Please note that not all pages are included. This is purposely done in order to protect our property and the work of our esteemed composers.

CANTATA RUSTICA

Text source: Anonymous Medieval manuscripts from the Benedictbeuern Abbey in Austria, Carmina Burana collection, translated by Hellen Waddell, and re-translated by the composer.

1 ECCE CHORUS (Behold the maiden chorus)

Ecce, chorus virginum, tempore vernali,
dum solis incendium radios equali
moderatur ordine, iubilo semoto
fronde pausa tilie Cypridis in voto!

In Springtime the maidens dance,
with Aprils light their guide. Give
pause to your piping. Let us with
Linden branches give alms to beautys altar.

Cypridis in voto!
Fronde pausa tilie
Cypridis in voto!

Let us with linden branches
give alms to beautys altar!

In hac valle florida floreus, fragratus,
intra septa lilia locus purpuratus.
Dum garritus merule dulciter alludit.
Philomena carmine dulcia concludit.

There is a florid and sweet smelling
path in this bright valley where one
can hear the chirping of birds and
see the lilies bloom.

Cypridis in voto! . . . . .

Let us . . . . .

Acies virginea redimita flore;
quis enerret talia, quantoque decore
prenitent ad libitum Veneris occulta!
Dido necis meritum proferat inulta.

With flower spangled garments the
maidens come to join us. Let us forget the sorrows of the past and happily discover the secrets that love
might have in store.

Cypridis in voto! . . . . .

Let us . . . . .

2 MUSA VENIT CARMINE (The muse comes singing)

Musa venit carmine, dulci modulamine:
pariter cantemus, ecce virent omnia,
prata, rus et nemus, mane garrit alaudula,
lupilulat cornicula, iubente natura
philomena queritur antiqua de iactura.

With a song, the young singer comes
to us. Let us all sing together,
and enjoy the beautiful wooded forest where the lark and rook still
chant their plaintive song.

Hirundo iam finsat, cignus dulce trinsat
memorando fata, cuculat et cuculus
per nemora vernata.

The cuckoo beckons us from his
wooded hill, as the swallow chirps
her tune and the swans remember
sorrows past.

Pulchre canunt volucres. Nitet terre facies
vario colore,
et in partum solvitur redolens odore.

Sweetly sing the birds as the
earth shines forth its varied
colors and the air is fragrant
over all.

Late pandit tilia, frondes, ramos, folia,
thymus est sub ea,
viridi cum gramine, in quo fit chorea.

Full grows the foliage under our
feet; colored with newness. Water
murmurs past the dancers on the green.

Patet et in gramine iocundo rivus murmure.
Locus est festivus,
ventus cum temperie susurrat tempestivus.

Oh how festive is this place! Softly blows the wind of Spring gracefully through this open space.

3 AMOR IMPROBUS (Deceitful love)

Nobilis, mei miserere precor,
tua facies ensis est quo necor,
nam medullitus amat meum te cor,
subveni!

Noble one, I beg thee take pity on
me. I have loved thee from the
deapths of my heart, yet, by thy
glance, sharp as a sword, am I slain.
Save me!

(SEE LAST PAGE)

Amor improbus
omnia superat,
subveni!

Love the deceitful one,
Love the all-ruling one,
Save me!

Come sperulas tue eliciunt
cordi sedulas, flammas adjiciunt,
hebet animus, vires deficiunt:
subveni!

Like tangled hair has my heart
become. My very soul doth weaken.
The flame leaps up to take my
strength, and all from me is flow-
ing. Save me!

Amor improbus . . . . .

Love the deceitful one . . . . .

Odor roseus spirat a labiis;
speciosior pre cunctis filiis,
melle dulcior, pulchrior liliis,
subveni!

Thy lips do breathe the scent of
roses. Lovelier art thou than
all others: whiter than the lilly,
and sweeter than honey. Save me!

Amor improbus . . . . .

Love the deceitful one . . . . .

Decor prevalet candori etheris;
ad pretorium presentor Veneris;
ecce pereo, si non subveneris;

Behold, I shall perish if thou
dost not come to me as I await thee at
the temple of Venus. Save me!

Amor improbus . . . . .

Love the deceitful one . . . . .

4 GAUDE VALLIS INSIGNITA (Unique and joyous valley)

Gaude vallis insignita, vallis rosis redimita,
vallis flos convallium, inter valles vallis una,
quam collaudat sol et luna, dulcis cantus avium,
quam collaudat philomena. Nam quam dulcis et amena
mestis dans solatium!

O thou valley, framed with roses
ever blooming, ever clinbing; may
thy happiness never vanish. Thou
art the fairest valley of valleys.
See how softly the sun falls upon
thee, and gently also the moon.
O thou valley, may the sad of heart
find consolation in thy beauty.

5 ANDECAVIS ABBAS (The abbot of Angers)

Andecavis abbas esse dicitur
ille nomen primi tenet hominum;
hunc fatentur vinum vellet bibere
super omnes Andecavis homines.

There once was an abbot of Angers
who went by the name of the first
man ever. He could, it is said, out-
drink any man in that village.

Eia, eia, eia laudes
Eia laudes dicamus Libero.

Eia, eia, eia sing we
Let us sing to liberty.

Iste malet vinum omne tempore
quem nec dies nox nec ulla preterit
quod non vino saturatus titubet,
velut arbor agitata flatibus.

No season or time was he without his
wine. Each night would find him soaked
and swaying like a tree in the wind.

Eia, eia, eia laudes . . . . .

Eia, eia, eia sing we . . . . .

Iste gerit corpus imputribile
vinum totum conditum ut alove
et ut mire corium conficitur
cutis eius nunc cum vino tingitur.

Yet his body seemed indestructable,
his skin deep-hued with wine, as hides
are tanned with myrrh, and drinks are
bitterly spiced.

Eia, eia, eia laudes . . . . .

Eia, eia, eia sing we . . . . .

Ista cupa non curat calicem
vinum bonum bibere suaviter,
sed patellis atque magnis cacabis
et in eis ultra modum grandibus.

Nor did he prefer the delicate cup
from which to drink his evening meal.
For him, no goblet big enough; bring
on the biggest pots and pans!

Eia, eia, eia laudes . . . . .

Eia, eia, eia sing we . . . . .

Hunc perperdit Andecavis civitas,
nullum talem utrra sibi sociat,
qui sic semper vinum possit sorbere;
cuius facta, cives, vobis pingite!

Mark him well ye men of Angers, for if
and when he leaves you, never again
will there be seen such a stream of
steady drinking!

