

Carl Orff *Carmina Burana* - TRANSLATION

FORTUNA IMPERATRIX MUNDI

FORTUNE, EMPRESS OF THE WORLD

1. O Fortuna (Chorus)

O Fortuna, velut Luna,
statu variabilis,
(verse 1) semper crescis aut decrescis;
vita detestabilis
nunc obdurat et tunc curat
ludo mentis aciem,
egestatem, potestatem
dissolvit ut glaciem.
(v2) 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.
(v3) 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,
everyone weep with me!

2. Fortune plango vulnera (Chorus)

(v1) Fortune plango vulnera
stillantibus ocellis,
quod sua michi munera
subtrahit rebellis.
Verum est, quod legitur,
fronte capillata,
sed plerumque sequitur
Occasio calvata.

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.

(v2) In Fortune solio
sederam elatus,
prosperitatis vario
flore coronatus;
quisquid enim florui
felix et beatus,
nunc a summo corru
gloria privatus.

(v3) 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 (Piccolo Chorus)

(v1) Veris leta facies
mundo propinatur,
hiemalis acies
victa iam fugatur.
In vestitu vario
Flora principatur,
nemorum dulcisono
que cantu celebratur. Ah!

(v2) 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!

(v3) Cytharizat cantico
dulcis Philomena,
flore rident vario
prata iam serena,

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.

I. SPRING

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,

salit cetus avium
silve per amena,
chorus promit virginum
iam gaudia millena. Ah!

4. Omnia Sol temperat (Baritone)

(v1) Omnia Sol temperat
purus et subtilis,
novo mundo reserat
faciem Aprilis;
ad Amorem properat
animus herilis
et iocundis imperat
deus puerilis.

(v2) Rerum tanta novitas
in solemni vere
et veris auctoritas
iubet nos gaudere;
vias prebet solitas,
et in tuo vere
fides est et probitas
tuum retinere.

(v3) Ama me fideliter!
Fidem meam nota:
de corde totaliter
et ex mente tota
sum presentialiter
absens in remota.
Quisquis amat taliter,
volvitur in rota.

5. Ecce gratum (Chorus)

(v1) Ecce gratum et optatum
Ver reducit gaudia:
purpuratum floret pratum,
Sol serenat omnia.
Iam iam cedant tristia!
Estas redit, nunc recedit
Hyemis sevitia. Ah!

a flock of birds rises up
through the pleasant forests,
the chorus of maidens
already promises a thousand joys. Ah!

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.

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!

(v2) *Iam liquescit et decrescit
grando, nix et cetera;
bruma fugit, et iam sugit
Ver Estatus ubera;
illi mens est misera,
qui nec vivit, nec lascivit
sub Estatus dextera. Ah!*

(v3) *Gloriantur et letantur
in melle dulcedinis
qui conantur, ut utantur
premio Cupidinis;
simus iussu Cypridis
gloriantes et letantes
pares esse Paridis. Ah!*

UF DEM ANGER

6. Tanz (Orchestra)

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

Dance

7. Floret silva nobilis (Chorus, Piccolo Chorus)

(v1) *Floret silva nobilis
floribus et foliis.
Ubi est antiquus
meus amicus? Ah!
Hinc equitavit!
Eia, quis me amabit? Ah!*
(v2) *Floret silva undique,
nah mime gesellen ist mir wê.
Gruonet der walt allenthalben,
wâ ist min geselle also lange? Ah!
der ist geriten hinnen,
o wî, wer sol mich minnen? Ah!*

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.
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, (Piccolo Chorus, Chorus)

(v1) *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!*

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!

(v2) Minnet, tugentliche man,
minnecliche frouwen!
minne tuot iu hoch genuot
unde lat iuch in hohen eren schouwen.

Seht mich an, *usw.*

(v3) Wol dir Werlt, daz du bist
also freudenriche!
ich will dir sin undertan
durch din liebe immer sicherliche.
Seht mich an, *usw.*

9. Reie (Orchestra)

Swaz hie gat umbe (Chorus)

Swaz hie gat umbe
daz sint allez megede,
die wellent ân man
alle disen sumer gan. Ah! Sla!

Chume, chum, geselle min (Piccolo Chorus)

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 (Chorus)

Swaz hie gat umbe
daz sint allez megede,
die wellent ân man
alle disen sumer gan. Ah! Sla!

10. Were diu werlt alle min (Chorus)

Were diu werlt alle min
von deme mere_unze_an den Rin,
des wolt ih mih darben,
daz diu chünegin von Engellant
lege an minen armen. Hei!

Good men, love
women worthy of love!
Love ennobles your spirit
and gives you honour.
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,
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.

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

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 TABERNA

11. Estuans interius (Baritone)

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.
(v1) Feror ego veluti
sine nauta navis,
ut per vias aeris
vaga fertus avis;
non me tenent vincula,
non me tenent clavis,
quero mihi similes,
et adiungor pravis.
(v2) Mihi cordis gravitas
res videtur gravis;
iocus est amabilis
dulciorque favis;
quicquid Venus imperat,
labor est suavis,
que nunquam in cordibus
habitat ignavis.
(v3) Via lata gradior
more iuventutis,
inplicor et vitiis
immemor virtutis,

II. IN THE TAVERN

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 airs
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,
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,

voluptatis avidus
magis quam salutis,
mortuus in anima
curam gero cutis.

