

# **CARMINA BURANA**

## **CARL ORFF**

**LATIN TEXT**  
**WITH ENGLISH TRANSLATION,**  
**INTRODUCTION AND NOTES**  
**BY**  
**RICHARD GOSLING**

## Foreword.

After the dissolution of Benediktbeuern Monastery, Upper Bavaria, a C13th anthology of Medieval Latin poems was transferred to the Hof-Bibliothek, Munich, but never catalogued. In 1803 it was rediscovered and found to contain the world's largest collection of Medieval Latin secular poetry. 43 are marked to be sung. The first modern edition was by Schmeller in 1847, but in 1931 the first volume of Hilka and Schuman's authoritative edition was published. Carl Orff's musical selection is dated 1937.

Meanwhile, in 1926, a young PhD named Helen Waddell published a highly romanticised account of 'The Wandering Scholars', which became a best-selling Penguin paperback. I cannot decide whether she was exceptionally naive or exceptionally cunning, but all the great authorities from Germany seem to have written to her to tell her how wrong she was. Usually the PhDs do all the work and the professors take all the credit, but in this case Helen Waddell was able to thank them all prettily in her 6th edition of 1932. So Carl Orff's musical setting of this obscure Latin poetry came to a ready-made English audience.

Reading The Carmina Burana may be compared to a stroll along the sea-shore: the beautiful wet pebbles which may turn out to be dull and uninteresting when you take them home; the exquisite little wild flowers which could never win a modern flower show; curiously-shaped driftwood which might once have graced a sailing-ship; patterned spirals of shells which lack the living bodies. We admire them only as objets Trouves - but what a wonderful experience, nonetheless! We may miss some of the rare examples an expert would find, but we have the more exhilarating experience of being an explorer in unfamiliar territory.

In Carl Orff the Carmina Burana found its rightful arranger/composer: traditional, modern, eclectic and appropriately over-the-top. I hope you will find the same pleasure that I have found in this work.

The poems and songs are grouped in a cycle, or rather three interlocking cycles: 1) The cycle of the Church year, represented by Shrove Tuesday, Easter, Whitsun and Christmas; 2) The cycle of the seasons as shown by the flowers of Spring, usually about Easter and the greening of the woods (traditionally May Day); and 3) The cycle of human life represented by Summer courtship, Christmas parties which lead to betrothals and complete the cycle with an Easter marriage. But all these are *Icantonies profanae*, songs outside the church, for they are the holiday celebrations which are associated with the great Church occasions of Passiontide, Pentecost and Advent.

My translations are mainly intended to be literally accurate, but I could not resist the doggerel verse of No.14, 'In Taberna Quando Sumus.'

## Acknowledgements.

Like most English writers in this field I acknowledge an enormous debt to Helen Waddell ['Wandering Scholars' and 'Medieval Latin Lyrics']; to G.S.Lewis ['The Allegory of Love']; and to Peter Dronke ['The Medieval Love Lyric' and 'Medieval Latin and the Rise of European Love-Lyric']. However, my emphasis on pagan and Christian festivals comes from my Classical education and Sir James George Frazer ['The Golden Bough']

That is all you need to know, but if you are interested to explore further, please read on.....

## Notes.

### EXORDIUM.

**O Fortuna.** The cycle of the seasons, the cycle of man's life, the cycle of man's fortunes and the cycle of the Church year are all intermingled in this opening and closing number. Gambling was, of course, frowned on by the Church, but on special occasions there was licence: these occasions were usually Christmas (the Saturnalia), and the summer festival (Jupiter's festival was July 7th, but Churches had their own Saint's Day or their traditional 'Wakes Week'). Dicing had the extra stigma of pagan names for each throw, so the wheel of Fortune was less objectionable.

**Fortune plango.** Another wheel of fortune song. If Hecuba is a euphemism for Hecate, queen of Halloween, the king would be the May King.

### I PRIMO VERE.

Spring does not arrive at the same time in Southern Italy as in Northern Britain, Easter is a movable feast, some years are later than others, and by the C12th the Julian Calendar was about nine days out of phase; so it is not surprising that there are various different Invocations to Spring in the Carmina Burana, three of which are set here. The main outlines, however, follow the pattern of Virgil's poem, The Georgics (Book II, 323-345).

