

Bache, bene venies (dai *Carmina Burana*)

Bache, bene venies gratus et optatus
per quem noster animus fit letificatus.

Iste cyphus concavus de bono mero profluus
siquis bibit sepius satur fit et ebrius

Hec sunt vasa regia quibus spoliatur
ierusalem et regalis Babilon ditatur.

**Istud vinum, bonum vinum,
vinum generosum, reddit virum curialem,
probum, animosum.**

Ex hoc cypho conscii bibent sui domini
bibent sui socii bibent et amici.

Bachus forte superans pectora virorum
in amorem concitat animos eorum.

Bachus sepe visitans mulierum genus
facit eas subditas tibi, o tu Venus.

Istud vinum, bonum vinum...

Bachus venas penetrans calido liquore
facit eas igneas Veneris ardore.

Bachus lenius leniens curas et dolores
confert iocum, gaudia, risus et amores.

Bachus mentem femine solet hic lenire
cogit eam citius viro consentire.

Istud vinum, bonum vinum...

A qua prorsus coitum nequit impetrare
Bachus illam facile solet expugnare.

Bachus numen faciens hominem iocundum
reddit eum partier doctum et facundum.

Bache, deus inclite, omnes hic astantes
leti sumus munera tua prelibantes.

Istud vinum, bonum vinum...

Omnes tibi animus maxima preconia
te laudantes merito tempora per omina.

Istud vinum, bonum vinum...

English translation:

Welcome, Bacchus, pleasing and desired,
through whom our spirits are made joyful.

This hollow cup overflows with good wine;
of anyone drinks often he will be sated and
drunk.

These are the royal vessels for which was
sacked
Jerusalem and regal Babylon made rich.

**This wine, good wine, kindly wine,
makes a man noble, honest, spirited.**

From this cup let all masters drink together
let partners drink and let friends drink.

Bacchus perhaps conquering the hearts of
men
stirs to love their spirits.

Bacchus often visiting womankind
subdues the before you, O Venus.

Bacchus entering their veins with hot liquor
sets them afire with the heat of Venus.

Gentle Bacchus soothes cares and sorrows
brings jolly, joys, laughter and love.

Bacchus a woman's mind is wont to soothe
and drive her more quickly
to consent with a man.

And she who congress first refuses
Bacchus makes her an easy conquest.

Bacchus, a god, makes a man happy
and makes him equally learned and eloquent.

Bacchus, excellent god, all of us standing here
are happy as we drink your gifts.

This wine, good wine, kindly wine,
makes a man noble, honest, spirited.

We all sing to you the highest praises
lauding you deservedly through all ages.

**Tempus Transit Gelidum (dai *Carmina*
Burana)**

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
Annuunt favore
Voluchres canore
Favent et odore
Tellus picta flore
Cor igitur et scingitur et
Tangitur amore
Virginibus et avibus strepentibus sonore

Tendit modo recia
Puer pharetratus
Qui deorum curia
Prebet famulatus
Cuius dominatus
Nimium est latus
Per hunc triumphatus
Sum et sanciatu
Pugnaveram et fueram inprimis relucatus
Et iterum per puerum sum Veneri prostratus

Winter is passing

The icy-cold is passing,
The world is reborn.
Flowery Spring returns,
Things take shape (again),
Birds sing,
Sing jubilantly.
The air is brighter and milder now,
Clear.
The wood is in leaf and flower now,
The canopy becomes dense.

Beautiful virgins
Play on the grass.
Of the new songs
From their sweet mouths
Birdsong
Declares favour.
The earth is painted with flowers
Pleasant and scented.
The heart is therefore both encircled
and touched by love,
By the loud confused sound of birds and girls.

He spreads his nets,
The lad with the bow,
To whom the hall of the gods
offers service;
Whose rule
Is too great to bear,
And by which I am conquered
and wounded.
I fought and was at first reluctant,
But again the lad has me prostrate before
Venus.

Vinum bonum et suave (dai *Carmina Burana*)

Vinum bonum et suave
bonis bonum, pravis prave,
cunctis dulcis sapor, ave,
mundana letitia!

Ave, felix creatura,
quam produxit vitis pura;
omnis mensa fit segura
in tua presentia.

Ave, color vini clari,
ave, sapor sine pari,
tua nos inebriari
digneris potentia.

Ave, placens in colore,
ave, fragrans in odore,
ave, sapidum in ore,
dulcis linguae vinculum!

Felix venter, quem intrabis,
felix lingua, quem rigabis,
felix os, quod tu lavabis,
et beata labia!

Supplicamus: hic abunda,
per te mensa fit fecunda,
et nos cum voce iucunda
deducamus gaudia!

BERNART DE VENTADORN

Can vei la lauzeta mover
de joi sas alas contra·l rai,
que s'oblida e·s laissa chazer
per la doussor c'al cor li vai,
ai! tan grans enveja m'en ve
de cui qu'eu vey a jauzion!
Meravilhas ai, car desse
lo cor de dezirer no·m fon.

Ai, las! tan cuidava saber
d'amor, e tan petit en sai,
car eu d'amar no·m posc tener
celeis don ja pro non aurai.
Tout m'a mo cor, e tout m'a me,
e se mezeis e tot lo mon;
e can se·m tolç, no·m laisset re
mas dezirer e cor volon.

Quando vedo l'allodoletta battere di
gioia le ali verso i raggi del sole,
tanto che s'oblia e si lascia cadere,
per la dolcezza che nel cuor le
5 scende, ah! quanta invidia mi prende
di chiunque io veda gioioso: mi
stupisco come all'istante il cuore non
mi si strugge di nostalgia.

Ahimè, tanto credevo sapere d'amore
10 e tanto poco ne so, perché non mi
posso trattenere dall'amare colei da
cui non avrò mai frutto. Il cuore mi
ha tolto, (tutto) me stesso, se stessa e
il mondo tutto; togliendosi a me,
15 nient'altro mi ha lasciato che
nostalgia e cuor desideroso.

Tourdion

Quand je bois du vin claret
Amis tout tourne, tourne, tourne, tourne
Aussi désormais je bois
Anjou ou Arbois

Chantons et buvons
À ce flacon faisons la guerre
Chantons et buvons
Mes amis
Buvons donc

Quand je bois du vin claret
Amis tout tourne, tourne, tourne, tourne
Aussi désormais je bois
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Aussi désormais je bois
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Francesco Landino
Ecco la primavera

Ecco la primavera,
Che'l cor fa rallegrare,
Temp'è d'annamorare
E star con lieta cera.

Noi vegiam l'aria e'l tempo
Che pur chiam' allegria
In questo vago tempo
Ogni cosa vagheça.

L'erbe con gran frescheça
E fior' coprono i prati,
E gli albori adornati
Sono in simil maniera.

Ecco la primavera
Che'l cor fa rallegrare
Temp'è d'annamorare
E star con lieta cera.