



Remede de Fortune (A Remedy for Fortune)

Guillaume de Machaut (c.1300-1377)

| | | |
|---|--------------------|-------|
| [1] Ci commence Remede de Fortune | SM | 2:02 |
| [2] Ballade (B13) Esperance qui m'asseure | MN fdl | 5:04 |
| [3] Lai (RF1) Qui n'aroit autre deport | JM MN OM lt hp fdl | 11:01 |
| [4] Motet (M10) Hareu, hareu! / Helas! ou sera pris confors / Obediens usque ad mortem | MN OM JM | 1:57 |
| [5] Ballade (B35) Gais et jolis (instrumental) | rec lt hp | 1:28 |
| [6] Complainte (RF2) Tieus rit au main qui au soir pleure | JM hg douc fdl | 8:37 |
| [7] Chant royal (RF3) Joye, plaisance, et douce nourreture | MN lt hp rec | 6:42 |
| [8] Motet (M8) Qui es promesses de Fortune / Ha Fortune / Et non est qui adjuvet | MN OM douc | 1:37 |
| [9] Baladelle (RF4) En amer a douce vie | MN JM rec fdl | 4:38 |
| [10] Ballade (RF5) Dame de qui toute ma joie vient | OM CW MN JM | 4:56 |
| [11] Motet (M20) Trop plus est bele que Biauté / Biauté parée de valour / Je ne sui mie certains | MN OM JM | 2:36 |
| [12] Virelai (Jehan de Lescurel, fl. early 14th c., arr. Debra Nagy) Dis tans plus (instrumental) | rec lt hp | 1:14 |
| [13] Virelai (RF6) Dame, a vous sans retollir | JM / | |
| Dame, a vous sans retollir (arr. Nagy) | rec lt hp | 4:02 |

Ludwig/Schrade nos.: RF = *Remede de Fortune*, B = ballade, M = motet, V = virelai

| | | |
|---|----------------------|-------|
| [14] Messe de Nostre Dame: Kyrie I | MN OM JM CW | 1:01 |
| [15] Estampie Ay mi! dame de valour (Nagy) / Virelai (V17) Dame, vostre doulz viaire (arr. Nagy) | rec lt fdl tamb drum | 3:24 |
| [16] Rondelet (RF7) Dame, mon cuer en vous remaint | OM MN JM | 4:46 |
| [17] Ballade (B4) Biauté qui toutes autres pere | OM JM | 5:37 |
| [18] Motet (M20) Trop plus est bele que Biauté / Biauté parée de valour / Je ne sui mie certains | MN OM JM lt hp douc | 2:04 |
| TOTAL TIME | | 72:51 |

Blue Heron Scott Metcalfe *artistic director*

Les Délices Debra Nagy *artistic director*

Owen McIntosh *tenor & drum*

Jason McStoots *tenor*

Scott Metcalfe *fiddle & harp*

Debra Nagy *recorder, douçaine & harp*

Martin Near *countertenor & tambourine*

Charles Weaver *lute, baritone & hurdy-gurdy*

Instruments

| | |
|-----------|--|
| rec | Medieval cylindrical recorders by Jean-Luc Boudreau (2015) |
| douc | Douçaines after Mary Rose instruments by Philip & Gayle Neuman (2007) |
| fdl | Fiddle by Karl Dennis (2015) / Bow by David Hawthorne (2011) |
| lt | Five-course lute by Lawrence K. Brown (2007) |
| hp | 26-string bray harps by Lynne Lewandowski (2007 & 2010) |
| tamb drum | Tambourine & hand drum by Harms Historical Percussion (2017) |
| hg | Hurdy-gurdy, Susato Minnesinger model, Kelischek Workshop (courtesy Teri Kowiak) |

Joel Gordon *engineering & mastering*

Eric Milnes *producer*

Eric Milnes & Joel Gordon *editing*

Recorded live in concert at First Church in Cambridge,
Congregational, on April 26 & 27, 2019

John Kramer Design
Photographs: Liz Linder



Debra Nagy

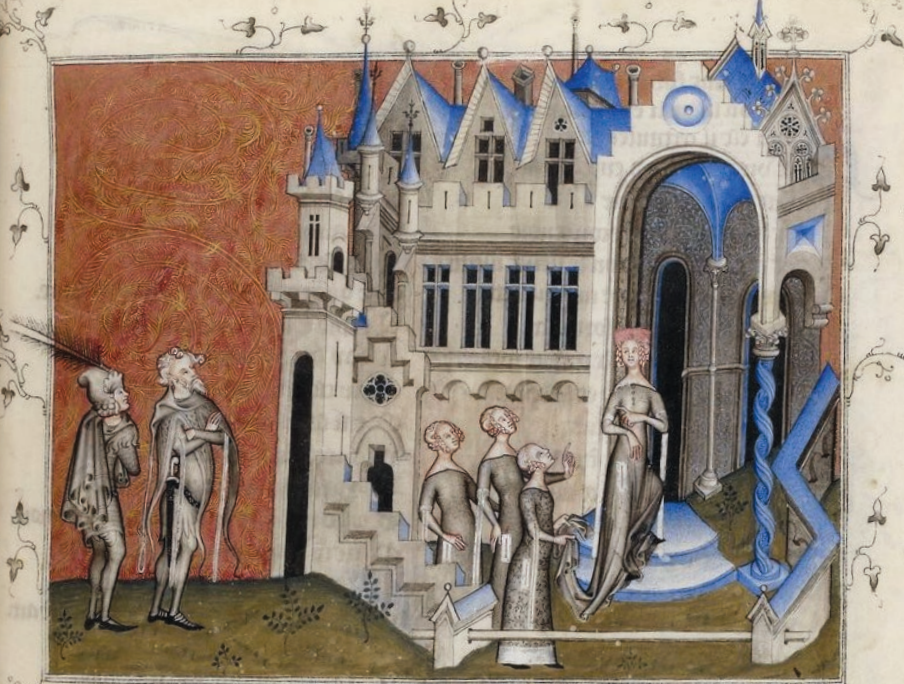
Scott Metcalfe

Martin Near

Charles Weaver

Owen McIntosh

Jason McStoots



Cilz qui veult aucun art aprendre
 A .xii. choses doit entendre.
 La premiere est qu'il doit eslire
 Celui ou ses cuers mieus le tire
 Et ou sa nature l'encline ;
 Car la chose envis bien define
 Qu'en veult encontre son gré faire,
 Quant Nature li est contraire.
 Aime son maistre et son mestier
 Sus tout ; et ce li est mestier
 Qu'il l'onneur, obeisse et serve ;
 Et ne quide pas qu'il s'asserve,
 Car s'il les aime, il l'ameront,
 Et s'il les het, il le harront :
 Profiter ne puet autrement.
 Doctrine rechoive humblement
 Et bien se gart qu'il continue,
 Car science envis retenue
 Est et de legier oubliee,
 Quant elle n'est continuee.
 Soing, penser, desir de savoir
 Ait, si pourra science avoir.
 Et l'entreprene en joene aage,
 Ains qu'en malice son courage
 Mue par trop grant cognoissance ...

TEXTS, TRANSLATIONS & SYNOPSIS

1 Ci commence Remede de Fortune

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Here begins the Remedy for Fortune

If you're going to learn any skill,
 there are twelve things you must understand.
 The first is you must choose
 the thing your heart most draws you to
 and towards which your nature inclines you,
 for nothing can be accomplished
 contrary to one's will
 as long as Nature is against you.
 Love your master and your profession
 above all; and it is critical
 that you love, honor, and serve them.
 And don't imagine that you've enslaved yourself,
 for if you love them, they will love you,
 and if you hate them, they will hate you:
 nothing can be gained otherwise.
 Receive instruction meekly
 and take care to stick to it,
 for learning is difficult to retain
 and easily forgotten
 when it is not put into practice.
 You must be diligent, assiduous, and eager
 for knowledge: thus you will attain wisdom.
 And undertake it at a young age,
 before your heart turns to wickedness
 through too much experience ...

Remede de Fortune, 1–25

Illustrations from Machaut MS C (Paris, Bibliothèque nationale, Département des manuscrits, MS fr. 1586), ff. 23, 26, 28v, 30v, 35, 36v, 38, 38v, 45v, 47v, 49, 51, 52, 55, 56v, and 58. Used by permission of the Bibliothèque nationale de France; all rights reserved.

“Human understanding,” explains our narrator, the Lover, “is able to grasp whatever one wishes and can comprehend everything one sets before it: arms, love, any other art or letter.” He begins to tell the story of the lessons he was taught when a young man, about love, hope, desire, and happiness.

② Ballade: Esperance qui m’asseure

Esperance qui m’asseure,
Joie sans per, vie a mon vueil,
Dous penser, sade norriture,
Tres bon eur, plaisant accueil,
Et meint autre grant bien recueil,
Quant Amours m’a tant enrichi
Que j’aïm dame, s’aten merci.

Et se cest atente m’est dure
En desirant, pas ne m’en dueil,
Car le gré de ma dame pure
Et d’Amours tous jours faire vueil.
Et s’a guerredon sans pareil,
Ce m’est vis, puis qu’il est estinsi
Que j’aïm dame, s’aten merci.

Car Souvenirs en moy figure
Sa fine biauté sans orgueil,
Sa bonté, sa noble figure,
Son gent mainteing, son bel accueil,
Et comment si dous riant oueil
Par leur attrait m’ont mené, si
Que j’aïm dame, s’aten merci.