CP 37

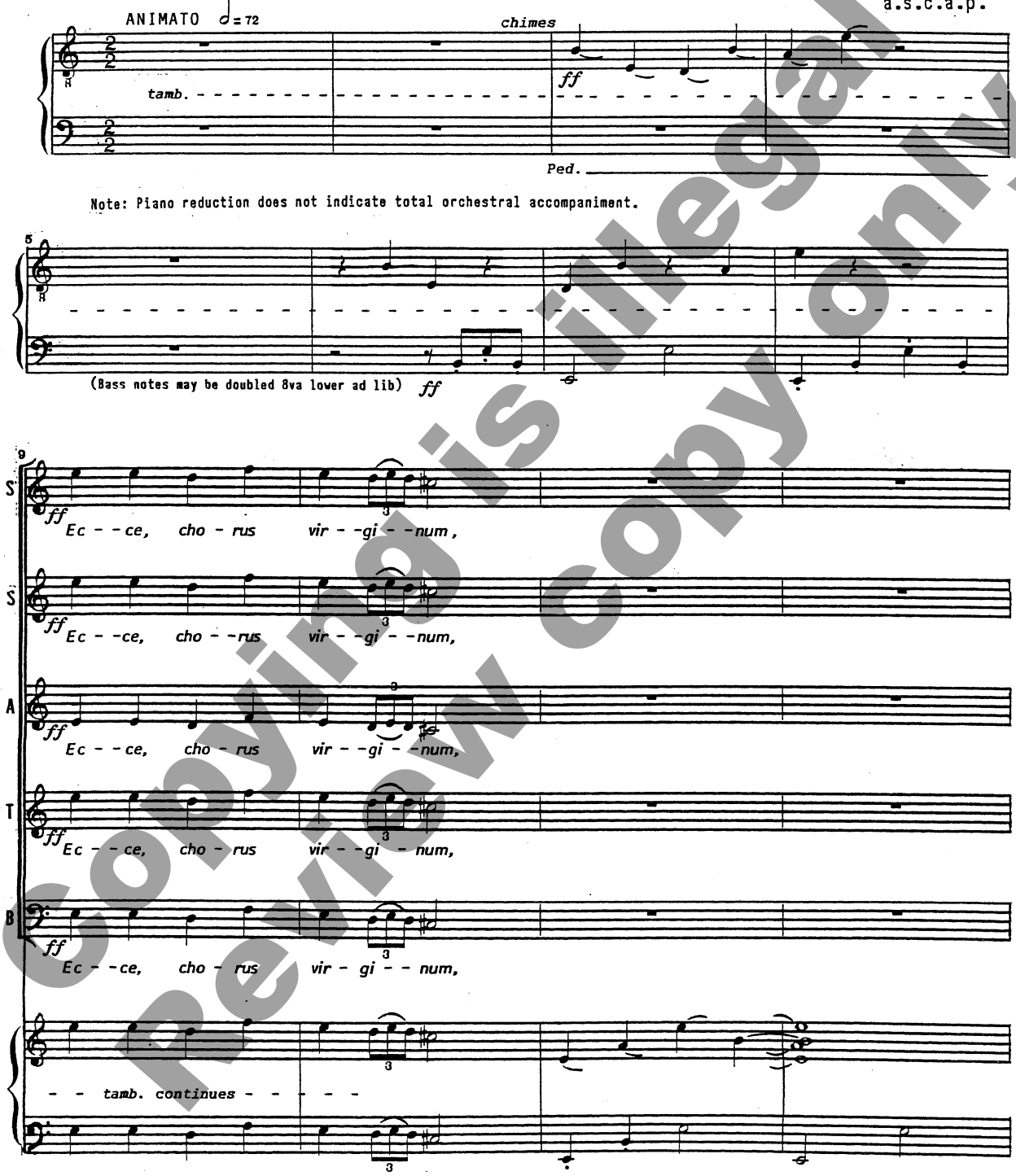
CANTATA RUSTICA

FOR FIVE PART MIXED CHORUS, STRINGS, & PERCUSSION

NOTE: Alternate movement order=
I,II,III,V,IV,I (20 min.)

1 ECCE CHORUS

JOHN BIGGS
a.s.c.a.p.



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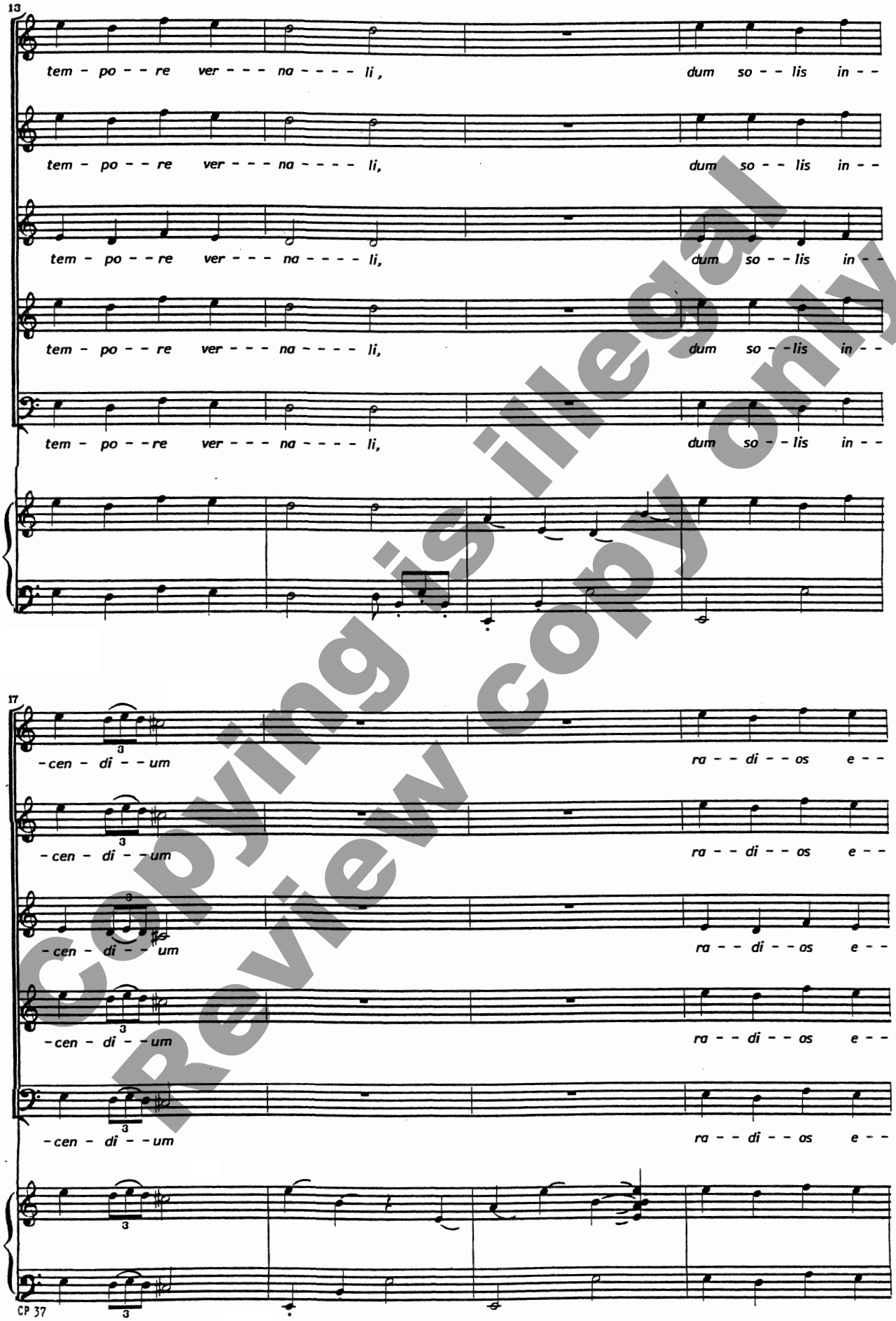
I



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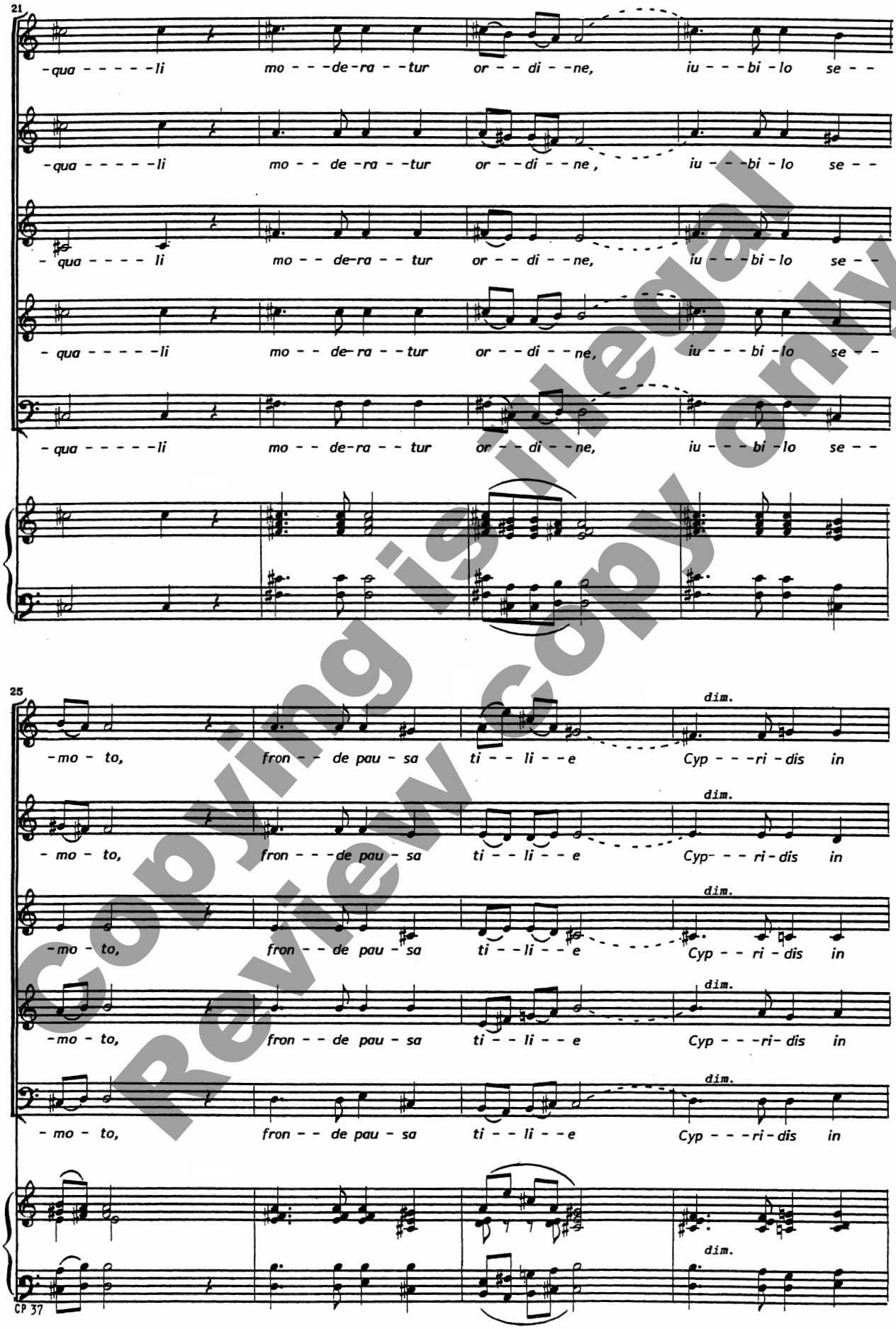

