Concerts of Thursday, April 23, Friday, April 24, and Saturday, April 25, at 8:00p, and Sunday, April 26, 2020, at 3:00p

Donald Runnicles, Conductor

Meechot Marrero, soprano

Andrew Bidlack, tenor

Stephen Powell, baritone

Atlanta Symphony Orchestra Chorus, Norman Mackenzie, Director of Choruses

Gwinnett Young Singers, Lynn Urda, Director

Intermission

Carl Orff (1895-1982)

Carmina burana (1937)

Fortuna imperatrix mundi (Fortune, Empress of the World)

Part I

Primo vere (Spring)

Uf dem Anger (On the Green)

Part II

In taberna (In the Tavern)

Part III

Cours d’amour (The Court of Love)

Blanziflor et Helena (Blanchefleur and Helen)

Fortuna imperatrix mundi (Fortune, Empress of the World)

Meechot Marrero, soprano

Andrew Bidlack, tenor

Stephen Powell, baritone

Atlanta Symphony Orchestra Chorus
Gwinnett Young Singers

English surtitles by Ken Meltzer

This concert is performed without intermission.
Notes on the Program by Ken Meltzer

Carmina burana (1937)

Carl Orff was born in Munich, Germany, on July 10, 1895, and died there on March 29, 1982. The first performance of Carmina burana took place in Frankfurt, Germany, on June 8, 1937 with Bertil Wetzelsberger conducting the Frankfurt Opera. Carmina burana is scored for soprano, tenor, and baritone solos, mixed chorus, children’s chorus, two piccolos, three flutes, three oboes, English horn, E-flat clarinet, three clarinets, bass clarinet, two bassoons, contrabassoon, four horns, three trumpets, three trombones, tuba, timpani, tam-tam, snare drum, suspended cymbal, orchestra bells, xylophone, chimes, tambourine, ratchet, cymbals a2, suspended cymbals, castanets, orchestra bells, bass drum, triangle, tambourine, ratchet, sleigh bells, three chimes, church bell [campana], antique cymbals, two pianos, celesta, and strings. Approximate performance time is sixty-five minutes.

First Classical Subscription Performances: November 13, 14 and 15, 1980, Atlanta Symphony Orchestra Chorus, Atlanta Boy Choir, Robert Shaw, Conductor.

Most Recent Classical Subscription Performances: November 14, 15, and 16, 2013, Atlanta Symphony Orchestra Chorus, Gwinnett Young Singers, Robert Spano, Conductor.

Recordings:

Atlanta Symphony Orchestra Chorus, Atlanta Boy Choir, Robert Shaw, Conductor (Telarc CD-80056)

Atlanta Symphony Orchestra Chorus, Gwinnett Young Singers, Donald Runnicles, Conductor (Telarc CD-80575)

The 20th-century German composer Carl Orff was born into a family of army officers who demonstrated a keen interest in science, history, and music. Orff began his own music studies (piano, organ, and cello) at the age of five. While pursuing further studies in Munich, Orff became interested in the music of French Impressionist composer Claude Debussy (1862-1918) and the Austrian composer Arnold Schoenberg (1874-1951), a pioneer in atonal music expression.

Orff was drafted into the army in 1917. After being wounded at the front, he was discharged from service. Upon his return to Munich in 1919, Orff began an intensive study of music from the 16th and 17th centuries, and in particular, the works of the great Italian Baroque composer, Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643). Orff also co-founded the Güntherschule, an educational center that explored the synthesis body movement, poetry, and music.

On June 8, 1937, Carl Orff’s “scenic cantata,” Carmina burana, premiered in Frankfurt. Carmina burana (Songs of Benediktbeuern) is Orff’s setting of texts discovered in the monastery of Benediktbeuern, located south of Munich. The texts are taken from the
songs of the goliards—medieval students, monks, and seminarians who seem to have spent as much time carousing as they did studying. The songs of the goliards celebrate (sometimes in the most explicit terms) the pleasures of food, wine, and lovemaking.

Orff scored *Carmina burana* for soprano, tenor, and baritone soloists, as well as huge choral (large chorus, small chorus, and boy chorus) and orchestral forces. Orff also envisioned dance as an integral part of his “scenic cantata.”

In the early 20th century, many composers attempted to stretch the traditional concepts of tonality as far as possible. Some 20th-century composers, such as Schoenberg, even abandoned tonality altogether. Their atonal compositions inspired heated reactions, both by critics and audiences. To this day, the subject of atonality is guaranteed to inspire lively exchanges among music lovers.

