

## **Carmina burana, canciones profanae cantoribus et choris cantandae comitantibus instrumentis atque imaginibus magicis**

CARL ORFF (1895-1982)

*Composed: 1936. First performance: June 8, 1937, Opera House, Frankfurt am Main, Germany. Performing forces: soprano, tenor, and bass soloists, mixed chorus (subdivided in a number of ways), chamber and treble choruses, with optional male soloists drawn from the chorus; three flutes, two piccolos, three oboes, English horn, three clarinets, E-flat clarinet, bass clarinet, two bassoons, contrabassoon, four horns, three trumpets, three trombones, tuba, timpani, percussion (including chimes, castanets, glockenspiel, ratchet, sleighbells, and tambourine), two pianos, celesta, and strings.*

One of the most widely known and enthusiastically received works for chorus in the 20th century, Carl Orff's *Carmina burana* combines archaic poetry, simple melodies, primitive rhythms, and timeless sentiments in a magical atmosphere depicting the ever regenerating springtime of the human soul. Published as a cantata for concert use, it has had many productions (including its German premiere in 1938 and several Atlanta Ballet presentations in this city) in which it was staged, mixing dance and dramatic action with the singing and playing. The work's long Latin subtitle means "Secular songs for soloists and chorus accompanied by instruments and magical representations."

Orff was born and received his conservatory training in Munich. He served as conductor of opera and theater orchestras in Munich, Mannheim and Darmstadt before returning to his home city to help found a school for teachers of eurhythmics, a combination of music, movement and dance. Publication of collections of the improvisations and exercises he developed seemed to be leading to a nationwide acceptance of the school's methods of education, but the coming of nazism and world war ended that.

Beginning in 1945, German radio broadcasts of his work with children led to wider interest in his methods, leading to publication of his ideas and practices in the still-popular *Orff Schulwerk*, to adaptation of his songs to foreign languages around the world, and to establishment in 1961 of the Orff Institute at the Mozarteum in Salzburg. The aim of his work was to show that every child has the potential for musical participation and enjoyment. The simple percussion instruments he developed with associates, based in part on Indonesian *gamelan* instruments, have become a feature of many classrooms worldwide.

Coming of age in the era of Stravinsky and Prokofiev, Orff seems always to have been fascinated with primal rhythm and elemental, diatonic melody, and with theatrical techniques. As director of a Munich choral society he adapted and gave theatrical productions to older choral works, such as the *Saint Luke Passion* inaccurately attributed to Bach and early operas by Monteverdi. Much of the repetitiveness in his work (many of the numbers in *Carmina burana* consist of three verses to identical music) derives from the simple verse repetitions of folk songs, both ancient and contemporary.

*Carmina burana* was completed in 1937, showing strong influences from Stravinsky's *Oedipus Rex* and *Les Noces* (The Marriage), particularly in its varied and imaginatively used percussion. The poems on which it is based, in two languages described by one scholar as "distorted medieval Latin and Middle High German," were written by 13th-century goliards, an undisciplined rabble of students and homeless clerics whose lustiness and lack of respect for authority bear an

interesting resemblance to the hippie phenomenon of the 1960s. A large number of these poems were discovered in 1803 at the Benedictine monastery of Beuren in Bavaria and published under the title *Carmina burana* (Songs of Beuren), and from these Orff selected the ones he set in his cantata. He later designated this work as the first part of the trilogy *Trionfi* (Triumphs), grouping it with his *Catulli carmina* (Songs of Catullus, 1942) and *Il trionfo di Afrodite* (The Triumph of Aphrodite, 1950).

The governing image of Orff's *Carmina burana* is cycles, tying the highs and lows of the Wheel of Fate to the return of springtime and the annual surge of love and carnal passion. The opening chorus, "Fortune (Fate), Empress of the World," at once sets the mood of mystery, longing and ritualistic chanting for the entire work, and it will return in exact repetition at the end. Gregorian basses lead a lament for the inescapable vicissitudes of fortune.

Part I is "Springtime," three choral songs celebrating the annual return of both spring and love-making, followed by "In the Meadow" (or "On the Lawn"), flirtings and frolickings in the eternal mating game of spring. Part II, "In the Tavern," is sung by the male soloists and men's chorus alone. Dice, drink and debauchery all receive their due from the anonymous poets of the Beuern manuscripts. The songs range from the comic lament of a none too well cooked swan to a tipsy catalog of all the excuses for drinking. Part III brings us to "The Court of Love," in which hearts are broken and mended, conquered and surrendered, culminating in a pagan call to hedonistic pleasure. After an exhilarating paean to idealized love, *Carmina burana* closes as it began, the Wheel of Fortune completing its revolution.