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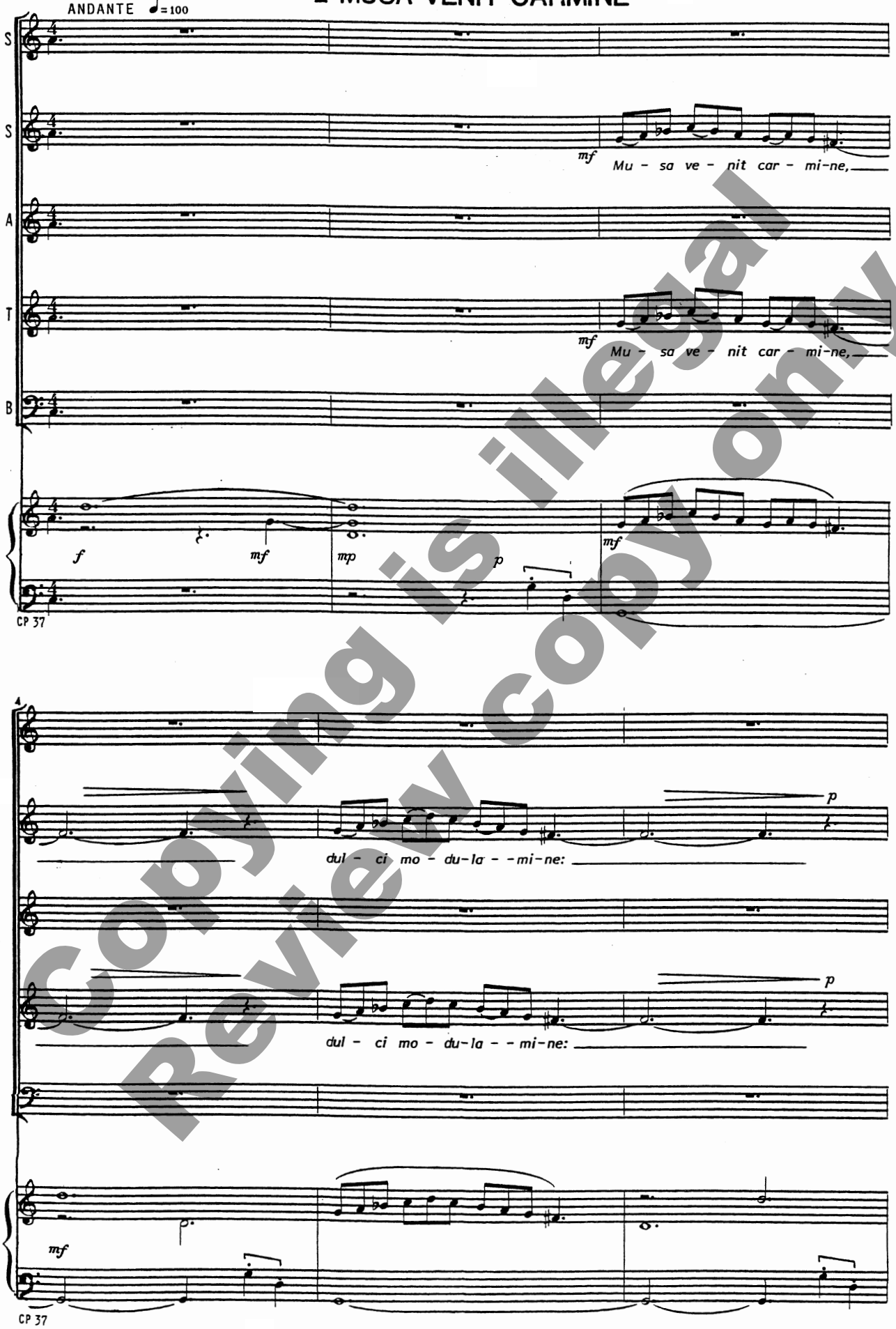
2 MUSA VENIT CARMINE



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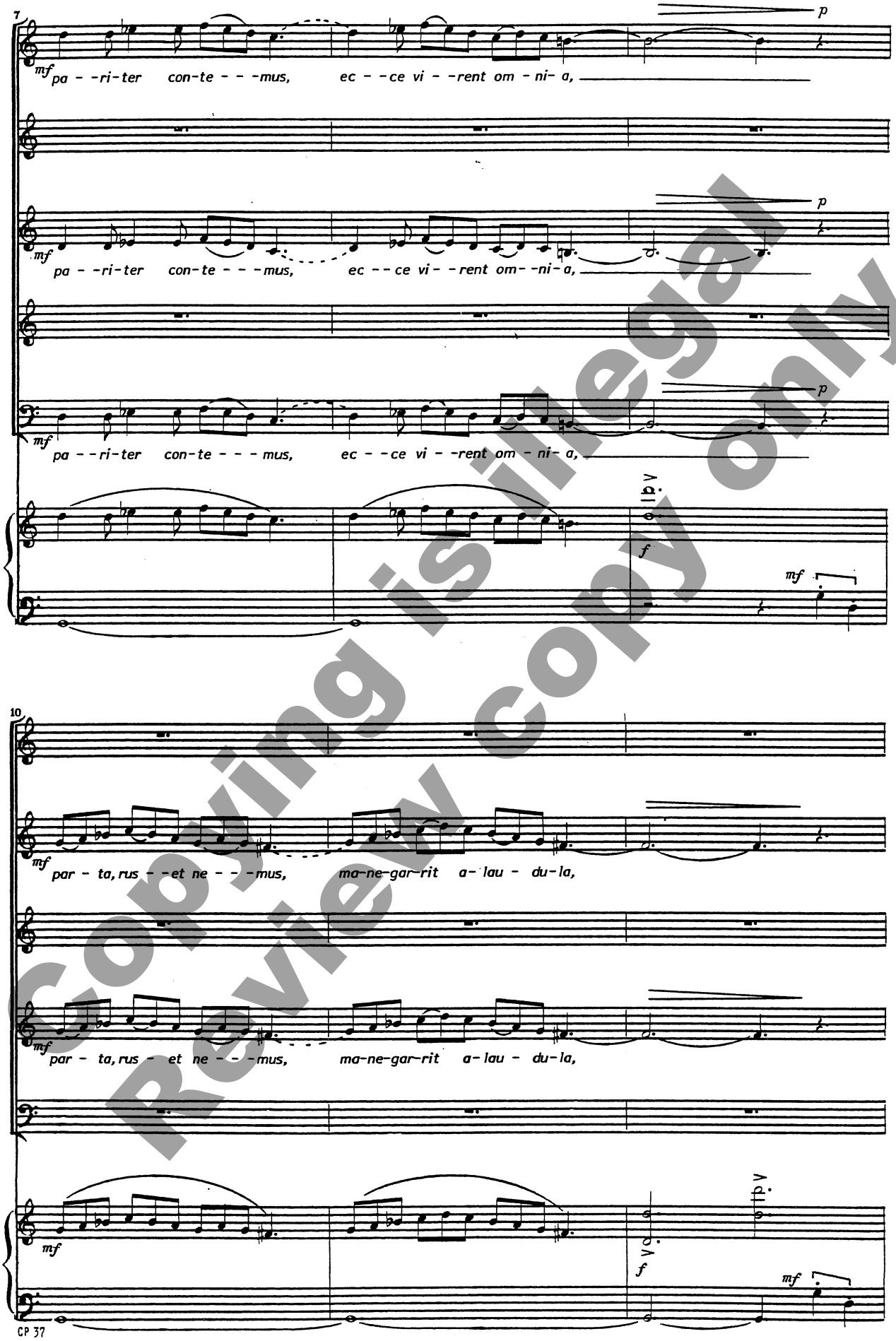

