

CD 1

Fas et nefas ambulans (C. B. 19)

[1] Fas et nefas ambulans
 pene passu pari;
 prodigus non redimit
 vitium avari;
 virtus temperantia
 quadam singulari
 debet medium
 ad utrumque vitium
 caute contemplari.
 Si legisse memoras
 ethicam Catonis,
 in qua scriptum legitur:
 "ambula cum bonis",
 cum ad dandi gloriam
 animum disposis,
 supra cetera
 primum hoc considera,
 quis sit dignus donis.
 Vultu licet hilari,
 verbo licet blando
 sis equalis omnibus;
 unum tamen mando:
 si vis recte gloriam
 promereri dando,
 primum videas
 granum inter paleas,
 cui des et quando.
 Dare non ut convenit
 non est a virtute,
 bonum est secundum quid,
 sed non absolute;
 digne dare poteris
 et mereri tute
 famam muneris,
 si me prius noveris
 intus et in cute.
 Si prudenter triticum
 paleis emundas,
 famam emis munere;
 sed caveto, dum das,
 largitatis oleum
 male non effundas,
 in te glorior:
 cum sim
 Codro Codrior,
 omnibus habundans.

Justice and injustice walk
 almost in step;
 the wastrel doesn't redeem
 the vices of the miser;
 virtue must with
 unriquet moderation
 cautiously maintain
 the centre
 between both vices.
 When you recall how you read
 Cato's ethics
 wherein can be read:
 "amble with the good",
 when you for the fame of giving
 prepare your senses,
 then above all
 think first of this:
 who is worthy of the gifts.
 While with serene visage,
 while with friendly words
 to all equal be.
 With one thing I charge you:
 if much credit you would achieve
 by giving,
 you should first see
 the corn in the chaff,
 to whom you give and when.
 Improper giving
 has no affinity with virtue,
 it is good only on its merits,
 but not by itself;
 you will be able properly to give
 and in certainty acquire
 credit for your gift,
 only when you recognize me,
 inside and outside.
 If you wisely sift the wheat
 from the chaff,
 you acquire repute with your gift;
 but take care when you donate
 that you do not pour out unjustly
 the oil of generosity.
 In you I vest my fame:
 for I am poorer
 than Codrus
 whereas you shall have all in plenty.

Veris dulcis in tempore (C. B. 85)

[2] Veris dulcis in tempore
 florenti stat sub arbore
 Iuliana cum sorore.
 Dulcis amor!
 Qui te caret hoc tempore
 fit vilior.
 Ecce florescunt arbores,
 lascive canunt volucres:
 inde tepescunt virgines.
 Dulcis amor!
 Qui te caret hoc tempore
 fit vilior.
 Ecce florescunt lilia,
 et virgines dant gemina
 summo deorum carmina.
 Dulcis amor!
 Qui te caret hoc tempore
 fit vilior.
 Si tenerem, quam cupio,
 in nemore sub folio
 oscularer cum gaudio.
 Dulcis amor!

In the sweet time of spring
 stands under a blossoming tree
 Juliana with her sister.
 Sweet love!
 Who can spare you at this time
 is of little value.
 Lo! The trees are blooming,
 merrily sing the birds,
 the young maids rejoice.
 Sweet love!
 Who can spare you at this time
 is of little value.
 Lo! The lilies blossom
 and the virgins sing a double
 song to the highest of the gods.
 Sweet love!
 Who can spare you at this time
 is of little value.
 If I held her whom I desire,
 in the wood 'neath leafy roof,
 I would kiss her with joy.
 Sweet love!

Estivali sub fervore (C. B. 79)

[3] Estivali sub fervore
 quando cuncta sunt in flore,
 totus eram in ardore.
 sub olive me decore,
 estu fessum et sudore,
 detinebat mora.
 Erat arbor hec in prato
 quovis flore picturato,
 herba, fonte, situ grato,
 sed et umbra,
 flatu dato.
 stilo non pinxisset Plato
 loca gratiora.
 Subest fons vivacis vene,
 adest cantus philomene
 Naiadumque cantilene.

In summer sultriness,
 the time when all things blossom,
 I was affected by the heat.
 Under the shade of an olive tree,
 exhausted by heat and perspiration,
 I lay me down to rest.
 The tree stood in a meadow,
 coloured by flowers of every kind,
 with grass and spring and its situation pleasant,
 but also with shade,
 which gave a gentle breeze.
 Even Plato with his stylet could not have
 described a more delightful spot.
 Nearby a spring with current fresh,
 not lacking is the nightingale's lay
 or the singing of the naiads.

paradisus hic est pene;
 non sunt loca, scio plene,
 his iodunciara.
 Hic dum placet delectari
 delectatque iocundari
 et ab estu relevari,
 cerno forma singulari
 pastorellam sine pari
 colligentem mora.
 In amorem vise cedo;
 vecit Venus hoc, ut credo.
 "ades!" inquam, "non sum predo,
 nichil tollo, nichil ledo.
 me meaque tibi dedo,
 pulchrior quam Flora!"
 Que respondit verbo brevi:
 "ludos viri non assuevi.
 sunt parentes michi Suevi;
 mater longioris cvi
 irascetur pro re levi.
 parce nunc in hora!"

Here is almost paradise;
 there is no place, I know quite well,
 which pleases more than this.
 Here, while I like to take pleasure,
 and it pleases me to take delight
 and to recover from the heat,
 I espy of beauty incomparable
 a young shepherdess whom none equals,
 gathering berries.
 I see her and am in love;
 the work of Venus, as I believe.
 "Come!" quoth I, "I am no robber,
 I steal nothing and do no harm.
 Myself and what is mine I give to you,
 to you, more beautiful still than Flora."
 Briefly she replied:
 "With games of men I am not acquainted.
 Swabians are my parents,
 my mother, already very old,
 becomes angry over trifles,
 leave me in peace now."

In Gedeonis area (C. B. 37)

[4] In Gedeonis area
 velius aret extentum,
 et demolitur tinea
 regale vestimentum,
 superhabundat palea,
 que sepelit frumentum,
 et loquitur iumentum,
 nec redit bos ad horrea,
 sed sequitur carpentum.
 Exit rumor discriminis
 de Grandimontis cella,
 que tam sancte dulcedinis
 late fundebat mella;
 preposteratur ordinis
 plantatio novella,
 dum movet in se bella,
 bases in summo culminis
 ponens, non capitella.
 Quod sanctum sacerdotium,
 quod unctio regalis
 se curvet ad imperium
 et vocem subiugalis,
 humanum est mysterium
 et furor laicalis.
 favor tamen venalis,
 qui non intrant per ostium,
 fovet eos sub alis.
 Clausa quondam religio
 vel otium secretum
 nunc subiacet opprobrio
 per vulgus indiscretum,
 quod tali tirocinio
 non erat assuetum;
 et, quod format, decretum
 non legis patrocinio
 nec litteris est fretum.
 Sub brevi doctus tempore
 stultus dum incappatur,
 pleno prophetat pectore,
 ructans interpretatur
 et disputat cum rhetore,
 qui tacet et miratur,
 quod vir iustus tollatur
 et assumptus de stercore
 sententias loquatur.
 Ve, ve, qui regis filiam
 das in manu lenonis!
 ve, qui profanas gloriam
 tante devotionis,
 qui cellam pigmentariam
 et opus Salomonis
 fraude rapis predonis,
 si certius inspicias
 ad rem condicionis!