Hope which reassures me,
joy without peer, a life to my liking,
sweet thought, pleasing sustenance,
great happiness, pleasant welcome,
and many other great good things I receive,
such riches has Love bestowed on me,
for I love a lady and reward awaits.

And though this waiting is hard for me
because I desire, I don’t complain,
for to do the will of my faultless lady
and of Love is always my wish,
and it is a recompense without equal,
in my opinion, that so it is
that I love a lady and reward awaits.

For Memory depicts in my mind’s eye
her perfect beauty without pride,
her goodness, her noble mien,
her genteel bearing, her fair welcome,
and reminds me how her sweet laughing eyes
attracted me and drew me in, so
that I love a lady and reward awaits.

The Lover relates how he first came to fall in love. He was young and inexperienced, while his Lady was perfection, “a sovereign flower above all human creatures,” a model of beauty, wisdom, and comportment. He kept his feelings hidden, but learned to express his despair and exaltation through poetry and song, composing “chansons and lais, ballades, rondeaux, virelais, and songs according to my feelings ... And because Sweet Thought was enclosed within my heart, with Memory and Good Hope and Loyalty, in whom I have placed all my trust, I composed this piece which is called a lai.”

③ Lai: Qui n’aroit autre deport

I
Qui n’aroit autre deport
En amer
Fors dous Penser
Et Souvenir
Aveuc l’Espoir de joir,
S’aroit il tort,
Se le port
D’autre confort
Voloit rouver;
Quar pour .i. cuer saouler
Et soustenir
Plus querir
Ne doit merir
Qui aime fort.

Encor y a maint ressort:
Remembrer,
Ymaginer
En dous plairir
Sa dame veoir, oyr,
Son gentil port,
Le recort
Dou bien qui sort
De son parler
Et de son douls regarder,
Dont l’entrouvrir
Puet garir
Et garantir
Amant de mort.

I
He who has no other pleasure
in love
but Sweet Thought
and Memory,
with the Hope of satisfaction,
would be wrong
if he tried to seek
the refuge
of further comfort;
for he who loves deeply
must not seek
further reward
to satisfy
and sustain his heart.

Still, there remain many consolations:
to remember,
to imagine
with sweet pleasure
seeing and hearing his lady,
her noble bearing,
the recollection
of the good that emanates
from her words
and her sweet look,
whose glance
can heal
and protect
a lover from death.



Comment l'amant fait un lai de son sentement

How the Lover composes a lai about his feelings

Il

Et qui vorroit plus souhaidier—
Je n'os cuidier
Si fol cuidier
Que cilz aime de cuer entier
Qui de tels biens n'a souffissanche.
Quar qui plus quiert, il vuet trichier,
S'Amours tant chier
L'a que fichier
Deigne par l'oel de son archier
En son cuer d'eaus la congnoissanche.

Car on ne les puet esprisier
Ne trop prisier,
Quant de legier
Pueent de tous maulz alegier
Et faire par leur grant poissanche
Un cuer navré sain et legier,
Sans nul dangier,
Et eslongier
De mal, et de joie aprouchier,
Seulement de leur remembrance.

Il

And should anyone want more—
I dare not conceive of
such a foolish notion
that this man loves with his whole heart
if he is not satisfied with such benefits!
For he who seeks more wants to cheat,
even though Love holds him
so dear that she deigned
to shoot knowledge of these things with her arrow
through his eye into his heart.

For one cannot value
nor esteem them too much,
since with ease
they can alleviate all pains
and through their great power
make a wounded heart hale and healthy,
without constraint,
and banish
grief, and draw joy near,
merely through remembering them.

V

Et se par Desir recueil
Aucun grief, pas ne m'en dueill,
Quar son tres dous riant oeil
Tout adouchist
Le grief qui de Desir ist ;
Si me plaist et abelist
Tant que au porter me delit
Plus que ne sueil,

Pour sa beauté sans orgueil
Qui toutes passe, a mon vueil,
Et pour son tres Bel Accueil
Qui tousdis rit ;
Si qu'en plaisance norrist
Mon cuer et tant m'enrichist
Qu'eïnssi vivre me sousfist,
Ne plus ne vueil.

VI (*instrumental*)

Fors tant qu'en aucune maniere
Ma dame chiere,
Qui de mon cuer la tresoriere
Est et portiere,
Sceust qu'elle est m'amour premiere
Et derreniere,
Et plus l'aim que moy ne mon bien,
Non pas d'amour vaine et legiere,
Mais si entiere,
Que mieulz ameroie estre en biere
Qu'a parchonniere
Fust, n'en moy pensée doubliere.
Tels tousdis iere,
Comment qu'elle n'en sache rien.

V

And if, on account of Desire, I experience
any sorrow, I don't complain,
for her sweet laughing eye
completely soothes
the pain that issues from Desire;
so it pleases and delights me,
such that I enjoy bearing it
more than I used to,

On account of her beauty without pride
(which surpasses all others, to my mind)
and because of her most Fair Welcome
which is ever smiling;
so that it nourishes my heart
with pleasure and so enriches me
that to live this way is all I need,
nor do I want more.

VI

Except—in no way does
my dear lady,
who is the treasurer
and doorkeeper of my heart,
know that she is my first love
and my last,
and that I love her more than myself or any thing,
not with a vain and frivolous love,
but one so all-encompassing
that I would rather be in my coffin
than share my love
with another, nor think any deceitful thought.
Thus let it be forever,
even though she never learn of it.

Car ne sui tielz qu'a moy affiere
 Que s'amour quiere,
 Ne que de son vueul tant enquiere
 Que li requiere ;
 Car moult pourroit comparer chiere
 Telle priere
 Mes cuers qui gist en son lyen.
 Pour ce n'en fai semblant ne chiere,
 Que je n'acquiere
 Refus qui me deboute ou fiere
 De li arriere ;
 Car se sa doucheurs m'estoit fiere,
 Amours murtriere
 Seroit de moy, ce sai je bien.

VIII
 Dont la bonne et belle,
 Comment sara elle
 Que de li veoir
 En mon cuer s'ostelle
 Une amour nouvelle
 Qui me renouvelle
 Et me fait avoir
 Joieuse nouvelle,

De quoy l'estancelle
 Fait sous la mamelle
 Mon fin cuer ardoir
 S'en frit et sautelle ?
 Que hons ne damoysselle,
 Dame ne pucelle,
 Ne le puet savoir,
 Si le port et celle.

For I am not worthy
 to ask for her love,
 nor to so much seek to know her favor
 as to request it of her:
 my heart, which lies bound in her snare,
 could pay very dearly
 for such a petition.
 For this reason I don't let it show at all,
 so that I am not answered with
 a refusal that would drive me
 far away from her;
 for if her sweetness were denied me,
 Love would be my murderer,
 that I know well.

VIII
 Then how will the good and fair lady
 know that
 upon seeing her
 a new love
 lodges in my heart,
 which renews me
 and brings me
 happy news,

whose spark
 makes my whole heart
 burn within my breast
 so that I tremble and shake?
 In order that no man or woman,
 no lady or maiden
 might learn of it,
 I bear and conceal it.

IX
 Amours que j'en pri,
 Qui vout et souffri
 Qu'a li, sans detri,
 Quant premiers la vi, m'offri,
 Li porra bien dire
 Que pour s'amour fri
 Sans plainte et sans cri,
 Et qu'a li m'ottri,
 Comme au plus tres noble tri
 Que peusse eslire,

Et qu'autre ne tri ;
 Ainçoys a l'ottri
 Qu'onc ne descouvri,
 Dont maint souspir ay murdri
 Qui puis n'orent mire.
 Main s'en mon depri
 Met Amours estri,
 Je n'en bray ne cri,
 N'autrement ne m'en deffri,
 Ne pense a defrire.

XI
 Car comment que Desirs m'assaille
 Et me face mainte bataille
 Et poigne de l'amoureux dart,
 Qui souvent d'estoc et de taille
 Celeement mon cuer detaille,
 Certes bien en vain se travaille,
 Car tous garist son dous regart

IX
 Love, to whom I pray,
 who wished and permitted
 me, when I first saw her,
 to surrender myself to her without hesitation,
 could easily tell her
 that for love of her I burn
 without complaint and without cry,
 and that I dedicate myself to her
 as the very most noble choice
 I could make,

and that I choose no other.
 Instead he has decreed
 that I never reveal it,
 wherefore I have stifled many a sigh
 that never found a physician.
 But if Love throws up resistance
 to my prayer,
 I don't wail or cry,
 nor become upset in any way,
 or even think of getting angry.

XI
 For no matter how Desire assails me
 and battles me again and again,
 piercing me with his amorous dart,
 whose shaft and point
 secretly cuts my heart apart,
 certainly he labors in vain,
 for all is healed by her Sweet Glance,

Qui paist d'amoureuse vitaille
 Mon cuer, et dedens li entaille
 Sa beauté fine par tel art
 Qu'autre n'est de quoy il me chaille,
 Et des biens amoureux me baille
 Tant qu'il n'est joye qui me faille
 Que n'aie de li, que Dieus gart.

XII
 Et pour ce, sans nul descort
 Endurer
 Vueil et celer
 L'ardant desir
 Qui vuet ma joie amenrir
 Par soutil sort ;
 Si le port
 Sans desconfort
 Et vueil porter,
 Car s'il fait mon cuer trambler,
 Taindre et palir,
 Et fremir,
 A bien souffrir
 Dou tout m'acort.

which feeds my heart with amorous
 sustenance, and within it engraves
 her perfect beauty with such art
 that I care for nothing else,
 and grants me so many loving goods
 that there is no joy I need
 that I do not have from her, whom God keep.

