

# **Carmina Burana**

by  
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**Texts and Translations**

## Carl Orff: Carmina Burana-Texts and Translations

### FORTUNA IMPERATRIX MUNDI

#### 1. O FORTUNA

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.

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.

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 onnes 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.

### FORTUNE EMPRESS OF THE WORLD

#### 1. O FORTUNE

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.

Fate-monstrous  
and empty,  
you whirling wheel,  
you are malevolent,  
well-being is in vain  
and always fades to nothing,  
shadowed  
and veiled  
you plague me too;  
now through the game  
I bring my bare back  
to your villainy.

Fate is against me  
in health  
and virtue,  
driven on  
and weighted down,  
always enslaved.  
So at this hour  
without delay  
pluck the vibrating strings;  
since Fate  
strikes down the strong man,  
everyone weep with me!

#### 2. I BEMOAN THE WOUNDS OF FORTUNE

I bemoan the wounds of Fortune  
with weeping eyes,  
for the gifts she made me  
she perversely takes away.  
It is written in truth,  
that she has a fine head of hair,  
but, when it comes to seizing an  
opportunity,

she is bald.

in Fortune solio  
sederam elatus,  
prosperitatis vario  
flore coronatus;  
quicquid enim florum  
felix et beatus,  
nunc a summitate corruam  
gloria privatus.

Fortune rota volvitur:  
descend 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**

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 bravo  
curramus in amore.

Cytherizat cantico  
dulcis Philomena,  
flore ridet vario  
prata iam serena,  
salit cetus avium  
silve per amena,  
chorus promittit 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 locundis imperat  
deus puerilis.

Rerum tanta novitas

On Fortune's throne  
I used to sit raised up,  
crowned with  
the many-colored flower 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.

**I. SPRING  
3. THE MERRY FACE OF SPRING**

The merry face of spring  
turns to the world,  
sharp winter  
now flees, vanquished;  
bedecked in various colors  
Flora reigns,  
the harmony of the woods  
praises her in song. Ah!

Lying in Flora's lap  
Phoebus once more  
smiles, now covered  
in many-colored flowers,  
Zephyr breathes nectar-  
scented breezes.  
Let us rush to compete  
for love's prize. Ah!

In harp-like tones sings  
the sweet nightingale,  
with many flowers  
the joyous meadows are laughing,  
a flock of birds rises up  
through the pleasant forests,  
the chorus of maidens  
already promises a thousand joys. Ah!

**4. THE SUN WARMS EVERYTHING**

The sun warms everything,  
pure and gentle,  
once again it reveals to the world  
April's face,  
The soul of man  
is urged towards love  
and joys are governed  
by the boy-god.

All this rebirth

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  
florete partum,  
Sol serenat omnia,  
iamiam 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  
gloriantes  
et letantes  
pares esse Paradis.

### UF DEM ANGER

#### 6. TANZ

### 7. FLORET SILVA NOBILIS

Flore silva novilis  
floribus et foliis.

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.  
Whoever loves this much  
turns on the wheel.

### 5. BEHOLD, THE PLEASANT SPRING

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 rigors 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  
let us glory  
and rejoice  
in being Paris' equals. Ah!

### ON THE GREEN

#### 6. DANCE

### 7. THE NOBLE WOODS ARE BURGEONING

The noble woods are burgeoning  
with flowers and leaves,

Ubi est antiquus  
meus amicus? Ah!  
Hinc equitavit,  
Eia, quis e amabit? Ah!

Floret silva undique,  
nah mime gesellen ist mir wê.  
Gruonet der walt allenthalben,  
wâ ist min geselle also lange?  
der ist geriten hinnen,  
owî, 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 dan der minnenliebe noete.

*Seht mich an,  
jungen man!  
lat mich iu gevallen!*

Minnet, tugentliche man,  
minnecliche frouwen!  
minne tuot iu hoch gemuot  
unde lat iuch in hohen eren schouwen.

*Chorus*

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

*Chorus*

### 9. REIE

*Swaz hie gat umbe,  
daz sint allez megede,  
die wellent an man  
alle disen sumer gan. Ah! Sla!*

Chume, chum, geselle min,  
ih enbite harte din.  
Suzer rosenbarwer munt,  
chum unde mache mich gesunt.

*Chorus*

### 10. WERE DIU WERLT ALLE MIN

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

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!

### 8.SHOPKEEPER, GIVE ME COLOR

Shopkeeper, give me color  
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  
and give you honor.