### UF DEM ANGER.

The greening of the woods was an old pagan festival, connected with the Green Man, and leading to May Day, where dancing round the Maypole is thought to be the relic of an old fertility ritual. This collection has both invocations to the woods, and courtship dancing. 'Ring dancing', where the girls and boys dance in separate circles, tease and taunt each other, and finally pair up, still occurs in a few places in Europe. The Queen of England in poem 10 is thought to be Eleanor of Aquitaine in 1152, when she made a Royal progress through France to become Queen of England's Henry II (who was responsible for the martyrdom of Thomas Becket.) Presumably the original version was in Latin; the rhythm of this German fragment is not unlike 'Here we go round the mulberry bush' and so fits into this section of dancing.

### II IN TABERNA.

**'Estuans Interius'** This poem, called 'The Archpoet's Confession', was originally dedicated to Reginald von Dassel, Barbarossa's Chancellor, while he was Archbishop-elect of Cologne, somewhere between 1160 and 1165, but it was regarded as one of the greatest poems of Medieval Latin and has found its way into various collections, including Carmina Burana in the next century. Although we do not know the name of this Archpoet, we may hazard a guess as to the man who first performed it: at the end, the disreputable figure of the monk [expelled from his monastery for bad behaviour], would have thrown back his hood to reveal a leading Church figure, perhaps the canon of the Archbishop-elect himself; for this is a poem for Topsy-turvy Day, when a young nobody would be made Master of the Feast. In England this day was traditionally Christmas Eve, when the Lord of Misrule might preside at the festivities, and it derives from a similar custom in the Saturnalia of Ancient Rome, [itself the relic of a grim custom in Pre-historic times of appointing a slave or criminal as King for one day and then making him a human sacrifice as a substitute for the real king]. However, the Saturnalia,

festival of the old and dying Sun, was mirrored in mid Summer by the festival of Jupiter, the Sun in its glory, and we know that Reginald held a great festival in Vienne one Summer, so - who knows? - it is just possible that we shall hear this song in Wiesbaden on the exact 835th anniversary of its first performance.

The joke, of course, is that at the end of the 'confession' the Archpoet is the only man present who has made confession and is shriven, so he would no doubt call upon the rest to make their confessions too before midnight Mass. The parallels between Reginald von Dassel and Thomas Becket are striking, and not accidental. Although the King or Emperor had the right to appoint an Archbishop, the archbishop then had enormous influence, independence and (in medieval times) secular control over Church lands and people. It was this conflict which led to the martyrdom of Thomas Becket. Becket was appointed Chancellor of Henry II in 1155, Archbishop in 1162 and from 1163 to 1169 was on the continent appealing to the Pope, before his martyrdom on 29th December, 1170. It is not surprising, therefore, that Barbarossa kept Reginald von Dassel in Italy under his own eye for several years before his appointment as Archbishop of Cologne was ratified. We know that Hugh Primas, canon of the Archbishop of Cologne, performed the same song in Cologne some 50 years later. In England the same song is dedicated to the Bishop of Coventry.

**Olim lacus colueram.** In England, swans were royal birds and only those with royal permission could feast on them, so this song was presumably first performed at a great banquet.

**Ego Sum Abbas.** I presume that this is a pantomime figure. This may be another Christmastime production, but in parts of Southern Europe it was customary to have insulting parodies on Shrove Tuesday (which explains the caricature figures of Mardi Gras), relic of an old pagan festival of Liber, a name of Bacchus, the god of wine. **In taberna quando sumus.** Another drinking song for Shrovetide or holiday festivities. [See my footnote to the translation for more details.] The famous English drinking song 'I cannot eat but little meat', is ascribed to John of Salisbury, a distinguished Churchman and scholar, who witnessed the death of Thomas Becket, was prebend of Durham and died about 1180 as Bishop of Chartres; so these songs were not intended to give offence.

