

Carl Orff, *Carmina Burana*

FORTUNA IMPERATRIX MUNDI ("FORTUNE, EMPRESS OF THE WORLD")

1. *O Fortuna* (Chorus)

*O Fortuna
velut luna
statu variabilis,
semper crescis
aut decrescis;
vita detestabilis
nunc obdurat
et tunc curat
ludo mentis aciem,
egestatem,
potestatem
dissolvit ut glaciem.*

*Sors immanis
et inanis,
rota tu volubilis,
status malus,
vana salus
semper dissolubilis,
obumbrata
et velata
michi quoque niteris;
nunc per ludum
dorsum nudum
fero tui sceleris.*

*Sors salutis
et virtutis
michi nunc contraria,
est affectus
et defectus
semper in angaria.
Hac in hora
sine mora
corde pulsum tangite;
quod per sortem
sternit fortem,
mecum omnes plangite!*

O Fortune,
like the moon
you are changeable,
ever waxing
and waning;
hateful life
first oppresses
and then soothes
as fancy takes it;
poverty
and power—
it melts them like ice.

Fate—monstrous
and empty,
you whirling wheel,
you are malevolent,
well-being is vain
and always fades to nothing,
shadowed
and veiled
you plague me too;
now through the game
I bring my bare back
to your villainy.

Fate is against me
in health
and virtue,
driven on
and weighted down,
always enslaved.
So at this hour
without delay
pluck the vibrating strings;
since Fate
strikes down the strong man,
everyone weep with me!

2. *Fortune plango vulnera* (Chorus)

*Fortune plango vulnera
stillantibus oculis
quod sua michi munera
subtrahit rebellis.
Verum est, quod legitur,
fronte capillata,
sed plerumque sequitur
Occasio calvata.*

*In Fortune solio
sederam elatus,
prosperitatis vario
flore coronatus;
quicquid enim florui
felix et beatus,
nunc a summo corrui
gloria privatus.*

*Fortune rota volvitur:
descendo minoratus;
alter in altum tollitur;
nimis exaltatus
rex sedet in vertice
caveat ruinam!
nam sub axe legimus
Hecubam reginam.*

I bemoan the wounds of Fortune
with weeping eyes,
for the gifts she gave to me
she perversely takes away.
It is written in truth,
that she has a fine head of hair,
but, when it comes to seizing an
opportunity, she is bald.

On Fortune's throne
I used to sit raised up,
crowned with
the colored flowers of prosperity;
though I may have flourished
happy and blessed,
now I fall from the peak
deprived of glory.

The wheel of Fortune turns;
I go down, demeaned;
another is raised up;
far too high up
sits the king at the summit -
let him fear ruin!
for under the wheel's axle is written
Queen Hecuba.

I. PRIMO VERE (“SPRING”)

3. *Veris leta facies* (Semi-Chorus)

*Veris leta facies
mundo propinatur,
hiemalis acies
victa iam fugatur,
in vestitu vario
Flora principatur,
nemorum dulcisono
que cantu celebratur.*

*Flore fusus gremio
Phebus novo more
risum dat, hac vario
iam stipate flore.
Zephyrus nectareo
spirans in odore.
Certatim pro bravio
curramus in amore.*

*Cytharizat cantico
dulcis philomena,*

The merry face of spring
turns to the world,
sharp winter
now flees, vanquished;
bedecked in various colors
Flora reigns,
the harmony of the woods
praises her in song.

Lying in Flora's lap
Phoebus once more
smiles, now covered
in many-colored flowers,
Zephyr breathes nectar-
scented breezes.
Let us rush to compete
for love's prize.

In harp-like tones sings
the sweet nightingale,

*flore rident vario
prata iam serena,
salit cetus avium
silve per amena,
chorus promit virgin
iam gaudia millena.*

4. Omnia Sol temperat (Baritone)

*Omnia Sol temperat
purus et subtilis,
novo mundo reserat
faciem Aprilis,
ad amorem properat
animus herilis
et iocundis imperat
deus puerilis.*

*Rerum tanta novitas
in solemnibus vere
et veris auctoritas
jubet nos gaudere;
vias prebet solitas,
et in tuo vere
fides est et probitas
tuum retinere.*

*Ama me fideliter,
fidem meam noto:
de corde totaliter
et ex mente tota
sum presentialiter
absens in remota,
quisquis amat taliter,
volvitur in rota.*

5. Ecce gratum (Chorus)

*Ecce gratum
et optatum
Ver reducit gaudia,
purpuratum
flore pratum,
Sol serenat omnia.
Iam iam cedant tristitia!
Estas redit,
nunc recedit
Hyemis sevitia.*

*Iam liquescit
et decrescit
grando, nix et cetera;
bruma fugit,*

with many flowers
the joyous meadows are laughing,
a flock of birds rises up
through the pleasant forests,
the chorus of maidens
already promises a thousand joys.