On Gedeon's barn-floor
 lies dry the spread out fleece,
 and by the moth destroyed
 is the royal robe,
 the chaff predominates,
 burying the corn,
 the beast of burden speaks,
 and the ox returns not to the shed
 but follows the cart.
 A rumour of a quarrel goes out
 from the cell of Grandmont,
 once spreading afar the honey
 of such divine sweetness;
 upside down is the order's
 young plantation spot,
 when it fights against itself,
 placing the base uppermost
 and not the capitals.
 That the holy priesthood,
 that the anointed king
 may yield to the order
 and the word of the burden beast
 is a human mystery
 and laic madness.
 But purchasable favour
 harbours those beneath the wings who do not
 enter through the door.
 The once secluded order life
 and solitary contemplation
 are now exposed to scolding
 by the uncomprehending masses
 which were not used
 to such a practice;
 and the decree which they write
 is not based on exercise of law
 or on vested interests.
 Immediately after brief learning
 the fool receives the robe,
 he prophesies from deepest soul,
 interprets while regurgitating,
 has disputations with the rhetor.
 The latter is silent and wonders
 that the just man is removed
 and the dunghill upstart quotes
 written sayings.
 Woe to you who places the king's daughter
 into the hand of the procurer!
 Woe to you who desecrates the fame
 of such devoutness,
 who plunders the chamber of spices
 and Solomon's works
 with the falseness of the robber, –
 if you properly consider
 the contents of the decree.

Dulce solum natalis patrie (C. B. 119)

[5] Dulce solum natalis patrie,
 domus ioci, thalamus gratie,
 vos relinquam aut cras aut hodie
 periturus amoris rabie
 Vale tellus, valet socii,
 quos benigno favore colui,
 et me dulcis consortem studii
 deplangite, qui vobis perii!
 Quot sunt apes
 in Hyble vallibus,
 quot redundat
 Dodona frondibus
 et quot pisces

(exul.)

(igne.)

Sweet soil of the homeland,
 home of joy, dwelling of grace,
 I must leave you, tomorrow or today,
 perishing from love's ardour. (in foreign parts.)
 Farewell earth, farewell companions,
 whom I honoured with friendly favours;
 fellows of joyful studies, mourn for me
 that I am lost to you. (through fire.)
 There are as many bees
 in Hybla's valley,
 Dodona clothes herself with
 as many leaves
 and as many fish

natant equoribus, tot abundat amor doloribus.	(usque)	swim in the waters, as the pains of love are excessive.	(ever and ever.)
igne novo Veneris saucia mens que prius non novit talia, nunc fatetur vera proverbialia: „ubi amor ibi miseria.	(gravis“)	Injured by never experienced Venus' fire, the heart confesses which never knew such things, that the saying is true: “Where there is love, is suffering. (serious suffering).”	

Love cum Mercurio (C. B. 88a)

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| <p>6] Iove cum Mercurio Geminos tenente
et a Libra Venere Martem expellente
virgo nostra nascitur
Tauro tunc latente.
Natus ego pariter
sub eisdem signis
pari par coniunctus
sum legibus benignis:
paribus est ignibus
par accensus ignis.
Solum solum diligo
sic me sola solum,
nec est,
cui liceat immiscere dolum;
non in vanum variant
signa nostra polum.
Obicit „ab alio“
forsitan „amatur“,
ut, quod „solum“ dixerim, ita refellatur,
sed ut dictum maneat,
sic determinatur.</p> | <p>When Jupiter and Mercury were
under the sign of Gemini
and Venus expelled Mercury from Libra
our virgin was born;
Taurus then could not be seen.
I was likewise born
under the same sign,
as equal to the equal
I was bound by favourable laws,
under the same starry fire a similar fire
of love was kindled.
As the only one I love her only,
she alone loves me alone,
and none there is through
treachery may intervene;
our signs do not in vain
twinkle in the heavens.
Perhaps one could interpose
“By another is she loved”,
in order to refute that I said “as the only one”;
but that what was said maintains its truth,
is hereby concluded.</p> |
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Nomen a solemnibus (C. B. 52)

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| <p>7] Nomen a solemnibus trahit Solemniacum;
solemnizent igitur omnes preter monachum,
qui sibi virilia resecauit, Serracum;
illum hinc excipimus quasi demoniacum;
ipse solus lugeat reus apud Eacum!
Exultemus et cantemus canticum victoriae,
et clamemus quas debemus
laudes regi glorie,
qui salvavit urbem David a paganis hodie!
Refl.: Festum agitur,
dies recolitur,
in qua Dagon frangitur,
et Amalec vincitur,
natus Agar pellitur,
Ierusalem eripitur
et Christianis redditur;
diem colamus igitur!</p> <p>Hec urbs nobilissima
prima regem habuit,
in hac urbe maxima Domino complacuit,
in hac propter hominem
crucifigi voluit,
hic super apostolos Spiritus intonuit.
Urbs insignis, ad quam ignis
venit annis singulis,
quo monstratur, quod amatur
omnibus in seculis,
honoranda, frequentanda
regibus et populis!
Refl.: Festum agitur . . .</p> <p>Urbs sacra celitus,
adamata superis,
legis tabernaculum,
templum arce federis,
hospitale pauperum
et asyllum miseris!
non timebis aliquod, dum in ea manseris.
Tanta lucis claritate
superatur sol et luna,
tanta vicit sanctitate
omnes urbes hec urbs una;
non elegit frustra locum
Gebuseus Areana.
Refl.: Festum agitur . . .</p> | <p>From festivals has Solignac the name;
may therefore all celebrate except the monk,
who deprived himself of manhood: Serracus.
We exclude him here as an obsessed one;
he alone may lament as accused before Eacus!
Let us jubilate and sing a song of victory
and announce the praises
we owe to the king,
who now saved David's city from the heathens.
Refrain: Observe the feast
celebrate the day
on which Dagon is broken
and Amalech vanquished,
the son of Hagar driven away,
Jerusalem liberated,
and returned to the Christians;
thus let us celebrate the day!</p> <p>In this most noble city
the king first dwelt,
this great city did please the king,
here he wished to be
crucified for mankind,
here swept the spirit above the apostles.
Exalted city to which
each year the fire returned,
thus showing that it is
at all times loved,
that it is honoured and visited
by kings and nations!
Refrain: Observe the feast...
City, sanctified by heaven,
loved by the divine,
canopy of the law,
temple of the Arc of the Covenant,
hospitable place of the poor,
asylum of the distressed!
You will not fear so long as you remain here.
So much bright light
outshines sun and moon,
with such lightness this one city
vanquishes all others;
not for nothing did the Jebusite Arcuna
choose the place.
Refrain: Observe the feast...</p> |
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Sic mea fata canendo solor (C. B. 116)

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| <p>8] Sic mea fata canendo solor,
ut nece proxima facit olor.
blandus heret meo corde dolor,
roseus effugit ore color.
cura crescente,
labore vigente,
vigore labente
miser morior;
tam male pectora multat amor,
a morior,
a morior,</p> | <p>Thus with singing I console my fate,
as before death the swan.
Sweet pain fills my heart,
from my face the rosy colour fades.
The sorrow grows,
the pain is strong,
the strength wanes
and miserably I die,
so cruelly punishes love my heart,
ah, I die,
ah, I die,</p> |
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a morior,
dum, quod amem, cogor et non amor!
Felicitate lovem supero,
si me dignetur, quam desidero,
si sua labra semel novero;
una cum illa si dormiero,
mortem subire,
placenter obire
vitamque finire
statim potero,
tanta si gaudia non rupero,
a potero,
a potero,
a potero,
prima si gaudia concepero!

