

Carmina Burana Lyrics translated

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.

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.

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.

Fate - monstrous
and empty,
you whirling wheel,
you are malevolent,
well-being is vain
and always fades to nothing,
shadowed
and veiled
you plague me too;
now through the game
I bring my bare back
to your villainy.

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!

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 string man,
everyone weep with me!

2. Fortune plango vulnera (I bemoan the wounds of Fortune)

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.

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

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.

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;
I go down, demeaned;
another is raised up;
far too high up
sits the king at the summit -
let him fear ruin!
for under the axis is written
Queen Hecuba.

PRIMO VERE (SPRING)

3 Veris leta facies (The merry face of spring)

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

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!

Flore fusus gremio
Phebus novo more
risum dat, hac vario
iam stipate flore.

Lying in Flora's lap
Phoebus once more
smiles, now covered
in many-coloured flowers,

Zephyrus nectareo
spirans it odore.
Certatim pro bravio
curramus in amore.

Zephyr breathes nectar-
scented breezes.
Let us rush to compete
for love's prize. Ah!

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

In harp-like tones sings
the sweet nightingale,
with many flowers
the joyous meadows are laughing,
a flock of birds rises up
through the pleasant forests,
the chorus of maidens
already promises a thousand joys. Ah!

4 Omnia sol temperat (The sun warms everything)

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

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.

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.

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.

Ama me fideliter,
fidem meam nota:
de corde totaliter
et ex mente tota
sum presentialiter
absens in remota,
quisquis amat taliter,
volvitur in rota.

Love me faithfully!
See how I am faithful:
with all my heart
and with all my soul,
I am with you
even when I am far away.
Whosoever loves this much
turns on the wheel.

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

Ecce gratum
et optatum
Ver reducit gaudia,
purpuratum
florete pratum,
sol serenat omnia.
Iam cedant tristia!
Estas redit,
nunc recedit
hyemis sevitia.

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!

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.

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!

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

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!

Uf dem anger **6. Tanz (Dance)**

7. Florete silva nobilis (The woods are burgeoning)

(Chorus)

Florete silva nobilis
floribus et foliis.

The noble woods are burgeoning
with flowers and leaves.

(Small Chorus)

Ubi est antiquus

Where is the lover

meus amicus? I knew? Ah!
Hinc equitavit, He has ridden off!
eia, quis me amabit? Oh! Who will love me? Ah!

(Chorus)

Floret silva undique, The woods are burgeoning all over,
nah mime gesellen ist mir we. I am pining for my lover.

(Small Chorus)

Gruonet der walt allenthalben, The woods are turning green all over,
wa ist min geselle also lange? why is my lover away so long? Ah!
Der ist geriten hinnen, He has ridden off,
o wi, wer sol mich minnen? Oh woe, who will love me? Ah!

8. Chramer, gip die varwe mir (Shopkeeper, give me colour)

(Semi-Chorus)

Chramer, gip die varwe mir, Shopkeeper, give me colour
die min wengel roete, to make my cheeks red,
damit ich die jungen man so that I can make the young men
an ir dank der minnenliebe noete. love me, against their will.
Seht mich an, Look at me,
jungen man! young men!
lat mich iu gevallen! Let me please you!

Minnet, tugentliche man, Good men, love
minnecliche frouwen! women worthy of love!
minne tuot iu hoch gemout Love ennobles your spirit
unde lat iuch in hohen eren schouwen and gives you honour.
Seht mich an Look at me,
jungen man! young men!
lat mich iu gevallen! Let me please you!

Wol dir, werit, daz du bist Hail, world,
also freudenriche! so rich in joys!
ich will dir sin undertan I will be obedient to you
durch din liebe immer sicherliche. because of the pleasures you afford.
Seht mich an, Look at me,
jungen man! young men!
jat mich iu gevallen! Let me please you!

9. Reie (Round dance) Swaz hie gat umbe

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

Chume, chum, geselle min

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

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.

Suzer rosenvarwer munt,
chum unde mache mich gesunt
chum unde mache mich gesunt,
suzer rosenvarwer munt

Swaz hie gat umbe

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

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

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

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!

Were all the world mine
from the sea to the Rhine,
I would starve myself of it
so that the queen of England
might lie in my arms.

IN TABERNA

11. Estuans interius (Burning Inside)

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

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.

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

If it is the way
of the wise man
to build
foundations on stone,
the I am a fool, like
a flowing stream,
which in its course

nunquam permanenti.

never changes.

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,
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.

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

The heaviness of my heart
seems like a burden to me;
it is pleasant to joke
and sweeter than honeycomb;
whatever Venus commands
is a sweet duty,
she never dwells
in a lazy heart.

