

CARMINA BURANA

CARL ORFF

FORTUNA IMPERATRIX MUNDI

1. O Fortuna (Chorus) (O Fortune)

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.

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.

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.

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.

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!

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

2. Fortune plango vulnera (I bemoan the wounds of Fortune)

Fortune plango vulnera
stillantibus ocellis
quod sua michi munera
subtrahit rebellis.
Verum est, quod legitur,
fronte capillata,
sed plerumque sequitur
Occasio calvata.
In Fortune solio
sederam elatus,
prosperitatis vario

I bemoan the wounds of Fortune
with weeping eyes,
for the gifts she made 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

flore coronatus;
quicquid enim flori
felix et beatus,
nunc a summo corru
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.

the many-coloured 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 axis is written
Queen Hecuba.

PRIMO VERE (SPRING)

3. Veris leta facies (The merry face of spring)

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 bravo
curramus in amore.
Cytharizat cantico
dulcis Philomena,
flore rident vario
prata iam serena,
salit cetus avium
silve per amena,
chorus promit virgin
iam gaudia millena.

The merry face of spring
turns to the world,
sharp winter
now flees, vanquished;
bedecked in various colours
Flora reigns,
the harmony of the woods
praises her in song. Ah!
Lying in Flora's lap
Phoebus once more
smiles, now covered
in many-coloured flowers,
Zephyr breathes nectar-
scented breezes.
Let us rush to compete
for love's prize. Ah!
In harp-like tones sings
the sweet nightingale,
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. Ah!

4. Omnia sol temperat (The sun warms everything)

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 solemni vere
et veris auctoritas
jubet nos gaudere;
vias prebet solitas,
et in tuo vere

The sun warms everything,
pure and gentle,
once again it reveals to the world
April's face,
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

fides est et probitas
tuam 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.

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.
Whoever loves this much
turns on the wheel.

5. Ecce gratum (Chorus) (Behold, the pleasant spring)

Ecce gratum
et optatum
Ver reducit gaudia,
purpuratum
florete pratum,
Sol serenat omnia.
Iam iam cedant tristitia!
Estas redit,
nunc recedit
Hyemis sevitia.
Iam liquescit
et decrescit
grando, nix et cetera;
bruma fugit,
et iam sugit
Ver Estatis ubera;
illi mens est misera,
qui nec vivit,
nec lascivit sub Estatis dextera.
Gloriantur
et latent
in melle dulcedinis,
qui conantur,
ut utantur
premio Cupidinis:
simus jussu Cypridis
gloriantes
et letantes
pares esse Paradis.

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 rigours of winter. Ah!
Now melts
and disappears
ice, snow and the rest,
winter flees,
and now spring sucks at summer's breast:
a wretched soul is he
who does not live
or lust
under summer's rule. Ah!
They glory
and rejoice
in honeyed sweetness
who strive
to make use of
Cupid's prize;
at Venus' command
let us glory
and rejoice
in being Paris' equals. Ah!

UF DEM ANGER

6. Tanz (Dance)

7. Floret silva nobilis (The woods are burgeoning)

(Chorus)

Floret silva nobilis
floribus et foliis.

(Small Chorus)

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

(Chorus)

Floret silva undique,
nah mir gesellen ist mir we.

The noble woods are burgeoning
with flowers and leaves.

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

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

(Small Chorus)
Gruonet der walt allenthalben,
wa ist min geselle also lange?
Der ist geriten hinnen,
o wi, wer sol mich minnen?

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

8. Chramer, gip die varwe mir (Shopkeeper, give me colour)

(Semi-Chorus)
Chramer, gip die varwe mir,
die min wengel roete,
damit ich die jungen man
an ir dank der minnenliebe noete.
Seht mich an,
jungen man!
lat mich iu gefallen!
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 gefallen!
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 gefallen!