Vite perditae (C. B. 31)

9 Vite perditae
me legi subdideram,
minus licite
dum fregi,
quod voveram;
sed ad vite vesperam
corrigen dum legi,
quicquid ante perperam
puerilis egi.
Rerum exitus
dum quero discutere,
falsum penitus
a vero
discernere,
falso fallor opere,
bravium si spero
me virtutum metere,
vitia dum sero.
Non sum duplici
perplexus itinere,
nec addidici
reflexus
a venere,
nec fraudavi temere
coniugis amplexus;
Dalidam persequere,
ne fraudetur sexus!
Famen siliqua
porcorum
non abstulit,
que ad lubrica
errorum non contulit.
sed scriptura consulit,
viam intrem morum,
que prelargi protuli
pabula donorum.
Dum considero,
quid Dine
contigerit,
finem confero
rapine
quis fuerit;
scio: vix evaserit
mens corrupta fine,
fiu quam contraxerit,
maculam sentine.
Praeter meritum
me neci
non dedero,
si ad vomitum
quem ieci,
rediero,
nec a verbo aspero
liberum me feci,
servus si serviero
vitiatorum feci.
Vie veteris
immuto
vestigia,
ire Veneris
refute per devia:
via namque regia
curritur in tuto;
si quis cedit alia,
semper est in luto.
Beli solium
Sinonis
astutiam,
confer Tullium,
Zenonis prudentiam:
nil conferre sentiam,
his abutens bonis,
ni fugando fugiam
Dalidam Samsonis.
Ergo veniam
de rei miseria

ah, I die,
for I must love and am not loved.
More blissful than Jupiter I'd be,
if she respected me whom I desire,
if I were to know her lips;
if I were to sleep with her,
suffer death,
I could at once
willingly die,
end my life
if I do not forfeit such joys,
ah, that I could do,
ah, that I could do,
ah, that I could do,
if I could just receive these joys.

To the law of depraved life
I had surrendered
when I sacrilegiously
broke,
what I had vowed.
But towards the evening of life
I have decided to mitigate
the bad things I had in
immaturity done.
While seeking to fathom
the consequences of things,
to separate entirely
the truth
from falsehood
I'd deceive myself
if I hoped to harvest the
victor's prize of virtues,
while sowing vices.
'Tis true the dual path
has left me cold,
nor am I used to anything
that turns its back
on Venus,
nor have I impudently stolen
a wife's embraces;
nor run after Delilah
that sex might be defrauded!
The swill
of pigs
did not satisfy my hunger,
did not promote
the smooth deceit of errors.
But the bible advises
that I tread the path of modesty
which abundantly provides
the food of good gifts.
When I consider
what Dina
befell,
recall
what the end of outrage
was:
then I know that finally
scarcely one corrupted sense
escaped the sink of iniquity
by which it was a long time tainted.
Unmerited
shall I not
succumb to death,
when I return
to the vomit
which I threw out;
nor do I escape
the hard verdict,
serving as slave
the scum of vice.
From the old path
turn I
my steps,
and refuse to take the
wrong way of Venus:
for on the royal path
one walks in safety;
who takes another
is eternally in filth.
Unite Belus's power
and Sinon's
cunning,
Tullius's
and Xenon's cleverness:
nothing avails, I feel it,
to have these goods at my disposal
if I do not escape
Samson's Delilah by driving her away.
To find at last forgiveness
in this miserable condition

ut inveniam
de Dei
clementia:
hec et his similia
quod peregi, rei
sola parcens gratia
miserere mei!

through God's
mildness:
because I committed
this and similar things,
from which you alone
can spare the guilty,
Lord, have mercy on me.

Tempus transit gelidum (C. B. 153)

[10] Tempus transit gelidum
mundus renovatur,
verque redit floridum,
forma rebus datur.
avis modulatur,
modulans letatur
lucidior
et lenior
aer iam serenatur;
iam florea,
iam frondea
silva comis densatur.
Ludunt super gramina
virgines decore,
quarum nova carmina
dulci sonant ore.
annunt favore
volucres canore,
favet et odore
tellus picta flore.
cor igitur
et cingitur
et tangitur amore,
virginibus et avibus
strepentibus sonore.
Tendit modo retia
puer pharetratus;
cui deorum curia
prebet famulatus,
cuius dominatus
nimium est latus,
per hunc triumphatus
sum et sauciatus:
pugnaveram
et fueram
in primis reluctatus,
sed iterum
per puerum
sum Veneri prostratus.
Unam, huius vulnere
saucius, amavi,
quam sub firmo federe
michi copulavi.
fidem, quam iuravi,
numquam violavi;
rei tam suavi
totum me dicavi.
quam dulcia
sunt hasia
puelle!
iam gustavi:
nec cinnamum
et balsamum
esset tam dulce favi!

Cold times are passing by,
the world renews itself,
spring with blossoms comes once more,
beauty is given to every thing,
the bird rejoices,
and merrily jubilates,
the clearer
and milder
air is more cheerful now;
already blooming,
already leafy,
the crowns in the wood are much denser.
Delicate maidens
play on the grass,
their new songs
singing from sweet mouths.
Joyfully
birds' song joins in,
the coloured flowered earth
provides its scent.
Thus the heart is embraced,
by love it is touched,
when young maidens
and birds
harmoniously make music.
Now spreads out his nets
the boy with the quiver,
whom the court of the gods
offers its services,
whose domination
spreads far and far,
by him was I overpowered
and injured:
I fought
and had
at first resisted,
but yet again
by the boy
I am subject to Venus.
Once injured by this wound
I fell in love with one.
With a strong band
she has bound me.
The faith I swore
I have never broken;
to such a sweet cause
I am completely devoted.
How sweet
are the kisses
of the maiden!
I have already tasted them:
neither cinnamon
nor liquid honey
from the comb can be as sweet!

Fulget dies celebris (C. B. 153)

[11] Fulget dies celebris
lux glorificanda,
qua pererit filium
virgo veneranda,
per quem detestanda
mors erit vitanda,
gens, te, miseranda,
morte relevanda.
fraus interit,
salus redit
omnibus adoranda,
dum genitum principium
producit mater omnium.

The festive day is beaming,
the day to be highly praised,
on which the son was born
of venerable virgin,
through whom you will be able to escape
loathsome death,
pitiful people
who must first be redeemed from death.
Deceit passes,
salvation returns
to be adored by all,
for the mother of all being
gives birth to the source.

Exiit diluculo (C. B. 90)

[12] Exiit diluculo
rustica puella
cum grege, cum baculo,
cum lana novella.
sunt in grege parvulo
ovis et asella,
vitula cum vitulo,
caper cum capella.

One early morning
the peasant girl went out
with the herd, with the staff,
with the young wool.
In the little herd are
a sheep and donkey,
young cow and calf,
he-goat and young she-goat.

Conspexit in cespite (C. B. 90)

- [13] Conspexit in cespite
scolarem sedere:
„quid tu facis, domine?
veni mecum ludere!“

She saw a student
sitting on the sward.
“What are you doing then, Sir?
Come and play with me!”

Dic, Christi veritas (C. B. 131)

- [14] Dic, Christi veritas,
dic, cara caritas,
dica, rara Caritas:
ubi nunc habitas?
aut in valle Visionis?
aut in throno Pharaonis?
aut in alto cum Nerone?
aut in antro cum Theone?
vel in fiscella scirpea
cum Moyses plorante?
vel in domo Romulea
cum bulla fulminante?
Respondit Caritas:
„homo, quid dubitas?
quid me sollicitas?
non sum, quo musitas,
nec in euro nec in austro,
nec in foro
nec in claustris,
nec in hyssopum vel cuculla,
nec in bello nec in bulla:
de Iericho sum veniens,
ploro cum sauciato,
quem duplex Levi transiens
non astitit grabato.“
O vox prophetica,
o Nathan, predica:
culpa Davitica
patet non modica!
dicit Nathan:
„non clamabo“,
„neque“ David
„placatum dabo“
cum sit Christi rupta vestis,
contra Christum Christus testis.
ve, ve vobis, hypocrite,
qui culicem colatis!
que Caesaris sunt, reddite,
ut Christo serviatis!

