

Carmina Burana (1937)
Carl Orff (1895 – 1982)

Orff conceived *Carmina Burana* as a cantata, but it is sometimes performed as a ballet or pantomime. The Latin name means literally “Songs of Beuern,” the ancient Bavarian Benediktbeuern (Benedictine) monastery, where the text was discovered in 1803; the collection was published in 1847 under the title *Carmina Burana* (Songs of Beuren).

The text comprises a collection of bawdy, secular twelfth- and thirteenth-century poems written by university students, minstrels, troubadours, and monks in vulgar Latin, and medieval French and German, on subjects such as poking fun at the clergy and nobility, celebration of the passing seasons, corruption, greed, poverty, the joys and sorrows of love (sex, flirting, desires, etc.) fate, springtime, drinking, and so on. Orff’s setting of 24 of the most spicy and erotic poems is for three soloists (soprano, tenor, and baritone), large and small choruses, a boys’ chorus, and a large orchestra with two pianos, and a huge percussion section. With this work, music began a new era; its simple harmonies, short motifs, hammering, repetitive rhythms, and dynamic instrumental combinations convey a raw, primitive energy.

The opening chorus, *O Fortuna*, is a choral invocation to Fortune that laments mankind’s constantly changing destiny. A second large choral section, “I bewail the ravages of fortune,” completes the Introduction. The group of Latin and Old German songs that comprises Part I portrays man’s encounters with nature and his delights in the Springtime. Part II presents the pleasures of taverns, drinking, revelry, a drunken parody of Gregorian chant by the abbot of Cucany (baritone), and an ironic lament of a roasted swan, sung falsetto by the tenor. Part III, the Court of Love, tells of the pleasures of love in Latin and medieval French and German, and ends with an evocation to Venus that parodies a hymn to the Virgin Mary. There are many untranslatable double entendres throughout the work, and especially in this part. The Epilogue, a recall of *O Fortuna*, repeats the opening and bewails the ruthless wheel of fortune, which symbolizes humankind’s vicissitudes in life.

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Prologue: *Fortuna Imperatrix Mundi*

1. O Fortune, like the moon you are inconstant
2. With weeping eyes I bemoan the wounds of Fortune

Part I: *Primo Vere* (Spring)

3. The merry face of spring
4. The sun warms everything
5. Behold, the pleasant Spring

Uf dem Anger (On the Lawn)

6. Dance
7. The woods are budding forth
8. Shopkeeper, give me color to make my cheeks red
9. Round Dance
10. Were all the world mine

Part II: *In Taberna* (In the Tavern)

11. Burning inside with violent anger
12. Once I lived on lakes
13. I am the abbot of Cockaigne
14. When we are in the tavern

Part III: *Cour d'amours* (The Court of Love)

15. Cupid flies everywhere
16. Day, night and everything is against me
17. A girl stood in a red tunic
18. In my heart there are many sighs for your beauty
19. If a boy with a girl tarries in a little chamber
20. Come, come, O come, do not let me die
21. In the wavering balance of my feelings
22. This is the joyful time, O maidens
23. Sweetest one, Ah!