Shopkeeper, give me colour
to make my cheeks red,
so that I can make the young men
love me, against their will.
Look at me,
young men!
Let me please you!
Good men, love
women worthy of love!
Love ennobles your spirit
and gives you honour.
Look at me,
young men!
Let me please you!
Hail, 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)

Swaz hie gat umbe

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. Ah! Sla!

Chume, chum, geselle min

Chume, chum, geselle min,
ih enbite harte din,
ih enbite harte din,
chume, chum, geselle min.
Suzer rosenvarwer munt,
chum un mache mich gesunt
chum un mache mich gesunt,
suzer rosenvarwer munt

Come, come, my love,
I long for you,
I long for you,
come, come, my love.
Sweet rose-red lips,
come and make me better,
come and make me better,
sweet rose-red lips.

Swaz hie gat umbe

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. Ah! Sla!

10. Were diu werlt alle min (Were all the world mine)

Were diu werlt alle min

Were all the world mine

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

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

IN TABERNA

11. Estuans interius (Burning Inside)

Estuans interius
ira vehementi
in amaritudine
loquor mee 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.
Fero 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,
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. Cignus ustus cantat (The Roast Swan)

Olim lacus colueram,
olim pulcher extiteram,
dum cignus ego fueram.
(Male chorus)
Miser, miser!

Once I lived on lakes,
once I looked beautiful
when I was a swan.

Misery me!

modo niger
et ustus fortiter!
(Tenor)
Girat, regirat garcifer;
me rogos urit fortiter;
propinat me nunc dapifer,
(Male Chorus)
Miser, miser!
modo niger
et ustus fortiter!
(Tenor)
Nunc in scutella iaceo,
et volitare nequeo
dentes frendentes video:
(Male Chorus)
Miser, miser!
modo niger
et ustus fortiter!

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. Ego sum abbas (I am the abbot)

Ego sum abbas Cucaniensis
et consilium meum est cum bibulis,
et in secta Decii voluntas mea est,
et qui mane me quesierit in taberna,
morning,
post vesperam nudus egredietur,
et sic denudatus veste clamabit:
(Baritone and Male Chorus)
Wafna, wafna!
quid fecisti sors turpassi
Nostre vite gaudia
abstulisti omnia!

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

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!

14. In taberna quando sumus (When we are in the tavern)

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

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 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,

Octies pro fratribus perversis,
 nonies pro monachis dispersis,
 decies pro navigantibus
 undecies pro discordantiibus,
 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 servis 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.
 the righteous.

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, 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

COUR D'AMOURS

15. Amor volat undique (Cupid flies everywhere)

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

(Soprano)

Siqua sine socio,
 caret omni gaudio;
 tenet noctis infima
 sub intimo
 cordis in custodia:

(Boys)

fit res amarissima.

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

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

it is a most bitter fate.

16. Dies, nox et omnia (Day, night and everything)

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 dicite
michi mesto parcite,
grand ey dolor,
attamen consulite
per voster honor.
Tua pulchra facies
me fay planszer milies,
pectus habet glacies.
A remender
statim vivus fierem
per un baser.

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 honour.
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 (A girl stood)

Stetit puella
rufa tunica;
si quis eam tetigit,
tunica crepuit.
Eia.
Stetit puella
tamquam rosula;
facie splenduit,
os eius fioruit.
Eia.

A girl stood
in a red tunic;
if anyone touched it,
the tunic rustled.
Eia!
A girl stood
like a little rose:
her face was radiant
and her mouth in bloom.
Eia!

18. Circa mea pectora (In my heart)

(Baritone and Chorus)

Circa mea pectora
multa sunt suspiria
de tua pulchritudine,
que me ledunt misere.
Manda liet,
Manda liet
min geselle
chumet niet.
Tui lucent oculi
sicut solis radii,
sicut splendor fulguris
lucem donat tenebris.
Manda liet
Manda liet,
min geselle
chumet niet.
Vellet deus, vallent dii
quod mente proposui:
ut eius virginea
reserassem vincula.
Manda liet,
Manda liet,
min geselle
chumet niet.

