The new forms and perfect amorous lays of Guillaume de Machaut (c. 1300-1377)

Le lay de plour: Qui bien aïmme a tart oublie

Ce qui soustient moy (rondeau)

Riches d’amour, mendians d’amie (ballade)

Je voy le bon tens (instrumental)
Anonymous

Mors sui se je ne vous voy (virelai)

Honte, paour, doubtance de meffaire (ballade)

Hont paur (instrumental)
Anonymous — Faenza codex

Cinc, un, treze, wit, nuef d’amour fine (rondeau)

Adeu mon cuer (instrumental)
Anonymous

Sans cuer, dolens, de vous departiray (rondeau)

Biauté parfaite (ballade)
Text by Machaut
Music by Antonello da Caserta, fl. late 14th century
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Sets adapted from illustrations in Machaut manuscripts

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ILLUSTRATIONS
Machaut MS A:
Paris, Bibliothèque nationale, fonds français 1584

Machaut MS C:
Paris, Bibliothèque nationale, fonds français 1586

Nature presents her children Meaning, Rhetoric, and Music to Guillaume de Machaut
Machaut MS A, f. Er
Comment Nature, voulant orendroit plus que onques mes reveler et faire essaucier les biens et honneurs qui sont en Amours, vient a Guillem de Machaut et li ordene et encharge a faire sur ce nouveaux dis amoureux et li balle pour li conseiller et aider a ce faire trois de ses enfants, c’est assavor Sens, Retorique, et Musique.

How Nature, wishing henceforth more than ever to reveal and glorify the good things and honors which belong to Love, comes to Guillaume de Machaut and orders and charges him to compose new poems on this subject, and, to counsel and aid him in doing so, presents him with three of her children, who are Meaning, Rhetoric, and Music.

Machaut, Prologue, I
**Le grant retthorique**

**Machaut’s life**

**Guillaume de Machaut** first enters the historical record in a few ecclesiastical documents from 1330-33 in which he is described variously as a clerk, almoner, notary, and secretary to the king of Bohemia, Jean of Luxembourg. Machaut probably worked as Jean’s secretary, travelling all over Europe, until the king’s heroic if foolhardy death at the battle of Crécy on August 26, 1346. (He insisted on being led into battle, although he was by then completely blind.) After Crécy, Machaut seems to have served a number of other eminent nobles, a confusing number of whom are named either Jean or Charles: his patrons included the king of Bohemia’s daughter, Bonne of Luxembourg; her husband Jean, duke of Normandy, who became King Jean II of France; their son Charles, the future King Charles V; Charles’s brothers, Jean, duke of Berry, and Philip the Bold, duke of Burgundy; Pierre de Lusignan, king of Cyprus; King Charles of Navarre, and others.

Machaut lived through the Black Death, which peaked in France in the years 1348-50, killing 30-60% of the European population, including about half of Paris’s 100,000 inhabitants. By 1360 or so Machaut seems to have taken up residence in Reims, where he had held a benefice at the Cathedral since 1338. (A benefice was an ecclesiastical appointment offering a salary without requirement of service in return: a literal sinecure, *sine cura* or free of pastoral duties.) He died sometime before November 9, 1377, when his position at the Cathedral of Reims passed to another.

While Machaut’s life is sparsely documented, his works are richly transmitted in a unique series of six “complete works” manuscripts produced between c. 1350 and 1390, mostly under the author’s supervision, several abundantly illuminated. The manuscripts contain more than fifteen long narrative poems or *dits*; a collection of lyric poetry known as the *Loange des dames* or *Praise of Ladies* which contains some 280 poems not set to music; and a music section which eventually comprised 19 lays, 23 motets, a setting of the Mass, a hocket, 42 ballades, 22 rondeaux, and 33 virelais. The order in which all this was to appear was carefully specified by the composer, as a manuscript compiled at the very end of his life tells us: “Vesci l’ordenance que G. de Machaut vuet qu’il ait en son livre”: “This is the order which G. de Machaut wishes to have in his book.”

Machaut wrote a new “Prologue” to this book, laying out his ethical and artistic creed: Whatever joy or grief is served you by Fortune as she blindly turns her wheel round and round, one must not give into Despair. Suffering is inevitable in human life, but one can find joy in acceptance and in Hope, and even the darkest emotions can be channeled, through Hope, into consolation and joyful expression in music, for “Music is a way of knowing/ which wishes us to laugh and sing and dance.”
The anonymous author of the early 15th-century poetry treatise Les regles de la Seconde Rettorique informs us that Machaut, “the great rhetorician of the new school,” building on the foundation laid by Philippe de Vitry, “originated all manner of new forms, and perfect amorous lays.” (A “rhetorician” here is to be broadly understood as one who persuades both intellect and emotion through words, music, and performance.) Although the story, a suspiciously neat one, was written down about a generation after Machaut’s death, it seems broadly accurate, as far as one can tell from the surviving sources (which do, admittedly, favor Machaut, on account of all those complete works collections). Machaut inherited a number of musical-poetic forms from the 13th century, shaping them into classic, “perfect” patterns—the formes fixes—that would be used until the end of the 15th. His Remede de Fortune, a long narrative poem or dit with seven lyric insertions, is a sort of catalogue of forms, arranged from oldest to newest: lay, complainte, chant royal (all monophonic), baladelle, ballade, virelai, rondeau.

A perfect amorous lay

The most virtuosic form was the lay. 13th-century lays come in many guises; there are four in the Roman de Fauvel of the 1310s, all set to music and all likely the work of Vitry, in which may be observed the tendencies towards balance and regularization that Machaut was to carry further. Machaut composed 19 lays, most of them cast in 12 stanzas, each stanza unique in its metrical organization and rhyme scheme but for the last, which normally recapitulates the pattern of the first stanza. The music derives its organization from the poetry and, in Machaut’s lays, the argument of the poem is propelled by a melody that unfolds from stanza to stanza, moving through new harmonic areas, constantly varying, and culminating in the last stanza with a repeat of the music of the first at a higher pitch.

The Lay de plour (“Lay of weeping”) is a sort of appendix to a story told in two dits, the Judgement of the King of Bohemia and the Judgement of the King of Navarre. In the first, the poet Guillaume overhears a conversation between a lady and a knight, each of whom is suffering because of a lost lover—the lady’s lover has died, while the knight’s has abandoned him for another. But whose situation is worse? Guillaume offers to bring the two disputants before his employer, Jean, the king of Bohemia, who rules in favor of the knight, on the grounds that corporal love dies with the body and so the lady is free to find a new lover, while the knight is condemned to torment as long as the object of his devotion lives. In the sequel, Guillaume himself is put on trial for writing a poem that so slanders women; the case against him is argued by a series of allegorical personages who are ladies-in-waiting to the lady Bonneurté (Happiness). Guillaume’s blustery and maladroit responses do little to aid his defense and the judgement goes against him. Sentenced to render three compensations—a lay, a virelai of three stanzas, and a ballade—he immediately concedes his terrible error and fault and sets to work at once on an “amorous lay.” In some manuscripts the Lay de plour follows, in which the grieving lady presents her case. (On this program, the virelai Mors sui and the ballade Riches d’amour might be thought to represent the knight, the ballade hinting at how the man might find a way forward by accepting his misfortunes humbly and happily, recognizing that he has been granted the great honor of loving a lady—even if she hates him, while he adores her!)