Tell, Christian truth,
tell, love rare,
tell, rare charity,
where dwell you now?
Perhaps in the valley of vision?
Perhaps on the pharaoh's throne?
Perhaps among the high with Nero?
Perhaps in the den of Theon?
Or in the papyrus basket
with weeping Moses?
Or in the Roman palace
with the lightning-slinging bull?
Love responds:
“Oh man, why do you doubt?
Why do you trouble me?
I am not where you said,
not in the east, not in the south,
not in the market and not
in the monastery,
not in the cambic, not in the cowl,
not in the war, not in the bull:
I am on the way from Jericho,
weeping with the wounded
whom two priests passed by,
not halting at his bed.”
Oh prophet's voice,
Oh Nathan, make known:
David's great guilt
is manifest!
Says Nathan:
“I shall not accuse him!”
“And I”, says David,
“will not penance do”,
when Christ's robe is torn
Christ testifies against Christ.
Woe, woe to you, you hypocrites,
who filter the midges!
Render unto Caesar what is his,
so that Christ you serve.

Procurans odium (C. B. 12)

- [15] Procurans odium
effectu proprio
vix detrahentium gaudet intentio.
nexus est cordium ipsa detractio:
sic per contrarium ab hoste nescio
fit hic provisio;
in hoc amantium felix condicio.
Insultus talium
prodesse sentio,
tollendi tedium fulsit occasio;
suspendunt gaudium pravo consilio,
sed desiderium auget dilatio:
tali remedio
de spinis hostium vas vindemio.

The intention of the slanderer
which sows hate
scarcely rejoices in its own effect.
For precisely the slander binds the hearts:
Thus the unwitting enemy
becomes an accomplice contrary to his intentions;
in this the state of the loving is fortunate.
I feel how the attacks of such people
achieve some good,
providing occasion to overcome weariness;
they delay enjoyment with heavy blows,
but postponement only multiplies the longing.
By such means
I gather grapes from the enemies thorns.

Planctus ante nescia (C.B. 14*)

- [16] Planctus ante nescia
planctu lassor anxia,
crucior dolore.
Orbat orbem radio
me Iudea filio
gaudio, dulcore.
Fili, dulcor unice,
singulare gaudium
matrem flentem respice
conferens solacium.
Mentem, pectus, lumina
tua torquent vulnera,
que mater, que femina
tam felix, tam misera!
Flos florum,
dux morum
venie vena –
hinc fluit,
hinc ruit
unda cruoris
proh dolor,
hinc color
effugit oris –
quam gravis
in clavis

I who never knew laments
are afraid, weak with misery,
martyred by pain.
Judea stole the light from the earth,
the son from me,
all joy and sweetness.
Son, sole sweetness,
joy without compare,
look on your weeping mother
and give her consolation.
Your wounds torment
heart, sense and eyes.
What mother, what woman
was ever so happy – so miserable!
Flower of flowers,
guide to good morals,
well of forgiveness –
flowing away,
the flow of blood
pours forth,
oh sorrow,
thus fades
the colour of the face,
how badly,
pierced through by nails,

est tibi pena!
 O quam sero deditus,
 quam cito me deseris,
 o quam digne genitus,
 quam abiecte moreris.
 O quis amor corporis
 tibi fecit spolia,
 o quam dulcis pignoris
 quam amara premia.
 O pia gratia
 sic morientis,
 o zelus, o scelus
 inuide gentis.
 O fera dextera
 crucifigentis,
 o lenis in penis
 mens patientis.
 O verum eloquium
 iusti Symeonis;
 quem promisit, gladium
 sentio doloris.
 Gemitus, suspiria
 lacrimaeque foris,
 vulneris indicia
 sunt interioris.
 Parcito proli,
 mors, mihi noli,
 tunc mihi soli
 sola mederis.
 Morte, beate,
 separer a te
 dummodo, nate,
 non crucieris.
 Quod crimen, que scelera
 gens commisit efferat!
 vincla, virgas, vulnera,
 sputa, spinas, cetera
 sine culpa patitur.
 Nato, queso, parcite,
 matrem crucifigite
 aut in crucis stipite
 nos simul affigite,
 male solus moritur.
 Reddite mestissime
 corpus vel exanime,
 ut sic minoratus
 crescat cruciatus
 oculis, amplexibus.
 Utinam sic doleam,
 ut dolore peream,
 nam plus est dolori
 sine morte mori,
 quam perire citius.
 Quid stupes, gens misera,
 terram se movere,
 obscurari sidera,
 languidos lugere?
 Solem privas lumine,
 quomodo lucret?
 egrum medicamine,
 unde convaleret?
 Homicidam liberas,
 iesum das supplicio;
 male pacem toleras
 veniet seditio.
 Famis, cedis pestium,
 scies docta pondere
 Iesum tibi mortuum
 Barrabamque vivere.
 Gens caeca, gens flebilis,
 age penitentiam,
 dum tibi flexibilis
 Iesus est ad veniam.
 Quos fecisti, fontium
 prosint tibi flumina,
 sitim sedant omnium,
 cuncta lavant crimina.
 Flete, Sion filie,
 tante grate gratie
 muneris, angustie
 sibi sunt deliciae
 pro vestris offensis.
 In amplexu ruite,
 dum pendet in stipite,
 mutuis amplexibus
 parat se amantibus
 manibus extensis.
 In hoc solo gaudeo,
 quod pro vobis doleo,
 vicem, queso, reddite,
 matris damnum plangite.

you suffer pain!
 Oh, how late given one,
 how quickly you are leaving me,
 oh, how nobly begotten one,
 how ignominiously you die!
 Oh what love created your
 mortal mantle,
 oh what sweet pledge,
 what bitter redemption!
 Oh what tender mercy
 of him who thus dies,
 oh fury, oh outrage
 of the envious people.
 Oh crude right hand
 of the executioner,
 oh, in torment gentle
 patience of the sufferer.
 Oh true word
 of the just Simeon;
 I feel the sword of suffering
 that he predicted.
 Groans, sighs
 and tears are but the outer
 signs of the wound
 within.
 Spare my son,
 death, not me,
 then you alone will save
 me as the only one.
 Through death, blessed one,
 might I be separated from you,
 if only, son,
 you were not crucified.
 What atrocity, what crime
 thee brutish people committed!
 Shackles, whips, wounds,
 spit, thorns, everything
 he endures without guilt.
 Spare, I beg you, the son,
 crucify the mother,
 or to the cross's base
 nail me also,
 he dies not well alone.
 Give to the deeply grieved
 at least the soulless body,
 so that more slowly
 grows the torment
 by seeing and embracing,
 if only my pain were such
 that I should pass away with pain,
 for it is greater torment
 to die without death
 than to perish quickly.
 Why do you stare, wretched people,
 because the earth trembles,
 the stars darken over,
 the sick are cast down?
 You rob the sun of her light,
 how should it radiate?
 The healing from the sick,
 how should he recover?
 The murderer you release,
 Jesus you have killed;
 badly you endure the peace,
 thus will rebellion come.
 Taught by the burden of hunger,
 of murder and of pestilence
 you will know that Jesus died for you,
 but Barrabas lives.
 Blind people, worthy of tears,
 do penance
 so long as Jesus is inclined
 to forgive you.
 The rivers from the sources
 which you created, may they help you,
 they quench all humans thirst,
 wash away all crimes.
 Weep, daughters of Zion,
 grateful for such mercy,
 reward, his agony
 is joy to him
 for the sake of your offences.
 Hurry to his arms
 as on the cross he hangs,
 mutual embraces
 he prepares for those who love him,
 with outstretched arms.
 Only one thing pleases me,
 that I suffer for you,
 do for me, I beg of you, the same,
 mourn for what has befallen the mother.

Diu werlt frovt sih uber al (C.B. 161a)

[19] Diu werlt frovt sih uber al
gegen der summerzite:
aller slähte uogel schal
horet man nu wite,
dar zû blümen vnde chle
hat div heide vil als ê,
grüne stat der schone walt;
des stuh wir nu wesen balt!

