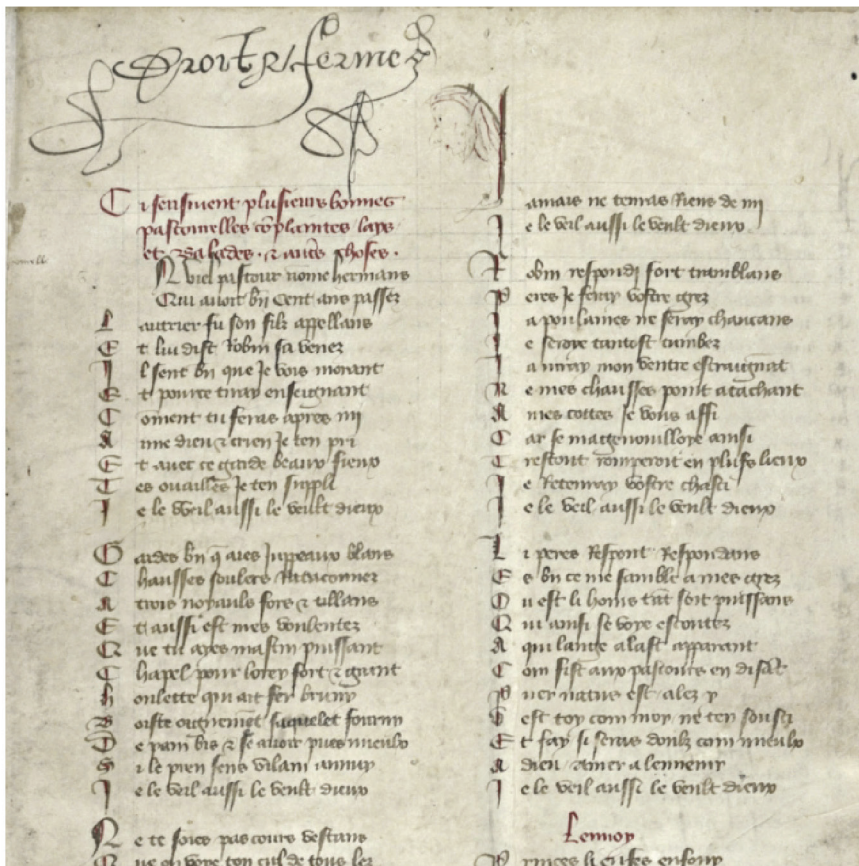


MUSIC IN THE PAVILION

# Trefoil: Music to Lighten the Heart

Medieval Love Songs  
from the Pennsylvania Chansonnier  
(University of Pennsylvania MS Codex 902)

March 17, 2023



Featured image: Chansonnier [France, ca. 1400] (MS Codex 902)  
<https://colenda.library.upenn.edu/catalog/81431-p3hm52m0n>

# Trefoil: Music to Lighten the Heart

Drew Minter, voice and harp  
Mark Rimple, voice and lute  
Marcia Young, voice and harp

*Kislak Center Class of 1978 Orrery Pavilion,  
6th Floor, Van Pelt-Dietrich Library Center*

Preconcert talk by Mark Rimple

Triple ballade: <i>De triste cuer/Quant vrais amour/ Certes, je di</i>	Guillaume de Machaut (c. 1300 – 1377)
Ballade: <i>Se je me plaing</i>	Machaut
Ballade: <i>Se Zephirus/Se Jupiter</i>	Grimace (fl. ca. 1360)
Chanson Royal: <i>Joie, plaisance</i> (from the <i>Remede de Fortune</i> )	Machaut
Ballade: <i>Honte, paour</i>	Machaut
Ballade: <i>Honte, paour</i> ( <i>Faenza codex</i> intabulation)	Anon., after Machaut, ca. 1400
Virelai: <i>Se mesdisans en acort</i>	Machaut
Ballade: <i>Phiton, le mervilleus serpent</i>	Machaut
Ballade: <i>Phyton, phyton, beste tres venemeuse</i> (Chantilly Codex)	Magister Franciscus (fl. 1370 – 1380)
Balladee: <i>Une vipere en cuer ma dame meint</i>	Machaut
Rondeau: <i>Dame, doucement/Doulz Amis</i> (Chantilly Codex)	Johannes Vaillant
Virelai: <i>Tre doulz</i>	Machaut
Ballade: <i>Gais et jolis</i>	Machaut
Ballade: <i>Pitagoras, en ses chansons divines</i> (Tenor: Chantilly Codex)	Mark Rimple/Johannes Suzoy (tenor)

*This program will be performed without intermission*



**TREFOIL** is a trio of singer-instrumentalists long active in early music, with experience in such ensembles as Concert Royal, Les Arts Florissants, The Newberry Consort, The Folger Consort, Pomerium, Clarion Music society, Piffaro, My Lord Chamberlain’s Consort, and other groups. The trio debuted in New York and Philadelphia early in 2000 with a program of 14th-century French ars subtilior song. The New York Times praised their “clear, otherworldly harmonies, and The Philadelphia Inquirer tagged the performers as “a hearty trio of medieval music specialists” and their work as “an intricate, enigmatic vocal art.” TREFOIL has appeared in concerts and master classes at The Cloisters, Temple University, Vassar College, Middlebury College, Franklin and Marshall College, Duke University, Guilford College in Greensboro, NC, University of North Carolina Pembroke, The Marco Center at the University of Tennessee in Knoxville, the Vermont Millennium Arts Festival, the Museum Series of Providence, Bowerbird, Boston College, the Currier Museum of Art in Manchester, NH, the Neighborhood Music School in New Haven, the Connecticut Early Music Festival, the Howland Chamber Music Circle, Bowerbird, Early Music at St. James, the Amherst Early Music Festival, the Madison Early Music Festival, the New York Early Music Celebration, the Washington D.C. Early Music Festival, the 37th International Congress on Medieval Studies at the University of Western Michigan at Kalamazoo, The 2009 Boston Early Music Fringe Festival, Bargemusic, Early Music Columbus, The Echo Festival of Asheville, NC, The Miami Bach Society at St Paul’s, Delray Beach, and Midtown Concerts, NYC. The trio has also made joint appearances with Piffaro, the Renaissance Band, and The Folger Concert in Washington, D.C. and The Newberry Consort in Chicago.