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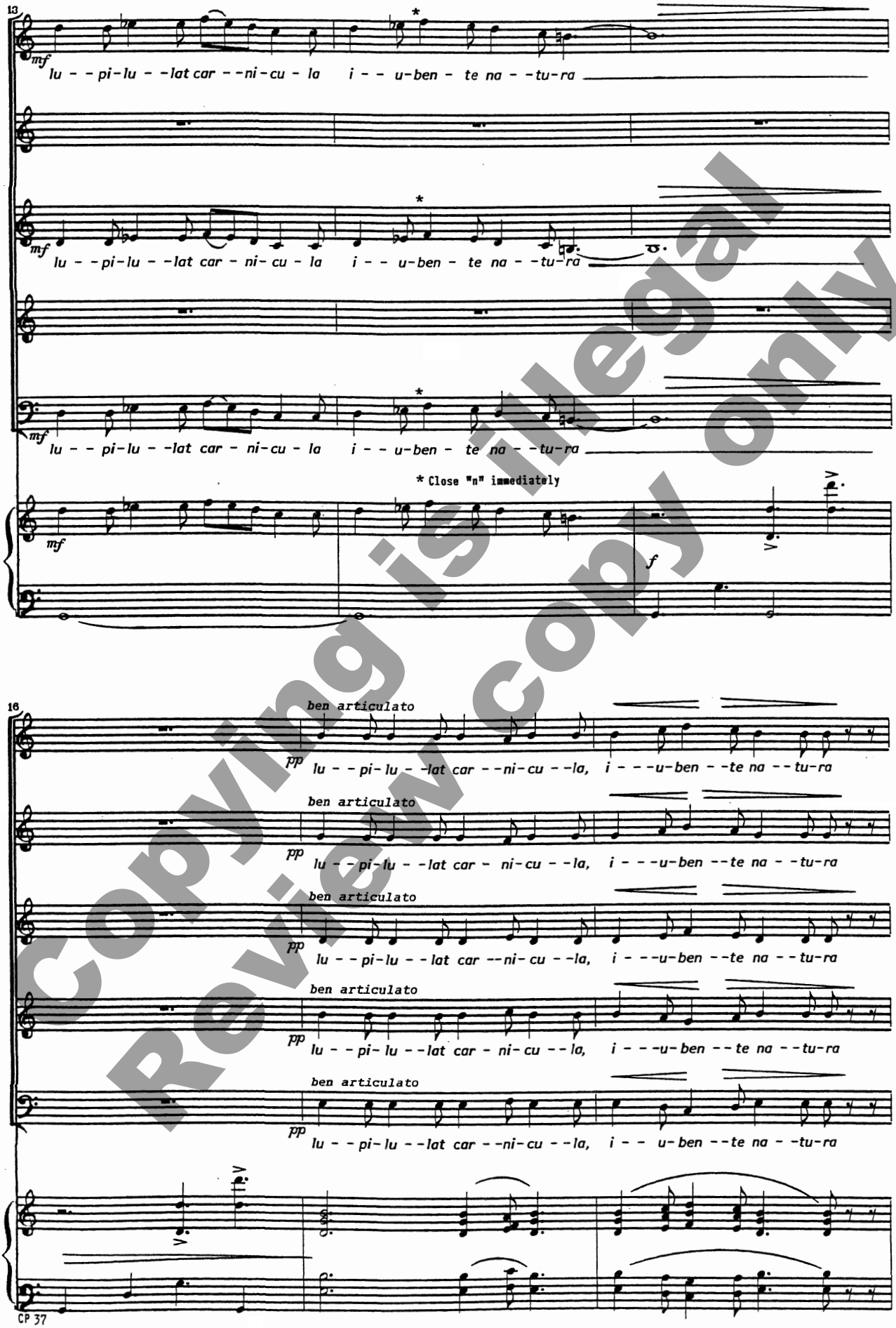

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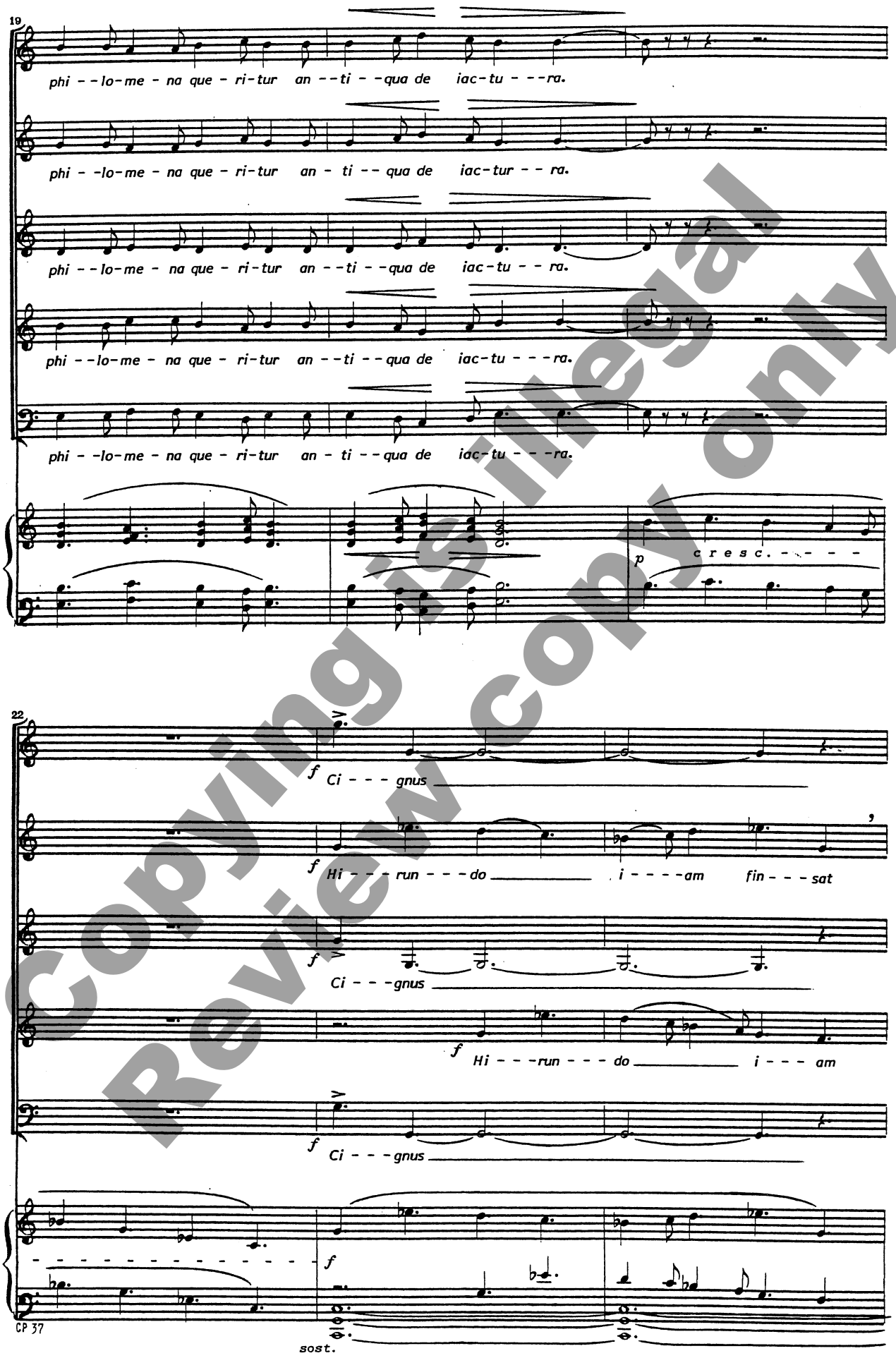