All the world cheerfully
waits for the summer to come:
All kinds of birdsong
are heard far and wide
the heather bears flowers and clover
as before,
green is the beautiful forest;
therefore, let us be cheerful!

Sage, daz ih dir iemmer lone (C.B.147a)

[20] Sage, daz ih dirs iemmer lone:
hast du den uil lieben man gesehen?
ist iz war, lebet er so schone,
als si sagent unde ih dih bore iehen?
„vrowe, ih sah in: er ist vro.
sin herce stat, ob ir gebietet, iemmer ho.“

Tell me, and I will reward you forever:
did you see the much-loved man?
Is it true that he leads such a good life,
as everybody says, and you too?
„Lady, I saw him: he is happy,
if you wish it, his heart will always be cheerful.“

Chramer gip diu varwe mier (C.B.16*)

[21] Chramer gip diu varwe mier
diu min wengel roete,
da mit ich di iungen man
an ir danch der minen liebe noete!
Seht mich an iunge man
lat mich eu gevallen.
Minnet tugentliche man
minnekliche vrawen
minne tuoet eu hoech gemuet
unde lat euch in hohen eren schauen
Seht mich an...
Wol dir werlt dass du bist also vredenreiche
Ich wil dir sin undertan
durch dem liebe immer sicherlichen
Seht mich an...

Shopkeeper, give me colour
to make my cheeks red,
so that I can make the young men
love me, against their will.
Look at me, young men!
Let me please you!
Good men, love
women worthy of love!
Love ennobles your spirit
and gives you honour.
Look at me, ...
Hail, world, so rich in joys!
I will be obedient to you
in order to preserve your favours.
Look at me, ...

CD 2

Homo, quo vigeas (C. B. 22)

[17] Homo, quo vigeas vide!
Dei fidei adhas,
in spe gaudeas, et in fide
intus ardeas,
foris luceas,
turturis retorqueas
os ad ascellas,
docens ita verbo, vita
oris vomere
de cordibus fidelium
evellas lolium, liliu[m] insere rose,
ut alium per hoc corripere
speciose valeas.
virtuti, salutem, omnium studeas,
noxias delicias detesteris,
opera considera,
que si non feceris,
damnaberis.
hac in via milita
gratie et premia
cogita patrie, et sic tuum
cor in perpetuum gaudebit.

Man, behold how you may obtain salvation!
Faith in God you should adhere to,
be cheerful in hope and in faith
you should glow inwardly.
Outwardly you should shine,
should be like the turtle-dove
that turns its beak to its shoulder.
Thus setting an example through your word
and your life, you should with the plow of the
mouth tear out the weeds from the hearts
of the believing: bring the lily together with
the rose so that you can admonish your
neighbour pleasantly.
You should be concerned about the
virtuousness and spiritual salvation of all,
should despise corrupting pleasures; do not
forget [to do] good deeds, for if you do not
do them, you will be damned.
Do your service on this path of mercy and
regard the reward of your heavenly homeland,
thus will your heart
rejoice in eternity.

Ecce torpet (C. B. 3)

[2] 1. Ecce torpet probitas,
virtus sepelitur;
fit iam parca largitas,
parcitas largitur;
verum dicit falsitas,
veritas mentitur.
Refl. Omnes iura ledunt
et ad res illicitas
licite recedunt.
2. Regnat avaritia,
regnant et avari;
mente quivis anxia
nititur ditari,
cum sit summa gloria
censu gloriarum.
Refl. Omnes iura ledunt
et ad prava quolibet
impie recedunt.
3. Multum habet oneris
do das dedi dare;
verbum hoc pre ceteris
notunt ignorare
divites, quos poteris
mari comparare.
Refl. Omnes iura ledunt
et in rerum numeris
numeros excedunt.

1. Behold, integrity lies broken,
virtue lies buried;
generosity turns parsimonious,
parsimony distributes gifts;
In true words is falsehood,
truth is mendacious.
Refrain: Everybody breaks the law,
and turns to the forbidden
unabashed.
2. Greed reigns now,
the greedy are king;
with fevered brow each exerts
himself to gain riches
as if the highest glory were
to boast about one's fortune.
R.: Everybody breaks the law,
and to every vulgarity
they proceed without the least shyness.
3. Onerous is the
"I give, you give, I have given, give";
this word above all
the rich have learned
to forget, whom you can
compare with the sea.
R.: Everybody breaks the law,
and the quantity of their goods
exceeds all counting.

4. Cunctis est equaliter
 insita cupido;
 perit fides turpiter,
 nullus fidus fido,
 nec Iunoni Iupiter
 nec Eneae Dido.
 Refl. Omnes iura ledunt
 et ad mala devia
 licite recedunt.
 5. Si recte discernere
 velis, non est vita,
 quod sic vivit temere
 gens hec imperita;
 non est enim vivere,
 si quis vivit ita.
 Refl. Omnes iura ledunt
 et fidem in opere
 quolibet excedunt.

4. In all equally
 is greed implanted;
 disgracefully loyalty is destroyed,
 no one is true to anyone,
 neither Jupiter to Juno
 nor Aeneas to Dido.
 R.: Everybody breaks the law,
 and all are fully allowed
 to enter the byroads of evil.
 If you want to consider this truly,
 you will see, this is no life
 that this unsuspecting
 people leads blindly
 for this is not living,
 living this way.
 R.: Everybody breaks the law
 and draws away from faithfulness
 in all their doings.

Licet eger cum egrotis (C. B. 8)

3. 1. Licet eger cum egrotis
 et ignotus cum ignotis
 fungar tamen vice cotis,
 ius usurpans sacerdotis.
 flete, Sion filie!
 presides ecclesie
 imitantur hodie
 Christum a remotis.
 2. Si privata degens vita
 vel sacerdos vel levita
 sibi dari vult petita,
 hac incedit via trita:
 previa fit pactio
 Simonis auspicio,
 cui succedit datio:
 sic fit Gieziata.
 5. Si quis tenet hunc tenorem
 frustra dicit se pastorem
 nec se regit ut rectorem,
 rerum mersus in ardorem.
 hec est enim alia
 sanguisuga filia,
 quam venalis curia
 duxit in uxorem.
 6. In diebus iuventutis
 timent annos senectutis,
 ne fortuna destitutis
 desit eis splendor cutis.
 et dum querunt medium,
 vergunt in contrarium;
 fallit enim vitium
 specie virtutis.
 7. Ut iam loquar inamenum:
 sanctum chrisma datur venum,
 iuvenantur corda senum
 nec refrenant motus renum.
 senes et decrepiti
 quasi modo geniti
 nectaris illiciti
 hauriunt venenum.
 8. Ergo nemo vivit purus,
 castitatis perit murus,
 commendatur Epicurus
 nec spectatur moriturus.
 grata sunt convivia;
 auro vel pecunia
 cuncta facit pervia
 pontifex futurus.

1. Though myself sick among the sick,
 unknown among the unknown,
 still I want to serve as whetstone
 and usurp the title of priest.
 Weep, daughters of Zion;
 the prelates of our church
 today follow
 Christ only from a distance.
 2. If one without an office,
 be he priest or deacon,
 would acquire what he wishes,
 then let him enter upon this well-liked path:
 First a pact is concluded
 under the auspices of Simon
 then follows the transfer of the money
 and the man becomes a follower of Giezi.
 5. He who sings this tune
 wrongly calls himself a shepherd,
 and does not guide himself like a spiritual guide
 because he has been swallowed by greed of
 possession. This is namely the other
 daughter of that vampire
 the mercenary curia
 married.
 6. In the days of their youth
 they fear the time of old age,
 that when they lose their riches
 the radiance of their skin – their fine life – will
 leave them. And while they seek the middle,
 they fall into the opposite:
 vice, namely, is deceiving
 in the cloak of virtue.
 7. To put an offensiveness basely:
 the holy oil is trafficked with,
 the heart of the old pretends to be young,
 and the lust of the loins remains unbridled.
 And even senile old men
 slurp like new-born babes
 the poison
 of the forbidden nectar.
 8. Thus no one lives in purity any longer,
 and chastity's wall falls,
 Epicure is praised;
 that one must die is forgotten;
 revelry is most welcome;
 gold or money
 open up all doors
 to the future prelate.

