

Carl Orff: Carmina Burana

Text Translation

1. O Fortuna

This is the most recognisable music from *Carmina Burana* and has been used in many other contexts to denote events of an epic or foreboding nature. Orff uses an endlessly repeating orchestral accompaniment to suggest the relentless turning of the Wheel of Fortune.

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.	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.
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.	Fate, monstrous and empty, you turning wheel, you are malevolent, your favor is idle and always fades, shadowed, veiled, you plague me too. I bare my back for the sport of your wickedness.
Sors salutis et virtutis michi nunc contraria, est affectus et defectus semper in angaria. Hac in hora sine mora corde pulsum tangite; sternit fortem, mecum omnes plangite!	In prosperity or in virtue fate is against me, Both in passion and in weakness fate always enslaves us. So at this hour pluck the vibrating strings; because fate brings down even the strong, everyone weep with me.

2. Fortune plango vulnera

In the first verse, the goddess Fortuna is depicted with hair on the front of her head but none on the back, signifying that you can grasp an opportunity if you see it coming, but not once it has passed. Hecuba, whose name is written below the hub of the wheel, is an object lesson in the capriciousness of fate. She was the wife of King Priam of Troy, and during the long Trojan War she saw her husband slain, her family destroyed, and the city razed. She herself was given as spoils to Odysseus. Thinking to save at least one member of the family, she sent her youngest son to the king of Thrace along with a large sum of money. The king basely slew the boy and stole the money. Hecuba exacted her revenge by blinding the king and killing his two sons. As the king's men pursued her, the gods finally pitied Hecuba and turned her into a dog, allowing her to escape. She threw herself into the sea and was drowned.

Fortune plango vulnera stillantibus ocellis, quod sua michi minera subtrahit rebellis. Verum est, quod legitur, fronte capillata, sed plerumque sequitur Occasio calvata.	I bemoan Fortune's wounds with weeping eyes, for the gifts she gave me she perversely takes away. It is true, what is written, Opportunity has hair on her brow, but from behind she is bald.
In Fortune solio sederam elatus, prosperitas vario flore coronatus; quicquid enim florui felix et beatus, nunc a summo corru gloria privatus.	On fortune's throne I once sat, raised up and crowned with the blossoms of prosperity; though I once flourished, happy and blessed, now I fall from the peak, deprived of glory.
Fortune rota volvitur: descendo minoratus; alter in altum tollitur; nimis exaltatus rex sedet in vertice caveat ruinam: nam sub axe legimus Hecubam reginam.	The wheel of fortune turns and I descend, debased; another rises in turn; raised too high the king sits at the top, let him fear ruin: for below the axle we read Queen Hecuba.

3. Veris leta facies

Spring opens gently with long, languid, chant-like lines set for unison voices. Phoebus is the Greek sun-god, Flora, the Roman goddess of flowers, and Zephyrus, the god of the west wind. Philomena, the nightingale, and her sister Procne were Greek princesses who were brutally abused by another king of Thrace. As they fled his wrath the gods turned them into a swallow and a nightingale.

Veris leta facies mundo propinatur, hiemalis acies victo iam fugatur; in vestitu vario Flora principatur, nemorum dulcisono que cantu celebrantur.	The merry face of spring turns toward the world, sharp winter now flees, vanquished; clothed in diverse garb Flora reigns, the sweet sounds of the woods praise her in song.
Flore fusus gremio Phebus novo more risum dat, hoc vario iam stipate flore. Zephyrus nectareo spirans in odore. Certatim pro bravio curramus in amore.	Reclining in Flora's lap Phoebus once again smiles, now covered with many-colored flowers. Zephyr breathes nectar-scented breezes. Let us rush to compete in the race of love.
Cytharizat cantico dulcis Philomena, flore ridet vario prata iam serena, salit cetus avium silve per amena, chorus promit virginum iam gaudia millena.	With harp-like tones the sweet nightingale sings, the meadows now laugh covered with many flowers, a flock of birds takes flight through the pleasant forests, a chorus of virgins promises a thousand joys.

