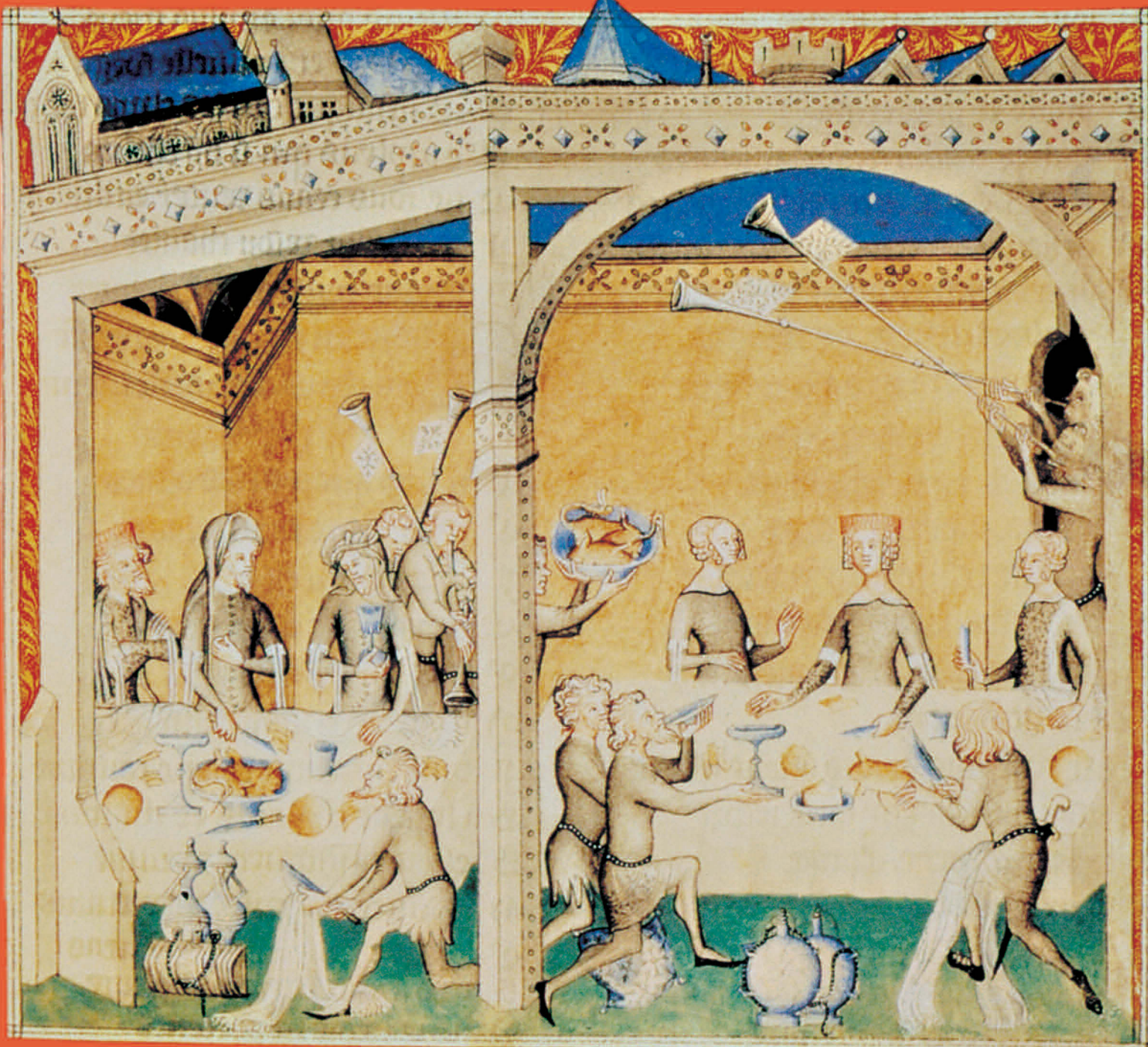


Lancaster and Valois
FRENCH & ENGLISH MUSIC c1350-1420

GOTHIC VOICES
CHRISTOPHER PAGE



ANONYMOUS · CESARIS · CORDIER · FONTEYNIS · MACHAUT · PYCARD · SOLAGE · STURGEON

hyperion

Lancaster and Valois

French and English Music, c1350–1420

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|----|---|----------------|--------|
| 1 | GUILLAUME DE MACHAUT (c1300–1377) Donnez, signeurs | <i>a d e</i> | [4'21] |
| 2 | ANONYMOUS Puis qu'autrement ne puis avoir | <i>b b i</i> | [1'31] |
| 3 | ANONYMOUS Soit tart, tempre, main ou soir | <i>a b c d</i> | [1'43] |
| 4 | SOLAGE (<i>fl</i> late 14th century) Tres gentil cuer | <i>a d e</i> | [3'58] |
| 5 | PYCARD (<i>fl</i> c1410) Credo | <i>c d f g</i> | [5'57] |
| 6 | GUILLAUME DE MACHAUT Quand je ne voy | <i>b b i</i> | [5'20] |
| 7 | ANONYMOUS Le ior | <i>b</i> | [2'09] |
| 8 | ANONYMOUS Avrai je ja de ma dame confort? | <i>a d e</i> | [2'20] |
| 9 | GUILLAUME DE MACHAUT Riches d'amour | <i>b b</i> | [5'00] |
| 10 | GUILLAUME DE MACHAUT Pas de tor en thies pais | <i>b d e</i> | [4'22] |
| 11 | [NICHOLAS?] STURGEON (d1454) Salve mater Domini / Salve templum graciae | <i>a b e</i> | [2'54] |
| 12 | ANONYMOUS Sanctus | <i>b d e</i> | [2'03] |
| 13 | FONTEYNS (<i>fl</i> c1400) Regali ex progenie | <i>a b e</i> | [1'07] |
| 14 | JOHANNES CESARIS (<i>fl</i> 1406–1417) Mon seul voloir / Certes m'amour | <i>c d g</i> | [4'45] |
| 15 | BAUDE CORDIER (<i>fl</i> early 15th century) Ce jour de l'an | <i>a d e</i> | [3'28] |
| 16 | JOHANNES CESARIS Se vous scaviez, ma tres douce maistresse | <i>b f g</i> | [3'18] |
| 17 | ANONYMOUS Je vueil vivre au plaisir d'amours | <i>c e f g</i> | [3'18] |

GOthic VOICES

- a* MARGARET PHILPOT alto
- b* ROGERS COVEY-CRUMP tenor
- c* ANDREW TUSA tenor
- d* CHARLES DANIELS tenor
- e* LEIGH NIXON tenor
- f* STEPHEN CHARLESWORTH baritone
- g* DONALD GREIG baritone
- b* ANDREW LAWRENCE-KING medieval harp
- i* CHRISTOPHER PAGE medieval lute

CHRISTOPHER PAGE director



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Truly, it seems to me very unusual and very novel ... in my opinion, it is a long time since I have made anything so good. (Guillaume de Machaut, letter to Peronne, c1360)

THIS IS THE MOST PROLIFIC COMPOSER of the fourteenth century, Guillaume de Machaut, referring to a polyphonic song that he had recently composed. Although Machaut is describing the individuality of his own work in this letter, his description of the ballade in question as ‘very unusual’ (*mout estrainges*) and ‘very novel’ (*mout novviaux*) evokes the whole repertoire of fourteenth-century French music. In Middle French *estrainges* means ‘unusual’, ‘strange’ or even ‘incomprehensible’, and it is easy to believe that Machaut and other composers of the Ars Nova were proud of the exotic effects that their music