### III COUR D'AMOURS.

As the Romance languages developed, more people learned Latin for the Law, the Church and Philosophy, but fewer people spoke it as a normal language. University towns and Cathedral cities thus became a repository for Latin poems, some unsuited to an abbey, to say the least. Monasteries often had a Charter to hold market fairs at their summer festivals, and this was the source of a good deal of income, as well as bringing in foreign luxuries such as pottery, silk and spices. But with it came a 'circus' of hangers-on, ranging from distinguished troubadours to thieves and vagabonds.

The love songs in this section are generally secular, but the bawdiest one, **19 'Si puer cum puellula'** is probably a wedding song, as the words *felix coniunctio*, 'happy union' imply. Medieval customs include singing bawdy songs under the honeymoon couple's window, and even throwing the bloodstained sheets out of the window to the cheering crowd, in proof that the marriage was consummated and that the girl had been married as a virgin. Though indecorous, this was highly moral - the Church did not object to sex, just sex outside marriage.

By contrast, the song **16 'Dies, nox'**, though its words are more refined, is probably suggesting adultery. (Then again, it is half French...)

I think that the sound of the words **20 Veni, veni, venias** reminded some medieval troubadour of a songthrush, and so he added the otherwise mysterious refrain *Hyrca, nazaza, trillirivos*. I hope to find a Latin expert romantic enough (or credulous enough) to agree that the thrush originally sang *Hicce, mea gaza, trilyricos* ["Here I am, my treasure, the one who sings you love songs thrice over."]

Fortunately, the *Carmina Burana*, which has about a hundred love poems not otherwise known, was handed over intact to the library of Munich, whereas a similar collection at Canterbury was censored by some well-meaning Churchman before it was handed over to Cambridge University.

**In trutina** [In the Balance] appears to be the last verse of a courtship song ending in a betrothal. In classical Latin verse the 'iugum' is a double yoke and the 'conjuges' are likened to a team of oxen ploughing together. In Medieval tradition the maiden submits her neck to the yoke of marriage and the husband submits his neck to the yoke of God "His yoke is easy, his burden is light" [Matthew xi.28-30].

### Blanziflor et Helena.

The virgin bride is escorted with her groom to the marriage chamber with a bridal song. These seemingly simple lines from a longer poem have all the mysticism and allegory beloved by the medieval mind. In accordance with Platonic division of body, mind and soul, the bride is compared with the most beautiful women in history, Helen and Blanchefflor, the most beautiful female form one can think of, Venus, and the most beautiful female soul imaginable, the Blessed Virgin Mary. But, allegorically speaking, Mary is both Blanchefflor, white flower, and Rosa Mundi, rose of the world. The symbolism is explained in the English carol 'The Holly and the Ivy': The holly bears a blossom as white as the lily flower and Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ for to be our sweet saviour..... The holly bears a berry as red as any blood, and Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ for to do poor sinners good.[redemption by blood.] A medieval poem in Middle English describes how a virgin Christian princess Blanchefflor was abducted by the Saracens.

In a well-meant but ultimately disastrous attempt to square the philosophy of Aristotle with Christian doctrine, theologians had thought up a mystical version of the Blessed Virgin Mary as a Holy Trinity of Mary, Wisdom from the Book of Wisdom and The Beloved from the Song of Solomon. As we see in this poem, the idea was intended to be innocent and beautiful, but as it led to the conclusions that Mary was a manifestation of God, not a real human being, and that having sex was more important than chastity, it was pronounced a heresy in 1277AD. By that time the Carmina Burana collection had probably been completed.

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These notes and my new translation are dedicated to the Royal Tunbridge Wells Choral Society and the Lutherkirche Choir of Wiesbaden for the occasion of the twin-town performance of Carmina Burana on June 12th, 1999. I give my grateful thanks to those who have helped to publish it.

Malcolm Beresford (computer generated proof)  
Ruth Gray & Hildegard Baker (German Translation)  
Muriel Thatcher & Bennett Memorial School (Printing)

Richard Gosling, February, 1999.

## CARMINA BURANA

### EXORDIUM-FORTUNA IMPERATRIX MUNDI

#### 1.O Fortuna

O Fortuna, velut luna  
statu variabilis,  
semper crescis aut decrescis;  
vita detestabilis.  
nunc obdurat et tunc curat  
ludo mentis aciem.  
egestatem, potestatem  
dissolvit ut glaciem.