In my heart
there are many sighs
for your beauty,
which wound me sorely. Ah!
Mandaliet,
mandaliet,
my lover
does not come.
Your eyes shine
like the rays of the sun,
like the flashing of lightning
which brightens the darkness. Ah!
Mandaliet,
mandaliet,
my lover
does not come.
May God grant, may the gods grant
what I have in mind:
that I may loose
the chains of her virginity. Ah!
Mandaliet,
mandaliet,
my lover
does not come.

19. Si puer cum puellula (If a boy with a girl)

Si puer cum puellula
moraretur in cellula,
felix coniunctio.
Amore suscrescente
pariter e medio

If a boy with a girl
tarries in a little room,
happy is their coupling.
Love rises up,
and between them

avulso procul tedio,
fit ludus ineffabilis
membris, lacertis, labii

prudery is driven away,
an ineffable game begins
in their limbs, arms and lips.

20. Veni, veni, venias (Come, come, O come)

Veni, veni, venias
Veni, veni, venias,
ne me mori facias,
hyrcra, hyrcra, nazaza,
trillirivos...
Pulchra tibi facies
oculorum acies,
capillorum series,
o quam clara species!
Rosa rubicundior,
lilio candidior
omnibus formosior,
semper in te glorior!

Come, come, O come
Come, come, O come,
do not let me die,
hycra, hycra, nazaza,
trillirivos!
Beautiful is your face,
the gleam of your eye,
your braided hair,
what a glorious creature!
redder than the rose,
whiter than the lily,
lovelier than all others,
I shall always glory in you!

21. In truitina (In the balance)

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 (This is the joyful time)

Tempus es iocundum,
o virgines,
modo congaudete
vos iuvenes.
(Baritone)
Oh, oh, oh,
totus floreo,
iam amore virginali
totus ardeo, novus, novus amor est,
quo pereo.
(Women)
Mea me confortat
promissio,
mea me deportat
(Soprano and boys)
Oh, oh, oh
totus floreo
iam amore virginali
totus ardeo, novus, novus amor est,
quo pereo.
(Men)
Tempore brumali
vir patiens,
animo vernali
lasciviens.
(Baritone)
Oh, oh, oh,
totus floreo,
iam amore virginali
totus ardeo, novus, novus amor est,
quo pereo.

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

Oh! Oh! Oh!
I am bursting out all over!
I am burning all over with first love!

New, new love is what I am dying of!

I am heartened
by my promise,
I am downcast by my refusal

Oh! Oh! Oh!
I am bursting out all over!
I am burning all over with first love!

New, new love is what I am dying of!

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

Oh! Oh! Oh!
I am bursting out all over!
I am burning all over with first love!

New, new love is what I am dying of!

(Women)

Mea mecum audit virginitas,
mea me detrudit
simplicitas.

(Soprano and Boys)

Oh, oh, oh,
totus floreo,
iam amore virginali
totus ardeo, novus, novus amor est,
quo pereo.

(Chorus)

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

(Baritone, Boys and Chorus)

Oh, oh, oh,
totus floreo,
iam amore virginali
totus ardeo, novus, novus amor est,
quo pereo.

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

Oh! Oh! Oh!
I am bursting out all over!
I am burning all over with first love!

New, new love is what I am dying of!

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

Oh! Oh! Oh!
I am bursting out all over!
I am burning all over with first love!

New, new love is what I am dying of!

23. Dulcissime (Sweetest one)

Dulcissime,
totam tibi subdo me!

Sweetest one! Ah!
I give myself to you totally!

BLANZIFLOR ET HELENA

24. Ave formosissima (Hail, most beautiful one)

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

25. O Fortuna (O Fortune)

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,

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,

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!

you are malevolent,
well-being is in 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.
In health
and virtue,
Fate is against me
driven on
and weighted down,
always enslaved.
So at this hour
without delay
pluck the vibrating strings;
since Fate
strikes down the strong man,
everybody weep with me!