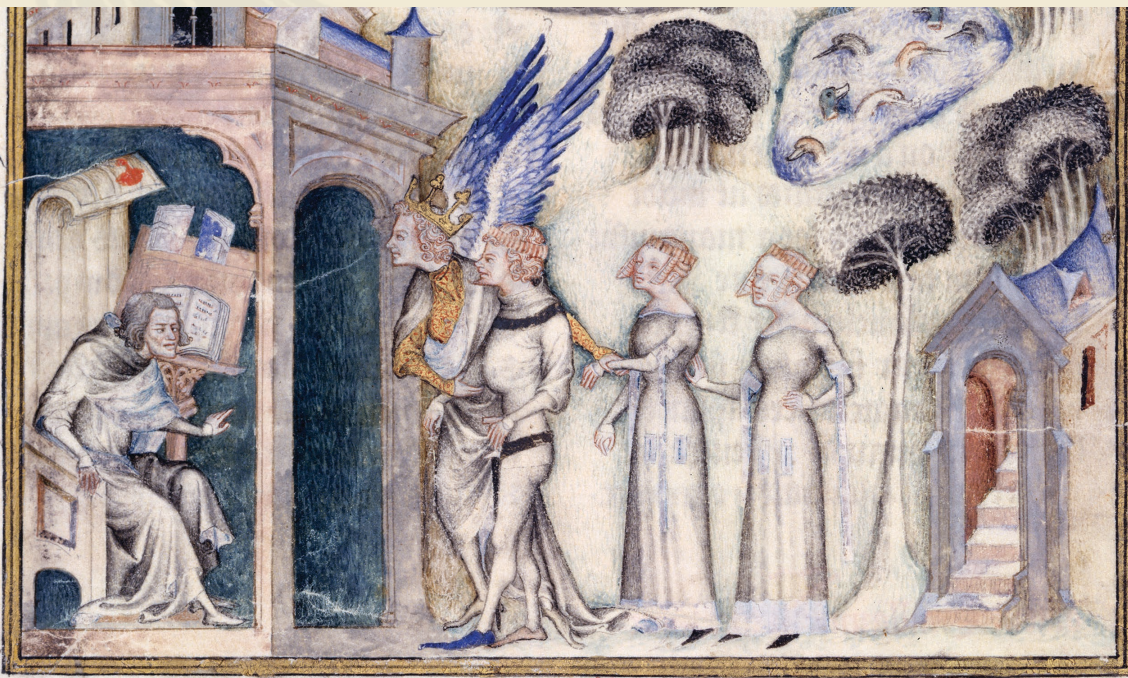


27TH SEASON / 2025-2026

Scott Metcalfe, Artistic Director

BLUEHERON



MACHAUT WEEKEND

May 1-3, 2026

MACHAUT WEEKEND

Opening Festivities p. 1

Friday, May 1, 7:30 pm

The Allen Center, West Newton

Talks & Conversation Machaut & Nature's Children p. 1

An introduction to poetry and visual art in Machaut

Saturday, May 2, 10 am-12 noon

Margaret Jewett Hall, First Church in Cambridge

Afternoon concert *Le grant rhetorique* p. 2

The music & poetry of Guillaume de Machaut

Saturday, May 2, 2:00 pm

Sanctuary, First Church in Cambridge

Candlelight concert Machaut, *Messe de Notre Dame* p. 3

Saturday, May 2, 7:00 & 8:30 pm

Lindsey Chapel, Emmanuel Church

Cabaret concert Machaut & the Ars subtilior p. 4

Sunday, May 3, 6:00 pm

The Allen Center, West Newton



Opening Festivities

FRIDAY, MAY 1, 7:30 PM

THE ALLEN CENTER, WEST NEWTON

KEYNOTE ADDRESS

Anne Stone, *Guillaume de Machaut's Humor*

Guillaume de Machaut (c. 1300-1377)