4. Omnia sol temperat

<p>Omnia sol temperat purus et subtilis, novo mundo reserat faciem Aprillis, ad amorem properat animus herilis et iocundis imperat deus puerilis.</p>	<p>The sun, pure and gentle, warms all things, and again reveals to the world the face of April, a man's soul is urged toward love and joys are ruled by the boy-god.</p>
<p>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.</p>	<p>The renewal of all things in spring's festivity and spring's power bid us all rejoice; it shows us the familiar way, and in your springtime it is right and true to keep what is yours.</p>
<p>Ama me fideliter! fidem meam nota: de corde totaliter et ex mente tota sum presentialiter absens in remota, quisquis amat taliter volvitur in rota.</p>	<p>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 is turned on the wheel.</p>

5. Ecce gratum

A vocal fanfare heralds spring's arrival in earnest. Paris in the last line was the son of Priam and Hecuba. In return for judging Venus the fairest of the goddesses (as if there were any contest!) he was granted the love of the most beautiful woman in the world. Unfortunately for him, that turned out to be Helen, wife of King Menelaus of Sparta. Paris abducted the willing Helen, the event which precipitated the Trojan War.

<p>Ecce gratum et optatum ver reducit gaudia, purpuratum florebat pratum, sol serenat omnia. Iam iam cedant tristitia! Estas redit, nunc recedit Hyemis servitia.</p>	<p>Behold the pleasant and long-sought Spring brings back joy, purple flowers fill the meadows, and the sun brightens everything. Sadness is now at an end! Summer returns and the harshness of winter now recedes.</p>
<p>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.</p>	<p>Now melting and disappearing is snow, ice and the rest, Winter flees, and Spring sucks at Summer's breast; it is a wretched soul who neither lives nor loves under Summer's rule.</p>
<p>Gloriantur et letantur in melle dulcedinis, qui conantur ut utantur premio Cupidinis: simus jussi Cypridis gloriantes et letantes pares esse Paridis.</p>	<p>They glory and rejoice in the honeyed sweetness who strive to enjoy Cupid's reward: at Venus' command let us glory and rejoice in being the equals of Paris</p>

6. Tanz

An instrumental number, this is a vigorous dance propelled forward by alternating duple and triple meters.

7. Floret silva nobilis

This is a charming vignette of flirtation, written in Latin and then repeated in German. The women idly wonder where their former lover has gone. The men are quick to reply that he has ridden away. The women somewhat archly respond "I wonder who will love me now?" Orff takes advantage of the opportunity for some musical tone painting, with the timpani providing the horse's hoofbeats and a gradual diminuendo in the chorus as the lover rides away.

Floret silva nobilis floribus et foliis.	The noble forest blooms with flowers and leaves.
Ubi est antiquus meus amicus? Hinc equitavit! Eia, quis me amabit?	Where is my lover of old? He has ridden away! Alas, who will love me?
Floret silva undique nah mime gesellen ist mir wê.	The woods are blooming all around, but I am pining for my love.
Gruonet der walt allenthalben, wâ ist min geselle also lange? Der ist geritten hinnen! O wî, wer sol mich minnen?	The woods are greening all around, why is my lover away so long? He has ridden off! Alas, who will love me?

8. Chramer, gip die varwe mir

Women of somewhat dubious virtue are advertising their charms to the young men, who provide a wordless response as they consider the offer.

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!	Merchant, give me rouge to make my cheeks red, so that I can make the young men love me whether they will or not. Look at me, young men! Let me please you!
Minnet, tugentlich man, minnecliche vrouwen! minne tuot iu hoch gemout unde lat iuch in hohen eren schouwen. Seht mich an, jungen man! Lat mich iu gevallen!	Virtuous men, give your love to lovely women! Love ennobles your spirit and lets you shine in high honor. Look at me, young men! Let me please you!
Wol dir, werlt, daz du bist also freudenriche! Ich wil dir sin untertan durch din liebe immer sicherliche. Seht mich an, jungen man! Lat mich iu gevallen!	Hail, o world so rich in joys! I will be obedient to you because of the pleasures you af- ford. Look at me, young men! Let me please you!

9. Reie

This is a three-part dance section. The first is a rather courtly dance set for orchestra alone. Swaz hie gat umbe is a dance round, like a Maypole dance, employing a bit of medieval reverse psychology: the women who dance ostensibly want to go the whole summer without a man. Chume is a bit more seductive, if the reverse psychology does not work. The men join in soft accompaniment. Their rhythm contrasts with the rhythm of the melody, which is as close as Orff gets to polyphonic texture.