Most of Machaut’s lays, like the Lay de plour, are monophonic. While one might devise an accompaniment—writing a tenor below the melody, for example, according to its harmonic implications (which are so strong and so varied that a drone accompaniment seems out of the question)—there is no evidence that Machaut wanted one. If anything, the little we know about the forces he envisioned for monophonic songs suggests that a solo singer is the only thing needed, for in the Remede he emphasizes that the “danced song” known as a virelai was performed by one person alone.
... next to the tower I saw a park
where there were meadows and little fountains,
in which ladies, knights, maidens,
and a great company of other people,
most joyful and festive,
were dancing happily;
and there was no instrument to be seen,
nor any minstrels, but simply songs—
delightful, courtly, and unadorned.

Remede de Fortune, 3360-8

Nor, it must be said do Machaut’s lays need anything more than one singer in order to work their spell. The argument of the text, the rhythms and rhymes of the poetry, the constantly varying melody beguile the listener into rapt attention.

The lay seems not to have had much of a musical career after Machaut: only two settings with music survive, although many illustrious poets followed his example, including Eustache Deschamps, Jehan Froissart, Oton de Granson, Christine de Pizan, Alain Chartier, and others. The virelai, ballade, and rondeau, however, became the standard three forms in which French lyric poetry and music was composed for generations to follow. All are strophic forms with a refrain.

“All manner of new forms”: the three formes fixes

Machaut’s virelais are still dance-songs, and most of his are monophonic; Mors sui is a monophonic song in the earliest Machaut manuscript but a second part is found in all subsequent copies. Later 14th-century composers turned the virelai into a playfully complex polyphonic form, though generally retaining the outdoor setting of the earlier dance-song. It then went out of fashion almost entirely by about 1400, to be briefly revived as a one-stanza form by the generation of Okeghem.

The rondeau, which would become by far the most common forme fixe of the 15th century, in Machaut’s day was intensely concentrated, each of its two halves consisting of one line only, arranged in the rhyme scheme ABaAabAB (where capital letters indicate the repeated text of the refrain). The themes, too, tend to be tightly focussed on just one idea. Cinc, un, treze, wit, nuef encodes the name of the beloved, 5, 1, 13, 8, and 9 standing for E-A-N-H-J, i.e. Jehan. As Jehan is perhaps the most common French name of the century, it’s hard to guess to whom the poem refers.

The ballade, usually of three stanzas, sometimes with envoy, was (among the three formes fixes) the vehicle for the most complex ideas and sentiments. Machaut wrote more ballades than any other form, leaving us over forty with music and around 200 without. Honte, paour is as good an example of the ballade’s potential for complexity as any other: just try to predict, based on the beginning of the song, where the harmony will finally end up.

We conclude the evening with another ballade, the marvellous Biauté parfaite, set to music towards the end of the 14th century by Anthonello da Caserta in the rhythmically and harmonically complex style later dubbed the Ars subtilior, the “more subtle art.” Whether Anthonello’s music is really more subtle than Machaut’s I would hesitate to say, but the song certainly conveys the desperate longing of the lover far from his lady, in a strange land and undone by desire.

—Scott Metcalfe
Love presents his children Sweet Thought, Pleasure, and Hope to Guillaume de Machaut
Machaut MS A, f. Dr

Comment Amours qui a ouy Nature vient a Guillaume de Machaut et l’ameinne trois de ses enfants, c’est assavoir Dous Penser, Plaisance, et Esperance, pour li donner materie a faire ce que Nature li a enchargié.

How Love, who heard Nature speak, comes to Guillaume de Machaut and gives him three of his children, who are Sweet Thought, Pleasure, and Hope, to give him material with which to do that which Nature has commanded him.

Machaut, Prologue, II
Puisque Nature Rethorique
Me presente, Scens et Musique,
Et li dieux d’Amours, qui mes sires
Est et des maus amoureus mires,
Vuet que j’aie Bonne Esperence,
Dous Penser, et Douce Plaisence
En faisant son tres doux service
Bonnement, sans penser a vice,
Et leur commande traviller
Pour moy aider et consillier
A faire dis et chansonnettes
Pleinnes d’onner et d’amourettes,
Doubles hoques et plaisans lais,
Motés, rondiaus, et virelais
(Qu’on claimme chansons baladées),
Complaintes, balades entées,
A l’onner et a la loange
De toutes dames, sans losange,
Et ne doy mie desvaloir
Leur plaisant gracieus voloir,
Einsois y doy mon sentement
Mettre et tout mon entendement,
Cuer, corps, pooir, et quanque j’ay.
...
Et s’on fait de triste matiere,
Si est joieuse la maniere
Dou fait, car ja bien ne fera
Ne gaiement ne chantera
Li cuers qui est pleins de tristesce
Pour ce qu’il het et fuit léesse.
Mais quant li cuers est plein de joie,
Il se delite et se resjoie
En faisant son chant et son dit
En douce Plaisence …

Et Musique est une science
Qui vuët qu’on rie et chante et dance.

Since Nature offers me
Rhetoric, Meaning, and Music,
and the God of Love, who is
my lord and the physician of amorous maladies,
wishes me to have Good Hope,
Sweet Thought, and Sweet Pleasure
while I am acting in his very sweet service,
honorably and without thought of vice,
and to work at their command
as they help and advise me
in making poems and songs
filled with honor and dalliances—
double hoquets and pleasant lays,
mentes, rondeaus, and virelais
(which are called danced songs),
complaints, ballades with borrowed refrains—
in the honor and in praise
of all ladies, without any lies,
and since I should in no way disdain
their pleasant, gracious will,
therefore I should put into it
my feelings and all my understanding,
heart, body, powers, and whatever I have.
...
And if sad things are the theme,
then the style of their treatment
is joyful, for the heart
that is filled with sadness will never
do well or sing joyfully
since it hates and flees from happiness.
But when the heart is full of joy,
it delights and rejoices
in composing its song and its poem
in sweet Pleasure …

And Music is a way of knowing
which wishes us to laugh and sing and dance.
Le lay de plour

I
Qui bien aimme a tart oublie,
Et cuers qui oublie a tart
Ressamble le feu qui art
Qui de legier n’esteint mie.
Aussi qui ha maladie
Qui plaist envis se depart.
En ce point, se Dieus me gart,
Me tient Amours et maistrie.