Cinc un treze huit neuf

Certes mon oueil richement visa bel

Quant Theseus, Hercules et Jason /

Ne quier veoir la biauté d'Absalon

Le lay de la fonteinne

BLUE HERON

Sophie Michaux, *mezzo-soprano*

Elisa Sutherland, *mezzo-soprano*

Aaron Sheehan, *tenor*

Debra Nagy, *mezzo-soprano, douçaine*

Scott Metcalfe, *artistic director, fiddle*

SINGALONG

Messe de Nostre Dame, Kyrie

Talks & Conversation

Machaut & Nature's Children

An introduction to poetry and visual art in Machaut

SATURDAY, MAY 2, 10:00 AM- 12 NOON

MARGARET JEWETT HALL, FIRST CHURCH IN CAMBRIDGE

Domenic Leo

Guillaume de Machaut: The Man in the Manuscripts

Ardis Butterfield

Machaut in love: Inept coward or knowing maestro?

Scott Metcalfe & Sophie Michaux

Speaking & singing Machaut's French

Afternoon concert

Le grant rhetorique: The music & poetry of Guillaume de Machaut

SATURDAY, MAY 2, 2:00 PM

FIRST CHURCH IN CAMBRIDGE

I.

Quant en moy / Amour et biauté / Amara valde
Riches d'amour et mendians d'amie
En mon cuer a un descort

II.

Quant ma dame les maus d'amer m'aprent
Se quanque Amours puet donner a ami

III.

Je puis trop bien ma dame comparer
Honte, paour, doubtance de meffaire
Hont paour *anonymous instrumental setting, Faenza codex*

IV.

Helas! pour quoy se demente et complaint
Cinc un treze huit neuf
Certes mon oueil richement visa bel

V.

Quant Theseus, Hercules et Jason / Ne quier veoir la biauté d'Absalon
Felix virgo / Inviolata genitrix

BLUE HERON

Sophie Michaux, *mezzo-soprano*

Elisa Sutherland, *mezzo-soprano*

Jason McStoots, *tenor*

Aaron Sheehan, *tenor*

Orí Harmelin, *lute*

Debra Nagy, *douçaine & recorder*

Scott Metcalfe, *artistic director, harp & fiddle*

**Concert sponsored by
Ann Besser Scott**

SPECIAL THANKS TO OUR
SINGER SPONSOR FOR THIS CONCERT
Lois Wasoff *sponsoring Jason McStoots*

Candlelight concert

Guillaume de Machaut, *Messe de Nostre Dame*

*A Lady Mass in Eastertide at the altar by the Rouelle
in the Cathedral of Reims, Saturday, May 2, 1366*

SATURDAY, MAY 2, 7:00 PM & 8:30PM

LINDSEY CHAPEL, EMMANUEL CHURCH

Introit *Salve sancta parens*

Kyrie

Gloria

Alleluia *Per te dei genitrix nobis est vita*

Credo

Offertory *Felix namque es, sacra virgo Maria*

Sanctus, Osanna & Benedictus

Agnus dei

Communion *Beata viscera*

Ite missa est

Deo gratias

BLUE HERON

Jason McStoots, *tenor*

Aaron Sheehan, *tenor*

Sumner Thompson, *tenor*

Paul Guttry, *bass*

Steven Hrycelak, *bass*

David McFerrin, *bass*

Scott Metcalfe, *artistic director*

SPECIAL THANKS TO OUR
SINGER SPONSORS FOR THIS CONCERT

Mary Eliot Jackson *sponsoring Paul Guttry*

Catharine Melhorn & John Lemly *sponsoring David McFerrin*

Harry Silverman *sponsoring Sumner Thompson*

Lois Wasoff *sponsoring Jason McStoots*

Cabaret concert

Machaut & the Ars subtilior

SUNDAY, MAY 3, 6:00 PM

THE ALLEN CENTER, WEST NEWTON

De toutes flours n'avoit et de tous fruis
Guillaume de Machaut / triplum added
by a later, anonymous composer
De tout flors *instrumental*
Anonymous, Faenza codex

Une vipere en cuer ma dame meint
Machaut
Mal vi loyaute *instrumental*
Anonymous

Fumeux fume par fume *lute solo*
Solage (fl. late 14th century)
Puis que je sui fumeux, plains de fume
Johannes Symonis Hasprois (d. 1428)
Fumeux fume par fume
Solage