In that context, Carl Orff’s *Carmina burana* represents a stunning departure from the course of much of the concert music of the time. From the opening chorus, “O Fortuna”—a hymn to the inexorable power of Fate—it is clear that Orff’s *Carmina burana* marks an emphatic return to the forces of melody and rhythm in their most elemental form. 20th-century atonality is nowhere to be found. Instead, Orff’s infectious and decidedly tonal melodies are repeated over and over, with variety supplied by contrasts in dynamics, and vocal and instrumental colors. Throughout, *Carmina burana’s* raucous celebration of the philosophy of *carpe diem* creates an irresistible force of energy guaranteed to leave the audience breathless at the conclusion.

To this day, Orff’s *Carmina burana* remains one of the most popular of all classical works, a constant presence in the concert hall and on recordings. *Carmina burana* may also be heard in numerous movies, television shows, and advertisements. More than eighty years after its premiere, Orff’s *Carmina burana* remains as irresistible as ever.

*Fortuna imperatrix mundi* (*Fortune, Empress of the World*)

1. **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,  
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!

Oh, Fortune,  
changeable  
as the moon,  
always waxing and waning;  
hateful life,  
first, you mistreat us,  
and then soothe us  
according to your whim,  
poverty and power  
melt like ice.

Monstrous  
and empty fate,  
you turning wheel,  
you are cruel,  
always destroying  
well-being,  
shadowed and veiled  
you attack me  
as well.  
I bare my back  
to your cruel pleasure.
Fate is against me
in health and virtue,
put-upon
and weighted down,
always imprisoned.
Therefore,
in this hour,
let us pluck the vibrating strings
without delay,
since Fate crushes the strong,
everyone weep with me!

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;
quicquid enim florui
felix et beatus,
nunc a summo corrui
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.

I mourn the wounds
of Fortune with weeping eyes,
for she cruelly takes away
the gifts she once gave me.
It is written that in truth,
she has a beautiful head of hair,
but when it comes to opportunity, she is bald.

I once sat at Fortune’s throne, crowned with a garland of prosperity, though I may have flourished, happy and blessed, now, I fall from the summit, deprived of glory.

As the wheel of Fortune turns, I descend in shame, another is raised, far too high, a king sits on high—let him fear his ruin! For beneath the axle of the wheel is written: “Queen Hecuba.”

Part I

*Primo vere (Spring)*

3. Veris leta facies

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

Flore fusus gremio Phoebus novo more risum dat, hoc vario iam stipate flore Zephyrus nectarleo 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.

The happy face of spring
shows itself to the world,
the cold of winter
flees, vanquished.
Flora reigns
in her colorful robes,
the woods sing
her sweet praises.

Lying in Flora’s lap,
Phoebus smiles once again,
surrounded by many-colored flowers,
Zephyr breathes
their nectars’ fragrance,
let us compete
for love’s prize.

The sweet nightingale
begins her song,
the bright meadows,
filled with flowers, laugh,
birds fly
in the pleasant woods,
a chorus of maidens promises
a thousand joys.

4. Omnia Sol temperat

Omnia Sol temperat
purus et subtilis,
novo mundo reserat
facies 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 presentaliter
absens in remota.
quisquis amat taliter,
volvitur in rota.

The pure and gentle sun
warms everything,
it reveals
April’s face to the world,
the soul of man
hurries toward love,
the boyish god
rules over everything.

Spring’s festival of rebirth,
and its power
command us to rejoice,
spring shows us
paths we know well,
it is good and right
to keep what is yours.

Love me faithfully!
See that I am faithful,
With all my heart
and soul,
I am with you,
even when we are far apart,
whoever loves so much,
suffers.

5. Ecce gratum

Ecce gratum
et optatum
Ver reducit gaudia,
purpuratum
floret pratum,
Sol serenat omnia,
iamiam cedant tristia!
Estas redit,
nunc recedit
Hyemis sevitia.

Iam liquescit
et decrescit
grando, nix et cetera,
bruma fugit,
et iam sugit,
Ver Estatis ubera;
illi mens est misera,
qui nec vivit,
nec lascivit
sub Estatis dextera.

Gloriantur
et letantur
in melle dulcedinis
qui conantur,
premio Cupidinis;
simus jussu Cypridis
et letantes
pares esse Paridis.

Behold,
joy returns
with the pleasant
and long-awaited spring,
purple flowers
fill the meadows,
the sun brightens all.
No more sadness!
Summer returns
and cold winter withdraws!

Ice
and snow
melt and disappear,
winter flees,
and spring
nurses at summer’s breast,
unhappy soul
who does not love or lust
under summer’s spell!

They glory and rejoice
in honey’s sweetness,
those who compete
for Cupid’s prize,
rulled by Venus,
let us,
proud and joyful,
emulate Paris!

