

1. Fortuna Imperatrix Mundi 1 O Fortuna (Chorus) 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 (chorus) Fortune plango vulnera stillantibus ocellis quod sua michi munera subtrahit rebellis. Verum est, quod legitur,	1. Fortune, Empress of the World O Fortune O Fortune, like the moon changeable, always waxing or waning; hateful life now is harsh and then is caring on a whim; destitution, power it melts like ice. Fate, monstrous and empty, you are a turning wheel, an evil condition vain for well-being ever melting away, in shadow and veiled you weigh down on me too; now through gambling I have my back bare through your evil-doing. Fate in well-being and in virtue is now against me; broken, weakened, always in bondage. In this hour without delay pluck the strings; for through Fate the strong is laid low, all of you weep with me! I lament Fortune's blows I lament Fortune's blows with weeping eyes, for her presents to me she a turncoat takes away. It is true, as it is written,
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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.

I Primo Vere

3 Veris leta facies (semi-chorus)

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

Flore fusus gremio
Phebus novo more
risum dat, hac vario
iam stipate flore.
Zephyrus nectareo
spirans in odore,
certatim pro bravio
curramus in amore.
Ah!

Cytharizat cantico
dulcis Philomena,
flore rident vario
prata iam serena,

that she has fine tresses,
but often there follows
bald chance.

On Fortune's throne
I sat, on high
with prosperity's varied
garland crowned;
yet however I flourished
happy and blessed,
now have I fallen from the height
deprived of glory.

Fortune's wheel turns:
down I go, made less;
another is raised high;
too high up
sits the king at the top,
let him beware of a downfall
for under the wheel we see
Queen Hecuba.

Spring

The cheerful face of spring

The cheerful face of spring
is restored to the world,
winter's sharp cold
conquered, now is put to flight.
In varied colours
Flora rules,
in the sweet-sounding
song of the groves is she praised.
Ah!

Lying in Flora's lap
Phoebus again
smiles, and she with varied
flowers now is decked.
Zephyrus with nectared
scent breathing,
in contest for the prize
let us run, the prize of love.
Ah!

With a song to the lute sings
sweet Philomela, the nightingale,
with varied flowers laugh
the meadows, now serene,

salit cetus avium silve per amena, chorus promit virginum iam gaudia millena. Ah!	a flock of birds rises through the pleasant woods, a chorus of maidens offers now a thousand joys. Ah!
4 Omnia sol temperat (baritone solo)	The sun rules everything
Omnia sol temperat purus et subtilis, novo mundo reserat faciem Aprilis, ad amorem properat animus herilis et iocundis imperat deus puerilis.	The sun rules everything, pure and fine, it reveals to the new world the face of April, to love hastens man's soul and over delights has command the boyish god.
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.	Such newness of things in celebrating spring and spring's authority bids us rejoice; it shows us our accustomed paths, and in your spring is faith and honest promise to keep your own.
Ama me fideliter, fidem meam nota: de corde totaliter et ex mente tota sum presentialiter absens in remota, quisquis amat taliter, volvitur in rota.	Love me faithfully! Take note of my faithfulness: with all my heart and all my mind, I am with you though absent and far away. Whoever loves so much turns on the wheel.
5 Ecce gratum (Chorus)	Behold, the pleasant spring
Ecce gratum et optatum Ver reducit gaudia, purpuratum floret pratum, Sol serenat omnia. Iam iam cedant tristitia! Estas redit, nunc recedit Hyemis sevitia. Ah!	Behold, the pleasant and longed-for spring brings back joys, decked in purple the meadow flowers, the Sun brings light to everything, now, now let sadness give place! Summer returns, now departs the harshness of winter. Ah!
Iam liquescit	Now there melts

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. Ah! Gloriantur et letantur in melle dulcedinis, qui conantur, ut utantur premio Cupidinis: simus jussu Cypridis gloriantes et letantes pares esse Paridis. Ah! Uf dem anger 6 Tanz (Dance) 7 Floret silva nobilis (chorus) Floret silva nobilis floribus et foliis. (semi-chorus) Ubi est antiquus meus amicus? Ah! Hinc equitavit, eia, quis me amabit? Ah! (chorus) Floret silva undique, nah mime gesellen ist mir wê. (semi-chorus) Gruonet der walt allenthalben, wâ ist min geselle also lange? Ah!	and lessens hail, snow and the rest, winter flies, and now sucks Spring at Summer's breasts; wretched is his mind who neither lives nor lusts under summer's ruling hand. Ah! They glory and rejoice in the honey of sweetness who try to use Cupid's prize; let us at the bidding of Cyprian Venus glory and rejoice to be the equals of Paris. Ah! On the Green Dance The noble wood is in flower The noble wood is in flower with flowers and leaves. Where is my old lover? Ah! He has ridden away Oh, who will love me? Ah! The wood is everywhere in flower, My lover has gone. The wood is everywhere green, why is my lover so long away? Ah!
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Der ist geriten hinnen,
o wî, wer sol mich minnen? Ah!