XII
 Therefore, without any objection
 I will endure
 and conceal
 the burning desire
 that seeks to diminish my joy
 with subtle craft;
 I bear it
 without discomfort
 and want to bear it,
 for though it makes my heart tremble,
 grow wan and pale,
 and quake,
 I am fully ready
 to suffer it.

Il me fait par son enort
 Honnourer,
 Servir, doubter,
 Et oubeir
 Ma dame et li tant chierir
 Qu'en son effort
 Me deport.
 Quant il me mort
 Et vuet grever,
 Mais qu'a li vueille penser
 Qu'aim et desir
 Sans partir,
 Ne repentir :
 La me confort.

It provokes me
 to honor,
 serve, respect,
 and obey
 my lady, and so cherish her
 that I rejoice
 in his efforts.
 When he bites me
 and tries to wound me,
 I have only to think of her
 whom I love and desire
 without end
 or regret:
 from this I take comfort.



**Comment la dame fait lire a
 l'amant le lay qu'il a fait**

How the Lady makes the Lover
 read the lai he has composed

But then one day the Lady discovers the lai and commands the Lover to read it aloud. He dares not refuse, but reads it to her from beginning to end.

When she demands to know the author of the lai she has just heard, he is bewildered. Should he tell her the truth and risk rejection? He cannot, for he knows for certain that he will drop dead on the spot if the Lady expresses the slightest disfavor. (No doubt!) But how can he possibly lie to the woman he loves? Abashed and flabbergasted, "miserable, grief-stricken, downcast, and sighing," he runs off without saying a word.

[4] **Motet: Hareu, hareu! / Helas! ou sera pris confors / Obediens usque ad mortem**

TRIPLUM

Hareu, hareu! le feu, le feu, le feu
D'ardant desir, qu'ainc si ardent ne fu,
Qu'en mon cuer ha espris et soustenu
Amours, et s'a la joie retenu
D'espoir qui doit attemprer celle ardeur.
Las! se le feu qui ensement l'art dure,
Mes cuers sera tous bruis et estains,
Que de ce feu est ja nercis et tains
Pour ce qu'il est fins, loyaus et certains.
Si que j'espoir que deviés y ert, eins
Que bonne Amour de merci l'assure
Par la vertu d'esperance seure.
Car pour li seul, qui endure mal maint,
Pitié deffaut ou toute biauté maint:
Durtés y regne et Dangiers y remaint,
Desdains y vit et Loyautés s'i faint
Et Amours n'a de li ne de moy cure.
Joie le het, ma dame li est dure,
Et, pour croistre mes dolereus meschiés,
Met dedens moy Amours, qui est mes chiés,
Un desespoir qui si mal entechiés
Est que tous biens ha de moy esrachiés,
Et en tous cas mon corps si desnature
Qu'il me convient morir malgré Nature.

TRIPLUM

Help, help! the fire, the fire, the fire
of burning desire, burning as never before,
which Love has kindled and stoked
in my heart, withholding the joy
of hope which could soothe this burning.
Alas! if the fire which burns so hot endures,
my heart will be totally burned up and extinguished,
for it is already blackened and charred
just for being pure, loyal, and trustworthy.
So that I hope the fire goes out, and
that good Love will assure my heart of mercy
through the virtue of certain hope.
Because for my heart alone, which endures many pains,
Pity is lacking where all beauty rules:
There Cruelty reigns and Constraint is ever present,
Disdain lives there and Loyalty is feigned,
And Love cares nothing for my heart or for me.
Joy hates it, my lady is hard towards it,
and, to increase my dolorous trials,
Love, who is my lord, engenders within me
a despair that has so badly infected me
that it has eradicated all good things,
and in all ways so denatures my body
that I must die in spite of Nature.

MOTETUS

Helas! ou sera pris confors
Pour moy qui ne vail nès que mors?
Quant riens garentir ne me puet
Fors ma dame chiere qui vuet
Qu'en desespoir muire, sans plus,
Pour ce que je l'aim miex que nuls,
Et Souvenir pour enaspir
L'ardour de mon triste desir
Me moustre adès sa grant bonté
Et sa fine vraie biauté
Qui doublement me fait ardoir?
Einsi sans cuer et sans espoir,
Ne puis pas vivre longement,
N'en feu cuers humeins nullement
Ne puet longue durée avoir.

TENOR

Obediens usque ad mortem.

MOTETUS

Alas! where will comfort be found
for me, for whom nothing but death will avail?
when nothing can protect me
save my dear lady, who wishes
nothing more than that I die in despair
because I love her better than any other,
and Memory, in order to embitter
the ardor of my sad desire,
continually sets before me her great goodness
and her pure, true beauty,
which makes me burn twice as badly?
In this condition, without heart or hope,
I cannot survive for long,
nor can any human heart
last long in the fire.

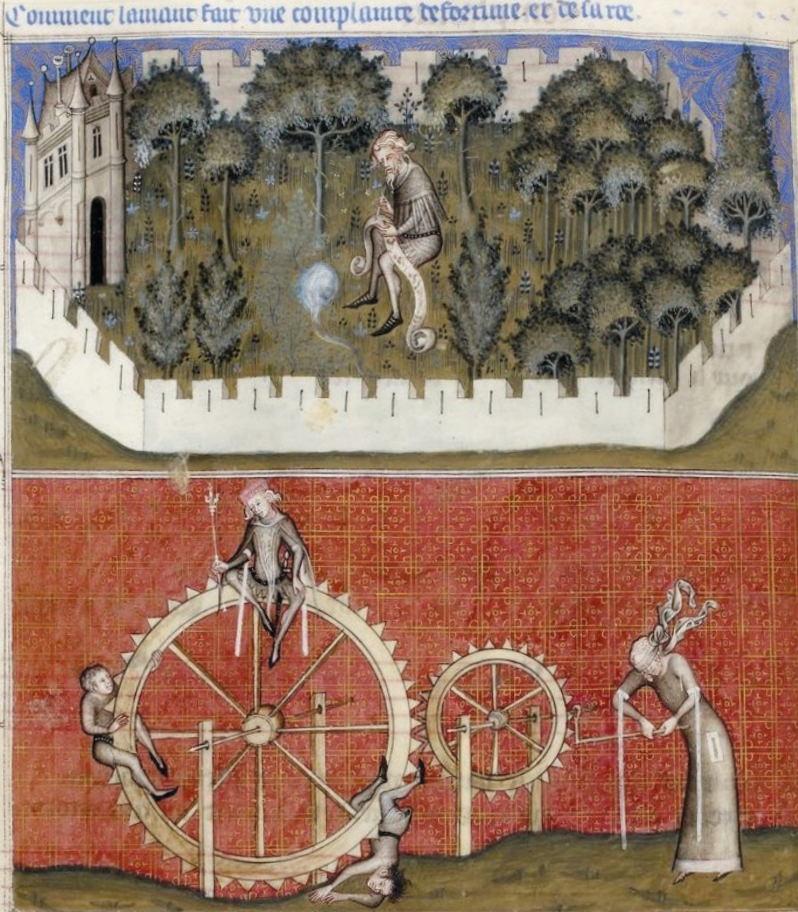
TENOR

Obedient unto death.

Overwhelmed by his feelings and lost in his thoughts, he wanders until he comes upon a secluded spot in a pleasure garden called the Park of Hesdin, full of the most wondrous plants, birds, fountains, watercourses, and delights.

[5] **Ballade: Gais et jolis** (instrumental)

Hidden away by a fountain in the park, he sinks into despair. "I used to think that a lover was always happy," he reflects, "but now I see that a lover who loves deeply is now joyful, now mournful; now laughs, now cries; now sings, now laments ... And whether a lover's heart is happy or sad depends wholly on Fortune, who brings good luck to one lover and bad to another, and to others according to her whim; and that which she does, she unfailingly and abruptly undoes, for in her is no stability, love, pity, or permanence ... And while I was in this mood, I decided to compose a poem—about Fortune and my sorrows, my thoughts and my weeping—called a complainte, in which there would be many rhymes and a sad subject."



⑥ Complainte: Tieus rit au main qui au soir pleure

1

Tieus rit au main qui au soir pleure,
 Et tieus cuide qu'Amours labeure
 Pour son bien, qu'elle li court seure
 Et mal l'atourne;
 Et tieus cuide que Joie acqueure
 Pour li aidier, qu'elle demeure.
 Car Fortune tout ce deveure,
 Quant elle tourne,
 Qui n'atent mie qu'il ajourne
 Pour tourner; qu'elle ne sejourne,
 Ains tourne, retourne et bestorne,
 Tant qu'au desseure
 Met celui qui gist mas en l'ourne,
 Le seurmonté au bas retourne,
 Et le plus joieus mat et mourne
 Fait en po d'eure.

1

He who laughs in the morning weeps in the evening,
 and he believes that Love labors
 on his behalf, while she persecutes
 and betrays him;
 he imagines Joy rushing
 to his aid, while she dawdles.
 For Fortune destroys everything
 when she turns her wheel,
 and she doesn't wait for daybreak
 before turning: she doesn't pause,
 but turns, turns again, and turns it all the way around
 until she brings to the top
 the one who was lying flat in the gutter,
 returns the exalted one to the bottom,
 and makes the happiest person sad and gloomy
 in no time at all.

