

Carmiya Buzaha

FORTUNA IMPERATRIX MUNDI

1. 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;
quisquid tamen flouri
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.

FORTUNE, EMPRESS OF THE WORLD

Chorus

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.

Chorus

I lament Fortune's 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 of 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 the name of Hecuba.

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
Phebus novo more
risum dat, hoc vario
iam stipatur 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
faciem Aprilis,
ad amorem properat
animus herilis
et iocundis imperat
deus puerilis.

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.

Ama me fideliter,
fidem meam nota
de corde totaliter
et ex mente tota.
Sum pretentialiter
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 cedant tristitia!
Estas redit,
nunc recedit
hyemis sevitia.

I IN SPRINGTIME

Small Chorus

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.

Baritone Solo

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 feeling
knows the torture of love.

Chorus

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.

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.

Ice
and snow
melt away;
the frost flees,
and spring
sucks the breast of summer.

Miserable is he
who neither loves
nor frolics
under summer's spell.

Those
who vie
for Cupid's prize
taste the sweetness
of honey.

Let us,
proud and joyful,
be ruled
by Venus.
Let us emulate Paris.

UF DEM ANGER

6. (Dance)

7. Floret silva

Floret silva nobilis
floribus et foliis.
Ubi est antiquus
meus amicus?
Hine equitavit,
eia, quis me amabit?

Floret silva undique
nah mime gesellen ist mir we.
Gruonet der walt allenthalben,
wa ist min geselle alse lange?
Der ist geriten hinnen,
o wi, wer sol 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!

Minet, tugentliche man
minnecliech frouwen!
minne tuot iu hoch gemuot
Wol dir, werlt, daz du bist
also freudenriche!
ich will dir sin undertan
durch din liebe immer sicherliche.

9. Reie (Round Dance)

Swaz hie gat umbe

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

Chume, chum, geselle min

Chume, chum, geselle min,
ih embite harte din,
ih embite harte din,
chum, chum, geselle min.

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

ON THE LAWN

Orchestra

Chorus and Small Chorus

The noble wood
is filled with buds
and leaves.
Where is my lover?
He rode away on horseback.
Alas, who will love me now?

Everywhere the forest is in bloom;
I am longing for my lover.
If the wood is green all over,
why does my lover not return?
He has hidden away.
Woe is me, who will love me?

Soli (Sopranos) and Chorus

Shopkeeper, give me color
to paint my cheeks,
that young men
may not resist my graces.
Young men,
look here,
do I not charm you?

Make love, good men
and gracious women.
Love will ennoble you,
Hail, o world
so rich in joys.
I will obey you always,
and accept your bountiful gifts.

Orchestra

Chorus

Here are maidens
in a circle,
they'd like to be without a lover
all the summer through.

Small Chorus

Come, come, my pretty maid,
I wait for thee;
I wait for thee,
Come, come, my pretty maid.

Sweet rosy mouth,
come and heal my longing.
Come and heal my longing,
sweet rosy mouth.

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 chünegin von Engellant
legen an minen armen.

Chorus

Were the world all mine,
from the sea to the Rhine,
I should gladly forsake it
for the Queen of England
in my arms.



II IN TABERNA

11. Estuans interius

Estuans interius
ira vehementi
in amaritudine
loquor mee menti:
factus de materia,
cinus 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.

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 inventutis,
implicor et vitiis
immemor virtutis,
voluptatis avidus
magis quam salutis,
mortuus in anima
curam gero cutis.

II IN THE TAVERN

Baritone Solo

In rage
and bitterness
I talk
to myself,
made of matter,
ash of the elements,
I am like a leaf
which the wind plays with.

If a wise man
builds
his house
upon a rock,
I, fool,
am like a gliding river
which follows
no straight path.

I am swept away
like a pilotless ship,
like a bird floating aimlessly
through the air.
No fetters, no locks
hold me;
I am looking for my like,
and I join the depraved.

The burdens of the heart
weigh too heavily on me.
Jesting is lovely
and sweeter than the honeycomb.
What Venus commands
is suave labor;
love never dwells
in cowardly hearts.

On the broad road I move along
as youth is wont to do.
I am entangled in vice,
and unmindful of virtue.
Greedy more for lust
than for welfare;
dead in soul,
I care only for my body.

12. Olim lacus colueram

Cignus ustus cantat:

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

Miser, miser!
modo niger
et ustus fortiter!

Girat, regirat garcifer;
me rogos urit fortiter:
propinat me nunc dapifer,
Nunc in scutella iaceo,
et volitare nequeo,
dentes frendentes video.

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 cis denudatus veste clambit:

Wafna, wafna!
quid fescisti sors turpissima?
Nostre vite gaudia
abstulisti omnia!

