

Carmina Burana Text

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.
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 vulnere (I bemoan the wounds of Fortune)

Fortune plango vulnere
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 corruui
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 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-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 bravio
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 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.

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.
Whosoever loves this much
turns on the wheel.

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

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,
et iam sugit
Ver Estatibus ubera;
illi mens est misera,
qui nec vivit,
nec lascivit sub Estatibus dextera.
Gloriantur
et letantur
in melle dulcedinis,
qui conantur,
ut utantur
premio Cupidinis:
simus jussu Cypridis
gloriantes
et letantes
pares esse Paridis.

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!

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

(Chorus)
The noble woods are burgeoning
with flowers and leaves.
(Small Chorus)
Where is the lover
I knew? Ah!
He has ridden off!
Oh! Who will love me? Ah!
(Chorus)
The woods are burgeoning all over,
I am pining for my lover.
(Small Chorus)
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 color)

(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 gevallen!
Minnet, tugentliche man,
minneleche vrouwen!
minne tuot iu hoch gemout
unde lat iuch in hohen eren schouwen
Seht mich an
jungen man!
lat mich iu gevallen!
Wol dir, werit, daz du bist
also freudenriche!

(Semi-Chorus)
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!

Carmina Burana Text (cont'd)

8. Chramer, gip die varve mir (Shopkeeper, give me colour) (cont'd)

ich will dir sin undertan
durch din liebe immer sicherliche.
Seht mich an,
jungen man!
lat mich iu gevallen!

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!

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

Swaz hie gat umbe

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

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

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.

IN TABERNA (IN THE TAVERN)

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 aëris
vaga fertur avis;
non me tenent vincula,
non me tenet clavus,
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 (The Roast Swan)

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

Once I lived on lakes,
once I looked beautiful
when I was a swan.
(Male chorus) Misery me!
Now black
and roasting fiercely!
(Tenor) The servant is turning me on
the spit;
I am burning fiercely on the pyre:
the steward now serves me up.
(Male Chorus) Misery me!
Now black

(Tenor) Nunc in scutella iaceo,
et volitare nequeo
dentes frendentes video:
(Male Chorus) Miser, miser!
modo niger
et ustus fortiter!

and roasting fiercely!
(Tenor) Now I lie on a plate,
and cannot fly anymore,
I see bared teeth:
(Male Chorus) 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,
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 morning,
after Vespers he will leave naked,
and thus stripped of his clothes he will
call out:
(Baritone and Male Chorus)
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, audiat.
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
quinqües pro fidelibus defunctis,
sexies pro sororibus vanis,
septies pro militibus silvanis.
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 clericus,
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.

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,
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 the righteous.

COUR D'AMOURS (COURT OF LOVE)

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.
(Soprano) The girl without a lover
misses out on all pleasures,
she keeps the dark night
hidden
in the depth of her heart;
(Boys) it is a most bitter fate.

Carmina Burana Text (cont'd)

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. O sodales, ludite, vos qui scitis dicite michi mesto parcite, grand ey dolur, attamen consulite per voster honur. Tua pulchra facies me fay planszer milies, pectus habet glacies. A remender statim vivus fierem per un baser.	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 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.
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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!
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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 reserasset vincula. Manda liet, Manda liet, min geselle chumet niet.	(Baritone and Chorus) 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.
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19. Si puer cum puellula (If a boy with a girl)

Si puer cum puellula moraretur in cellula, felix coniunctio. Amore susrescente pariter e medio avulso procul tedio, fit ludus ineffabilis membris, lacertis, labii	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.
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20. Veni, veni, venias (Come, come, O come)

Veni, veni, venias Veni, veni, venias, ne me mori facias, hycra, hycra, 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!
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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.
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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. (Women) Mea mecum ludit virginitas, mea me detrudit simplicitas. (Soprano & 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 & Chorus) 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! (Baritone) 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) I am heartened by my promise, I am downcast by my refusal (Soprano & Boys) 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! (Men) In the winter man is patient, the breath of spring makes him lust. (Baritone) 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) My virginity makes me frisky, my simplicity holds me back. (Soprano & Boys) 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! (Chorus) Come, my mistress, with joy, come, come, my pretty, I am dying! (Baritone, Boys & Chorus) 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!
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23. Dulcissime (Sweetest one)

Dulcissime, totam tibi subdo me!	Sweetest one! Ah! I give myself to you totally!
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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!
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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, 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 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, everybody weep with me!
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