Comment l'amant fait une complainte de fortune et de sa roe

How the Lover composes a complaint about Fortune and her wheel

Car elle n'est ferme n'estable,
 Juste, loyal, ne veritable;
 Quant on la cuide charitable,
 Elle est avere,
 Dure, diverse, espouventable,
 Traitre, poignant, decevable;
 Et quant on la cuide amiable,
 Lors est amere.
 Car ja soit ce qu'amie appere,
 Douce com miel, vraie com mere,
 La pointure d'une vipere
 Qu'est incurable
 En riens a li ne se comperre,
 Car elle traioit son pere
 Et mettroit d'onneur en misere
 Deraisonnable.

Fortune est amour haineuse,
 Bonneurté maleureuse,
 C'est largesse avaricieuse,
 C'est orphenté,
 C'est santé triste et doulereuse,
 C'est richesce la souffraiteuse,
 C'est noblesse povre et honteuse
 Sans loyauté;
 C'est l'orgueilleuse humilité,
 C'est l'envieuse charité,
 C'est perilleuse seurte,
 Trop est douteuse;
 C'est puissance en mandicité,
 C'est repos en adversité,
 C'est famine en cuer saoulé,
 C'est joie ireuse.

For she's neither constant, stable,
 just, loyal, nor true;
 when you think she's charitable,
 she's stingy,
 hard, fickle, frightening,
 traitorous, piercing, deceitful;
 and when you imagine she's friendly,
 then she's bitter.
 For although she appears to be a friend—
 sweet as honey, true as a mother—
 a viper's bite,
 which is incurable,
 is nothing compared to her,
 for she would betray her father
 and topple him from honor
 into unspeakable misery.

Fortune is hateful love,
 unhappy happiness,
 she's greedy generosity,
 she's misery,
 she's sad and suffering health,
 she's miserly wealth,
 she's poor and shameful nobility
 without loyalty;
 she's haughty humility,
 she's envious charity,
 she's perilous security,
 much to be doubted;
 she's penniless power,
 she's resting in adversity,
 she's famine in a sated heart,
 she's doleful joy.

Einsi m'a fait, ce m'est avis,
 Fortune que ci vous devis,
 Car je souloie estre assevis
 De toute joye,
 Or m'a d'un seul tour si bas mis
 Qu'en grief plour est mué mon ris,
 Et que tous li biens est remis
 Qu'avoir souloie,
 Car la belle ou mes cuers s'ottroie,
 Que tant aim que plus ne porroie,
 Maintenant veoir n'oseroie
 En mi le vis.
 Et se desir tant que la voie
 Que mes dolens cuers s'en desvoie,
 Pour ce ne scay que faire doye,
 Tant sui despris.

After thirty-six stanzas of complaining, he has “strayed far from the way of sense, memory, energy, and all other vigor.” Convinced that he is near death, he nonetheless manages to open one eye and discovers a beautiful lady sitting next to him—“the most beautiful lady I had ever seen, upon my soul, except for my own Lady.”

Comment Esperance vint conforter l'amant
 How Hope came to comfort the Lover

This is how I've been treated, in my opinion,
 by Fortune, whom I've described to you here,
 for I used to be full
 of every joy,
 but now with a single turn she's brought me so low
 that my laughter has turned to bitter tears
 and everything good I once had
 has been swept away,
 for the beauty to whom I have given my heart,
 and whom I could not love more—
 now I wouldn't dare to look her
 in the face.
 Yet I so much desire to see her
 that my grieving heart is going mad,
 so that I don't know what I ought to do,
 I'm so forlorn.



The mysterious lady exudes sweetness and light; she barely seems real. She is there to comfort him, she says, and to teach him about Love and Fortune. "You should not complain about the trials of Love, or of anything Love does to you. In fact, she has blessed you thousands of times over by giving you a perfect lady to love! I shall teach you to love without suffering, how to understand the nature of Fortune and not to rage against her. Heed my lessons and you shall live joyfully and content." She sings him a song to ease his pains.



Comment l'amant s'en dort en oïant chanter Esperance
How the Lover falls asleep listening to Hope sing

7 Chant royal: Joye, plaisance, et douce nourreture

Joye, plaisance, et douce nourreture,
Vie d'onneur prennent maint en amer,
Et plusieurs sont qui n'i ont fors pointure,
Doulour, ardour, plour, tristesse, et amer.
Ce dient; mais acorder
Ne me puis, qu'en la sousfrance
D'Amours ait nulle grevance,
Car tout ce qui vient de li
Plaist a cuer d'ami.

Car vraye Amour en cuer d'amant figure
Tres douce Espoir et gracieus Penser:
Espoir attrait Joie et Bonne Adventure,
Dous Penser fait Plaisance en cuer entrer,
Si ne doit plus demander
Cilz qui a Bonne Esperance,
Doulz Penser, Joye, et Plaisance,
Car qui plus requiert, je di
Qu'Amours l'a guerpi.

Dont cilz qui vit de si douce pasture
Vie d'onneur puet bien et doit mener,
Car de tous biens a a comble mesure,
Plus qu'autres cuers n'en saroit desirer,
Ne d'autre merci rouver
N'a desir, cuer, ne beance,
Pour ce qu'il a Souffisance;
Ne je ne scay nommer cy
Nulle autre merci.

Joy, pleasure, sweet sustenance,
and a life of honor: many find these in love,
but there are many others who find nothing but hurt,
sorrow, burning grief, tears, sadness, and bitterness.
Or so they say—but I cannot
agree, for in the sufferings
of Love there is no hurt,
for everything that comes from her
is pleasing to a lover's heart.

For True Love in a lover's heart creates
sweetest Hope and Gracious Thought:
Hope attracts Joy and Good Luck,
Sweet Thought makes Pleasure enter the heart,
and one should not ask for more
if he has Good Hope,
Sweet Thought, Joy, and Pleasure,
for if he seeks anything more, I say
that Love has abandoned him.

Therefore he who lives on such sweet food
can and should live a life of honor,
for he enjoys all blessings in full measure,
more than any heart could possibly desire,
nor does he have the desire, will, or longing
to seek further reward,
because he has Sufficiency,
nor could I name here
a better reward.

Mais ceulz qui sont en tristesse, en arduce,
 En plours, en plains, en doulour sans cesser,
 Et qui dient qu'Amours leur est si dure
 Qu'il ne peuent sans morir plus durer,
 Je ne puis ymaginer
 Qu'il aiment sans decevance
 Et qu'en euls trop ne s'avance
 Desirs. Pour ce sont ainssi,
 Qu'il l'ont deservi.

Qu'Amours, qui est de si noble nature
 Qu'elle scet bien qui aime sans fausser,
 Scet bien paier as amans leur droiture :
 C'est les loyaus de joye saouler
 Et d'éaus faire savourer
 Ses douçours en habondance,
 Et les mauvais par sentence
 Sont com traitres failli
 De sa court bani.

Amours, je scay sans doubtaunce
 Qu'a .c. doubles as meri
 Ceuls qui t'ont servi.

The lady reveals herself to be Hope (*Esperance*). She admonishes the Lover: "Abandon all melancholy and everything that leads to it except loving, for unless opportunity is seized, it will be lost." When the Lover asks her how to defend himself against Fortune, who seems to break lovers' hearts as if for pleasure, she replies, "Fair sweet friend, why do you expect anything else from her? She's just being true to her nature. If she were not fickle, she would not be Fortune! You are wrong to slander and curse her. Her wheel was not built for you alone, but for every human being in the world."

As for those who suffer sadness, distress,
 weeping, moaning, and sorrow without cease,
 and who say that Love is so hard towards them
 that they can endure no more without dying,
 I cannot imagine
 that they love without deception
 and that they are not overwhelmed by
 Desire. That's why they feel that way,
 and they deserve it.

For Love, who is of such noble nature
 that she knows well who loves without duplicity,
 knows just how to pay lovers their due:
 she sates the loyal with joy
 and allows them to savor
 her sweetnesses in abundance,
 while the wicked are sentenced
 like perfidious traitors
 to banishment from her court.

Love, I know without doubt
 that you have rewarded twice a hundred times over
 those who have served you.



Comment *Esperance* ensaigne et aprent l'amant
 How Hope teaches and instructs the Lover

[8] Motet: Qui es promesses de Fortune / Ha Fortune / Et non est qui adjuvet

TRIPLUM

Qui es promesses de Fortune se fie
 Et es richesse de ses dons s'asseure,
 Ou cils qui croit qu'elle soit tant s'amie
 Que pour li soit en riens ferme ou seure,
 Il est trop fols, car elle est non seure,
 Sans foy, sans loy, sans droit et sans mesure :
 C'est fiens couvers de riche couverture,
 Qui dehors luist et dedens est ordure.
 Une ydole est de fausse pourtraiture,
 Ou nuls ne doit croire ne mettre cure ;
 Sa convenance en vertu pas ne dure,
 Car c'est tous vens, ne riens qu'elle figure
 Ne puet estre fors de fausse figure ;
 Et li siens sont toudis en aventure
 De trebuchier, car, par droite nature,
 La desloyal renoie, parjurer,
 Fausse, traître, perverse et mere sure
 Oint et puis point de si mortel pointure
 Que ceaus qui sont fait de sa norriture
 En traison met a desconfiture.

TRIPLUM

He who trusts in Fortune's promises
 and feels assured of her rich gifts,
 or he who believes that she is so much his friend
 that for him she is constant or certain in anything
 is a great fool, for she is unreliable,
 faithless, lawless, without justice or measure:
 she's feces draped in a rich covering,
 gleaming on the outside and filth within.
 An idol is she, a false portrait,
 in whom none should believe or place his trust;
 her covenant has no lasting force,
 for it is all wind, and nothing she creates
 can be anything but a forgery;
 and her friends are always at risk
 of stumbling, for, true to her nature,
 the disloyal apostate, perjurer,
 false, traitorous, perverse and bitter mother
 flatters and then pierces with such a mortal puncture
 that those raised on her nourishment
 are betrayed and routed.