BLUE HERON

Sophie Michaux, *mezzo-soprano*
Elisa Sutherland, *mezzo-soprano*
Jason McStoots, *tenor*
Aaron Sheehan, *tenor*
Sumner Thompson, *tenor*
Paul Guttry, *bass*
David McFerrin, *bass*
Orí Harmelin, *lute*
Debra Nagy, *douçaine & recorder*
Scott Metcalfe, *artistic director, harp & fiddle*

Pres du soloil *instrumental*
Matteo da Perugia (fl. 1400–16)
Biauté parfaite et bonté souverainne
Antonello da Caserta (fl. late 14th century) /
text by Machaut

De ma douleur ne puis trouver confort
Philipoctus da Caserta (fl. late 14th century)

Hé tres doulz rossignol joly / Roussignolet du
bois joly
Borlet (fl. late 14th century)
A l'arme a l'arme
Grimace (fl. late 14th century)

Armes, Amours, dames, chevalerie / O flour des
flours de toute melodie
F. Andrieu (fl. late 14th century) / text by
Eustache Deschamps

SPECIAL THANKS TO OUR
SINGER SPONSORS FOR THIS CONCERT

Mary Eliot Jackson *sponsoring Paul Guttry*
Catharine Melhorn & John Lemly *sponsoring David McFerrin*
Harry Silverman *sponsoring Sumner Thompson*
Lois Wasoff *sponsoring Jason McStoots*

Texts & Translations

Friday, May 1 Opening Festivities

LE LAY DE LA FONTEINNE

I

Je ne cesse de prier
A ma dame chiere
Que mes maus vueille aligier,
Mais si se tient chiere
Et tant la truis dure et fiere,
Sanz amollir,
Qu'adoucir de ma priere
Ne puis son dangier.

S'en vueil une autre acointier
Qui joie planiere
M'ottirera de legier
Et a bonne chiere,
Sanz fin, sanz amour legiere,
Sanz amenuisier :
Ne joie qu'a li affiere
Ne puet homs trier.

II *Chace*

Et ou porroit on querir
La joie qui amenrir
Ne puet ne finer
Et qui ne fait que doubler
En joieus plaisir?
Tout li mondes, sanz mentir,
N'en porroit finer
Sanz la dame qui n'a per
Amer et chierir.

Mais ame ne puet perir
N'a dampnacion venir
Qui son temps user
En li servir et louer
Vuet sanz repentir,
Car qui siens sanz retollir
Vuet tous demourer,
En gloire l'estuet regner
Qui ne puet faillir.

THE LAY OF THE FOUNTAIN

I

I never cease praying
to my dear lady
to relieve me of my woe,
but she so guards her distance
and I find her so hard and proud,
without yielding,
that with my prayers I cannot
soften her resistance.

Thus I will turn to another
who will grant me complete joy
with ease
and gladly,
without end, without fickle love,
without decrease:
nor can a man choose any joy
that does not reside with her.

II

And where should one seek
the joy that cannot
diminish nor end,
but does nothing but redouble
in joyous pleasure?
No-one in the world, truly,
can obtain it
without loving and cherishing
the Lady who has no peer.

No soul shall perish
and come to damnation
if it will spend its lifetime
serving and praising her
without reservation,
for whosoever will become wholly hers
without holding back,
she must reign over him in glory
which shall not end.

III

C'est celle qui par ordonnance
De parole et par la puissance
D'esperit saint qui ouvra en ce,
Et par divine pourveance
Faite au commandement dou pere,

Concut vierge, sanz violence,
Porta vierge, sanz desplaisance,
Enfanta vierge, sans grevance,
Le fil dieu qui prist no samblance
Pour nous tous getter de misere.

Mais n'i a point de differance,
Car cil troy sont toute une essence,
Une vertus, une substence,
Un pooir, une sapience,
Si a trop merveilleus mistere.

Et si ne fais nulle doubtance,
Car c'est ma foy, c'est ma creance,
C'est ma vie et ma soustenance,
Par celle qui par excellence
Est fille au pere et dou fil mere.

