1. O Fortuna (Chorus) (O 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,
obumbra
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!

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 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 (I bemoan the wounds of Fortune)

Fortune plango vulnera
stillantibus ocellis
quod sua michi munera
subtrahit rebellis.
Verum est, quod legitur,
I bemoan the wounds of Fortune
with weeping eyes,
for the gifts she made me
she perversely takes away.
It is written in truth,
fronte capillata, that she has a fine head of hair,
sed plerumque sequitur but, when it comes to seizing an opportunity
Occasio calvata. she is bald.
In Fortune solio On Fortune's throne
sederam elatus, I used to sit raised up,
prosperitatis vario crowned with
flore coronatus; the many-coloured flowers of prosperity;
quicquid enim florui though I may have flourished
felix et beatus, happy and blessed,
nunc a summo corruist now I fall from the peak
gloria privatus. deprived of glory.
Fortune rota volvitur: The wheel of Fortune turns;
descendo minoratus; I go down, demeaned;
alter in altum tollitur; another is raised up;
nimis exaltatus far too high up
rex sedet in vertice sits the king at the summit -
caveat ruinam! let him fear ruin!
nam sub axe legimus for under the axis is written
Hecubam reginam. Queen Hecuba.

PRIMO VERE (SPRING)

3. Veris leta facies (The merry face of spring)

Veris leta facies The merry face of spring
mundo propinatur, turns to the world,
hiemalis acies sharp winter
victa iam fugatur, now flees, vanquished;
in vestitu vario bedecked in various colours
Flora principatur, Flora reigns,
nectitus dulcisono the harmony of the woods
que cantu celebratur. praises her in song. Ah!
Flore fusus gremio Lying in Flora's lap
Phoebus novo more Phoebus once more
risum dat, hac vario smiles, now covered
iam stipate flore. in many-coloured flowers,
Zephyrus nectareo Zephyr breathes nectar-
spirans in odore. scented breezes.
Certatim pro bravio Let us rush to compete
curramus in amore. for love's prize. Ah!
Cytharizat cantico In harp-like tones sings
dulcis Philomena, the sweet nightingale,
flore rident vario with many flowers
prata iam serena, the joyous meadows are laughing,
salit cetus avium a flock of birds rises up
silve per amena, through the pleasant forests,
chorus promit virgin  the chorus of maidens
iam gaudia millena. already promises a thousand joys. Ah!

4. Omnia sol temperat (The sun warms everything)

Omnia sol temperat  The sun warms everything,
purus et subtilis, pure and gentle,
novo mundo reserat once again it reveals to the world
faciem Aprilis, April's face,
ad amorem properat the soul of man
animus herilis is urged towards love
et iocundis imperat and joys are governed
deus puerilis. by the boy-god.
Rerum tanta novitas All this rebirth
in soleni vere in spring's festivity
et veris auctoritas and spring's power
jubet nos gaudere; bids us to rejoice;
vias prebet solitas, it shows us paths we know well,
et in tuo vere and in your springtime
fides est et probitas it is true and right
tuum retinere. to keep what is yours.
Ama me fideliter, Love me faithfully!
fidem meam noto: See how I am faithful:
de corde totaliter with all my heart
et ex mente tota and with all my soul,
sun presentialiter I am with you
absens in remota, even when I am far away.
quisquis amat taliter, Whosoever loves this much
volvitur in rota. turns on the wheel.

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

Ecce gratum Behold, the pleasant
et optatum and longed-for
Ver reductit gaudia, spring brings back joyfulness,
purpuratum violet flowers
floret pratum, fill the meadows,
Sol serenat omnia. the sun brightens everything,
Iamiam cedant tristia! sadness is now at an end!
Estas redit, Summer returns,
nunc recedit now withdraw
Hyemis sevitia. the rigours of winter. Ah!
Iam liquescit Now melts
et decrescit and disappears
grando, nix et cetera; ice, snow and the rest,
bruma fugit, winter flees,
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 jussu Cypridis
gloriantes
et letantes
pares esse Paridis.

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!

UF DEM ANGER

6. Tanz (Dance)

7. Floret silva nobilis (The woods are burgeoning)

(Chorus)
Floret silva nobilis
floribus et foliis.

