

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

5
 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 -

10
 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; — Faith — I 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 -

15
 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 the 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 di -
 vour - ing your per - fec - tion. More pure than wise, Your lips and eyes Aim death in — my di -

20
 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 — 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.