## Drew Minter

Regarded for over four decades as one of the world's finest countertenors, **Drew Minter** grew up as a boy treble in the Washington Cathedral Choir of Men and Boys. He continued his education at Indiana University and the Musik Hochschule of Vienna. Mr. Minter appeared in leading roles with the opera companies of Brussels, Toulouse, Boston, Washington, Santa Fe, Wolf Trap, Glimmerglass, and Nice, among others. A recognized specialist in the works of Handel, he performed frequently at the Handel festivals of Göttingen, Halle, Karlsruhe, and Maryland. He sang with many of the world's leading baroque orchestras, including Les Arts Florissants, the Handel and Haydn Society, Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra, and the Freiburger Barockorchester, and guested at festivals such as Tanglewood, Ravinia, Regensburg, BAM's Next Wave, Edinburgh, Spoleto, and Boston Early Music; other orchestra credits include the Philadelphia Orchestra, the San Francisco Orchestra and the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra. Mr. Minter was a founding member of the Newberry Consort, TREFOIL, and My Lord Chamberlain's Consort, and has sung frequently with ARTEK and the Folger Consort. Drew made over 70 recordings of repertoire from nine centuries of music, and has directed much opera. For twenty years he has been Senior Lecturer of Music at Vassar College.

## Mark Rimple

Named among “the first rank of US Lutenists” (Lute Society of America), **Mark Rimple** has received praise for his interpretation of early music from national newspapers and journals including the Philadelphia Inquirer, The New York Times, the Chicago Tribune, The Washington Post, Early Music America, and Early Music (UK). He is a founding member of TREFOIL and has appeared frequently as a guest artist with Severall Friends, the Newberry and Folger Consorts, and Piffaro, the Renaissance Band. He has performed with Les Delices and Blue Heron, The King’s Noyse, Ex Umbris (at the Clinton White House), New York’s Ensemble for Early Music & Parthenia, Mélomanie, Network for New Music, Cygnus Ensemble and the GEMS production of The Play of Daniel. He has recorded medieval music with Trefoil, The Newberry Consort, and Seven Times Salt (cittern), and contemporary music with Network for New Music (archlute) and Cygnus Ensemble (countertenor). His solo lute recording *Tre Liuti* received strong reviews, and he is currently recording a follow-up collection of music for guitar and archlute entitled *French Connections*. As a composer, he frequently incorporates early instruments and techniques; his composition CD, *January: Songs and Chamber Music of Mark Rimple* includes music for archlute, countertenor, viola da gamba and harpsichord, and his *Mystic Fragments* for Baroque violin and archlute can be heard on Rebecca Harris’ solo recording, *A String Divided*. Mark has written articles about the lasting influence of the musical/mathematical treatises of Boethius and recently contributed to the *Encyclopedia of Tablature* (Centre d’Études Supérieures de la Renaissance, Tours). Professor Rimple is a member of the Department of Music Theory, History and Composition Faculty at The Wells School of Music at West Chester University of Pennsylvania, where he leads the Collegium Musicum.

## Marcia Young

Soprano and historical harpist **Marcia Young**, a founding member of My Lord Chamberlain's Consort and the medieval trio Trefoil, also performs frequently with the Salisbury Four and lutenists Andy Rutherford and Chris Morrongiello. She has appeared with Parthenia and Piffaro; the Folger, Bachelor, and Newberry Consorts; at the Connecticut, Amherst, Madison, San Francisco, and Washington Early Music Festivals; The Metropolitan Museum of Art; The Cloisters; the Morgan Library; the United States Military Academy at West Point; the Yale Center for British Art; the DeBlasiis Chamber Music Series in Glens Falls, New York; the Ars Antiqua series in Chappaqua; the Distinguished Artists Series in Syosset; the Ridotto series in Huntington; the HotShops Gallery space in Omaha; the Royal Oak Society; the Huguenot Historical Society; Moravian University in Bethlehem; and the Lute Society of America Conference and Seminar in Cleveland. She serves as director of performance studies for the Department of Music at Stern College, Yeshiva University, New York.

## Notes

At the turn of the fifteenth century, the French nobility and their subjects had already endured decades of war, including resounding defeats at the hands of the English at Crecy (1346), the siege of Calais (1346-47), Poitiers (1356), and the siege of Rheims (1359-60), the symbolic seat of the monarchy. The Black Death had ravaged the populace, with a proportional death toll that dwarfed the impact of Covid-19 pandemic in our own time, and at one point, three popes vied for the soul of the laity, excommunicating the people of their rivals. As if reflecting the ills of his kingdom, King Charles VI had his first collapse into mental illness and senseless violence in 1392 during his ill-advised pursuit of the failed assassin of his advisor, Olivier de Clisson. In time, the king's chief delusion would be that he was made of glass. He barely recognized his Queen and courtiers, and was prey to periodic fits of incoherent rage and confusion, rendering him unfit to rule. The famous Bal des Ardents in January, 1393, a masquerade in which Charles almost died when a flame caught the waxed hairs of his wild-man costume, could be seen as a potent symbol of the court's approaching nadir. In the midst of the Hundred Years' War, essentially a long series of spasmodic engagements and campaigns between the Plantagenets and Valois for the control of the French crown, the kingdoms of Armagnac and Burgundy vied to wrest the crown from the mad King, while his foreign-born Queen, Isabeau of Bavaria, sat in the royal council attempting to hold the kingdom together. History would not be kind to her, and her contemporaries blamed her for much of the strife. The poet Eustache Deschamps, who eventually left court after waiting far too long for repayment for his efforts, compared the situation to sour music in a ballade that clearly imitates the gossip among courtiers about the royal couple:

... "What about Reason?" – "it's a high fever,  
There's no cure to be given him;  
He is lost in his thoughts,  
She speaks, but feebly,  
And Justice is completely idiotic:  
With them there is no good judgement."  
- "You are singing me a false note."

But no age is completely defined by its tragedies; else how would we explain the many beautiful sunsets, exciting movies, and lived, positive experiences against our own backdrop

of 9/11, the Covid-19 pandemic, and our own ages of political strife? The century from ca. 1300 to 1400 was one of musical innovation and artistry and poetic invention, not to mention wondrous feats of architecture and the rise of new modes of visual representation. This age enveloped the trouvère/clerk Adam de la Halle's innovative *Le Jeu de Robin et de Marion* in 1282/83 through Geoffrey Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, the latter impossible to conceive without French antecedents such as the anti-clerical, multimedia masterpiece, the *Roman de Fauvel* (1310, 1314), the newly expanded *Roman de la Rose* completed by Jean de Pestain (ca. 1310s), the many works of Guillaume de Machaut, and the poetry of Deschamps. It was an era that saw the rise of the *roman* and the *dit*, long narrative poems, some of which included lyric poetry intended to be sung and occasionally contain their musical notation. It was an era that saw the ascendancy of the poetic *formes fixes*, with the ballade emerging as a central vehicle for expression. It was also an age started with the expectation that lyric poems were for singing, but that closed with Deschamps and his generation leaving behind the trouvère aesthetic of singer-poet. For Deschamps and others, the "Natural Music" of poetry could be delivered on its own merits, through elegant speech, without the interference of singing. What's more, while narrative poetry and lyrics had been turned to political use in the past – especially in the *Roman de Fauvel* – now, ballades themselves were increasingly used to settle political scores.

