

Carl Orff:  
CARMINA  
BURANA  
TEXT TRANSLATION

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## 1. O Fortuna

This is the most recognisable music from Carmina Burana and has been used in many other contexts to denote events of an epic or foreboding nature. Orff uses an endlessly repeating orchestral accompaniment to suggest the relentless turning of the Wheel of 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;  
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 turning wheel,  
you are malevolent,  
your favor is idle  
and always fades,  
shadowed,  
veiled,  
you plague me too.  
I bare my back  
for the sport  
of your wickedness.

In prosperity  
or in virtue  
fate is against me,  
Both in passion  
and in weakness  
fate always enslaves us.  
So at this hour  
pluck the vibrating strings;  
because fate  
brings down even the strong,  
everyone weep with me.

## 2. Fortune plango vulnera

In the first verse, the goddess Fortuna is depicted with hair on the front of her head but none on the back, signifying that you can grasp an opportunity if you see it coming, but not once it has passed. Hecuba, whose name is written below the hub of the wheel, is an object lesson in the capriciousness of fate. She was the wife of King Priam of Troy, and during the long Trojan War she saw her husband slain, her family destroyed, and the city razed. She herself was given as spoils to Odysseus. Thinking to save at least one member of the family, she sent her youngest son to the king of Thrace along with a large sum of money. The king basely slew the boy and stole the money. Hecuba exacted her revenge by blinding the king and killing his two sons. As the king's men pursued her, the gods finally pitied Hecuba and turned her into a dog, allowing her to escape. She threw herself into the sea and was drowned.

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

I bemoan Fortune's wounds  
with weeping eyes,  
for the gifts she gave me  
she perversely takes away.  
It is true, what is written,  
Opportunity has hair on her brow,  
but from behind  
she is bald.

In Fortune solio  
sederam elatus,  
prosperitas vario  
flore coronatus;  
quicquid enim florui  
felix et beatus,  
nunc a summo corruui  
gloria privatus.

On fortune's throne  
I once sat, raised up  
and crowned  
with the blossoms of prosperity;  
though I once flourished,  
happy and blessed,  
now I fall from the peak,  
deprived of glory.

Fortune rota volvitur:  
descendo minoratus;  
alter in altum tollitur;  
nimis exaltatus  
rex sedet in vertice  
caveat ruinam:  
nam sub axe legimus  
Hecubam reginam.

The wheel of fortune turns  
and I descend, debased;  
another rises in turn;  
raised too high  
the king sits at the top,  
let him fear ruin:  
for below the axle we read  
Queen Hecuba.

### 3. Veris leta facies

Spring opens gently with long, languid, chant-like lines set for unison voices. Phoebus is the Greek sun-god, Flora, the Roman goddess of flowers, and Zephyrus, the god of the west wind. Philomena, the nightingale, and her sister Procne were Greek princesses who were brutally abused by another king of Thrace. As they fled his wrath the gods turned them into a swallow and a nightingale.

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

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

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

The merry face of spring  
turns toward the world,  
sharp winter  
now flees, vanquished;  
clothed in diverse garb  
Flora reigns,  
the sweet sounds of the woods  
praise her in song.

Reclining in Flora's lap  
Phoebus once again  
smiles, now covered  
with many-colored flowers.  
Zephyr breathes  
nectar-scented breezes.  
Let us rush to compete  
in the race of love.

With harp-like tones  
the sweet nightingale sings,  
the meadows now laugh  
covered with many flowers,  
a flock of birds takes flight  
through the pleasant forests,  
a chorus of virgins  
promises a thousand joys.

#### 4. Omnia sol temperat

Omnia sol temperat  
purus et subtilis,  
novo mundo reserat  
faciem Aprillis,  
ad amorem properat  
animus herilis  
et iocundis imperat  
deus puerilis.

Rerum tanta novitas  
in solempni 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 nota:  
de corde totaliter  
et ex mente tota  
sum presentialiter  
absent in remota,  
quisquis amat taliter  
volvitur in rota.

The sun, pure and gentle,  
warms all things,  
and again reveals to the world  
the face of April,  
a man's soul  
is urged toward love  
and joys are ruled  
by the boy-god.

The renewal of all things  
in spring's festivity  
and spring's power  
bid us all rejoice;  
it shows us the familiar way,  
and in your springtime  
it is right and true  
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  
is turned on the wheel.