## **FORTUNA, IMPERATRIX MUNDI (Fortune, Empress of the World)**

### **1. 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.*

Oh, Fortune,  
like the moon  
ever changing,  
always increasing  
or diminishing;  
detestable life  
now is harsh  
and then it playfully  
nurses the mind's pain  
and destitution;  
power  
it dissolves like ice.

*Sors immanis  
et inanis,  
rota tu volubilis,  
status malus,  
vana salus  
semper dissolubilis,*

Fate, monstrous  
and empty,  
you are a turning wheel,  
an evil state,  
a vain shelter,  
always destructive,

*obumbrata  
et velata  
michi quoque niteris;  
nunc per ludum  
dorsum nudum  
fero tui sceleris.*

shadowed  
and veiled,  
you also act on me;  
now for your entertainment  
my back is bared  
because of your villainy.

*Sors salutis  
et virtutis  
michi nunc contraria,  
est affectus  
et defectus  
semper in angaria.  
Hac in hora  
sine mora  
corde pulsum tangite;  
quod per sortem  
sternit fortem,  
mecum omnes plangite!*

The lot of safety  
and of virtue  
to me is now denied;  
it is both gain  
and loss,  
but always subservient.  
Right now,  
without delay,  
feel my hearts' beating,  
because through fate  
the strong are defeated.  
All mourn with me!

## **2. Chorus**

*Fortune plango vulnera  
stillantibus ocellis,  
quod sua michi munera  
subtrahit rebellis.*

Wounded by Fortune, I lament  
with weeping eyes,  
for from me her gifts  
she withdrew with hostility.

*Verum est, quod legitur  
fronte capillata,  
sed plerumque sequitur  
occasio calvata.*

It is true, what is said  
of a head of hair,  
that often there follows  
the downfall of baldness.

*In Fortune solio  
sederum elatus,  
prosperitatis vario  
flore coronatus;*

On Fortune's throne  
I sat exalted,  
crowned in prosperity  
with diverse flowers.

*quicquid enim florui  
felix et beatus,  
nunc a summo corruui  
gloria privatus.*

Yes, once I flourished,  
happy and blessed;  
now from the summit I have fallen,  
deprived of glory.

*Fortune rota volvitur:  
descendo minoratus;  
alter in altum tollitur;  
nimis exultatus*

Fortune's wheel turns;  
I go down to defeat.  
When one or another is raised up,  
much too proudly

*rex sedet in vertice —  
caveat ruinam!  
nam sub axe legimus  
Hecubam reginam.*

he sits like a king at the top —  
beware his ruin!  
for beneath the axle we behold  
[the fallen] Queen Hecuba [of Troy].

## **PART I. PRIMO VERE (Springtime)**

### **3. Chorus**

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

Spring's mortal face  
is toasted by the world;  
Winter's harshness,  
already overcome, is routed.  
In colored robes  
Flora reigns,  
whose sweet song is  
celebrated from the groves.

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

In the flowers covering her lap  
Phoebus, once more  
laughing, is already crowded  
by colored blooms.  
The nectared west wind  
breathes forth scents;  
competing for the prize,  
let us hasten our loving.

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

Musically sings the  
sweet nightingale Philomena,  
while colored flowers laugh  
in the serene fields;  
a flock of birds flies  
through the pleasant forest,  
while a choir of maidens tells  
of joys by the thousand.

### **4. Baritone**

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

The Sun tempers all  
with purity and delicacy;  
a new world's face  
is unlocked by April;  
to love hurries  
the young man's spirit,  
and pleasure rules  
as god of youth.

*Rerum tanta novitas  
in sollemni 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.*

### **5. Chorus**

*Ecce gratum  
et optatum  
ver reducit gaudia,  
purpuratum  
floret pratium,  
sol serenat omnia.*

*Iamiam cedant tristitia!  
Estas redit,  
nunc recedit  
Hyemis sevitia.*

*Iam liquescit  
et decrescit  
grando, nix et cetera;  
bruma fugit,  
et iam sugit  
Ver Estatis ubera;*

*illi mens est misera,  
qui nec vivit,  
nec lascivit  
sub estatis dextera.*

The universal renewal  
of recurring Spring  
and her authority  
compel us to rejoice.  
The streets offer solitude;  
to your true love's  
trust and honor  
hold fast.

Love me faithfully!  
take note of my fidelity.  
With all my heart  
and my entire mind  
I am with you,  
although far apart.  
Whoever loves so much  
revolves on the wheel [of torture].