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

10. Were diu werlt alle min

This fixation with the Queen of England bears some explanation. The queen in question was Eleanor of Aquitaine, the richest, most beautiful, most ambitious and certainly the most notorious woman of the 12th century. She inherited vast wealth at the age of fifteen. Her court was a magnet for the budding troubadour movement, and the rules of medieval chivalry were developed there. She first married the prim Louis VII of France. When he went on crusade, she joined him, leading a company of women bearing armor and wearing clothes cut after a manly fashion. It was not only a great scandal but a great fiasco, prompting the pope to write a bull forbidding women to ever accompany a crusade again. When she returned to France she promptly had her marriage to Louis annulled (another scandal) and just as promptly married the much younger Henry of Anjou (an even bigger scandal), who became Henry II of England two years later. And with another turn of the Wheel of Fortune, her marriage to Henry set into motion events which directly led to the Magna Carta and the Hundred Years' War.

Were diu werlt alle min von dem mere unze an den Rin, des wolt ih mih darben, daz diu chünegin von Engellant lege an minen armen.	Were all the world mine from the sea to the Rhine, I would give it all up to have the queen of England lie in my arms.
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11. Estuans interius

This is the only poem in Carmina Burana which can be linked with a specific person, in this case the man known only as the Arch-poet (c. 1130-1165). He was born a gentleman, enjoyed the patronage of the Archbishop of Cologne, traveled extensively and died of illness at a young age. His poetry was known for its cleverness, word plays, sardonic wit and self-deprecating humour. His Confession, from which these five verses are taken, might serve as a credo for the goliard movement.

Estuans interius ira vehementi in amaritudine loquor mee menti: factus de materia, cinis elementi, similis sum folio, de quo ludunt venti.	Burning inwardly with strong anger in my bitterness I speak to my soul: created from matter, from the ashes of the earth I am like a leaf with which the winds play.
Cum sit enim proprium viro sapienti supra petram ponere sedem fundamenti, stultus ego comparor fluvio labenti, sub eodem tramite nunquam permanenti.	If it is proper for the wise man to build his foundations upon stone, then I am a fool, like a flowing river whose course is always changing.
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.	I am carried along like a ship without a steersman, as a wandering bird is carried along paths of air; chains cannot hold me, nor locks imprison me, I seek out men like myself and join with the depraved.
Mihi cordis gravitas res videtur gravis; iocis est amabilis dulciorque favis: quicquid Venus imperat, labor est suavis, que nunquam in cordibus habitat ignavis.	To me a serious heart seems too grave a thing; a joke is pleasant and sweeter than honeycomb; whatever Venus commands is a sweet duty, for she never dwells in faint hearts.
Via lata gradior more iuventutis inplicor et vitiis immemor virtutis, voluptas avidus magis quam salutis, mortuus in anima curam gero cutis.	I travel the broad path as is the way of youth, I give myself up to vice, heedless of virtue, more greedy for pleasure than for salvation, my soul is dead so I look after the flesh.

12. **Olim lacus colueram**

Rather inebriated and out of focus music accompanies this tenor solo, sung from the point of view of the unfortunate main course at dinner.

Olim lacus colueram, olim pulcher extiteram, dum cignus ego fueram.	Once I lived on lakes, Once I was beautiful when I was a swan.
Miser, miser! Modo niger et ustus fortiter!	Miserable me! Now black and roasting fiercely!
Girat, regirat garcifer; me rogos urit fortiter; propinat me nunc dapifer.	The servant turns me on a spit, I burn fiercely upon the pyre, the waiter now serves me up.
Miser, miser! Modo niger et ustus fortiter!	Miserable me! Now black and roasting fiercely!
Nunc in scutella iaceo, et volitare nequeo dentes fredentes video.	Now I lie upon a plate, and can fly no more, I see gnashing teeth.
Miser, miser! Modo niger et ustus fortiter!	Miserable me! Now black and roasting fiercely!

13. **Ego sum abbas Cucaniensis**

This satirical song is set in a parody of Gregorian chant, punctuated by alarm bells rather than cathedral chimes. Cockaigne was a mythical, nonsensical place. Decius was the spurious patron saint of gamblers. The gambler who is (quite literally) fleeced cries out "Wafna!"— an exclamation of dismay.

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!	I am the abbot of Cockaigne and my congregation is of drinkers, and my desire is to be in the order of gamblers, and whoever seeks me out in the tavern by morning will depart naked by Vespers, and thus stripped of his clothes, will cry out: Wafna, wafna! What have you done, most vile fortune? You have taken away all the joys of my life!
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14. In taberna quando sumus

This is undoubtedly the most all-inclusive drinking song in the history of music. It opens with a description of the typical behaviour in the tavern and follows with thirteen toasts encompassing every group of people imaginable. Then there is a comprehensive list of who is drinking, and the poem ends with a parody of a phrase from the Requiem Mass, "Let those who slander us be confounded and let their names not be recorded in the Book of the Righteous." Orff sets this as a virtuoso patter song for three-part men's chorus. He takes advantage of the percussive qualities of repeated words like *quidam* and *bibit* to reinforce the march-like beat of the music.

