

### 3. Veris leta facies

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Veris leta facies  
mundo propinatur,  
hiemalis acies  
victa iam fugatur,

The merry face of spring  
turns to the world,  
sharp winter  
now flees, vanquished;

in vestitu vario  
Flora principatur,  
nemorum dulcisono  
que cantu celebratur.

bedecked in various colours  
Flora reigns,  
the harmony of the woods  
praises her in song. Ah!

Flore fusus gremio  
Phebus novo more  
risum dat, hac vario  
iam stipate flore.

Lying in Flora's lap  
Phoebus once more  
smiles, now covered  
in many-coloured flowers,

Zephyrus nectareo  
spirans in odore.  
Certatim pro bravio  
curramus in amore.

Zephyr breathes nectar-  
scented breezes.  
Let us rush to compete  
for love's prize. Ah!

Cytharizat cantico  
dulcis Philomena,  
flore rident vario  
prata iam serena,

In harp-like tones sings  
the sweet nightingale,  
with many flowers  
the joyous meadows are laughing,

salit cetus avium  
silve per amena,  
chorus promit virgin  
iam gaudia millena.

a flock of birds rises up  
through the pleasant forests,  
the chorus of maidens  
already promises a thousand joys. Ah!