At this crucial moment, a little book, Penn MS Codex 902, was compiled that hardly suggests the importance of its intellectual and artistic connections. Unlike the lavishly decorated manuscripts that contain long *dits* such as Machaut's *Remede de Fortune*, it contains no colorful miniature illustrations or songs in musical notation. Its designation as a chansonnier is due to its contents – exclusively poems in the French *formes fixes*, many of which are also found in other manuscripts, frequently with intact musical notation. The lack of musical notation is typical for a song book; according to Ardis Butterfield, perhaps 1/3 of the manuscripts with songs in them from this era lack musical notation, and she warns that we should be wary of assuming that the lack of notation means the poems are not meant for singing. Each song in the collection is given simply with an indication of its genre (ballade, chant royal, virelai), and lack authorial ascription. Though we know little about the provenance of the chansonnier directly, there are important clues: on its first folio, we find the motto of the Bavarian kingdom "Droit et ferme" next to a crudely drawn portrait of a lady in profile. This device has suggested to scholars the Queen as a possible recipient of these poems. Decades ago, Charles Mudge and James Wimsatt sifted the poems in this work and found other connections such as poems by Otton III de Granson, who was a knight and poet-trouvère attached to her; acrostics of her name "Isabeau" are found



three times in the volume. However, almost nothing distinguishes one poem from another, as even the initial capitals are only occasionally elaborated, and never with artwork. The visual aspect of the book is (for a modern reader) unremarkable. We must consider its contents more closely to find any rationale for the book's compilation.

Penn MS Codex 902 contains 310 lyric poems, the bulk of which were written by Machaut (110 works) and are found in the center of the book. Granson is represented by 27 poems and Deschamps by 8. The earliest poem in the book comes from the earliest *dit* to contain musical insertions, Nicolas de Margival's *Dit de la Panthère d'amours* (late 12th c.). An extract from an exchange of ballades – an insulting version of a medieval parley – between the French bishop, musician and poet Philippe de Vitry (complemented as the “worldly god of harmony, son of musicians, and peer of Orpheus”) and his opponent, the English-allied poet Jean de la Mote (“Rude Acteon, turned into a stag”) was created likely during a lull that allowing time for learned propaganda. Most of the chansonnier's poems are, however, conventional love-lyrics. The remaining poems are by unknown authors, though Wimsatt claimed that 15 poems with the rubric “Ch” were early French works by Chaucer. In an online presentation, Penn alum Liza Strakhov suggested a chronological order based on the gradual rise from eight to ten lines in each ballade stanza, indicating a transition from sung to spoken poetry. Interestingly, the poem invoking Pythagoras (our last work on the program) to speak of dejection comes early in the collection, which could make it an outlier in a chronological organization.

The musical poems found in the manuscript include works from the *ars nova* and *ars subtilior*, the former the new style advocated by Vitry (or someone claiming to be him) in the 1320s, the latter the musically complex and virtuosic style popular from the 1380s to the 1420s. Machaut's venomous chanson *Une vipere*, appeared in Machaut's self-directed complete works manuscripts with musical notation, and in other collections without musical notation. A *chanson royal* sung by Hope (Dame Esperance) from the *Remede de Fortune* appears completely out of context. Like the Vitry-de Mote correspondence, the sequential order of a series of poems sometimes corresponds to their use in other ways. For instance, the first ballade on our program, Machaut's *De triste cuer/Quant vrais amour/Certes, je di*, takes up several successive columns of text, with nothing in the manuscript indicating that these three ballades were sung together, which is how it is presented in another manuscript with musical notation. Simultaneously sung texts were common in medieval motets, but here, Machaut combines three ballades that instruct the reader on loving from three different perspectives, the first dwelling on the act of exorcising the pains of Fortune's

wheel through writing, the second on struggles against Ardent Desire, and the third returning to the writer and his justification and desire for the *guerdon* (gift) of her love. Similarly, another pair of poems exists as an anonymous double ballade, *Se Zephirus/Se Jupiter*, is found sung above an untexted tenor in the late 14th century Chantilly Codex (Musée Condé MS 564), one of the most beautiful and complicated collections of medieval polyphony. Curiously, the second text is less confused in MS Codex 902, whereas the text of the musical setting mistaking some of the characters in myths surrounding Zeus and his pursuit of the nymph Europa; we have translated the text from the MS Codex 902 below. The double rondeau *Dame, doucement/Doulz amis* is found in the Chantilly Codex as well; its composer, Jean Valliant, was probably a student of Machaut's, and Deschamps names him as the master of a singing school in Paris. Likewise, Machaut's *Phiton, le mervilleus serpent* was seemingly the inspiration for a more complex work by in the Chantilly Codex composed by a Magister Franciscus; the text specifically names Ovid as the source of the legend, likely learned from a 14th-century, rhyming translation of his *Metamorphosis*, the *Ovide Moralisée*. Deschamps himself described his indebtedness to Machaut, who he may have holed up with as a young man during the siege of Rheims. The younger poet called Machaut his uncle, and wrote several poems in his honor, including a famous lament, *Armes Amours*, found in the Chantilly Codex.