released when performed, effects so fleeting that they cannot all have been foreseen during the compositional process. Sometimes, it seems, the French composers of the fourteenth century directed their parts with a mischievously subversive attitude to harmony that was not shared by their successors in the fifteenth. It is hard to imagine the mature Dufay, for example, creating the wanton minor second that Solage produces, by impeccable melodic logic, in the third measure of *Tres gentil cuer* (Example 1).

As for Machaut’s *novviaux*, its meanings are similar to *estrainges*, including ‘unusual’, ‘original’ and ‘novel’; like *estrainges*, it seems designed to present composition as an

EXAMPLE 1

exploratory and innovative process, and indeed the sheer originality of much fourteenth-century French music is very striking. Once we have penetrated sufficiently far into this repertoire to see beyond the obvious similarities of style and technique which characterize all Ars Nova chansons, we find that the variety of the music is inexhaustible; in piece after piece it seems that a composer has looked for a fresh solution to the artistic problems of making a successful polyphonic song. Some composers settle for the kind of simple loveliness that distinguishes many of the finest fourteenth-century French songs, especially those to be found among the hundreds of anonymous pieces. *Puis qu'autrement ne puis avoir* [2] is an example. Others, however, look further afield. *Soit tart, tempre, main ou soir* [3] explores the possibilities of a carefully controlled, luxuriant harmony in four parts that is deliciously embittered at certain points by *musica ficta* adjustments (primarily some strategic uses of G sharp) that owe something to the mature style of Guillaume de Machaut, both in his secular works and in the *Messe de Notre Dame*. From the number of sharps in the sources of this piece it is plain that the scribes who copied *Soit tart, tempre, main ou soir* were not sure how far this process of *musica ficta* colouring should extend. In *Tres gentil cuer* [4] we hear Solage, one of the most gifted composers of the fourteenth century, working with three parts to develop some of the ideas that reach their zenith in his four-part virelai *Joieux de cuer*, which can be heard on *The Medieval Romantics* (Helios CDH55293). These include an almost relentlessly polymetric texture (in which, to use modern concepts and terminology, $\frac{3}{4}$ is constantly set against $\frac{6}{8}$), and the rhythmic figure in the Cantus shown here in Example 2, a fingerprint of Solage’s style. In *Quand je ne voy* [6] Guillaume de Machaut sets out to

EXAMPLE 2



spin a substantial piece with only the barest minimum of text, setting certain syllables to extended melismas that use melodic sequence, a device that occasionally attracted him.