The sun warms everything,
pure and gentle,
once again it reveals to the world
the face of April;
the soul of man
is urged towards love
and joys are governed
by the boy-god.

All this rebirth
in spring's festivity
and spring's power
bids us to rejoice;
it shows us paths we know well,
and in your springtime
it is true and right
to keep what is yours.

Love me faithfully!
See how I am faithful:
with all my heart
and with all my soul,
I am with you
even when I am far away.
Whosoever loves this much
turns on the wheel.

Behold, the pleasant
and longed-for
spring brings back joyfulness,
violet flowers
fill the meadows;
the sun brightens everything.
Sadness is now at an end!
Summer returns,
now withdraw
the rigors of winter.

Now melts
and disappears
ice, snow and the rest;
winter flees,

*et iam sugit
Ver Estatus ubera;
illi mens est misera,
qui nec vivit,
nec lascivit
sub Estatus dextera.*

*Gloriantur
et letantur
in melle dulcedinis,
qui conantur,
ut utantur
premio Cupidinis:
simus jussu Cypridis
gloriantes
et letantes
pares esse Paridis.*

and now Spring sucks
at the breast of Summer;
a wretched soul is he
who neither lives
nor lusts
under summer's rule.

They glory
and rejoice
in honeyed sweetness—
all those who strive
to make use of
Cupid's prize;
at Venus' command
let us glory
and rejoice
in being the equals of Paris.

UF DEM ANGER ("ON THE GREEN")

6. *Tanz* (Dance)

7. *Floret silva nobilis*

(Chorus)

*Floret silva nobilis
floribus et foliis.*

The noble woods are burgeoning
with flowers and leaves.

(Semi-Chorus)

*Ubi est antiquus
meus amicus?
Hinc equitavit,
eia, quis me amabit?*

Where is the lover
I knew?
He has ridden off!
Ah! Who will love me?

(Chorus)

*Floret silva undique,
nah min gesellen ist mir we.*

The woods are burgeoning all over,
I am pining for my lover.

(Semi-Chorus)

*Gruonet der walt allenthalben,
wa ist min geselle also lange?
Der ist geriten binnen,
o wi, wer sol mich minnen?*

The woods are turning green all over,
why is my lover away so long?
He has ridden off,
Oh woe, who will love me?

8. *Chrumer, gip die varwe mir* (Semi-Chorus)

*Chrumer, gip die varwe mir,
die min wengel roete,
damit ich die jungen man
an ir dank der minnenliebe noete.*

Shopkeeper, give me color
to make my cheeks red,
so that I can make the young men
love me, against their will.

*Seht mich an
jungen man!
lat mich iu gevallen!*

Look at me,
young men!
Let me please you!

*Minnet, tugentliche man,
minnecliche frouwen!
minne tuot iu hoch gemout
unde lat iuch in hohen eren schouwen
Seht mich an
jungen man!
lat mich iu gevallen!*

Good men, love those
women worthy of love!
Love ennoble your spirit
and gives you honour.
Look at me,
young men!
Let me please you!

*Wol dir, werit, daz du bist
also freudenriche!
ich will dir sin undertan
durch din liebe immer sicherliche.
Seht mich an
jungen man!
lat mich iu gevallen!*

Hail, to you, O world,
so rich in joys!
I will be obedient to you
because of the pleasures you afford.
Look at me,
young men!
Let me please you!

9. *Reie* (Round dance)

(Chorus)

*Swaz hie gat umbe,
daz sint alles megede,
die wellent an man
allen disen sumer gan!*

Those who go round and round
are all maidens,
they want to do without a man
all summer long.

(Semi-chorus)

*Chume, chum, geselle min,
ih enbite harte din,
ih enbite harte din,
chume, chum, geselle min.*

Come, come, my love,
I long for you,
I long for you,
come, come, my love.