## 5. Ecce gratum

A vocal fanfare heralds spring's arrival in earnest. Paris in the last line was the son of Priam and Hecuba. In return for judging Venus the fairest of the goddesses (as if there were any contest!) he was granted the love of the most beautiful woman in the world. Unfortunately for him, that turned out to be Helen, wife of King Menelaus of Sparta. Paris abducted the willing Helen, the event which precipitated the Trojan War.

Ecce gratum  
et optatum  
ver reducit gaudia,  
purpuratum  
floret pratum,  
sol serenat omnia.  
Iam iam cedant tristia!  
Estas redit,  
nunc recedit  
Hyemis servitia.

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.

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

Behold the pleasant  
and long-sought  
Spring brings back joy,  
purple flowers  
fill the meadows,  
and the sun brightens everything.  
Sadness is now at an end!  
Summer returns  
and the harshness of winter  
now recedes.

Now melting  
and disappearing  
is snow, ice and the rest,  
Winter flees,  
and Spring sucks  
at Summer's breast;  
it is a wretched soul  
who neither lives  
nor loves  
under Summer's rule.

They glory  
and rejoice  
in the honeyed sweetness  
who strive  
to enjoy  
Cupid's reward:  
at Venus' command  
let us glory  
and rejoice  
in being the equals of Paris

## 6. Tanz

An instrumental number, this is a vigorous dance propelled forward by alternating duple and triple meters.

## 7. Floret silva nobilis

This is a charming vignette of flirtation, written in Latin and then repeated in German. The women idly wonder where their former lover has gone. The men are quick to reply that he has ridden away. The women somewhat archly respond “I wonder who will love me now?” Orff takes advantage of the opportunity for some musical tone painting, with the timpani providing the horse’s hoofbeats and a gradual diminuendo in the chorus as the lover rides away.

Floret silva nobilis  
floribus et foliis.

The noble forest blooms  
with flowers and leaves.

Ubi est antiquus  
meus amicus?  
Hinc equitavit!  
Eia, quis me amabit?

Where is my  
lover of old?  
He has ridden away!  
Alas, who will love me?

Floret silva undique  
nah mime gesellen ist mir wê.

The woods are blooming all around,  
but I am pining for my love.

Gruonet der walt allenthalben,  
wâ ist min geselle also lange?  
Der ist geritten hinnen!  
O wî, wer sol mich minnen?

The woods are greening all around,  
why is my lover away so long?  
He has ridden off!  
Alas, who will love me?

## 8. Chramer, gip die varwe mir

Women of somewhat dubious virtue are advertising their charms to the young men, who provide a wordless response as they consider the offer.

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 gefallen!

Minnet, tugentlich man,  
minnecliche frouwen!  
minne tuot iu hoch gemout  
unde lat iuch in hohen eren  
schouwen.  
Seht mich an,  
jungen man!  
Lat mich iu gefallen!

Wol dir, werlt, daz du bist  
also freudenriche!  
Ich wil dir sin untertan  
durch din liebe immer sicherliche.  
Seht mich an,  
jungen man!  
Lat mich iu gefallen!

Merchant, give me rouge  
to make my cheeks red,  
so that I can make the young men  
love me whether they will or not.  
Look at me,  
young men!  
Let me please you!

Virtuous men, give your love  
to lovely women!  
Love ennobles your spirit  
and lets you shine in high honor.  
Look at me,  
young men!  
Let me please you!

Hail, o 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!

## 9. Reie

This is a three-part dance section. The first is a rather courtly dance set for orchestra alone. Swaz hie gat umbe is a dance round, like a Maypole dance, employing a bit of medieval reverse psychology: the women who dance ostensibly want to go the whole summer without a man. Chume is a bit more seductive, if the reverse psychology does not work. The men join in soft accompaniment. Their rhythm contrasts with the rhythm of the melody, which is as close as Orff gets to polyphonic texture.

Swaz hie gat umbe  
daz sint allez megede  
die wellent ân man  
allen diesen sumer gan!

Those who dance around  
are all maidens  
who want to do without a man  
the whole summer long!