Chansons usually employ a central conceit for each poem, often in the form of a personification. The use of personified, allegorical figures reaches back to late antiquity: Boethius' *Consolation of Philosophy* begins with the poet surrounded by the Nine Muses who are scattered by Lady Philosophy. He describes the famous image of Fortune spinning her wheel and trampling kings while elevating the poor; this is a clear inspiration for Machaut's similar use of Hope and Fortune in his *Remede de Fortune*. Fortune was a common foe in these poems, and reflected contemporary events. A regrettable turn of the wheel in 1378 was the election of a lower-class Neapolitan, the Archbishop of Bari, to the Roman See as Urban VI which, in turn led to the election of Clement VII by the rival, well-connected Avignon faction, and hence the beginning the Papal Schism. In the *Prologue* to Machaut's collected works, personified avatars instruct him in his great creative task: Nature orders Musique, Rhetorique, and Sens to help the poet create his works in good order. The *Roman de la Rose* and *Ovide Moralisée* are two allegorical works whose well-known personifications reoccur time and again in the poems of the era. These gods, goddesses, ancient heroes, and a host of virtues and vices make their appearances throughout our chansonnier. As exemplars, they provide continuity within a sustained literary tradition. One frequently encountered group of figures is comprised of Honte (Shame), Paour (Fear), and Dangier,

who appear together in a scene in the *Roman de la Rose*. Dangier falls asleep on his watch over the Rose, and is discovered by Shame and Fear. These two ladies upbraid him for his error, and he goes roaming the land to play Whack-a-mole with a large stick in order to be sure there are no hidden dangers for the Rose. Machaut's chanson featuring these three figures was popular enough to be copied in several manuscripts and was even arranged for organ by the owner of the Faenza Codex at about the same time as the compilation of our chansonnier. Instrumental music occurs in another way in our chansonnier in the form of lists of instruments in an anonymous ballade:

Harp, rebec, harpsichord, hurdy-gurdy,  
Lute, Gittern, canon, psaltery,  
Cornemuse, shawm, chalemeau,  
Flute, fiddle, which issue many sweet sounds,  
Nor other instrument, be it wooden or strung  
can bring me joy in this life  
Because the beauty who has imprisoned me,  
Hates me to death; she is my lady, my lover.

Machaut's *Remede* has a long list of such instruments who play for the culminating love-dance of the lover and his lady, and that signify the state of amorous bliss, and he similarly makes a list of similar instruments played by the ancient Israelites' musicians who perform around the golden calf for Nebuchadnezzar in his *dit*, *Le Confort d'Ami*. While such lists may be fancifully long, they do reflect many of the instruments of the period, providing an aural memory cue for the reader. Perhaps memories of jongleurs and clerks making music lightened the reader's heart. As in a country song today, sweet sounds are often conjoined with sad subjects. As Kacey Musgraves put it so perfectly, love "is what it is/'till it ain't anymore."

From this brief commentary, we can see that unassuming book had more connections for its contemporary reader(s), who clearly is situated in the highest echelons of society than it does for us today. It amasses a series of poems connected to other volumes likely seen by its reader, to political events, to stories and scores of other poems, and to the sounds of songs performed by the most praised musicians. If Isabeau needed a balm to lift her spirits and help connect her to memories of the court before its complete disarray, what could serve better than a compact collection of its musical memories?

Cantus:

**De triste cuer faire joyeusement,**  
Il m'est avis que c'est chose contraire;  
Mais cils qui fait de joieus sentement,  
Je di qu'il doit plus joieusement faire.  
Et pour ce sont mi chant de rude affaire,  
Qu'il sont tuit fait d'un cuer plus noir que meure,  
Triste, dolent, qui larmes de sanc pleure.

S'en sui repris et blasmez durement.  
Mais je ne say mon ouevre contrefaire,  
Eins moustre ce que mes cuers scet et sent;  
Et les meschiés dont j'ay plus d'une paire,  
Voire de cent, si pert à mon viaire  
Qu'ay l'esperit, où ma vie demeure,  
Triste, dolent, qui larmes de sanc pleure.

Et pour ce à tous suppli tres humblement  
Que de mes chans blasmer se vueillent taire,  
Car je ne sçay ne puis faire autrement  
Pour Fortune qui tent à ce deffaire  
Qu'aim miex que moy; n'elle ne me lait plaire  
Qu'à ciaux qui ont l'esperit à toute heure  
Triste, dolent, qui larmes de sanc pleure.

Contratenor:

**Quant vrais amans aime amoureusement,**  
De si vray cuer qu'il ne saroit meffaire,  
Et sa dame a tel cuer que nullement  
N'en puet mercy, doucuer ne grace attraire,  
Cuer ne porroit avoir si debonnaire  
Qui la liqueur dou sien à l'ueil ne queure,  
Triste, dolent, qui larmes de sanc pleure.

Qu'Ardans Desir mourdris secretement  
Son triste cuer en douleur et en haire;  
Pour ce ne fait pas si joliment  
Com cilz qui joit et ou joie repaire  
Et s'en li prent Souvenirs son repaire,  
Quant il y vient, il le fait sans demeure  
Triste, dolent, qui larmes de sanc pleure.

Cantus:

Sad-hearted, to create with joyful bent,  
Would seem to me a thing most contrary;  
He who creates from joyous sentiment,  
Should, I would say, create more joyously.  
And so, my songs can sound but coarsely,  
For blacker than a mulberry is my heart,  
Grieving, sad, whence blood-wet tears start.

So, I'm reproached and blamed, with harsh intent,  
Yet cannot falsify my work perversely,  
Rather I reveal my heart's discontent,  
The ills it feels and knows, which are many.  
More than a hundred; my face shows clearly,  
I own a spirit, where life dwells, for its part,  
Grieving, sad, whence blood-wet tears start.

And so, I beg all those prove reticent,  
Who'd blame my songs, seeking humbly;  
For I cannot work otherwise, at present,  
Since Fortune is bent upon destroying  
That which I love best, and I am pleasing  
Only to those whose spirits do ever smart,  
Grieving, sad, whence blood-wet tears start.

Contratenor:

When a true lover loves amorously,  
With so true a heart he can do no ill,  
And yet from his lover's heart no mercy  
Can have, nor grace nor sweetness, still,  
He could ne'er own a heart of such firm will,  
That water to his eyes t'would not impart,  
Grieving, sad, whence blood-wet tears start.

For Ardent Desire would gnaw secretly  
At his sad heart, in pain and suffering,  
Thus, he cannot create as happily  
As he who joys, whom joy makes its dwelling;  
While if Memory seeks, at its coming  
To live in him, it renders him, by its art,  
Grieving, sad, whence blood-wet tears start.