Sors immanis et inanis,  
rota tu volubilis,  
status malus, vana salus,  
semper dissolubilis;  
obumbrata et velata  
michi quoque niteris;  
nunc per ludum, dorsum nudum  
fero tui sceleris.

Sors salutis  
et virtutis  
michi nunc contraria  
est affectus  
et defectus  
semper in angaria.  
Hac in hora, sine mora,  
corde pulsum tangite;  
quod per sortem sternit fortem,  
mecum omnes plangite!

#### 2. Fortune plango vulnera

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

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

(Poems from the C13th collection of  
Benediktbeuern monastery, Bavaria.)

#### CHORUS

O Fortune,  
Just like the moon,  
Variable in disposition,  
Forever you wax and wane:  
A hateful life.  
Fortune now is obdurate  
and then cares for the card-player's acuity.  
Destitution or wealth She dissolves like ice.

Horrible, vain Fate,  
You turning wheel of evil disposition.  
Empty certainty,  
Always likely to fail;  
Shadowy, veiled -  
Now you trouble me too.  
Now through gambling I've lost my shirt;  
It's all your fault.

The chance of health and virtue  
Is now against me -  
Ill, failing,  
Always in crisis.  
At this crucial time  
Without delay  
Touch the beat of my heart.  
All bemoan with me  
What lays the strong man low  
By chance.

I bewail the wounds of Fortune with brimming eyes,  
Because the traitress is stealing away my due rewards.  
It is true what they say: "Take Time by the forelock"  
The head behind is mostly bald!

I had taken my seat high on Fortune's throne,  
Garlanded with the various flowers of prosperity;  
But for all that I flourished when fortunate and happy,  
Now I have fallen from on high, dishonoured.

The wheel of Fortune turns: I go down defeated;  
Another is raised on high - too high for his own good.  
The king sits at the top; let him beware his downfall!  
For we read of Queen Hecuba under Fortune's wheel.



## I PRIMO VERE. In early Spring

### 3. Veris leta facies.

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

Flore fusus gremio  
Phebus novo more  
risum dat, hoc vario  
iam stipatur flore.  
Zephyrus nectareo  
spirans it 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.

### CHORUS

The happy face of Spring  
Is welcomed by the world;  
Winter's forces are defeated  
And put to flight.  
Flora reigns  
In multi-coloured clothing,  
And is honoured  
By the woodlands' sweet-voiced song.

Pouring down on Flora's lap,  
Phoebus smiles anew,  
Now he is thronged  
With this variety of flowers.  
Zephyr goes forth,  
Breathing his honeyed breath.  
Let us run bravely  
In the race for love.

The sweet nightingale,  
Performs her song;  
The happy fields now smile  
With varied flowers;  
Flocks of birds  
Rise through the welcoming woods;  
And choirs of maidens now  
Offer up joys in thousands.

#### 4. Omnia Sol temperat

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

Rerum tanta novitas  
in solemnī vere  
et veris auctoritas  
iubet nos gaudere;  
vias prebet solitas,  
et in tuo vere  
fides est et probitas,  
tuum retinere.

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

#### 5. Ecce gratum

Ecce gratum et optatum  
Ver reducit gaudia,  
purpuratum, floret pratum,  
Sol serenat omnia.  
iam iam cedant tristia !  
Estas redit, nunc recedit  
Hyemis sevitia.

Iam liquescet et descrescit  
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  
gloriantes et letantes  
pares esse Paradis.

#### BARITONE

The pure, fine Sun  
Warms everything,  
As April reveals her face  
To this new world.  
The master's mind  
Speeds towards Love,  
And the Boy God  
Rules his happy subjects.

So great is the renewal  
In this yearly Spring;  
And Spring's rule  
Commands us to rejoice.  
She offers us the well-known ways  
And in your Spring it is loyal  
And right to keep your own boyfriend.

Love me faithfully,  
See my own faithfulness;  
With all my heart,  
With all my mind I am with you  
Though I am far away.  
Anyone who loves like me  
Is turned on the wheel.

#### CHORUS

See the welcome, longed-for Spring  
Brings back joys.  
In royal colours flower the fields,  
And the Sun smiles on everything.  
Now, now let sadness depart!  
Summer returns; cruel Winter retreats.

