

The MIT Concert Choir Presents
Dr. William Cutter, Music Director

Carmina
Burana

Also featuring Benjamin Britten's
Sacred and Profane, Op. 91

Saturday, December 2, 2006
Kresge Auditorium, MIT

MIT Concert Choir
Dr. William Cutter, Music Director
David Collins, Piano
Saturday, December 2, 2006 8pm Kresge Auditorium

Sacred and Profane, Op. 91 (1975)

Benjamin Britten

St. Godric's Hymn
I Mon Waxe Wood
Lenten is Come
Yif Ic of Luve Can – *Elisabeth Hon, soprano*
Carol
Ye that Pasen by

Intermission

Carmina Burana (1935-36)

Carl Orff (1895-1982)

1. O Fortuna
2. Fortunae plango vulnere
3. Veris laeta facies
4. Omnia sol temperate – *Joshua Li, baritone*
5. Ecce gratum
6. Tanz
7. Floret silva nobilis
8. Chramer, gip die varwe mir
9. Were diu werlt alle min
10. Aestuans interius – *Stephan Jung, baritone*
11. Olim lacus colueram
12. Ego sum abbas – *Daniel Cunningham, baritone*
13. In taberna quando sumus
14. Amor volat undique
15. Dies, nox, et omnia
16. Stetit puella – *Elisabeth Hon, soprano*
17. Circa mea pectora – *Daniel Cunningham, baritone*
18. Si puer cum puella
19. Veni, veni, venias
20. In trutina – *Elisabeth Hon, soprano*
21. Tempus est iocundum
22. Dulcissime – *Elisabeth Hon, soprano*
23. Ave formosissima

David Paul Collins and ??? piano
Percussionists

PROGRAM NOTES, TEXTS and TRANSLATIONS

Benjamin Britten was born in Lowestoft in Suffolk, the son of a dentist and a talented amateur musician. He began composing prolifically as a child, and in 1927 began private lessons with Frank Bridge. He also studied, less happily, at the Royal College of Music under John Ireland and with some input from Ralph Vaughan Williams. Although ultimately held back by his parents (at the suggestion of College staff), Britten had also intended to study with Alban Berg in Vienna. His first compositions to attract wide attention were the *Sinfonietta* (Op.1) and a set of choral variations *A Boy was Born*, written in 1934 for the BBC Singers. The following year he met W. H. Auden with whom he collaborated on the song-cycle *Our Hunting Fathers*, radical both in politics and musical treatment, and other works. Of more lasting importance was his meeting in 1936 with the tenor Peter Pears, who was to become his life-partner and musical collaborator. In early 1939 the two of them followed Auden to America. There Britten composed *Paul Bunyan*, his first opera (to a libretto by Auden), as well as the first of many song-cycles for Pears; the period was otherwise remarkable for a number of orchestral works, including *Variations on a Theme of Frank Bridge* (for string orchestra) and *Sinfonia da Requiem* (for full orchestra).

One of his last compositions, “Sacred and Profane,” written the year before his death in 1976, is a cyclic setting of verse from the 12th and 14th centuries. The BBC Chorus (fore-runner of today’s BBC Singers) who gave the broadcast premiere of Britten’s mould-breaking choral variations *A Boy was Born* in 1934 commissioned *Sacred and Profane*. In it, Britten set out to create a typically mediaeval contrast between the sacred and secular. The work is written for five voices (Britten originally intended that these should be solo singers), and comprises eight mediaeval lyrics - kept in their original language to offer more of a ‘display piece’ for the performers.

St. Godric’s Hymn

St. Mary, the Virgin, Mother of Jesus Christ of Nazareth,
Receive, defend and help thy Godric, and having received him,
bring him on high with thee in God’s kingdom.

St. Mary, Christ’s bower, Virgin among maidens,
flowers of motherhood, Blot out my sin, reign in my heart,
and bring me to bliss with that selfsame God.

I mon waxe wod

Birds in the wood, the fish in the river, and I must go mad:
Much sorrow I live with for the best of creatures alive.

Lenten is come

Spring has come with love among us, with flowers and with the song of birds,
That brings all this happiness.

Daisies in these valleys, the sweet notes of the nighingales,

Each bird sings a song.
The thrush wrangles all the time. Gone is the winter woe
when the woodruff springs.
These birds sing, wonderfully merry, and warble in their abounding joy,
So that all the wood rings.