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

I travel the broad path
as is the way of youth,
I give myself to vice,
unmindful of virtue,
I am eager for the pleasures of the flesh
more than for salvation,
my soul is dead,
so I shall look after the flesh.

12. Cignus ustus cantat (The Roast Swan)

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

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

(Male chorus)
Miser, miser!
modo niger
et ustus fortiter!

Misery me!
Now black
and roasting fiercely!

(Tenor)
Girat, regirat garcifer;

The servant is turning me on the spit;

si quid loquar, audiatur. and hear what I say.

Quidam ludunt, quidam bibunt, Some gamble, some drink,
quidam indiscrete vivunt. some behave loosely.
Sed in ludo qui morantur, But of those who gamble,
ex his quidam denudantur some are stripped bare,
quidam ibi vestiuntur, some win their clothes here,
quidam saccis induuntur. some are dressed in sacks.
Ibi nullus timet mortem Here no-one fears death,
sed pro Baccho mittunt sortem: but they throw the dice in the name of
Bacchus.

Primo pro nummata vini, First of all it is to the wine-merchant
ex hac bibunt libertini; the the libertines drink,
semel bibunt pro captivis, one for the prisoners,
post hec bibunt ter pro vivis, three for the living,
quater pro Christianis cunctis four for all Christians,
quinqies pro fidelibus defunctis, five for the faithful dead,
sexies pro sororibus vanis, six for the loose sisters,
septies pro militibus silvanis. seven for the footpads in the wood,

Octies pro fratribus perversis, Eight for the errant brethren,
nonies pro monachis dispersis, nine for the dispersed monks,
decies pro navigantibus ten for the seamen,
undecies pro discordantiibus, eleven for the squabblers,
duodecies pro penitentibus, twelve for the penitent,
tredecies pro iter agentibus. thirteen for the wayfarers.
Tam pro papa quam pro rege To the Pope as to the king
bibunt omnes sine lege. they all drink without restraint.

Bibit hera, bibit herus, The mistress drinks, the master drinks,
bibit miles, bibit clerus, the soldier drinks, the priest drinks,
bibit ille, bibit illa, the man drinks, the woman drinks,
bibit servus cum ancilla, the servant drinks with the maid,
bibit velox, bibit piger, the swift man drinks, the lazy man drinks,
bibit albus, bibit niger, the white man drinks, the black man drinks,
bibit constans, bibit vagus, the settled man drinks, the wanderer drinks,
bibit rudis, bibit magnus. the stupid man drinks, the wise man drinks,

Bibit pauper et egrotus, The poor man drinks, the sick man drinks,
bibit exul et ignotus, the exile drinks, and the stranger,
bibit puer, bibit canus, the boy drinks, the old man drinks,
bibit presul et decanus, the bishop drinks, and the deacon,
bibit soror, bibit frater, the sister drinks, the brother drinks,

bibit anus, bibit mater, the old lady drinks, the mother drinks,
bibit ista, bibit ille, this man drinks, that man drinks,
bibunt centum, bibunt mille. a hundred drink, a thousand drink.

Parum sexcente nummate Six hundred pennies would hardly
durant, cum immoderate suffice, if everyone
bibunt omnes sine meta. drinks immoderately and immeasurably.
Quamvis bibant mente leta, However much they cheerfully drink
sic nos rodunt omnes gentes we are the ones whom everyone scolds,
et sic erimus egentes. and thus we are destitute.
Qui nos rodunt confundantur May those who slander us be cursed
et cum iustis non scribantur. and may their names not be written in the
book of the righteous.

III. COUR D'AMOURS

15. Amor volat undique (Cupid flies everywhere)

(Boys)

Amor volat undique, Cupid flies everywhere
captus est libidine. seized by desire.
Iuvenes, iuencule Young men and women
coniunguntur merito. are rightly coupled.

(Soprano)

Siqua sine socio, The girl without a lover
caret omni gaudio; misses out on all pleasures,
tenet noctis infima she keeps the dark night
sub intimo hidden
cordis in custodia: in the depth of her heart;

(Boys)

fit res amarissima. it is a most bitter fate.

16. Dies, nox et omnia (Day, night and everything)

(Baritone)

Dies, nox et omnia Day, night and everything
michi sunt contraria; is against me,
virginum colloquia the chattering of maidens
me fay planszer, makes me weep,
oy suvenz suspirer, and often sigh,
plu me fay temer. and, most of all, scares me.

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

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.

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

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

17. Stetit puella (A girl stood)

(Soprano)

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

A girl stood
in a red tunic;
if anyone touched it,
the tunic rustled.
Eia!

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

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

18. Circa mea pectora (In my heart)

(Baritone and Chorus)

In my heart

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

In my heart
there are many sighs
for your beauty,
which wound me sorely. Ah!

Manda liet,
Manda liet
min geselle
chumet niet.

