

# Alte clamat Epicurus

## Carmina Burana no. 211

Anonymous Goliard Text

Walther von der Vogelweide (c. 1170 - c. 1230)

Trans. Carol Anne Perry Lagemann (SCA Kasha Alekseeva)

1. From on high states E - pi - cu - rus:  
 2. He's con - ven - ience e - ver - last - ing.  
 3. Filled to burst his skin, he wob - bles  
 4. Like re - li - gion, pale and use - less  
 5. Says the gut, "I care for no - thing

5  
 "A stuffed bel - ly re - as - sures us.  
 Since he ne - ver calls for fast - ing.  
 Like a lea - ther flask or bot - tle;  
 Roars in to the whirl - wind, fruit - less,  
 But my - self." So af - ter stuff - ing

9  
 As my God I will re - vere it,  
 Break - fast tastes a whole lot bet - ter  
 Break - fast, sup - per, lunch u - nit - ed,  
 Roars the sto - mach in its bat - tle;  
 Food e - nough to cause a scan - dal,

13  
 Bring ing and booze and food stuff near it  
 Smashed and red puk cheeks are ing wine to ge - ther.  
 Fat, red and cheeks are so ex - cit - ed;  
 Wine and ly mead to ge - ther rat - tle;  
 Gent - ly my in - sides I hand - le,

17  
 My God's tem - ple is the kit - chen,  
 Emp - ty his swol - len be - neath the ta - ble  
 When his swol - len be - len - neath the big - ger,  
 Life is per - fect, sloshed and diz - zy,  
 Once I've sniffed the last a ro - ma,

21  
 Where the o - dors are be - witch - in',  
 Are a bless - ing, and we're grate - ful,  
 Like a chain it's filled with vi - gor  
 No - thing but the bel - ly - bu - sy,  
 Sleep - ing off my drunk - en co - ma,

25  
 Where the o - dors are be - witch - in'.  
 Are a bless - ing, and we're grate - ful.  
 Like a chain it's filled with vi - gor.  
 No - thing but the bel - ly - bu - sy.  
 Sleep - ing off my drunk - en co - ma.