Blanzifor et Helena

24. Hail, most beautiful one

Fortuna Imperatrix Mundi

25. O Fortune, like the moon you are inconstant

<p>Prologue: <i>Fortuna Imperatrix Mundi</i></p>	<p>Prologue – Fortune, Empress of the World</p>
<p>1. <i>O Fortuna</i> (Chorus) <i>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 scleris.</i></p> <p><i>Sors salutis et virtutis michi nunc contraria, est affectus et defectus semper in angaria. Hac in hora sine mora corde pulsum tangite;</i></p> <p><i>quod per sortem stermit fortem, mecum omnes plangite!</i></p>	<p>O Fortune (Chorus) O Fortune, like the moon you are inconstant, Ever waxing, and ever waning; Hateful life first oppresses, then soothes as fancy takes it; Poverty and power it melts like ice. Fate – monstrous and worthless, 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 denies me health and virtue, Driven on and weighed down, always enslaved. So at this hour, without delay pluck the vibrating strings; Since Fate strikes down the strong, everyone weep with me!</p>
<p>2. <i>Fortune plango vulnera</i> (Chorus) <i>Fortune plango vulnera stillantibus ocellis, quod sua michi munera subtrahit rebellis.</i></p> <p><i>Verum est, quod legitur, fronte capillata, sed plerumque sequitur occasio calvata.</i></p> <p><i>In Fortune solio sederam elatus, prosperitatis vario flore coronatus;</i></p>	<p>2. I bemoan the wounds of Fortune (Chorus) With weeping eyes I bemoan the wounds of Fortune, for the gifts she made me she perversely takes away. It is written with 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</p>

<p><i>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></p>	<p>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 sits the king at the summit – let him fear ruin! For under the axis is written Queen Hecuba.</p>
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Part I: *Primo Vere* (Spring)

<p>3. <i>Veris leta facies</i> (Chorus) <i>Veris leta facies mundo propinatur, hiemalis acies victa iam fugatur, In vestitu vario Flora principatur, nemorum dulcisono que cantu celebratur. Ah! Flore fusus gremio Phebus novo more risum dat, hoc vario iam stipate flore. Zephyrus nectareo spirans in odore, certatim pro bravio curramus in amore. Ah! Cytharizat cantico dulcis Philomena, flore rident vario prata iam serena, salit cetus avium silve per amena, chorus promit virginum iam gaudia millena. Ah!</i></p>	<p>3. The merry face of spring (Chorus) The merry face of spring turns to the world, sharp winter now flees, vanquished; Bedecked in varied colors 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- 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 laugh, A flock of birds rises up through the pleasant forests, the chorus of maidens already promises a thousand joys. Ah!</p>
<p>4. <i>Omnia Sol temperat</i> (Baritone Solo) <i>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 et veris auctoritas iubet nos gaudere;</i></p>	<p>4. The sun warms everything (Baritone Solo) 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.</p>

<p><i>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.</i></p>	<p>All this rebirth in spring's festivity and spring's power bids us 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 is tortured on the rack.</p>
<p>5. <i>Ecce gratum</i> (Chorus) <i>Ecce gratum et optatum Ver reducit gaudia; purpuratum floret pratum, Sol serenat omnia. Iam iam cedant tristia!</i></p> <p><i>Estas redit, nunc recedit Hyemis sevitia. Ah!</i></p> <p><i>Iam liquescit et decrescit grando, nix et cetera; bruma fugit, et iam sugit Ver Estatis ubera;</i></p> <p><i>illi mens est misera, qui nec vivit, nec lascivit sub Estatis dextera. Ah!</i> <i>Gloriantur et letantur in melle dulcedinis qui conantur, ut utantur premio Cupidinis:</i> <i>simus jussu Cypridis gloriantes et letantes pares esse Paridis. Ah!</i></p>	<p>5. Behold, the pleasant Spring (Chorus) Behold, the pleasant and longed-for spring brings back joyfulness, purple flowers fill the meadows, The sun brightens everything. Sadness is now at an end! Summer returns, now withdraw the rigors of winter. Ah! Now melt and disappear ice and snow, and all 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!</p>

Uf dem Anger (On the Lawn)

<p>6. <i>Tanz</i> (Orchestra)</p>	<p>6. Dance (Orchestra)</p>
<p>7. <i>Floret silva nobilis</i> (Chorus) <i>Floret silva nobilis floribus et foliis.</i></p> <p><i>Ubi est antiquus meus amicus? Ah!</i> <i>Hinc equitavit! Eia, quis me amabit?</i></p>	<p>7. The woods are budding forth (Chorus) The noble woods are budding forth with flowers and leaves. Where is the lover I knew? Ah! He</p>