(Small Chorus)
Ubi est antiquus
meus amicus?
Hinc equitavit,
eia, quis me amabit?

(Chorus)
Floret silva undique,
nah min gesellen ist mir we.

(Small Chorus)
Gruonet der walt allenthalben,
wa ist min geselle alse lange?
Der ist geriten hinnen,
o wi, wer sol mich minnen?

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 (Shopkeeper, give me colour)

(Semi-Chorus)
Chramer, gip die varwe mir,
die min wengel roete,
damit ich die jungen man
an ir dank der minnenliebe noete.

Shopkeeper, give me colour
to make my cheeks red,
so that I can make the young men
love me, against their will.
Seht mich an, 
jungen man!
lät mich iu gevallen!
Minnet, tugentliche man,
minnecliche frouwen!
minne tuot iu hoch gemout
unde lat iuch in hohen eren schouwen
Seht mich an
jungen man!
lät mich iu gevallen!
Wol dir, werit, daz du bist
also freudenriche!
ich will dir sin undertan
durch din liebe immer sicherliche.
Seht mich an,
jungen man!
lät mich iu gevallen!

Look at me,
young men!
Let me please you!
Good men, love
women worthy of love!
Love ennobles your spirit
and gives you honour.
Look at me,
young men!
Let me please you!
Hail, world,
so rich in joys!
I will be obedient to you
because of the pleasures you afford.
Look at me,
young men!
Let me please you!

9. Reie (Round dance)

Swaz hie gat umbe

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

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

Chume, chum, geselle min

Chume, chum, geselle min,
ih enbite harte din,
chume, chum, geselle min.
Suzer rosenvarwer munt,
chum un mache mich gesunt
suzer rosenvarwer munt
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,
sweet rose-red lips.

Swaz hie gat umbe

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

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

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.

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  
Burning inside
ira vehementi  
with violent anger,
in amaritudine  
bitterly
loquor mee menti:  
I speak to my heart:
factus de materia,  
created from matter,
cinis elementi  
of the ashes of the elements,
similis sum folio,  
I am like a leaf
de quo ludunt venti.  
played with by the winds.
Cum sit enim proprium  
If it is the way
viro sapienti  
of the wise man
supra petram ponere  
to build
sedem fundamenti,  
foundations on stone,
stultus ego comparor  
the I am a fool, like
fluvio labenti,  
a flowing stream,
sub eodem tramite  
which in its course
nunquam permanenti.  
ever changes.
Feror ego veluti  
I am carried along
sine nauta navis,  
like a ship without a steersman,
ut per vias aeris  
and in the paths of the air
vaga fertur avis;  
like a light, hovering bird;
non me tenent vincula,  
chains cannot hold me,
non me tenet clavis,  
keys cannot imprison me,
quero mihi similes  
I look for people like me
et adiungor pravis.  
and join the wretches.
Mihi cordis gravitas  
The heaviness of my heart
res videtur gravis;  
seems like a burden to me;
iocis est amabilis  
it is pleasant to joke
dulciorque favis;  
and sweeter than honeycomb;
quicquid Venus imperat,  
whatever Venus commands
labor est suavis,  
is a sweet duty,
que nunquam in cordibus  
she never dwells
habitat ignavis.  
in a lazy heart.
Via lata gradior  
I travel the broad path
more iuventutis  
as is the way of youth,
iniplicor et vitiis  
I give myself to vice,
immemor virtutis,
voluptatis avidus             I am eager for the pleasures of the flesh
magis quam salutis,           more than for salvation,
mortuus in anima              my soul is dead,
curam gero cutis.             so I shall look after the flesh.