*Qu'il ymagine et pense au grief tourment  
Que sa dame li fait sentir et traire  
Pour li servir et amer loyaument.  
Helas! dolens, ci ha povre salaire;  
Miex li vaurroit sa vie user au Quaire  
Qu'en tel service, où cuers et corps deveure,  
Triste, dolent, qui larmes de sanc pleure.*

*Tenor:*

***Certes, je di s'en quier jugement***  
*Que, quant Amours un cuer destraint et maire,  
Pour ce qu'à avoir ne puet aligement  
De sa dame qu'est franche et debonnaire,  
Que li meschiés qu'Alexandres fist Daire  
N'est pas si grans com cilz qui li court seure,  
Triste, dolent, qui larmes de sanc pleure.*

*Mais il dont miex faire et plus proprement  
Que cilz qu'Amours vuet de merci refaire,  
Car Grans Desirs li enseigne et aprent  
Et li donne matire et exemplaire  
Et s'entremet de son oeuvre parfaire,  
En douceur fine et d'un son le couleure,  
Triste, dolent, qui larmes de sanc pleure.*

*Mais cilz qui ha merci, a ce où il tent,  
Si que Desirs à li plus ne s'apaire  
Si ardemment ne si desiramment,  
Eins amenrist et commence à retraire.  
Et pour ce di, cui qu'il doie desplaire,  
Que cilz fait miex qui d'amour goust saveure  
Triste, dolent, qui larmes de sanc pleure.*

For he dreams, and thinks on the misery,  
That his lady makes him feel, and know,  
For serving and loving her faithfully,  
Alas! Scant reward has he, in his woe;  
Better to go waste his life in Cairo,  
Than such service, that eats body and heart,  
Grieving, sad, whence blood-wet tears start.

Tenor:

Truly, I declare, while seeking judgment,  
When Love a heart doth constrain and master,  
Because a man can reach no fair agreement  
With his lady, well-bred, generous ever,  
The mischief Darius had, of Alexander,  
Was not so great as falls upon his heart,  
Grieving, sad, whence blood-wet tears start.

Yet he creates better, and rightly so,  
Than him Love doth, of mercy, satisfy,  
For Great Desire grants to him, also,  
Material, example, and brings them nigh,  
And sets him to perfect his work thereby,  
With colour in his sound, and sweetest art,  
Grieving, sad, whence blood-wet tears start.

For he has what he sought, who finds mercy,  
So that Desire no longer presses sore,  
Neither so ardently nor longingly,  
Rather it lessens, seeking to withdraw.  
No matter who is displeased, I am sure  
He works better whose love's savour's tart,  
Grieving, sad, whence blood-wet tears start.

[https://www.poetryintranslation.com/PITBR/French/  
GuillaumeDeMachautRondeauxBallades.php](https://www.poetryintranslation.com/PITBR/French/GuillaumeDeMachautRondeauxBallades.php)

**Se je me pleing.** je n'en puis mais,  
Qu'onques nuls si mal eüreus  
Ne fu ne ne sera ja mais  
Come je sui, ne si doureux;  
Car, quant je cuidoie secours  
Avoir de ma dame et d'Amour  
Pour mon temps qu'ay en li usé,  
Ma dame m'a congié donné.

Et au donner m'a dît que vrais  
Li sui et loyaus amoureux  
Et qu'en riens ne me sui meffais  
Vers li, dont moult sui merveilleus;  
Car je n'ay espoir ne recours,  
Cuer, penser ne desir aillours,  
Mais seulement de volenté  
Ma dame m'a congié donné.

Si n'aray ja mais bien ne pais  
Ne riens dont mes cuers soit joieus,  
Ne plus ne ferai chans ne lais,  
Quant Amours n'est vers moy piteus,  
Einsois vueil definer mes jours  
Et mes chans avec mes dolours,  
Puis que pour faire loyauté  
Ma dame m'a congié donné.

Cantus:

**Se Zephirus,** Phebus et leur lignie  
Fussent d'acort pour moy donner confort  
Et s'eüsse fortune pour amie,  
En croi je bien qu'encor seroit ce fort  
Que eusse bien, santé ne reconfort  
Quant a present, esbatement ne joye,  
E devant moy ma dame ne veoye.  
Car c'est celle que me puet donner vie  
Ne je ne quier avoir autre ressort;  
Si li sopli que me soit en aye,  
Car certes je n'ay soulas ne depourt  
Et sa beauté si doucement m'a mort  
Que nullement estre liez ne pourroye.

**If I complain,** I can do no more.  
For never was any so unhappy  
Nor ever will be  
As I am, nor so sorrowful;  
For, when I thought to gain help  
From my lady and from Love  
For the time I have spent for her.  
My lady has sent me away.

And in dismissing me she told me that I am  
True to her and a loyal lover  
And that in nothing have I done wrong  
To her, at which I marvel greatly;  
For I have no hope or help.  
No heart, thought or desire for any other.  
But simply by her willfulness  
My lady has sent me away.

So I will never have good fortune nor peace  
Nor anything at which my heart may rejoice.  
Nor will I again make songs or lays.  
Since Love has no pity on me.  
Rather do I wish to end my days  
And my songs along with my pains.  
Since for my loyal deeds  
My lady has sent me away.

- Jennifer Garnham

Cantus:

**If Zephirus,** Phoebus and their line  
Would agree to comfort me,  
And if Fortune would be my friend,  
Still, I believe it would be difficult  
To find wellbeing, health and comfort,  
Or, as just now, pleasure and joy,  
Were I not able to look upon my lady.  
For it is she who can give me life,  
And I need no other help;  
And so I ask her to help me,  
For else I certainly shall have neither pleasure nor amusement;  
And her love has gently killed me,  
For I would not be happy at all,  
Were I not able to look upon my lady.

*Contratenor (from MS Codex 902):*

**Se Jupiter**, qui donna segneurie  
*Au cler veant Argus pour amer fort  
Temis, qui fu sa deese et s'amie,  
Et me vousist d'amors douner le port,  
Ne pouroit pas mon guer estre d'acort  
Que fusse gay pour chose que je voye,  
Se devant moy ma dame ne veoye.*

*Si pri amours et a merci supplie  
Que pitié qu'ou cuer ma dame dort,  
Recueillent pour estre de ma partie;  
Ou autrement, certes, brief m'aroit mort,  
Car ma langor trop fort me point e mort,  
Si qu'ensement vivre ainsy ne porroye,  
Se devant moy ma dame ne veoye.*

**Joie, plaisence** et douce nourriture,  
*Vie d'onhour prennent maint en amer;  
Et pluseurs sont qui n'ont fors pointure,  
Ardour, dolour, plour, tristece et amer,  
Se dient, mais acorder  
Ne me puis, qu'en la souffrence  
D'amours ait nulle grevance,  
Car tout ce qui vient de li  
Plaist a cuer d'ami.*

*Car vraie Amour en cuer d'amant figure  
Trés dous Espoir et gracieus Penser:  
Espoirs attrait Joie et bonne Aventure;  
Dous Pensers fait Plaisence en cuer entrer;  
Si ne doit plus demander*

*Cils qui a bonne Esperence,  
Dous Penser, Joie et Plaisence,  
Car qui plus requiert, je di  
Qu'Amours l'a guerpi.*

*Dont cils qui vit de si douce pasture  
Vie d'onhour puet bien et doit mener,  
Car de tous biens a a comble mesure,  
Plus qu'autres cuers ne saroit desirer,  
Ne d'autre merci rouver*

Contratenor:

**If Jupiter**, who gave strength to the all-seeing Argus,  
So that he could boldly love Themis,  
Who was his goddess and lover,  
Would grant me love's haven,  
Then my heart would not agree  
To rejoice in anything I see,  
Were I not able to look upon my lady.

