In taberna quando sumus

Carmina Burana no. 196

11th-13th century Goliard song
Trans. Carol Anne Perry Lagemann (SCA Kasha Alekseeva)

When we're in the tavern drink, Might y thoughts no one is think ing.
Some folks gamble, some are am ily, loud, and shame-less.
First we take the dice, and cast them, Drunks with wine
Eight times drink to priest-ly le-chers; Nine to monks who drift at leisure;
Drinks the mis-tress, drinks the mas-ter, Drinks the guard, the ele-ric fast-er,
Drinks the poor, the sick in dan ger, Drinks the ex-ile, drinks the stran-ger,
All our coin in dis-si-pation Spent where with im-mo-de-ra-tion

We run o-ver to the ta ble, Bet-ting, swea-t-ing, and un-sta-ble.
Those who lose the coin they gam-ble Ex-it na-ken-ly to ram-ble;
Then drink twice for those in pri-son; Drink three times for all the li-vings;
Ten to those who sail the o-cean, E-ten to those who cause com- mo-tions;
Drinks he, drinks she, free and fer-vent, Drinks the maid be-side the ser-vant,
Drinks the child and drinks the el der, Drinks the pre-late and his help-er,
All are drink-ing with-out mea-sure, But our drink-ing brings us plea-sure.

If you ask me, then you can learn Just what hap-pens in the ta-vern,
Those who win a few more rounds will end up wear-ing sacks and to-wels,
Four to Christ-ian souls pure-heart-ed; Five times to the long-de-part-ed;
Twelve to those who do their pe-nance; Thirteen to ro-vers and de-pend-ants.
Drinks the work-er, drinks the slug-gard, Drinks white, black, and e-very co-lor,
Drinks the sis-ter, drinks the bro-ther, Drinks the grand-ma, drinks the mo-ther,
E-very-bo-dy scolds us blunt-ly, And we're al-ways short of mo-ney.

Mo-ney host-ing, peo-ple pay-ing; List-en to what I am say-ing.
Death for got-ten, no-thing shocks us, Die-ing in the name of Bac-chus.
Six to nuns with loo-sened ha-bits; Se-ven times to fo-rest ban-dits.
Pope and King in ac-cla-ma-tion Toast with all im-mo-de-ra-tion.
Drinks the con-stant, drinks the flick-e, Drinks the learn-ed and the sim-ple.
Drinks this one and that, ca-rous-ing, Drink by hun-dreds, drink by thou-sands.
So-ber cri-tics who won't buy in; They can suck it. No one likes them!