8 Chramer, gip die varwe mir
(semi-chorus)

Chramer, gip die varwe mir,
die min wengel roete,
da mit ich die jungen man
an ir dank der minnenliebe noete.
Seht mich an,
jungen man!
lat mich iu gevallen!

Minnet, tugentliche man,
minneclliche frouwen!
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!

9 Reie Swaz hie gat umbe (chorus)

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

Chume, chum, geselle min
(semi-chorus)

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.

He has ridden away,
alas, who will love me? Ah!

Pedlar, give me colour

Pedlar, give me colour
to redden my cheeks,
so that I can make the young men
love me, whether they will or no.
Look at me,
young men!
Let me pleasure you!

Good men, love
women worthy of love!
Love lifts your spirit
and gives you honour.
Look at me,
young men!
Let me pleasure you!

Hail, world,
so rich in joys!
I will always serve you faithfully
for the pleasures you give.
Look at me,
young men!
Let me pleasure you!

Round dance
Those who here go round

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

Come, come, my love

Come, come, my love,
I desire you,
I desire you.
come, come, my love.
Sweet rosy mouth,
come and make me better,
come and make me better,
sweet rosy mouth.

Swaz hie gat umbe
(chorus)

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

10 Were diu werlt alle min (chorus)

Were diu werlt alle min
von deme mere unze an den Rin
des wolt ih mih darben,
daz diu chünegin von Engellant
lege an minen armen. Hei!

II In Taberna

11 Estuans interius
(baritone solo)

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

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

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.

Those who here go round

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

Were all the world mine

Were all the world mine
from the ocean to the Rhine,
I would give it up
to have the Queen of England
lie in my arms. Hey!

In the Tavern

Burning Inside

Burning inside
with violent anger,
in bitterness
I speak in my mind:
made from matter,
of the element of ash,
I am like a leaf
with which the winds sport.

For since it is proper
for a wise man
to build on rock
the foundations,
foolish, I am like
a flowing stream,
which on the same course
never stays.

I am borne like
a ship without a sailor,
as through the paths of the air
a wandering bird is borne;
chains do not hold me,
keys do not hold me,
I seek out people like me
and consort with the wicked.

Mihi cordis gravitas res videtur gravis; iocis est amabilis dulciorque favis; quicquid Venus imperat, 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. 12 Cignus ustus cantat (tenor solo) Olim lacus colueram, olim pulcher extiteram, dum cignus ego fueram. (chorus) Miser, miser! modo niger et ustus fortiter! (tenor solo) Girat, regirat garcifer; me rogos urit fortiter; propinat me nunc dapifer, (chorus) Miser, miser! modo niger et ustus fortiter! (tenor solo) Nunc in scutella iaceo, et volitare nequeo dentes frendentes video: (Male Chorus)	Heaviness of heart to me seems a weighty burden; it is pleasant to joke and sweeter than honeycombs; whatever Venus commands is pleasant labour, she never makes her home in sluggish hearts. I travel a broad path as the young do, I take part in vices, forgetting virtue, eager for worldly pleasure rather than for salvation, dead in my soul I look to the flesh. The Roast Swan Sings Once I dwelt on lakes, once I was beautiful when I was a swan. Forlorn, forlorn! Now black and roasting fiercely! The kitchen-lad turns and turns the spit again; the pyre burns me fiercely; now the steward serves me up. Forlorn, forlorn! Now black and roasting fiercely! Now on a dish I lie, and cannot fly, I see gnashing teeth:
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Miser, miser!
modo niger
et ustus fortiter!

13 Ego sum abbas
(baritone solo & chorus)

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!

14 In taberna quando sumus
(male chorus)

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 hac bibunt libertini;
semel bibunt pro captivis,
post hec bibunt ter pro vivis,
quater pro Christianis cunctis
quinquies pro fidelibus defunctis,
sexies pro sororibus vanis,
septies pro militibus silvanis.

Forlorn, forlorn!
Now black
and roasting fiercely!