Now the hail, snow etc.  
Thaw and shrink;  
Winter's chill flees,  
And now Spring suckles  
At the breasts of Summer.  
Only a wretched mind  
Does not feel lively and sportive  
Under the right hand of Summer.

They rejoice and are glad  
In honey-sweetness  
Who try to make use of  
The prize of Cupid.  
Let us, under Venus' orders,  
Rejoice and be glad  
To be like Paris with the most  
Beautiful girl in the world.



## 6. UF DEM ANGER - On the Green

Tanz.....Orchestra.

### 7.Floret silva

Floret silva nobilis  
floribus et foliis.

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

Floret silva undique,  
nah mime gesellen ist mir we.

Gruonet der walt allenthalben,  
wa ist min geselle also lange?  
Der ist geriten, hinnen,  
o wi, wer soll mich minnen?

### 8.Chramer, gip die varwe mir

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 gemuot  
unde lat iuch in hohen eren schouwen.

Seht mich an jungen man !  
lat mich iu gevallen.

Wol dir,Werlt, daz du bist  
also freudenriche !  
ich will dir sin undertan  
durch din liebe immer sicherliche.

Seht mich an jungen man !  
lat mich iu gevallen!

Dance.

### CHORUS

The noble forest flourishes  
With flowers and foliage.

### SEMI CHORUS

Where is my old boyfriend?  
He has ridden off.  
Alas, who will love me now?

### CHORUS

The Forest.flourishes everywhere  
For my boyfriend I despair.

### SEMI CHORUS

The forest greens up everywhere  
Where is my boyfriend all this while?  
He has ridden off.  
Alas, who will love me now?

### SEMICHORUS

Merchant, give me the rouge  
To redden my cheeks,  
So that I can ensnare the young men,even  
despite themselves to love me.

(Refrain:)

Look at me, young men!  
Let me delight you!

Manly men make love  
To lovely ladies!  
Love gives you high spirits  
and leaves you highly honoured.

(Refrain)

Look at me, young men!  
Let me delight you!

I salute you, world  
So rich in joys.  
I will be your servant,  
Always safe in your love.

(Refrain)

Look at me, young men!  
Let me delight you!

## 9. Reie

### Swaz hie gat umbe

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

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

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

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

### 10. Were diu werlt alle min

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.

### CHORUS

They dance in a ring  
All of them are maidens.  
They don't want a boyfriend  
All this summer time.

### SEMICHORUS

Come, come my love!  
I beg you dearly.  
I beg you dearly.  
Come, come, my love.

Sweet, rosy lips  
Come and make me happy.  
Come and make me happy,  
Sweet, rosy lips.

They dance in a ring  
All of them are maidens.  
They don't want a boyfriend  
All this summer time.

### CHORUS

Were all the world mine  
From the sea to the Rhine,  
I would forsake it all  
If only the Queen of England  
Lay in my arms.

## 11 IN TABERNA. In the Tavern.

### 11. Estuans interius

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

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

Feror ego veluti sine nauta navis,  
ut per vias aeris vaga fertur avis;  
non me tenet vincula non me tenet clavis,  
quero mihi similes et adiungor pravis.

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

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

### BARITONE

Seething inside with vehement anger,  
I bitterly address my soul: made of matter,  
Ashes my element, I am like a leaf  
That the winds play with.

For though it is right for a man to place  
His foundation stone upon a rock,  
I am a fool like a flowing stream,  
Never constant in the same course.

I am carried about like a ship without a sailor,  
As a wandering bird is carried along the airways.  
No chains, no locks constrain me; I look for men  
like myself and join the sinners.

It seems to me that being serious is a serious  
problem;  
Joking is desirable and sweeter than honey;  
Whatever Venus orders is a sweet employment  
And she never stays with faint-hearts.

I move along the broad path like a young man  
Bound up in the bad, forgetful of good,  
Greedy for pleasure more than salvation.  
I look after my skin, dead in my soul.

## 12. Cignus Ustus Cantat - The song of the roast swan

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

miser, miser!  
modo niger  
et ustus fortiter!

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

miser, miser!  
modo niger  
et ustus fortiter!