Uf dem Anger (On the Green)

6. Tanz (Dance)

7. Floret silva nobilis

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

Floret silva undique,
nah mime gesellen ist
mir wê.
Gruonet der walt
allenthalben,
wâ ist min geselle alse
lange?
der ist geriten hinnen,
owî, wer soll mich
minnen?

The noble woods
are filled
with buds and leaves
Where is the lover I knew?
He rode away on horseback!
Who will love me now?

The woods
are in bloom everywhere.
I long for my lover.
The woods are green everywhere.
Why is my lover away so long?
He has ridden away.
Alas, who will love me?

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!

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

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

Shopkeeper, give me color
to paint my cheeks red,
so that the young men will not be able to resist me.

Young men,
look at me!
Let me please you!

Worthy men and women, make love!
Love ennobles you and gives you honor.
Hail, world,
so rich in joys!
I will obey you
and accept your gifts.

9. Reie (Round)

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

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

Suzer rosenvarwer munt,
chum unde mache mich
gesunt.

The maidens dance
round and round,
they want to be without a man
all summer long!

Come,
my love,
I long for you.

Sweet rosy mouth,
come and make me
feel better.

10. Were diu werlt alle min

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.

If the whole world were mine,
from the sea
to the Rhine,
I would happily trade it for the Queen of England in my arms.

**Part II**

*In taberna (In the Tavern)*

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;
iocus est amabilis
dulciorque favis;
quicquid Venus imperat,
labor est suavis,
que nunquam in
cordibus
habitat ignavis.
Via lata gradior
more iuventutis,
implicor et vitiis
immemor virtutis,
voluptatis avidus
magis quam salutis,
mortuus in anima
curam gero cutis.

Burning
with violent rage
I talk
to myself,
created of matter,
ashes of the elements,
I am a leaf
in the wind.

If a wise man
builds
his house
upon stone,
then I, fool,
am like a stream
that follows
no consistent path.

I am swept away
like a ship without a pilot,
I am a bird,
hovering in the air,
no chains or locks
can hold me,
I seek people like me
and join the wretches.

The burdens of my heart
weigh heavily on me,
joking is lovely
and sweeter than the honeycombs,
what Venus commands
is sweet labor,
she never dwells
in cowardly hearts.

I travel
the broad road
as a youth wants to do,
I yield to vice,
and am ignorant of virtue,
I want lust more than salvation,
my soul is dead,
I satisfy only my body.

12. Olim lacus colueram

Olim lacus colueram,
olim pulcher extiteram,
dum cignus ego fueram.
Miser, miser!
modo niger
et ustus fortiter!

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

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

Once I dwelt in the lakes,
once I was beautiful,
when I was a swan.
Miserable me!
Now I am black
and roasting fiercely!

The cook turns me
on the spit,
I am burning through,
and now they serve me up.

Now I am lying in a serving dish
and can no longer fly,
I see gnashing teeth.

13. Ego sum abbas

Ego sum abbas
Cucaniensis
et consilium meum est cum bibulis,
et in secta Decii voluntas mea est,
et qui mane me quesierit in taberna,
post vesperam nudus egredietur,
et sic denudatus veste clamabit:
Wafna, wafna!
quid fecisti sors turpissima?
Nostre vite gaudia abstulisti omnia!

I am the Abbot of Cockaigne,
and I meet with my fellow drinkers,
and I want to be in the sect of Decius,
and whoever searches for me in the tavern,
will leave naked after Vespers,
stripped of his clothes,
he will cry out:
Woe! Woe!
What have you done, vile Fate?
You have taken always all of life’s joys!

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,
sic 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,
quinques pro fidelibus defunctis
sexual pro sororibus vanis,
septies pro militibus silvanis.

Octies pro fratibus perversis,
nonies pro monachis dispersis,
decies pro navigantibus,
undecies pro discantibus,
duodecies pro penitentibus,
tredecies pro iter angentibus.
Tam pro papa quam pro rege
bibunt omnes sine lege.

Babit hera,
babit herus,
babit miles,
babit clerus,
bibt ille,
bibt illa,
bibt servus cum ancilla,
bibt velox,
bibt piger,
bibt albus,
bibt niger,
bibt constans,
bibt vagus,
bibt rudis,
bibt magus.

Bibt pauper
et egrotus,
bibt exul
et ignotus,
bibt puer,
bibt canus,
bibt presul et
decanus,
bibt soror,
bibt frater,
bibt anus,
bibt mater,
bibt iste,
bibt ille,
bibunt centum,
bibunt mille.

Parum sexcente
nummate
durant cum
immoderate
bibunt omnes
sine meta,
quamvis bibant men
te leta,
sic nos rodunt omnes
gentes
et sic erimus egentes.
Qui nos rodunt
confundantur et cum iustis
non scribantur. Io, io, io! …

When we are in the tavern,
we don’t think of the grave,
we rush to the gambling
tables
which make us sweat.
If you want to know
what happens in the tavern,
where money rules,
then listen to my tale.