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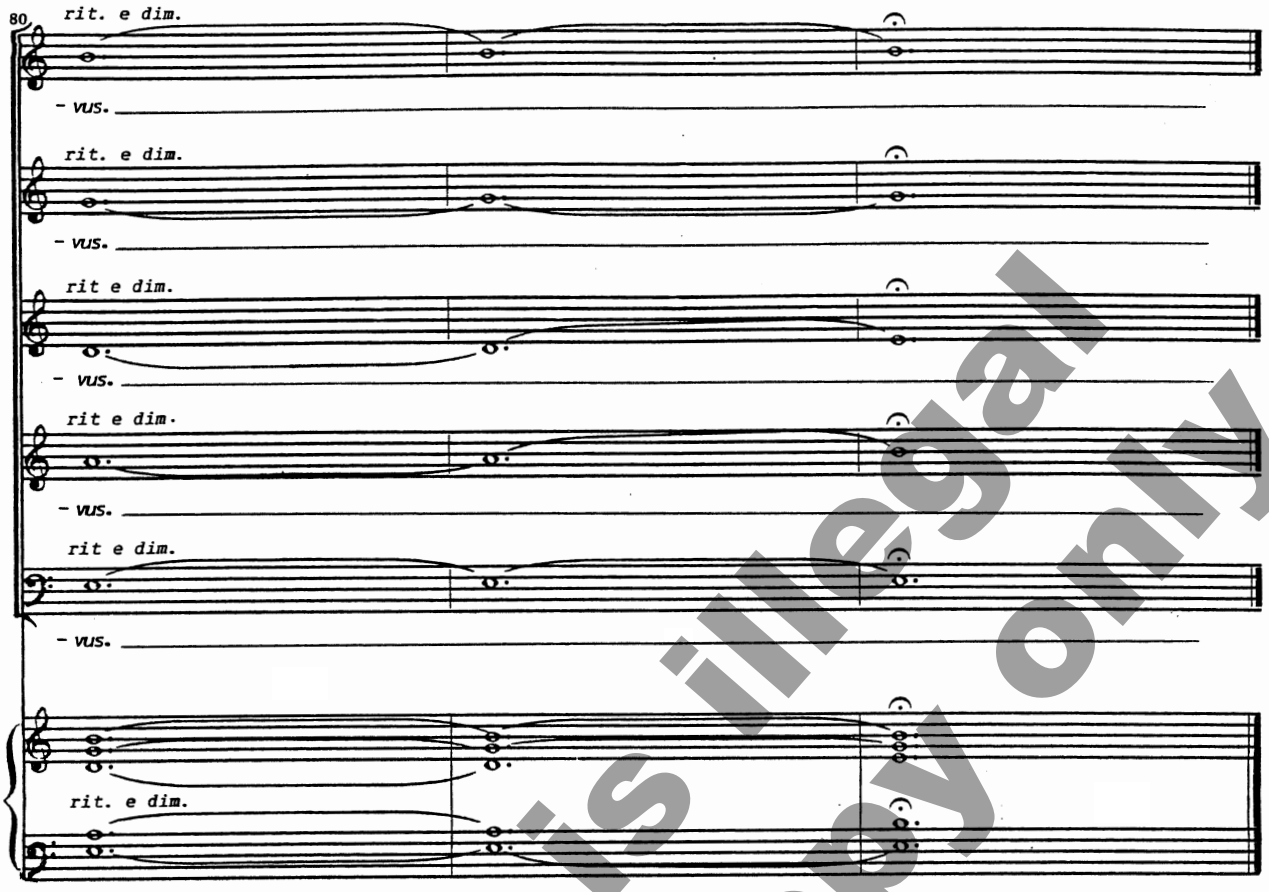
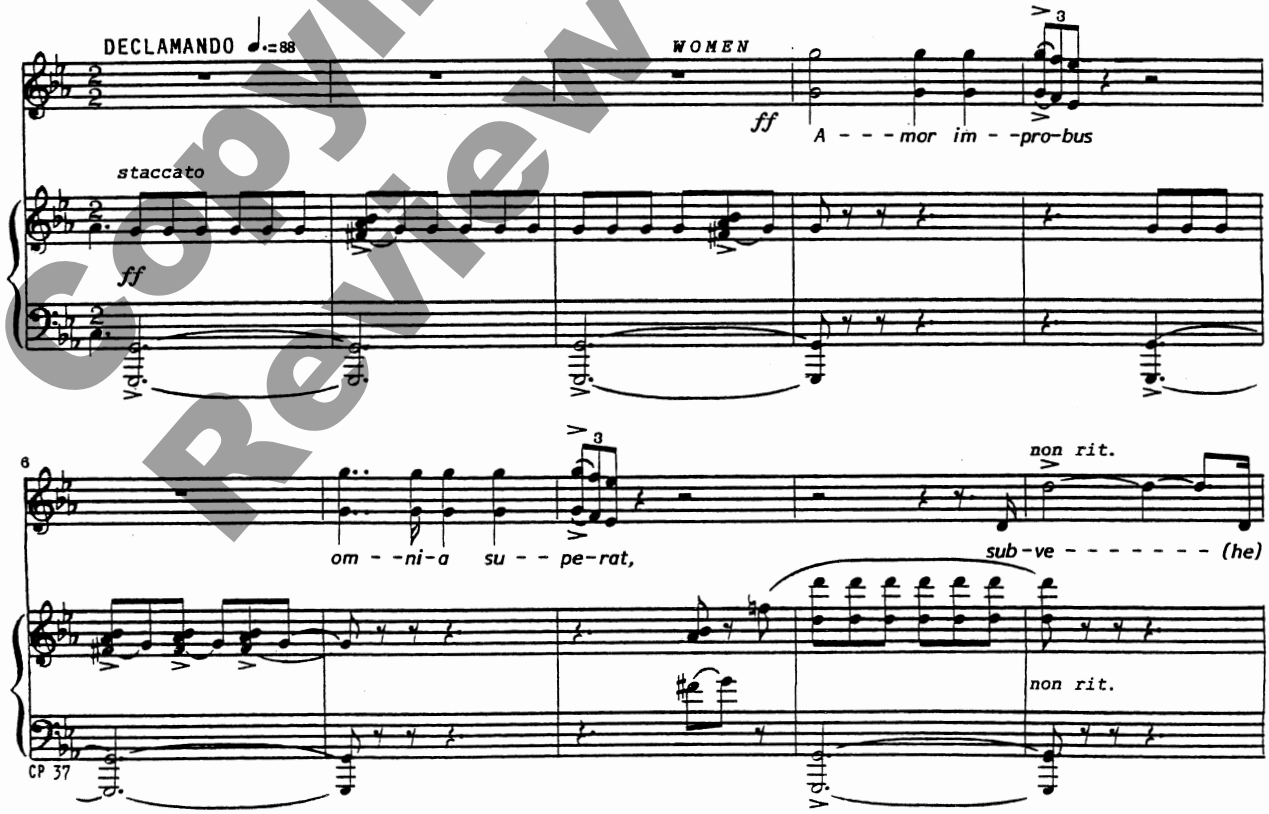


3 AMOR IMPROBUS



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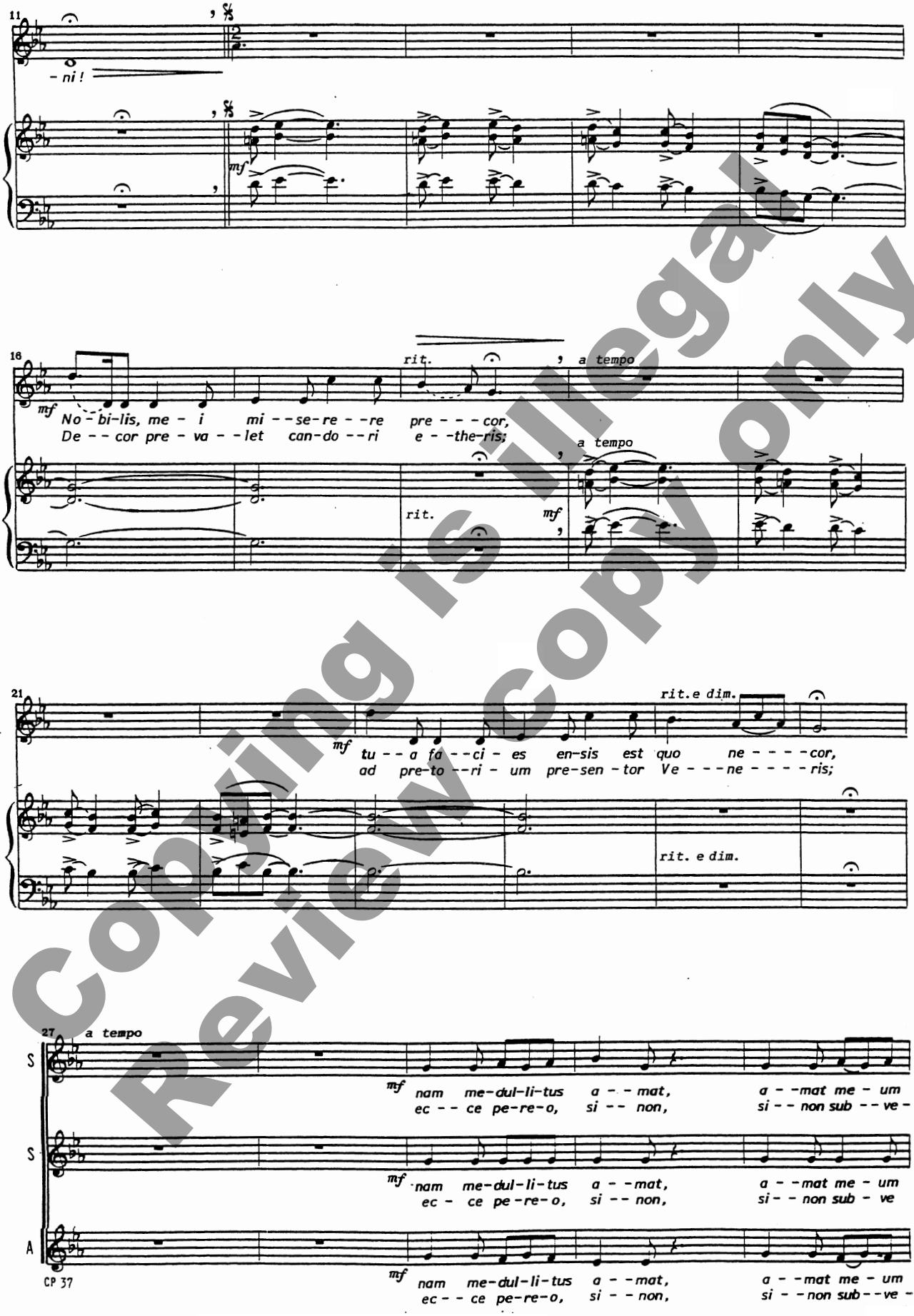

