

CARL ORFF: *CARMINA BURANA* – TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

FORTUNA IMPERATRIX MUNDI

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!

FORTUNE EMPRESS OF THE WORLD

1. O FORTUNE

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 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.

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 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
flore coronatus;
quicquid enim florui
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.

I. PRIMO VERE

3. VERIS LETA FACIES (Chorus)

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

2. I BEMOAN THE WOUNDS OF

FORTUNE

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
the many-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 axis is written
Queen Hecuba.

I. SPRING

3. THE MERRY FACE OF SPRING

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. Ah!

Flore fusus gremio
Phoebus novo more
risum dat, hoc vario
iam stipate flore
Zephyrus nectareo
spirans in odore;
certatim pro bravio
curramus in amore.

Cytharizat cantico
dulcis Philomena,
flore rident vario
prata iam serena,
salit cetus avium
silve per amena,
chorus promit virginum
iam gaudia millena.

4. OMNIA SOL TEMPERAT (Baritone Solo)

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

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

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

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. 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. THE SUN WARMS EVERYTHING

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
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)

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

Iam liquescit
et decrescit grando,
nix et cetera, bruma
fugit,
et iam sugit,
Ver Estat ubera; illi
mens est misera, qui
nec vivit,
nec lascivit
sub Estat dextera.

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

UF DEM ANGER 6. TANZ (Instrumental)

7. FLORET SILVA (Chorus)

Flore silva nobilis
floribus et foliis.
Ubi est antiquus
meus amicus? Ah!

5. BEHOLD, THE PLEASANT SPRING

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. 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!

ON THE GREEN 6. DANCE

7. THE NOBLE WOODS ARE BURGEONING

The noble woods are burgeoning
with flowers and leaves,
Where is the lover
I knew? Ah!

hinc equitavit,
(small Chamber Choir)
eia, quis me amabit?
(Chorus)

Floret silva undique,
(the language now changes to Old German)
nah mime gesellen ist mir wê.
Gruonet der walt allenthalben,
wâ ist min geselle also lange?
der ist geriten hinnen,
(small Chamber Choir)
owî, wer soll mich minnen?

8. CHRAMER, GIP DIE VARWE MIR
(Chorus)

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

(small Chamber Choir)

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

(Chorus)

Minnet, tugentliche man, minnecliche
frouwen!
minne tuot iu hoch gemuot
unde lat iuch in hohen eren schouwen.

(small Chamber Choir)

Seht mich an etc.

(Chorus)

Wol dir werlt, das du bist
also freudenriche!
ich will dir sin undertan
durch din liebe immer sicherliche.

(small Chamber Choir)

Seht mich an...

9. REIE (Chorus)

Swaz hie gat umbe,
daz sint allez megede,
die wellent an man
alle disen sumer gan.

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

Suzer rosenvarwer munt,
chum unde mache mich gesunt.

He has ridden off!

Oh! Who will love me? Ah!

The woods are burgeoning all over,

I am pining for my lover,
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. SHOPKEEPER, GIVE ME COLOR

Shopkeeper, give me color
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 honor.

Look at me, etc.

Hail, world,
so rich in joys!
I will be obedient to you
because of the pleasures you
afford.
Look at me, etc.

9. ROUND DANCE

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

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

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

Swaz hie gat umbe,

10. WERE DIU WERLT ALLE MIN
(Chorus)

Were diu werlt alle min
von dem mere unze an den Rin, des
wolt ih mih darben,
daz diu chünegin von Engellant
lege an minen armen. Heil!

(the language now changes back to Latin)

II. IN TABERNA

11. ESTUANS INTERIUS

(Baritone Solo)

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.

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;
iocus est amabilis
dulciorque favis;
quicquid Venus imperat,
labor est suavis,

Those who go round, etc.

10. IF ALL THE WORLD WERE MINE

If all the world were mine
from the sea to the Rhine,
I would do without it
if the Queen of England
would lie in my arms. Hey!

II. IN THE TAVERN

11. BURNING INSIDE

Burning inside
with violent anger,
bitterly
I speak 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 a burden to me;
it is pleasant to joke
and sweeter than honeycomb;
whatever Venus commands
is a sweet duty,

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.

12. OLIM LACUS COLUERAM (Tenor Solo with Chorus)

Cignus ustus cantat:

Olim lacus colueram,
olim pulcher extiteram,
dum cignus ego fueram.

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

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

Miser, miser! etc.

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

Miser, miser! etc.

13. EGO SUM ABBAS (Baritone Solo with 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,

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! etc.

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

Misery me! etc.

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,¹

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

post vesperam nudus egredietur,
et sic denudatus veste clamabit:

Wafna, wafna!
quid fecisti sors turpissima?
Nostre vite gaudia
abstulisti omnia!
Haha!

