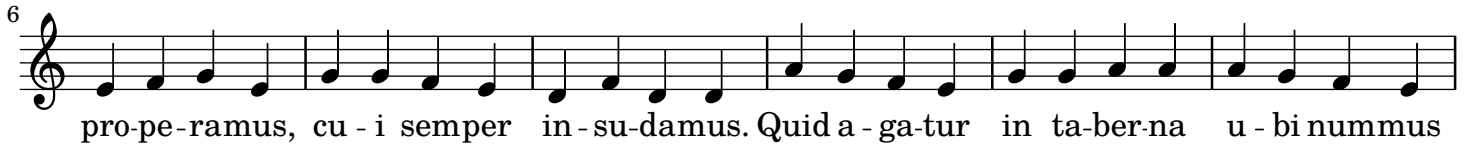


In taberna quando sumus

Codex Buranus, 196. 13th c.



In taberna quando sumus,
 non curamus quid sit humus,
 sed ad ludum properamus,
 cui semper insudamus.
 Quid agatur in taberna
 ubi nummus est pincerna,
 hoc est opus ut queratur,
 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 induuntur.
 Ibi nullus timet mortem
 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 discordantibus,
 duodecies pro penitentibus,
 tredecies pro iter agentibus.
 Tam pro papa quam pro rege
 bibunt omnes sine lege.
Bibit hera, bibit herus,
 bibit miles, bibit clerus,
 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 nummate
 durant, cum immoderate
 bibunt omnes sine meta.
 Quamvis bibant mente leta,
 sic nos rodunt omnes gentes
 et sic erimus egentes.
 Qui nos rodunt confundantur
 et cum iustis non scribantur.
transl. Carol Anne Lagemann
When we're in the tavern drinking,
 Mighty thoughts no one is thinking.
 We run over to the table,
 Betting, sweating, and unstable.
 If you ask me, then you can learn
 Just what happens in the tavern,
 Money hosting, people paying:
 Listen to what I am saying.
Some folks gamble, some are aimless,
 Some are slutty, loud, and shameless.
 Those who lose the coin they gamble
 Exit nakedly to ramble.
 Those who win a few more rounds will
 End up wearing sacks and towels.
 Death forgotten, nothing shocks us,
 Dicing in the name of Bacchus.
First we take the dice and cast them,
 Drunks with wine enough to last them;
 Then drink twice for those in prison;

Drink three times for all the living;
 Four to Christian souls purehearted;
 Five times to the long-departed;
 Six to nuns with loosened habits;
 Seven times to forest bandits.
Eight times drink to priestly lechers;
 Nine to monks who drift at leisure;
 Ten to those who sail the ocean;
 Eleven to those who cause commotions;
 Twelve to those who do their penance;
 Thirteen to rovers and dependants.
 Pope and King in acclamation
 Toast with all immoderation.
Drinks the mistress, drinks the master
 Drinks the guard, the cleric faster,
 Drinks he, drinks she, free and fervent
 Drinks the maid beside the servant,
 Drinks the worker, drinks the sluggard
 Drinks white, black, and every color,
 Drinks the constant, drinks the fickle,
 Drinks the learned and the simple.
Drinks the poor, the sick in danger,
 Drinks the exile, drinks the stranger,
 Drinks the child and drinks the elder,
 Drinks the prelate and his helper,
 Drinks the sister, drinks the brother,
 Drinks the grandma, drinks the mother
 Drinks this one and that, carousing,
 Drink by hundreds, drink by thousands.
All our coin in dissipation
 Spent where with immoderation
 All are drinking without measure,
 But our drinking brings us pleasure.
 Everybody scolds us bluntly,
 And we're always short of money.
 Sober critics who won't buy in:
 They can suck it. No one likes them!