I am the abbot

I am the abbot of Cockaigne
and my council is of drinkers,
and I wish to be in the order of Decius,
and whoever seeks me out early in the
tavern,
after Vespers will leave naked,
and thus stripped of his clothes he will
cry:

Woe! Woe!
what have you done, vilest Fate?
Our life's joys
you have taken quite away!

When we are in the tavern

When we are in the tavern,
we care not that we are but dust,
but we hurry to gaming,
at which we always sweat.
What happens in the tavern,
where money is host,
you must ask,
and hear whatever I say.

Some gamble, some drink,
some live immorally.
But of those who spend time gambling,
some are stripped bare,
some find their clothes here,
some are dressed in sacks.
Here no-one fears death,
but they throw the dice in the name of
Bacchus.

First to the wine-seller
the libertines drink,
one for the prisoners,
then thrice for the living,
four times for all Christians,
five times for the faithful departed,
six times for the foolish sisters,
seven times for the gentlemen of the

Octies pro fratribus perversis,
nonies pro monachis dispersis,
decies pro navigantibus
undecies pro discordantiibus,
duodecies pro penitentibus,
tredecies pro iter agentibus.
Tam pro papa quam pro rege
bibunt omnes sine lege.

Bibit hera, bibit herus,
bibit miles, bibit clerus,
bibit ille, bibit illa,
bibit servus cum ancilla,
bibit velox, bibit piger,
bibit albus, bibit niger,
bibit constans, bibit vagus,
bibit rudis, bibit magnus.

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

III Cour d'amours

15 Amor volat undique (boys)

Amor volat undique,
captus est libidine.
Iuvenes, iuvenecule
coniunguntur merito.

(soprano)

Siqua sine socio,

woods.

Eight times for the misguided brethren,
nine times for the wandering monks,
ten times for those at sea,
eleven times for the quarrellers,
twelve times for the penitent,
thirteen times for the travellers.
As to the Pope so to the King
they all drink without restraint.

The mistress drinks, the master drinks,
the soldier drinks, the priest drinks,
he drinks, she drinks,
the servant drinks with the maid,
the swift man drinks, the lazy man drinks,
the white man drinks, the black man drinks,
the settled man drinks, the wanderer drinks,
the rough man drinks, the wise man drinks.

The poor man drinks and the sick man,
the exile drinks and the stranger,
the boy drinks, the old man drinks,
the bishop drinks, and the deacon,
the sister drinks, the brother drinks,
the old lady drinks, the mother drinks,
this woman drinks, that man drinks,
a hundred drink, a thousand drink.

Six hundred pence would hardly
be enough, if everyone
drinks immoderately and without measure.
However much they cheerfully drink
everyone speaks ill of us,
and thus we are destitute.
May those who speak ill of us be damned
and may they not be counted with the just.
Io!

The Court of Love

Love flies everywhere

Love flies everywhere
seized by desire.
Young men, young women
are duly brought together.

