imperatis mundi</i>	FORTUNE, EMPRESS OF THE WORLD
<p><b>1-O Fortuna</b> (Chorus)                      O Fortuna velut luna statu variabilis,                      semper crescis aut decrescis;                      vita detestabilis nunc obdurat et tunc curat                      ludo mentis aciem,                      egestatem, potestatem dissolvit ut glaciem.</p> <p>Sors immanis et inanis, rota tu volubilis,                      status malus, vana salus semper dissolubilis,                      obumbrata et velata michi quoque niteris;                      nunc per ludum dorsum nudum                      fero tui sceleris.</p> <p>Sors salutis et virtutis michi nunc contraria,                      est affectus et defectus semper in angaria.                      Hac in hora sine mora corde pulsum tangite;                      quod per sortem sternit fortem,                      mecum omnes plangite!</p>	<p><b>1- ɔ fōtuna</b>                      ɔ fōrtuna velut luna statu variabilis                      semper kres-tsis aut dekres-tsis                      vita detestabilis nunk ɔbdurat et tunk kurat                      ludo mentis atsiem                      egestatem potestatem disolvit ut glatsiem</p> <p>sors imanis et inanis rōta tu vōlubilis                      status malus vana salus semper dissolubilis                      ɔbumbata et velata miçi kvɔkve niteris                      nunk per ludum dōrsūm nudum                      ferɔ tui tseleris</p> <p>sors salutis et virtutis miçi nunk kōntraria                      est afektus et defektus semper in an-garia                      hac in hōra sine mōra kōrdē pulsum tan-gitē                      kvɔd per sōrtē sternit fōrtē                      mēkum ɔmnes plan-gite</p>	<p><b>1-O Fortune</b>                      O Fortune, like the moon changeable,                      always waxing or waning;                      hateful life now is harsh and then is caring                      on a whim;                      destitution, power it melts like ice.</p> <p>Fate, monstrous and empty, you are a turning wheel,                      an evil condition vain for well-being ever melting away,                      in shadow and veiled you weigh down on me too;                      now through gambling I have my back bare                      through your evil-doing.</p> <p>Fate in well-being and in virtue is now against me;                      broken, weakened, always in bondage.                      In this hour without delay pluck the strings;                      for through Fate the strong is laid low,                      all of you weep with me!</p>
<p><b>2-Fortune plango vulnera</b> (chorus)</p> <p>Fortune plango vulnera stillantibus ocellis                      quod sua michi munera subtrahit rebellis.                      Verum est, quod legitur, fronte capillata,                      sed plerumque sequitur Occasio calvata.</p> <p>In Fortune solio sederam elatus,                      prosperitatis vario flore coronatus;                      quicquid enim florui felix et beatus,                      nunc a summo corruī gloria privatus.</p> <p>Fortune rota volvitur: descendo minoratus;                      alter in altum tollitur; nimis exaltatus                      rex sedet in vertice caveat ruinam!                      nam sub axe legimus Hecubam reginam.