

Mediaeval Baebes

"Return Of The Birds"

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Laetabundus rediit
avium concentus,
ver iocundum prodiit,
gaudeat iuventus,
nova ferens gaudia;
modo vernant omnia,
Phoebus serenatur,
redolens temperiem,
novo flore faciem
Flora renovatur.
Aestivant nunc Dryades,
colle sub umbroso
prodeunt Oreades,
coetu glorioso,
Satyrorum concio
psallit cum tripudio
Tempe per amoena,
his alludens concinit,
cum iocundi meminit
veris, philomena.
Applaudamus igitur
rerum novitati.
felix qui diligitur
voti compos grati,
dono laetus Veneris,

cuius ara teneris
floribus ordorat.
miser e contrario
qui sublato brabio
sine spe laborat

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

The wandering birdsong choir
is returning joyfully home
spring makes her gleeful entrance
all that is young rejoices
at the fresh delight she brings
all at once all is green
sunny Phoebus smiles serenely

the air smells sweet
and temperate
the landscape blooms anew
Flora's been restored to life.
Now the Dryads can
spend summer
cavorting in the shade
where the Oreads
show themselves
all greeting each other splendidly
a string band of Satyrs
zithers away, hooves stomping
delighted, the Tempe valley
joins in with the festivities
alight with newly-remembered joy
it's all true, nightingale.
Let's show our appreciation,
then at the newness of all things
happy be he who is chosen
his wish will be
graciously granted
offer joyful thanks to Venus
let her altar be bedecked
most reverently with flowers
wretched be he, however,
who deems himself
above such things
for he will certainly
strive in vain

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