*Suzer rosenvarwer munt,
chum un mache mich gesunt
chum un mache mich gesunt,
suzer rosenvarwer munt*

Sweet rose-red lips,
come and make me better,
come and make me better,
sweet rose-red lips.

(Chorus)

*Swaz hie gat umbe,
daz sint alles megede,
die wellent an man
allen disen sumer gan!*

Those who go round and round
are all maidens,
they want to do without a man
all summer long.

10. *Were diu werlt alle min* (Chorus)

*Were diu werlt alle min
von deme mere unze an den Rin
des wolt ih mih darben,
daz diu chunegin von Engellant
lege an minen armen.*

Were all the world mine
from the sea to the Rhine,
I would starve myself of it
so that the queen of England
might lie in my arms.

II. IN TABERNA (“IN THE TAVERN”)

11. *Estuans interius* (Baritone)

*Estuans interius
ira vehementi
in amaritudine
loquor me menti:
factus de materia,
cinis elementi
similis sum folio,
de quo ludunt venti.*

*Cum sit enim proprium
viro sapienti
supra petram ponere
sedem fundamenti,
stultus ego comparor
fluvio labenti,
sub eodem tramite
nunquam permanenti.*

*Feror ego veluti
sine nauta navis,
ut per vias aeris
vaga fertur avis;
non me tenent vincula,
non me tenet clavis,
quero mihi similes
et adiungor pravis.*

*Mihi cordis gravitas
res videtur gravis;
iocis est amabilis
dulciorque favis;
quicquid Venus imperat,
labor est suavis,
que nunquam in cordibus
habitat ignavis.*

*Via lata gradior
more iuventutis
inplicor et vitiis
immemor virtutis,
voluptatis avidus
magis quam salutis,
mortuus in anima
curam gero cutis.*

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,
then 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. *Cignus ustus cantat* (Tenor and Male Chorus)

*Olim lacus colueram,
olim pulcher extiteram,*

Once I lived on lakes,
once I looked beautiful

dum cignus ego fueram.

*Miser, miser!
modo niger
et ustus fortiter!*

when I was a swan.

Misery me!
Now black
and roasting fiercely!

*Girat, regirat garcifer;
me rogos urit fortiter;
propinat me nunc dapifer,*

*Miser, miser!
modo niger
et ustus fortiter!*

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!

*Nunc in scutella iaceo,
et volitare nequeo
dentes frendentes video:*

*Miser, miser!
modo niger
et ustus fortiter!*

Now I lie on a plate,
and cannot fly anymore,
I see bared teeth:

Misery me!
Now black
and roasting fiercely!

13. *Ego sum abbas* (Baritone and Male Chorus)

*Ego sum abbas Cucaniensis
et consilium meum est cum bibulis,
et in secta Decii voluntas mea est,
et qui mane me quesierit in taberna,
post vesperam nudus egredietur,
et sic denudatus veste clamabit:*

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,
after Vespers will leave naked,
and thus stripped of his clothes, he will cry:

*Wafna, wafna!
quid fecisti sors turpassi?
Nostre vite gaudia
abstulisti omnia!*

Woe! Woe!
what have you done, vilest Fate?
The joys of my life
you have taken all away!

14. *In taberna quando sumus* (Male Chorus)

*In taberna quando sumus
non curamus quid sit humus,
sed ad ludum properamus,
cui semper insudamus.
Quid agatur in taberna
ubi nummus est pincerna,
hoc est opus ut queratur,
si quid loquar, audiatur.*

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 our host,
you may well ask,
and hear what I say.

*Quidam ludunt, quidam bibunt,
quidam indiscrete vivunt.
Sed in ludo qui morantur,
ex his quidam denudantur
quidam ibi vestiuntur,
quidam saccis induuntur.
Ibi nullus timet mortem
sed pro Baccho mittunt sortem.*

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 nobody fears death,
but they throw dice in the name
of Bacchus.