Nunc in scutella iaceo,  
et volitare nequeo,  
dentes frendentes video:

miser, miser!  
modo niger  
et ustus fortiter

## 13. Ego Sum Abbas

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!

TENOR

(i) Once I lived on lakes,  
Once I looked beautiful.  
While I was a living swan.

MALE CHORUS(Refrain)

Woe! Woe!  
Burned black now  
And overdone!

TENOR

(ii) The spit-boy turns and turns again;  
My funeral pyre burns me cruelly!  
Now the server approaches.

MALE CHORUS(Refrain)

Woe! Woe!  
Burned black now  
And overdone!

TENOR

(iii) Now I lie on the serving-dish  
And I cannot fly away.  
I see the gnashing teeth

MALE CHORUS(Refrain)

Woe! Woe!  
Burned black now  
And overdone!

I am the Abbot of Cuckooland,  
And my counsellors are drunks!  
and I want to be one of Decius' sect;  
And anyone who comes to ask me questions  
in the morning at the inn,  
After sunset will go out without his shirt;  
And so stripped he will cry:

BARITONE AND MALE CHORUS

Wah! Wah!  
What have you done, evil Fate?  
You have taken from us all the pleasures of life!

In taberna quando sumus  
Non curamus quid sit humus,  
Sed ad ludum properamus  
Cui semper insudamus.  
Quid agatur in taberna  
Ubi nummus est pincerna,  
Hoc est opus ut queratur;  
Si quid loquar, audiatur!

Quidam ludunt, quidam bibunt  
Quidam indiscrete vivunt.  
Sed in ludo qui morantur,  
Ex his quidam denudantur.  
Quidam ibi vestiuntur,  
Quidam saccis induuntur.  
Ibi nullus timet mortem,  
Sed pro Baccho mittunt sortem.

Primo pro nummata vini,  
Ex hoc bibunt Libertini;  
Semel bibunt pro captivis,  
Post haec bibunt ter pro vivis,  
Quater pro Christianis cunctis  
Quinques pro fideliter defunctis,  
Sexies pro sororibus vanis,  
Septies pro militibus silvanis,

Octies pro fratribus perversis,  
Nonies pro monachis dispersis,  
Decies pro navigantibus,  
Undecies pro discortantibus.  
Duodecies pro penitentibus  
Tredecies pro iter agentibus,  
Tam pro Papa quam pro rege  
Bibunt omnes sine lege.

Once we get inside the inn  
We don't care what land it's in  
Rushing to the gaming-table  
Roll those dice fast as we're able,  
What goes on here in the inn  
If there is some money in,  
You may well ask and I'll tell;  
Listen to me - listen well!

Some are gambling, some are drinking  
Some have gone too far, I'm thinking.  
But of those who lose and borrow  
Some will have no shirt tomorrow.  
Some still have upon their back cloth,  
Some by now are wearing sack-cloth!  
No-one fears Fate any more,  
But for Bacchus they all draw.

First they toss for the price of the wines  
Winners drink like Libertines.  
Once again for those in prison,  
3rd time it's for all the living,  
4th toast's for the faithful-hearted,  
5th toast for the faithful departed,  
6th for sisters gone astray,  
7th for outlaws by the way,

8th for brothers gone to the bad  
9th for monks expelled - that's sad  
10th for those who're on the sea  
11th for those at war, d'you see?  
12th toast is for penitents  
13th is for travelling gents.  
For the Pope as though he's King  
They drink and drink like any old thing!

Bibit hera, bibit herus,  
 bibit miles, bibit clerus,  
 bibit ille, bibit illa,  
 bibit servus cum ancilla,  
 bibit velox, bibit piger,  
 bibit albus, bibit niger,  
 bibit constans, bibit vagus,  
 bibit rudus, bibit magus,

Bibit pauper et egrotus,  
 bibit exul et ignotus,  
 bibit puer, bibit canus,  
 bibit presul et decanus,  
 bibit soror, bibit frater,  
 bibit anus, bibit mater,  
 bibit ista, bibit ille,  
 bibunt centum, bibunt mille.

Parum sexcente nummate  
 durant, cum immoderate  
 bibunt omnes sine meta.  
 quamvis bibant mente leta,  
 sic nos rodunt omnes gentes,  
 et sic erimus egentes.  
 qui nos rodunt confundantur  
 et cum iustis non scribantur.

