

An Anthology of Ancient and Medieval Woman's Song

Edited by Anne L. Klinck (Palgrave, 2004)

Anonymous

Huc usque, me miseram (*Carmina Burana 126*)—"Until now, poor wretched me"

Lament of a pregnant girl; there is a casual tone to the description of her humiliation that may imply the attitude of a male poet and audience. But her wretchedness and suffering are inescapable.

I	Huc usque, me miseram! rem bene celaveram et amavi callide.	Until now, poor wretched me, I'd concealed things well, and loved cunningly.
II 5	Res mea tandem patuit, nam venter intumuit, partus instat gravide.	Finally, my secret's out, for my belly's swollen up, showing I'm pregnant and soon due.
III	Hinc mater me verberat, hinc pater improperat, ambo tractant aspere.	On one side my mother beats me, on the other my father yells at me, both of them are hard on me.
IV 10	Sola domi sedeo, egredi non audeo nec inpalam ludere.	All alone I sit at home; I daren't go out and amuse myself in public.
V 15	Cum foris egredior, a cunctis inspicio, quasi monstrum fuerim.	If I go outdoors, everybody looks at me as if I were a monster.
VI	Cum vident hunc uterum, alter pulsat alterum, silent, dum transierim.	When they see my belly, one pokes the other, and they're silent till I've gone past.
VII 20	Semper pulsant cubito, me designant digito, ac si mirum fecerim.	People always nudge each other, point at me with a finger as if I'd performed a marvel;

VIII	Nutibus me indicant, dignam rogo iudicant, quod semel peccaverim.	Criticize me with nodding heads, think I should be burnt on the pyre, just because I've sinned once.
IX 25	Quid percurram singula? ego sum in fabulo et in ore omnium.	Why should I tell each little thing? I'm the subject of a story; I'm in everybody's mouth.
X 30	Ex eo vim patior, iam dolore morior, semper sum in lacrimis.	Because of him I suffer this abuse. I'm so miserable I'm dying. I'm always in tears.
XI	Hoc dolorem cumulat, quod amicus exulat propter illud paululum.	And this adds to my troubles, that my lover's gone off because of that trifle.
XII 35	Ob patris sevitiā recessit in Franciam a finibus ultimis.	On account of his father's rage, he's taken off to France right out of the country.
XIII	Sum in tristitia de eius absentia in doloris cumulum.	I'm lonesome because of his absence. What a pile of trouble I've had!

Provenance: South Germany or Austria, early thirteenth century.

Meter: Three-line stanzas. The first two lines rhyme together; the final line has a separate rhyme scheme and links the stanzas.

Macaronic (Bilingual)

Anonymous

Floret silva nobilis (Carmina Burana 149)—“*The fine wood is blooming*”

Another spring song. As in CC 40, the burgeoning of spring prompts feelings of love-longing. It is not clear whether the Latin stanza gave rise to the German or vice-versa. Compare this poem with CB 174A, *Chume, chume, geselle min*, later.

I	Floret silva nobilis floribus et foliis. ubi est antiquus meus amicus?	The fine wood is blooming with flowers and leaves. Where is he who used to be my lover?
5	hinc equitavit! eia! quis me amabit? Floret silva undique; nah mime gesellen ist mir we!	He has ridden away! Alas, who will love me? The wood is in bloom everywhere; for my lover my heart is sore.
II 10	Grünet der walt allenthalben. wa ist min geselle also lange? der ist geriten hinnen. owi! wer sol mich minnen? Floret silva undique; nah mime gesellen ist mir we!	The wood grows green on every side. Where then is my lover of old? He has ridden away! Alas, who will love me? The wood is in bloom everywhere; for my lover my heart is sore.