The rose puts on her rosy face, the leaves in the bright wood
all grow with pleasure.
The moon sends out her radiance, the lily is lovely to see,
The fennel and the wild thyme.
These wild drakes make me love, animals cheer their mates,
Like a stream that flows softly.
The passionate man complains, as do more:
I know that I am one of those that is unhappy for love.

The moon sends out her light, so does the fair, bright sun,
When birds sing gloriously.
Dews wet the downs, animals with their secret cries
for telling their tales.
Worms make love under ground,
women grow exceedingly proud, so well it will suit them.
If I don't have what I want of one, all this happiness I will abandon,
And quickly in the woods be a fugitive.

Yif ic of luve can

When I see on the cross, Jesu, my lover,
and beside him stand Mary and John,
and his back scourged, and his side pierced,
for the love of man,
Well ought I to weep and sins to abandon,
If I know of love.....

Carol

A maiden lay on the moor, lay on the moor,
a full week, a full week....
A maiden lay on the moor; lay on the moor,
a full week and a day.

Good was her food. What was her food?
The primrose and the.....the primrose and the
Good was her food. What was her food?
The primrose and the violet.

Good was her drink. What was her drink?
The cold water of the....the cold water of the
Good was her drink. What was her drink?
The cold water of the well-spring.

Good was her bower. What was her bower?
The red rose and the....the red rose and the
Good was her bower. What was her bower?
The red rose and the lilyflower.

Ye that pasen by

You that pass by the way, stay a little while.
Behold, all my fellows, if any like me is found.
To the Tree with three nails most fast I hang bound;
With a spear all through my side
To my heart is made a wound.

Carl Orff's principal aim evident in ***Carmina Burana*** has been a 'total theatre' where music, words and movement (this piece is often choreographed) work together in producing an overwhelming effect. He sought models of such a work in two cultural traditions: classical Greek tragedy and Italian Baroque musical theatre.

Grove's dictionary states: "Orff's musical and dramatic style arose directly from Stravinsky's Oedipus Rex and in particular, "The Wedding" (Les Noces). Like "The Wedding", Carmina Burana (and other Orff works) give an important place to the chorus. The orchestra, (in this evening's performance, Orff's version for two pianos and percussion) is rich in percussion and uses block harmony to underline the highly accented choral rhythms. Polyphony, extended melodic writing and thematic development are rarely found, and instead, the most basic means are pressed into service to generate effects of wild abandon. This technique produces music of powerful pagan sensuality and direct physical excitement."

The poems selected by the German composer Carl Orff form only a small part of the whole Carmina Burana (the name applied to a large collection of medieval poems which survive in a late medieval manuscript found in the early nineteenth century in southern Germany) These poems, which come to more than two hundred in number but are never of any great length, can be roughly classified as follows:

- (i) Moralistic and satirical poems, the former being concerned with the human condition and the world at large, the latter with abuses in the church.
- (ii) Love songs and songs celebrating the return of spring.

(iii) Songs connected with drinking and gambling.

A remarkable feature of the intellectual life of the late Middle Ages was the ease and readiness with which scholars and students (and no doubt a good many hangers-on) moved about Europe from one university town to another. There seems to have always been a large number of such people in temporary residence in university towns both in their native countries and in foreign parts. As might be expected, they were not always on good terms with locals who had no connection with, or interest in, intellectual pursuits (such *rustici* are a frequent butt in the *Carmina Burana*) and, as their common interests naturally brought them together, they tended to form a class apart, a society to which the terms *Wandering Scholars* and *Ordo Vagorum* have been applied. These it was who in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries composed and sung most of the poems of *Carmina Burana*. Because they were generally without bonds or ties and were not involved in acquiring or maintaining social status, they were not concerned overmuch with the conventions of society, nor were they greatly troubled by the fulminations of religion against worldly pleasures. The *Carmina Burana* show attitudes not usually associated with the Middle Ages; we see a quite amoral attitude to sex, a fresh appreciation of nature, and a disrespect of the established church which even today's society would find hard to tolerate. The *Wandering Scholars* were very much concerned with enjoying themselves, they were frank and uninhibited, and were not afraid of attacking or ridiculing people and institutions they did not like. Their poetry was written for the immediate present, to express an emotion or experience, to complain of some current abuse, but chiefly, one may conjecture, to entertain their fellows as they caroused. At its best it has spontaneity and freshness which compensate for its limited range and technique.