<p>Ah! <i>Floret silva undique, nah mime gesellen ist mir we.</i></p> <p><i>Gruonet der walt allenthalben, wa ist min geselle also lange? Ah! der ist geriten hinnen, o wi, wer sol mich minnen? Ah!</i></p>	<p>has ridden off! Oh! Who will love me? Ah! The woods are budding forth 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!</p>
<p>8. <i>Chramer, gip die varwe mir (Chorus)</i> <i>Chramer, gip die varwe mir, die min wengel roete, da mit ich die jungen man an ir dank der minnenlieben noete. Seht mich an, jungen man! lat mich iu gevallen! Minnet, tugentliche man, minnecliche frouwen! minne tuot iu hoch gemuot unde lat iuch in hohen eren schouwen. Seht mich an, jungen man! lat mich iu gevallen! Wol dir, Werlt, daz du bist also freudenriche! ich will dir sin undertan durch din liebe immer sicherliche. Seht mich an, jungen man! lat mich iu gevallen!</i></p>	<p>8. Shopkeeper, give me color (Chorus) 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.</p> <p>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!</p>
<p>9. <i>Reie: Swaz hie gat umbe (Chorus)</i> <i>Swaz hie gat umbe, daz sint alles megede, die wellent an man allen disen sumer gan! Ah! Sla!</i></p> <p><i>Semi-chorus: Chume, chum, geselle min! Chume, chum, geselle min, ih enbite harte din, ih enbite harte din, chum,</i></p>	<p>9. Round dance: Those who go round and round (Chorus) Those who go round and round are all maidens, They want to do without a man all summer long. Ah! Sla! Semi-chorus: Come, Come my love! Come, come, my love, I long for you, I long for you, come, come, my love. Sweet rose-red lips, come and make</p>

<p><i>chum, geselle min.</i> <i>Suzer rosenvarwer munt, chum un mache mich gesunt, chum un mache mich gesunt suzer rosenvarwer munt.</i> Chorus: <i>Swaz hie gat umbe Swaz hie gat umbe, daz sint alles megede, die wellent an man allen disen sumer gan! Ah! Sla!</i></p>	<p>me better, come and make me better, sweet rose-red lips. Chorus: Those who go round and round Those who go round and round are all maidens, they want to do without a man all summer long. Ah! Sla!</p>
<p>10. <i>Were diu werlt alle min</i> (Chorus) <i>Were diu werlt alle min von deme mere unze an den Rin,</i> <i>des wolt ih mih darben, daz diu chiinegin von Engellant lege an minen armen. Hei!</i></p>	<p>10. <i>Were all the world mine</i> (Chorus) Were all the world mine from the sea to the Rhine, I would manage without it if the queen of England would lie in my arms. Hey!</p>

Part II: *In Taberna* (In the Tavern)

