

FORTUNA IMPERATRIX MUNDI

1. O Fortuna (Chorus) (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 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	Fate
sternit fortem,	strikes down the strong man,
mecum omnes plangite!	everyone weep with me!

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

Fortune plango	
vulnera bemoan	the wounds of Fortune
stillantibus oculis	with weeping eyes,
quod sua michi munera	for the gifts she made me
subtrahit rebellis.	she perversely takes away.
Verum est, quod legitur,	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
sederam elatus,
prosperitatis vario
flore coronatus;

quicquid enim florui
felix et beatus,
nunc a summo corru
gloria privatus.
Fortune rota volvitur:
descendo minoratus;
alter in altum tollitur;
nimis exaltatus
rex sedet in vertice
caveat ruinam!
nam sub axe legimus
Hecubam reginam.

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.
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	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,
nemorum dulcisono	the harmony of the woods
que cantu celebratur.	praises her in song. Ah!
Flore fusus gremio	Lying in Flora's lap
Phebus 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 deus puerilis. Rerum tanta novitas in solemnibus 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 noto: de corde totaliter et ex mente tota sum presentialiter absens in remota, quisquis amat taliter, volvitur in rota.	and joys are governed by the boy-god. 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. 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.
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5. Ecce gratum (Chorus)
(Behold, the pleasant spring)

Ecce gratum et optatum Ver reducit gaudia, purpuratum flore pratum, Sol serenat omnia. Iam cedant tristia! Estas redit, nunc recedit Hyemis sevitia. Iam liquescit et decrescit grando, nix et cetera; bruma fugit, et iam sugit Ver Estatis ubera; illi mens est misera, qui nec vivit, nec lascivit sub Estatis dextera. Gloriantur et letantur in melle dulcedinis, qui conantur, ut utantur premio Cupidinis: simus jussu Cypridis	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! 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! They glory and rejoice in honeyed sweetness who strive to make use of Cupid's prize; at Venus' command
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gloriantes et letantes pares esse Paridis.	let us glory and rejoice in being Paris' equals. Ah!
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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 also 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!
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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. Seht mich an, jungen man! lat mich iu gevallen! Minnet, tugentliche man, minnecliche vrouwen! minne tuot iu hoch gemout unde lat iuch in hohen	Shopkeeper, give me colour to make my cheeks red, so that I can make the young men love me, against their will. Look at me, young men! Let me please you! Good men, love women worthy of love! Love ennobles your spirit
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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!
lat mich iu gevallen!	Let me please you!

9. Reie (Round dance)

Swaz hie gat umbe	
Swaz hie gat umbe,	Those who go round
	and round
daz sint alles megede,	are all maidens,
die wellent an man	they want to do without
	a man
allen disen sumer gan!	all summer long. Ah! Sla!
Chume, chum, geselle min	Come, come, my love,
Chume, chum, geselle min,	I long for you,
ih enbite harte din,	I long for you,
ih enbite harte din,	come, come, my love.
chume, chum, geselle min.	Sweet rose-red lips,
Suzer rosenvarwer munt,	come and make me better,
chum un mache mich gesunt	come and make me better,
chum un mache mich gesunt,	sweet rose-red lips.
suzer rosenvarwer munt	
Swaz hie gat umbe	
Swaz hie gat umbe,	Those who go round
	and round
daz sint alles megede,	are all maidens,
die wellent an man	they want to do without
	a man
allen disen sumer gan!	all summer long. Ah! Sla!

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

Were diu werlt alle min	Were all the world mine
von deme mere unze an	
den Rin	from the sea to the Rhine,
des wolt ih mih darben,	I would starve myself of it
daz diu chunegin	
von Engellant	so that the queen of England
lege an minen armen.	might lie in my arms.

IN TABERNO

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.	never 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,
inplicor et vitiis	I give myself to vice,
immemor virtutis,	unmindful of virtue,
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 rogos 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 When we are in the tavern,
 non curamus quid
 sit humus, we do not think how we will
 go to dust,
 sed ad ludum
 properamus, but we hurry to gamble,
 cui semper insudamus. which always makes us sweat.
 Quid agatur in taberna What happens in the tavern,
 ubi nummus est
 pincerna, where money is host,
 hoc est opus ut queratur, you may well ask,
 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 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,
 quinquies 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
 discordaniibus, 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 servis 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 suffice, if everyone
durant, cum immoderate	drinks immoderately and
bibunt omnes sine meta.	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.

COUR D'AMOURS

15. Amor volat undique (Cupid flies everywhere)

Amor volat undique, captus est libidine.	Cupid flies everywhere seized by desire.
Iuvenes, iuencule coniunguntur merito.	Young men and women are rightly coupled.
(Soprano)	
Siqua sine socio, caret omni gaudio; tenet noctis infima sub intimo cordis in custodia:	The girl without a lover misses out on all pleasures, she keeps the dark night hidden 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)

Dies, nox et omnia michi sunt contraria; virginum colloquia me fay planszer, 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, most of all, scares me.
O sodales, ludite,	O friends, you are making fun of me,

vos qui scitis dicite michi mesto parcite, grand ey dolor, attamen consulite per voster honor.	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.	Your beautiful face, makes me weep a thousand times, your heart is of ice.
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;	A girl stood in a red tunic;
si quis eam tetigit, tunica crepuit.	if anyone touched it, the tunic rustled.
Eia.	Eia!
Stetit puella tamquam rosula;	A girl stood like a little rose:
facie splenduit, os eius fioruit.	her face was radiant and her mouth in bloom.
Eia.	Eia!

18. Circa mea pectora (In my heart)

(Baritone and Chorus)

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 lightning which brightens the darkness. Ah!
Manda liet Manda liet, min geselle chumet niet.	Mandaliet, mandaliet, my lover does not come.
Vellet deus, vallent dii 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)

Si puer cum puellula
moraretur in cellula,
felix coniunctio.
Amore suscrescente
pariter e medio
avulso procul tedio,
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,
hyrcra, hyrcra, 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, hycra, 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
totus ardeo, novus,
novus amor est,
quo pereo.
(Women)
Mea me confortat
promissio,

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!
New, new love is what I am dying of!
I am heartened
by my promise,

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
love!

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.

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,
simplicity
holds me back.

Oh! Oh! Oh!

I am bursting out all over!

I am burning all over with first

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,
totam tibi subdo me!

Sweetest one! Ah!
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!