Quar plaisence si me lie
Que jamais l’amoureuse dart
N’iert hors trait a tiers n’a quart,
De mon cuer, quoy que nuls die,
Car tant m’a fait compaignie
Que c’est niant dou depart,
Ne que jamais, par nul art,
Soit sa pointure garie.

II
Qu’envis puet on desraciner
Un grant arbre sans demourer
De la racine,
Qu’on voit puis flourir et porter
Et ses branches croistre et geter
En brief termine.

Certes einsi est il d’amér,
Car quant uns cuers se vuet enter
En amour fine,
Envis puet s’amour oublier;
Einsois adés par remembrer
A li s’encline.

The Lay of Weeping

I
She who loves well is slow to forget,
and a heart that forgets slowly
is like the burning fire
that cannot easily be put out.
Likewise, she who suffers an illness
that pleases, recovers unwillingly.
In such a state, so help me God,
Love keeps and commands me.

For Pleasure has me so snared
that never will Love’s arrow
be drawn out, not even a little,
from my heart, whatever anyone might say,
for it has kept me company for so long
that there’s no question of its leaving,
nor ever, by any art,
will its wound be healed.

II
For one can hardly uproot
a large tree without leaving behind
some of its roots,
and then one sees it flowering and fruiting,
its branches growing and spreading,
after a short time.

Surely it’s the same with love,
for when a heart roots itself
in noble love,
it can hardly forget its loved one,
but rather through memory always
inclines toward him.
III
Car l’iaue qui chiet desseure
La racine qui demeure
Fait rennverdir et florir
Et porter fruit.
Tout ainsi mes cuers, qui pleure
Parfondement a toute heure,
Acroistre mon souvenir
Fait jour et nuit.
Et c’est ce qui me deouve,
C’est ce qui mon vis espleure,
C’est ce pour quoi je soupir :
A ce me duct
Vraie Amour, qui me court seure,
Et Bonté, qui l’assaveure.
Qu’en moy ne puissent venir,
Ce me destruit.

IV
Raisons et Droiture,
Plaisence et Nature
Font par leur poir
Toute creature
De volenté pure
Tendre a mieux valoir,
Et je m’asseure
Que tant com je dure
Ne porray veoir
Amour si seure,
Bonté si meure,
N’a tant de savoir.

V
Aussi voit on clerement
Que li cuer qui loyament
Et sans folour
Aimment de treffine amour,
Cuident souvent
Qu’en milleur et en plus gent
Aent sejour,
Car plaisence et sa rigour
Ce leur aprent.
Or say je certennement
Que mienne estoit ligement
La droite flour
De ceaus qui ont plus d’onnour,
Quar toute gent
Disoient communement,
Et li millour,
Qu’il avoit toute valour
Entierement

III
For the water that sinks down
to the root that remains
makes it green again, flourishing
and bearing fruit:
Just so, my heart, weeping
copiously at all hours,
makes my memory grow
both day and night.
And this is what devours me,
this is what bathes my face in tears;
this is the reason I sigh:
 to this I am driven
by True Love, which attacks me,
and Goodness, which finds it savory.
Since they cannot enter me,
this destroys me.

IV
Reason and Justice,
Pleasure and Nature,
by their power make
every creature
of pure will
incline toward greater worthiness,
and I am sure
that as long as I endure
I’ll never see
love so sure,
goodness so mature,
nor such wisdom.

V
Thus one sees clearly
that hearts which, loyally
and without disorder,
love with most noble love,
often believe
that they make their home
in the best and most noble person,
for Pleasure and its rigor
teaches them this.
Now I know for certain
that my lover was, without doubt,
the very flower
of those who are most honored,
for all people
without exception,
and indeed the best people, say
that he was completely
and entirely worthy.
Et quant si bon ne millour ne plus cointe
N’est, ne si bel, ne d’onneur si acointe,
A droit jugier,
Mervillier
Ne se doit
Nulz, se ne vueil par l’amoureuse pointe
Nouvellement d’autre amour estre pointe.
Pour ce changier
Ne me quier,
Et j’ay droit.

Qu’en mon cuer est si trefferme et si jointe
L’amour de li qu’estre n’en puet desjointe.
Car cuer entier
Qui trichier
Ne saroit
Par souvenir vuët que dou tout m’apointe
Si qu’autre amour n’entrepreingne, n’acointe,
Qu’autre acointier
Empirier
Me feroit.

Dont le bon recort
Que de li recort
Fait qu’a ce m’acort
Que ja ne soie en acort
D’avoir autre amy,
Mais en desconfort
Sans nul reconfort
De tout mon effort
Vueil pleindre et plourer sa mort,
En disant einsi:
Amis, mi confort,
Mi joieux deport,
Ma pais, mi ressort,
Et tuit mi amoureus sort
Estoient en ty.
Or ay un remort
De toy qui me mort
Et point si tresfort
Que o toy sont tuit mi bien mort
Et ensevely.

And since there’s none better or more genteel,
more handsome, nor so familiar with honor,
to judge truly,
none
should wonder
if I don’t wish to be wounded again
by the amorous dart of another love.
I do not wish
to change,
and I’m right.

For my love for him is so deeply implanted
in my heart that it cannot be removed;
for my entire heart,
which knows
no treachery,
through memory sees to it that I undertake
never to begin a new love, or meet with one,
for to take up with another
would do
me harm.

Thus the beautiful memory
that recalls him to me
makes me determined
that I shall never agree
to have another lover,
but in distress,
with no relief,
with all my strength
I will lament and weep over his death,
saying this:
Lover, my comfort,
my joyful pleasure,
my peace, my refuge,
and all my loving destiny
were in you.
Now the memory
of you gnaws at me
and wounds me terribly,
for with you all my good is dead
and buried.
VIII
Dous amis, tant fort me dueil,
Tant te plaint,
Tant te complaint
Le cuer de moy,
Tant ay grief que, par ma foy,
Tout mal recueil,
Dont mi oueil
Que souvent mueil,
Et cuer estreint,
Viaire pali et taint,
Garni d‘effroy
Et d’anoy
Sans esbanoy
Moustrent mon dueil.

Dous amis, seur ton sarcueil
Sont mi plaint
Et mi complaint,
La m’esbanoy,
Par pensee la te voy
Plus que ne sueil,
La me vueil,
La sont mi vueil,
La mes cuers maint.
La mort pri que la me maint,
Car la m’ottroy,
La, ce croy,
De la mort doy
Passer le sueil.

IX
La souspire,
La s’aire
Mes cuers qui tant a martyre
Et de mortel peinne
Et tant de ire,
Qu’a voir dire
Son mal ne porroit descrire
Creature humeinne.

La se empire
Tire a tire;
La ne fait que fondre et frire;
La son dueil demeinne;
La sans rire
Se martire;
La se mourdrist, la desire
Qu’il ait mort procheinne.