And so I beg love and ask mercy  
That the pity which sleeps in my lady's heart  
Be gathered on my side.  
If not, I will surely attain death,  
Because my languishing pains and kills me;  
In this condition I could not possibly live  
Were I not able to look upon my lady.

**Joy, pleasure**, sweet sustenance,  
And a life of honor are found by many who love  
And there are others who have only hurt,  
Distress, sorrow, tears, sadness, and bitterness.  
They say this, but I cannot  
Agree, for in the sufferings  
Of love there is no pain,  
Because whatever comes from her  
Is pleasing to a lover's heart;

For true love in a lover's heart creates  
Very sweet hope and amiable thought:  
Hope attracts joy and good luck;  
Sweet thought causes pleasure to enter the heart;  
So he must not ask for more,

Who has good Hope,  
Sweet thought, joy, and pleasure,  
For I tell you, the one who demands more  
Has been abandoned by love.

Therefore he who lives on such sweet nourishment  
Can easily and must live a life of honor,  
For he has all blessings in abundance,  
More than another heart would dare desire;  
Nor to implore any other reward

*N'a desir, cuer, ne bëance,  
Pour ce qu'il a souffissance;  
Et je ne say nommer ci  
Nulle autre merci.*

*Mais ceaus qui sont en tristesse, en ardure,  
En plours, en plains, en douleur sans cesser,  
Et qui dient qu'Amours leur est si dure  
Qu'il ne puelent sans morir plus durer,  
Je ne puis ymaginer  
Qu'il aiment sans decevance  
Et qu'en eaus trop ne s'avance  
Desirs; pour ce sont einsi,  
Qu'il l'ont desservi.*

*Qu'Amours, qui est de si noble nature  
Qu'elle scet bien qui aime sans fausser,  
Scet bien paier aus amans leur droiture:  
C'est les loiaus de joie säouler  
Et d'eaus faire savourer  
Ses douceurs en habundance;  
Et les mauvais par sentence  
Sont com traître failli  
De sa court bani.*

*L'Envoy:  
Amours, je say sans doubtance  
Qu'à cent doubles as meri  
Ceaus qui t'ont servi.*

***Honte, paour, doubtance de meffaire,***

*Attemprance mettre en sa volenté,  
Large en refus et lente d'otroy faire,  
Raison, mesure, honneur et honnesté  
Doit en son cuer figurer,  
Et mesdisans seur toutes riens grever  
Et en tous fais estre amoureux couarde,  
Qui de s'onneur vuet faire bonne garde.  
Sage en meinteing, au bien penre exemplaire,  
Celer à point s'amour et son secré,*

Does he have the desire, heart, or longing,  
Because he has enough;  
Nor can I name here  
Any other reward (to ask for).

But those who are sad, distressed,  
Weeping, moaning, and in constant sorrow,  
And who say that Love treats them so harshly  
That they cannot go on any longer without dying,  
I cannot conceive  
That they love without deceit  
Or that they are not overwhelmed  
By desire. They are in such a state  
Because they have deserved it.

For Love, who is of such a noble nature  
That she well knows who loves without duplicity,  
Knows well how to pay lovers their due:  
She satiates the loyal with joy  
And has them savor  
Her sweetnesses abundantly;  
But the wicked, by decree,  
Are like cowardly traitors  
Banished from her court.

Envoy  
Love, I know beyond a doubt  
That you have rewarded a hundred times over  
Those who have served you.

- The Medieval Lyric Project

A sense of shame, of fear, a dread of doing wrong.  
Restraint in indulging the will.  
Generosity in refusing and slowness in bestowing.  
Reason, moderation, honour and honesty  
Must be present in her heart.  
And above all things must she fear slanderers  
And in all things be a coward in love.  
The lady who wishes to guard her honour well.  
Wise in behaviour, exemplary in choosing well.  
Keeping her love and her secret well concealed.



*Simple d'atour et non vouloir attirer  
Pluseurs à li par samblant d'amité,  
Car c'est pour amans tuer,  
Foy, pais, amour et loyauté garder,  
Ce sont les poins que dame en son cuer garde,  
Qui de s'onneur vuet faire bonne garde.*

*Quar quant amours maint en cuer debonnaire,  
Jeune, gentil, de franchise paré,  
Plein de cuidier et de joieus affaire  
Et de desir par plaisence engené,  
C'est trop fort à contrestier,  
Qu'il font souvent sens et mesure outrer;  
Pour ce adès pense à ces poins et regarde*

*Qui de s'onneur vuet faire bonne garde.*

### ***Se mesdisans en acort***

*Sont pour moy grever a tort.  
C'est par leur enie.  
Car desservi ne l'ay mie;  
Pour ce de leur genglerie  
Bien me reconfort.*

*Mais pour eaus mettre en esmay.  
Plus que ne sueil je seray  
Joieuse et jolie.  
Et si aray le cuer gay  
Et sagement me tenray  
Sans faire folie.  
Einsi feray leur deport  
Muer en grant desconfort  
Et s'ay de m'aie  
Bonne volente et lie  
Et loyaute dont garnie  
Sui jusqu'à la mort.*

*Se mesidans en acort...  
Einsi me deporteray  
De tout ce que dire orray.*

Simple in adornment and not wishing to attract  
Many to her by a show of friendship.  
For that will kill a lover;  
To keep faith, peace, love and loyalty.  
These are the points she keeps in her heart.  
The lady who wishes to guard her honour well.

For when love dwells in a gentle heart.  
Young, refined, adorned with noble character.  
Full of confidence and joyful activity  
And of desire brought forth by pleasure.  
It is often too strong to prevent them  
From exceeding sense and measure;  
Therefore let her think constantly on these points and  
keep watch.  
The lady who wishes to guard her honour well.