Vite perditae (C. B. 31)

4. Vite perditae
 me legi
 subdidderam,
 minus licite
 dum fregi,
 quod voveram;
 sed ad vite vesperam
 corrigendum legi,
 quicquid ante perperam
 puerilis egi.
 Rerum exitus
 dum quero discutere,
 falsum penitus
 a vero
 discernere,
 falso fallor opere,
 bravium si spero
 me virtutum metere,
 vitia dum sero.
 Non sum duplici

To the law
 of depraved life
 I had surrendered
 when I sacrilegiously
 broke,
 what I had vowed.
 But towards the evening of life
 I have decided to mitigate
 the bad things I had in
 immaturity done.
 While seeking to fathom
 the consequences of things,
 to separate entirely
 the truth
 from falsehood
 I'd deceive myself
 if I hoped to harvest the
 victor's prize of virtues,
 while sowing vices.
 'Tis true the dual path

perplexus itinere,
nec addidici
reflexus
a Venere,
nec fraudavi temere
coniugis amplexus;
Dalidam persequere,
ne fraudeter sexus!
Famen siliqua
porcorum
non abstulit,
que ad lubrica
errorum non contulit.
sed scriptura consulit,
viam intrem morum,
que prelargat protuli
pabula donorum.
Dum considero,
quid Dine contigerit,
finem confero
rapine
quis fuerit;
scio: vix evaserit
mens corrupta fine,
diu quam contraxerit,
maculam sentine.
Praeter meritum
me neci
non dedero,
si ad vomitum
quem feci,
rediero,
nec a verbo aspero
liberum me feci,
servus si serviero
vitiurum feci.
Vie veteris
immuto vestigia,
ire Veneris refute
per devia:
via namque regia
curritur in tuto;
si quis cedit alia,
semper est in luto.
Beli solium,
Sinonis astutiam,
confer Tullium,
Zenonis prudentiam:
nil conferre sentiam,
his abutens bonis,
ni fugando fugiam
Dalidam Samsonis.
Ergo veniam
de rei miseria
ut inveniam
de Dei clementia:
hec et his similia
quod peregi, rei
sola parcens gratia
miserere mei!

Crucifigat omnes (C. B. 47)

- [5] 1. Crucifigat omnes
Domini crux altera,
nova Christi vulnera!
arbor salutifera
perditur; sepulcrum
gens evertit externa
violente, plena gente
sola sedet civitas;
agni fedus rapit hedus;
porat dotes perditas
sponsa Sion; immolatur
Ananias; incurvatur
cornu David; flagellatur
mundus; abdicatur ab immundis
per quem iste iudicatur mundus.
2. O quam dignos luctus!
exulat rex omnium,
baculus fidelium
sustinet opprobrium
gentis infidelis;
cedit parti gentium
pars totalis; iam regalis
in luto et latere
elaborat tellus, plorat
Moysen fatiscere.
homo, Dei,
miserere!
fili, patris ius tuere!
in incerto certum quere,
ducis ducum dona promerere
et lucrare lucem vere lucis!

has left me cold,
nor am I used to anything
that turns its back
on Venus,
nor have I impudently stolen
a wife's embraces;
nor run after Delilah
that sex might be defrauded!
The swill
of pigs
did not satisfy my hunger,
did not promote
the smooth deceit of errors.
But the bible advises
that I tread the path of modesty
which abundantly provides
the food of good gifts.
When I consider
what Dina befell,
recall
what the end of outrage
was:
then I know that finally
scarcely one corrupted sense
escaped the sink of iniquity
by which it was a long time tainted.
Unmerited
shall I not
succumb to death,
when I return
to the vomit
which I threw out;
nor do I escape
the hard verdict,
serving as slave
the scum of vice.
From the old path
turn I my steps,
and refuse to take the
wrong way of Venus:
for on the royal path
one walks in safety;
who takes another
is eternally in filth.
Unite Belus's power
and Sinon's cunning,
Tullius's
and Xenon's cleverness:
nothing avails, I feel it,
to have these goods at my disposal
if I do not escape
Samson's Delilah by driving her away.
To find at last forgiveness
in this miserable condition
through God's
mildness:
because I committed
this and similar things,
from which you alone can spare the guilty,
Lord, have mercy on me.

1. The Lord's second crucifixion,
Christ's new woundings should
crucify us all!
The tree of redemption
is lost; a strange folk
destroys the grave
with violence; full of men
yet does the city stand abandoned;
the ram destroys the covenant of the lamb;
Zion's bride bewails the lost dowry;
sacrificed is Ananias; felled is
David's horn; the Pure One is scourged,
the sinners turn from Him, the Righteous One
will sit in judgment of the world.

2. O just sadness!
The King of Man is in exile,
the pillar of the faithful
must suffer disgrace
at the hands of the unbelieving;
the people who claim universality
submit to the heathens.
In clay and brick-work the royal land
does hard labor, it weeps because
Moses grows weary.
Man, may your God have mercy upon you!
Son, protect your father's right!
In uncertainty seek a firm footing, earn
for yourself the gift of the leader of all leaders
and gain the light of the true light.

3. Quisquis es signatus
fidei caractere,
fidem factis asserere,
rugientes contere
catulos leonum,
miserans intueri
corde tristi damnum Christi!
longus Cedar incola,
surge, vide, ne de fide
reproberis frivola!
suda martyr in agone
spe mercedis et corone!
derelicta Babylone pugna
pro celesti regione,
aqua vite! te compone
pugna!

O varium Fortune (C. B. 14)

6. 1. O varium Fortune lubricum,
dans dubium tribunal iudicium,
non modicum paras huic premium,
quem colere tua vult gratia
et petere rote sublimia.
dans dubia tamen, prepostere
de stercore pauperem erigens,
de thetore consulem eligens.
2. Edificat Fortuna, diruit;
nunc abdicat, quos prius coluit;
quos noluit, iterum vindicat
hec opera sibi contraria,
dans munera nimis labilia,
mobilia sunt Sortis federa,
que debiles ditans nobilitat
et nobiles premens debilitat.
3. Quid Dario regnasse profuit?
Pompeio quid Roma tribuit?
succubuit uterque gladio.
eligere media tutius
quam petere rote sublimius
et gravius summo ruere:
fit gravior lapsus a prosperis
et durior ab ipsis asperis.
4. Subsidio Fortune labilis
cur prelio Troia
tunc nobilis,
nuc flebilis ruit incendio?
quis sanguinis Romani gratiam,
quis nominis Greci facundiam,
quis gloriam fregit Carthaginis?
Sors lubrica, que dedit, abstulit;
hec unica que fovit, perculit.
5. Nil gratius Fortuna gratia,
nil dulcius est inter dulcia
quam gloria si staret longius.
sed labitur ut olus marcidum
et sequitur agrum nunc floridum,
quem aridum cras cernes. igitur
improprium non edo canticum:
o varium Fortune lubricum.