*Primo pro nummata vini,
ex hac bibunt libertini;
semel bibunt pro captivis,
post hec bibunt ter pro vivis,
quater pro Christianis cunctis
quinquies pro fidelibus defunctis,
sexies pro sororibus vanis,
septies pro militibus silvanis.*

*Octies pro fratribus perversis,
nonies pro monachis dispersis,
decies pro navigantibus
undecies pro discordanibus,
duodecies pro penitentibus,
tredecies pro iter agentibus.
Tam pro papa quam pro rege
bibunt omnes sine lege.*

*Bibit hera, bibit herus,
bibit miles, bibit clerus,
bibit ille, bibit illa,
bibit servus cum ancilla,
bibit velox, bibit piger,
bibit albus, bibit niger,
bibit constans, bibit vagus,
bibit rudis, bibit magnus.
bibit pauper et egrotus,
bibit exul et ignotus,
bibit puer, bibit canus,
bibit presul et decanus,
bibit soror, bibit frater,
bibit anus, bibit mater,
bibit ista, bibit ille,
bibunt centum, bibunt mille.*

*Parum sexcente nummate
durant, cum immoderate
bibunt omnes sine meta.
Quamvis bibant mente leta,
sic nos rodunt omnes gentes
et sic erimus egentes.
Qui nos rodunt confundantur
et cum iustis non scribantur.*

First of all it is to the wine-merchant
that 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 thieves 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 wayfarers.
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, and the sick man,
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.

III. COURS D'AMOUR ("COURT OF LOVE")

15. *Amor volat undique* (Soprano and Boys' Chorus)

*Amor volat undique,
captus est libidine.
Iuvenes, iuencule
coniunguntur merito.*

Cupid flies everywhere
seized by desire.
Young men and women
are rightly coupled.

(Soprano)
*Siqua sine socio,
caret omni gaudio;
tenet noctis infirma
sub intimo
cordis in custodia;*

The girl without a lover
misses out on all pleasures,
she keeps the dark night
hidden
in the depth of her heart;

(Boys)
fit res amarissima.

it is a most bitter fate.

16. *Dies, nox et omnia* (Baritone)

*Dies, nox et omnia
michi sunt contraria;
virginum colloquia
me fay planszer,
oy suvenz suspirer,
plu me fay temer.*

Day, night and everything
is against me,
the chattering of maidens
makes me weep,
and often sigh,
and, most of all, scares me.

*O sodales, ludite,
vos qui scitis dicitur
michi mesto parcite,
grand ey dolur,
attamen consulite
per voster honor.*

O friends, you are making fun of me,
you do not know what you are saying,
spare me, sorrowful as I am,
great is my grief,
advise me at least,
by your honor.

*Tua pulchra facies
me fay planszer milies,
pectus habet glacies.
A remender
statim vivus fierem
per un baser.*

Your beautiful face,
makes me weep a thousand times,
your heart is of ice.
As a cure,
I would be revived
by a kiss.

17. *Stetit puella* (Soprano)

*Stetit puella
rufa tunica;
si quis eam tetigit,
tunica crepuit.
Eia!*

A girl stood
in a red tunic;
if anyone touched it,
the tunic rustled.
Eia!

*Stetit puella
tamquam rosula;
facie splenduit,
os eius fioruit.
Eia!*

A girl stood
like a little rose:
her face was radiant
and her mouth in bloom.
Eia!

18. *Circa mea pectora* (Baritone and Chorus)

*Circa mea pectora
multa sunt suspiria
de tua pulchritudine,
que me ledunt misere.*

In my heart
there are many sighs
for your beauty,
which wound me sorely.

*Mandaliet,
Mandaliet
min geselle
chumet niet.*

Mandaliet,
Mandaliet,
my lover
does not come.

*Tui lucent oculi
sicut solis radii,
sicut splendor fulguris
lucem donat tenebris.*

Your eyes shine
like the rays of the sun,
like the flashing of lightning
which brightens the darkness.

*Mandaliet,
Mandaliet
min geselle
chumet niet.*

Mandaliet,
Mandaliet,
my lover
does not come.

*Vellet deus, vallent dii
quod mente proposui:
ut eius virginea
reserassem vincula.*

May God—may the gods grant
what I have in mind:
that I may loose
the chains of her virginity.

*Mandaliet,
Mandaliet
min geselle
chumet niet.*

Mandaliet,
Mandaliet,
my lover
does not come.

19. *Si puer cum puellula* (Baritone and Chorus)

*Si puer cum puellula
moraretur in cellula,
felix coniunctio.
Amore suscescente
pariter e medio
avulso procul tedio,
fit ludus ineffabilis
membris, lacertis, labii.*

If a boy with a girl
tarrys in a little room,
happy is their coupling.
Love rises up,
and between them
prudery is driven away,
as an indescribable game begins
in their limbs, arms and lips.