12. Cignus ustus cantat (The Roast Swan)

Olim lacus colueram,          Once I lived on lakes,
olim pulcher extiteram,       once I looked beautiful
dum cignus ego fueram.       when I was a swan.
(Male chorus)
Miser, miser!                 Misery me!
modo niger                    Now black
et ustus fortiter!            and roasting fiercely!
(Tenor)
Girat, regirat garcifer;      The servant is turning me on the spit;
me rogus urit fortiter;       I am burning fiercely on the pyre:
propinat me nunc dapifer,     the steward now serves me up.
(Male Chorus)
Miser, miser!                 Misery me!
modo niger                    Now black
et ustus fortiter!            and roasting fiercely!
(Tenor)
Nunc in scutella iaceo,       Now I lie on a plate,
et volitare nequeo            and cannot fly anymore,
dentes frendentes video:      I see bared teeth:
(Male Chorus)
Miser, miser!                 Misery me!
modo niger                    Now black
et ustus fortiter!            and roasting fiercely!

13. Ego sum abbas (I am the abbot)

Ego sum abbas Cucaniensis    I am the abbot of Cockaigne
et consilium meum est cum bibulis, and my assembly is one of drinkers,
et in secta Decii voluntas mea est, and I wish to be in the order of Decius,
et qui mane me quesierit in taberna, and whoever searches me out at the tavern in the morning,
post vesperam nudus egredietur, after Vespers he will leave naked,
et sic denudatus veste clamabit: and thus stripped of his clothes he will call out:
(Baritone and Male Chorus)
Wafna, wafna!                Woe! Woe!
quid fecisti sors turpassi    what have you done, vilest Fate?
Nostre vite gaudia           the joys of my life
abstulisti omnia!            you have taken all away!

14. In taberna quando sumus (When we are in the tavern)
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:

Quod 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 sororibus vanis,
septies pro militibus silvanis.

Octies pro fratribus perversis,
nonies pro monachis dispersis,
decies pro navigantibus
undecies pro discordantibus,
duodecies pro penitentibus,
tredecies pro iter agentibus.

Tam pro papa quam pro rege
bibunt omnes sine lege.
Bibit hera, bibit herus,
bibit miles, bibit clerus,
bibit ille, bibit illa,
bibit servis cum ancilla,
bibit velox, bibit piger,
bibit albus, bibit niger,
bibit constans, bibit vagus,
bibit rudis, bibit magnus.

Bibit pauper et egrotus,
bibit exul et ignotus,
bibit puer, bibit canus,
bibit presul et decanus,
bibit soror, bibit frater,
bibit anus, bibit mater,

When we are in the tavern,
we do not think how we will go to dust,
but we hurry to gamble,
which always makes us sweat.

What happens in the tavern,
where money is host,
you may well ask,
and hear what I say.

Some gamble, some drink,
some behave loosely.
But of those who gamble,
some are stripped bare,
some win their clothes here,
some are dressed in sacks.
Here no-one fears death,
but they throw the dice in the name of Bacchus.

First of all it is to the wine-merchant
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,
the old lady drinks, the mother drinks,
bibi ista, bibit ille,  
bibunt centum, bibunt mille.  
this man drinks, that man drinks,  
a hundred drink, a thousand drink.

Parum sexcente nummate  
durant, cum immoderate  
bibunt omnes sine meta.  
Six hundred pennies would hardly  
suffice, if everyone  
drinks immoderately and immeasurably.

Quamvis bibant mente leta,  
sic nos rodunt omnes gentes  
et sic erimus egentes.  
we are the ones whom everyone scolds,  
and thus we are destitute.

Qui nos rodunt confundantur  
et cum iustis non scribantur.  
May those who slander us be cursed  
and may their names not be written in the book of the  
righteous.

III. COUR D'AMOURS

15. Amor volat undique (Cupid flies everywhere)

Amor volat undique,  
captus est libidine.  
Young men and women  
are rightly coupled.

Iuvenes, iuvecule  
coniunguntur merito.  
The girl without a lover  
misses out on all pleasures,

caret omni gaudio;  
tenet noctis infima  
she keeps the dark night  
hidden

sub intimo  
cordis in custodia:  
in the depth of her heart;

(Soprano)  
fit res amarissima.  
it is a most bitter fate.