VIII
Sweet love, I grieve so bitterly,
my heart
mourns you so much,
laments you so much,
my grief is so great that, by my faith,
I reap every ill;
thus my eyes
which are often wet,
and my anguished heart,
my face, pale and tear-stained,
wracked by troubles
and pain
without comfort,
reveal my sorrow.

Sweet love, on your bier
lie my laments
and my complaints,
there I find pleasure,
there I see you in my thoughts
more than elsewhere,
there is where I wish to be,
there lie my desires,
there my heart remains.
I beg Death to lead me there,
for there I offer myself,
there I believe
I should pass
the threshold of death.

IX
There my heart sighs,
there it grows angry,
my heart which suffers such martyrdom
and mortal pain
and such rage
that, to tell the truth,
its woe could not be decribed
by any human creature.

There it grows worse
moment by moment,
there it can only tremble and burst;
there it reveals its grief;
there, without laughing,
it suffers;
there it kills itself, there it desires
to meet death as soon as possible.
X
Dous amis, tant ay grevence,
   Tant ay grief souffrance,
Tant ay duel, tant ay pesence
Quant jamais ne te verray,
Que doleur me point et lance
   De si mortel lance
Au cuer qu’en desesperence
Pour toy mes jours fineray.
En toy estoit m’esperance
   Toute et ma fiance,
Ma joie, ma soustenance :
Lassette! or perdu les ay.
Bien pert a ma contenence
   Et a ma loquence,
Car maniere ne puissance
N’ay, tant me dueil et esmay.

XI
A cuer pensis
Regret et devis
   Ton haut pris
Que tant pris
Einsi le couvient,
   Et vis a vis
Te voy, ce m’est vis,
   Dous amis,
Et toudis
De toy me souvient.
   Mes esperis
Et mes paradis
   Estient mis
Et assis
En toy ; s’apartient
   Que soit fenis
Mes cuers et peris,
   Qu’est chetis
Et remis
Quant vie le tient.

X
Sweet love, my grief is so great,
   my suffering so terrible,
I feel such pain and such affliction
since I will never see you,
for sorrow stabs and lances me
   with such a deadly lance
in my heart, that in despair
for you I shall end my days.
In you was all my hope
   and all my trust,
my joy, my sustenance:
Unhappy one! now I’ve lost them.
It’s readily apparent in my bearing
   and in my speech,
for neither self-possession nor strength
do I have, so much do I sorrow and grieve.

XI
With heavy heart
I mourn and recall
   your great worth
which I prized so much
as befitted it,
   and face to face
I see you, it seems to me,
   sweet love,
and always
I remember you.
   My soul
and my paradise
   were placed
and set
in you, and so it is
   that my heart
is finished and done for,
   for it is wretched
and brought low
as long as life clings to it.
XII
Amis, je fusse moulte lie
S’eusses cuer plus couart :
Mieux vausist a mon esgart
Que volenté si hardie.
Mais honneur, chevalerie,
Et tes renons qui s’espart
Par le monde en mainte part
Ont fait de nous departié.

Ta mort tant me contralie
Et tant de maus me repart,
Amis, que li cuers me part,
Mais einsois que je devie,
Humblement mes cuers supplie
Au vray Dieu qu’il nous regart
De si amoureux regart
Qu’en livre soiens de vie.

XII
Lover, I would have been quite happy
if you had had a heart more cowardly:
that would have been worth more to me
than a will so bold.
But honor, chivalry,
and your renown, which spread
throughout the world in many places,
have parted us.

Your death so troubles me
and brings such ills upon me,
my love, that my heart leaves me,
but before I die,
my heart humbly begs
the true God to look upon us
with such a loving glance
that in a book we shall find life.

Hope explains the true arms of Love to the lover
Remede de Fortune, Machaut MS C, f. 38
Ce qui soutient moy, m’onneur et ma vie,
Aveuc Amours c’estés vous, douce dame.
Long, pres, toudis serés, quoy que nuls die,
Ce qui soutient moy, m’onneur et ma vie.
Et quant je vif par vous, douce anemie,
Qu’ains mieux que moy, bien dire doy, par m’ame:
Ce qui soutient moy, m’onneur et ma vie
Aveuc Amours, c’estés vous, douce dame.

Riches d’amour et mendians d’amie,
Povres d’espoir et garnis de desir,
Pleins de dolour et diseteus d’aye,
Long de merci, familleus de merir,
Nus de tout ce qui me puet resjoir
Sui pour amer et de mort en paour,
Quant ma dame me het et je l’aour.
N’il n’est confors de ma grief maladie
Qui me peust de nulle part venir,
Car une amour s’est en mon cuer norrie
Dont je ne puis joir ne repentir,
Ne vivre lié, 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
Vueil humblement et liément souffrir,
Car grant honnour m’est par li ottoire
Contre son gré, quant je l’aim et desir,
Et s’Amour vuet que je doie fenir
Pour li amer, ce sera mon millour,
Quant ma dame me het et je l’aour.

That which sustains me, my honor, and my life,
along with Love, is you, sweet lady.
Far or near, whatever anyone says, you will always be
That which sustains me, my honor, and my life.
And since I live for you, sweet enemy,
whom I love better than myself, I may well say, upon my soul:
That which sustains me, my honor, and my life,
along with Love, is you, sweet lady.

Rich in love and begging for a lover,
poor in hope and well-furnished with desire,
filled with pain and lacking help,
far from mercy, starving for favor,
stripped of all that might cheer me
am I for love, and in fear of death,
since my lady hates me and I adore her.

Nor is there any comfort for my grave malady
that might come to me from anywhere,
for a love has been nurtured in my heart
which I can neither rejoice in nor repent of,
nor live happy, neither die nor heal,
nor have any good save languishing in pain,
since my lady hates me and I adore her.