</p>	<p><b>2-fōrtunē plangō vulnera</b></p> <p>fōrtunē plangō vulnera stilantibus ɔtselis                      kvɔd sua miçi munera subtra-hit rebelis                      verum est kvɔd legitur frōntē kapilata                      sed plerumkve sēkvitur ɔkazjɔ kalvata</p> <p>in fōrtunē sɔliɔ sēderam elatus                      prɔsperitatis vario florē kōrɔnatus                      kvikkvid enim flōrui felix et beatus                      nunk a sumɔ kōrui glōria privatus</p> <p>fōrtunē rōta vɔlvitur dēs-tsēndɔ minɔratus                      alter in altum tɔlitur nimis etsaltatus                      rets sēdet in vertitse caveat ru-inam                      nam sub atse legimus hekubam reginam</p>	<p><b>2-I lament Fortune's blows</b></p> <p>I lament Fortune's blows with weeping eyes,                      for her presents to me she a turncoat takes away.                      It is true, as it is written, that she has fine tresses,                      but often there follows bald chance.</p> <p>On Fortune's throne I sat, on high                      with prosperity's varied garland crowned;                      yet however I flourished happy and blessed,                      now have I fallen from the height deprived of glory.</p> <p>Fortune's wheel turns: down I go, made less;                      another is raised high; too high up                      sits the king at the top, let him beware of a downfall                      for under the wheel we see Queen Hecuba.</p>

<p><b>I. A. I PRIMO VERE</b></p> <p><b>3-Veris leta facies</b> (semi-chorus) Veris leta facies mundo propinatur, hiemalis acies victa iam fugatur, in vestitu vario Flora principatur, nemorum dulcisono que cantu celebratur. Ah!</p> <p>Flore fusus gremio Phebus novo more risum dat, hac vario iam stipate flore. Zephyrus nectareo spirans in odore, certatim pro bravio curramus in amore.</p> <p>Cytharizat cantico dulcis Philomena, flore rident vario prata iam serena, salit cetus avium silve per amena, chorus promit virginum iam gaudia millena.</p>	<p><b>I A i primō vere</b></p> <p><b>3-veris leta fatsies</b> <i>veris leta fatsies mundō prōpinatur hiemalis atsies vikta jam fugatur in vestitu vario flōra printsipatur nemōrum dultsisōnō kve kantu tselebratur</i></p> <p><i>flōre fuzus gremio febus nōvō mōre rizum dat hac vario jam stipate flōre džefyrus nektareō spirans in ōdōre tšertatim prō bravio kuramus in amōre</i></p> <p><i>tsytaridzat kantikō dultsis filōmena flōre rident vario prata jam serena salit tsetus avium silve per amena xōrus prōmit virginum jam gaudja milena</i></p>	<p><b>I. A. SPRING</b></p> <p><b>3-The cheerful face of spring</b> <i>The cheerful face of spring is restored to the world, winter's sharp cold conquered, now is put to flight. In varied colours Flora rules, in the sweet-sounding song of the groves is she praised.</i></p> <p><i>Lying in Flora's lap Phoebus again smiles, and she with varied flowers now is decked. Zephyrus with nectared scent breathing, in contest for the prize let us run, the prize of love.</i></p> <p><i>With the lute sings sweet Philomela, the nightingale, with varied flowers laugh the meadows, now serene, a flock of birds rises through the pleasant woods, a chorus of maidens offers now a thousand joys.</i></p>
<p><b>5-Ecce gratum</b> (Chorus) Ecce gratum et optatum Ver reducit gaudia, purpuratum floret pratum, Sol serenat omnia. Iam iam cedant tristia! Estas redit, nunc recedit Hyemis sevitia. Ah!</p> <p>Iam liquescit et decrescit grando, nix et cetera; bruma fugit, et iam sugit Ver Estatus ubera; illi mens est misera, qui nec vivit, nec lascivit sub Estatus dextera. Ah!</p> <p>Gloriantur et letantur in melle dulcedinis, qui conantur, ut utantur premio Cupidinis: simus jussu Cypridis gloriantes et letantes pares esse Paridis. Ah!