<p>11. <i>Estuans interius</i> (Baritone Solo) <i>Estuans interius ira vehementi in amaritudine loquor mee menti:</i> <i>factus de materia, cinis elementi, similis sum folio, de quo ludunt venti.</i> <i>Cum sit enim proprium viro sapienti supra petram ponere sedem fundamenti,</i> <i>stultus ego comparor fluvio labenti, sub eodem tramite nunquam permanenti.</i> <i>Feror ego veluti sine nauta navis, ut per vias aeris vaga fertur avis;</i> <i>non me tenent vincula, non me tenet clavis, quero mihi similes et adiungor pravis.</i> <i>Mihi cordis gravitas res videtur gravis; iocus est amabilis dulciorque favis;</i> <i>quicquid Venus imperat, labor est</i></p>	<p>11. <i>Burning Inside</i> (Baritone Solo) 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 meandering stream, never changing in its course. I am carried along like a ship without a helmsman, 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 the honeycomb; Whatever Venus commands is a sweet duty, she never dwells in a lazy heart.</p>
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<p><i>suavis, que nunquam in cordibus habitat ignavis.</i> <i>Via lata gradior more iuventutis implicor et vitiis immemor virtutis, voluptatis avidus magis quam salutis, mortuus in anima curam gero cutis.</i></p>	<p>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, I shall take care of the flesh.</p>
<p>12. <i>Olim lacus colueram</i> (Tenor Solo with Chorus) The roasted swan sings: <i>Olim lacus colueram, olim pulcher extiteram, dum cignus ego fueram.</i> Male chorus: <i>Miser, miser! modo niger et ustus fortiter!</i> Tenor: <i>Girat, regirat garcifer; me rogos urit fortiter; propinat me nunc dapifer.</i></p> <p>Male chorus: <i>Miser, miser! modo niger et ustus fortiter!</i> Tenor: <i>Nunc in scutella iaceo, et volitare nequeo dentes frendentes video:</i> Male chorus: <i>Miser, miser! modo niger et ustus fortiter!</i></p>	<p>12. Once I lived on lakes (Tenor Solo with Chorus) The roasted swan sings: 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 and roasting fiercely! Tenor: Now I lie on a plate, and can no longer fly, I see bared teeth: Male chorus: Misery me! Now black and roasting fiercely!</p>
<p>13. <i>Ego sum abbas</i> (Baritone Solo and Chorus) <i>Ego sum abbas Cucaniensis et consilium meum est cum bibulis, et in secta Decii voluntas mea est, et qui mane me quesierit in taberna,</i></p> <p><i>post vesperam nudus egredietur, et sic denudatus veste clamabit:</i> <i>Wafna, wafna! quid fecisti sors turpissima?</i> <i>nostre vite gaudia abstulisti omnia!</i> <i>Haha!</i></p>	<p>13. I am the abbot (Baritone Solo and Chorus) 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: Woe! Woe! what have you done, vilest Fate? The joys of my life you have taken all away! Haha!</p>
<p>14. <i>In taberna quando sumus</i></p>	<p>14. When we are in the tavern</p>

(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.*

*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.
Octies pro fratribus perversis,
nonies pro monachis dispersis,
decies pro navigantibus,
undecies pro discordantibus,
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,*

(Chorus)

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 to the wine-merchant the
libertines drink,
One for the prisoners,
Three for the living,
Four for all Christians,
Five for the faithful departed,
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,

<p><i>bibit velox, bibit piger, bibit albus, bibit niger,</i></p> <p><i>bibit constans, bibit vagus, bibit rudis, bibit magus.</i></p> <p><i>Bibit pauper et egrotus, bibit exul et ignotus,</i></p> <p><i>bibit puer, bibit canus, bibit presul et decanus,</i></p> <p><i>bibit soror, bibit frater, bibit anus, bibit mater,</i></p> <p><i>bibit iste, bibit ille, bibunt centum, bibunt mille.</i></p> <p><i>Parum sexcente nummate durant, cum immoderate bibunt omnes sine meta.</i></p> <p><i>Quamvis bibant mente leta, sic nos rodunt omnes gentes, et sic erimus egentes.</i></p> <p><i>Qui nos rodunt confundantur et cum iustis non scribantur.</i></p> <p><i>Io io io io io io io io io!</i></p>	<p>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 without limit. 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. Io io io io io io io io io!</p>
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Part III: *Cour d'amours* (The Court of Love)