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.	When we are in the tavern we do not consider our mortality, but we hurry to gamble which always makes us sweat. What happens in the tavern where money is host, is something you may well ask, so listen to what I say.
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.	Some gamble, some drink, some behave loosely. But of those who gamble, some are stripped bare, while others win new clothes, and others are dressed in sacks. Here no one fears death but throws the dice in the name of Bacchus.
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 soroibus vanis, septies pro militibus silvanis,	First, it is to the wine merchant that the libertines drink; next they drink to prisoners, third, they drink to the living, fourth, they drink to all Christians, fifth, they drink to the faithful departed, sixth, they drink to the wayward sisters, seventh, they drink to the soldiers in the forest,
Octies pro fratribus perversis, nonies pro monachis dispersis, decies pro navigantibus, undecies pro discordantibus, duodecies pro penitentibus, tredecies pro iter argentibus. Tam pro papa quam pro rege bibunt omnes sine lege.	Eighth, they drink to the errant brothers, Ninth, they drink to the dispersed monks, Tenth, they drink to sailors, Eleventh, they drink to squabblers, Twelfth, they drink to the penitent, Thirteenth, they drink to travelers. They drink without restraint to the pope as well as to the king.
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 magus,	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 quick man drinks, the slow man drinks, the white man drinks, the black man drinks, the faithful man drinks, the aimless man drinks, the bumpkin drinks, the sage drinks,
Bibit pauper et egrotus, bibit exsul 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.	The pauper and the sick man drink, the exile and the stranger drink, the boy drinks, the old man drinks, the bishop and the deacon drink, the sister drinks, the brother drinks, the old woman drinks, the mother drinks, this one drinks and that one drinks, a hundred drink, a thousand drink.
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.	Six hundred coins scarcely suffice, for everyone drinks immoderately and without measure. Although they cheerfully drink, they all slander us, and thus we become poor. May those who slander us be confounded and not be written in the book of the just.

15. Amor volat undique

Amor volat undique, captus est libidine. Iuvenes, iuvenule coniunguntur merito.	Cupid flies everywhere, seized by desire. Young men and young women couple together, as is right.
Siqua sine socio, caret omni gaudio; tenet noctis infima sub intimo cordis in custodia: fit res amarissima.	The girl without a lover misses out on all joys; she holds the dark night hidden in her inmost heart: it is a most bitter thing.

16. Dies, nox et omnia

This is a rather affected and foppish love song complete with coloratura passages set for the baritone in a mixture of Latin and French, a parody of the chivalrous style.

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 makes me more afraid.
O sodales, ludite, vos qui scitis dicite michi mesto parcite, grand ey dolur, attamen consulite per voster honor.	O friends, you are toying with me, you do not know what you are saying, spare me in my misery, great is my sorrow, advise me, at least, for your honor.
Tua pulchra facies, me fay planszer milies, pectus habet glacies. A remender statim vivus fierem per un baser.	Your beautiful face makes me weep a thousand times, you have a heart of ice. To restore me, I would be revived by a single kiss.

17. Stetit puella

Stetit puella rufa tunica; si quis eam tetigit, tunica crepuit. Eia.	A girl stood in a red dress; if anyone touched it, it rustled. Eia.
Stetit puella tamquam rosula; facie splenduit, os eius floruit. Eia.	A girl stood like a little rose; her face was radiant and her mouth in bloom. Eia.

18. Circa mea pectora

The baritone solo tries his hand at a seduction which is unlikely to have a successful conclusion as he lets slip what is truly on his mind. The women mock him with the refrain manda liet which the men sarcastically echo. The exact meaning of manda liet is a bit obscure, but the sense is “you’d better keep singing, it’s not working.”

Circa mea pectora multa sunt suspiria de tua pulchritudine, que me ledunt misere.	In my breast are many sighs for your beauty which distress me sorely.
Manda liet, manda liet min geselle chumet niet.	Manda liet, manda liet my lover is not coming.
Tui lucent oculi sicut solis radii, sicut splendor fulguris lucem donat tenebris.	Your eyes shine like the sun's rays, like a flash of lightning which brightens the darkness.
Manda liet, manda liet min geselle chumet niet.	Manda liet, manda liet my lover is not coming.
Vellet deus, vellent dii, quod mente proposui: ut eius virginea reserassem vincula.	May God grant, may all the gods grant what I have in mind: that I might loose the chains of her virginity.
Manda liet, manda liet min geselle chumet niet.	Manda liet, manda liet my lover is not coming.