An exultant chorus in praise of Fortune begins and ends the works, giving voice to the fickleness of fate and fortune and invoking only the most welcome of each to preside over the proceedings.

This theme is carried over into the second poem, expressing the ups and downs of fortune.

No. 3 introduces the main consideration of the first section, offering a primal welcome to the arrival of spring.

No. 4 particularises the essence of the season in a baritone solo extolling its life-giving force of love or sex.

No. 5 conversely and setting a wily contrast, depicts how sad springtime can be without the opportunity for love and urges the "have nots" to rectify the matter.

No. 6 is a dance scored with infectious vitality and contrasted in No. 7 by a soprano solo in which a girl laments the loss of her lover.

No 8 brings back the chorus to rejoice in the pleasures of nature and love while No. 9, extending the fervour, infiltrates a winsome invitation to love.

The mood casts off any lurking inhibitions in No. 10 by proposing a lustful fantasy “to hold in my arms the fair Queen of England” (fortuitously unidentifiable thanks to the variable period of the poem’s origins!)

No. 11 launches The Tavern section with a predictable salute to the efficacy of the bottle and the flagon and the baritone musing on the personal use he has put them to.

No. 12 brings in the tenor, singing falsetto, with the Song of the Roasting Swan and in No. 13 the baritone takes up the tale of the inveterate gambler.

No. 14 concludes the section with a hymn to the beneficial amenities and well-being of the tavern.

The work’s longest section is dedicated, not surprisingly, to Love.

The soprano strikes the keynote in No. 15 with her contention that to be without a lover is rotten luck, the female voices nodding their agreement in chorus.

No. 16 is in the nature of a corresponding *cri de coeur* from the baritone whose object of desire is indifferent to his suit.

As though taunting him, the soprano returns in No. 17 to fan the libido with a description of a tempting young thing who looks like a rosebud and wears a red skirt.

No. 18 is evocative of the yearning one feels for a lover and, on the assumption that such desires have been fulfilled, No. 19 celebrates the fun to be had in bed, particularly when modern scruples have been flung off with the clothing.

The natural consequence in No. 20 is a fevered exhortation to surrender to the ecstasies of love-making, quickly supplanted in No. 21 by capitulation, tough not before a token moral conflict between chastity and desire has heightened the suspense.

Serving almost as an interlude No. 22 is by way of a recapitulation of all that has gone before...the onset of Spring, the rising of the sap, the boiling over of emotions after the hibernation of winter.

O Fortuna (Chorus)

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

Sors immanis
et inanis,
rota tu volubilis,
status malus,
vana salus
semper dissolubilis,
obumbrata
et velata
michi quoque niteris;
nunc per ludum
dorsum nudum
fero tui sceleris.

Sors salutis
et virtutis
michi nunc contraria,
est affectus
et defectus
semper in angaria.
Hac in hora
sine mora
corde pulsum tangite;
quod per sortem
sternit fortem,
mecum omnes plangite!

2. Fortune plango vulnera

Fortune plango vulnera
stillantibus oculis
quod sua michi munera

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 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 string man,
everyone weep with me!

(I bemoan the wounds of Fortune)

I bemoan the wounds of Fortune
with weeping eyes,
for the gifts she made me

subtrahit rebellis.
Verum est, quod legitur,
fronte capillata,
sed plerumque sequitur
Occasio calvata.

In Fortune solio
sederam elatus,
prosperitatis vario
flore coronatus;
quicquid enim florui
felix et beatus,
nunc a summo corruui
gloria privatus.

Fortune rota volvitur:
descendo minoratus;
alter in altum tollitur;
nimis exaltatus
rex sedet in vertice
caveat ruinam!
nam sub axe legimus
Hecubam reginam.

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, hac vario
iam stipate flore.
Zephyrus nectareo
spirans it odore.
Certatim pro bravio
curramus in amore.

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.

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.

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.

(SPRING)

(The merry face of spring)

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!

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 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 solemni 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 (Chorus)

Ecce gratum
et optatum
Ver reducit gaudia,
purpuratum
flore pratum,
sol serenat omnia.
Iamiam cedant tristitia!
Estas redit,

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!

(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 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.
Whosoever loves this much
turns on the wheel.