14. IN TABERNA QUANDO SUMUS (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,
sic 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, quinques
pro fidelibus defunctis sexies pro
sororibus vanis,
septies pro militibus silvanis.

Octies pro fratribus perversis,
nonies pro monachis dispersis,
decies pro navigantibus,
undecies pro discordantibus,
duodecies pro penitentibus,
tredecies pro iter argentibus. Tam
pro papa quam pro rege

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
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 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 wayfarers.
To the Pope as to the king

¹ Decius: the invented Saint of dice-throwers

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 magus.

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 iste, bibit ille,
bibunt centum, bibunt mille.

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

Io, io, io! ...

III. COUR D'AMOURS 15. AMOR VOLAT UNDIQUE (small Chamber Choir)

Amor volat undique, captus
est libidine.
Iuvenes, iuveneule
coniunguntur merito.
Siqua sine socio,
caret omni gaudio,
tenet noctis infima
sub intimo
cordis in custodia:

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 the 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!

III. THE COURT OF LOVE 15. CUPID FLIES EVERYWHERE

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;

fit res amarissima.

16. DIES, NOX ET OMNIA (Soprano Solo)

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

O sodales, ludite,
vos qui scitis dicite, michi
mesto parcite, grand ey
dolor,
attamen consulite
per voster honor.

Tua pulchra facies,
me fey planszer milies,
pectus habens glacies,
a remender
statim vivus fierem
per un baser.

17. STETIT PUELLA (Soprano Solo)

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

Stetit puella,
tamquam rosula;
facie splenduit,
os eius floruit.
Eia.

18. CIRCA MEA PECTORA (Baritone Solo + Chorus)

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

it is a most bitter fate.

16. DAY, NIGHT, AND EVERYTHING

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

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.

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. A GIRL STOOD

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

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

18. IN MY HEART

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

Manda liet,
manda liet,
min geselle
chumet niet.

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

Mandaliet, *etc.*

Vellet deus, vellent dii,
quod mente proposui:
ut eius virginea
reserassem vincula. Ah!

Mandaliet, *etc.*

19. SIE PUER CUM PUELLULA (Tenor & Baritone Solo)

Sie puer cum puellula
moraretur in cellula,
felix coniunctio.
Amore sucrescente,
pariter e medio
propulso procul tedio,
fit ludus ineffabilis
membris, lacertis, labiis.

20. VENI, VENI, VENIAS (Chorus)

Veni, veni, venias,
ne me mori facias,
hyrca, hyrca, nazaza, trillirivos!

Pulchra tibi facies,
oculorum acies,
capillorum series,

o quam clara species!

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

Mandaliet,
mandaliet,
my lover
does not come.

Your eyes shine
like the rays of the sun,
like the flashing of lightening
which brightens the darkness. Ah!

Mandaliet, *etc.*

May God grant, may the gods grant
what I have in my mind
that I may loose
the chains of her virginity, Ah!

Mandaliet, *etc.*

19. IF A BOY WITH A GIRL

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

20. COME, COME, O COME

Come, come, O come,
do not let me die,
hyrca, hyrce, 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 TRUTINA (Soprano Solo)

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

22. TEMPUS EST IOCUNDUM (All soloists + Chorus)

Tempus est iocundum,
o virgines,
modo congaudete
vos iuvenes.
Oh, oh, oh!
totus floreo,
iam amore virginali totus ardeo!
novus, novus novus amor est, quo pereo!

Mea me confortat
promissio,
mea me deportant
negatio.
Oh, oh, oh! *etc.*

Tempore brumali
vir patiens,
animo vernali
lasciviens.
Oh, oh, oh! *etc.*

Mea mecum ludit
virginitas,
mea me detrudit
simplicitas.
Oh, oh, oh! *etc.*

Veni domicella,
cum gaudio,
veni, veni, pulchra,
iam pereo.
Oh, oh, oh! *etc.*

21. IN THE BALANCE

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. THIS IS THE JOYFUL TIME

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! *etc.*

In the winter
man is patient,
the breath of spring
makes him lust.
Oh! oh! oh! *etc.*

My virginity
makes me frisky,
my simplicity
holds me back.
Oh! oh! oh! *etc.*

Come, my mistress,
with joy,
come, come, my pretty,
I am dying!
Oh! oh! oh! *etc.*

23. DULCISSIME

(Soprano Solo)

Dulcissime, Ah!
totam tibi subdo me!

BLANZIFLOR ET HELENA

24. AVE FORMOSISSIMA

(Chorus)

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

FORTUNA IMPERATRIX MUNDI

25. O FORTUNA

(Chorus)

No. 1 repeated

23. SWEETEST ONE

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

BLANCHEFLOWER² AND HELEN

24. HAIL, MOST BEAUTIFUL ONE

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!

FORTUNE, EMPRESS OF THE WORLD

25. O FORTUNE

No. 1 repeated

² Heroine of a popular medieval saga