But the wishes of such a sweet enemy
I will humbly and happily suffer,
for great honor has been granted me by her
against her will, since I love and desire her,
and if Love wills that I must die
for love of her, that will be best for me,
since my lady hates me and I adore her.
Mors sui, se je ne vous voy,
Dame d’onnour,
Car l’ardour
Qui ma dolour
Acroist en moy
M’ocira, si com je croy,
Pour vostre amour.
Si ne say que faire doy,
Car riens de nulle part n’oy
Qui ma tristour
Esteigne, ne mon anoy,
Et bien say qu’onques mais n’oy
Tel ne grignourn.
Car tant sueffre et tant recoy
Peinne et paour
Qu’adés plour
Dont tels m’atour
Seuls en requoy
Que je ne mengue ne ne boy
Riens pour savour.
Mors sui, se je ne vous voy …
Helas, si ne say pour quoy
Pité dort et Bonne Foy,
Car de mon plour
Desirs estanche sa soy
Et Souvenirs avec soy,
Qui sans sejour
Me moustrent vo bel arroy,
Vostre valour,
Vo doucour,
Vo cointe atour,
Vo maintieng coy,
Et font qu’a vous tous m’ottroy
Sans deshonnour.
Mors sui, se je ne vous voy …
Dame, pour ce me desvoy,
Car quant en vous tous m’employ
Et je n’ay tour
Pour vous voir, je y congoyn
Ma mort, s’en sui en tel ploy
Que sans retour
I am dead unless I see you,
honored lady,
for the ardor
which my pain
increases in me
will kill me, I am sure,
for love of you.
And so I don’t know what to do,
for I hear nothing anywhere
to assuage
my grief and my woe,
and I know well that henceforth I shall have
nothing but discontent.
For I suffer so, and feel such
pain and fear
that I am always weeping,
and so much do I keep myself
alone in prayer
that I neither eat nor drink
anything out of relish.
I am dead unless I see you …
Alas, I do not know why
Pity and Good Faith sleep,
for with my tears
Desire has slaked his thirst
and Memory with him,
who without rest
show me your fair array,
your valor,
your sweetness,
your elegant attire,
your calm bearing,
and force me to grant everything to you
without dishonor.
I am dead unless I see you …
Lady, for this reason I lose my way,
for when I devote myself entirely to you
and I have no chance
to see you, there I recognize
my death: thus I am in such a state
that without recourse
Mors sui, car moult bien percoy
Que ma coulour,
Ma vigour
Et ma baudour
Pers, et cil troy
Font qu’a vous mon cuer envoy :
Plus n’ay de jour.
Mors sui, se je ne vous voy …

I am dead, for I very well perceive
that I am losing my color,
my vigor,
and my happiness,
and these three
make me send my heart to you:
no days remain to me.

Honte, paour, doubtance de meffaire,
Attemprance mettre en sa volenté,
Large en refus et lente d’ottrøy faire,
Raison, mesure, honneur et honnesté
Doit en son cuer figurer,
Et mesdisans seur toutes riens doubter
Et en tous fais estre amoureus couarde,
Qui de s’onneur vuët faire bonne garde.

Shame, fear, wariness of misdeed,
temperance placed upon her will,
generous in refusing and slow to grant favors,
reason, measure, honor and honesty
should be engraved in her heart—
fearing slanderers above all
and in every deed reticent in love—
if she would guard her honor well.

Cinc, un, treze, wit, nuef d’amour fine
M’ont espris sans definiment,
Qu’Espoirs vuët que d’amer ne fine
Cinc, un, treze, wit, nuef d’amour fine,
Si que plus que fins ors s’affine
Mes cuers pour amer finement.
Cinc, un, treze, wit, nuef d’amour fine
M’ont espris sans definiment.

Five, one, thirteen, eight, nine have ignited me
with noble love without end,
for Hope wishes me never to stop loving
five, one, thirteen, eight, nine with noble love,
so that finer than fine gold
my heart is refined by loving finely.

5, 1, 13, 8, 9 = e, a, n, h, j; Jehan
Sans cuer, dolens, de vous departiray
Et sans avoir joie jusqu’au retour.
Puis que mon corps dou vostre a partir ay,
Sans cuer, dolens, de vous departiray.
Mais je ne say de quelle part iray,
Pour ce que pleins de doleur et de plour,
Sans cuer, dolens, de vous departiray
Et sans avoir joie jusqu’au retour.

Without a heart, grieving, I will part from you,
not to feel any joy until I return.
Since my body must part from yours,
without a heart, grieving, I will part from you.
But I know not where I shall go,
because, full of sorrow and tears,
without a heart, grieving, I will part from you,
not to feel any joy until I return.

Biauté parfaite et bonté souverainne,
Grace sans per et doucour esmerée
Me font languir en contrée lointeinne
En desirant ma dame désirée.
Si ne puis pas avoir longue durée
Et ma dolour longuement endurier,
Puis que Desirs ne me laisse durer.
Car j’ay desir qui se travaille et peinne
De moy deffaire, et ma dame honnourée
Ne scet mie que j’aie si grief peinne
Pour li que j’aim plus que nulle riens née,
Que riens ne puet mon cuer reconforter,
Puis que Desirs ne me laisse durer.
Mais se celle qui de long m’est procheinne
Par souvenir et par douce pensée
Sceust pour voir qu’en loyauté certeinne
La sert mes cuers en estrange contrée,
Ma joie en fust toute renouvelée.
Mais je voy bien qu’il me convient finer
Puis que Desirs ne me laisse durer.

Perfect beauty and sovereign goodness,
grace without peer and pure sweetness
make me languish in a distant country,
desiring my desired lady,
so that I cannot endure long
nor long endure my pain,
for Desire will not allow me to survive.
For I feel desire which labors and struggles
to undo me, and my honored lady
knows nothing of the terrible pain I suffer
for her whom I love more than any woman ever born,
so that my joy is brought to an end
since nothing can comfort my heart,
for Desire will not allow me to survive.
But if she who, though far away, is near to me
in memory and sweet thought
truly knew that my heart, loyal and sure,
serves her in a strange land,
my joy would be completely renewed.
But I see well that it is best for me to die,
for Desire will not allow me to survive.

Texts by Guillaume de Machaut
Translations by Scott Metcalfe
BLUE HERON has been acclaimed by *The Boston Globe* as “one of the Boston music community’s indispensables” and hailed by Alex Ross in *The New Yorker* for its “expressive intensity.” The ensemble ranges over a wide repertoire from plainchant to new music, with particular specialities in 15th-century Franco-Flemish polyphony and early 16th-century English sacred music, and is committed to vivid live performance informed by the study of original source materials and historical performance practices.

Founded in 1999, Blue Heron presents a concert series in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and has appeared at the Boston Early Music Festival; in New York City at Music Before 1800, The Cloisters (Metropolitan Museum of Art), and the 92nd Street Y; at the Library of Congress, the National Gallery of Art, and Dumbarton Oaks in Washington, D.C.; at the Berkeley Early Music Festival; at Yale University; in Chicago, Cleveland, Kansas City, Milwaukee, Montreal, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Providence, St. Louis, San Luis Obispo, Seattle, and Vancouver; and in Cambridge and London, England. Blue Heron has been in residence at the Center for Early Music Studies at Boston University and at Boston College, and has enjoyed collaborations with A Far Cry, Dark Horse Consort, Les Délices, Parthenia, Piffaro, and Ensemble Plus Ultra.