</p>	<p><b>5-ētse gratum</b> <i>ētse gratum et optatum ver redutsit gaudia purpuratum flōret pratum sōl serenat ōmnia jam jam tšedant tris-tsia estas redit nunk rētsedit hyemis sevitsia</i></p> <p><i>jam likves-tsit et dekres-tsit grandō nits et tšetera bruma fugit et jam sugit ver estatsis ubera ili mens est mizera kvi nek vivit nek las-tsivit sub estatis detstera</i></p> <p><i>glōriantur et letantur in mēle dul-tšedinis kvi kōnantur ut utantur premiō kupidinis simus jusu tsypridis glōriantes et letantes pares eše paridis</i></p>	<p><b>5-Behold, the pleasant spring</b> <i>Behold, the pleasant and longed-for spring brings back joys, decked in purple the meadow flowers, the Sun brings light to everything, now, now let sadness give place! Summer returns, now departs the harshness of winter.</i></p> <p><i>Now there melts and lessens hail, snow and the rest, winter flies, and now sucks Spring at Summer's breasts; wretched is his mind who neither lives nor lusts under summer's ruling hand.</i></p> <p><i>They glory and rejoice in the honey of sweetness who try to use Cupid's prize; let us at the bidding of Cyprian Venus glory and rejoice to be the equals of Paris.</i></p>

<p><b>I. B. UF DEM ANGER</b></p> <p><b>7-Floret silva nobilis</b> (chorus)  <b>Latin Text:</b>  Floret silva nobilis  floribus et foliis.</p> <p>Ubi est antiquus meus amicus? Ah!  Hinc equitavit,  eia, quis me amabit? Ah!</p> <p>Floret silva undique,</p> <p><b>German text:</b>  nah mime gesellen ist mir wê.</p> <p>Gruonet der walt allenthalben,  wâ ist min geselle also lange? Ah!</p> <p>Der ist geriten hinnen,  o wî, wer sol mich minnen? Ah!</p>	<p><i>I B uf dem anger</i></p> <p><i>7-flōret silva nōbilis</i>  <b>Latin Text:</b>  <i>flōret silva nōbilis</i>  <i>flōribus et fōliis</i></p> <p><i>ubi est antikvus meus amikus</i>  <i>hink ekvitavit</i>  <i>eja kvis me amabit</i></p> <p><i>flōret silva undikve</i></p> <p><b>German text:</b>  <i>naç mimə gesełan ist mir we</i></p> <p><i>gruo-nət der walt alent-halbən</i>  <i>wa ist min gesełə alsē laŋə a</i></p> <p><i>der ist gəriten hınən</i>  <i>ɔ wi wer sol miç minən a</i></p>	<p><b>I. B. ON THE GREEN</b></p> <p><b>7-The noble wood is in flower</b></p> <p><i>The noble wood is in flower</i>  <i>with flowers and leaves.</i></p> <p><i>Where is my old lover? Ah!</i>  <i>He has ridden away</i>  <i>Oh, who will love me? Ah!</i></p> <p><i>The wood is everywhere in flower,</i></p> <p><i>My lover has gone.</i></p> <p><i>The wood is everywhere green,</i>  <i>why is my lover so long away? Ah!</i></p> <p><i>He has ridden away,</i>  <i>alas, who will love me? Ah!</i></p>
<p><b>8-Chramer, gip die varwe mir</b>  Chramer, gip die varwe mir,  die min wengel roete,  da mit ich die jungen man  an ir dank der minnenliebe noete.  Seht mich an, jungen man!  lat mich iu gevallen!</p> <p>Minnet, tugentliche man,  minnecliche frouwen!  minne tuot iu hoch genuot  unde lat iuch in hohen eren schouwen.  Seht mich an...</p> <p>Wol dir, Werlt, daz du bist  also freudenriche!  ich will dir sin undertan  durch din liebe immer sicherliche.  Seht mich an...</p>	<p><b>8-Chramer gip die varwe mir</b>  <i>kramər gip di farwə mir</i>  <i>di min weŋəl rətə</i>  <i>da mit iç di juŋən man</i>  <i>an ir dank der minnenlibə nətə</i>  <i>set miç an juŋən man</i>  <i>lat miç ju gəfalən</i></p> <p><i>minət tUgentliçə man</i>  <i>minnekliçə frou-wen</i>  <i>minə tuot ju hox gəmuot</i>  <i>Undə lat jux in ho-ən erən sou-wən</i>  <i>set miç an ...</i></p> <p><i>wol dir werlt das du bist</i>  <i>also frōidənriçə</i>  <i>iç wil dir sin Undertan</i>  <i>durç din libə mər siçərliçə</i>  <i>set miç an ...</i></p>	<p><b>8-Pedlar, give me colour</b>  <i>Pedlar, give me colour</i>  <i>to redden my cheeks,</i>  <i>so that I can make the young men</i>  <i>love me, whether they will or no.</i>  <i>Look at me, young men!</i>  <i>Let me pleasure you!</i></p> <p><i>Good men, love</i>  <i>women worthy of love!</i>  <i>Love lifts your spirit</i>  <i>and gives you honour.</i>  <i>Look at me...</i></p> <p><i>Hail, world,</i>  <i>so rich in joys!</i>  <i>I will always serve you faithfully</i>  <i>for the pleasures you give.</i>  <i>Look at me...</i></p>

