

Orff Carl

"Ii In The Tavern"

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11. Burning inside

Burning inside

with violent anger,

bitterly

I speak to my heart:

created from matter,

of the ashes of the elements,

I am like a leaf

played with by the winds.

If it is the way

of the wise man

to build

foundations on stone,

the I am a fool, like

a flowing stream,

which in its course

never changes.

I am carried along

like a ship without a steersman,

and in the paths of the air

like a light, hovering bird;

chains cannot hold me,
keys cannot imprison me,
I look for people like me
and join the wretches.
The heaviness of my heart
seems like a burden to me;
it is pleasant to joke
and sweeter than honeycomb;
whatever Venus commands
is a sweet duty,
she never dwells
in a lazy heart.

I travel the broad path
as is the way of youth,
I give myself to vice,
unmindful of virtue,
I am eager for the pleasures of the flesh
more than for salvation,
my soul is dead,
so I shall look after the flesh.

12. Once I lived on lakes
/The roasted swan sings:/
Once I lived on lakes,
once I looked beautiful
when I was a swan.

Misery me!

Now black

and roasting fiercely!

The servant is turning me on the spit;

I am burning fiercely on the pyre:

the steward now serves me up.

Misery me!

Now black

and roasting fiercely!

Now I lie on a plate,

and cannot fly anymore,

I see bared teeth:

Misery me!

Now black

and roasting fiercely!

13. I am the abbot

I am the abbot of Cockaigne

and my assembly is one of drinkers,

and I wish to be in the order of Decius,

and whoever searches me out at the tavern in the morning,

after Vespers he will leave naked,

and thus stripped of his clothes he will call out:

Woe! Woe!

what have you done, vilest Fate?

the joys of my life

you have taken all away!

Haha!

14. When we are in the tavern

When we are in the tavern,
we do not think how we will go to dust,
but we hurry to gamble,
which always makes us sweat.
What happens in the tavern,
where money is host,
you may well ask,
and hear what I say.

Some gamble, some drink,
some behave loosely.

But of those who gamble,
some are stripped bare,
some win their clothes here,
some are dressed in sacks.

Here no-one fears death,
but they throw the dice in the name of Bacchus.

First of all it is to the wine-merchant
the the libertines drink,
one for the prisoners,
three for the living,
four for all Christians,
five for the faithful dead,
six for the loose sisters,

seven for the footpads in the wood,

Eight for the errant brethren,

nine for the dispersed monks,

ten for the seamen,

eleven for the squabblers,

twelve for the penitent,

thirteen for the wayfareers.

To the Pope as to the king

they all drink without restraint.

The mistress drinks, the master drinks,

the soldier drinks, the priest drinks,

the man drinks, the woman drinks,

the servant drinks with the maid,

the swift man drinks, the lazy man drinks,

the white man drinks, the black man drinks,

the settled man drinks, the wanderer drinks,

the stupid man drinks, the wise man drinks,

The poor man drinks, the sick man drinks,

the exile drinks, and the stranger,

the boy drinks, the old man drinks,

the bishop drinks, and the deacon,

the sister drinks, the brother drinks,

the old lady drinks, the mother drinks,

this man drinks, that man drinks,

a hundred drink, a thousand drink.

Six hundred pennies would hardly
suffice, if everyone
drinks immoderately and immeasurably.

However much they cheerfully drink
we are the ones whom everyone scolds,
and thus we are destitute.

May those who slander us be cursed
and may their names not be written in the book of the
righteous.

Io io io io io io io io

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