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

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

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

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

## 10. Were diu werlt alle min

This fixation with the Queen of England bears some explanation. The queen in question was Eleanor of Aquitaine, the richest, most beautiful, most ambitious and certainly the most notorious woman of the 12th century. She inherited vast wealth at the age of fifteen. Her court was a magnet for the budding troubadour movement, and the rules of medieval chivalry were developed there. She first married the prim Louis VII of France. When he went on crusade, she joined him, leading a company of women bearing armor and wearing clothes cut after a manly fashion. It was not only a great scandal but a great fiasco, prompting the pope to write a bull forbidding women to ever accompany a crusade again. When she returned to France she promptly had her marriage to Louis annulled (another scandal) and just as promptly married the much younger Henry of Anjou (an even bigger scandal), who became Henry II of England two years later. And with another turn of the Wheel of Fortune, her marriage to Henry set into motion events which directly led to the Magna Carta and the Hundred Years' War.

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

Were all the world mine  
from the sea to the Rhine,  
I would give it all up  
to have the queen of England  
lie in my arms.

## 11. Estuans interius

This is the only poem in *Carmina Burana* which can be linked with a specific person, in this case the man known only as the Archpoet (c. 1130-1165). He was born a gentleman, enjoyed the patronage of the Archbishop of Cologne, traveled extensively and died of illness at a young age. His poetry was known for its cleverness, word plays, sardonic wit and self-deprecating humour. His Confession, from which these five verses are taken, might serve as a credo for the goliard movement.

Estuans interius  
ira vehementi  
in amaritudine  
loquor mee menti:  
factus de materia,  
cinis elementi,  
similis sum folio,  
de quo ludunt venti.

Burning inwardly  
with strong anger  
in my bitterness  
I speak to my soul:  
created from matter,  
from the ashes of the earth  
I am like a leaf  
with which the winds play.

Cum sit enim proprium  
viro sapienti  
supra petram ponere  
sedem fundamenti,  
stultus ego comparor  
fluvio labenti,  
sub eodem tramite  
nunquam permanenti.

If it is proper  
for the wise man  
to build his foundations  
upon stone,  
then I am a fool,  
like a flowing river  
whose course  
is always changing.

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.

I am carried along  
like a ship without a steersman,  
as a wandering bird  
is carried along paths of air;  
chains cannot hold me,  
nor locks imprison me,  
I seek out men like myself  
and join with the depraved.

Mihi cordis gravitas  
res videtur gravis;  
iocis est amabilis  
dulciorque favis:  
quicquid Venus imperat,  
labor est suavis,  
que nunquam in cordibus  
habitat ignavis.

To me a serious heart  
seems too grave a thing;  
a joke is pleasant  
and sweeter than honeycomb;  
whatever Venus commands  
is a sweet duty,  
for she never dwells  
in faint hearts.

Via lata gradior  
more iuventutis  
inplicor et vitiis  
immemor virtutis,  
voluptas avidus  
magis quam salutis,  
mortuus in anima  
curam gero cutis.

I travel the broad path  
as is the way of youth,  
I give myself up to vice,  
heedless of virtue,  
more greedy for pleasure  
than for salvation,  
my soul is dead  
so I look after the flesh.

## 12. Olim lacus colueram

Rather inebriated and out of focus music accompanies this tenor solo, sung from the point of view of the unfortunate main course at dinner.

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

Once I lived on lakes,  
Once I was beautiful  
when I was a swan.

Miser, miser!  
Modo niger  
et ustus fortiter!

Miserable me!  
Now black  
and roasting fiercely!

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

The servant turns me on a spit,  
I burn fiercely upon the pyre,  
the waiter now serves me up.

Miser, miser!  
Modo niger  
et ustus fortiter!

Miserable me!  
Now black  
and roasting fiercely!

Nunc in scutella iaceo,  
et volitare nequeo  
dentes fredentes video.

Now I lie upon a plate,  
and can fly no more,  
I see gnashing teeth.

Miser, miser!  
Modo niger  
et ustus fortiter!

Miserable me!  
Now black  
and roasting fiercely!

## 13. Ego sum abbas Cucaniensis

This satirical song is set in a parody of Gregorian chant, punctuated by alarm bells rather than cathedral chimes. Cockaigne was a mythical, nonsensical place. Decius was the spurious patron saint of gamblers. The gambler who is (quite literally) fleeced cries out “Wafna!”— an exclamation of dismay.

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!

