

Carmina Burana – Carl Orff

Fortuna Imperatrix Mundi (Fortune, Empress of the World)

1. O Fortuna
2. Fortune plango vulnere

I. Primo vere (In Springtime)

3. Veris leta facies
4. Omnia sol temperat
5. Ecce gratum

Uf dem anger (On the Lawn)

6. Tanz
7. Floret silva nobilis
8. Chramer, gip die varwe mir
9. Reie
10. Were diu werlt alle min

II. In Taberna (In the Tavern)

11. Estuans interius
12. Olim lacus colueram
13. Ego sum abbas
14. In taberna quando sumus

III. Cour d'amours (The Court of Love)

15. Amor volat undique
16. Dies, nox et omnia
17. Stetit puella
18. Circa mea pectora
19. Si puer cum puellula
20. Veni, veni, venias
21. In truitina
22. Tempus est iocundum
23. Dulcissime

Blanziflor et Helena (Blanziflor and Helena)

24. Ave formosissima

Fortuna Imperatrix Mundi (Fortune, Empress of the World)

25. O Fortuna

1. Fortuna Imperatrix Mundi (Fortune, Empress of the World)

O Fortuna (O 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 whirling wheel,
you are malevolent,
well-being is 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.

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!

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. Fortune plango vulnera (I bemoan the wounds of Fortune)

Fortune plango vulnera
stillantibus ocellis
quod sua michi munera
subtrahit rebellis.
Verum est, quod legitur,
fronte capillata,
sed plerumque sequitur
Occasio calvata.

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 florui
felix et beatus,
nunc a summo corruui
gloria privatus.

On Fortune's throne
I used to sit raised up,
crowned with
the many-coloured flowers of prosperity;
though I may have 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;
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.

PRIMO VERE (SPRING)

3 Veris leta facies (The merry face of spring)

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

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

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

Cytharizat cantico
dulcis Philomena,
flore rident vario
prata iam serena,
salit cetus avium
silve per amena,
chorus promit virgin
iam gaudia millena.

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 Omnia sol temperat (The sun warms everything)

Omnia sol temperat
purus et subtilis,
novo mundo reserat
faciem Aprilis,
ad amorem properat

The sun warms everything,
pure and gentle,
once again it reveals to the world
April's face,
the soul of man

animus herilis
et iocundis imperat
deus puerilis.

is urged towards love
and joys are governed
by the boy-god.

Rerum tanta novitas
in solemnibus vere
et veris auctoritas
jubet nos gaudere;
vias prebet solitas,
et in tuo vere
fides est et probitas
tuam retinere.

All this rebirth
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.

Ama me fideliter,
fidem meam noto:
de corde totaliter
et ex mente tota
sum presentialiter
absens in remota,
quisquis amat taliter,
volvitur in rota.

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 Ecce gratum (Behold, the pleasant spring)

Ecce gratum
et optatum
Ver reducit gaudia,
purpuratum
florete pratum,
Sol serenat omnia.
Iam cedant tristitia!
Estas redit,
nunc recedit
Hyemis sevitia. Ah!

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 rigours of winter. Ah!

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. 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!

Gloriantur
et letantur
in melle dulcedinis,
qui conantur,
ut utantur
premio Cupidinis:
simus jussu Cypridis
gloriantes
et letantes
pares esse Paradisi. 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!

Uf dem anger

6. Tanz (Dance)

7. Floret silva nobilis (The woods are burgeoning)

Floret silva nobilis
floribus et foliis.

The noble woods are burgeoning
with flowers and leaves.

Ubi est antiquus
meus amicus?
Hinc equitavit,
eia, quis me amabit?

Where is the lover
I knew? Ah!
He has ridden off!
Oh! Who will love me? Ah!

Floret silva undique,
nah mime gesellen ist mir we.

The woods are burgeoning all over,
I am pining for my lover.

Gruonet der walt allenthalben,
wa ist min geselle also lange?
Der ist geriten hinnen,
o wi, wer sol mich minnen?

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. Chramer, gip die varwe mir (Shopkeeper, give me colour)

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!

Shopkeeper, give me colour
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!

Minnet, tugentliche man,
minnecliche vrouwen!
minne tuot iu hoch gemout
unde lat iuch in hohen eren schouwen
Seht mich an
jungen man!
lat mich iu gevallen!

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

Wol dir, werit, daz du bist
also freudenriche!
ich will dir sin undertan
durch din liebe immer sicherliche
Seht mich an,
jungen man!
lat mich iu gevallen!