Io,io,io,io,io,io,io,io!

\*The Liberalia, Rome's Bacchus' day, March 17th., became part of Shrove Tuesday celebrations in the wine-growing areas of the Western Church. It involved drinking lots of wine, a triumphal procession depicting Bacchus' triumphal chariot drawn by a lion and a tiger, and a slave whispering to the priest/god: "You are only mortal", while the crowd shouted "Io Bacche". Sir J.G. Frazer pointed out that this is a religious ceremony of burying the dead, where the 'dead' cuttings of last year's grape-vine will 'miraculously' come to life and sprout next year's vines. Nowadays the custom is preserved in the Mardi Gras carnival, where there may be insulting representations of important people. These insults were originally to prevent the jealous wrath of the gods - see Virgil Aeneid VI, 585-594.

This parody of a Papal intercessory prayer, toasting the sinners, performed as a square-dance, and preceded by the sins of entering a tavern, playing dice and drinking to excess would have been sacrilegious on any day but Shrove Tuesday, when it was licensed. [The beer-drinking areas had a similar day at the Christmas Wassail. The Irish preserve March 17th as St Patrick's Day.]

The heir drinks and the heiress drinks,  
 The soldier drinks, the cleric drinks,  
 The men drink and the women drink,  
 The potman and the barmaid drink,  
 The quick man and the slow-coach drink,  
 The blonde and the brunette both drink,  
 Householder and vagrant,  
 Learned man and ignorant.

Poor in wealth and poor in health,  
 Exiled man and pardoned drink,  
 Fresh-faced boy and graybeard drink,  
 Prelate drinks and deacon drinks,  
 Sister drinks, brother drinks,  
 Grandma drinks and mother drinks,  
 This man drinks and that man drinks,  
 Hundreds drink - thousands drink.

Six hundred Euros aren't enough  
 When all are knocking back this stuff,  
 Drinking way beyond the limit  
 Though they drink with cheerful spirit.  
 That's why people knock poor us,  
 That's why we'll be paupers, us.  
 May those who knock us turn to dust  
 And not be reckoned with the Just.

Yo,yo,yo,yo,yo,yo,yo,yo,yo!



### III COUR D'AMOURS. Court of Love.

#### 15. Amor volat undique

Amor volat undique,  
captus est libidine,  
iuvenes, iuvencole  
coniunguntur merito.

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

frit res amarissima.

#### 16. Dies, nox et omnia

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

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

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

#### RAGAMUFFINS

Love flies everywhere.  
He is the slave of lust.  
Young men and women  
Are duly joined in marriage.

#### SOPRANO

Any girl without a boy  
Lacks entirely any joy;  
She keeps the last hours of the night  
Deep in her heart  
in confines tight.

#### RAGAMUFFINS

It is a very bitter plight.

#### BARITONE

Day, night, everything  
is against me.  
The talk of the girls  
Makes me cry,  
Often sigh,  
Extra shy.

Enjoy yourselves, friends;

You who know tell me,  
But spare me in my sorrow:  
For my grief is great,  
But in your courtesies  
Advise me.

Your beautiful face,  
Makes me cry a thousand tears,  
Ice holds your heart  
To cure me  
I should revive at once  
With your kiss.

## 17. Stetit Puella

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

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

## 18. Circa Mea Pectora

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

Manda liet,  
manda liet,  
min geselle,  
chumet niet.

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

Manda liet,  
manda liet,  
min geselle,  
chumet niet.

Vallet deus, vellent dei  
quod mente proposui:  
ut eius virginoa  
reserassem vincula.

Manda liet,  
manda liet,  
min geselle,  
chumet niet.

## SOPRANO.

The girl stood  
In her red dress;  
If anyone touched it  
The dress rustled. Oh my!

The girl stood  
Like a rosebud;  
Her face shone.  
Her mouth a blossom. Oh my!

## BARITONE AND CHORUS

From round my heart  
There are many sighs  
For your beauty  
Which wound me pitifully.

Send the dawn  
Send the dawn  
My true lover  
Hasn't come.

