

CARMINA BURANA

TEXT AND TRANSLATION

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 oculis,
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 corrui
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.

FORTUNE EMPRESS OF THE WORLD

1. O FORTUNE

O Fortune,
variable
as the moon,
always dost thou
wax and wane.
Detestable life,
first dost thou mistreat us,
and then, whimsically,
thou heedest our desires.
As the sun melts the ice,
so dost thou dissolve
both poverty and power.

Monstrous
and empty fate,
thou, turning wheel,
art mean,
voiding
good health at thy will.
Veiled
in obscurity,
thou dost attack
me also.
To thy cruel pleasure
I bare my back.

Thou dost withdraw
my health and virtue;
thou dost threaten
my emotion
and weakness
with torture.
At this hour,
therefore, let us
pluck the strings without
delay.
Let us mourn together,
for fate crushes the brave.

2. THE WOUNDS THAT FORTUNE BLOWS

I lament the wounds that
Fortune blows
with weeping eyes,
for she extorts from me
her gifts,
now pregnant
and prodigal,
now lean and sear.

Once was I seated
on Fortune's throne,
crowned with a garland
of prosperity.
In the bloom
of my felicity
I was struck down
and robbed of all my glory.

At the turn on Fortune's
wheel,
one is deposed,
another is lifted on high
to enjoy a brief felicity.
Uneasy sits the king –
let him beware his ruin,
for beneath the axle of the
wheel we read:
Queen of Hecuba.

1. PRIMO VERE

3. VERIS LETA FACIES

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

Flore fusus gremio
Phoebus 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
facies Aprilis,
ad Amorem properat
animus herilis,
et iocundis imperat
deus puerilis.

Rerum tanta novitas
in solemniter 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
flore pratum,
Sol serenat omnia,
iam iam cedant tristia!
Estas redit,
nunc recedit
Hyemis sevitia.

1. IN SPRINGTIME

3. THE BRIGHT FACE OF SPRING

The bright face of Spring
shows itself to the world,
driving away
the cold of Winter.
Flora reigns
in her colorful robes,
praised in the canticle
of sweet-sounding woods.

Phoebus laughs
in Flora's lap again.
Surrounded by flowers,
Zephyrus breathes
the fragrance
of their nectar.
Let us compete
for the prize of love.

The sweet nightingale
begins her song;
the bright meadows
laugh with flowers;
Birds flit about
the pleasant woods;
the maidens' chorus
brings a thousand joys.

4. EVERYTHING IS TEMPERED BY THE SUN

The sun, pure and fine,
tempers all;
a new world is opened
by the face of April.
The heart of man
rushes to love;
and over all
the boyish god rules.

The power of Nature's
renovation
in the glorious Spring
commands us to be joyful.
Spring evokes
the wonted ways
of love.
Hold fast thy lover!

Love me faithfully,
feel the constant adoration
of my heart
and mind.
I am with you
even when apart.
Whosoever shares my
feelings
knows the torture of love.

5. BEHOLD THE SPRING

Behold the Spring,
welcome and long awaited,
which brings back
the pleasures of life.
The meadow
with purple flowers is
a-bloom,
the sun brightens all things.
Now put all sadness aside,
for Summer returns,
and Winter's cold
withdraws.