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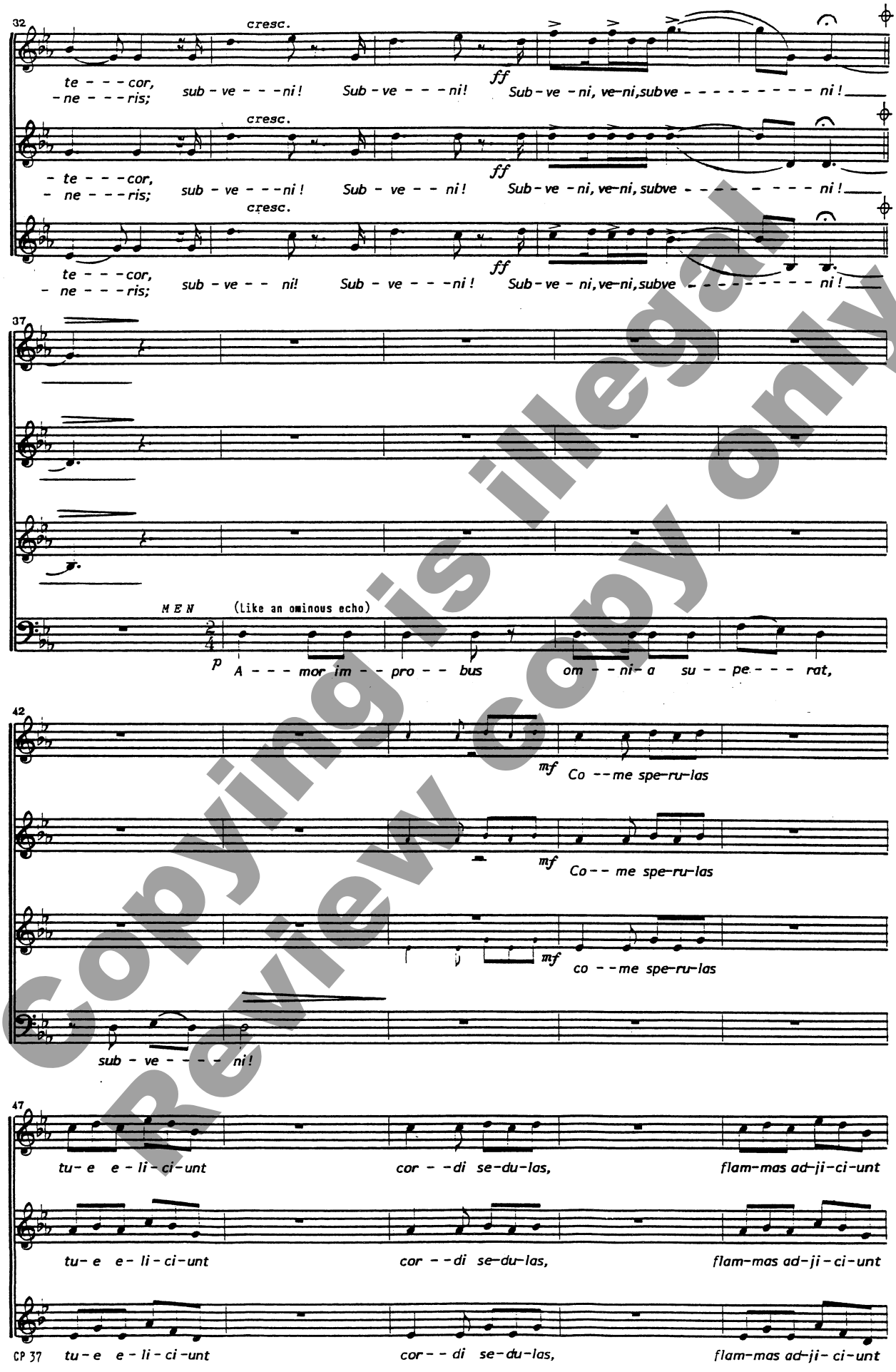

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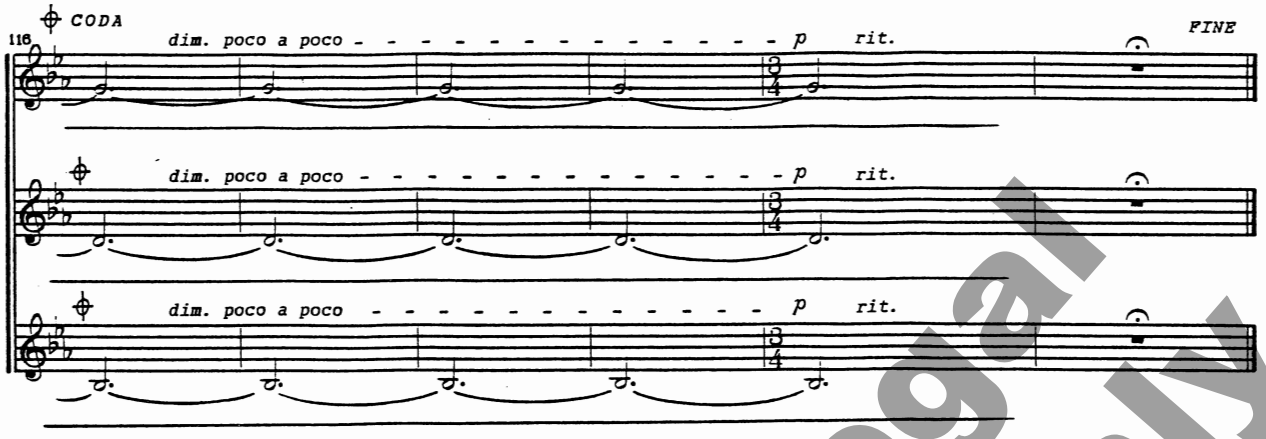
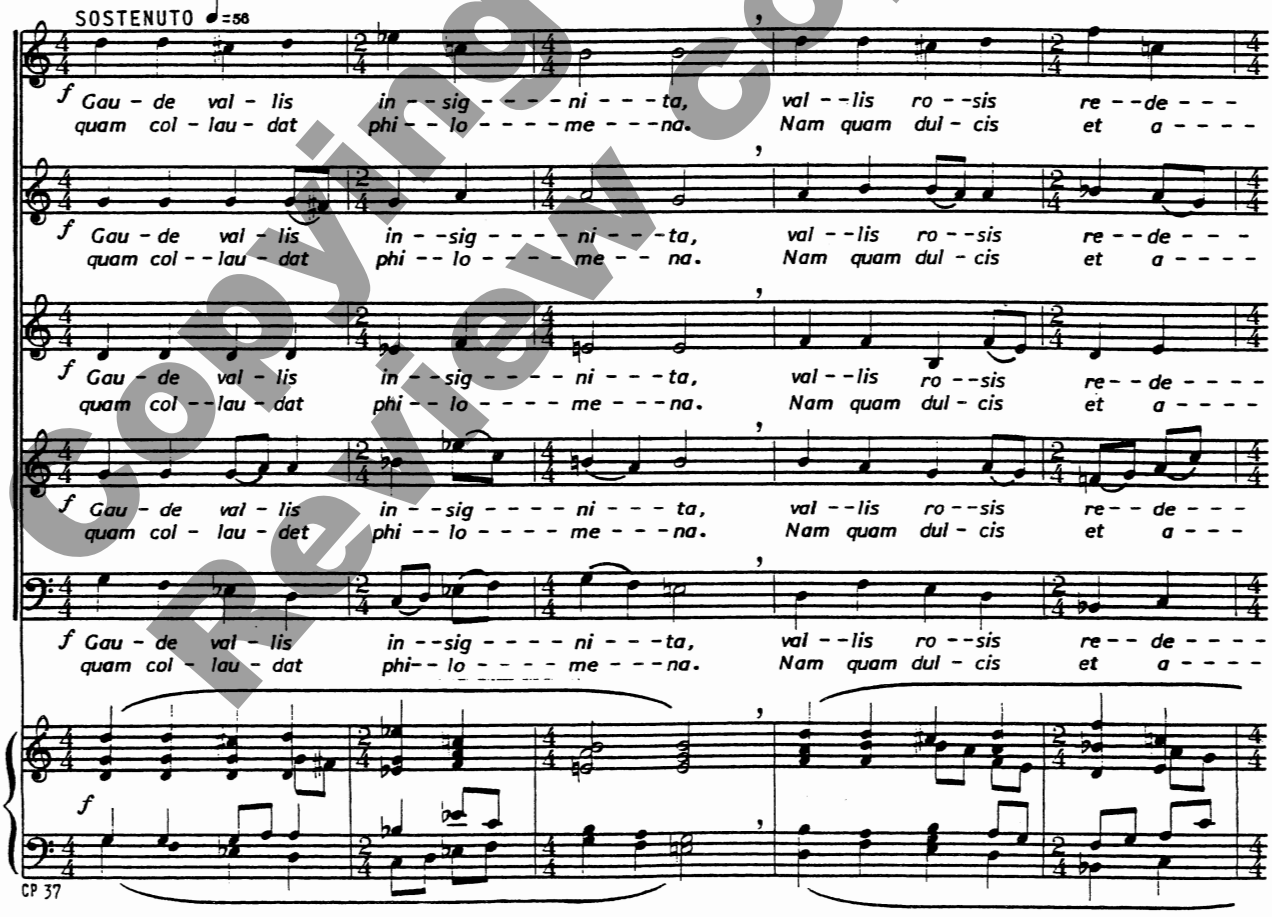