However *estrainges* or *nouviaux* these pieces may be, they often display a lucid structure of words and music that a fourteenth-century listener would have searched for in any new piece. Guillaume de Machaut's two-part ballade *Riches d'amour* [9] provides an excellent introduction to this structuring. Machaut's ballades in this vein are often superbly designed to display the best in a beautiful voice, discreetly accompanied by another voice or (as here) by an instrument, and exploiting the kind of tactical tuning that is vital in the performance of his works. (Notice, for example, how the cadential major sixth is widened in the first line at 'mendians', or in the third at 'diseteus'.) As we listen to the piece and read the text, we discern that each line of the poetry forms a complete musical phrase, and that within these larger phrases Machaut scrupulously relates the sub-phrases to the position of the caesura (generally after the fourth syllable). The opening lines, for example, are treated in this way:

Riches d'amour · et mendians d'amie (4+6)

Povres d'espoir · et garnis de desir (4+6)

The musical setting follows the metrical structure with complete fidelity.

The sheer verve of the pieces recorded here accounts for much of their attraction. They defy any faint-hearted performance. A passage from Machaut's *Donnez, signeurs* [1] offers a particularly striking example (Example 3). In measure 9 the Contratenor provides a momentary pedal point beneath a flourish in the Cantus that audaciously snatches at F sharp (a pungent note in a piece built on C and F) and which seems particularly extrovert for the way the upward movement e–f–g is rushed through twice in succession.

The fluidity of the Cantus throughout this section—and the inability of modern notation with regular barring to express it—is shown by the brackets above the staff which mark out what are, viewed in rhythmic terms, four virtually identical

EXAMPLE 3

phrases. They are superbly balanced in their rhythmic weight and melodic contour. As these phrases dash past, the Contratenor chases the Tenor in measure 11, just a quaver beat behind, invigorating a simple cadential pattern with displacement syncopation that resolves quite conventionally in measure 12. The accented dissonances in measure 11 also contrive to give that measure a thrilling sense of forceful and directed motion.

The English Pieces

As yet there is remarkably little evidence that polyphonic rondeaux, virelais and ballades of the kind composed in France were much appreciated in England. Consequently, the English pieces on this recording are all either Mass compositions or devotional works with Latin texts. The anonymous *Sanctus* [12] can claim to represent a strong fourteenth-century tradition in English Mass music: sonorous and highly successful within



certain bounds. Each voice declaims the same words at the same moment which enhances the sonorousness of the piece by synchronizing the vowels. The Marian *Regali ex progenie* [13] by Fonteyns represents a slightly more elaborated version of this same technique, and one which even the Old Hall composers of the front rank (such as Power) continued to cultivate. In contrast, the isorhythmic motet by Sturgeon, *Salve mater Domini/Salve templum gracie* [11], comes from the youngest layer of the Old Hall repertoire and has a strong claim to represent one kind of English music that impressed continental musicians in the earlier fifteenth century.

By far the most impressive of the English pieces—and perhaps the most impressive piece on this recording—is the four-part Credo by Pycard [5]. This composer is possibly to be identified with a singer of that name who was a clerk in the chapel of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, around 1390 and perhaps still there in 1399. This piece, which is vast by medieval standards (for it runs to some six minutes of through-composed polyphony in four parts) places Pycard into the front rank of European composers between the 1380 and 1420; taken together with his other works (such as the five-part Gloria recorded by Gothic Voices on *The Service of Venus and Mars*, Hyperion CDS44251/3) they show him to be perhaps the most talented composer on the European scene during those forty years. He outclasses the much more famous Ciconia, whose Mass music is of limited interest for the most part, and what Ciconia has in his best motets—a rhythmic energy, a love of short melodic phrases that chase one another in the upper voices in a most exhilarating way—Pycard also has. (Indeed, there is much in Pycard’s music that one might wish to trace to Italian example.) Pycard brings to these things a love of full, triadic sonority that is alien to Ciconia and distinctively English.