Your eyes shine  
Like the sun's rays,  
Just as the lightning's flash,  
Lights up the dark.

Send the dawn,  
Send the dawn,  
My true lover  
Hasn't come.

May God, may the gods will  
What I have planned:  
That I should be the one  
To have loosed her maiden fetters.

Send the dawn  
Send the dawn  
My true lover  
Hasn't come.

## 19. Si Puer cum Puellula

Si puer cum puellulamoretur in cellula,  
felix coniunctio.  
amore suscescente, pariter e medio  
avulso procul tedio,  
fit ludus ineffabilis membris, lacertis, labiis  
si puer cum puellula moraretur in cellula:  
felix coniunctio.

## 20. Veni, veni, venias

Veni, veni, venias,  
ne me mori facias,  
hyrcā, hyrcā,  
nazaza, nazaza, nazaza,  
trillirivos, trillirivos, trillirivos.

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

Rosa rubicundior,  
lilio candidior,  
omnibus formosior,  
semper in te gloriol

## 21. In trutina

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

## 22. Tempus est iocundum

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

## MENS SEMI CHORUS

If boy and girl stay in their room. -  
A happy union !  
Love grows alike on either side,  
All weariness is tossed aside,  
Arms, legs and lips in sport are plied!  
If boy and girl stay in their room -  
A happy union!

NB 'Felix coniunctio means:

- 1) Auspicious occasion;
- 2) Happy marriage;
- 3) Fruitful union.

## DOUBLE CHORUS

Come, come, come,  
Don't make me die.  
Hyrcā, hyrcā,  
nazaza, nazaza, nazaza,  
trillirivos, trillirivos, trillirivos.

Your lovely face,  
The glance of your eyes  
The arrangement of your hair,  
What a glorious sight!

Blushing redder than the rose,  
Fairer than the lily,  
More shapely than all the rest,  
I rejoice in you for ever.

## SOPRANO

In the swaying scales of my mind  
Two opposites go up and down -  
Wanton love and modesty.  
But I choose what I see,  
I offer my neck to the yoke;  
But such a sweet a yoke I pass to!

## CHORUS.

It is a time of gladness,  
O maidens,  
Rejoice with us now,  
Young men.

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

Mea me confortat  
promissio,  
mea me deportat  
negatio.

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

Tempore brumali  
vir patiens,  
animo vernali  
lasciviens.

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

Mea mecum ludit  
virginitas,  
mea me detrudit  
simplicitas.

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

## BARITONE

Oh, oh, oh,  
I are all in bloom;  
All ablaze with my first love,  
A strange new love it is  
which is killing me.

## WOMEN

My promise strengthens me;  
My denial gets me down.

## SOPRANO AND RAGAMUFFINS

Oh, oh, oh,  
I are all in bloom;  
All ablaze with my first love,  
A strange new love it is  
which is killing me.

## MEN

In winter time  
A man is passive,  
in the spring season  
Lascivious.

## BARITONE

Oh, oh, oh,  
I are all in bloom;  
All ablaze with my first love,  
A strange new love it is  
which is killing me.

## WOMEN

My maindehood is mocking me,  
My innocence is crushing me.

## SOPRANO AND RAGAMUFFINS

Oh, oh, oh,  
I are all in bloom;  
All ablaze with my first love,  
A strange new love it is  
which is killing me.

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

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

### **23. Dulcissime**

Dulcissime,  
totam tibi subdo me.

### **24. Blanziflour et Helena** *(Blancheflour and Helen)*

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

### **25. EXORDIUM-FORTUNA IMPERATRIX MUNDI**

Same as the opening.

### **CHORUS**

Come, little sweetheart  
with joy:  
come come, my pretty,  
I am dying for you now.

### **BARITONE, RAGAMUFFINS & CHORUS**

Oh, oh, oh,  
I are all in bloom;  
All ablaze with my first love,  
A strange new love it is  
which is killing me.

### **SOPRANO**

Sweetest,  
I give myself wholly to you.

### **CHORUS**

Hail, most beautiful,  
Precious Jewel;  
Hail, honoured virgin,  
Ornament of all virgins,  
Hail, light of the world,  
Hail, rose of the world,  
Blancheflour and Helen,  
Noble Venus!