

Tempus transit gelidum

Carmina Burana (11th-13th century)

Trans. Carol Anne Perry Lagemann (SCA Kasha Alekseeva)

1. I - cy win - ter times are past; All's re - newed, and right - ly.
2. Maid - ens all come out to play, Beau - ty em - pha - siz - ing.
3. To his nets the Boy must tend, Dead - ly qui - ver wear - ing.
4. I by dart was swift - ly found, Now to love her fa - ted.
5. La - dy, I am your lo - yal man; Let me en - joy sub - jec - tion. I

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On the hills the blooms are massed, Earth re - formed and sight - ly, And the bird so
Young mouths sing their sweet new lay, Soft and tan - ta - liz - ing, Birds, their verse re -
He to whom the gods must bend, Their re - spect de - clar - ing, He whose fa - tal
She and I in trea - ty bound Pro - mi - ses cre - a - ted, Faith I grave - ly
long to serve you as best I can, But I in - spire re - jec - tion. You're seek - ing to a -

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spright - ly Sings her joy out light - ly, And the bird so spright - ly
pris - ing, Sing out, im - pro - vis - ing, Earth is sym - pa - thiz - ing,
snar - ing, Is too harsh for bear - ing, He whose aim un - err - ing
sta - ted, Ne - ver vi - o - la - ted, Once a - gain, e - la - ted,
bo - lish By force my in - tense af - fec - tion; I hun - ger to de - mo - lish, De -

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Sings her joy out light - ly, More clear - ly grows, More soft - ly blows The air, now shin - ing
Bloom - ing, co - lor - iz - ing. There - fore, the heart Will feel the start Of cir - cling Love a -
Hit me, sharp and tear - ing. At first, I fought; Es - cape I sought, My weak re - sis - tance
I am con - se - cra - ted Un - to the bliss With - in the kiss Of her whose fla - vor
vour - ing your per - fec - tion. More pure than wise, Your lips and eyes Aim death in my di -

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bright - ly. The buds will blow; The leaves will grow And fill the for - ests tight - ly.
ris - ing When girls and birds Sing calls and words, To - ge - ther har - mon - iz - ing.
dar - ing. But his the win: I bow a - gain To Ve - nus the un - spar - ing.
sa - ted. No balm - wood tree Nor spice could be To her sweet taste e - qua - ted.
rec - tion. I'll ne - ver give up, Not e - ven if All wo - men maketheir ob - jec - tion.