14. In taberna quando sumus

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,
quinque pro fidelibus defunctis,
sexies pro sororibus vanis,
septies pro militibus silvanis.

Octies pro fratribus perversis,
nonies pro monachis dispersis,
decies pro navigantibus,
undecies pro discordantibus,
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 magus.

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

Tenor Solo and Male Chorus

The roasted cygnet sings:

Once I dwelt in the lakes:
once I was
a beautiful swan.

O miserable me!
Now I am
roasted black!

The cook turns me on the spit,
the fire roasts me through,
and I am prepared for the feast.
I am borne upon a platter
and can no longer fly.
I catch sight of gnashing teeth.

Baritone Solo and Male Chorus

I am the Abbot of Cucany,
and I meet with my fellow-drinkers
and belong to the sect of Decius.
Whosoever meets me in the tavern over dice
loses his garments by the end of the day,
and, thus denuded, he cries:

Wafna, wafna!
what hast thou done, O infamous fate?
Thou hast taken away
all the pleasures of this life.

Male Chorus

When we are in the tavern,
unmindful of the grave,
we rush to the gaming tables
over which we sweat.
If you want to know
what happens in the tavern
(where money gets you wine),
then listen to my tale.

Some men gamble, others drink,
others shamelessly indulge themselves;
and of those
who stay to gamble,
some lose their garments,
and others are in sackcloth.
There no one is in fear of death,
throwing dice for Bacchus:

First, the dice are thrown for wine,
which the libertines drink.
Then they toast the prisoners twice,
then they toast the living thrice.
Four times wine is drunk for Christians,
five times for the faithful departed,
six times for the boastful sisters,
seven times for the forest soldiers.

Eight times for the sinful brethren,
nine times for the dispersed monks,
ten times for the navigators,
eleven times for men at odds,
twelve times for the penitent,
thirteen for the travelers.
We drink for Pope and King alike,
and then we drink, we drink.

The mistress drinks, the master drinks,
the soldier and the clergyman.
This man drinks, that woman drinks,
the servant and the maid.
The quick man drinks, the lazy drinks,
the white man and the black.
The sedentary drinks, the wanderer drinks,
the ignorant and the learned.

The poor man drinks, the sick man drinks,
the exiled and the unknown.
The youngster drinks, the older drinks,
the Bishop and the Deacon.
The sister drinks, the brother drinks,

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.

the old woman and the mother.
Women drink and men drink
by the hundreds and the thousands.

Six hundred coins are not enough
for this aimless
and intemperate drinking.
Though our drink is always gay,
there are ever those who nag,
and we shall be indigent.
May they who nag us be confounded,
and never be inscribed among the just.



III COUR D'AMOUR

15. Amor volat undique

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

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

fit 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 honur.

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

17. Stetit puella

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

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

III THE COURT OF LOVE

Soprano Solo and Small Chorus

The God of Love flies everywhere
and is seized by desire.
Young men and young women
are rightly joined together.

If a girl lacks a man
she misses all delight:
darkest night
is at the bottom
of her heart:

This is bitterest fate.

Baritone Solo

Day and night and all the world
are opposed to me,
and the sound of maidens' voices
makes me weep.
Alas, I am filled with sighing
and fear.

O friends, amuse yourselves
and speak as you please.
Spare me, a sad man,
for great is my grief.
Counsel me,
by your honor.

Thy lovely face
makes me weep a thousand tears
because thy heart is made of ice.
Thy single kiss
would bring me
back to life.

Soprano Solo

There stood a maid
in a red tunic:
when it was touched
the tunic rustled.
Eia!

There stood a girl,
like a rose;
her face was radiant:
her mouth bloomed.
Eia!

18. Circa mea pectora

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

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

Tui lucent oculi
sicut solis radii,
sicut splendor fulguris
lucem donat tenebris.
Vellet deus, vellent dii,
quod mente proposui:
ut eius virginea
reserasset vincula.

19. Si puer cum puellula

Si puer cum puellula
moraretur in cellula,
felix coniunctio.
Amore suscescente,
pariter e medio
propulso procul tedio,
fit ludus ineffabilis
membris, lacertis, labiis.

20. Veni, veni, venias

Veni, veni, venias,
ne me mori facias,
*hyrca, hyrce, nazaza,
trillirivos...*

Pulchra tibi facies,
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 prepeo;
ad iugum tamen suave transeo.

22. Tempus est iocundum

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

Oh, oh, oh,
totus floreo,

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

Mea me confortat
promissio,
mea me deportat
negatio.

