To the men of Zephyr

Ave Vini Clari!



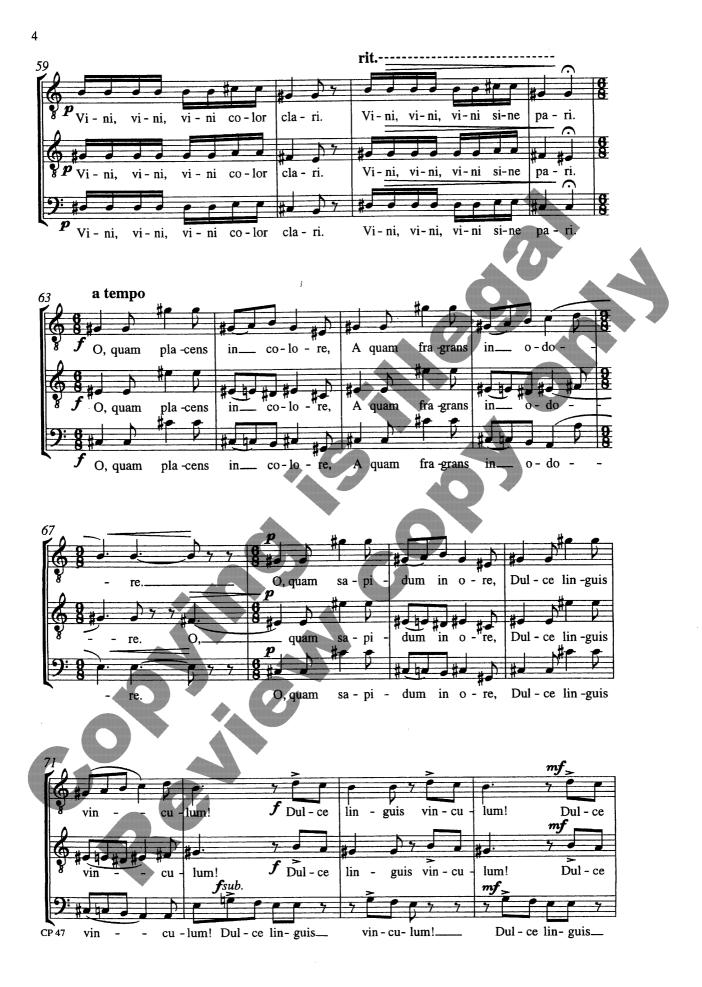
CP 47

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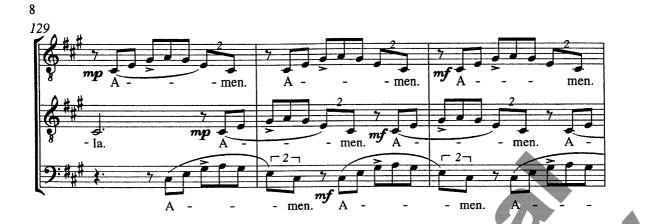


















Renaissance drinking song by Juan Ponce (c. 1492)

Ave, color vini ĉlari, Ave, sapor sine pari, Tua nos inebriari, Digneris potencia. 0, quam felix creatura! Quam perduxit vitis pura, Omnis mensa sit secura . In tua presencia. O quam placens in colore, A quam fragrans in odore, O quam sapidum inore, Dulce linguis vinculum! Felix venter quem intrabis, Felix gutur quod rigabis, O, felix os quod lababis, O, beata labia. Ergo vinum colaudemus, Potatores exaltemus, Non potantes confundemus In eterna secula. Атеп.

English translation by Rhoda Newton

Hail to wine so bright, so clear. Hail to the taste that has no peer, Thou hast power to inebriate.

What happy creation!
What an aid to imagination.
Every table, if it boasts of thee,
More secure then shall it be.
O, how pleasing is thy color,
O, how fragrant is thine odor,
Aye, how flavorful is thy taste,
O, how fragrant is thine odor,
Sweet upon the tongue it stays!
Then, how happy for digesting,
Happy throat and lips receive thee,

Therefore, wine, we give thee praise, We shall praise thee all our days, Those who'll have naught to do with thee, Let them e'er confounded be.

Amen.