The French Pieces of the fifteenth century

Baude Cordier’s *Ce jour de l’an* [15] represents a category of piece—the New Year song—that seems to have sprung into

existence around 1400 and which is undoubtedly connected with the giving of New Year presents (a ceremony lavishly described in an English context in the Middle English romance of *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*). The tone of such festivities would seem to have suited the new mood of the French chanson after 1400, lighter and fresher. Cesaris was one of the composers who, according to Martin le Franc, enjoyed great success in Parisian circles and whose music was fashionable before the advent of Guillaume Dufay and Binchois. His rondeau *Se vous scaviez, ma tres douce maistresse* [16] is a fine example of early fifteenth-century song style: a relatively plain, compact and memorable melody is set over a Tenor and Contratenor that create dissonance in a highly controlled fashion. (Sheer tunefulness, in a form that modern listeners can often instantly recognize, is a priority with early fifteenth-century French composers.) His double rondeau *Mon seul voloir/Certes m’amour* [14], a ravishing piece, has all the same qualities and there is no difficulty in understanding how such a piece might have ‘astonished all Paris’ in the words of Martin le Franc.

Lancaster and Valois

Lancaster and Valois: the two royal houses that reigned during the periods of English and French music presented on this recording. The English pieces by Pycard [5], Sturgeon [11], Fonteyns [13] and the composer of an anonymous Sanctus [12], have been taken from the Old Hall manuscript, the celebrated collection of English liturgical polyphony that was probably compiled for use in the chapel of Thomas, Duke of Clarence. The French pieces include four by Guillaume de Machaut [1] [6] [9] [10], whose musical and literary works attracted the attention of some of the highest in France during the fourteenth century. This recording opens with his flamboyant ballade *Donnez, signeurs* [1], a call to the magnates of France to show *largesse* in accordance with their exalted dignity. Of the other composers featured here, Solage [4] composed one piece in honour of Jean, Duke of Berry and another (*Le mont aon*, not

attributed to him in the sources) in praise of Gaston Phebus, Count of Foix and Bearn. Cesaris ^[14] ^[16], whose music was much admired in Parisian circles during the early fifteenth century, served the Dukes of Berry and Anjou, while Baude Cordier ^[15] served the Valois Philip the Bold, Duke of Burgundy

as a *valet de chambre* in the 1390s (if he is to be identified with the harpist Baude Fresnel, which some are inclined to doubt).

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GUILLAUME DE MACHAUT

1 **Donnez, signeurs,** donnez a toutes mains,
Ne retenez seuelement fors l'onneur.
S'onneur avez et de richesses meins,
Pour vous seront li grant et li meneur ;
Chascuns dira « ci a vaillant signeur »,
Et terre aussi qu'est despendue
Vaut trop mieus que terre perdue.

A vos subges donnez et a lointains,
Car mieus affiert a roy ou empereur
Qu'il doint dou sien mil livres de messeins
Qu'on li tollist un denier par rigeur.
S'avez le cuers, ja n'ares deshonneur,
Et terre aussi qu'est despendue
Vaut trop mieus que terre perdue.

Quant princes est loyaus, larges, humeins,
Si don sont plein de si tres grant douceur
Que pour son fait estrainges et prochains
Ne doubtent mort, povrete ne labour,
Eins wet chascuns ressembler le milleur,
Et terre aussi qu'est despendue
Vaut trop mieus que terre perdue.

ANONYMOUS

2 **Puis qu'autrement ne puis avoir**

De mes dolours nulle allegance,
Je pri Amours en dubitance
Qu'asez briefment me face voir

Un desir qu'an tous jours desire,
Sans lequel ne joye, espoir

[Avoie, car Franche Voloir
Me laisse tousjours en martire.

Et ainsi, pour vous reveoir,
Dame, porte grief penitence,
Qui mainte fois vient par meschance
Quant ainsi me faites doloir.]


*Give, my lords, give generously,
keep nothing back but your honour.
If you have more honour than wealth,
both great and small will be on your side;
each will say 'There goes a worthy lord'.
Furthermore, a spent estate
is far better than a lost one.*

*Give to your subjects and to those from other realms,
for it is more becoming for a king or an emperor
to give a thousand pounds of his own free will
than to have a penny taken from him by force.
If you dare to give, you will never be without honour.
Furthermore, a spent estate
is far better than a lost one.*

*When a prince is loyal, generous and kindly,
his gifts are imbued with such great sweetness
that for his sake both strangers and friends
will brave death, poverty and hardship,
for each will wish to emulate such a paragon.
Furthermore, a spent estate
is far better than a lost one.*

*Since I cannot in any other way
be relieved of my woes,
I beg Love, with trepidation,
to show me soon
that which I have always desired,
without which I can have neither joy nor hope
[since Honest Desire
leaves me in constant torment.*

*And thus, for want of seeing you,
lady, I suffer great penance,
which cruelly assails me often
since you make me grieve so much.]*



Puis qu'autrement ne puis avoir
De mes dolours nulle allegance
Je pri Amours en dubitance
Qu'asez briefment me face voir.

ANONYMOUS

3 **Soit tart, tempre, main ou soir,**
Ma tres chiere dame ;
Nuit et jour languis, per m'ame,
Pour vous revoir,

Car j'ai toute ma fiance,
Des mon enfance,
Mis en vous sans departir,
C'est ma plaisance ;

Dont vostre douce semblance,
Gentilz et blanche,
Vuel tant com vivray chevir,
Sans deplaisance.