20. *Veni, veni, venias* (Chorus)

*Veni, veni, venias,
ne me mori facias,
hyrcra, hyrcra, nazaza,
trillirivos!*

Come, come, O come,
do not let me die,
hycra, hycra, nazaza,
trillirivos!

*Pulchra tibi facies
oculorum acies,
capillorum series;
O quam clara species!*

Beautiful is your face,
the gleam of your eye,
your braided hair;
O what a glorious creature!

*Rosa rubicundior,
lilio candidior
omnibus formosior,
semper in te glorior!*

Redder than the rose,
whiter than the lily,
lovelier than all others,
I shall always glory in you!

21. In truitina (Soprano)

*In truitina mentis dubia
fluctuant contraria
lascivus amor et pudicitia.
Sed eligo quod video,
collum iugo prebeo:
ad iugum tamen suave transeo.*

In the wavering balance of my feelings
set against each other
lascivious love and modesty.
But I choose what I see,
and submit my neck to the yoke;
I yield to the sweet yoke.

22. Tempus es iocundum (Soprano, Baritone, Chorus, and Boys' Chorus)

*Tempus es iocundum,
o virgines;
modo congaudete
vos iuvenes.*

This is the joyful time,
O maidens;
rejoice with them,
young men!

(Baritone)

*Oh, oh, oh,
totus floreo!
iam amore virginali
totus ardeo!
Novus, novus amor
est, quo pereo!*

Oh! Oh! Oh!
I am bursting out all over!
Now in first love
am I all aflame!
New, new love,
is what I'm dying of!

(Women)

*Mea me confortat
promissio;
mea me deportat.*

I am heartened
by my promise;
I am downcast by my refusal.

(Soprano and Boys)

*Oh, oh, oh,
totus floreo!
iam amore virginali
totus ardeo!
Novus, novus amor
est, quo pereo!*

Oh! Oh! Oh!
I am bursting out all over!
Now in first love
am I all aflame!
New, new love,
is what I'm dying of!

(Men)

*Tempore brumali
vir patiens,
animo vernali
lasciviens.*

In the winter
man is patient,
the breath of spring
makes him lust.

(Baritone)

*Oh, oh, oh,
totus floreo!
iam amore virginali
totus ardeo!
Novus, novus amor
est, quo pereo!*

Oh! Oh! Oh!
I am bursting out all over!
Now in first love
am I all aflame!
New, new love,
is what I'm dying of!

(Women)

*Mea mecum ludit
virginitas,
mea me detrudit
simplicitas.*

My virginity
makes me frisky,
my simplicity
holds me back.

(Soprano and Boys)

*Oh, oh, oh,
totus floreo!
iam amore virginali
totus ardeo!
Novus, novus amor
est, quo pereo!*

Oh! Oh! Oh!
I am bursting out all over!
Now in first love
am I all aflame!
New, new love,
is what I'm dying of!

(Chorus)

*Veni, domicella,
cum gaudio,
veni, veni, pulchra,
iam pereo.*

Come, my mistress,
with joy,
come, come, my pretty,
for I am dying!

(Baritone, Boys, and Chorus)

*Oh, oh, oh,
totus floreo!
iam amore virginali
totus ardeo!
Novus, novus amor
est, quo pereo!*

Oh! Oh! Oh!
I am bursting out all over!
Now in first love
am I all aflame!
New, new love,
is what I'm dying of!

23. *Dulcissime* (Soprano)

*Dulcissime,
totam tibi subdo me!*

Sweetest one—
I give myself to you totally!

BLANZIFLOR ET HELENA (“BLANCHEFLEUR AND HELEN”)

24. *Ave formosissima* (Chorus)

*Ave formosissima,
gemma pretiosa,
ave decus virginum,
virgo gloriosa,
ave mundi luminar,
ave mundi rosa,
Blanziflor et Helena,
Venus generosa!*

Hail, most beautiful one,
precious jewel,
Hail, pride among virgins,
glorious virgin,
Hail, light of the world,
Hail, rose of the world,
Blanchefleur and Helen,
noble Venus!

FORTUNA IMPERATRIX MUNDI (“FORTUNE, EMPRESS OF THE WORLD”)

25. *O Fortuna* (Chorus)

O Fortuna... [reprise of No.1]