I am the abbot of Cockaigne  
and my congregation is of drinkers,  
and my desire is to be in the order of gamblers,  
and whoever seeks me out in the tavern by morning  
will depart naked by Vespers,  
and thus stripped of his clothes, will cry out:  
Wafna, wafna!  
What have you done, most vile fortune?  
You have taken away  
all the joys of my life!

#### 14. In taberna quando sumus

This is undoubtedly the most all-inclusive drinking song in the history of music. It opens with a description of the typical behaviour in the tavern and follows with thirteen toasts encompassing every group of people imaginable. Then there is a comprehensive list of who is drinking, and the poem ends with a parody of a phrase from the Requiem Mass, "Let those who slander us be confounded and let their names not be recorded in the Book of the Righteous." Orff sets this as a virtuoso patter song for three-part men's chorus. He takes advantage of the percussive qualities of repeated words like *quidam* and *bibit* to reinforce the march-like beat of the music.

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,  
quinquies pro fidelibus defunctis,  
sexies pro soroibus vanis,  
septies pro militibus silvanis,

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

When we are in the tavern  
we do not consider our mortality,  
but we hurry to gamble  
which always makes us sweat.  
What happens in the tavern  
where money is host,  
is something you may well ask,  
so listen to what I say.

Some gamble, some drink,  
some behave loosely.  
But of those who gamble,  
some are stripped bare,  
while others win new clothes,  
and others are dressed in sacks.  
Here no one fears death  
but throws the dice in the name of Bacchus.

First, it is to the wine merchant  
that the libertines drink;  
next they drink to prisoners,  
third, they drink to the living,  
fourth, they drink to all Christians,  
fifth, they drink to the faithful departed,  
sixth, they drink to the wayward sisters,  
seventh, they drink to the soldiers in the forest,

Eighth, they drink to the errant brothers,  
Ninth, they drink to the dispersed monks,  
Tenth, they drink to sailors,  
Eleventh, they drink to squabblers,  
Twelfth, they drink to the penitent,  
Thirteenth, they drink to travelers.  
They drink without restraint  
to the pope as well as to the king.

*14. In taberna quando sumus continued on next page*

*14. In taberna quando sumus continued from previous page*

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 exsul 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.

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 quick man drinks, the slow man drinks,  
the white man drinks, the black man drinks,  
the faithful man drinks, the aimless man drinks,  
the bumpkin drinks, the sage drinks,

The pauper and the sick man drink,  
the exile and the stranger drink,  
the boy drinks, the old man drinks,  
the bishop and the deacon drink,  
the sister drinks, the brother drinks,  
the old woman drinks, the mother drinks,  
this one drinks and that one drinks,  
a hundred drink, a thousand drink.

Six hundred coins scarcely suffice,  
for everyone drinks immoderately  
and without measure.  
Although they cheerfully drink,  
they all slander us,  
and thus we become poor.  
May those who slander us be confounded  
and not be written in the book of the just.

**15. Amor volat undique**

Amor volat undique,  
captus est libidine.  
Iuvenes, iuvenecule  
coniunguntur merito.

Siqua sine socio,  
caret omni gaudio;  
tenet noctis infima sub intimo  
cordis in custodia:  
fit res amarissima.

Cupid flies everywhere,  
seized by desire.  
Young men and young women  
couple together, as is right.

The girl without a lover  
misses out on all joys;  
she holds the dark night hidden  
in her inmost heart:  
it is a most bitter thing.

## 16. Dies, nox et omnia

This is a rather affected and foppish love song complete with coloratura passages set for the baritone in a mixture of Latin and French, a parody of the chivalrous style.

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

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

Tua pulchra facies,  
me 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 makes me more afraid.

O friends, you are toying with me,  
you do not know what you are saying,  
spare me in my misery,  
great is my sorrow,  
advise me, at least,  
for your honor.

Your beautiful face  
makes me weep a thousand times,  
you have a heart of ice.  
To restore me,  
I would be revived  
by a single kiss.

## 17. Stetit puella

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

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

A girl stood  
in a red dress;  
if anyone touched it,  
it rustled.  
Eia.

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

## 18. Circa mea pectora

The baritone solo tries his hand at a seduction which is unlikely to have a successful conclusion as he lets slip what is truly on his mind. The women mock him with the refrain *manda liet* which the men sarcastically echo. The exact meaning of *manda liet* is a bit obscure, but the sense is “you’d better keep singing, it’s not working.”

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

In my breast  
are many sighs  
for your beauty  
which distress me sorely.