Blue Heron’s first CD, featuring music by Guillaume Du Fay, was released in 2007. Between 2010 and 2017 the ensemble issued a 5-CD series of *Music from the Peterhouse Partbooks*, including many world premiere recordings of works copied c. 1540 for Canterbury Cathedral and restored by Nick Sandon. The fifth CD was awarded the 2018 Gramophone Classical Music Award for Early Music and the five discs are now available as a set entitled *The Lost Music of Canterbury*. In 2015 Professor Jessie Ann Owens and Blue Heron won the Noah Greenberg Award from the American Musicological Society to support the world premiere recording of Cipriano de Rore’s *I madrigali a cinque voci*, released in 2019. In 2015 Blue Heron also inaugurated *Ockeghem@600*, a multi-season project to perform the complete works of Johannes Ockeghem (c. 1420-1497), which will wind up around 2022 in time to commemorate the composer’s circa-600th birthday. A parallel project to record all of Ockeghem’s songs and motets bore its first fruits in 2019 with the release of *Johannes Ockeghem: Complete Songs, Volume I*, which was named to the Bestenliste of the Preis der deutschen Schallplattenkritik. Blue Heron’s recordings also include a CD of plainchant and polyphony that accompanies Thomas Forrest Kelly’s book *Capturing Music: The Story of Notation*, the live recording *Christmas in Medieval England*, and a compilation of medieval songs entitled *A 14th-Century Salmagundi*. 
Praised for her “rich, smooth mezzo soprano” (*St. Louis Post*), Kim Leeds has been a soloist with the American Bach Soloists Academy, Bach Academy Charlotte, Ad Astra Musical Festival, Bach Society of St. Louis, and the Tafelmusik Baroque Chamber Orchestra and Choir. She was a Virginia Best Adams Fellow at Carmel Bach Festival. As a choral artist, Ms. Leeds has performed abroad with the Weimar Bach Academy and Junge Stuttgart Bach Ensemble, and in the US with the Oregon Bach Festival, the Handel & Haydn Society, the Grammy-nominated True Concord (Tucson), and the Grammy-winning ensemble The Crossing (Philadelphia). In the Boston area, Ms. Leeds has appeared as a soloist with the Commonwealth Chorale, the Cantata Singers, and Music at Marsh Chapel, and she can be heard on the 2017 Boston Modern Orchestra Project’s recording of Jeremy Gill’s *Before the Wrestling Tides*.

Described by *The New York Times* as a “lovely, tender high tenor” in one concert and “appropriately brash” in another, three-time Grammy nominee and Gramophone Award-winning tenor Owen McIntosh is widely known for the color and creativity he brings to the stage. Recent solo engagements include *Carmina Burana* with the Carmel Bach Festival, Monteverdi’s *L’Orfeo* with Apollo’s Fire, Bach’s St. John Passion with TENET, Mozart’s *Die Zauberflöte* with Boston Baroque, Haydn’s *L’isola disabitata* with the American Classical Orchestra, Monteverdi’s Vespros of 1610 with the Green Mountain Project, Bach’s St. Matthew Passion with the Grand Rapids Symphony and Monteverdi’s *Il ritorno d’Ulisse in patria* with Boston Baroque.

Reviewers have praised Jason McStoots as having an “alluring tenor voice” (ArtsFuse) and as “the consummate artist, wielding not just a sweet tone but also incredible technique and impeccable pronunciation” (Cleveland Plain Dealer). In 2015 he won a Grammy award in Opera with the Boston Early Music Festival (BEMF) for their recording of works by Charpentier. His recent stage appearances in period-style baroque opera with BEMF include *Le Jeu* in *Les plaisirs de Versailles* by Charpentier, Apollo in Monteverdi’s *Orfeo*, and Eumete and Giove in Monteverdi’s *Il ritorno d’Ulisse in patria*. Other recent solo performances include Pedrillo in Mozart’s *Abduction from the Seraglio*, Bach’s Christmas Oratorio and St. Mark Passion with Emmanuel Music, and Monteverdi’s Vespros of 1610 with the Green Mountain Project. He has appeared with Boston Lyric Opera, Pacific MusicWorks, Boston Camerata, TENET, San Juan Symphony, The Bach Ensemble, Pablo Casals Festival, Early Music Guild of Seattle, Tragicomedia, and the Tanglewood Music Center. He is a core member of Blue Heron and can be heard on all their recordings. With BEMF, he appears on recordings of Lully’s *Psyché* (nominated for a Grammy), Handel’s *Acis and Galatea* (as Damon), John Blow’s *Venus and Adonis* (soloist), and Charpentier’s *Actéon* (as Orphée).

Scott Metcalfe is widely recognized as one of North America’s leading specialists in music from the fifteenth through seventeenth centuries and beyond. Musical and artistic director of Blue Heron since its founding in 1999, he was music director of New York City’s Green Mountain Project from 2010-19, and he has been guest director of TENET (New York), the Handel & Haydn Society (Boston), Emmanuel Music (Boston), the Toronto Consort, The Tudor Choir and Seattle Baroque, Pacific Baroque Orchestra (Vancouver, BC), Quire Cleveland, and the Dryden Ensemble (Princeton, NJ), in music ranging from Machaut to Bach and Handel. Metcalfe also enjoys a career as a baroque violinist, playing with Les Délices (dir. Debora Nagy), L’Harmonie des Saisons (dir. Eric Milnes), and other ensembles. His scholarly activities include research on the performance practice of English vocal music in the 16th and 17th centuries, including two studies that may finally be published next year in a long-forthcoming book, and he has edited music by Francisco de Peñalosa for Antico Edition (UK) and songs from the recently rediscovered Leuven chansonnier for the Alamire Foundation (Belgium); a long-term project is a new edition of the songs of Gilles Binchois (c. 1400-1460). He has taught at Boston University and Harvard University and served as director of the baroque orchestra at Oberlin Conservatory, and in 2019-20 he was a visiting member of the faculty of Music History at the New England Conservatory, where he continues to teach classes. He received a bachelor’s degree from Brown University (1985), where he majored in biology, and a master’s degree in historical performance practice from Harvard (2005).

Praised for her “warm, colorful mezzo” by *Opera News*, Sophie Michaux has become one of Boston’s most versatile and compelling vocalists. Born in London and raised in the French Alps, Sophie’s unique background informs her artistic identity, making her feel at home in an eclectic span of repertoire ranging from grand opera to French cabaret songs. Sophie’s recent engagements include solo recitals of Barbara Strozzi’s music at the Fondazione Cini in Venice, in Annecy (France), and in Boston. A consummate singing actor, Sophie recently appeared as Ceres in the Boston Early Music Festival’s production of Michel de
Lalande’s *Les Fontaines de Versailles*. With Lorelei Ensemble, Boston’s groundbreaking professional women’s vocal ensemble, she has been a featured soloist in numerous works from Renaissance polyphony to Björk. Sophie belongs to Beyond Artists, a coalition of artists who donate a percentage of their concert fees to organizations they care about. Through this performance, she supports The Ocean Clean Up.