Some gamble, some drink,
others behave loosely.
Of those who stay
to gamble,
some are stripped naked,
some win their clothes,
others are in sackcloth.
No one here
fears death.
They throw dice in Bacchus’s name.

First, the libertines
toast
the wine-merchant,
twice
for the prisoners,
three
for the living,
four times
for the Christians,
five
for the departed,
six
for the vain sisters,
seven
for the forest soldiers.

Eight
for the sinful brothers,
nine
for the dispersed monks,
ten
for the sailors,
eleven
for the squabblers,
twelve
for the penitent,
thirteen for the travelers.
We drink to the Pope
as to the King,
without restraint.

The mistress drinks,
the master drinks,
the soldier drinks,
the clergyman 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 homebody drinks,
the traveler drinks,
the stupid man drinks,
the wise man drinks.

The poor man
and sick man drink,
the exile
and the stranger drink,
the young man drinks,
the old man drinks,
the bishop drinks,
the deacon drinks,
the sister drinks,
the brother drinks,
the old lady drinks,
the mother drinks,
women drink,
and men drink,
by the hundreds
and thousands.

600 coins
are not enough
for
so much drinking,
our drink
is always happy,
but there are those
who scold,
we are indigent,
may those who scold us
be cursed.
May their names never be inscribed
among the righteous.
Yo, yo, yo!...

Part III

_Cours d'amour (The Court of Love)_

15. Amor volat undique

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

Siqua sine socio,
caret omni gaudio,
tenet noctis infima
sub intimo cordis in
custodia:
fit res amarissima.

Love flies everywhere,
seized by desire.
Young men and
women
are rightly joined together.

The girl without a man,
misses out on all delights,
darkest night
is hidden in the depth
of her hear:
it is the most bitter fate.

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 dolur,
attamen consulite
per voster honur.
Tua pulchra facies,
me fey planszer
milies,
pectus habens
 glacies,
a remender
statim vivus fierem
per un baser.

Day, night and everything
are against me,
women’s voices
make me weep,
and often sigh,
and even scare me.

Oh friends,
have your fun,
say what you please,
spare me, a sad man,
my grief is great,
advise me
by your honor.
Your beautiful face
makes me weep
a thousand tears,
your heart
is made of ice,
a single kiss
would bring me
back to life.

17. Stetit puella

Stetit puella
rufa tunica;
si quis eam tetigit,
tunica crepuit.
Eia.
Stetit puella,
tamquam rosula;
facie splenduit,
os eius floruit.
Eia.

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

A girl stood
like a red rose,
er her face was radiant,
er her mouth bloomed.
Eia.

18. Circa mea pectora

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.

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

My heart is filled
with sighs
for your beauty,
great is my misery.
Manda liet,
manda liet,
my lover
does not come!

Your eyes shine
like the sun’s rays,
like flashes of lightning
in the dark.

May God
and the gods
grant my desire:
to undo the bonds
of her virginity.

19. Sie puer cum puellula

Sie puer cum puellula
moraretur in cellula,
felix coniunctio.
Amore sucrescente,
pariter e medio
propulso procul tedio,
fit ludus ineffabilis
membris, lacertis,
labilis.

When a boy and a girl
are alone together,
happy is their union.
Their passions rise,
and modesty disappears.
Great pleasure
pours through
their limbs, arms
and lips.

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!

Come, come, come,
do not let me die.
hyrca, hyrce, nazaza,
trillirivos…

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

Redder than the rose,
whiter than the lily,
more beautiful than
all the others,
I shall always glory
in you!

21. In trutina

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

My feelings alternate
between erotic love
and chastity.
But I choose
what I see,
and submit to the yoke,
I yield to the sweet yoke.
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 novus amor
est, quo pereo.

Mea me confortat
promissio,
mea me deportant
negatio.

Tempore brumali
vir patiens,
animo vernali
lasciviiens.

Mea mecum ludit
virginitas,
mea me detrudit
simplicitas.

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

This is the joyful time,
maidens,
rejoice,
young men.

Oh, oh, oh,
I am bursting,
burning,
with a new love
that is
killing me!
Yielding comforts me, 
refusing
makes me grieve.

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

My virginity
excites me,
my modesty
holds me back.

Come, my mistress,
with joy,
come, my beauty,
for I die.

23. Dulcissime

Dulcissime,
totam tibi subdo me!

Sweetest one,
I give myself to you totally!

Blanziflor et Helena (Blanchefleur and Helen)

No. 24 Ave formosissima

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

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

Fortuna imperatrix mundi (Fortune, Empress of the World)

No. 25 O Fortuna (repetition)