Hail, world,
so rich in joys!
I will be obedient to you
because of the pleasures you afford.
Look at me,
young men!
Let me please you!

9. Reie (Round dance)

Swaz hie gat umbe

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

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

Chume, chum, geselle min

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.

Swaz hie gat umbe

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

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

10. Were diu werlt alle min (Were all the world mine)

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

Were all the world mine
from the sea to the Rhine,
I would starve myself of it
so that the queen of England
might lie in my arms.

IN TABERNA

11. Estuans interius (Burning inside)

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

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

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

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.

Feror ego veluti
sine nauta navis,
ut per vias aeris
vaga fertur avis;
non me tenent vincula,
non me tenet clavis,

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,

quero mihi similes
et adiungor pravis.

I look for people like me
and join the wretches.

Mihi cordis gravitas
res videtur gravis;
iocis est amabilis
dulciorque favis;
quicquid Venus imperat,
labor est suavis,
que nunquam in cordibus
habitat ignavis.

The heaviness of my heart
seems like 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.

Via lata gradior
more iuventutis
inplicor et vitiis
immemor virtutis,
voluptatis avidus
magis quam salutis,
mortuus in anima
curam gero cutis.

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. Cignus ustus cantat (The roast swan)

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

Once I lived on lakes,
once I looked beautiful
when I was a swan.

Miser, miser!
modo niger
et ustus fortiter!

Misery me!
Now black
and roasting fiercely!

Girat, regirat garcifer;
me rogos urit fortiter;
propinat me nunc dapifer,

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

Miser, miser!
modo niger
et ustus fortiter!

Misery me!
Now black
and roasting fiercely!

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

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

Miser, miser!
modo niger
et ustus fortiter!

Misery me!
Now black
and roasting fiercely!

13. Ego sum abbas (I am the abbot)

Ego sum abbas Cucaniensis
et consilium meum est cum bibulis,
et in secta Decii voluntas mea est,
et qui mane me quesierit in taberna,

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,

post vesperam nudus egredietur,
et sic denudatus veste clamabit:

after Vespers he will leave naked,
and thus stripped of his clothes he will call out:

Wafna, wafna!
quid fecisti sors turpassi
Nostre vite gaudia
abstulisti omnia!

Woe! Woe!
what have you done, vilest Fate?
the joys of my life
you have taken all away!

14. In taberna quando sumus (When we are in the tavern)

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 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.

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,
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.

Primo pro nummata vini,
ex hac bibunt libertini;
semel bibunt pro captivis,
post hec bibunt ter pro vivis,
quater pro Christianis cunctis
quinq̄ies pro fidelibus defunctis,
sexies pro sororibus vanis,
septies pro militibus silvanis,

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 sisters,
seven for the footpads in the wood,

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.

Eight for the errant brethren,
nine for the dispersed monks,
ten for the seamen,
eleven for the squabblers,
twelve for the penitent,
thirteen for the wayfarers.
To the Pope as to the king
they all drink without restraint.

Bibit hera, bibit herus,
bibit miles, bibit clerus,
bibit ille, bibit illa,
bibit servis 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 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,

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

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,

bibit soror, bibit frater,
 bibit anus, bibit mater,
 bibit iste, bibit ille,
 bibunt centum, bibunt mille.

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.

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 pennies would hardly
 suffice, if everyone
 drinks immoderately and immeasurably.
 However much they 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. Yo!

III. COUR D'AMOURS

15. Amor volat undique (Cupid flies everywhere)

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

Cupid flies everywhere
 seized by desire.
 Young men and women
 are rightly coupled.

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

The girl without a lover
 misses out on all pleasures,
 she keeps the dark night
 hidden
 in the depth of her heart;

fit res amarissima.

it is a most bitter fate.

16. Dies, nox et omnia (Day, night and everything)

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, most of all, scares me.

O sodales, ludite,
 vos qui scitis dicite
 michi mesto parcite,
 grand ey dolor,
 attamen consulite
 per voster honur.

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 honour.

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,
 your heart is of ice.
 As a cure,
 I would be revived
 by a kiss.

17. Stetit puella (A girl stood)

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

A girl stood
in a red tunic;
if anyone touched it,
the tunic rustled.
Eia!

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

A girl stood
like a little rose:
her face was radiant
and her mouth in bloom.
Eia!

18. Circa mea pectora (In my heart)

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

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

Manda liet,
Manda liet
min geselle
chumet niet.