*Chorus*

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

*Chorus*

### 9. ROUND DANCE

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

Come, come, my love,  
I long for you.  
Sweet rose-red lips,  
Come and make me better.

*Chorus*

### 10. IF ALL THE WORLD WERE MINE

If all the world were mine  
from the sea to the Rhine,  
I would do without it  
if the Queen of England  
would lie in my arms. Hey!

## II. IN TABERNA

### 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 proprium  
viro saienti  
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.

Mihi cordis gravitas  
res videtur gravis;  
iocus 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  
magi squam salutis,  
mortuus in anima  
curam gero cutis.

### 12. OLIM LACUS COLUERAM

*Cignus ustus cantat:*  
Olim lacus colueram,  
olim pucher extiteram,  
dum cignus ego fueram.

*Miser, miser!  
Modo niger  
Et ustus fortiter!*

## II. IN THE TAVERN

### 11. BURNING INSIDE

Burning inside  
with violent anger,  
bitterly  
I speak my heart:  
created from matter,  
of the ashes of the elements,  
I am like a leaf  
played with by the winds.

If it is the way  
of the wise man  
to build  
foundations on stone,  
then I am a fool, like  
a flowing stream,  
which in its course  
never changes.

I am carried along  
like a ship without a steersman,  
and in the paths of the air  
like a light, hovering bird;  
chains cannot hold me,  
keys cannot imprison me,  
I look for people like me,  
And join the wretches.

The heaviness of my heart  
seems a burden to me;  
it is pleasant to joke  
and sweeter than honeycomb;  
whatever Venus commands  
is a sweet duty,  
she never dwells  
in a lazy heart.

I travel the broad path  
as is the way of youth,  
I give myself to vice,  
unmindful of virtue,  
I am eager for the pleasures of the flesh  
more than for salvation,  
my soul is dead,  
so I shall look after the flesh.

### 12. ONCE I LIVED ON LAKES

*The roasted swan sings:*  
Once I lived on lakes,  
once I looked beautiful  
when I was a swan.

*Misery, me!  
Now black  
and roasting fiercely!*

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

*Chorus*

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

*Chorus*

### 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!  
Haha!

### 14. IN TABERNA QUANDO SUMUS

In taberna quando sumus,  
non curamus quid sit hums,  
sed ad ludum properamus,  
cui semper insudamus.  
Quid agatur in taberna,  
ubi nummus est pincerna,  
hoc est opus ut queratur,  
sic quid loquar, audiatur.

Quidam ludunt, quidam bibunt,  
quidam indescrite vivunt.  
Sed in ludo qui morantur,  
ex his quidam denudantur,  
quidum ibi vestiuntur,  
quidam saccis induuntur.  
Ibi nullus timet mortem,  
sed pro Baccho mittunt sortem:

Primo pro nummata vini  
ex hac bibunt libertine:  
semel bibunt pro captivis,  
post hec bibunt ter pro vivis,  
quarter pro Christianis cunctis,  
quinquies pro fidelibus defunctis,  
sexies pro sororibus vanis,  
septies pro militibus silvanis.  
Octies pro fratribus perversis,  
nonies pro monachis disperses,

The servant is turning me on the spit;  
I am burning fiercely on the pyre;  
the steward now serves me up.

*Chorus*

Now I lie on a plate,  
and cannot fly anymore,  
I see bared teeth:

*Chorus*

### 13. I AM THE ABBOT

I am the abbot of Cockaigne  
and my assembly is one of drinkers,  
and I wish to be in the order of Decius,

and whoever searches me out at the  
tavern in the morning,  
after Vespers he will leave naked,  
and thus stripped of his clothes he will call  
out:

Woe! Woe!  
What have you done, vilest Fate?  
The joys of my life  
you have taken all away!  
Haha!

### 14. WHEN WE ARE IN THE TAVERN

When we are in the tavern,  
we do not think how we will go to dust,  
but we hurry to gamble,  
which always makes us sweat.  
What happens in the tavern,  
where money is host,  
you may well ask,  
and hear what I say.

Some gamble, some drink,  
some behave loosely.  
But of those who gamble,  
some are stripped bare,  
some win their clothes here,  
some are dressed in sacks.  
Here no-one fears death,  
but they throw the dice in the name of  
Bacchus.