<p>15. <i>Amor volat undique</i> (Soprano Solo and Children's Chorus) Children: <i>Amor volat undique; captus est libidine.</i> <i>Iuvenes, iuencule coniunguntur merito.</i> Soprano: <i>Siqua sine socio, caret omni gaudio; tenet noctis infima sub intimo cordis</i></p>	<p>15. Cupid flies everywhere (Soprano Solo and Children's Chorus) Children: 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</p>
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<p><i>in custodia:</i></p> <p>Children: <i>Fit res amarissima.</i></p>	<p>her heart; Children: it is a most bitter fate.</p>
<p>16. <i>Dies, nox et omnia</i> (Baritone Solo) <i>Dies, nox et omnia mihi sunt contraria,</i> <i>virginum colloquia me fay planszer,</i> <i>oy suvenz suspirer, plu me fay temer.</i> <i>O sodales, ludite, vos qui scitis dicite mihi mesto parcite,</i></p> <p><i>grand ey dolor, attamen consulite per voster honor.</i> <i>Tua pulchra facies me fay planszer milies, pectus habet glacies.</i> <i>A remender statim vivus fierem per un baser.</i></p>	<p>16. Day, night and everything (Baritone Solo) Day, night and everything is against me, The chattering of maidens makes me weep, And often sigh, and, most of all, frightens 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. A kiss will cure me, revive me.</p>
<p>17. <i>Stetit puella</i> (Soprano Solo) <i>Stetit puella rufa tunica; si quis eam tetigit, tunica crepuit. Eia!</i> <i>Stetit puella tamquam rosula; facie splenduit, os eius floruit. Eia!</i></p>	<p>17. A girl stood (Soprano Solo) A girl stood in a red tunic; if anyone touched it, the tunic rustled. Aha! A girl stood like a little rose: her face was radiant and her mouth in bloom. Aha!</p>
<p>18. <i>Circa mea pectora</i> (Baritone Solo and Chorus) <i>Circa mea pectora multa sunt suspiria de tua pulchritudine, que me ledunt misere. Ah!</i> <i>Mandaliet, mandaliet min geselle chumet niet.</i> <i>Tui lucent oculi sicut solis radii, sicut splendor fulguris lucem donat tenebris. Ah!</i> <i>Mandaliet, mandaliet min geselle chumet niet.</i> <i>Vellet deus, vellent dii quod mente proposui: ut eius virginea</i></p>	<p>18. In my heart (Baritone Solo 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 sun's rays, like the flashing of lightning that 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</p>

<p><i>reserassem vincula. Ah!</i></p> <p><i>Mandaliet, mandaliet min geselle chumet niet.</i></p>	<p>the chains of her virginity. Ah! Mandaliet, mandaliet, my lover does not come.</p>
<p>19. <i>Si puer cum puellula</i> (Soloists: tenors, baritones, basses) <i>Si puer cum puellula moraretur in cellula, felix coniunctio.</i> <i>Amore suscrescente pariter e medio avulso procul tedio,</i> <i>fit ludus ineffabilis membris, lacertis, labilis.</i></p>	<p>19. If a boy with a girl (Soloists: tenors, baritones, basses) If a boy with a girl tarries in a little chamber, happy is their coupling. Love rises up, and between them prudery is driven away, An inexpressible game begins in their limbs, arms, and lips.</p>
<p>20. <i>Veni, veni, venias</i> (Double chorus) <i>Veni, veni, venias,</i> <i>Ne me mori facias, hycra, hycce, nazaza, trillirivos!</i> <i>Pulchra tibi facies oculorum acies, capillorum series, o quam clara species!</i> <i>Rosa rubicundior, lilio candidior omnibus formosior, semper in te glorior!</i></p>	<p>20. Come, come, O come (Double chorus) Come, come, O come, Do not let me die, hycra, hycce, 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!</p>
<p>21. <i>In trutina</i> (Soprano Solo) <i>In trutina mentis dubia fluctuant contraria lascivus amor et pudicitia.</i> <i>Sed eligo quod video, collum iugo prebeo; ad iugum tamen suave transeo.</i></p>	<p>21. In the balance (Soprano Solo) In the wavering balance of my feelings contended lascivious love and modesty. But I choose what I see, and submit my neck to the yoke; I yield to the sweet yoke.</p>
<p>22. <i>Tempus es iocundum</i> (Soprano & Baritone Solo, Children & Adult Chorus) <i>Tempus es iocundum, o virgines, modo congaudete vos iuvenes!</i> Baritone: <i>Oh, oh, oh! totus floreo!</i></p>	<p>22. This is the joyful time (Soprano & Baritone Solo, Children & Adult Chorus) This is the joyful time, O maidens, rejoice with them, young men! Baritone: Oh! Oh! Oh! I am bursting</p>