Any girl without a lover

caret omni gaudio; tenet noctis infima sub intimo cordis in custodia: (boys) fit res amarissima. 16 Dies, nox et omnia (baritone solo) 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. 17 Stetit puella (soprano solo) Stetit puella rufa tunica; si quis eam tetigit, tunica crepuit. Eia. Stetit puella tamquam rosula; facie splenduit, os eius floruit. Eia. 18 Circa mea pectora (baritone and chorus) Circa mea pectora	lacks all pleasures, she holds the depth of night in her very heart confined. it is a most bitter thing. Day, night and everything Day, night and everything are all against me, the talk of girls makes me weep, and often sigh, and, more, frightens me. O friends, make sport, you who know, speak, spare me in my sorrow, great is my grief, but only advise me, by your honour. Your beautiful face, makes me weep a thousand times, your bosom is of ice. As a remedy, I would live again at once for a kiss. A girl stood A girl stood in a red tunic; if anyone touched it, the tunic rustled. Eia! A girl stood like a little rose: her face was shining and her mouth blossomed. Eia! In my breast In my breast
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multa sunt suspiria de tua pulchritudine, que me ledunt misere. Ah! Mandaliet, Mandaliet min geselle chumet niet. Tui lucent oculi sicut solis radii, sicut splendor fulguris lucem donat tenebris. Ah! Mandaliet Mandaliet, min geselle chumet niet. Vellet deus, vellent dii quod mente proposui: ut eius virginea reserassem vincula. Ah! Mandaliet, Mandaliet, min geselle chumet niet. 19 Si puer cum puellula (male chorus) Si puer cum puellula moraretur in cellula, felix coniunctio. Amore suscescente pariter e medio avulso procul tedio, fit ludus ineffabilis membris, lacertis, labiis 20 Veni, veni, venias (double chorus) Veni, veni, venias, ne me mori facias, hyrca, hyrce, nazaza, trillirivos! Pulchra tibi facies	there are many sighs for your beauty, which hurt me sorely. Ah! Mandaliet, mandaliet, my lover comes not. Your eyes shine like the rays of the sun, like the brightness of lightning that gives light to the darkness. Ah! Mandaliet, mandaliet, my lover comes not. May God grant, may the gods grant what I had in mind: that I might unbind her virgin chains. Ah! Mandaliet, mandaliet, my lover comes not. If a boy with a girl If a boy with a girl were to stay in a little room, happy would be their coupling. As Love rises up, so from between them restraint is driven far away, sport beyond word begins in limbs, arms and lips. Come, come, O come Come, come, O come, do not let me die, hyrca, hyrce, nazaza, trillirivos! Fair is your face,
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oculorum acies, capillorum series, o quam clara species! Rosa rubicundior, lilio candidior omnibus formosior, semper in te glorior! 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 (solo soprano, baritone, boys & chorus) Tempus est 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, mea me deportat negatio. (soprano and boys) Oh, oh, oh, totus floreo! iam amore virginali totus ardeo, novus, novus amor est, quo pereo.	the brightness of your eyes, the braiding of your hair, O how lovely a sight! Redder than the rose, whiter than the lily, more beautiful than all, always shall I glory in you! In the balance In the swaying balance of my mind contraries waver wanton love and modesty. But I choose what I see, and offer my neck to the yoke; I yield to a yoke that yet is sweet. Joyful is the time Joyful is the time, O maidens, rejoice together then, young men! Oh! Oh! Oh! I am all aflower! Now with virgin love I am all aflame, new, new love it is, with which I die. My promise comforts me, my refusal casts me down. Oh! Oh! Oh! I am all aflower! Now with virgin love I am all aflame, new, new love it is, with which I die.
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(men) Tempore brumali vir patiens, animo vernali lasciviens. (baritone) Oh, oh, oh, totus floreo! iam amore virginali totus ardeo, novus, novus amor est, quo pereor. (Women) Mea mecum ludit virginitas, mea me detrudit simplicitas. (Soprano and Boys) Oh, oh, oh, totus floreo! iam amore virginali totus ardeo, novus, novus amor est, quo pereor. (Chorus) Veni, domicella, cum gaudio, veni, veni, pulchra, iam pereor. (Baritone, Boys and Chorus) Oh, oh, oh, totus floreo! iam amore virginali totus ardeo, novus, novus amor est, quo pereor. 23 Dulcissime	In wintertime man is patient, with the breath of spring he lusts. Oh! Oh! Oh! I am all aflower! Now with virgin love I am all aflame, new, new love it is, with which I die. My virginity makes sport with me, my innocence holds me back. Oh! Oh! Oh! I am all aflower! Now with virgin love I am all aflame, new, new love it is, with which I die. Come, damsel, with joy, come, come, fair one, I am dying! Oh! Oh! Oh! I am all aflower! Now with virgin love I am all aflame, new, new love it is, with which I die. Sweetest one
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Dulcissime, totam tibi subdo me! Blanziflor et Helena 24 Ave formosissima Ave formosissima, gemma pretiosa, ave decus virginum, virgo gloriosa, ave mundi luminar, ave mundi rosa, Blanziflor et Helena, Venus generosa! Fortuna Imperatrix Mundi 25 O Fortuna (chorus) 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	Sweetest! Ah! I give myself to you totally! Blanchefleur and Helena Hail, most beautiful Hail, most beautiful, precious jewel, hail, ornament of virgins, glorious virgin, hail, light of the world, hail, rose of the world, Blanchefleur and Helen, noble Venus! Fortune, Empress of the World O Fortune O Fortune, like the moon changeable, always waxing or waning; hateful life now is harsh and then is caring on a whim; destitution, power it melts like ice. Fate, monstrous and empty, you are a turning wheel, an evil condition vain for well-being ever melting away, in shadow and veiled you weigh down on me too; now through gambling I have my back bare through your evil-doing. Fate in well-being and in virtue is now against me; broken,
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et defectus
semper in angaria.
Hac in hora
sine mora
corde pulsum tangite;
quod per sortem
sternit fortem,
mecum omnes plangite!

weakened,
always in bondage.
In this hour
without delay
pluck the strings;
for through Fate
the strong are laid low,
all of you weep with me!