(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,

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 Paridis.

Uf dem anger 6. Tanz (Dance)

7. Floret silva nobilis (The woods are burgeoning)

(Chorus)
Floret silva nobilis
floribus et foliis.

(Small Chorus)
Ubi est antiquus
meus amicus?
Hinc equitavit,
eia, quis me amabit?

(Chorus)
Floret silva undique,
nah mime gesellen ist mir we.
(Small Chorus)
Gruonet der walt allenthalben,
wa ist min geselle else lange?

now withdraw
the rigours 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!

The noble woods are burgeoning
with flowers and leaves.

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!

Der ist geriten hinnen,
o wi, wer sol mich minnen?

8. Chramer, gip die varwe mir

(Semi-Chorus)

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 gefallen!

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

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

9. Reie

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

Chume, chum, geselle min,
ih enbite harte din,
ih enbite harte din,
chume, chum, geselle min.

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

He has ridden off,
Oh woe, who will love me? Ah!

(Shopkeeper, give me colour)

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!

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

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!

(Round dance)

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

Come, come, my love,
I long for you,
I long for you,
come, come, my love.

Sweet rose-red lips,
come and make me better,
come and make me better,
sweet rose-red lips.

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

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 chunegin von Engellant
lege an minen armen.

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 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;
iocis est amabilis

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

(Were all the world mine)

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.

(Burning Inside)

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.

If it is the way
of the wise man
to build
foundations on stone,
the 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 like a burden to me;
it is pleasant to joke

dulciorque favis;
quicquid Venus imperat,
labor est suavis,
que nunquam in cordibus
habitat ignavis.

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

12. Cignus ustus cantat

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

(Male chorus)

Miser, miser!
modo niger
et ustus fortiter!

(Tenor)

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

(Male Chorus)

Miser, miser!
modo niger
et ustus fortiter!

(Tenor)

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

(Male Chorus)

Miser, miser!
modo niger
et ustus fortiter!

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.

(The Roast Swan)

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

Misery me!
Now black
and roasting fiercely!

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

Misery me!
Now black
and roasting fiercely!

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

Misery me!
Now black
and roasting fiercely!

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:

(Baritone and Male Chorus)

Wafna, wafna!
quid fecisti 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,
quinquies pro fidelibus defunctis,
sexies pro sororibus vanis,
septies pro militibus silvanis.

(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!

(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
the 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 discordantiibus,
duodecies pro penitentibus,
tredecies pro iter agentibus.
Tam pro papa quam pro rege
bibunt omnes sine lege.

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

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

Parum sexcente nummate
durant, cum immoderate
bibunt omnes sine meta.
Quamvis bibant mente leta,
sic nos rodunt omnes gentes
et sic erimus egentes.
Qui nos rodunt confundantur
et cum iustis non scribantur.

III. COUR D'AMOURS

15. Amor volat undique

(Boys)

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

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.

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 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.

(Cupid flies everywhere)

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

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

(Boys)
fit res amarissima.

16. Dies, nox et omnia

(Baritone)
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 dolur,
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

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

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.

(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 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.

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

(A girl stood)

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.

18. Circa mea pectora

(Baritone and Chorus)
Circa mea pectora
multa sunt suspiria
de tua pulchritudine,
que me ledunt misere.

Manda liet,
Manda liet
min geselle
chumet niet.

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

Manda liet
Manda liet,
min geselle
chumet niet.

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

Manda liet,
Manda liet,
min geselle
chumet niet.

19. Si puer cum puellula

(Six solo men)
Si puer cum puellula
moraretur in cellula,

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

(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!

Mandaliet,
mandaliet,
my lover
does not come.

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

Mandaliet,
mandaliet,
my lover
does not come.

(If a boy with a girl)

If a boy with a girl
tarries in a little room,

felix coniunctio.
Amore suscrescente
pariter e medio
avulso procul tedio,
fit ludus ineffabilis
membris, lacertis, labiis

20. Veni, veni, venias

Veni, veni, venias

Veni, veni, venias,
ne me mori facias,
hyrcra, hyrcra, 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 trutinina

(Soprano)

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

22. Tempus es iocundum

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

(Baritone)

Oh, oh, oh,
totus floreo,

happy is their coupling.
Love rises up,
and between them
prudery is driven away,
an ineffable game begins
in their limbs, arms and lips.