MOTETUS

Ha! Fortune, trop sui mis loing de port,
Quant en la mer m'as mis sans aviron
En un batel petit, plat et sans bort,
Foible, pourri, sans voile, et environ
Sont tuit li vent contraire pour ma mort,
Si qu'il n'i a confort ne garison,
Merci n'espoir, ne d'eschaper ressort,
Ne riens de bien pour moy, car sans raison
Je voy venir la mort amere a tort
Preste de moy mettre a destruction;
Mais celle mort reçoij je par ton sort,
Fausse Fortune, et par ta traison.

TENOR

Et non est qui adjuvet.

MOTETUS

Ah! Fortune, I have been carried too far from port,
since you sent me to sea without an oar,
in a tiny boat, flat and without rudder,
weak, rotten, without sail; and all around
the winds blow against me, seeking my death,
so that there is no comfort or defense,
no hope of mercy, no route of escape,
nor anything good for me, for without cause
I see bitter death approach, wrongfully
ready to send me to my destruction;
but I meet this death through your doing,
false Fortune, and through your treachery.

TENOR

And there is none who might help.

Hope urges the Lover not to give a fig for the gifts
of Fortune, and teaches that while prosperity is a
bauble dangled before us by Fortune, lost as easily
as it is won, felicity and true happiness are the
sovereign goods of Nature and can never be taken
away. She goes on at considerable length.

Before leaving, Hope sings another song to cheer
the Lover up.

Comment Esperance baille a l'amant une chançon et la chante devant li

How Hope offers the Lover a song and
sings it for him

9 Baladelle: En amer a douce vie

En amer a douce vie
Et jolie,
Qui bien la scet maintenir,
Car tant plaist la maladie,
Quant norrie
Est en amoureux desir,
Que l'amant fait esbaudir
Et querir
Comment elle monteplie.
C'est dous maus a soudenir,
Qu'esjoir
Fait cuer d'ami et d'amie.

Qu'Amours par sa signourie
Humelie
L'amoureux cuer a souffrir,
Et par sa noble maistrie
Le maistrie,
Si qu'il ne puet riens sentir
Que tout au goust de joir
Par plaisir
Ne prengne, je n'en doubt mie.
Einsi saous de merir,
Sans merir,
Fait cuer d'ami et d'amie.

To be in love is a sweet life
and a happy one
for him who knows how to live it,
for the malady is so pleasing
when it is nourished
by amorous desire,
that it emboldens the lover
and makes him seek to know
how it increases.
It is a sweet trouble to bear,
that brings joy to
the hearts of a lover and his lady.

For Love by her sovereignty
abases
the loving heart, makes it suffer,
and by her noble mastery
masters it,
so that it can sense nothing
but that which tastes wholly of joy
caused by pleasure:
of this I have no doubt.
Thus she rewards in full,
without rewarding,
the hearts of a lover and his lady.



Si doit bien estre cherie
 Et servie,
 Quant elle puet assevir
 Chascun qui li rueve et prie
 De s'aie
 Sans son tresor amenrir.
 De la mort puet garentir
 Et garir
 Cuer qui de santé mendie;
 De souffissance enrichir
 Et franchir
Fait cuer d'ami et d'amie.

So Love must be cherished
 and served,
 since she can satisfy
 everyone who implores and prays
 for her aid
 without diminishing her treasure.
 She can protect from death
 and heal
 a heart that begs for health;
 and with self-sufficiency she enriches
 and liberates
the hearts of a lover and his lady

The Lover makes a great effort to memorize the song and the many wonderful and wise things Hope has taught him. While he is intent on this task, she vanishes so quickly that he has no idea what has become of her. Alone in the garden once more, restored in body and heart by the sweet memory of Hope, he is filled with delight at the joyful songs of the birds all around him and at the thought of seeing his Lady once again. He rises and departs the way he came in order to return to the Lady's manor. Naturally he composes a new song along the way.



Comment l'amant fait une balade
 How the Lover composes a ballade

10 Ballade: Dame, de qui toute ma joie vient

Dame, de qui toute ma joie vient,
 Je ne vous puis trop amer, ne cherir,
 N'assés loer si com il appartient,
 Servir, doubter, honnourer, n'obeir,
 Car le gracieus Espoir,
 Douce dame, que j'ay de vous veoir,
 Me fait .c. foyz plus de bien et de joye
Qu'en cent mil ans desservir ne porroie.

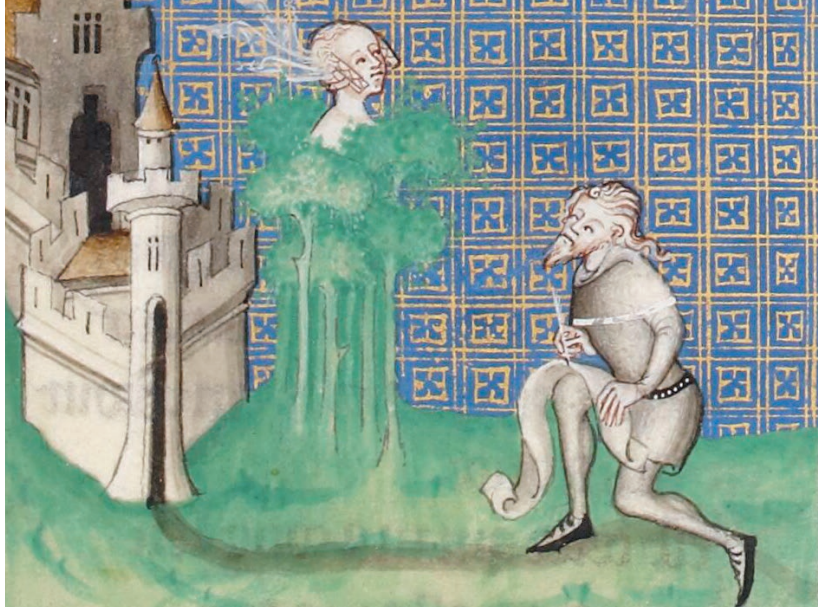
Cilz douls Espoirs en vie me soustient
 Et me norrist en amoureux desir,
 Et dedens moy met tout ce qui couvient
 Pour conforter mon cuer et resjoir;
 N'il ne s'en part main ne soir,
 Aincoys me fait doucement recevoir
 Plus des douls biens qu'Amours aus siens envoie
Qu'en cent mil ans desservir ne porroie.

Et quant Espoir qui en mon cuer se tient
 Fait dedens moy si grant joie venir
 Lointains de vous, ma dame, s'il avient
 Que vo beauté voie que moult desir,
 Ma joie, si com j'espoir,
 Ymagine, penser, ne concevoir
 Ne porroit nuls, car trop plus en aroie
Qu'en cent mil ans desservir ne porroie.

Lady, from whom all my joy comes,
 I cannot love or cherish you too much,
 praise you enough, nor serve, fear,
 honor, or obey you as is fitting,
 for the gracious Hope,
 sweet lady, that I have of seeing you
 brings me a hundred times more good and joy
than I could deserve in a hundred thousand years.

This sweet Hope keeps me alive
 and nourishes me with amorous desire,
 and creates in me everything needed
 to comfort and bring joy to my heart;
 nor does she abandon me, morning or evening,
 but makes me sweetly receive
 more of the sweet things that Love sends her own
than I could deserve in a hundred thousand years.

And since Hope, who presides in my heart,
 brings me such great joy
 even when I'm far from you, my lady, if I were
 ever to see your beauty (which I desire so much),
 my joy, as I hope,
 would be impossible for anyone to imagine,
 comprehend, or conceive; for I would have more
than I could deserve in a hundred thousand years.



Comment l'amant s'agenouille en la sante devant le manoir sa dame

How the Lover kneels in the path before his Lady's manor

Singing happily, the Lover approaches the Lady's manor, when suddenly he is overcome by fear and doubt. At once Hope reappears to scold and encourage him, urging him, "Take heart and go confidently to your lady, and remember, the closer one is to the fire, the more it burns." She vanishes once more. The Lover savors what he has been told and is filled with new confidence. He kneels to say a prayer in praise of his Lady and commends himself to the protection of Love and Hope.

[11] Motet: Trop plus est bele que Biauté/ Biauté parée de valour / Je ne sui mie certains

TRIPLUM

Trop plus est bele que Biauté
Et millour que ne soit Bonté,
Pleine de tout ce, a dire voir,
Que bonne et belle doit avoir,
Ce m'est vis, celle que desir
Et aim sans nul vilain desir.
Dont se je l'aim, et je qu'en puis,
Quant en sa fine biauté truis
De tous mes maus la garison,
Leesse, confort, guerredon,
Et secours de tous les meschiés
Dont par desir sui entichiés,
Comment qu'elle n'en sache rien ;
Car toute la joie et le bien
Que j'ay de sa grace me vient,
Sans plus, quant de li me souvient,
N'autre bonté de li n'enport.
Si pri Amours qu'en tel acort
Soit, pour ce que miex l'aim que mi,
Qu'elle me teingne pour ami.
Amen.