Si vous pri d'umble valoir,
Ma dame sans blame,
Que vo gent corps que m'enflamme
Puisse brief revoir ;

Soit tart, tempre, main ou soir,
Ma tres chiere dame ;
Nuit et jour languis, per m'ame,
Pour vous revoir.

SOLAGE

4 **Tres gentil cuer** amoureux et atraiant
Frans et courtois, jolis et plains de joie,
A vous servir du tout mon temps emploie,
Quar il n'est riens qui tant me soit plaisant,
N'autre desir avoir je ne pourroie

Qu'a vous amer, honnorer et cherir,
Cremir, doubter et loiaument servir
Par fine amour,

Quar en vous sont mi penser, mi desir,
Mi oeil, mes cuers, mi vouloir, mi plaisir
Et mi retour,

*Since I cannot in any other way
be relieved of my woes,
I beg Love, with trepidation,
to show me soon.*

*Late or early, morning or evening,
my dearest lady,
day and night I languish, by my soul,
to see you again,*

*for since childhood
it has pleased me
to put all my trust
in you alone;*

*so as long as I live
I wish to enjoy your sweet face,
noble and fair,
without blemish.*


*So I beg you most humbly,
faultless lady,
that I may soon see again your fair self
which enflames me.*

*Late or early, morning or evening,
my dearest lady,
day and night I languish, by my soul,
to see you again.*

*Most noble heart, loving and welcoming,
generous and courtly, cheerful and full of joy,
I devote my time to serving you utterly,
for nothing else could please me so much,
nor could I have any other desire*

*but to love, honour and cherish you,
fear, respect and loyally serve you
with true love,*

*for you occupy all my thoughts, my desires,
my eyes, my heart, my wishes, my pleasures
and my consolation;*



Donc tant desir, flouz trez souef fleirant,
Belle et gente plus que dire ne sauroye ;
De reveoir vo facon simple et coie,
Et l'esgart doulz de vo regart riant,
Qui tant me plaist ; pour ce, ou que je soye,

Tres gentil cuer amoureux et atraiant,
Frans et courtois, jolis et plains de joie,
A vous servir du tout mon temps emploie,
Quar il n'est riens qui tant me soit plaisant,
N'autre desir avoir je ne pourroie.

PYCARD

- 5 **Credo** in unum Deum, Patrem omnipotentem,
factorem celi et terre, visibilium omnium et invisibilium,
et in unum Dominum Jesum Christum, Filium Dei unigenitum,
et ex Patre natum ante omnia secula, Deum de Deo,
lumen de lumine, Deum verum de Deo vero,
genitum non factum, consubstantialem Patri,
per quem omnia facta sunt,
qui propter nos homines et propter nostram salutem
descendit de celis et incarnatus est
de Spiritu Sancto ex Maria virgine et homo factus est;
crucifixus etiam pro nobis sub Pontio Pilato,
passus et sepultus est,
et resurrexit tertia die secundum scripturas,
et ascendit in celum, sedet ad dexteram Patris,
et iterum venturus est cum gloria
judicare vivos et mortuos,
cujus regni non erit finis,
et in Spiritum Sanctum Dominum
et vivificantem, qui ex Patre Filioque procedit,
qui cum Patre et Filio
simul adoratur et conglorificatur,
qui locutus est per prophetas,
et unam sanctam catholicam et apostolicam ecclesiam;
confiteor unum baptisma in remissionem peccatorum,
et exspecto resurrectionem mortuorum
et vitam venturi seculi.
Amen.

*that is why I so desire, most sweetly perfumed flower,
more fair and noble than I can express,
to see again your frank, modest demeanour
and the sweet look of your smiling face,
which pleases me so much; therefore wherever I may be,
most noble heart, loving and welcoming,
generous and courtly, cheerful and full of joy,
I devote my time to serving you utterly,
for nothing else could please me so much,
nor could I have any other desire.*

*I believe in one God, the Father Almighty,
maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible,
and in one Lord Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of God,
begotten of His Father before all worlds, God of God,
Light of Light, Very God of Very God,
begotten not made, being of one substance with the Father,
by Whom all things were made,
Who for us men, and for our salvation,
came down from heaven and was incarnate
by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, and was made man,
was crucified for us under Pontius Pilate,
suffered and was buried,
and rose the third day according to the Scriptures,
and ascended into heaven, sitting on the right hand of the Father,
and He shall come again with glory
to judge both the quick and the dead,
Whose kingdom shall have no end,
and I believe in the Holy Ghost,
the Lord and giver of Life, who proceeds from the Father
and from the Son, who with the Father and the Son together
is worshipped and glorified,
who is spoken of by the prophets,
and I believe in one Holy Universal and Apostolic Church,
I acknowledge one baptism for the remission of sins,
and I look for the resurrection of the dead
and the life of the world to come.
Amen.*



GUILLAUME DE MACHAUT

- [6] **Quant je ne voy** ma dame n'oy,
Je ne voy riens qui ne m'annoye.
Mes cuers font en moy comme noy,
Quant je ne voy ma dame n'oy,
N'onques tel mal, par m'ame, n'oy,
Pour mon oueil qui en plour me noie.
Quant je ne voy ma dame n'oy,
Je ne voy riens qui ne m'annoye.