Behold, gracious  
and desirable  
Spring brings back her joys;  
bepurpled,  
the field blooms;  
the sun calms everything.

Now let sorrows be banished!  
Summer returns;  
now recedes  
Winter's severity.

Now melts  
and diminishes  
the hail, snow and so forth;  
coldness flees,  
and now nurses  
Spring at Summer's breast;

his mind is miserable  
who neither lives  
nor cavorts  
at Summer's side.

*Gloriantur  
et letantur  
in melle dulcedinis,  
qui conantur  
ut utantur  
premio Cupidinis;*

*simus jussu Cypridis  
gloriantes  
et letantes  
pares esse Paridis.*

They rejoice  
and delight  
in sweetest honey  
who attempt  
to utilize  
Cupid's reward;

let us obey Venus,  
glorified  
and joyous  
to be the equals of Paris.

### UF DEM ANGER (In the Meadow)

#### 6. Tanz (Dance: Orchestra)

#### 7. Chorus

*Floret silva nobilis  
floribus et foliis.  
Ubi est antiquus  
meus amicus?  
Hinc equitavit,  
eia, quis me amabit?*

*Floret silva undique,  
nah mime gesellen ist mir wê.  
Gruonet der walt allenthalben,  
wâ ist min geselle also lange?  
Der ist min geriten hinnen,  
O wî, wer sol mich minnen?*

#### 8. Sopranos and 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!*

The noble forest blooms  
with flowers and foliage.  
Where is that former  
lover of mine?  
He has ridden away;  
Alas, who will love me?

The forest blooms everywhere,  
but where is a lover for me?  
The wood is green all over,  
why does my lover take so long?  
He has ridden off;  
Oh woe, who will love me?

Seller, give me the color  
that reddens my cheeks  
so that I can make the young man  
love me in his thoughts.

Look at me,  
young man!  
Let me enslave you!

*Minnet, tugentliche man  
minnecliche frouwen!  
Minne tuot iu hoch genuot  
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!*

Make love, virtuous men,  
charming women!  
Love makes you highly natured  
and lets you appear  
in high esteem.

Look at me,  
young man!  
Let me enslave you!

Hail, world, that you be  
so rich in joy!  
I wish you to serve me  
through your ever prosperous love.

Look at me,  
young man!  
Let me enslave you!

### **9. Reie (Round Dance: Orchestra) and Songs (Chorus)**

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

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

*Suzer rosenvarwer munt,  
chum un mache mich gesunt.*

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

Here they go around,  
do all the maidens,  
wishing to go without a man  
all this summer!

Come, come, my beloved,  
I urgently bid you.

Sweet rose-colored mouth,  
come and make me well.

Here they go around,  
do all the maidens,  
wishing to go without a man  
all this summer!

### **10. Chorus**

*Were diu werlt alle min  
von deme mere unze an den Rin,  
des wolt ih mih darben,  
daz diu chüinegin von Engellant  
lege an miner armen.*

Were this world all mine  
from the sea up to the Rhine,  
I would forsake it all,  
if the queen of England  
lay in my arms.

## PART II. IN TABERNA (In the Tavern)

### 11. 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.*

*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,  
que nunquam in cordibus  
habitat ignavis.  
Via lata gradior  
more iuventutis,  
implicor et vitiis  
immemor virtutis,  
voluptatis avidus  
magis quam salutis,  
mortuus in anima  
curam gero cutis.*

Boiling inwardly,  
madly vehement,  
in bitterness  
I say to myself:  
what is material  
resolves to ashes;  
I am like a leaf  
with which the wind plays.

Though a wise man  
selects a house site,  
placing his foundation  
upon bedrock,  
foolish me, I am like  
a flowing river,  
never remaining upon  
the same path.

I move about like  
a ship without a pilot  
or a bird blown about  
aimlessly in the wind.  
No chains hold me fast;  
no key locks me down.  
I search out those like me  
and join their depravity.

To me, heaviness of heart  
seems a thing too grave;  
jesting is pleasant,  
sweeter than the honeycomb.  
Venus's commands  
make easy work,  
never to be found  
in faint hearts.  
I travel the broad road  
in youthful manner,  
implicated in vice  
and unmindful of virtue.  
Avid for sensuality  
rather than well-being,  
dead in soul,  
I care only for the flesh.



## 12. Tenor and Male Chorus

*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! modo niger  
et ustus fortiter!*

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

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

## 13. Baritone and Male Chorus

*Ego! 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!  
Wafna! Wafna!*

*Ha ha!*

Once the lake was my abode;  
once exceedingly beautiful  
as a swan was I.