TRIPLUM

Far more beautiful than Beauty itself is she,
better than Goodness,
and full of everything, in truth,
that a good and beautiful lady should have,
it seems to me, she whom I desire
and love without any base desire.
Therefore I love her, and cannot do otherwise,
since in her pure beauty I find
a cure for all my ills,
happiness, comfort, reward,
and help for all the misfortunes
that afflict me through desire—
although she knows nothing of this!
For all the joy and good
which I have comes to me from her grace,
and nothing else, when I remember her,
and I take no other good from her.
And so I pray to Love to grant
that, because I love her better than myself,
she take me for her friend.
Amen.

MOTETUS

Biauté parée de valour,
Desirs qui onques n'a sejour
D'acroistre, eins croist de jour en jour
En plaisance et en douce ardeur,
Dous Regars pris par grant savour,
Tous pleins de promesse d'amour,
D'espoir, de joie, de tenour
Et de peinture de doucour,
Font que j'aim des dames la flour.
Or me doint Diex grace et vigour
Qu'au gré d'Amours et a s'onnour
La puisse servir sans folour.
Amen.

TENOR

Je ne sui mie certains d'avoir amie,
Mais je suis loyaus amis.

MOTETUS

Beauty adorned with merit;
Desire which never ceases
to increase, but grows from day to day
in pleasure and sweet ardor;
Sweet Glance, greatly savored;
all filled with the promise of love,
hope, joy, tenderness,
and the sting of sweetness—
these make me love the flower of ladies.
Now may God grant me grace and strength
that, as Love wills and to her honor,
I may serve her without fault.
Amen.

TENOR

I am not at all sure of having a lover,
but I am a loyal friend.

The Lover hasn't gone far towards his Lady's tower when he comes across a park with meadows and fountains, where ladies, knights, and maidens are dancing to courtly songs. The Lady sees him and invites him to join the dance, as one of the courtiers sings.

12 Virelai (Jehan de Lescurel, arr. Nagy) **Dis tans plus** (instrumental)

The Lover hasn't been dancing long when the Lady insists that he sing, for it is his turn. He sings this virelai, noting that it is properly called a *chanson baladée*, a song for dancing.

Comment l'amant chante empres sa dame

How the Lover sings before his Lady



13 Virelai: Dame, a vous sans retollir

Dame, a vous sans retollir
Doins cuer, pensée, desir,
Corps, et amour,
Comme a toute la millour
Qu'on puist choysir,
Ne qui vivre ne morir
Puist a ce jour.

Si ne me doit a folour
Tourner, se je vous aour,
Car sans mentir,

Bonté passez en valour,
Toute fleur en douce oudour
Que on puet sentir.

Vostre biauté fait tarir
Toute autre et anientir,
Et vo douçour
Passe tout; rose en coulour
Vous doy tenir,
Et vos regars puet garir
Toute doulour.

Dame, a vous sans retollir ...

Lady, to you without reservation
I give my heart, thoughts, desire,
body, and love,
as to the best of all
whom one could choose,
the best who has lived or died
until today.

So I must not be thought
mad if I adore you,
for I do not lie when I say that

you surpass Goodness in worth
and surpass in sweet odor
any flower one might smell.

Your beauty makes every other
wither and fade away,
and your sweetness
surpasses all; your color
is that of a rose,
and your glance can heal
every sorrow.

Lady, to you without reservation ...

Pour ce, dame, je m'atour
De trestoute ma vigour
A vous servir,

Et met, sans nul vilain tour,
Mon cuer, ma vie et m'onnour
En vo plaiser.

Et se Pitiés consentir
Vueut que me daigniez oir
En ma clamour,
Je ne quier de mon labour
Autre merir,
Qu'il ne me porroit venir
Joye greingneur.

Dame, a vous sans retollir ...

Dame, ou sont tuit mi retour,
Souvent m'estuet en destour
Plaindre et gemir,

Et, present vous, descoulour,
Quant vous ne savez l'ardour
Qu'ai a sousfrir

Pour vous qu'aim tant et desir
Que plus ne le puis couvrir.
Et se tenrou
N'en avez, en grant tristour
M'estuet fenir.
Nonpourquant jusqu'au mourir
Vostre demour.

Dame, a vous sans retollir ...

The dancing winds up and the company departs.

Therefore, my lady, I prepare myself
with all my strength
to serve you,

and without base artifice place
my heart, my life, and my honor
at your pleasure.

And if Pity should consent
that you deign to hear
my appeal,
I seek no further reward
for my labor,
for no greater joy
could come to me.

Lady, to you without reservation ...

Lady, in whom is my every recourse,
far from you I must often
lament and mourn,

and near you grow pale,
since you do not know the ardor
which I have to suffer

for you, whom I love and desire so much
that I can conceal it no longer.
And if you have no tenderness
towards me, in great sorrow
I must end my days.
Nonetheless, until death
I remain yours.

Lady, to you without reservation ...



As they are walking back to the manor, the Lady confronts the Lover about running off and pointedly asks him where he has been. Inspired by Hope, he confesses all and relates how Hope appeared to him in the Park of Hesdin and offered him comfort and guidance. The Lady finds the story improbable, although splendid, but eventually she is convinced and grants the Lover the gift of her love.

The Lady and the Lover rejoin the others, taking care not reveal their new relationship, and all go to hear Mass in the Lady's chapel.

14 Messe de Notre Dame: Kyrie I

Kyrie eleison.

Lord, have mercy.





After Mass a trumpet sounds to announce dinner.
The entire company enjoys a great feast followed by music and dancing.

15 Estampie Ay mi! dame de valour (Nagy) / Virelai: Dame, vostre doulz viaire (arr. Nagy)

Before the Lover takes his leave, he and his Lady exchange rings as a token of their alliance. The Lover departs, singing a rondelet as he goes.

16 Rondelet: Dame, mon cuer en vous remainit

Dame, mon cuer en vous remainit,
Comment que de vous me departe.
Par fine amour qui en moy maint,
Dame, mon cuer en vous remainit.
Or pri Dieu que li vostre m'aint,
Sans ce qu'en nulle autre amour parte.
Dame, mon cuer en vous remainit,
Comment que de vous me departe.

Lady, my heart remains with you,
although I myself must leave you.
By the pure love that rules me,
Lady, my heart remains with you.
Now I pray God that your heart will love me,
not sharing itself with any other love.
Lady, my heart remains with you,
although I myself must leave you.

Comment l'amant s'en va chantant

How the Lover departs singing

After passing the afternoon in a field jousting and enjoying other diversions, the Lover is eager to return to his Lady. But when he finds her, she appears to ignore him, turning her sweet eyes elsewhere. The Lover is stricken with grief and doubt.

17 Ballade: Biauté qui toutes autres pere

Biauté qui toutes autres pere,
Envers moy diverse et estrange,
Doucour fine a mon goust amere,
Corps digne de toute loange,
Simple vis a cuer d'ayment,
Regart pour tuer un amant,
Semblant de joie et response d'esmay
M'ont a ce mis que pour amer mourray.

Detri d'otri que moult compere,
Bel Acuel qui de moy se vange,
Amour marrastre et non pas mere,
Espoir qui de joie m'estrange,
Povre secours, desir ardent,
Triste penser, cuer souspirant,
Durté, Desdaing, Dangier et Refus qu'ay
M'ont a ce mis que pour amer mourray.

Si vueil bien qu'a ma dame appere
Qu'elle ma joie en doulour change
Et que sa belle face clere
Me destruit, tant de meschief san ge,
Et que je n'ay revel ne chant
N'ainsi com je sueil plus ne chant
Pour ce qu'Amours, mi oeil et son corps gay
M'ont a ce mis que pour amer mourray.

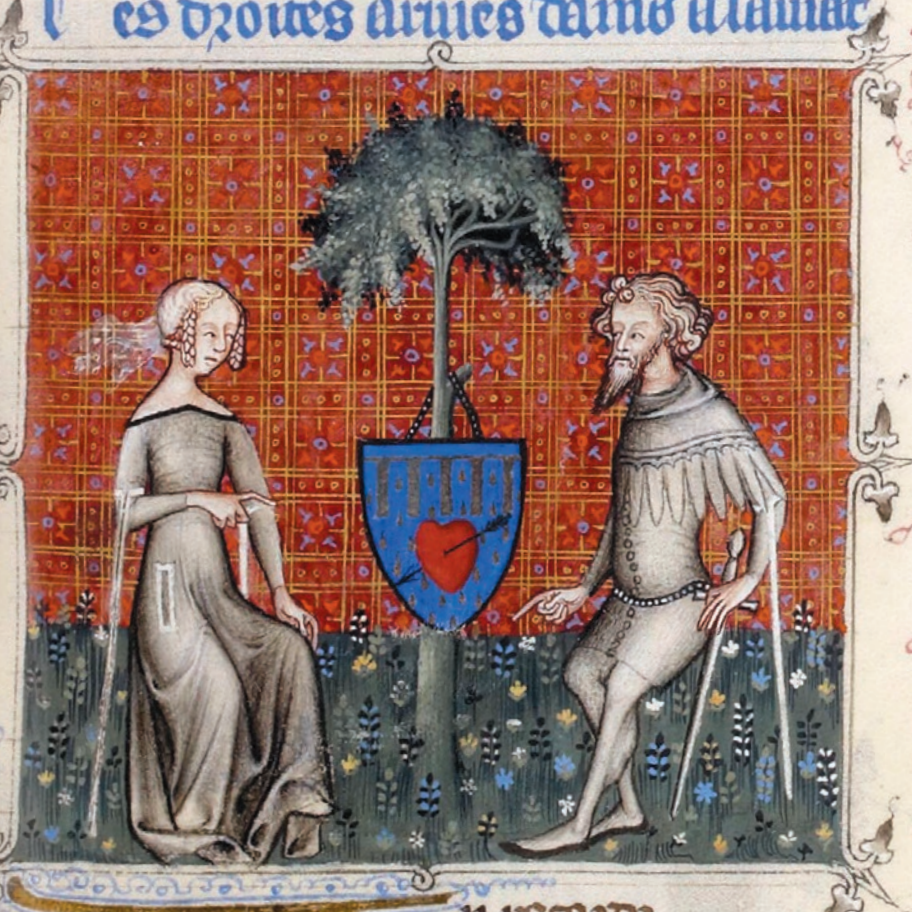
Beauty which is peer of all others,
towards me inconstant and distant,
exquisite sweetness, bitter to my taste,
body worthy of every praise,
innocent countenance with heart of steel,
glance that can kill a lover,
joyful appearance and distressing reply
have brought me to this, that for love I shall die.