First of all it is to the wine-merchant  
that the libertines drink,  
one for the prisoners,  
three for the living,  
four for all Christians,  
five for the faithful dead.  
six for the loose sister,  
seven for the footpads in the wood.  
Eight for the errant brethren,  
nine for the dispersed monks,

decies pro navigantibus,  
undecies pro discordantibus,  
duodecies pro penitentibus,  
tredecies pro iter argentibus.  
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 vagas,

bibit rudis, bibit magus.

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

Parum secente nummate  
durant cum immoderate  
Bibunt omnes sine meta.  
Quamvis bibant men te leta,  
sic nos rodunt omnes gentes  
et sic erimus egentes.  
Qui nos rodunt confundantur  
et cum lustis non scribantur.

Io, io, io!

### III. COUR D'AMOURS 15. AMOR VOLAT UNDIQUE

Amor volat undique,  
captus est libidine.  
Luvenes, iuvenule  
coniunguntur merito.  
Siqua sine socio,  
caret omni gaudio,  
tenet noctis infima  
sub intimo  
cordis in custodia:  
fit res amrissima.

### 16. DIES, NOX ET OMNIA

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

ten for the seamen,  
eleven for the squabblar,  
twelve for the penitent,  
thirteen for the wayfarers.  
To the Pope as to the King  
they all drink without restraint.

The mistress drinks, the master drinks,  
the soldier drinks, the priest drinks,  
the man drinks, the woman 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 stupid man drinks, the wise man  
drinks,  
the poor man drinks, the sick man drinks,  
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 man drinks, that man drinks,  
a hundred drink, a thousand drink.

Six hundred pennies would hardly  
suffice, if everyone  
drinks immoderately and immeasurably.  
However much the cheerfully drink  
we are the ones whom everyone scolds,  
and thus we are destitute.  
May those who slander us be cursed  
and may their names not be written in the  
book of the righteous.  
Io, io, io!

### III. THE COURT OF LOVE 15. CUPID FLIES EVERYWHERE

Cupid flies everywhere  
seized by desire.  
Young men and women.  
are rightly coupled.  
The girl without a lover  
misses out on all pleasures,  
she keeps the dark night  
hidden  
in the depth of her heart;  
it is a most bitter fate.

### 16. DAY, NIGHT, AND EVERYTHING

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, luddite,  
vos qui scitis dicite,  
michi mesto parcite,  
grand ey dolur,  
attamen consulatē  
per voster honor.

Tua puchra facies,  
me fey fanszer milies,  
pectus habens glacies,  
a remender  
statim vivus fierem  
per un baser.

**17. STETIT PUELLA**

Stetit puella  
rufa tunica;  
si qui seam tetigit,  
tunica crepuit.  
Eia!

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

**18. CIRCA MEA PECTORA**

Circa mea pectora  
multa sunt suspiria  
de tua puchritudine,  
que me ledunt misere. Ah!

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

Tui lucent oculi  
sicut solis radii,  
sicut splendor fulguris  
lucem donat tenebris. Ah!  
*Chorus.*

Vellet deus, vellent dii,  
Quod mente proposui:  
ut eius virginea  
reserassem vincula. Ah!  
*Chorus*

**19. SIE PUER CUM PUELLULA**

Sie puer cum puellula  
Moraretur in cellula,  
Felix coniunctio.  
Amore sucrescente,  
Partier e medio  
Propulso procul tedio,  
Fit ludus ineffabilis

O friends, you are making fun of me,  
you do not know what you are saying,  
spare me, sorrowful as I am,  
great is my grief,  
advise me at least,  
by your honor.

Your beautiful face,  
makes me weep a thousand times,  
your heart is of ice.  
As a cure,  
I would be revived  
by a kiss.

**17. 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 radiant  
and her mouth in bloom.  
Eia!

**18. IN MY HEART**

In my heart  
there are many sighs  
for your beauty,  
which wound me sorely. Ah!

*Mandaliet,  
mandaliet,  
My lover  
does not come.*

Your eyes shine  
like the rays of the sun,  
like the flashing of lightening  
which brightens the darkness. Ah!  
*Chorus*

May God grant, may the gods grant  
What I have in my mind  
That I may loose  
The chains of her virginity, Ah!  
*Chorus*