Poor me, poor me! blackened  
and thoroughly burned!

The cook turns me over and over;  
the fire burns me completely.  
Now the waiter serves me.

Poor me, poor me! blackened  
and thoroughly burned!

Now I lie on the platter  
and cannot fly;  
gnashing teeth I see.

Poor me, poor me! blackened  
and thoroughly burned!

I! I am the Abbot of the Land of Fools,  
and I take my counsel with drinkers,  
and I belong to the Decius\* clan,  
and whoever joins me in the tavern over dice  
will end up naked by evening,  
and thus deprived of clothing will cry:

Woe! Woe!  
What have you done, foulest fate?  
All the pleasures of this life  
are taken away!  
Woe! Woe!

Ha ha!

*\*Decius: the invented Saint of dice-throwers*

#### 14. Male 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.*

When we are in the tavern,  
we don't ponder the nature of death,  
but hasten to gambling,  
which always makes us sweat.  
What happens in the tavern,  
where coins are the tender,  
this is the task that is called for;  
that which I say, let it be heard:

Some gamble, some drink,  
some live indiscreetly.  
But of those who tarry at gambling,  
some lose their clothing,  
some become [better] attired,  
some are dressed in sack-cloth.  
There no one fears death,  
but throw their lot with Bacchus,

First for the cost of the wine,  
of which they drink freely,  
next they drink for all captives,  
then they drink thrice for the living,  
four times for all Christians,  
five times for the faithful departed,  
six for vain sisters,  
seven for soldiers in the woods.

Eight for brothers who have gone wrong,  
nine for absent monks,  
ten for the sailors  
eleven for the quarrelsome,  
twelve for the penitent,  
thirteen for those who travel.  
Equally for the pope as for the king  
they drink for all without exception.

*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 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 mente leta;  
sic nos rodunt omnes gentes,  
et sic erimus egentes.  
Qui nos rodunt confundantur  
et cum iustis non scribantur.  
Io, io, io!*

Mistress drinks, master drinks,  
soldier drinks, cleric drinks,  
he drinks, she drinks,  
servant drinks with housemaid,  
swift one drinks, slow one drinks,  
white one drinks, black one drinks,  
stay-at-home drinks, wanderer drinks,  
bumpkin drinks, wise man drinks.  
pauper drinks and sick man,  
exile drinks and unknown,  
child drinks, old man drinks,  
prelate drinks and chorister,  
sister drinks, brother drinks,  
old maid drinks, mother drinks,  
this one drinks, that one drinks,  
hundreds drink, thousands drink.

Six hundred [drinks] are gone  
too soon, when they all drink  
immoderately, limitlessly,  
though we drink with easy mind.  
Hence all people disparage us,  
and hence we shall be destitute.  
Let those who scold us be damned  
and not listed with the just.  
Hi, hi, hi!

### **PART III. COUR D'AMOURS (The Court of Love)**

#### **15. Boy's Choir and Soprano**

*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.*

Love (Cupid) flutters everywhere,  
making each the captive of desire.  
Young men, young women  
are fittingly joined together.

When she has no partner,  
a girl misses all joy.  
She keeps the dark of night  
locked deep  
in her heart.

This is the bitterest fate.

### 16. Baritone

*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 honor.*

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

### 17. Soprano

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

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

### 18. Baritone and Chorus

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

*Manda liet, manda liet,  
min geselle chumet niet!*

Day, night and everything  
are against me.  
The conversation of maidens  
makes me weep,  
fills me with sighs  
and makes me fearful.

O comrades, make sport,  
say what is obvious.  
Spare me in my misery;  
great is my sadness,  
but counsel me  
through your honor.

Your lovely face  
makes me weep a thousand tears;  
your breast contains ice.  
Restore me  
to full life  
with a kiss.

There stood a maiden  
in a red tunic.  
If it was but touched,  
the tunic rustled.  
Ay!

There stood a maiden  
just like a rose,  
her face radiant,  
her mouth like a flower.  
Ay!

Around my heart,  
many are the sighs  
for your beauty,  
which oppresses me wretchedly.

I call gently;  
my dear comes not!

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

*Manda liet, manda liet,  
min geselle chumet niet!*

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

*Manda liet, manda liet,  
min geselle chumet niet!*

### **19. Male Chorus**

*Si puer cum puellula  
moraretur in cellula  
felix coniunctio.*

*Amore suscrescente,  
pariter e medio  
avulso procul tedio,  
fit ludus ineffabilis  
membris, lacertis, labiis.*

*Si puer cum puellula  
moraretur in cellula  
felix coniunctio.*

### **20. Double 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!  
Nazaza!*

Your eyes shine  
like the sun's rays,  
like the lightning's flash  
giving light to the darkness.