<p><b>9 Reie Swaz hie gat umbe</b> (chorus) Swaz hie gat umbe, daz sint alles megede, die wellent ân man alle disen sumer gan!</p> <p>Chume, chum, geselle min, ih enbite harte din, chume, chum, geselle min. Suzer rosenvarwer munt, chum un mache mich gesunt suzer rosenvarwer munt.</p> <p>Swaz hie gat umbe, daz sint alles megede, die wellent ân man alle disen sumer gan!</p>	<p><b>9-reiə swaz hi gat umbe</b> <i>swaz hi-ə gat Umbə das sint aləs megedə di wɛlənt an man alə disən sUmər gan</i></p> <p><i>kUmə kUm gəsələ min ɪç enbitə hartə din kUmə kUm gəsələ min suzər rosənfərwer mUnt kUm un maxə miç gəsUnt suzər rosənfərwer mUnt</i></p> <p><i>swaz hi-ə gat Umbə das sint aləs megedə di wɛlənt an man alə disən sUmər gan</i></p>	<p><b>Round dance Those who here go round</b> <i>Those who here go round are all maidens, they want to be without a man all summer long.</i></p> <p><i>Come, come, my love, I desire you. Come, come, my love. Sweet rosy mouth, come and make me better, sweet rosy mouth.</i></p> <p><i>Those who here go round are all maidens, they want to be without a man all summer long.</i></p>
<p><b>10-Were diu werlt alle min</b> (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!</p>	<p><b>10-Were diu werlt alle min</b> <i>wərə dju wɛrlt alə min fɔn dim mərə unsə an den rin dɛs wolt ɪç miç darbən das dju kœnɛɡɪn fɔn ɛŋɛlant lege an minən armən hei</i></p>	<p><b>10-Were all the world mine</b> <i>Were all the world mine from the ocean to the Rhine, I would give it up to have the Queen of England lie in my arms. Hey!</i></p>
<p><b>II. IN TABERNA</b></p> <p><b>12-Cignus ustus cantat</b> (tenor solo) Olim lacus colueram, olim pulcher extiteram, dum cignus ego fueram. (chorus) Miser, miser! modo niger et ustus fortiter! (tenor solo) Girat, regirat garcifer; me rogius urit fortiter; propinat me nunc dapifer, (chorus) Miser, miser! modo niger et ustus fortiter! (tenor solo) Nunc in scutella iaceo, et volitare nequeo dentes frendentes video: (Male Chorus) Miser, miser! modo niger et ustus fortiter!</p>	<p><b>II IN TABERNA</b></p> <p><b>12-tsignus ustus kantat</b></p> <p><i>mizər mizər mɔdɔ niger ɛt ustus fɔrtitɛr</i></p> <p><i>mizər mizər mɔdɔ niger ɛt ustus fɔrtitɛr</i></p> <p><i>mizər mizər mɔdɔ niger ɛt ustus fɔrtitɛr</i></p>	<p><b>II. IN THE TAVERN</b></p> <p><b>12-The Roast Swan Sings</b> <i>Once I dwelt on lakes, once I was beautiful when I was a swan.</i></p> <p><i>Forlorn, forlorn! Now black and roasting fiercely!</i></p> <p><i>The kitchen-lad turns and turns the spit again; the pyre burns me fiercely; now the steward serves me up.</i></p> <p><i>Forlorn, forlorn! Now black and roasting fiercely!</i></p> <p><i>Now on a dish I lie, and cannot fly, I see gnashing teeth:</i></p> <p><i>Forlorn, forlorn! Now black and roasting fiercely!</i></p>

<p><b>13-Ego sum abbas</b> (baritone solo &amp; chorus) Ego sum abbas Cucaniensis et consilium meum est cum bibulis, et in secta Decii voluntas mea est, et qui mane me quesierit in taberna, post vesperam nudus egredietur, et sic denudatus veste clamabit:</p> <p>Wafna, wafna! quid fecisti sors turpissima? Nostre vite gaudia abstulisti omnia!</p>	<p><b>13-εγο sum abas</b></p> <p><i>wafna wafna</i></p>	<p><b>13-I am the abbot</b> <i>I am the abbot of Cockaigne and my council is of drinkers, and I wish to be in the order of Decius, and whoever seeks me out early in the tavern, after Vespers will leave naked, and thus stripped of his clothes he will cry:</i></p> <p><i>Woe! Woe! what have you done, vilest Fate? Our life's joys you have taken quite away!</i></p>