<p><i>iam amore virginali totus ardeo! novus, novus, novus amor est, quo pereo!</i></p> <p>Women: <i>Mea me confortat promissio, mea me deportat negatio.</i></p> <p>Soprano and Children's Chorus: <i>Oh, oh, oh! totus floreo! iam amore virginali totus ardeo! novus, novus, novus amor est, quo pereo!</i></p> <p>Men: <i>Tempore brumali vir patiens, animo vernali lasciviens.</i></p> <p>Baritone: <i>Oh, oh, oh! totus floreo! iam amore virginali totus ardeo! novus, novus, novus amor est, quo pereo!</i></p> <p>Women: <i>Mea mecum ludit virginitas, mea me detrudit simplicitas.</i></p> <p>Soprano and Children Chorus: <i>Oh, oh, oh! totus floreo! iam amore virginali totus ardeo! novus, novus, novus amor est, quo pereo!</i></p> <p>Chorus: <i>Veni, domicella, cum gaudio, veni, veni, pulchra, iam pereo!</i></p> <p>Baritone, Children's and Chorus: <i>Oh, oh, oh! totus floreo! iam amore virginali totus ardeo! novus, novus, novus amor est, quo pereo!</i></p>	<p>out all over! I am burning all over with first love! I am dying of new love!</p> <p>Women: I am heartened by my promise, I am downcast by my refusal.</p> <p>Soprano and Children's Chorus: Oh! Oh! Oh! I am bursting out all over! I am burning all over with first love! I am dying of new love!</p> <p>Men: In the winter man is patient, the breath of spring makes him lust.</p> <p>Baritone: Oh! Oh! Oh! I am bursting out all over! I am burning all over with first love! I am dying of new love!</p> <p>Women: My virginity makes me frisky, my simplicity holds me back.</p> <p>Soprano and Children Chorus: Oh! Oh! Oh! I am bursting out all over! I am burning all over with first love! I am dying of new love!</p> <p>Chorus: Come, my mistress, with joy, come, come, my pretty, I am dying!</p> <p>Baritone, Children's and Chorus: Oh! Oh! Oh! I am bursting out all over! I am burning all over with first love! I am dying of new love!</p>
<p>23. <i>Dulcissime</i> (Soprano Solo) <i>Dulcissime, Ah! Totam tibi subdo me!</i></p>	<p>23. Sweetest one (Soprano Solo) Sweetest one, Ah! I give myself to you totally!</p>

Blanziflor et Helena (Blanchefleur and Helen)

<p>24. <i>Ave formosissima</i> (Chorus) <i>Ave formosissima, gemma pretiosa, ave, decus virginum, virgo gloriosa, ave, mundi luminar, ave, mundi rosa, Blanziflor et Helena, Venus</i></p>	<p>24. Hail, most beautiful one (Chorus) Hail, most beautiful one, precious jewel, Hail, pride among virgins, glorious virgin, Hail, light of the world, Hail, rose of</p>
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<i>generosa!</i>	the world, Blanche fleur and Helen, noble Venus!
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Fortuna Imperatrix Mundi (Fortune, Empress of the World)

<p>25. <i>O Fortuna</i> (Chorus) <i>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 scleris.</i></p> <p><i>Sors salutis et virtutis michi nunc contraria, est affectus et defectus semper in angaria. Hac in hora sine mora corde pulsum tangite;</i></p> <p><i>quod per sortem stermit fortem, mecum omnes plangite!</i></p>	<p>25. O Fortune (Chorus) O Fortune, like the moon you are inconstant, Ever waxing, and ever waning; Hateful life first oppresses, then soothes as fancy takes it; Poverty and power it melts like ice. Fate – monstrous and worthless, 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 denies me health and virtue, Driven on and weighed down, always enslaved. So at this hour, without delay pluck the vibrating strings; Since Fate strikes down the strong, everyone weep with me!</p>
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