4 GAUDE VALLIS



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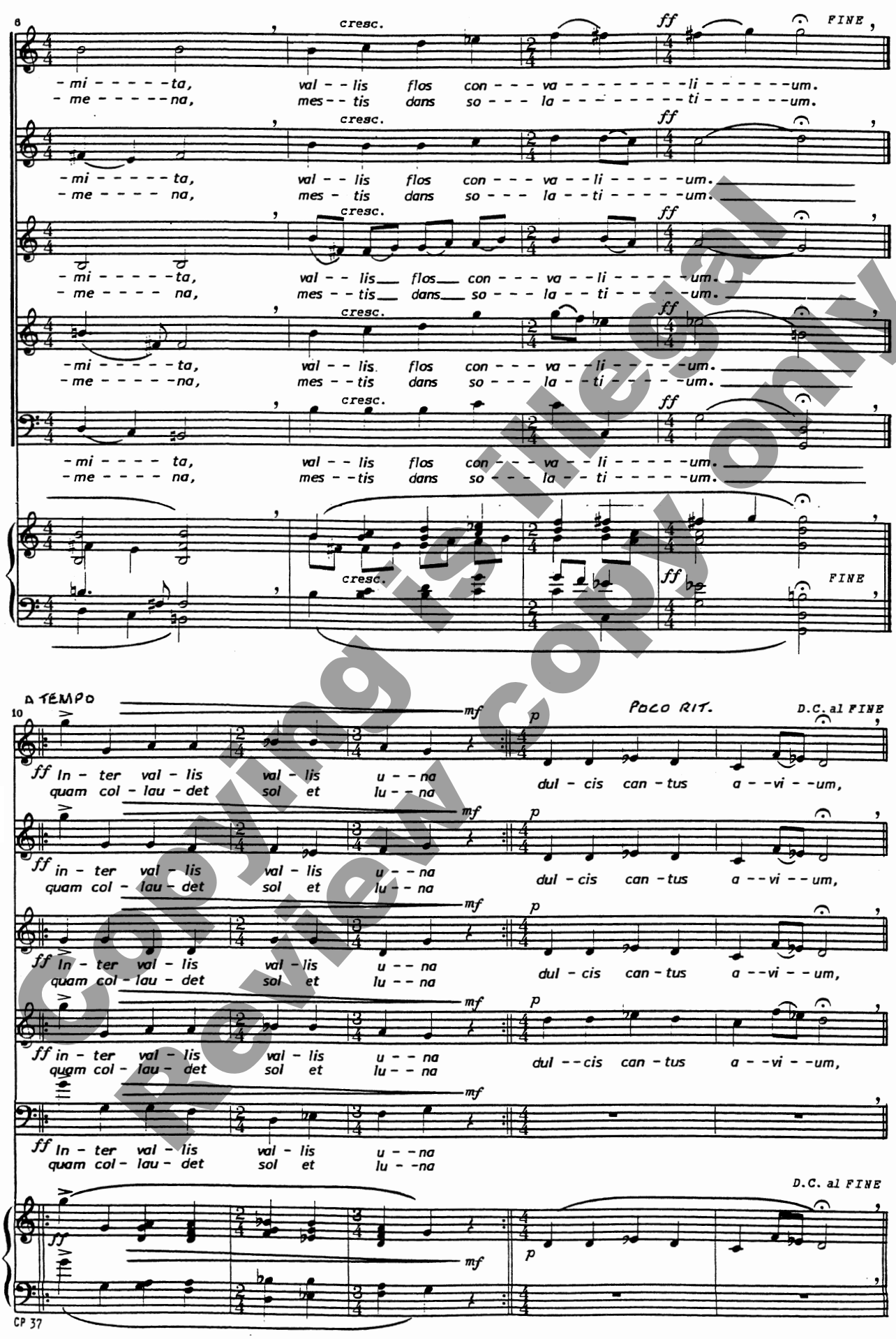

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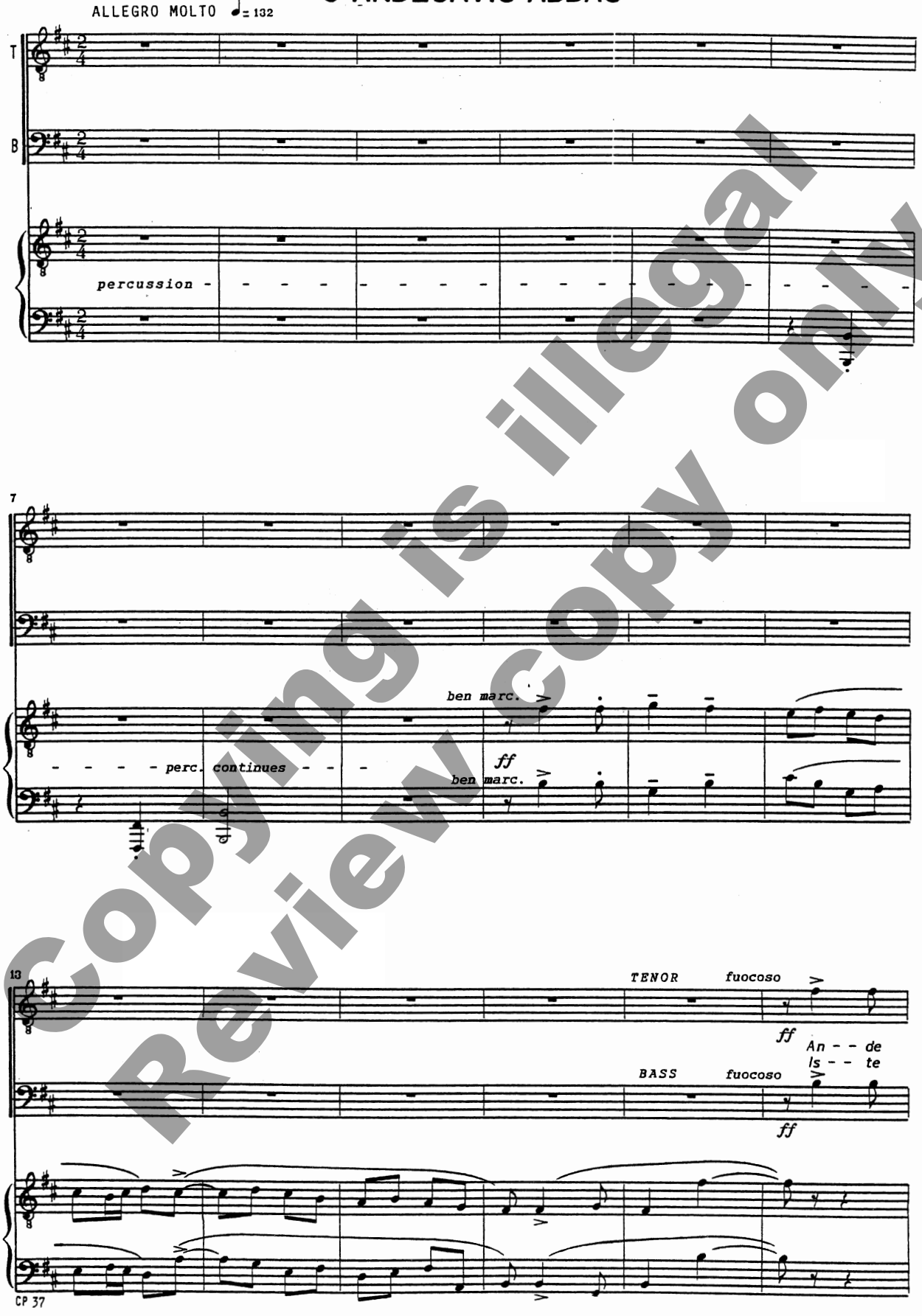
5 ANDECAVIS ABBAS