<p><b>14 In taberna quando sumus</b> (male chorus) In taberna quando sumus non curamus quid sit humus, sed ad ludum properamus, cui semper insudamus. Quid agatur in taberna ubi nummus est pincerna, hoc est opus ut queratur, si quid loquar, audiatur.</p> <p>Quidam ludunt, quidam bibunt, quidam indiscrete vivunt. Sed in ludo qui morantur, ex his quidam denudantur quidam ibi vestiuntur, quidam saccis induuntur. Ibi nullus timet mortem sed pro Baccho mittunt sortem:</p> <p>Primo pro nummata vini, ex hac bibunt libertini; semel bibunt pro captivis, post hec bibunt ter pro vivis, quater pro Christianis cunctis quingies pro fidelibus defunctis, sexies pro sororibus vanis, septies pro militibus silvanis.</p> <p>Octies pro fratribus perversis, nonies pro monachis dispersis,</p>	<p><b>14 In taberna kvandō sumus</b> <i>in taberna kvandō sumus nōn kuramus kvid sit humus sed ad ludum prōperamus kui semper insudamus kvid agatur in taberna ubi numus est pintserna hōc est ōpus ut kveratur si kvid lōkvar audiatur</i></p> <p><i>kvidam ludunt kvidam bibunt kvidam indiscrete vivunt sed in ludō kvi mōrantur ets his kvidam denudantur kvidam ibi vestiuntur kvidam sa-tsis induuntur ibi nulul timet mōrtē sed prō baxō mitunt sōrtē</i></p> <p><i>primō prō numata vini ets hac bibunt libertini semel bibunt prō kaptivis pōst hek bibunt ter prō vivis kvater prō kristjanis kunktis kvinkvjēs prō fidelibus defunktis setsies prō sōrōribus vanis septsies prō militibus silvanis</i></p> <p><i>ōktsies prō fratribus perversis nō-ni-es prō mōnakis dispersis</i></p>	<p><b>When we are in the tavern</b> <i>When we are in the tavern, we care not that we are but dust, but we hurry to gaming, at which we always sweat. What happens in the tavern, where money is host, you must ask, and hear whatever I say.</i></p> <p><i>Some gamble, some drink, some live immorally. But of those who spend time gambling, some are stripped bare, some find their clothes here, some are dressed in sacks. Here no-one fears death, but they throw the dice in the name of Bacchus.</i></p> <p><i>First to the wine-seller the libertines drink, one for the prisoners, then thrice for the living, four times for all Christians, five times for the faithful departed, six times for the foolish sisters, seven times for the gentlemen of the woods.</i></p> <p><i>Eight times for the misguided brethren, nine times for the wandering monks,</i></p>

<p>decies pro navigantibus undecies pro discordantibus, duodecies pro penitentibus, tredecies pro iter agentibus. Tam pro papa quam pro rege bibunt omnes sine lege.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>Bibit pauper et egrotus, bibit exul et ignotus, bibit puer, bibit canus, bibit presul et decanus, bibit soror, bibit frater, bibit anus, bibit mater, bibit ista, bibit ille, bibunt centum, bibunt mille.</p> <p>Parum sexcente nummate durant, cum immoderate bibunt omnes sine meta. Quamvis bibant mente leta, sic nos rodunt omnes gentes et sic erimus egentēs. Qui nos rodunt confundantur et cum iustis non scribantur. Io!