**19. IF A BOY WITH A GIRL**

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

<p>Membris, lacertis, labiis.</p> <p><b>20. VENI, VENI, VENIAS</b>  Veni, veni, venias,  ne, me mori facias,  hyrca, hyrca, nazara,  trillirivos!</p> <p>Pulcha tibi facies,  Oculorum acies,  Capillorum series,  O quam clara species!</p> <p>Rosa rubicundior,  lilio candidior,  omnibus formosior,  semper in te glorior!</p> <p><b>21. IN TRUTINA</b>  In trutina mentis dubia  fluctuant contraria  lascivus amor et pudicitia.  Sed eligo quod video,  Collum iugo prebeo;  Ad iugum tamen suave transeo</p> <p><b>22. TEMPUS EST IOCUNDUM</b>  Tempus est iocundum,  o virgines,  modo congaudete  vos iuvenes.  <i>Oh, oh, oh!</i>  <i>Totus floreo,</i>  <i>iam amore virginali totus ardeo!</i>  <i>Novus, novus novus amor est, quo pereo!</i></p> <p>Mea me confortat  Promissio,  Mea me deportant  Negation.  <i>Chorus</i></p> <p>Tempore brumali  vir patiens,  animo vernali  lasciviens.  <i>Chorus.</i></p> <p>Mea mecum ludit  Virginitas,  Mea me detrudit  Simplicitas.  <i>Chorus</i></p> <p>Veni domicella,  cum gaudio,  veni, veni, puchra,  iam pereo.</p>	<p>in their limbs, arms and lips.</p> <p><b>20. COME, COME, O COME</b>  Come, come, O come,  do not let me die,  hyrca, hyrce, nazara,  trillirivos!</p> <p>Beautiful is your face,  the gleam of your eye,  your braided hair,  what a glorious creature!</p> <p>Redder than the rose,  Whiter than the lily,  Lovelier than all others,  I shall always glory in you!</p> <p><b>21. IN THE BALANCE</b>  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.</p> <p><b>22. THIS IS THE JOYFUL TIME</b>  This is the joyful time,  O maidens,  rejoice with them,  young men!  <i>Oh, oh, oh!</i>  <i>I am bursting out all over!</i>  <i>I am burning all over with first love!</i>  <i>New, new love is what I am dying of!</i></p> <p>I am heartened  by my promise,  I am downcast  by my refusal.  <i>Chorus</i></p> <p>In the winter  man is patient,  the breath of spring  makes him lust.  <i>Chorus</i></p> <p>My virginity  makes me frisky,  my simplicity  holds me back.  <i>Chorus</i></p> <p>Come, my mistress,  with joy,  come, come, my pretty,  I am dying!</p>
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*Chorus*

**23. DULCISSIME**

Dulcissime, Ah!  
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 (reprise)**

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.

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.

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 onnes plangite!

*Chorus*

**23. SWEETEST ONE**

Sweetest one! Ah!  
I give myself to you totally!

**BLANCHEFLEUR AND HELENE  
24. HAIL, MOST BEAUTIFUL ONE**

Hail, most beautiful one,  
precious jewel,  
hail, pride among virgins,  
glorious virgin,  
hail, light of the world,  
hail, rose of the world,  
Blanchefleur and Helene,  
Noble Venus!

**FORTUNE EMPRESS OF THE WORLD**

**25. O FORTUNE**

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.

Fate-monstrous  
and empty,  
you whirling wheel,  
you are malevolent,  
well-being is in vain  
and always fades to nothing,  
shadowed  
and veiled  
you plague me too;  
now through the game  
I bring my bare back  
to your villainy.

Fate is against me  
in health  
and virtue,  
driven on  
and weighted down,  
always enslaved.  
So at this hour  
without delay  
pluck the vibrating strings;  
since Fate  
strikes down the strong man,  
everyone weep with me!



**Sunday, December 8, 2024, 3PM**

**The Independence School**

*Music of Rossini, Rossini/Respighi, Bugliarello and Gershwin*

**Saturday, February 15, 2025, 7:30PM**

**The First Presbyterian Church of Newark**

*Tribute to the late Dr. Vincent Craig*

*Music of Schubert, Price, Chopin and Beethoven*

**Sunday, March 9, 2025, 3PM**

**The Independence School**

*Guest Conductors: Zachary Levi and William Esterling*

*Music of Berlioz, Borodin*

*And the Betsy L. Kent Concerto Competition Winner*

**Sunday, April 6, 2025, 3PM**

**The Otello Meucci Performing Arts Center**

**The Newark Charter High School**

*"Player One Press Start: Gaming Music in Concert"*

**Sunday, May 18, 2025, 3PM**

**The Independence School**

*The Newark Symphony Chorus*

*Music of Dvorak, Mozart, Ravel*

*And the Betsy L. Kent Concerto Competition Winner*