

Procurans odium

Carmina Burana no. 12 11-13th century Goliard song

Trans. Carol Anne Perry Lagemann (SCA Kasha Alekseeva)



1. Those souls who ha - tred — pour On us — whose —
2. The in - sults I ig - nore My be - ne -

4



love is — deep Will not en - joy the — store Of wick - ed -
fit will — heap; Their words an - noy and — bore, But at — this —

8



ness — they — heap. Con - nec - tion's at the — core Of se - pa -
chance I — leap! For while they make their war Our joy - pa -

12

ra - tion's keep. With ev - ery hate - ful__ roar, Our foes, like stu -
wait and__ sleep, But our__ de - sire will__ soar And with de - lay__

16

pid__ sheep, Pro - vide love's fuel for__ cheap: It makes true__
grow__ deep. This re - me - dy I__ keep: From thorns that__

20

love much__ more In - to__ our__ hearts to creep.
stung and__ tore These lus - cious__ grapes I reap.