Margot Rood, hailed for her “colorful and vital” singing by *The Washington Post*, performs a wide range of repertoire and is in demand as a soloist with conductors including Scott Metcalfe, Patrick Dupré Quigley, Beth Willer, Stephen Stubbs, Harry Christophers, and Franz Welser Möst. Particularly recognized for her commitment to early music, Margot is frequently booked for Bach performances with the likes of Edinburgh’s Dunedin Consort, South Florida’s Enlightenment Festival, the Handel & Haydn Society, Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra, and Washington Bach Consort. Handel’s *Messiah* is a signature piece which she has performed with Toronto’s Tafelmusik Baroque Orchestra, TENET Vocal Artists, Seraphic Fire, Bach Collegium San Diego, the Rhode Island Philharmonic, and the New Jersey Symphony. Other appearances include Charlotte Symphony Orchestra and concerts, tours, and recordings with Blue Heron. Margot is a recent recipient of the St. Botolph Club Foundation’s Emerging Artist Award for her work in new music, and she made her Carnegie Hall debut in the world premiere of Shawn Jaeger’s *Letters Made with Gold*. Recent solo appearances also include the Cleveland Orchestra (Stravinsky’s *Threni*), the Boston Symphony (Benjamin’s *Dream of the Song*), the New World Symphony (Reich’s *The Desert Music*), and A Far Cry (Golijov’s *Three Songs*). Notable recording releases include Blue Heron’s *Ockeghem Songs, Vol. 1* (solo roles in Lalande’s *Les Fontaines de Versailles* and Charpentier’s *Les Arts Florissants* with the Boston Early Music Festival (CPO), the role of Emily Webb on Monadnock Music’s recording of Ned Rorem’s *Our Town* (New World Records), and a solo recording with composer Heather Gilligan, *Living in Light*. She has recorded repertoire from the medieval era to the 21st century on the Coro, Albany Records, Blue Heron, BMOP Sound, Toccata Classics, and Sono Luminus labels, and can be heard on Blue Heron’s *Music from the Peterhouse Partbooks Vol. 5*, which won the Gramophone Classical Music Award for Early Music in 2018.

Tenor Aaron Sheehan, recognized internationally as a leading interpreter of baroque repertoire, is equally at home on the concert platform and the opera stage. He made his professional operatic debut with the Boston Early Music Festival in the world premiere staging of Mattheson’s *Boris Gudenow*, winning praise from *Opera News* for his “sinous and supple” voice, and went on to further roles with BEMF in Lully’s *Psyché*, Charpentier’s *Actéon*, Monteverdi’s *Orfeo*, *II ritorno d’Ulisse in patria*, and *L’incoronazione di Poppea*, and Handel’s *Acis and Galatea*. He sang the title role in BEMF’s recording of Charpentier’s *La Descente d’Orphée aux Enfers*, which won Best Opera Recording at the 2015 Grammy Awards. Aaron has appeared worldwide at venues including the Tanglewood Festival, Lincoln Center, Concertgebouw, Théâtre des Champs-Élysées, Gran Teatro Nacional del Perú, Beethoven Festival Warsaw, Boston Symphony Hall, Musikfestspiele Postdam Sanssouci, Royal Opera at Versailles, Washington National Cathedral, and the early music festivals of Boston, San Francisco, Vancouver, Houston, Tuscun, Washington, DC, and Regensburg, Germany. He has performed with Seattle Symphony, American Bach Soloists, Handel & Haydn Society, Boston Early Music Festival, Boston Baroque, Tafelmusik, Orquesta Sinfónica Nacional del Perú, Philharmonia Baroque, North Carolina Symphony, New York Collegium, Orpheus Chamber Orchestra, Charlotte Symphony, Musica Angelica, Charleston Bach Festival, Baltimore Handel Choir, Les Voix Baroque, Pacific Chorale, Tempesta di Mare, Aston Magna Festival, Bach Collegium San Diego, Pacific Music Works, Boston Museum Trio, Tragicomedia, and Concerto Palatino. He has sung with Blue Heron for twenty years and appears on many of the ensemble’s CDs, from its first (music of Guillaume Du Fay) to its recent recording of songs by Johannes Ockeghem and the digital release *A 14th-Century Salmagundi*.
Praised for his “elegant style” (The Boston Globe), Sumner Thompson is highly sought after as both baritone and tenor. His appearances on the operatic stage have included roles in the Boston Early Music Festival’s productions of Conradi’s Ariadne (2003) and Lully’s Psyché (2007) and several European tours with Contemporary Opera Denmark as Orfeo in Monteverdi’s L’Orfeo. He has performed across North America as a soloist with the Handel & Haydn Society, Concerto Palatino, Tafelmusik, Apollo’s Fire, Les Boréades (Montreal), Les Voix Baroques, Pacific Baroque Orchestra, the King’s Noyse, Mercury Baroque, and the symphony orchestras of Charlotte, Memphis, and Phoenix. Recent highlights include Monteverdi’s Vespers of 1610 and a new Vespers of 1640 with the Green Mountain Project, Buxtehude’s Membra Jesu Nostri with Les Voix Baroques and Houston’s Mercury Baroque, Mozart’s Requiem at St. Thomas Church in New York City, a tour of Japan with Joshua Rifkin and the Cambridge Concentus, a return to the Carmel Bach Festival, and Britten’s War Requiem with the New England Philharmonic and several guest choruses.

Charles Weaver is on the faculty of the Juilliard School, where he teaches historical plucked instruments and Baroque music theory. He was music director for Cavalli’s La Calisto with New York’s Dell’Arte Opera in summer 2017, when The Observer remarked on “the superb baroque band led by Charles Weaver … it was amazing to hear what warm and varied sounds he coaxed from the ensemble.” He has served as assistant conductor for Juilliard Opera and has accompanied operas with the Yale Baroque Opera Project and the Boston Early Music Festival. As an orchestral musician, he has performed with the New York Philharmonic, the Philadelphia Orchestra, and the Virginia Symphony. His chamber appearances have included Quicksilver, Piffaro, Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, the Folger Consort, Apollo’s Fire, Blue Heron, Musica Pacifica, and others. He also works with the New York Continuo Collective, an ensemble that mounts workshop productions of seventeenth-century vocal music. He has taught at the Lute Society of America Summer Workshop, the International Baroque Institute at Longy, and the Madison Early Music Festival, and is the schola director at St. Mary’s Church in Norwalk, Connecticut. He is currently pursuing a doctoral degree in music theory at the City University of New York.
Acknowledgments

Blue Heron’s existence is made possible only through the devotion, hard work, and financial support of a large community of musicians, staff, board members, volunteers, donors, and concert-goers. Never has this been more true than in this extraordinary season of 2021–22. Many thanks to all those who join us in creating, nurturing, and sustaining an organization dedicated to making the music of the past come alive in the 21st century.