Mandaliet,
mandaliet,
my lover
does not come.

Tui lucent oculi
sicut solis radii,
sicut splendor fulguris
lucem donat tenebris.

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

Manda liet
Manda liet,
min geselle
chumet niet.

Mandaliet,
mandaliet,
my lover
does not come.

Vellet deus, vallent dii
quod mente proposui:
ut eius virginea
reserassem vincula.

May God grant, may the gods grant
what I have in mind:
that I may loose
the chains of her virginity. Ah!

Manda liet,
Manda liet,
min geselle
chumet niet.

Mandaliet,
mandaliet,
my lover
does not come.

19. Si puer cum puellula (If a boy with a girl)

Si puer cum puellula
moraretur in cellula,
felix coniunctio.
Amore suscrescente
pariter e medio
avulso procul tedio,
fit ludus ineffabilis
membris, lacertis, labii

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
in their limbs, arms and lips.

20. Veni, veni, venias (Come, come, O come)

Veni, veni, venias
 Veni, veni, venias,
 ne me mori facias,
 hycra, hycce, nazaza,
 trillirivos...

Come, come, O come
 Come, come, O come,
 do not let me die,
 hycra, hycce, nazaza,
 trillirivos!

Pulchra tibi facies
 oculorum acies,
 capillorum series,
 o quam clara species!

Beautiful is your face,
 the gleam of your eye,
 your braided hair,
 what a glorious creature!

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 truitina (In the balance)

In truitina mentis dubia
 fluctuant contraria
 lascivus amor et pudicitia.
 Sed eligo quod video,
 collum iugum prebeo:
 ad iugum tamen suave transeo.

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.

22. Tempus es iocundum (This is the joyful time)

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

This is the joyful time,
 O maidens,
 rejoice with them,
 young men!

Oh, oh, oh,
 totus floreo,
 iam amore virginali
 totus ardeo,
 novus, novus amor
 est, quo pereo.

Oh! Oh! Oh!
 I am bursting out all over!
 I am burning all over
 with first love!
 New, new love
 is what I am dying of!

Mea me confortat
 promissio,
 mea me deportat

I am heartened
 by my promise,
 I am downcast by my refusal

Oh, oh, oh
 totus floreo
 iam amore virginali
 totus ardeo,
 novus, novus amor
 est, quo pereo.

Oh! Oh! Oh!
 I am bursting out all over!
 I am burning all over
 with first love!
 New, new love
 is what I am dying of!

Tempore brumali
 vir patiens,
 animo vernali
 lasciviens.

In the winter
 man is patient,
 the breath of spring
 makes him lust.

Oh, oh, oh,
totus floreo,
iam amore virginali
totus ardeo,
novus, novus amor
est, quo pereo.

Mea mecum ludit
virginitas,
mea me detrudit
simplicitas.

Oh, oh, oh,
totus floreo,
iam amore virginali
totus ardeo,
novus, novus amor
est, quo pereo.

Veni, domicella,
cum gaudio,
veni, veni, pulchra,
iam pereo.

Oh, oh, oh,
totus floreo,
iam amore virginali
totus ardeo,
novus, novus amor
est, quo pereo.

Oh! Oh! Oh!
I am bursting out all over!
I am burning all over
with first love!
New, new love
is what I am dying of!

My virginity
makes me frisky,
my simplicity
holds me back.

Oh! Oh! Oh!
I am bursting out all over!
I am burning all over
with first love!
New, new love
is what I am dying of!

Come, my mistress,
with joy,
come, come, my pretty,
I am dying!

Oh! Oh! Oh!
I am bursting out all over!
I am burning all over
with first love!
New, new love
is what I am dying of!

23. Dulcissime (Sweetest one)

Dulcissime,
totam tibi subdo me!

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

Blanziflor Et Helena

24. Ave formosissima (Hail, most beautiful one)

Ave formosissima,
gemma pretiosa,
ave decus virginum,
virgo gloriosa,
ave mundi luminar,
ave mundi rosa,
Blanziflor et Helena,
Venus generosa!

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

Fortuna Imperatrix Mundi

25. O Fortuna (O Fortune)

O Fortuna
velut luna

O Fortune
like the moon

statu variabilis,
semper crescis
aut decrescis;
vita detestabilis
nunc obdurat
et tunc curat
ludo mentis aciem,
egestatem,
potestatem
dissolvit ut glaciem.

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 whirling wheel,
you are malevolent,
well-being is 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.

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!

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!