IV *Chace*

Ces trois .i. a po de peinne
Asses prouver puis.
Considere une fonteinne,
Le ruissel, la duis :
Ce sont .iii. mais ces trois truis
Tout un, soit petite ou pleine,
Soit par pintes ou par muis.
Par tous ces conduis
Est eaue d'un goust certaine :
Tous seurs en suis.

Hé, royne souverainne,
Qui seur toutes luis
Plus cler que la tresmonteinne
Es obscures nuis,
Aussi l'iaue et li dous fruis
De vie prist char humeinne
Et fourme en tes costes vuis.
C'est bien hors d'annuis
Et de fortune mondeinne
Cilz que tu conduis.

III

It is she who, in accordance
with the Word and through the power
of the Holy Spirit which worked in her,
and by divine providence
at the commandment of the Father,

conceived as a virgin, inviolate,
bore a child as a virgin, without distress,
and gave birth as a virgin, without pain,
to the son of God, who took on our likeness
to save us all from misery.

But there is no difference between these three,
for they are all of one essence,
one virtue, one substance,
one power, one wisdom:
here is a most marvellous mystery.

And I do not doubt this in the least,
for this is my faith, my belief,
my life and my sustenance,
through her who is supremely
daughter of the Father and mother of the Son.

IV

I can prove with little difficulty
that these three are one.
Consider a fountain,
the stream flowing from it, and its source:
they are three, yet I find these three
to be all one, be they small or large,
yielding pints or gallons.
From all these three
comes water of one taste, certainly:
of this I am quite sure.

Ah, sovereign queen,
who shines above all,
brighter than the Pole Star
on dark nights,
in just this way the water and the sweet fruit
of life took on human flesh
and form in your womb.
Free indeed from care
and from wordly misfortune
is he whom you lead!

V

Et qui de ceste eaue prendroit
 Et la mettroit
 Par un temps froit
 En un vaissel, elle prendroit
 Et jaleroit,
 Si qu'on feroit
 De la glace une ymage :

Mais ja son goust n'en perderoit
 Ne mueroit,
 Qu'ades seroit
 Eaue et nature d'eaue aroit.
 Chascuns le voit
 Et aperçoit
 Par le temps yvernage.

L'eaue de vie ainsi venoit
 Et descendoit
 En tes flans droit,
 Que sains esperis amenoit
 Et conduisoit,
 Dont il fourmoit
 Le bel, le bon, le sage,

Qui filz de dieu le pere estoit,
 Qui consentoit
 Et qui voloit
 Que fourme et char humeine avoit
 Et qu'il morroit
 Et getteroit
 D'enfer l'umein lignage.

VI *Chace*

Mais ceste trinité
 Est en eternité,
 En possibilité
 Et en toute autre chose,
 En sens, en qualité,
 En gloire, en verité,
 Une seule unité
 En dieu le pere enclose,
 Qui par douce pité,
 Par vraie humilité
 Nous a tous respité
 Quant en toy, douce rose,
 Prist nostre humanité
 Li filz par amité.
 Ce nous a tous getté,
 Dont Sathans ne repose.

V

And if one were to take this water
 and put it
 in cold weather
 into a vessel, it would set
 and freeze,
 so that one could shape
 the ice into an image:

yet still it would not lose its taste
 nor would it change,
 for it would yet remain
 water and have the nature of water.
 Anyone can see
 and observe this
 during the wintertime.

In this same way the water of life flowed
 and descended
 into your womb,
 led and channeled by
 the Holy Spirit,
 who from it formed
 the fair, good and wise man

who was the son of God the Father,
 who consented
 and wished
 to take human form and flesh
 and who would die
 and save
 the human race from hell.

VI

But this Trinity
 is in eternity,
 in omnipotence,
 and in every other thing,
 in sense, in quality,
 in glory, and in truth,
 one single Unity
 enclosed in God the Father,
 who through gentle pity
 and true humility
 delivered us all
 when in you, sweet Rose,
 his son took on our humanity
 out of love.
 This saved us all,
 whence Satan is confounded.