ANONYMOUS

- [8] **Avrai je ja de ma dame confort?**
Je croy bien que chascun jour il m'empire ;
Et si ne puis trouver souffisant mire ;
Ce veut Amours qui m'oblige a mort.
[Je vif ainsi sans avoir nul resort
Ou Malebouche me bat par sa grant ire ;]
Avrai je ja de ma dame confort ?
Je croy bien que chascun jour il m'empire.
[Ainsi Dedit que tous jours sans effort
N'a pas longtemps avoie, chant et rire,
Ne puet venir ou sui en grant martire ;
Amours s'en va et Bel Accueil s'en dort.]
Avrai je ja de ma dame confort ?
Je croy bien que chascun jour il m'empire ;
Et si ne puis trouver souffisant mire ;
Ce veut Amours qui m'oblige a mort.

GUILLAUME DE MACHAUT

- [9] **Riches d'amour** et mendians d'amie,
Povres d'espoir et garnis de desir,
Pleins de dolour et diseteus d'aye,
Loing de merci, familleus de merir,
Nulz de tout ce qui me puet resjoir
Sui pour amer et de mort en paor,
Quant ma dame me het et je l'aour.

*When I cannot see or hear my lady
everything I see is a burden to me.
My heart melts in my breast like snow
when I cannot see or hear my lady;
never, I swear, did I suffer so much grief,
on account of my eyes which drown me in tears.
When I cannot see or hear my lady
everything I see is a burden to me.*

*Will I ever have any consolation from my lady?
I believe my sickness grows worse by the day;
and still I can find no adequate physician;
such is the will of Love, who condemns me to death.*


*[Thus I live deprived of succour,
cruelly assailed by Slander;]*

*Will I ever have any consolation from my lady?
I believe my sickness grows worse by the day.*

*[Thus Pleasure, music and mirth,
whose company I enjoyed at my ease,
not long since, cannot come to me in great torment;
Love departs and Fair Welcome sleeps.]*

*Will I ever have any consolation from my lady?
I believe my sickness grows worse by the day,
and still I can find no adequate physician;
such is the will of Love, who condemns me to death.*

*Rich in love but lacking a lover,
poor in hope but abounding in desire,
full of grief but bereft of succour,
estranged from mercy, starved of regard,
deprived of everything that could cheer me,
because of love I am in fear of death,
since my lady hates me though I adore her.*



Ni n'est confors de ma grief maladie
Qui me peust de nulle part venir,
Car une amour s'est en mon cuer nourrie
Dont je ne puis joir ne repentir ;
Ne vivre lie ne morir ne garir
Ne bien avoir fors languir a dolour,
Quant ma dame me het et je l'aour.

Mais le voloir de si douce anemie
Weil humblement et liement souffrir,
Car grant honnour m'est par li ottroie
Contre son gre, quant je l'aim et desir ;
Et s'amour wet que je doie fenir
Pour li amer, se cera mon millour,
Quant ma dame me het et je l'aour.

GUILLAUME DE MACHAUT

[10] Pas de tor en thies pais

Qui portes douceur et biaute,
Blanc et vermeil comme rose ou lis
En un escu de loyaute.
La clarte de vostre bonte
Resplent plus que la tresmonteinne
Seur toute creature humeinne.

Gent corps, cointe, appert et faitis,
Maintieng plein de toute honneste,
Se je vous aim, serv, loe et pris,
N'est merveilles, qu'en verite,
Vous avez si tout sourmonte
Que vous estes fleur souverainne
Seur toute creature humeinne.

[NICHOLAS?] STURGEON

[11] Salve mater Domini / Salve templum gracie

Triplex

Salve mater Domini que spes es salutis
qui contrivit moriens jugum servitutis,
juva nos in tempore nostre servitutis,
nos in celum subleva gradibus virtutis.