- Jennifer Garnham

If evil tongues are in accord  
To say ill of me wrongfully.  
It is by envy.  
For I have not deserved it at all;  
Therefore about their tattling  
I console myself.

But to put them to confusion.  
More than I used I will be  
Cheerful and pretty.  
And I will keep a happy heart  
And conduct myself wisely  
Without acting foolishly.  
So I will cause their glee  
To change to great dismay  
And so I have to support me  
Good will and a light heart  
And loyalty with which  
I am furnished till my death.

If evil tongues are in accord...  
Thus I will be glad  
Of all that I will hear said.

*N'en melancolie  
Ja mon cuer n'en meteray.  
Pour ce que pure me scay  
De leur tricherie;  
Ne cuers qui est de bon port  
Ne doit doubter leur raport  
Plein de felonnie.  
N'onques en jour de ma vie  
Ma pensee en vilonnie  
Ne prist son ressort.*

*Se mesdisans en acort...  
Pour ce de riens ne m'esmay  
Qu'en loyaute fiance ay.  
Et, quoy que nulz die.  
Tant com mon devoir feray  
Leur parler ne doubteray.  
Que pas ne deffie  
Et en derrier point et mort.  
Mais quant leur gengle plus fort  
Seur moy se deslie.  
Tant sui je plus envoisie.  
Car Dieus scet, ou je me fie.  
Comment je me port.*

*Se mesdisans en acort...*

***Phyton, phyton, beste tres venemeuse***

*Corps terresstien, combien regneras tu?  
Nes et crees de gent tres aineuse,  
Prochainement convient que soys batu  
De par Phebus, le tres bel,  
Qui siet en haut, au gens corps tres ysnel:  
Que durement convient que te confonde,  
Tu gui contens gaster la flour du monde.*

*Bien te descript Ovide si crueuse  
Car en venin est toute ta vertu  
N'onques ne creut autre si doumageuse;  
Et se Nature eust bien pourveu  
Ton espris plein de fiel,  
Contre le ciel eust fait tel apel  
Que de toy produire fust quite et monde,  
Tu qui contens gaster la flour du monde.*

Nor in melancholy  
Will I ever set my heart.  
Because I know myself innocent  
Of their lies;  
Nor should any well-disposed heart  
Be afraid of their report  
Full of malice.  
Nor on any day of my life  
Did my thoughts in villainy  
Take their source.

If evil tongues are in accord...  
Therefore nothing dismays me  
For I have confidence in loyalty  
And, whatever anyone says.  
So long as I do my duty  
I will not fear their talk  
Which does not challenge  
But pricks and bites from behind.  
But when their gossip most strongly  
Unleashes itself against me.  
Then I am the more joyful.  
For God knows, in whom I trust.  
How I conduct myself.

If evil tongues are in accord...

- Jennifer Garnham

***Phiton, most poisonous beast,***

*Earthly, crawling presence, how shall you reign?  
Born and created of an ancient line  
Next you shall be beaten  
By Phoebus, the most beautiful,  
Who sits on high in the divine company  
Whichever confounds you,  
You who happily spoil the flower of the world.*

Ovid well describes your cruelty  
Because all your virtue lies in poison  
Nor is any other believed to be more damaging;  
And if Nature had created you  
With a spirit full of malice,  
Such a cry would have gone out against heaven  
As would have made you free and pure,  
You who happily spoil the flower of the world.

**Une vipere en cuer ma dame meint**

*Qui estoupe de sa queue s'oreille  
Qu'elle n'oië mon dolereus complaint:  
A ce, sans plus, toudis gaite et oreille.  
Et en sa bouche ne dort  
L'escorpion qui point mon cuer a mort;  
Un basilique a en son doulz regard.  
Cil troy m'ont mort et elle que Dieus gart.*

*Quant en plourant li depri qu'elle m'aint.  
Desdains ne puet souffrir que oïr me weille.  
Et s'elle en croit mon cuer, quant il se plaint.  
En sa bouche Refus pas ne sommeille.  
Ains me point au cuer trop fort;  
Et son regard prent deduit et deport.  
Quant mon cuer voit qui font et frit et art.  
Cil troy m'ont mort et elle que Dieus gart.*

*Amours, tu sces qu'elle m'a fait mal maint  
Et que siens suy toudis, weille ou ne weille.  
Mais quant tu fuïs et Loyaute se faint  
Et Pitez n'a talent qu'elle s'esveille.  
Je n'ï voy si bon confort  
Com tost morir; car en grant desconfort  
Desdains, Refus, regards qui mon cuer art.  
Cil troy m'ont mort et elle que Dieus gart.*

*Cantus:*

**Dame, doucement** [at]trait  
*avés tout le cuer de mi  
par vo douls [oeil] qui l'atrait.  
Dame, [doucement attrait].*

*N'em vuellh autre (pe)re[t]rait:  
[il] est vostres sans demi.  
Dame, [doucement attrait  
avés tout le cuer de mi].*

**A viper dwells in my lady's heart**

Which with its tail stops up her ear  
So that she may not hear my doleful complaint:  
For this, to say no more, it always watches and listens.  
And in her mouth lies unsleeping  
The scorpion which stings my heart to death;  
A basilisk is in her sweet glance.  
These three have slain me, and may God preserve her.

When weeping I beg her to love me.  
Disdain will not allow her to wish to hear me.  
And if she believes my heart, when it complains.  
In her mouth Refusal does not sleep.  
But rather wounds me deeply in the heart;  
And her glance takes delight and pleasure.  
When it sees my heart which melts and fries and burns.  
These three have slain me, and may God preserve her.

Love, you know that she has done me many wrongs  
And that I am hers always, whether she will or no.  
But when you flee and Loyalty weakens  
And Pity does not care to awake.  
I see no better comfort  
Than soon to die; for in great distress  
Disdain, Refusal, glances which burn my heart.  
These three have slain me, and may God preserve her.

- Jennifer Garnham

*Cantus:*

**Lady, gently** have you drawn out  
my whole heart  
by your sweet eye which attracts it.  
Lady, gently have you drawn [it] out.

Neither does it wish for another refuge:  
it is your totally.  
Lady, [gently have you drawn out  
my whole heart].