Delay in requiting, which costs dearly,
Fair Welcome who takes revenge on me,
Cruel Love, unnatural mother,
Hope which deprives me of joy,
poor help, burning desire,
sad thoughts, sighing heart,
Harshness, Disdain, Rebuff, and Refusal
have brought me to this, that for love I shall die.

So I wish that it be made known to my lady
that she changes my joy to grief,
and that her fair radiant face
destroys me, such misfortune do I feel,
and that I have neither pleasure nor song,
nor do I sing as I used to,
for Love, my eyes, and her fair body
have brought me to this, that for love I shall die.

Comment l'amant parle a sa dame
How the Lover speaks to his Lady





The Lover asks whether the Lady has decided to abandon him. She reassures him that she is merely acting to conceal their love, for true love ought not to be revealed to a slanderous, perverse, and inconstant society such as that of the present world. Although the Lover is assailed by fear and torments of all kinds, he resolves to believe and trust her. The poem ends with a prayer of homage to Love, in which the author signs his name in an anagram: *Guillemin de Machaut*.

**[18] Motet: Trop plus est bele que Biauté / Biauté parée de valour /
Je ne sui mie certains (see [11])**

Amen.

Ci fenist Remede de Fortune.

Amen.

Here ends the Remedy for Fortune.

Music and text edited by Scott Metcalfe and Debra Nagy. Translations by Scott Metcalfe.

The French text of the *Remede* in MSC is taken from Guillaume de Machaut, *Le Jugement du roy de Behaigne and Remede de Fortune*, ed. and trans. James I. Wimsatt and William W. Kibler (1988), to which we are indebted. For an edition and translation of the reading of MSA, see Guillaume de Machaut, *The Complete Poetry and Music*, vol. 2, *The Boethian Poems*, ed. and trans. R. Barton Palmer, with music edited by Uri Smilansky and art historical commentary by Domenic Leo (2019).

Comment Esperance moustre les droites armes d'Amours a l'amant

How Hope explains the true arms of Love to the Lover

A Remedy for Fortune

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 Jean of Luxembourg, king of Bohemia. Machaut would have accompanied the king in his travels all over Europe. After the king's heroic if foolhardy death at the battle of Crécy in 1346 (he insisted on being led into battle, although he was by then completely blind), Machaut served a number of other eminent nobles, a confusing number of whom were named either Jean or Charles. His patrons included Jean of Luxembourg's daughter, Bonne; her husband Jean, duke of Normandy, who would become King Jean II of France; their son Charles, the future King Charles V, Jean, duke of Berry, and Philip the Bold, duke of Burgundy; Pierre de Lusignan, king of Cyprus; and King Charles of Navarre. Machaut lived through the Black Death, which peaked in France in the years 1348-50 and killed some 30-60% of the population of Europe, including about half of Paris's 100,000 inhabitants. By 1360 or so he 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 artistic creations are richly transmitted in a unique series of six "complete works" manuscripts produced between c. 1350 and 1390, some apparently under the author's direct supervision; several are 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* consisting of some 280 poems which are not set to music; and a section of music which eventually comprised 19 *lais*, 23 *motets*, a setting of the Mass, a *hocket*, 42 *ballades*, 22 *rondeaux*, and

33 *virelais*. The order in which the work was presented was specified by the composer, as a rubric in one manuscript compiled towards the end of his life informs us "Vesci l'ordenance que G. de Machau vuet qu'il ait en son livre": "This is the order which G. de Machaut wishes to have in his book."

Bonne of Luxembourg & the *Remede de Fortune*

Of all his patrons, the one who seems to have attracted Machaut's warmest personal devotion was Bonne of Luxembourg. Born May 20, 1315, she died on September 11, 1349, perhaps of the Black Death; at age 34 she was already the mother of ten. Machaut may have undertaken the compilation of his first complete works manuscript for Bonne in the late 1340s, but she died before it was finished and it was completed in the mid-1350s, for her widower or for their son Charles. The last item in the lavishly illustrated book (now known as Machaut MS C) is a *motet* in the form of a *rondeau* that was perhaps intended as a memorial benediction for Bonne, *Trop plus est bele que Biauté / Biauté parée de valour / Je ne sui mie certains*: "Far more beautiful than Beauty itself is she, and better than Goodness, and full of everything, in truth, that a good and beautiful lady should have." The *Remede de Fortune*, too, appears to be dedicated to Bonne: the text identifies her more or less explicitly as the perfect Lady of the tale, to whom everyone rightly gives the name "Bonne."

... tousdis enclinoie
Mon cuer et toute ma pensee
Vers ma dame qui est clamee
De tous sur toutes belle et bonne :
Chascun par droit ce nom li donne.

... my heart and all my thoughts
were ever inclined towards
my lady, who is proclaimed
by all beautiful and good above all:
everyone rightly gives her this name.

Remede de Fortune, 52-56

The *Remede* is a *dit* of over 4000 octosyllabic lines in which the narrator describes the events that befell him as a young and inexperienced lover and his attempts to learn how to be happy and to live and love well despite the reversals dished out by Fortune and her wheel. Interspersed into the highly didactic narration are seven lyric poems set to

music which present a catalogue of exemplary forms arranged from old to new: three archaic forms inherited from the previous century—a virtuoso *lai*, a comically extended *complainte*, and a *chant royal*—followed by the new *formes fixes* of the so-called *seconde rhétorique*: a *ballade* and related *baladelle*, a *virelai*, and a *rondelet* or *rondeau*. The explicit goal of the *Remede* is to instruct its readers, by means of example and plain teaching, how to live ethically in a world which is not designed to assure human happiness. Lady Hope teaches the lover to cultivate indifference to the vagaries of Fortune—whether or not you find yourself momentarily in her favor—and not suffer from desire, but accept the good things Love has given you without wishing vainly for things which are impossible. These ideas are summarized in the opening ballade of our program, *Esperance qui m'asseure*, and their essential kernel is perfectly expressed in the tenor of the motet *Trop plus est bele que Biauté* with which we conclude: “I am not certain of having a lover, but I am a loyal friend.”

A performance of the *Remede*?

The *mise-en-page* of the *Remede* in MS C is a kind of performance combining the arts of poetry, music, and illustration,¹ but one in which the music will be inaccessible to anyone who cannot read mensural notation; in the 14th century that meant just about anyone who was not a professional singer. And even among musicians, the ability to imagine the sound of a complete polyphonic texture by reading from individual parts, as the music in the *Remede* is copied, is a rare skill, possessed by only the most exceptional individuals, then as now. A “performance” of the *Remede* for a 14th-century courtly audience, if such a thing ever occurred, might have combined a spoken recitation of the text (as most texts were “read” at the time) with the songs rendered by a virtuoso ensemble of musicians, while the listeners gazed upon and studied the elegant lettering and brightly colored pictures in the manuscript. Poetry, music, and art are ingeniously combined into

1 See the recent study by Anne Stone, “Made to measure? On the intimate relations between parchment and text in MS C’s *Remede de Fortune*,” and other essays in Lawrence M. Earp and Jared C. Hartt, eds., *Poetry, Art, and Music in Guillaume de Machaut’s Earliest Manuscript (BnF fr. 1586)* (Brepols, 2021). See also Domenic Leo’s contribution to Guillaume de Machaut, *The Complete Poetry and Music*, vol. 2, *The Boethian Poems*, ed. and trans. R. Barton Palmer, with music edited by Uri Smilansky and art historical commentary by Domenic Leo (2019).

a large-scale hybrid form at once didactic and entertaining, propelled by a chronological fiction which draws the audience along to the story’s disconcertingly ambiguous ending. But whether or not Machaut envisioned anything like what we mean by a “performance,” the *dit* is far too long to be performed in one sitting.