Celum, non animum (C. B. 15)

7. 1. Celum, non animum
mutat stabilitas,
firmans id optimum,
quod mentis firmitas
vovet – cum animi
tamen iudicio;
nam si turpissimi
voti consilio
vis scelus imprimi
facto nefario,
debet hec perimi
facta promissio.
2. Non erat stabilis
gradus, qui cecidit,
pes eius labilis
domus, que occidit.
hinc tu considera,
quid agi censeas,
dum res est libera;
sic sta, ne iaceas;
prius delibera,
quod factum subeas,
ne die postera
sero peniteas.
3. Facti dimidium
habet, qui ceperit,
ceptum negotium
si non omiserit,
non tantum deditus

3. You, whoever you may be, who are marked
with the signs of faith,
proclaim the faith with deeds
and crush the roaring
cubs of the lions;
mercifully and with sad heart
regard how Christ suffered injustice!
You who sat long in darkness,
arise, attend that you are not reproached
for having little faith!
Believer, struggle hard, hoping for reward and the
victor's wreath!
Leave Babylon behind you and fight
for the kingdom of heaven,
for the source of life. Stand up
to fight!

1. O deceptive iridescence of Fortune,
you are an uncertain court of judges;
no little advantage do you keep ready for him
whom to spoil it does delight your grace, and him
which you allow to climb to the height of fortune's
wheel, you freely add uncertainty;
when, turning the order upside down, from the dung-
heap you raise the poor, elect the rhetor as consul.
2. Fortune sets up and demolishes.
Now it drops whom it previously pampered;
those whom it did not like, anew attracting.
This action is full of contradictions,
giving gifts that are only too fleeting.
Unsteady are the ties with fate,
which makes the lesser through riches noble
and humbles the noble and robs them of power.
3. What did it help Darius that he was king?
And Pompeius, what did Rome do for him?
Both were put to the sword.
To choose the middle is more certain
than to climb the top of fortune's wheel
than to make a serious fall from the top:
more difficult is the fall from prosperity
and harder through its asperity.
4. Why did Troy,
in battle once glorious
now lamentable, have to expire in flames
by the caprices of fortune?
Who has destroyed the glory of the Roman flower,
the eloquence of the respected Greeks?
Who broke Carthago's fame?
Deceptive fortune took what it gave; those
it caressed, it also struck down.
5. Nothing is more welcome than fortune's
favour; among all that is sweet nothing is
sweeter than fame, if only it lasted longer.
But no, it collapses like wilted leaves
and does like the field that now is in bloom
and that tomorrow you will see dried up.
Hence, it is no unfitting song that I sing:
O deceptive iridescence of fortune!

1. The air, not his convictions,
does he change who is constant;
he who vows
with a steady mind
keeps his promise reliably
with reason's judgment however;
for if to the decision of
shameful purpose
you want to add
the offense of wicked execution,
the promise given
must be annulled.
2. That was no sure
step that fell,
too weak was the foundation
of the house that collapsed.
Therefore, consider
what you think you should do
while you are still free to decide;
stand in such a way that you do not come
to lie flat; first think about
what you begin
so that on the following day
you do not regret it too late.
3. He who has begun has already
accomplished half his task
if from the undertaken
he does not desist,
does not simply concern himself

circa principia,
nedum sollicitus
pro finis gloria;
nam rerum exitus
librat industria,
subit introitus
preceps incurra.

4. Coronat militem
finis, non prelium;
dat hoc ancipitem
metam, is bracium;
iste quod tribuit,
dictat stabilitas;
istud quod metuit,
inducit levitas;
nam palmam annuit
mentis integritas,
quam dari respuit
vaga mobilitas.
5. Mutat cum Proteo
figuram levitas,
assumit ideo
formas incognitas;
vultum constantia
conservans intimum,
alpha principia
et o novissimum
flectens fit media,
dans finem optimum,
mutans in varia
celum, non animum.

with how he should begin,
but surely does not worry
if everything will end in glory.
For how things end
depends on diligence.
Hasty carelessness can also
decide to begin.

4. The knight is crowned by the outcome,
not the battle, for the latter brings an
uncertain end – the former
the wreath of victory;
what the former brings
is determined by firmness,
the fears it brings forth
are caused by thoughtlessness,
for the palm bestows
heart's constancy;
while rambling vacillation
refuses to give it.
5. Like Proteus, frivolity
changes its form,
in just the same way it takes on
unknown forms, while
constancy maintains
its face inwardly.
The alpha of the beginning
and the omega of the end,
it bends for itself as a firm middle,
gives everything the best end
since it changes only the air,
not its convictions.

Dum iuventus floruit (C. B. 30)

- [8] 1. Dum iuventus floruit, licuit
et libuit facere, quod placuit,
iuxta voluntatem currere,
peragere carnis voluptatem.
2. Anodo sic agere, vivere
tam libere, talem vitam ducere
viri vitat etas, perimit
et eximit leges assuetas.
3. Etas illa monuit, docuit,
consuluit, sic et etas annuit:
„nichil est exclusum!“ omnia
cum venia contulit ad usum.
4. Volo respiscere, linquere,
corrigrere, quod commisi temere;
deinceps intendam seriis,
pro vitiis virtutes rependam.

1. When in the bloom of youth, I was able
and wanted, to do whatever pleased me,
completely at will to travel about
and yield to the voluptuous flesh.
2. To continue to do the same
and live so freely, lead such a life,
manhood does not allow. It does away with
and annuls the accustomed mores.
3. That age convinced me, taught and
advised me, and assuringly it nodded:
“Nothing is forbidden to you.” Indulgently it has
given me everything for my pleasure.
4. Furthermore I want to be prudent, abstain
from and repent what I have boldly committed
in the past, wanting from now on to
concentrate on serious things and pay for
my vice-filled life with virtuousness.

Axe Phebus aureo (C. B. 71)

- [9] 1 a. Axe Phebus aureo celsiora
lustrat at nitore roseo
radios illustrat.
1 b. Venustata Cybele facie
florente florem nato Semele
dat Phebo favente.
2 a. Aurarum suavium gratia
iuvante sonat nemus avium
voce modulante.
2 b. Philomen a querule Tereia
retractat, dum canendo
merule carmina coaptat.
3 a. Iam Dionea leta chorea
sedulo resonat cantibus horum,
3 b. Iamque Dione iocis, agone
relevat, cruciat corda suorum.
4 a. Me quoque subrahit illa
sopori invigilareque cogit amori.
4 b. Tela Cupidinis aurea gesto,
igne cremantia corda molest.
5 a. Quod michi datur, expaveo,
quodque negatur, hoc aveo
mente severa.
5 b. Que michi cedit, hanc caveo;
que non obedit, huic faveo
sumque re vera
6. Fidelius, seu peream
seu relever per eam.
que cupit, hanc fugio,
que fugit, hanc cupio;
plus renuo debitum,
plus feror in vetitum;
plus licet illibitum,
plus libet illicitum.
7 a. O metuenda decreta!
o fugienda venena secreta,
fraude
verenda doloque repleta,

- 1 a. Phoebus on golden axle
illuminates the heavens
and lets its beams shine with rosy glow.
1 b. Cybele becomes lovelier, her face blossoms;
Semele gives her son
the flower with Phoebus' favour.
2 a. Soft zephyrs' gentleness
brings song to the meadow where
the melodies of bird's voices resound.
2 b. Philomena bemoans Tereus' deed
while her singing blends
into the song of the blackbird.
3 a. Already Venus' merry roundelay
resounds unceasingly into the song of both;
3 b. Venus with jest, with bristle consoles and torments
the hearts of those who are hers.
4 a. She robs even me of sleep,
forces me to stay awake for love's sake.
4 b. I hear within me Cupid's golden arrows
that burn my heart with their painful fire.
5 a. That which is given me frightens me;
that which is denied me
I welcome utterly.
5 b. Her who surrenders to me I avoid;
her who does not do my bidding I adore;
I am truly
6. faithful whether I perish,
whether I am consoled by her.
From her who desires me I flee,
her who flees from me I desire;
the more I renounce the debit,
the more I am driven to the forbidden;
the more is allowed, which displeases me,
the more I delight in which is not allowed.
7 a. Oh frightful decree!
Oh, dangerous secret venoms, terrible in their
deception, and full of all kinds of malice,

7 b. Docta furoris in estu punire,
quos dat amoris amara subire,
piena livoris urentis et ire!
8 a. Hinc michi metus abundat,
hinc ora fletus inundat,
8 b. Hinc michi pallor in ore
est, quia fallor amore.