</p>	<p><i>decsies prō navigantibus undetsies prō diskordantsibus duodetsies prō penitentsibus tredecsies prō iter agentsibus tam prō papa kvam prō rege bibunt omnes sine lege</i></p> <p><i>bibit hera bibit herus bibit miles bibit klerus bibit ile bibit illa bibit servus kum antsilla bibit velots bibit piger bibit albus bibit niger bibit kōnstans bibit vagus bibit rudis bibit magus</i></p> <p><i>bibit pauper et egrōtus bibit et ignōtus bibit puer bibit kanus bibit prezul et dekanus bibit sōrōr bibit frater bibit anus bibit mater bibit ista bibit ille bibunt tsentum bibunt mile</i></p> <p><i>parum sestseente numate durant kum imoderate bibunt omnes sine meta kvamvis bibant mente leta sik nōs rōdunt omnes gentes et sik erimus egentēs kvi nōs rōdunt kōnfundantur et kum justis nōn skribantur jō</i></p>	<p><i>ten times for those at sea, eleven times for the quarrellers, twelve times for the penitent, thirteen times for the travellers. As to the Pope so to the King they all drink without restraint.</i></p> <p><i>The mistress drinks, the master drinks, the soldier drinks, the priest drinks, he drinks, she drinks, the servant drinks with the maid, the swift man drinks, the lazy man drinks, the white man drinks, the black man drinks, the settled man drinks, the wanderer drinks, the rough man drinks, the wise man drinks.</i></p> <p><i>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 lady drinks, the mother drinks, this woman drinks, that man drinks, a hundred drink, a thousand drink.</i></p> <p><i>Six hundred pence would hardly be enough, if everyone drinks immoderately and without measure. However much they cheerfully drink everyone speaks ill of us, and thus we are destitute. May those who speak ill of us be damned and may they not be counted with the just. Io!</i></p>
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<p><b>III. A. COUR D'AMOURS</b></p> <p><b>18-Circa mea pectora</b> (baritone and chorus)</p> <p>Circa mea pectora multa sunt suspiria de tua pulchritudine, que me ledunt misere. Ah!</p> <p>Mandaliet, Mandaliet min geselle chumet niet.</p> <p>Tui lucent oculi sicut solis radii, sicut splendor fulguris lucem donat tenebris.</p> <p>Mandaliet Mandaliet, min geselle chumet niet.</p> <p>Vellet deus, vellent dii quod mente proposui: ut eius virginea reserasset vincula. Ah!</p> <p>Mandaliet, Mandaliet, min geselle chumet niet.</p>	<p><b>III A COUR D'AMOURS</b></p> <p><b>18-tsirka meā pektōra</b></p> <p><i>tsirka meā pektōra multa sunt suspiria</i></p> <p><b>German text:</b> <i>mandaljet mandaljet min gäselä kUmät njet</i></p> <p><i>tui lutsent okuli sikut solis radii</i></p> <p><i>mandaljet mandaljet min gäselä kUmät njet</i></p> <p><i>velēt deus velent di kvōd mente prōpōzui</i></p> <p><i>mandaljet mandaljet min gäselä kUmät njet</i></p>	<p><b>III. A. THE COURT OF LOVE</b></p> <p><b>18-In my breast</b></p> <p><i>In my breast there are many sighs for your beauty, which hurt me sorely. Ah!</i></p> <p><i>Mandaliet, mandaliet, my lover comes not.</i></p> <p><i>Your eyes shine like the rays of the sun, like the brightness of lightning that gives light to the darkness.</i></p> <p><i>Mandaliet, mandaliet, my lover comes not.</i></p> <p><i>May God grant, may the gods grant what I had in mind: that I might unbind her virgin chains.</i></p> <p><i>Mandaliet, mandaliet, my lover comes not.</i></p>
<p><b>19-Si puer cum puellula</b> (male chorus)</p> <p>Si puer cum puellula moraretur in cellula, felix coniunctio. Amore suscrescente pariter e medio avulso procul tedio, fit ludus ineffabilis membris, lacertis, labiis.</p>	<p><b>19-si puer kum puēlula</b></p> <p><i>si puer kum puēlula mōraretur in tselula felits kōnjunksiō amōre sus-kres-tsente pariter ε me-di-ō avulsō prōkul tē-di-ō fit ludus inefabilis membris latsertis labiis</i></p>	<p><b>19-If a boy with a girl</b></p> <p><i>If a boy with a girl were to stay in a little room, happy would be their coupling. As Love rises up, so from between them restraint is driven far away, sport beyond word begins in limbs, arms and lips.</i></p>