We are extraordinarily fortunate to work with a slate of talented, skilled, and devoted designers, engineers, videographers, and photographers. Our programs, printed publicity materials, and CDs were designed by Melanie Germond for years, until she retired from the business last year; we are now very happy to have a new relationship with John Kramer. FlashPrint in Harvard Square prints our programs — and we look forward eagerly to the day they are printed once again. Erik Bertrand built our website and keeps it functioning properly. Liz Linder is our photographer. Our concerts are recorded by Philip Davis (Cape Ann Recordings) or Joel Gordon. Joel is also the engineer for our CDs, working with our producer Eric Milnes. Kathy Wittman (Ball Square Films) is our videographer. In 2020–21 Joel and Kathy have stepped up to produce all of our events for remote broadcast. Our debt to these wonderful people who have shaped our look and sound is impossible to overstate.

Many thanks to our board and to all our dedicated volunteers for their help in person, this evening, and always.

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<td>Eiji Miki &amp; Jane Hever</td>
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<td>Marilyn M. Sanguinet, in honor of Kathleen Brittan</td>
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<td>Helen Donovan &amp; Holly Nixholm</td>
<td>Jean &amp; Alex Humez</td>
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<td>James Sargent</td>
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<td>John F. Dooley</td>
<td>Mary Eliot Jackson</td>
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<td>Robert B. Strasser</td>
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<td>Alan Durfee</td>
<td>Barry Kernfeld &amp; Sally McMurry</td>
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<td>Anne Umphrey</td>
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<td>Aaron Ellison &amp; Flossie Chua</td>
<td>Richard O’Connor &amp; Julianne Lindsay</td>
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<td>Marie-Pierre &amp; Michael Ellmann</td>
<td>Mastwood Charitable Foundation</td>
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<td>Andrew Gangolf</td>
<td>Anne H. Matthews &amp; Edward F. Fay, Jr.</td>
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<tr>
<th>Sponsor ($300 – $599)</th>
<th>Anonymous (4)</th>
<th>Steven Atlas, in honor of Carole Friedman</th>
<th>Keith Ohmart &amp; Helen Chen</th>
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<tr>
<td>Gail &amp; Darryl Abbey</td>
<td>Jill Brand &amp; Thomas Nehrkorn</td>
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<td>Martha S. Dassarma</td>
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<td>Joseph Aieta, III</td>
<td>Marie Brown</td>
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<td>Elizabeth Davidson</td>
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</tbody>
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Mark Davis, in memory of Yolanda Davis
Lynda Ceremusak & F. George Davitt
Pamela Dellar
Nicole Faulkner
Carole Friedman
Bernard Fuller
Anne & Walter Gamble
Mary J. Hepburn
Richard F. Hoyt, Jr.
Thomas Hyde
Katy Isaacs
Penelope Lane
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Theodore Macdonald
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James Martin
William McLaughlin
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Debra & Ian Wallace, in honor of
Paul Guttry
Michael Wise & Susan Pettee
Kathy Wittman
Elizabeth Wylde
John Yanni
Laura Zoll
Monica Gerber
Dorothy Gillerman
Andrea Golden
Nancy L. Graham
Joan Stephens Hadly, in honor of
David McFerrin
Terrie Harman & Tom McCarron
William L. Harwood, in honor of
Bill Metcalfe
Chad Heilig
P. R. Hewitt
Evan Ingersoll
Jean E. Jackson, in memory of Louis Kampf
Stone & Paul Jasie
Linda Jeffries
David Kiaunis
Elise Landau
William Leitch
Jackie Lenth
Fla Lewis
Peter J. Martin & Elizabeth F. Ryder
Jameson & Polly Marvin
June Matthews
Erin Doherty & David McFerrin
Lisa Meyer, in memory of Jane P. Ambrose
Susan Miron
Jan Mokros
Kyra Montagu
Debra Nagy, in honor of Scott Metcalfe
Cindy & Peter Nebolsine
Jeffrey Nicolich
Glenn Orlíc
Monika Otter
Beth Parkhurst, in memory of
Cheryl M. Parkhurst
Joyce & John Penniston
Mike Prokosch
Virginia Raguin, in honor of Christopher
John Chieffo
Prof. G.R. Rastall, in honor of
Prof. Nick Sandon
Tom Regan
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Richard Silverman
Simmons/Duffin Charitable Fund,
in honor of Guillaume Du Fay
Clea Simon & Jon Garelick
Catherine Sluder
Sue Speno
Richard Tarrant
Dr. E. K. Thomas
Katherine Ware
Charles Weitz & Isabel Chiu
Heather Wiley & Peter Renz
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Martin & Phyllis Wilner
Amy Woodward & Len Weiser-Varon
Ann Woodward
Nicholas H. Wright

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Debra K.S. Anderson
Valerie Arsenault, in honor of Ellen Aitken
Jeffrey Del Papa & Susan Assmann
Katrina Avery & Tom Doepnner
Peggy Badenhausen & Tom Kelly
Lois Banta
Kenneth Bé
Suzanne Berger
Katharine C. Black, in memory of
Patricia Gross Hollander
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Judith Campos
Ian Capps
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Nathaniel S. & Catherine E. Coolidge
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Joan Stephens Hadly, in honor of
David McFerrin
Terrie Harman & Tom McCarron
William L. Harwood, in honor of
Bill Metcalfe
Chad Heilig
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Jerry Ackerman
Judith Albee
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Marcia Anderson
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Emily Blatt, in honor of Laura Zoll
Carol Blumenthal
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Rhys Bowen
Edward & Matilda Bruckner
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Jean Capizzi, in memory of Dorothy Bogusz
Linda Carroll
Kevin Cattrell & Margaret Wald
John Clark
Elise Cleva
Robert Cochran
Marvin Emery Collins
Debora Compton & Paul Barbone
David Cooke
Nicki Croghan
Wallace & Barbara Dailey
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Logan Alexander Rose
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Pam Della, Paul Guttry, David McFerrin,
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Hastings
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Lloyd Van Lunen & Margaret Wilson
Linda M. Wolk, in memory of
William P. Wolk

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### CONCERTS IN CAMBRIDGE & ONLINE

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<th>Date</th>
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<td>OCT. 15-16</td>
<td><strong>OCKEGHEM@600</strong>&lt;br&gt; <em>Missa Quinti toni</em></td>
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<tr>
<td>DEC. 17-18</td>
<td><strong>CHRISTMAS IN BAROQUE GERMANY</strong>&lt;br&gt; with Dark Horse Consort</td>
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<td>FEB. 11-12</td>
<td><strong>UN PETRARCHINO CANTATO</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>MAR. 18-19</td>
<td><strong>OCKEGHEM@600</strong>&lt;br&gt; <em>Missa Sine nomine a 5</em></td>
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<td>APR. 22-23</td>
<td><strong>MANY VOICES</strong>&lt;br&gt; Obrecht, Daniel-Lesur, Sanlıkol</td>
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