Baritone Solo and Chorus

*My heart is filled
with sighing.
I am longing for thy beauty.
My misery is grent.*

*Manda liet,
manda liet,
my sweetheart
does not come.*

*Thine eyes shine
like the sun's rays,
like lightning flashes
in the night.
May the gods look with favor
on my desire
to undo the bonds
of her virginity.*

Soli (3 Tenors, Baritone, 2 Basses)

*When a boy and a maiden
are alone together,
happy is their union.
Their passions mount,
and modesty disappears.
An ineffable pleasure
pours through
their limbs, their arms, their lips.*

Double Chorus

*Come, come,
do not let me die.
Hyrca, hyrce, nazaza,
trillirivos...*

*Pretty is thy face,
the look of thine eyes,
the braids of thy hair.
O how beautiful thou art!*

*Redder than the rose,
whiter than the lily,
more beautiful than all the rest,
always I shall glory in thee.*

Soprano Solo

*I am suspended
between love
and chastity,
but I choose
what is before me
and take upon myself the sweet yoke.*

Soli (Soprano and Baritone), Chorus, and Small Chorus

*Pleasant is the season,
O maidens;
now rejoice,
ye lads.*

*Oh, oh, oh,
with love*

*I bloom
for a maiden,
my new, new love,
of which I perish.*

*Yielding
gratifies me;
refusing
makes me grieve.*

Tempore brumali
vir patiens,
animo vernali
lasciviens.
Mea mecum ludit
virginitas,
mea me detrudit
simplicitas.
Veni, domicella,
cum gaudio,
veni, veni, pulchra,
iam pereor.

23. Dulcissime

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

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,
obrumbrata
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!

In winter
man's desires are passive;
the breath of spring
makes him lascivious.
My maidenhood
excites me,
but my innocence
keeps me apart.
Come, my mistress,
come with joy;
come, my beauty,
for I die.

Soprano Solo

*Sweetest boy,
I give my all to you!*

BLANZIFLOR AND HELENA

Chorus

*Hail to thee, most beautiful,
most precious gem;
hail, pride of virgins,
most glorious virgin.
Hail, light of the world,
hail, rose of the world.
Blanziflor and Helena,
Venus generosa!*

FORTUNE, EMPRESS OF THE WORLD

Chorus

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
makes me grieve.
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;
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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.

Bennington College Music Division presents

THE CHORUS

in concert

Friday
June 3, 1994

8:00 p.m.
Greenwall Music Workshop

CARMINA BURANA (1936)

Carl Orff

FORTUNA IMPERATRIX MUNDI

O Fortuna
Fortune plango vulnera

I PRIMO VERE

Veris leta facies
Omnia Sol temperat
Ecce gratum

UF DEM ANGER

Tanz
Floret Silva
Chramer, gip die varwe mir
Reie
Swaz hie gat umbe
Chume, chum geselle min
Were diu werlt alle min

II IN TABERNA

Estuans interius
Olim lacus colueram
Ego sum abbas
In taberna quando sumus

III COUR D'AMOUR

Amor volat undique
Dies, nox et omnia
Stetit puella
Circa mea pectora
Si puer cum puellula
Veni, veni, venias
In trutina
Tempus et iocundum
Dulcissime

BLANZIFLOR ET HELENA

Ave Formosissima

FORTUNA IMPERATRIX MUNDI

O Fortuna

THE CHORUS

Eme Akpabio	Paul Ahrens	Diane Bolton
Kristen Bromberger	Ezra Denney	Duncan Dunscombe
	Genevieve Ellick	Greta Feeney
David Hertz	Jennifer Laskey	Gwen MacDonald
Jamie Martin	Amber McAfee	Matthew Mitchell
Alison Mock	Patty Moenig	Erika Obedzinski
April Patrick	Lisa Paul	Jessica Peck
Adel Peterdi	Dana Rasso	Maddy Reber
Magdalena Romera-Gria	Erica Stuckwisch	Ben Sunderlin
Diana Whitecage	John Roberts	Joshua Morency
Fonta Hadley	Todd Tarantino	Gueranal Benoit
Patricia Pennebaker	Ned Mooney	Michael Downs
Celia Twomey	Susan Reiss	Diana Barraclough

soloists:

Greta Feeney	Amber McAfee
Patricia Pennebaker	Michael Downs
Ned Mooney	Celia Twomey

Randall Neal, Director
Joe Bloom, Accompanist
Stephanie Bennett, Assistant Accompanist
Alison Mock, Choral Assistant

Special thanks to all those who helped with the production of this performance, with special thanks to
Alison Mock, Reinhard Mayer, Joe Bloom, and Sue Jones.

THE CHORUS will be pleased to accept new members in the fall term. Our opening project will be
to participate in the development of a new intermedia work in collaboration with
THE KITCHEN of New York City.