(Come, come, O come)

Come, come, O come

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

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

redder than the rose,
whiter than the lily,
lovelier than all others,
I shall always glory in you!

(In the balance)

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.

(This is the joyful time)

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

Oh! Oh! Oh!

I am bursting out all over!

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

(Women)

Mea me confortat
promissio,
mea me deportat nega

(Soprano and boys)

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

(Men)

Tempore brumali
vir patiens,
animo vernali
lasciviens.

(Baritone)

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

(Women)

Mea mecum ludit
virginitas,
mea me detrudit
simplicitas.

(Soprano and Boys)

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

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

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

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!

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

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!

(Chorus)

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

(Baritone, Boys and Chorus)

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

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.

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!

(Sweetest one)

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

(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 Helen,
noble Venus!

(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.

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!

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,
everybody weep with me!

Dr. William Cutter is a Lecturer in Music and Director of Choral Programs at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology where he is conductor of the MIT Concert Choir and Chamber Chorus. As a member of the conducting faculty at the Boston Conservatory for the past five years, he conducts the Boston Conservatory Chorale and teaches graduate conducting. He has also held academic posts at the Boston University School for the Arts, the University of Lowell and the Walnut Hill School for the Arts and served as music director and conductor of the Brookline Chorus, an auditioned community chorus of eighty voices, for five seasons.

Dr. Cutter currently serves as the artistic director for the Boston Conservatory Summer Choral Institute for high school vocalists and is in his third season as Chorus master and Associate Conductor of the Boston Lyric Opera Company as well as chorus master for the Boston Pops Holiday Chorus. For four summers he was conductor of the Boston University Young Artists Chorus of the Tanglewood Institute, and was music director and conductor of the Opera Laboratory Theater Company, as well as founder and music director of the vocal chamber ensemble CANTO which specialized in contemporary choral music.

As assistant to John Oliver for the Tanglewood Festival Chorus, he has prepared choruses for John Williams and Keith Lockhart and the Boston Pops. In May 1999, he prepared the chorus for two television and CD recording entitled A Splash of Pops which featured the premiere of With Voices Raised by composer of the Broadway musical Ragtime, Stephen Flaherty. In August 2002, Cutter prepared the Tanglewood Festival Chorus for their performance of Beethoven's Symphony No. 9 under the baton of Sir Roger Norrington.

With degrees in composition, Cutter maintains an active career as a composer with recent performances by the Monmouth Civic Chorus, the New Jersey Gay Men's Chorus, the Boston Pops, the New World Chorale in Boston, Melodious Accord of New York City, and Opera Omaha. His music is published by E.C. Schirmer, Boston; Lawson and Gould, New York; Alfred Educational Publishers, Los Angeles; Roger Dean Publishers, Wisconsin; Shawnee Press, Pennsylvania; and Warner/Chappell of Ontario, Canada.

As a professional tenor, he has sung with the premiere vocal ensembles in Boston, including the Handel and Haydn Society, Cantata Singers, Boston Baroque, Emmanuel Music, and the Harvard Glee Club. He has been a featured soloist on the Cantata Singers Recital Series and has been a recitalist on the MIT faculty performance series singing the music of Britten, Schubert, and Ives. He has taught voice at the New England Conservatory Preparatory School.

Pianist David Collins has appeared as a collaborator in recitals and chamber music performances throughout New England and the Midwest. A native of Northern Michigan, Mr. Collins has performed at chamber music series in Manistique and Escanaba, as well as at the Pine Mountain Music Festival. In the Boston area, he has performed at Boston

University, MIT, The Boston Conservatory and at New England Conservatory. He made his Jordan Hall debut in 2002 with the Alhambra Piano Trio.

Mr. Collins holds degrees in composition and chamber music and is currently working on his dissertation for a Doctorate in collaborative piano and vocal coaching at the New England Conservatory. In addition to a busy performance schedule, Mr. Collins currently maintains a private vocal coaching studio in the Boston area, and serves as pianist for both the MIT Concert Choir and the Suffolk University Vocal Ensemble. As a teaching fellow at New England Conservatory, he teaches piano and coaches for the graduate opera program as well as for the NEC Light Opera Company. During the summer, Mr. Collins works as a recitalist, coach, and répétiteur at the Pine Mountain Music Festival in upper Michigan.