Contratenor:

*Doulz amis de cuer parfait.  
ligement a vos m'otri.  
Gardés m'onnour senz mefait.  
Doulz [amis de cuer parfait].*

*Et [je] respons de mon fayt  
que je vos aim sans nul cri.  
Doulz amis [de cuer parfait].  
ligement a vos m'otri].*

**Gais et jolis**, liés, chantans et joieus  
*Sui, ce m'est vis, en gracieus retour,  
Pleins de desirs et en cuer familleus  
De reveoir ma dame de valour,  
Si qu'il n'est mauz, tristesse ne dolour  
Qui de mon cuer peüst joie mouvoir:  
Tout pour l'espoir que j'ay de li veoir.*

*Car mes cuers est si forment convoiteus  
De remirer son tres plaisant atour,  
Son gentil corps, son dous vis gracieus,  
Son dous regart et sa fresche coulour,  
Par qui je sui plains de loyal amour,  
Qu'ailleurs ne puis penser ne main ne soir:  
Tout pour l'espoir que j'ay de li veoir.  
Et puis que Diex m'à fait si eüreus  
Que je verrai la parfaite douçour  
De ma dame pour qui sui amoureux,  
Obeissans à li sans nul sejour,  
Je la doy bien honnourer sans folour,  
Quant riens ne puet mon cuer faire doloir:  
Tout pour l'espoir que j'ay de li veoir.*

Contratenor:

Sweet love, perfect of heart.  
without reserve I give myself to you.  
Preserve my honour without blemish.  
Sweet love, perfect of heart.

And be answerable for what I am doing:  
that is that I love you in silence, without complaint.  
Sweet love, [perfect of heart.  
without reserve I give myself to you].

– Robyn Smith

**Gay and blithe**, light-hearted, singing and joyful  
I am, indeed, at my happy return.  
Full of desire and starving in my heart  
To see again my noble lady.  
So there is no ill, sorrow or grief  
Which could remove joy from my heart:  
All for the hope I have of seeing her.

For my heart desires so strongly  
To see again her most pleasing graces.  
Her fair body, her sweet gracious face.  
Her gentle glance and her fresh complexion.  
Through which I am filled with loyal love.  
That I can think of nothing else morning or night:  
All for the hope I have of seeing her.  
And since God has made me so fortunate  
That I shall see the perfect sweetness  
Of my lady for whom I am full of love.  
Obeying her without ceasing.  
I must indeed honour her without folly.  
Since nothing can make my heart grieve:  
All for the hope I have of seeing her.

– Jennifer Garnham

**Pitagoras, en ses chansons divines,**

*Demonstra moult du chant la melodie  
Et musicans aussi en ses buisines  
L'art en joua par musique jolie;  
Autres ont fait, selon le mien avis,  
Mains instruments, chascun à son devis,  
Entre lesquieux sont tabours et flahus,  
Pour l'esbanoy des gros et des menus;  
Mais estrangler me puist langue de carpe  
S'aucun en vault au jour d'ui jouer plus,  
Fors seuelement que de trompe et de harp.*

*Prisiez n'est huy doulz chant deux poitevines  
N'autre instrument qui vault avoir sa vie.  
O! Orpheüs, qui pensées enclines  
Eustes à ce que sceussiez l'industrie  
Des instruments en vostre temps jadis  
En bien jouant des grans et des petits-  
Helas! Plusieurs mettent voz jeux huy lus  
Et leur souffit qu'aucun d'eulz trompe ou harpe  
Pour ce qu'avoir ne leur est tant venus,  
Fors seulement que de trompe et de harpe.*

*Bien sonna cler pieça par cordes fines  
Du roy David la harpe bien polie  
Et à present par voisins et voisines  
Ceste harpe n'est qu'en basset oÿe,  
Car du milieu en est hors, ce m'est vis,  
Une corde, dont li sons amenris  
Certes, est moult come cas et confus  
Et li tuiaux de la trompe est tortus;  
Mais pour souffrir cops de dolouere ou serpe  
Ne mettent il aucuns autres jeux sus,  
For seulement que de trompe et de harpe.*

**Pythagoras, in his divine songs**

Demonstrated much of sung melody  
And musicians also in their battle-trumpets  
The art of playing music happily;  
Others have placed, according to what I've seen,  
Their hands upon instruments, each to their pleasure,  
Among which are drums and flutes,  
Playing instruments both large and small;  
But my carping tongue is strangled  
If another cannot today judge which is superior,  
But only the trumpet and harp.

Prized neither today are the sweet, Poitevin bagpipe  
Nor any other instrument who was worthy in its time.  
O! Orpheus, who turned his thoughts  
to those instruments we once knew how to play,  
Of these your instruments of yesteryear,  
well played by old and young -  
Alas! Many have put away your instruments  
And you suffer them not to trump or harp  
For what has come to them is no more  
But only trumpet and harp.

Lovely sounding, clear plucks upon fine strings  
Of King David's well-polished harp  
Are heard among the people.  
This harp is only heard in quiet places,  
In the middle of it as I've noticed,  
One string, from which the sound departs  
from accuracy is very likely to be false,  
And the bore of the trumpet is twisted;  
But for suffering blows of grief or weapons,  
none of them play upon any other,  
But only the trumpet and harp.

# MUSIC IN THE PAVILION

The University of Pennsylvania's Music Department and the Kislak Center for Special Collections, Rare Books and Manuscripts are proud to present our annual music series for the 2023 year.

## Looking Ahead: 2023-2024 Concert Series

Concerts will be held in the Class of 1978 Orrery Pavilion, Van Pelt-Dietrich Library, sixth floor on Fridays at 7pm and are free of charge. Join us at 6:15pm for a discussion led by special guests.

### Series Directors

**Music Department:** Mauro Calcagno and Mary Channen Caldwell (Faculty)

**Penn Libraries:** Lynne Farrington (Director of Programs/Senior Curator, Kislak Center) and Liza Vick (Head, Otto E. Albrecht Music Library and Eugene Ormandy Music and Media Center)

### We are especially grateful to

**Music Department:** Tim Rommen (Davidson Kennedy Professor in the College and Chair in Music); Michael Ketner (Director of Performance and Admissions Liaison); Matt Hewitt (Communications Coordinator); Eugene Lew (Director of Sound & Music Technology); Margaret Smith Deeney (Department Administrator); and Sophia Coccozza (Graduate Student)

**Penn Libraries:** Sean Quimby (Associate University Librarian & Director of the Jay I. Kislak Center for Special Collections, Rare Books and Manuscripts and Director of the Schoenberg Institute for Manuscript Studies); John Pollack (Curator of Research Services, Kislak Center); Eric Dillalogue (Assistant Director of Operation, Kislak Center); Betsy Deming (IT Support Manager); and Aleta Arthurs (Manager, Meetings & Special Programs)