I call gently;  
my dear comes not!

May God, may the gods will  
what my mind proposes:  
that I release  
the chains of her virginity.

I call gently;  
my dear comes not!

If a fellow with a lass  
lingers in a room,  
happy is their union.

Love grows greater  
between them as  
shame is driven off;  
there occurs ineffable play  
of limbs, arms, lips.

If a fellow lingers  
with a lass in a room,  
happy is their union.

Come, come, do come;  
don't make me die,  
Hyrca lad, Hyrcan lass,  
heia-hey, tralalala!

Beautiful is your face,  
your bright eyes,  
your hair style —  
oh what a clear complexion!  
Redder than the rose,  
whiter than the lily,  
fairest of all,  
I glory in you always!  
Heia-hey!

## 21. Soprano

*In trutina mentis dubia  
fluctuant contraria  
lascivus amor et pudicitia.*

*Sed eligo quod video,  
collum iugo prebeo;  
ad iugum tamen suave transeo.*

## 22. Soprano, Baritone, Chorus and Boys' Choir

*Tempus est iocundum,  
o virgines,  
modo congaudete,  
vos iuvenes.*

*Oh, oh, oh,  
totus floreo!  
Iam amore virginali  
totus ardeo,  
novus amor est,  
quo pereo.*

*Mea me confortat  
promissio,  
mea me deportat  
negatio.*

*Oh, oh, oh,  
totus floreo!  
Iam amore virginali  
totus ardeo,  
novus amor est,  
quo pereo.*

*Tempore brumali  
vir patiens,  
animo vernali  
lasciviens.*

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

My doubtful mind is in the balance,  
fluctuating between opposites:  
voluptuous love and chastity.

But I choose what I see;  
I offer my neck to the yoke.  
To the yoke I willingly submit.

The season is pleasant,  
oh maidens;  
time for rejoicing,  
you young men.  
Oh, oh, oh,  
I'm all aflower!  
Already with love of maidens  
am I all afire;  
the love is new  
with which I perish.

My promise  
comforts me;  
my refusal  
dispirits me.  
Oh, oh, oh,  
I'm all aflower!  
Already with love of maidens  
am I all afire;  
the love is new  
with which I perish.

In winter time  
a man is patient;  
with the breath of spring  
he is lustful.  
Oh, oh, oh,  
I'm all aflower!  
Already with love of maidens  
am I all afire;  
the love is new  
with which I perish.

*Mea mecum ludit  
virginitas,  
mea me detrudit  
simplicitas.*

*Oh, oh, oh,  
totus floreo!  
Iam amore virginali  
totus ardeo,  
novus amor est,  
quo pereo.*

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

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

### **23. Soprano**

*Dulcissime,  
totam tibi subdo me!*

My virginity  
teases me;  
my innocence  
disheartens me.

Oh, oh, oh,  
I'm all aflower!  
Already with love of maidens  
am I all afire;  
the love is new  
with which I perish.

Come, mistress,  
with joy;  
come, come, beauty;  
I am perishing.

Oh, oh, oh,  
I'm all aflower!  
Already with love of maidens  
am I all afire;  
the love is new  
with which I perish.

Sweetest one,  
to you I give myself completely!

## **BLANZIFLOR ET HELENA**

### **24. Chorus**

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

Hail, most beautiful one,  
gem most priceless;  
hail, glory of maidenhood,  
virgin most glorious;  
hail, light of the world;  
hail, rose of the earth:  
Blanziflor\* and Helena,  
Venus most generous.

\*Heroine of a popular medieval saga

**FORTUNA, IMPERATRIX MUNDI**  
**(Fortune, Empress of the World)**

**25. 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!*

Oh, Fortune,  
like the moon  
ever varying,  
always increasing  
or diminishing;  
detestable life  
now is harsh  
and then it tends  
playfully the mind's pain  
and destitution;  
power  
it dissolves like ice.

Fate, monstrous  
and empty,  
you are a turning wheel,  
an evil state,  
a vain shelter,  
always destructive,  
shadowed  
and veiled,  
you also act on me;  
now for your entertainment  
a bared back  
I bear for your villainy.

The lot of safety  
and of virtue  
to me is now denied;  
it is both gain  
and loss,  
but always subservient.  
Right now,  
without delay,  
feel my hearts' beating,  
because through fate  
the strong are defeated,  
all mourn with me!