Our concert version of the *Remede* (the Broadway production might be entitled *Remede! The Musical*) was created by Debra Nagy and myself in a collaboration between the ensembles we direct, Les Délices and Blue Heron. It includes all seven of the lyrics set to music in the poem, although we have excerpted the *lai* and *complainte* in order to shape the program into an evening’s entertainment. (Performed complete, the *complainte* might last some forty-five minutes; its immoderate length—thirty-six stanzas of the same form, set to the same music—is a tangible sign of the narrator’s ethical derangement, his loss of sense and measure.) In place of the thousands of lines of Middle French poetry in which Machaut tells his story and conveys Hope’s teaching we perform songs and motets exploring the same themes. The live version of the entertainment included English narration, here replaced by a printed synopsis of the poem interspersed with the texts and translations; and while the concert performances were enriched by projections designed by Shawn Keener, the CD booklet includes a number of illustrations from MS C in an attempt to convey some idea of the multimedia richness of the manuscript, with its careful integration of text, musical notation, and illumination.²

Performance practice

Machaut’s well-deserved reputation as a master contrapuntist and the European tradition’s tendency to value polyphony above all can easily lead us to misprize the large part of his musical output that is monophonic, including 15 *lais* (the other four contain canonic or polyphonic material), 25 *virelais* (another seven are for two voices, and there is one for three), and one ballade. Indeed, most of the songs in the *Remede de Fortune* are monophonic: the *lai*, *complainte*, *chant royal*, and *virelai*. In Machaut’s original conception, as preserved in MS C, the three remaining pieces in the more modern forms were each

2 High-resolution digital images of MS C may be found on Gallica, the website of the Bibliothèque nationale de France, at <https://gallica.bnf.fr/ark:/12148/btv1b8449043q>.

set for a different number of voices: the ballade *Dame de qui toute ma joie vient* for two, the rondelet *Dame, mon cuer en vous remaint* for three, and Hope's baladelle *En amer a douce vie* for four. Later manuscripts prepared under Machaut's supervision transmit two more voices for *Dame de qui toute ma joie vient*; these are probably the work of Machaut although their addition disrupts the calculated scheme of the original. In this performance we sing the first strophe à 2, the second and third à 4.

Only for the virelai do we have any information about how Machaut expected his music to be performed. The text describes how the Lover encounters a festive party of courtiers dancing outside.

Mais n'alay pas le trait d'un arc
Que pres de la tour vi un parc
Ou priaus ot et fontanelles,
Dames, chevaliers, pucelles,
Et d'autres gens grant compaignie
Moult joieuse et moult envoisie,
Qui dansoient jolument;
N'il n'avoient nul instrument
Ne menestrelz, fors chanconettes
Deduisans, courtoyses, et nettes.

But I'd not gone the distance of a bowshot
when near to the tower I saw a park
where there were meadows and little fountains,
ladies, knights, maidens,
and a great company of other people,
very joyful and very festive,
who were dancing gaily.
There were no instruments
nor minstrels, only songs,
delightful, courtly, and bright.

Remede de Fortune, 3358-68

As he approaches the dancers, a song is sung by a young maiden; after dancing for a short while, the Lover takes his turn and sings his virelai, *Dame, a vous sans retollir*; he is followed by a lady who leaves off dancing to sing the next song. Machaut implies that each of these danced songs was sung without accompaniment of any kind, as you will hear our Lover sing the virelai in this performance (track 13).

We have taken a variety of approaches to the other three monophonic pieces. The lai is accompanied differently from strophe to strophe, by lute, harp, or both, with the fiddle taking one strophe instrumentally and doubling the voice discreetly in another. From time to time lute or harp add a quasi-improvised tenor line, a counterpoint whose presence (whether sounded or not) is strongly implied by the melody with its clearly articulated

cadences and progression from harmony to harmony. The melody of the complainte, on the other hand, is harmonically quite static, largely confining itself to outlining the “tonic” triad D-F-A with occasional movement to the “dominant.” It is thus very much suited to the drone accompaniment of a hurdy-gurdy, which also alludes to the inexorable turning of Fortune's wheel; douçaine and fiddle add counter-melodies here and there. In the chant royal we deploy a variety of textures: unaccompanied voice, chordal accompaniment on the lute, two-part counterpoint with tenor line, a three-part instrumental interlude, and four-part rendition with a *triplum* played on recorder, gradually returning to solo voice.

The lai, most virtuosic of poems, is highly virtuosic in musical terms as well, with a new melody for each new strophe (each cast in a unique form) until the final strophe, which recapitulates the metrical layout and rhyme scheme of the first: here the music is the same as for the first strophe, but transposed up a fifth. The “key” changes from strophe to strophe, as does the range: the entire lai covers a range of just under two octaves. Although a performance by one singer is certainly conceivable, we have allotted the music to three singers in turn, representing the Lover's many moods and multifaceted sentiments, somewhat like the way one individual's thoughts and feelings are conveyed by several musical parts in the polyphonic songs.

In the polyphonic songs, just one line—not always the top line—is supplied with text. The scribes of MS C and the other Machaut manuscripts took pains to group notes together so as to indicate which notes are meant to be sung to which syllable. We have adhered to the scribe's text deployment scrupulously for the most part, even in places where it seems counter-intuitive or even awkward; only very occasionally have we devised a slightly different solution after repeated performances. (In some cases, for example in the virelai *Dame a vous sans retollir*, the “unnaturalness” of the text setting requires a verbal dexterity that may very well be part of the game of accomplishing something very difficult and very artificial without apparent effort.) The implication of such careful alignment of music and text syllable in one part and the complete absence of text in others is that parts lacking text are not meant to carry it, and we perform untexted parts on instruments or vocalized wordlessly.

A fantastic ensemble, which includes all of the instruments heard on this recording and many more besides, entertains the Lady's guests after the meal at her manor.

Car, je vi la tout en un cerne
 Violle, rubelle, guiterne,
 Leü, morache, micanon,
 Cytolle, et le psalterion,
 Harpe, tabour, trompes, nacaires,
 Orgues, cornes, plus de dis paires,
 Cornemuses, flajos, chevretes,
 Douceïnes, simbales, clocettes,
 Tymbre, le flëuste brehaingne,
 Et le grant cornet d'Alemaingne,
 Flajos de Scens, fistule, pipe,
 Muse d'Aussay, trompe petite,
 Buissines, eles, monocorde
 Ou il n'a c'une seule corde,
 Et muse de blef tout ensemble.
 Et certainement, il me samble
 Qu'onques mais telle melodie
 Ne fu veue ne oye,
 Car chascuns d'eaus, selonc l'acort
 De son instrument, sans decort,
 Viole, guiterne, cytolle,
 Harpe, trompe, corne, flajole,
 Pipe, souffle, muse, naquaïre,
 Taboure, et quanque on puet faire
 De dois, de penne, et de l'archet
 Ouy je et vi en ce parchet.

For I saw there, all in a circle,
 fiddle, rebec, gittern,
 lute, Moorish guitar, small psaltery,
 cittern, and the psaltery,
 harp, tabor, trumpets, nakers,
 organs, horns—more than ten pairs—
 bagpipes, flutes, musettes,
 douçaines, cymbals, bells,
 timbrel, the Bohemian flute,
 and the large German cornet,
 flute of willow, fife, pipe,
 Alsatian reed pipe, small trumpet,
 herald's trumpets, another psaltery, monochord
 (which has only one string),
 and straw pipe, all together.
 And certainly it seemed to me
 that such melody had never before
 been witnessed or heard,
 for each of them, according to the harmony
 of his instrument, without discord—
 fiddle, gittern, cittern,
 harp, trumpet, horn, flute,
 pipe, bladder pipe, bagpipe, naker,
 tabor, and whatever could be played
 with finger, pick, or bow—
 I heard and saw in that little park.

Remede de Fortune, 3963-88

This highly implausible orchestra plays an estampie, but Machaut does not supply music for it. In fact, there is no extant estampie from Machaut's era and, indeed, very little instrumental music of any kind. The estampie heard after the banquet in our *Remede* was composed by Debra Nagy based on Machaut's monophonic virelai *Ay mi! dame de valour*, using the virelai's B section with its open and closed endings for the estampie's refrain, adapting the melodic material of the virelai's refrain for some of the estampie's *puncta* or episodes, and then composing new *puncti* of her own. Debra also composed the polyphonic instrumental settings of *Dame a vous sans retollir* and Jehan de Lescurel's *Dis tans plus* and most of the accompaniments added to the monophonic songs.

—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 specialties 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 and the University of California, Davis; in Chicago, Cleveland, Kansas City, Milwaukee, Montreal, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Providence, St. Louis, San Luis Obispo, Seattle, and Vancouver; and in England, Germany, and Belgium. 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*. Jessie Ann Owens and Blue Heron won the 2015 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 inaugurated *Ockeghem@600*, a multi-season project to commemorate the circa-600th birthday of Johannes Ockeghem (c. 1420-1497) by performing his complete works. A parallel project to record all of Ockeghem’s songs 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*; Volume 2 will

follow in 2023. Blue Heron’s recordings also include a CD of plainchant and polyphony to accompany 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*.

Les Délices explores the dramatic potential and emotional resonance of long-forgotten music. Founded by baroque oboist Debra Nagy in 2009, Les Délices has established a reputation for unique programs that are “thematically concise, richly expressive, and featuring composers few people have heard of ... Concerts and recordings by Les Délices are journeys of discovery” (*The New York Times*). The group’s debut CD, *The Tastes Reunited*, was named one of the “Top Ten Early Music Discoveries of 2009” (NPR’s Harmonia) and their performances have been called “beguiling” (*Cleveland Plain Dealer*), “astonishing” (*ClevelandClassical.com*), and “first class” (*Early Music America Magazine*). Les Délices’ twelfth season, “Embracing Change,” marked an important evolutionary period for the organization, which reconceived concerts for the virtual space and created SalonEra, a web series variety show for early music. Critics called the concerts “sensational” and “a cultural gift,” while SalonEra opened a world of music to audiences at home as sixteen original episodes and 60 remote musical collaborations created feature opportunities for over 40 artists. Highlights of the 2021-22 season included a new global streaming partnership with Marquee.TV, newly commissioned works by Jonathan Woody and Sydney Guillaume, twelve new episodes of SalonEra, and the premiere of *The White Cat*, a pastiche Baroque opera for singers and chamber ensemble with puppetry and projections, based on a 1690s feminist fairytale by the Countess D’Aulnoy.