*Nor can any remedy for my grievous malady
be obtained anywhere,
for such a love has established itself in my heart
I can neither enjoy nor relinquish;
I can neither live happily nor die,
nor recover, no pleasure can I have but to languish in grief,
since my lady hates me though I adore her.*

*But I will humbly and cheerfully
endure the will of such a sweet enemy,
since she grants me great honour,
against her will, merely by my loving and desiring her;
and if love requires that I must die,
then I wish for nothing better,
since my lady hates me though I adore her.*

*Fortress (?) in a foreign land,
you who bear sweetness and beauty,
white and red like a rose or lily,
within the shield of loyalty,
the radiance of your virtue
shines brighter than the pole star
on all mankind.*

*Fair one, elegant, frank and comely,
imbued with all modesty of demeanour,
if I love, serve, praise and esteem you,
it is not surprising, for in truth,
you have so surpassed all others
that you are the paragon and sovereign
of all mankind.*

*Hail, you who are the hope of salvation, mother of the Lord
who, in dying, resisted the yoke of slavery,
help us in this our time of bondage
and raise us to heaven by the steps of virtue.*



Salve cujus gracia veniam meretur
fidemque catholicam pie confitetur.
Tuis virgo precibus meritisque detur
ut quod Eva perdidit per te reformetur.

Salve per quam Domino pie confitemur
cujus ope veniam consequi meremur.
Tuis sanctis precibus mater adjuvemur
ut cum tuo nato semper collemur.

Countertenor

Salve templum graciae,
Templum sanctitatis,
Templum Sancti Spiritus,
Templum majestatis!

Salva nos te rogamus,
Salva tutrix gratis
Ut sortiri valeamus
Regnum cum beatis.

Ave virgo virginum,
Nostri miserere
Languescantis anime
Morbos intueri.

Tu, miserta miseris
Et compassa vere,
Morbi causam auferens,
Mentibus medere.

Et cum iudex advenerit
Judicis ad dexteram
Jube nos venire.

ANONYMOUS

- [12] **Sanctus**, sanctus, sanctus Dominus Deus Sabaoth,
pleni sunt celi et terra gloria tua.
Hosanna in excelsis.
Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini.
Hosanna in excelsis.

FONTEYNS

- [13] **Regali ex progenie** Maria exorta refulget,
cujus precibus nos adjuvari mente
et spiritu devotissime poscimus.

*Hail, you by whose grace pardon is won
and the universal faith devoutly acknowledged.
O virgin, through your intercession and your virtues
may it be granted that what Eve lost may be restored through you.*

*Hail, you through whom we devoutly acknowledge the Lord,
through whose power we may deserve that pardon should follow.
O mother, through your holy prayers we may be helped
so that we may always rejoice with your son.*

*Hail, temple of grace,
temple of holiness,
temple of the Holy Spirit,
temple of majesty!*

*Save us, we entreat you,
save us, O protectress, out of kindness,
that we may be worthy to win
the heavenly kingdom with the blessed.*

*Hail, virgin of virgins,
have mercy upon us,
call to mind the ills
of our languishing soul.*

*You are merciful to us
who are wretched and truly compassionate;
taking away the cause of the affliction,
heal our minds.*

*And when the judge comes,
call us to come
to His right hand.*

*Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God of Hosts,
heaven and earth are full of Thy glory,
Hosanna in the highest.
Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.
Hosanna in the highest.*

*Mary, sprung from a royal stock, is radiant;
with mind and spirit we most devoutly seek
that we may be aided by her intercession.*



JOHANNES CESARIS

14 Mon seul voloir / Certes m'amour

I
Mon seul voloir, ma souverayne joye,
Tout le plaisir que j'ay de vous me vient,
Pour quoy mon cuer si tres joyeux se tient
Q'une autre dire certes je ne voudroye.

N'est ce rayson? Si est; ou que je soye
Cuer doulx, de vous sans sejour luy souvient.

Mon seul voloir, ma souverayne joye,
Tout le plaisir que j'ay de vous me vient,

Dont vo beaute par valour si l'esjoye;
Vo doulx parler de confort le soustient,
Dont vous mercy non pas comme apartient
Mais humblement, car mieulx je ne saroye.

Mon seul voloir, ma souverayne joye,
Tout le plaisir que j'ay de vous me vient,
Pour quoy mon cuer si tres joyeux se tient
Q'une autre dire certes je ne voudroye.

II

Certes m'amour c'est ma vye et ma joye
Que quant je say ton doulx cuer en plaisir,
Que je desir veir sans departir,—
Autre plaisir au monde ne vouloye.

N'en ce monde autre avoir je ne voudroye
Fors seulement toy complaire et cherir;
Certes m'amour c'est ma vye et ma joye
Que quant je say ton doulx cuer en plaisir ...

Par ce parti mon cuer, m'amour t'ottroye,
Sans le changier jamais ne retollir.
Tu es mon bien, mon loyaul souvenir,
Pour ce te pry qu'ainsi de moy te voye.

Certes m'amour c'est ma vye et ma joye
Que quant je say ton doulx cuer en plaisir,
Que je desir veir sans departir,—
Autre plaisir au monde ne vouloye.