19. Si puer cum puellula

This is a slightly risqué song with some obvious double meanings, set for three-part men's chorus.

Si puer cum puellula moraretur in cellula, felix coniunctio. Amore suscrescente parieter in medio avulso procul tedio fit ludus ineffabilis membris, lacertis, labiis.	If a boy and a girl linger together in a little room, their union is a happy one. Love rises up equally between them, boredom is driven away and the age-old game begins with their limbs, arms and lips.
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20. Veni, veni, venias

The amorous heat is turned up a bit in this setting for double chorus. The men and women tease each other by calling them goats and bleating nazaza, referring to that animal's legendary sexual proclivity.

Veni, veni, venias, ne me mori facias, hyrca, hyrce, nazaza, trillirivos!	Come, come, oh, come, don't make me die, he-goat, she-goat, nazaza, trillirivos!
Pulchra tibi facies, oculorum acies, capillorum series, o quam clara species!	Beautiful is your face, the gleam of your eyes, the tresses of your hair, how beautiful your appearance!
Rosa rubicundior, lilio candidior, omnibus formosior, semper in te glorior!	Redder than the rose, whiter than the lily, lovelier than all others, I shall always glory in you!

21. In trutina mentis dubia

Set for soprano solo, In trutina mentis dubia contains a melody of simple but exquisite beauty.

In trutina mentis dubia, fluctuant contraria, lascivus amor et pudicitia. Sed eligo quod video, collum iugo prebeo: ad iugum tamen suave transeo.	In my hesitating feelings, wanton love and chastity oppose each other on the scales. But I choose what I see, and bend my neck to the yoke: such a sweet yoke to which I submit.
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22. Tempus est iocundum

The baritone solo, soprano solo, chorus and children's choir all stammer in anticipation of amorous bliss.

Tempus est iocundum, o virgines, modo congaudete, vos iuvenes.	This is the time of joy, O maidens, Rejoice with them, young men.
O, totus floreo, iam amore virginali totus ardeo, novus, novus amor est, quo pereo.	O, I am all aflower, I am burning all over with my first love, it is new love of which I am dying!
Mea me confortat promissio, mea me deportat negatio.	I am elated by my promise, I am downcast by my refusal.
O, totus floreo, iam amore virginali totus ardeo, novus, novus amor est, quo pereo.	O, I am all aflower, I am burning all over with my first love, it is new love of which I am dying!
Tempore brumali vir patiens, animo vernali lasciviens.	In wintertime a man is patient, but with the breath of spring he is amorous.
O, totus floreo, iam amore virginali totus ardeo, novus, novus amor est, quo pereo.	O, I am all aflower, I am burning all over with my first love, it is new love of which I am dying!
Mea mecum ludit virginitas, mea me detrudit simplicitas.	My virginity leads me on, my innocence holds me back.
O, totus floreo, iam amore virginali totus ardeo, novus, novus amor est, quo pereo.	O, I am all aflower, I am burning all over with my first love, it is new love of which I am dying!
Veni domicella, cum gaudio, veni, veni, pulchra, iam pereo.	Come, my mistress, with joy, come, come, my pretty, I am already dying.
O, totus floreo, iam amore virginali totus ardeo, novus, novus amor est, quo pereo.	O, I am all aflower, I am burning all over with my first love, it is new love of which I am dying!

23. **Dulcissime**

The soprano solo finally surrenders to her passion in an impossibly high coloratura line that reaches D above high C.

Dulcissime, totam tibi subdo me!	Sweetest one, I give myself to you wholly.
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24. **Ave formosissima**

This grandiose song is a parody of the Ave Maria, using similar titles to honour his beloved rather than the Virgin Mary. The final lines compare her to Blanche fleur (the heroine of a popular 12th century romance), Helen of Troy, and even Venus herself.

Ave formosissima, gemma pretiosa, ave decus virginum, virgo gloriosa, ave mundi luminar, ave mundi rosa, Blanzifor et Helena, Venus generosa!	Hail, most beautiful one, precious jewel, hail, pride among virgins, most glorious virgin, hail, light of the world, hail, rose of the world, Blanche fleur, Helen, noble Venus!
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25. **O Fortuna**

The music comes full circle as the opening chorus is reprised, reminding us that the Wheel of Fate continues in its inexorable turning.