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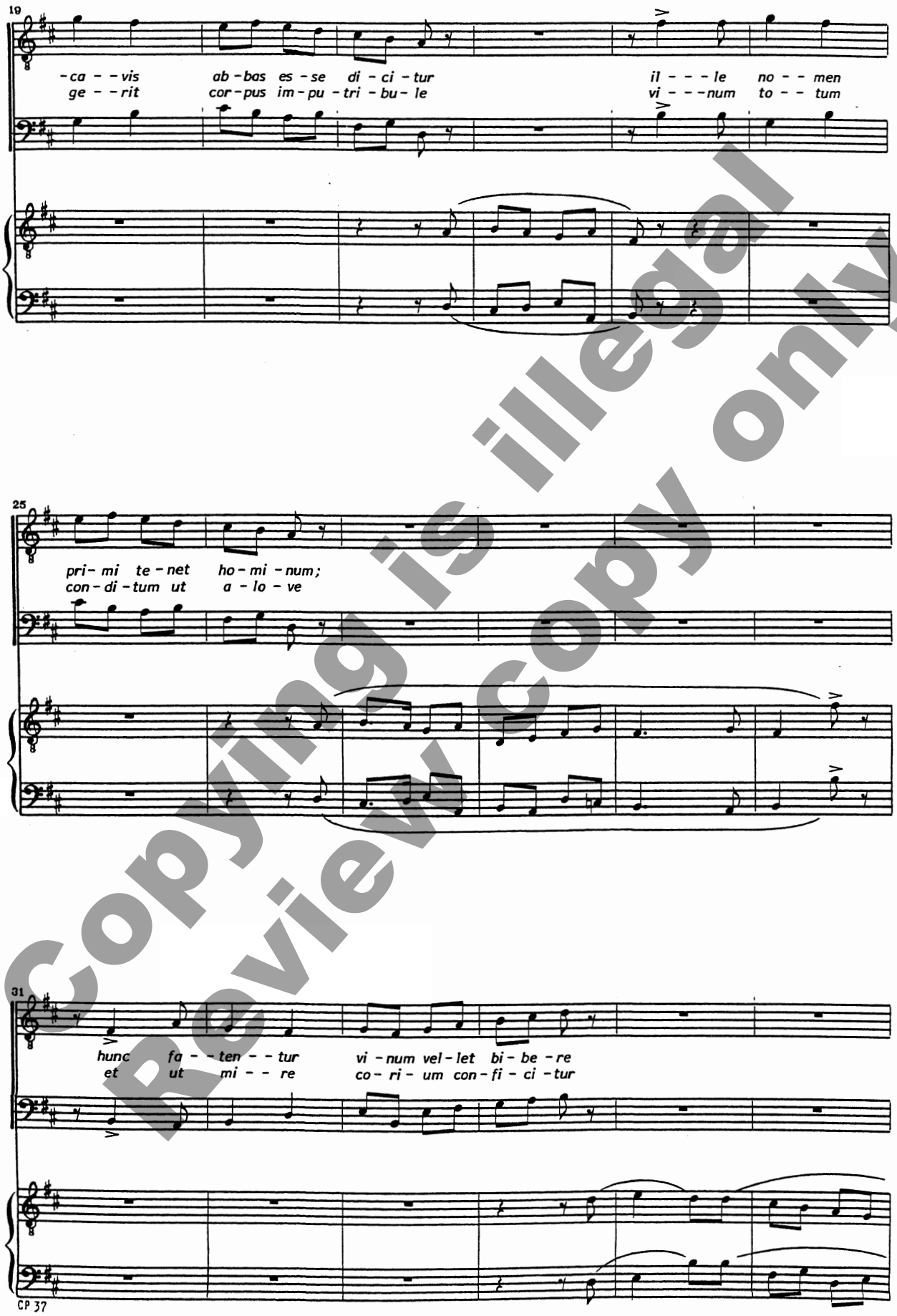

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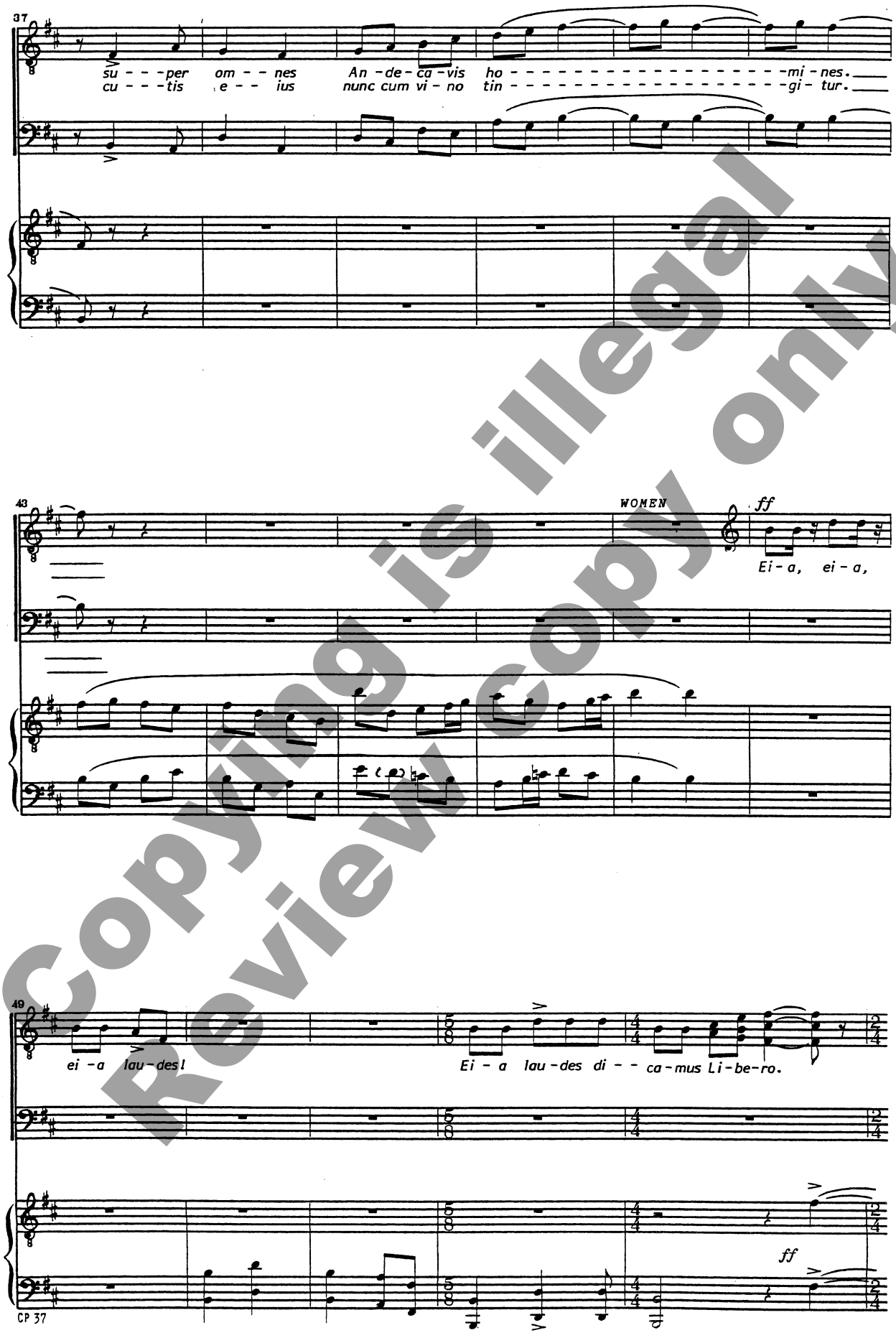

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