Ecce gratum (C. B. 143)

- 10 1. Ecce gratum et optatum
ver reducit gaudia:
purpuratum floret pratium,
sol serenat omnia.
iam iam cedant tristia!
estas redit, nunc recedit
hiemis sevitia.
2. Iam liquescit et decrescit
grando, nix et cetera;
bruma fugit, et iam sugit
veris tellus ubera.
illi mens est misera;
qui nec vivit nec lascivit
sub estatis dextera!
3. Gloriantur et letantur
in melle dulcedinis,
qui conantur ut antantur
premio Cupidinis.
simus iussu Cypridis
gloriantes et letantes
pares esse Paridis!

Tellus flore (C. B. 146)

- 11 1. Tellus flore vario vestitur
et veris presentia sentitur,
philomena dulciter modulans
auditur, sic hiemis sevitia finitur.
2. Rubent gene, coma disgregata
fronte cedit parum inclinata;
tota ridet facies; felix et beata,
que tantis est virtutibus ornata!
3. Gracilis sub cingulo de more
ista vincit balsamum odore; felix,
qui cum virgine fruitur sopro!
hic deis adequabitur honore.
4. Distant supercilia decenti
et equali spatio ridenti.
os invitat osculum simile poscenti;
subvenias, mi domina, cadenti!
5. Vulneratus nequeo sanari,
nulla vite poterit spes dari, nisi
me pre ceteris velis consolari,
que cuncta vincis forma
singulari!

Tempus est iocundum (C. B. 179)

- 12 Tempus est iocundum, o virgines
modo congaudete vos iuvenes!
O! O! totus floreo!
Refl.:
Iam amore virginali totus ardeo
novus novus amor est, quod pereo
Cantat philomena sic dulciter,
et modulans auditur; intus caleo
O! O! totus floreo!
Refl.: Iam amore...
Flos est puellarum,
quam diligo et rosa
rosarum quam sepe video.
O! O! totus floreo!
Refl.: Iam amore...
Mea me confortat promissio,
mea me deportat negatio.
O! O! totus floreo!
Refl.: Iam amore...
Mea mecum ludit virginitas,
Mea ma detrudit simplicitas.
O! O! totus floreo!
Refl.: Iam amore...
Sile philomena pro tempore!
surge. cantilena, de pectore!
O! O! totus floreo!
Refl.: Iam amore...
Tempore brumali vir patiens,
animo vernali lasciviens
O! O! totus floreo!
Refl.: Iam amore...
Veni domicella, cum gaudio!

7 b. accustomed to striking in the fire of love's
madness those whom this madness requires to
bear love's bitterness full of envy and anger!
8 a. Hence is my fear so exceedingly great,
hence is my face so drenched in tears,
8 b. hence this paleness upon my face,
for I have fallen prey to love's deception.

1. Behold, the welcome and long yearned for
spring brings back joy once more.
Purple clads the meadow,
all is made gay by the sun.
Let sadness fade forthwith!
Summer comes back again,
now departs winter's roughness.
2. Hail, snow and all the rest
are already melting, already fading away;
coldness but takes flight, and already the earth
suckles at the breasts of spring.
He is of pitiable spirit
who does not love
and enjoy himself beneath summer's sceptre.
3. They sing praises and rejoice
in the honey of sweetness:
they seek to attain
Cupid's prize of victory.
So let us, as Venus he did command,
sing praises and rejoice
like Paris!

1. With gay flowers the earth is clad,
one senses that spring is near;
the nightingale with its sweet singing can be
heard; thus comes winter's raging to an end.
2. Red are the cheeks, untied hair
gives free the gently inclined brow,
the whole face laughs; blessed and happy
is she who is so adorned with good features!
3. Below her belt graceful, as she should be,
she surpasses balsam in fragrance; blessed
is he who is allowed to sleep with such a maid!
In splendor he is equal to the gods.
4. Prettily separating her brows
is a cheerful space, her mouth invites,
demands of one to kiss it;
help me, my mistress, I am falling!
5. I am wounded and can find no cure,
can seize no hope to continue living,
if before all others you do not wish
to console me, you incomparable one
who surpasses all others in beauty!

- It is a joyful time, oh ye maids!
Now be merry, o ye lads!
Oh! Oh! I am all excited!
Refr.:
Already I am burning with love for a maid,
engulfed by a new, new love!
When the nightingale's sweet songs and
melodies are heard, I am all afire inside.
Oh! Oh! I am all excited!
Refr.: Already I am burning with love...
She is the flower of all maidens, she
the rose of all roses, whom I love,
she whom I gaze upon. I am all afire inside.
Oh! Oh! I am all excited!
Refr.: Already I am burning with love...
If I say yes, I will be happy,
If I say no, my peace is lost.
Oh! Oh! I am all excited!
Refr.: Already I am burning with love...
My chastity plays games with me,
my harmless nature restrains me.
Oh! Oh! I am all excited!
Refr.: Already I am burning with love...
Be silent for a while, nightingale!
Oh song, surge from my breast!
Oh! Oh! I am all excited!
Ref.: Already I am burning with love...
In winter I am a quiet man,
in spring full of wantonness.
Oh! Oh! I am all excited!
Refr.: Already I am burning with love...
Come, sweet maid, full of joy,

Veni, veni, pulchra! Iam pereō!
O! O! totus floreo!
Refl.: Iam amore...

come, come, you lovely one, I am lost!
Oh! Oh! I am all excited!
Refr.: Already I am burning with love...

Nu grunet aver diu heide (C. B. 168a)

13 1. Nu grunet aver diu heide,
mit gruneme lobe stat der walt;
dwanch si sere beide.
diu zit hat sich uerwandelot.
ein senediv not
mant mich an der guoten, von der
ih ungerne scheidet.
2. Gegen der wandelunge
wol singent elliu vogelfin
den vriunden mîn
den ich gerne sunge,
des sî mir alle sagten danc.
ûf mînen sanc
ahtent hie die Walhen niht sôwol
dir, diutschiu zunge!
3. Wie gerne ich nu sande
der lieben einen boten dar,
(nu nemt des wart!)
der daz dorf erkande,
dâ ich die seneden inne lie:
jâ meine ich die,
von der ich den muot mit staeter
liebe nie gewande.
4. Si reien oder tanzen,
si tuon vil mangen wîten schrit,
ich allez mit.
ê wir heime geswanzen,
ich sage iz bî den triuwen mîn,
wir solden sîn
zOesterrîche vor dem snite sô
setzet man die phlanzen.
5. Er dînket mich ein narre,
swer disen ougest hie bestât.
ez waer mîn rât,
lieze er siêch geharre
und vûr hin wider über sê:
daz tuot niht wê;
nindert waere baz ein man dan
heime in sîner pharre.

1. Verdant is the heather once again,
clad with green leaves is the forest;
both were very oppressed.
The season has changed,
a longing note
makes me think of the good things
from which I am reluctant to part.
2. Perhaps to greet this transformation
sing all the little birds
to the friends of mine
to whom I myself would like to sing
so that they all would thank me.
Of my song
the Italians here take no notice.
To you, oh German tongue!
3. How should I like
to send a message to the dear one,
(Now note this well!)
who knew the village well would know
since I left the yearning one behind:
yes, I mean her
from whom my thoughts, in constant love,
will never turn.
4. They dance in the round
and take many a wide step,
I am always with them, but
before we stagger home,
I say this by my faith,
we must first be
in Austria. Before the cutting
comes the planting.
5. He thinks me a fool
who stays here this August.
I advise him
to give up waiting (here) in sickness
and to sail back over the sea:
that does not hurt;
nowhere is it better for a man to be
than at home in his parish.