

--- On Sun, 4/18/10, John Mason wrote:

From: John Mason
Subject: Carmina words - poop sheet
To: Fred Wulff
Date: Sunday, April 18, 2010, 5:44 PM

Fred –

Attached is something that might help our guys with *In Taverna Quando Sumus*. Bounce it off Mark to make sure he approves.

I pulled the text for this off the Internet, and re-formatted it for use in my folder. Words are our challenge in this piece, and this layout helps me – not least with a font larger than our score, for ease of reading with aging eyesight.

Personally, I do better singing this sort of thing if I have an idea of what the words mean. So I dug in, did a little research, and touched up the on-line translation here and there. My translation is in green – I think I noted all my changes.

My research sources are these. 1) The program Mark prepared for his first ever Carmina, in 1992. 2) The insert from my CD of the Michel Plasson performance, 1995. 3) Cassell's Latin/English dictionary.

I went to that last source cupla wks ago, checking up on myself in re the phrase “tempore brumali.” To me it sounded like “muggy weather.” In modern Spanish, Italian and what have you, “bruma” is fog, haze, or something of that sort – or at least that's how I had always heard it used in European weather reports on TV. But something didn't seem quite right, and when I checked, sure enough my ear was playing tricks on me. Bruma in Latin means winter. (In Latin America “winter” is when it rains and summer is when it's dry. Near the equator you can go from “winter” to “summer” and back again in a single week.) So, after that wakeup call I stuck to my Latin dictionary from then on.

If the attached is of any use, I'm set up to do the same for all of Carmina. But that will take a day or two more.

Let me know at convenience what you and Mark think.

14. In taberna Quando Sumus

In taberna quando sumus
non curamus quid sit humus,
sed ad ludum properamus,
cui semper insudamus.
Quid agatur in taberna
ubi nummus est pincerna,

rR hoc est opus ut queratur,

rR si quid loquar, AUDIatur.

Quidam ludunt, quidam bibunt,
quidam indiscrete vivunt,
Sed in ludo qui morantur,
ex his quidam denudantur
quidam ibi vestiuntur,
quidam saccis indu-untur.

rR Ibi nullus timet mortem

rR sed pro Baccho MITTUNT SORTem:

**Primo pro nummata vini,
ex hac bibunt libertini;**

semel bibunt pro captivis,
post hec bibunt ter pro vivis,
quater pro Christianis cunctis
quinquies pro fidelibus defunctis,

**sexies pro sororibus vanis,
septies pro militibus silvanis.
Octies pro fratribus perversis,
nonies pro monachis dispersis,**

**decies pro navigantibus
undecies pro discordantiibus,
duodecies pro penitentibus
tredecies pro iter agentibus**

(page turn → "Tam pro papa ...")

When we are in the tavern,
we **don't care about turning into** dust,
but we hurry to gamble,
which always makes us sweat.
What happens in the tavern,
where money is host,
you may well ask,
and **you better listen to** what I say.

Some gamble, some drink,
And some behave loosely.
But of those who gamble,
some are stripped bare,
some win their clothes here,
some are dressed in sacks.
Here no-one fears death,
but they **roll** dice in the name of Bacchus.

First for the wine-money
From which the libertines drink,

Two, **drink to** the prisoners,
Then three, **drink to** the living,
Four, for all Christians,
Five, for the faithful dead,

Six, for the loose sisters,
Seven, for the **forest rangers**,
Eight, for the errant brethren,
Nine, for the dispersed monks,

Ten, for the **sailors**,
Eleven, for the **squabblers**,
Twelve, for the penitent,
Thirteen, for the wayfarers.

**Tam pro papa quam pro rege
bibunt omnes sine lege.**

(6 bars)

Bibit hera, bibit herus,
bibit miles, bibit clericus,
bibit ille, bibit illa,
bibit servus cum ancilla,
bibit velox, bibit piger,
bibit albus, bibit niger,
bibit constans, bibit vagus,
bibit rudis, bibit magus.
Bibit pauper et egrotus,
bibit exul et ignotus,
bibit puer, bibit canus,
bibit presul et decanus,
bibit soror, bibit frater,
bibit anus, bibit mater,
bibit ista, bibit ille,
bibunt centum, bibunt mille.

**Parum sexcente-e nummate
durant, cum immoderate**

**bibunt omnes sine meta.
Quamvis bibant mente leta,**

**sic nos rodunt omnes gentes
et sic erimus egestes.
Qui nos rodunt confundantur
et cum iustis non scribantur.**

Yo yo, yo yo, yo yo, yo yo;

~~~~ YO!

Whether to the Pope **or** to the king
They all drink without restraint.

The mistress drinks, the master drinks,
the soldier drinks, the priest drinks,
the man drinks, the woman drinks,
the servant drinks with the maid,
the swift man drinks, the lazy man drinks,
The white man drinks, black man drinks,
The staid man drinks, the drifter drinks,
the hayseed drinks, the magician drinks,
The poor man drinks, the sick man drinks,
the exile drinks, and the stranger,
the boy drinks, the old man drinks,
the bishop drinks, and the deacon,
the sister drinks, the brother drinks,
the old lady drinks, the mother drinks,
this man drinks, that man drinks,
a hundred drink, a thousand drink.

600 coins are too little, if everyone
drinks immoderately.

Everyone drinks without cease
And cheerfully drinks as much as they can

Whereat everyone scolds us,
and thus we are destitute.
Confusion to whoever scolds us
and may their names not be written
alongside the righteous.