VII

De la duis le pere nomme,
De la fonteinne le fil
Qui vient dou pere et fu homme,
Dou ruissel cler et gentil
Saint esperit c'est la somme,
Dou pere et dou fil vient il.
Ces siz sont .iij, qui bien somme
A entendement soustil.

Mais miex vorroie estre a Romme
Ou oultre mer en essil
Ou gettés dedens la Somme,
En flun Jourdain ou en Nil
[Que] croire riens que pseudomme
Ne puist croire sans peril :
Car tout vaut il une pomme
Sans Dieu? Je di que nennil.

VIII *Chace*

Et pour ce di que cil troy
De no foy
Te firent droit fondement
Quant li filz se mist en toy,
Car j'en voy
Parfait le viel testament
Et fait le saint sacrement.
Ce m'aprent
Que la duis de nostre loy
Yes et de no sauvement
Proprement
La fonteinne, einssi le croy,

Ou chascuns boit qui a soy
Sanz anoy
Et qui pardurablement
Vuet vivre avec le grant roy
Leve soy
En ruissel qui en descent.
C'est ta grace vraiment
Qui c'estent
A tous ciaux qui en recoy
Pleurent et pleignent souvent
Tendrement
De leur pechiés le desroy.

VII

The source may be called the Father;
the fountain, the Son
who came from the Father and became man;
the clear and gentle stream,
the Holy Spirit, which issues
from the Father and the Son.
These six are three, if counted rightly
with subtle understanding.

But it would be better to be in Rome,
in exile beyond the sea,
or thrown into the Somme,
the river Jordan or the Nile
than to believe anything that a wise man
cannot believe without peril:
for is anything worth a fig
without God? Certainly not, say I.

VIII

For this reason I say that these three
made you the true foundation
of our faith
when the Son entered into you,
for there I see
the old testament fulfilled
and the holy sacrament established.
This teaches me
that you are the source of our law
and the fountain,
truly,
of our salvation, thus I believe,

where all who are thirsty may drink
freely
and all who wish to live
forever with the great King
may wash themselves
in the stream that flows from it.
This is your grace, truly,
which is extended
to all who secretly
weep and lament often
and with great intensity
the folly of their sins.

IX

Pour ce te pri,
 Vierge, oy mon depri,
 Car po cri,
 Po descri,
 Po pleur lez pechiés

Qui sont en mi,
 Viel et endormi.
 S'en fremi,
 Car emmi
 Mon cuer sont fichiés.

M'ame t'otri
 Et doing sans detri,
 Et te tri
 Seur tout tri :
 Or soyés mes chiés

Et aveuc mi
 Contre l'annemi,
 Car ami
 Ne demi
 N'ay en mes meschiés.

X *Chace*

Mais de tel confort
 Com de plourer fort
 Petit me confort,
 Vierge, se ne me fais fort
 Qu'apaiseras l'ire
 De ton fil, que au fort
 Homs n'a si grant tort
 Qui n'en soit ressort,
 Car a toy vie ne mort
 Ne scet escondire.

Las! or sui au port
 De tout desconfort,
 Quant mes maus recort,
 Et si fort me desconfort
 Que ne le puis dire,
 Car pechiés me mort,
 Anemis ne dort,
 Eins fait son effort
 Qu'en livre de mort, moy mort,
 Me puist faire escrire.

IX

For this reason I pray you,
 Virgin, hear my prayer,
 for little do I cry,
 little do I bewail,
 little do I lament the sins

which are in me,
 hidden and asleep.
 I shudder,
 for they are embedded
 within my heart.

I offer you my soul
 and grant it to you without hesitation,
 and I choose you
 above all others:
 be now my ruler

and stand with me
 against the enemy,
 for I have no friend
 at all
 in my misfortune.

X

But from such comfort
 as weeping loudly
 I take little comfort,
 Virgin, if you do not assure me
 that you will soothe the wrath
 of your Son, so that in the end
 no man can commit so great a wrong
 that it may not be forgiven,
 for he cannot refuse you power
 over life or death.

Alas! now I am at the mercy
 of every torment
 when I recall my misdeeds,
 and this torments me more
 than I can say,
 for sins gnaw at me,
 and the enemy does not sleep,
 but rather makes every effort
 to write me, once I am dead,
 into the book of death.