12. Olim lacus colueram (Tenor, Chorus)

(v1) Olim lacus colueram,
olim pulcher extiteram,
dum cignus ego fueram.

Miser, miser!

modo niger
et ustus fortiter!

(v2) Girat, regirat garcifer;
me rogos urit fortiter:
propinat me nunc dapifer.

Miser, miser!, etc.

(v3) Nunc in scutella iaceo,
et volitare nequeo,
dentes frendentes video:
Miser, miser!, etc.

13. Ego sum abbas (Baritone, Chorus)

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

Wafna! Wafna!

quid fecisti sors turpissima?

nostre vite gaudia

abstulisti omnia!

Haha!

14. In taberna quando sumus (Chorus)

(v1) In taberna quando sumus,
non curamus quid sit humus,
sed ad ludum properamus,
cui semper insudamus.

Quid agatur in taberna,
ubi nummus est pincerna,

I am eager for the pleasures of the flesh
more than for salvation,
my soul is dead,
so I shall look after the flesh.

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.

I am the abbot of Cockaigne
and my assembly is one of drinkers,
and I wish to be in the order of Decies,
and whoever searches me out at the tavern in
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!

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,

hoc est opus ut queratur,
si quid loquar, audiatur.
(v2) 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,
quinquies pro fidelibus defunctis,
sexies pro sororibus vanis,
septies pro militibus silvanis,
Octies pro fratribus perversis,
nonies pro monachis dispersis,
decies pro navigantibus,
undecies pro discortantibus,
duodecies pro penitentibus,
tredecies pro iter agentibus.
Tam pro papa quam pro rege
bibunt omnes sine lege.
Bibit hera, bibit herus,
bibit miles, bibit clerus,
bibit ille, bibit illa,
bibit servus cum ancilla,
bibit velox, bibit piger,
bibit albus, bibit niger
bibit constans, bibit vagus,
bibit rudis, bibit magus.
Bibit pauper et egrotus,
bibit exul et ignotus,
bibit puer, bibit canus,
bibit presul et decanus,
bibit soror, bibit frater,

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
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,

bibit anus, bibit mater,
bibit iste, 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.
Io!

III COUR D'AMOURS

15. Amor volat undique (Soprano, Boys)

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

16. Dies, nox et omnia (Baritone)

(v1) Dies, nox et omnia
michi sunt contraria,
virginum colloquia
me fay planszer,
oy suvenez suspirer,
plu me fay temer.
(v2) O sodales, ludite,
vos qui scitis dicite,
michi mesto parcite,
grand ey dolur,
attamen consulite
per voster honor.

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. Yo!

III. THE COURT OF LOVE

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.

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.

(v3) Tua pulchra facies
me fay planszer milies,
pectus habet glacies.
A remender,
statim vivus fierem
per un baser.

17. Stetit puella (Soprano)

(v1) Stetit puella
rufa tunica;
si quis eam tetigit,
tunica crepuit.

Eia!

(v2) Stetit puella
tamquam rosula:
facie splenduit
os eius floruit.

Eia!

18. Circa mea pectora (Baritone, Chorus)

(v1) Circa mea pectora
multa sunt suspiria
de tua pulchritudine,
que me ledunt misere. Ah!
Manda liet,
manda liet,
min geselle
chumet niet.

(v2) Tui lucent oculi
sicut solis radii,
sicut splendor fulguris
lucem donat tenebris. Ah!
Manda liet, etc.

(v3) Vellet deus, vellent dii,
quod mente proposui:
ut eius virginea
reserassem vincula. Ah!
Mandaliet, etc.

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

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!

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,, etc.

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

19. Si puer cum puellula (Piccolo Chorus)

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

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. Veni, veni, venias (Chorus)

Veni, veni, venias,
ne me mori facias,
hyrca, hyrce, 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,
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)

(v1) In trutina mentis dubia
fluctuant contraria
lascivus amor et pudicitia.
(v2) 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 est iocundum (Chorus, Baritone, Soprano, Boys)

(v1) Tempus est iocundum,
o virgines,
modo congaudete,
vos iuvenes!
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!

(v2) Mea me confortat
promissio
mea me deportat
negatio.

Oh, oh, oh!, etc.

(v3) Tempore brumali
vir patiens,
animo vernali
lasciviens.

Oh, oh, oh!, etc.

(v4) Mea mecum ludit
virginitas,
mea me detrudit
simplicitas.

Oh, oh, oh!, etc.

(v5) Veni, domicella,
cum gaudio,
veni, veni, pulchra,
iam pereo!

Oh, oh, oh!, etc.

23. Dulcissime (Soprano)

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)

O Fortuna, velut Luna,
statu variabilis,

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.

Sweetest one! Ah!

I give myself to you totally!

BLANCHEFLEUR AND HELEN

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

O Fortune, like the moon
you are changeable,

**(v1) Semper crescis aut decrescis;
vita detestabilis
nunc obdurat et tunc curat
ludo mentis aciem,
egestatem, potestatem
dissolvit ut glaciem.**

**(v2) 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.**

**(v3) 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!**

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!

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