*My only desire, my sovereign joy,
all the pleasure that I have comes from you,
which makes my heart so very joyful
that I have no wish to speak of anyone else.*

*Is this not right? It is; wherever I may be,
my tender heart thinks of you continually.*

*My only desire, my sovereign joy,
all the pleasure that I have comes from you,
and so the worth of your beauty cheers my heart,
your sweet speech sustains and consoles it;
for which I thank you, not as I ought,
but humbly, which is the best I can.*

*My only desire, my sovereign joy,
all the pleasure that I have comes from you,
which makes my heart so very joyful
that I have no wish to speak of anyone else.*

*My love is indeed my life and joy,
for when I see your dear heart happy,
which I wish to see continually—
I could desire no other pleasure in the world.*

*Nor would I wish for any riches in the world
other than to please and to cherish you.
My love is indeed my life and joy,
for when I see your dear heart happy ...*

*Therefore I share my heart with you,
I grant you my love, which will never change nor be taken back;
you are my only good, my faithful memory;
therefore I pray that you may feel the same for me.*

*My love is indeed my life and joy,
for when I see your dear heart happy,
which I wish to see continually—
I could desire no other pleasure in the world.*

BAUDE CORDIER

[15] **Ce jour de l'an** que maint doit estrenier
Joieusement sa belle et douce ami,
Quant est de moy je veul de ma partie
Mon cuer, mon corps entierement donner

A ma dame, qui tant fait a loer,
Tout quant que j'ay plainnement li ottrie
Ce jour de l'an que maint doit estrenier
Joieusement sa belle et douce ami.

[Mon cuer me fait loialment amer
A ce jour cy, et pour toute ma vye ;
Soulas et ris, joie, chiere lye
Je puis trop bien si faire et donner.]

Ce jour de l'an que maint doit estrenier
Joieusement sa belle et douce ami,
Quant est de moy je veul de ma partie
Mon cuer, mon corps entierement donner.

JOHANNES CESARIS

[16] **Se vous scaviez, ma tres douce maistresse,**
Comment pour vous je languis nuit et jour,
Certes je croy que toute ma dolour
Se fineroit et me venroit liesse.

Il m'est avis que toute ma tristesse
Seroit tournee en joie et en baudour

Se vous scaviez, ma tres douce maistresse,
Comment pour vous je languis nuit et jour,

Car j'ay espoir, veu que ma jonesse
En vous servant sans user nul fault tour,
Si com je pense, qu'aroye vostre amour,
et par ainsy ce me seroit richesse :

Se vous scaviez, ma tres douce maistresse,
Comment pour vous je languis nuit et jour,
Certes je croy que toute ma dolour
Se fineroit et me venroit liesse.

*This New Year's day, when each must give
a present joyfully to his fair and sweet love,
I wish for my part to give my heart
and myself entirely*

*to my lady, who is so worthy of praise;
I give all I have freely to her*

*this New Year's day, when each must give
a present joyfully to his fair and sweet love.*

*[My heart compels me to love faithfully
on this day, and every day of my life;
mirth and laughter, joy and cheerfulness,
are the gifts I may fittingly give her.]*

*This New Year's day, when each must give
a present joyfully to his fair and sweet love,
I wish for my part to give my heart
and myself entirely.*

*If only you knew, my most sweet mistress,
how I languish night and day for your sake,
I am sure that all my grief would end
and joy would be mine.*

*I believe that all my sadness
would be turned into joy and happiness
if only you knew, my most sweet mistress,
how I languish night and day for your sake;*

*for I hope, by spending my youth
in serving you without any deceit,
I believe, that I should earn your love,
and then I should count myself rich.*

*If only you knew, my most sweet mistress,
how I languish night and day for your sake,
I am sure that all my grief would end
and joy would be mine.*



ANONYMOUS

17 Je vueil vivre au plaisir d'amours

Tout ravi en joieux penser
Et leyray le mal temps passer
Sans plus faire plains ne clamours.

Puis qu'on voit que les sains tousjours
Font comme les povres trespasser ;

Je vueil vivre au plaisir d'amours
Tout ravi en joieux penser ;

Et qui quiert en ce mondain cours
Les biens de Fortune amasser
Il est en peril de verser
Trop plus souvent que tous les jours.

Je vueil vivre au plaisir d'amours
Tout ravi en joieux penser
Et leyray le mal temps passer
Sans plus faire plains ne clamours.

*I wish to live amid the pleasure of love,
abandoned to joyful thoughts,
and will let the hard times go by
without complaint or protest.*

*Since we see that the strong
always pass away just like the wretched;*

*I wish to live amid the pleasure of love,
abandoned to joyful thoughts;*

*and whoever in this life
wishes to store up Fortune's blessings
is in danger of coming to grief
many times each day.*

*I wish to live amid the pleasure of love,
abandoned to joyful thoughts,
and will let the hard times go by
without complaint or protest.*

English translations by STEPHEN HAYNES



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