<p><b>20-Veni, veni, venias</b> (double chorus)</p> <p>Veni, veni, venias, ne me mori facias, hyrca, hyrce, nazaza, trillirivos!</p> <p>Pulchra tibi facies oculorum acies, capillorum series, o quam clara species!</p> <p>Rosa rubicundior, lilio candidior omnibus formosior, semper in te glorior!</p>	<p><b>20-veni veni venias</b></p> <p><i>veni veni venias ne me mōri fatsias hyrka hyrtse nadzadza trilirivōs</i></p> <p><i>Pulkra tibi fatsies ōkulōrum atsies kapilōrum series ō kvam klara spetsies</i></p> <p><i>rōza rubikundiōr liliō kandidiōr ōmnibus fōrmōziōr semper in tē glōriōr</i></p>	<p><b>20-Come, come, O come</b></p> <p><i>Come, come, O come, do not let me die, hyrca, hyrce, nazaza, trillirivos!</i></p> <p><i>Fair is your face, the brightness of your eyes, the braiding of your hair, O how lovely a sight!</i></p> <p><i>Redder than the rose, whiter than the lily, more beautiful than all, always shall I glory in you!</i></p>
<p><b>22-Tempus est iocundum</b> (solo soprano, baritone, boys &amp; chorus)</p> <p>Tempus est iocundum, o virgines, modo congaudete vos iuvenes. (baritone)</p>	<p><b>22-tempus est jōkundum</b></p> <p><i>tempus est jōkundum ō virgines mōdō kōngaudete vōs juvenēs</i></p>	<p><b>22-Joyful is the time</b></p> <p><i>Joyful is the time, O maidens, rejoice together then, young men!</i></p>

<p>Oh, oh, oh, totus floreo! iam amore virginali totus ardeo, novus, novus amor est, quo pereo. (women) Mea me confortat promissio, mea me deportat negatio. (soprano and boys) Oh, oh, oh, totus floreo... (men) Tempore brumali vir patiens, animo vernali lasciviens. (baritone) Oh, oh, oh, totus floreo... (Women) Mea mecum ludit virginitas, mea me detrudit simplicitas. (Soprano and Boys) Oh, oh, oh, totus floreo... (Chorus) Veni, domicella, cum gaudio, veni, veni, pulchra, iam pereo. (Baritone, Boys and Chorus) Oh, oh, oh, totus floreo! iam amore virginali totus ardeo, novus, novus amor est, quo pereo.</p>	<p><i>kvɔ pɛrɛɔ</i></p> <p><i>mɛa mɛ kɔnfɔrtat prɔmisiɔ</i> <i>mɛa mɛ dɛpɔrtat nɛgatsiɔ</i></p> <p><i>tɛmpɔrɛ brumali vir <b>patsiens</b></i> <i>animɔ vernali <b>las-tsiviens</b></i></p> <p><i>mɛa mɛkum ludit virginitas</i> <i>mɛa mɛ dɛtrudit simplitsitas</i></p> <p><i>veni dɔmitsella kum gaudio</i> <i>veni veni pulkra jam pɛrɛɔ</i></p> <p><i>ɔ ɔh ɔ tɔtus flɔrɛɔ</i> <i>jam amɔrɛ viginali tɔtus arɛɔ</i> <i>nɔvus nɔvus amɔr est kvɔ pɛrɛɔ</i></p>	<p><i>Oh! Oh! Oh! I am all aflower!</i> <i>Now with virgin love I am all aflame,</i> <i>new, new love it is, with which I die.</i></p> <p><i>My promise comforts me,</i> <i>my refusal casts me down.</i></p> <p><i>Oh! Oh! Oh! I am all aflower...</i></p> <p><i>In wintertime man is patient,</i> <i>with the breath of spring he lusts.</i></p> <p><i>Oh! Oh! Oh! I am all aflower...</i></p> <p><i>My virginity makes sport with me,</i> <i>my innocence holds me back.</i></p> <p><i>Oh! Oh! Oh! I am all aflower...</i></p> <p><i>Come, damsel, with joy,</i> <i>come, come, fair one, I am dying!</i></p> <p><i>Oh! Oh! Oh! I am all aflower!</i> <i>Now with virgin love I am all aflame,</i> <i>new, new love it is, with which I die.</i></p>
<p><b>24-Ave formosissima</b> Ave formosissima, gemma pretiosa, ave decus virginum, virgo gloriosa, ave mundi luminar, ave mundi rosa, Blanziflor et Helena, Venus generosa!</p>	<p><b>24-ave fɔrmɔzisima</b> <i>ave fɔrmɔzisima gɛma prɛtsiɔza</i> <i>ave dɛkus virginum virgɔ glɔriɔza</i> <i>ave mundi luminar ave mundi rɔza</i> <i>blandziflɔr ɛt hɛlɛna vɛnus gɛnɛrɔza!</i></p>	<p><b>Hail, most beautiful</b> <i>Hail, most beautiful, precious jewel,</i> <i>hail, ornament of virgins, glorious virgin,</i> <i>hail, light of the world, hail, rose of the world,</i> <i>Blanchefleur and Helen, noble Venus!</i></p>
<p><b>25-(see #1)</b></p>	<p><b>25-(see #1)</b></p>	<p><b>25-(see #1)</b></p>