

Carl Orff: Carmina Burana – Text Translation

1. O Fortuna This is the most recognizable 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 obdurate
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,
Obumbrate
Et velata
Michi quoque niteris;
Nunc per ludum
Dorsum nudum
Fero tui sceleris.

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.

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!

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;

The merry face of spring
turns toward the world
sharp winter
now flees, vanquished;

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.

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 solemni 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

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 man flowers,
a flock of birds takes flight
through the pleasant forests,
a chorus of virgins
Promises a thousand joys.

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

sum presentialiter
absen in remota,
quisquis amat taliter
volvitur in rota.

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.

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.

Iam liquescit
et decrescit
grando, nix et cetera;
Bruma fugit,
et iam sugit
Ver Estat ubera;
illi mens est misera
qui nec vivit,
nec lascivit
sub Estat dextera.

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.

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

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 con-sider 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 gevallen!

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!

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

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!

Lat mich iu gevallen!
Wol dir, werlt, daz du bist
also freudenriche!
Ich wil dir sin untertan
durch din liebe immer sicherliche.

Hail, o world
so rich in joys!
I will be obedient to you
because of the pleasure
you afford.

Seht mich an,
jungen man!
Lat mich iu gevallen!

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 Arch-poet (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,

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,

mortuus in anima
curam gero cutis.

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 cho-rus. 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.

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.

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.

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.

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,

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,

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.

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.

Bibit hera, bibit herus,
bibit miles, bibit clerus,
bibit ille, bibit illa,

The mistress drinks, the master drinks,
the soldier drinks, the priest drinks,
the man drinks, the woman drinks,

bibit servis cum ancilla,
bibit velox, bibit piger,
bibit albus, bibit niger,
bibit constans, bibit vagus,
bibit rudis, bibit magus,

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,

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.

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.

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.

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, iuencule
coniunguntur merito.

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

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

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 planser,
oy suvenz suspirer,
plu me fay temer.

Day, night and everything
is against me;
the chattering of maidens
makes me weep,
and often sigh,
and makes me more afraid.

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

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

17. Stetit puella

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

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

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.

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. They 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.

Manda liet, manda liet
min geselle chumet niet.

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

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

Manda liet, manda liet
my lover is not coming.

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.

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

Manda liet, manda liet
min geselle chumet niet.

Manda liet, manda liet
my lover is not coming.

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
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 suscescente
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 pereor.

O, I am all aflower,
I am burning all over
with my first love,
it is new love
of which I am dying!

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 pereor.

O, I am all aflower,
I am burning all over
with my first love,
it is new love
of which I am 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 pereor.

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.

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

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

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!

Come, my mistress,
with joy,
come, come, my pretty,
I am already dying.

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 Blanchefleur (the heroine of a popular 12th century romance), Helen of Troy, and even Venus herself.

Ave formosissima,
gemma retiosa,
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,
Blanchefleus, 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 turn-ing.