Manda liet, manda liet  
min geselle chumet niet.

Manda liet, manda liet  
my lover is not coming.

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

Your eyes shine  
like the sun’s rays,  
like a flash of lightning  
which brightens the darkness.

Manda liet, manda liet  
min geselle chumet niet.

Manda liet, manda liet  
my lover is not coming.

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

May God grant, may all the gods grant  
what I have in mind:  
that I might loose  
the chains of her virginity.

Manda liet, manda liet  
min geselle chumet niet.

Manda liet, manda liet  
my lover is not coming.

### 19. Si puer cum puellula

This is a slightly risqué song with some obvious double meanings, set for three-part men's chorus.

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

If a boy and a girl  
linger together in a little room,  
their union is a happy one.  
Love rises up  
equally between them,  
boredom is driven away  
and the age-old game begins  
with their limbs, arms and lips.

### 20. Veni, veni, venias

The amorous heat is turned up a bit in this setting for double chorus. The men and women tease each other by calling them goats and bleating nazaza, referring to that animal's legendary sexual proclivity.

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

Come, come, oh, come,  
don't make me die,  
he-goat, she-goat, nazaza,  
trillirivos!

Pulchra tibi facies,  
oculorum acies,  
capillorum series,  
o quam clara species!

Beautiful is your face,  
the gleam of your eyes,  
the tresses of your hair,  
how beautiful your appearance!

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

Redder than the rose,  
whiter than the lily,  
lovelier than all others,  
I shall always glory in you!

### 21. In trutina mentis dubia

Set for soprano solo, In trutina mentis dubia contains a melody of simple but exquisite beauty.

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

In my hesitating feelings,  
wanton love and chastity  
oppose each other on the scales.  
But I choose what I see,  
and bend my neck to the yoke:  
such a sweet yoke to which I submit.

## 22. Tempus est iocundum

The baritone solo, soprano solo, chorus and children's choir all stammer in anticipation of amorous bliss.

Tempus est iocundum, o virgines, modo congaudete, vos iuvenes.	This is the time of joy, O maidens, Rejoice with them, young men.	O, totus floreo, iam amore virginali totus ardeo, novus, novus amor est, quo pereo.	O, I am all aflower, I am burning all over with my first love, it is new love of which I am dying!
O, totus floreo, iam amore virginali totus ardeo, novus, novus amor est, quo pereo.	O, I am all aflower, I am burning all over with my first love, it is new love of which I am dying!	Mea mecum ludit virginitas, mea me detrudit simplicitas.	My virginity leads me on, my innocence holds me back.
Mea me confortat promissio, mea me deportat negatio.	I am elated by my promise, I am downcast by my refusal.	O, totus floreo, iam amore virginali totus ardeo, novus, novus amor est, quo pereo.	O, I am all aflower, I am burning all over with my first love, it is new love of which I am dying!
O, totus floreo, iam amore virginali totus ardeo, novus, novus amor est, quo pereo.	O, I am all aflower, I am burning all over with my first love, it is new love of which I am dying!	Veni domicella, cum gaudio, veni, veni, pulchra, iam pereo.	Come, my mistress, with joy, come, come, my pretty, I am already dying.
Tempore brumali vir patiens, animo vernali lasciviens.	In wintertime a man is patient, but with the breath of spring he is amorous.	O, totus floreo, iam amore virginali totus ardeo, novus, novus amor est, quo pereo.	O, I am all aflower, I am burning all over with my first love, it is new love of which I am dying!

### 23. **Dulcissime**

The soprano solo finally surrenders to her passion in an impossibly high coloratura line that reaches D above high C.

Dulcissime,  
totam tibi subdo me!

Sweetest one,  
I give myself to you wholly.

### 24. **Ave formosissima**

This grandiose song is a parody of the Ave Maria, using similar titles to honour his beloved rather than the Virgin Mary. The final lines compare her to Blanche fleur (the heroine of a popular 12th century romance), Helen of Troy, and even Venus herself.

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

Hail, most beautiful one,  
precious jewel,  
hail, pride among virgins,  
most glorious virgin,  
hail, light of the world,  
hail, rose of the world,  
Blanche fleur, Helen,  
noble Venus!

### 25. **O Fortuna**

The music comes full circle as the opening chorus is reprised, reminding us that the Wheel of Fate continues in its inexorable turning.

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