Mandaliet,
mandaliet,
my lover
does not come.

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

Your eyes shine
like the rays of the sun,
like the flashing of lightening
which brightens the darkness. Ah!

Manda liet
Manda liet,
min geselle
chumet niet.

Mandaliet,
mandaliet,
my lover
does not come.

Vellet deus, vallent dei
quod mente proposui:
ut eius virginea
reserassem vincula.

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

Manda liet,
Manda liet,
min geselle
chumet niet.

Mandaliet,
mandaliet,
my lover
does not come.

19. Si puer cum puellula (If a boy with a girl)

(Six solo men)

Si puer cum puellula
moraretur in cellula,
felix coniunctio.
Amore suscrescente
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 (Come, come, O come)

Veni, veni, venias

Come, come, O come

Veni, veni, venias,
ne me mori facias,
hycra, hycce, nazaza,
trillirivos...

Come, come, O come,
do not let me die,
hycra, hycce, nazaza,
trillirivos!

Pulchra tibi facies
oculorum acies,

Beautiful is your face,
the gleam of your eye,

capillorum series,
o quam clara species!

your braided hair,
what a glorious creature!

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 truitina (In the balance)

(Soprano)

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

In the wavering balance of my feelings
set against each other
lascivious love and modesty.
But I choose what I see,
and submit my neck to the yoke;
I yield to the sweet yoke.

22. Tempus es iocundum (This is the joyful time)

Tempus es iocundum,
o virgines,
modo congaudete
vos iuvenes.

This is the joyful time,
O maidens,
rejoice with them,
young men!

(Baritone)

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

Oh! Oh! Oh!
I am bursting out all over!
I am burning all over with first love!
New, new love is what I am dying of!

(Women)

Mea me confortat
promissio,
mea me deportat nega

I am heartened
by my promise,
I am downcast by my refusal

(Soprano and boys)

Oh, oh, oh
totus floreo
iam amore virginali
totus ardeo,

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!

novus, novus amor
est, quo pereo.

(Men)

Tempore brumali
vir patiens,
animo vernali
lasciviens.

In the winter
man is patient,
the breath of spring
makes him lust.

(Baritone)

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

Oh! Oh! Oh!
I am bursting out all over!
I am burning all over with first love!
New, new love is what I am dying of!

(Women)

Mea mecum ludit
virginitas,
mea me detrudit
simplicitas.

My virginity
makes me frisky,
my simplicity
holds me back.

(Soprano and Boys)

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

Oh! Oh! Oh!
I am bursting out all over!
I am burning all over with first love!
New, new love is what I am dying of!

(Chorus)

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

Come, my mistress,
with joy,
come, come, my pretty,
I am dying!

(Baritone, Boys and Chorus)

Oh, oh, oh,
totus floreo,
iam amore virginali
totus ardeo,

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!

novus, novus amor
est, quo pereo.

23. Dulcissime (Sweetest one)

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

Blanziflor Et Helena

24. Ave formosissima (Hail, most beautiful one)

Ave formosissima,	Hail, most beautiful one,
gemma pretiosa,	precious jewel,
ave decus virginum,	Hail, pride among virgins,
virgo gloriosa,	glorious virgin,
ave mundi luminar,	Hail. light of the world,
ave mundi rosa,	Hail, rose of the world,
Blanziflor et Helena,	Blanchefleur and Helen,
Venus generosa!	noble Venus!

Fortuna Imperatrix Mundi

25. O Fortuna (O Fortune)

O Fortuna,	O Fortune,
velut luna	like the moon
statu variabilis,	you are changeable,
semper crescis	ever waxing
aut decrescis;	and waning;
vita detestabilis	hateful life
nunc obdurat	first oppresses
et tunc curat	and then soothes
ludo mentis aciem,	as fancy takes it;
egestatem,	poverty
potestatem	and power
dissolvit ut glaciem.	it melts them like ice.

Sors immanis	Fate - monstrous
et inanis,	and empty,
rota tu volubilis,	you whirling wheel,
status malus,	you are malevolent,
vana salus	well-being is in vain
semper dissolubilis,	and always fades to nothing,
obumbrata	shadowed
et velata	and veiled
michi quoque niteris;	you plague me too;
nunc per ludum	now through the game
dorsum nudum	I bring my bare back
fero tui sceleris.	to your villainy.

Sors salutis	Fate is against me
et virtutis	in health
michi nunc contraria,	and virtue,
est affectus	driven on
et defectus	and weighted down,
semper in angaria.	always enslaved.
Hac in hora	So at this hour
sine mora	without delay
corde pulsum tangite;	pluck the vibrating strings;
quod per sortem	since Fate
sternit fortem,	strikes down the strong man,
mecum omnes plangite!	everybody weep with me!

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