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

Dies, nox et omnia  
michi sunt contraria;  
the chattering of maidens  
me fay planszer,  
you do not know what you are saying,
michi mesto parcite,  
your beautiful face,

me fay planszer milies,  
me fay planszer milies,  
Tua pulchra facies  
Tua pulchra facies  
me fay planszer milies,  
me fay planszer milies,  
me fay planszer milies,  
me fay planszer milies,  
me fay planszer milies,  
me fay planszer milies,  
me fay planszer milies,

michi mesto parcite,  
your beautiful face,

me fay planszer milies,  
me fay planszer milies,  
Tua pulchra facies  
me fay planszer milies,  
me fay planszer milies,  
me fay planszer milies,  
me fay planszer milies,  
me fay planszer milies,  
me fay planszer milies,  
me fay planszer milies,

me fay planszer milies,  
me fay planszer milies,  
Tua pulchra facies  
me fay planszer milies,  
me fay planszer milies,  
me fay planszer milies,  
me fay planszer milies,  
me fay planszer milies,  
me fay planszer milies,  
me fay planszer milies,

michi mesto parcite,  
your beautiful face,

me fay planszer milies,  
me fay planszer milies,  
Tua pulchra facies  
me fay planszer milies,  
me fay planszer milies,  
me fay planszer milies,  
me fay planszer milies,  
me fay planszer milies,  
me fay planszer milies,  
me fay planszer milies,

michi mesto parcite,  
your beautiful face,
A remender
statim vivus fierem
per un baser.

As a cure,
I would be revived
by a kiss.

17. Stetit puella (A girl stood)

Stetit puella
rufa tunica;
si quis eam tetigit,
tunica crepuit.
Eia.
Stetit puella
tamquam rosula;
facie splenduit,
os eius fioruit.
Eia.

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!

18. Circa mea pectora (In my heart)

(Baritone and Chorus)
Circa mea pectora
multa sunt suspiria
de tua pulchritudine,
que me ledunt misere.
Manda liet,
Manda liet
min geselle
chumet niet.
Tui lucent oculi
sicut solis radii,
sicut splendor fulguris
lucem donat tenebris.
Manda liet
Manda liet
min geselle
chumet niet.

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 lightening
which brightens the darkness. Ah!
Mandaliet,
mandaliet,
my lover
does not come.
May God grant, may the gods grant
what I have in mind:
that I may loose
the chains of her virginity. Ah!
Mandaliet,
mandaliet,
my lover
does not come.
19. Si puer cum puellula (If a boy with a girl)

Si puer cum puellula
moraretur in cellula,
felix coniunctio.
Amore suscrescente
pariter e medio
avulso procil tedi,
fit ludus ineffabilis
membris, lacertis, labii

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
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
Come, come, O come
do not let me die,
hycra, hycre, 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 truitina (In the balance)

In truitina 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.
(Baritone)
Oh, oh, oh,
totus floreo,
iam amore virginali

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!
totus ardeo, novus, novus amor est, quo pereo.
(Women)
Mea me confortat promissio,
mea me deportat
(Soprano and boys)
Oh, oh, oh
totus floreo
iam amore virginali
totus ardeo, novus, novus amor est, quo pereo.
(Men)
Tempore brumali
vir patiens,
animo vernali
lasciviens.
(Baritone)
Oh, oh, oh,
totus floreo,
iam amore virginali
totus ardeo, novus, novus amor est, quo pereo.
(Women)
Mea mecum ludit
virginitas,
mea me detrudit
simplicitas.
(Soprano and Boys)
Oh, oh, oh,
totus floreo,
iam amore virginali
totus ardeo, novus, novus amor est, quo pereo.
(Chorus)
Veni, domicella,
cum gaudio,
veni, veni, pulchra,
iam pereo.
(Baritone, Boys and Chorus)
Oh, oh, oh,
totus floreo,
iam amore virginali
totus ardeo, novus, novus amor est, quo pereo.
New, new love is what I am dying of!
I am heartened
by my promise,
I am downcast by my refusal
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!
In the winter
man is patient,
the breath of spring
makes him lust.
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!
My virginity
makes me frisky,
my simplicity
holds me back.
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!
Come, my mistress,
with joy,
come, come, my pretty,
I am dying!
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!
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 gloria, 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
sempar dissolubilis, and always fades to nothing,
obumbbrata 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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Entered by Charles Cave