XI

Hé, fonteinne de concorde,
 La duis de misericorde,
 Ruissiaus qui leve et racorde
 Meins pecheurs, fluns de doucour,
 Oy ma clamour :

Fay que pechiés ne me morde,
 Si qu'anemis ne m'encorde
 De ses craus et de sa corde,
 Car en toy sont tuit mi tour
 Et mi retour.

Fay tant que de li m'estorde;
 Car il n'a maison ne borde
 Qui vilz, sale, obscure et orde
 Ne soit, pleine de puour
 Et de laidour,

Et mes cuers vuet et t'acorde
 Que ton doulz salut recorde,
 Tant que de li naisse et sorde
 Une fonteinne de plour
 Et de tristour,

XII *Chace*

Pour laver et nettoier
 En telle maniere
 Les vices qui de pechier
 Me donnent matiere.
 Vierge, que ta grace acquiere,
 Si que trebuchier
 Ne me puist en sa chaudiere
 Sathans ne accrochier.

Encor te vueil supplier,
 Royne et lumiere
 Des angles, qu'a ton fil chier
 Ta douceur requiere
 Que son ire ne nous fiere
 Au jour derrenier
 Et la joie qu'est entiere
 Nous vueille otroier.

XI

Ah, fountain of concord,
 source of mercy,
 stream which raises up and reconciles
 many a sinner; gentle river,
 hear my cry:

grant that sin no longer gnaw at me,
 that the enemy cannot snare me
 with his claws and his net,
 for in you is all my help
 and my rescue.

Grant that I escape him,
 for he has no house or hovel
 that is not vile, filthy, dark, and squalid,
 filled with stench
 and ugliness,

and my heart desires and accords with you
 to recall your sweet salvation,
 such that from it wells and springs forth
 a fountain of tears
 and grief

XII

in order to wash and clean
 in this way
 the vices which give me
 cause to sin.
 Virgin, may I acquire your grace,
 so that Satan may not make me fall
 into his cauldron,
 nor drag me there.

Again I beg you,
 Queen and Light
 of Angels, that your gentleness
 ask of your son
 that his anger not strike us
 on the last day
 and that he deign
 to grant us joy everlasting.

Saturday, May 2 Afternoon concert

TRIPLUM

Quant en moy vint premierement

Amours, si tres doucettement
Me vost mon cuer enamourer
Que d'un regart me fist present,
Et tres amoureux sentement.
Me donna avec Dous Penser
Espoir
D'avoir
Mercy sans refuser.
Mais onques en tout mon vivant
Hardement ne me vost donner;
Et si me fait en desirant
Penser si amoureuxment
Que par force de desirer
Ma joie convient en tourment
Muer, se je n'ay hardement.
Las! et je n'en puis recouvrer
Qu'Amours
Secours
Ne me vuet nul prester,
Qui en ses las si durement
Me tient que n'en puis eschaper;
Ne je ne vueil, qu'en attendant
Sa grace je vueil humblement
Toutes ces dolours endurer.
Et s'Amours loyal se consent
Que ma douce dame au corps gent
Me vueille son ami clamer,
Je scai
De vray
Que j'arai sans finer
Joie qu'Amour a fin amant
Doit pour ses maus guerredonner.
Mais elle atent trop longuement
Et j'aime si folettement
Que je n'ose merci rouver,
Car j'aim miex vivre en esperant
D'avoir merci prochainement
Que Refus me veingne tuer.
Et pour ce di en souspirant:
Grant folie est de tant amer
Que de son dous face on amer.

When Love first entered
into me, so very sweetly
did he wish to enamor my heart
that he gave me the gift of a gaze
and most amorous feelings.
With Sweet Thought he gave me
Hope
of obtaining
reward without refusal.
But never in my whole life
did he deign to grant me boldness,
and so he makes me
brood so passionately, possessed by desire,
that through the force of desire
he contrives to change my joy into
torment, for I lack boldness.
Alas! and I cannot recover,
for Love
will not
grant me any relief,
but holds me so tightly bound
in his bonds that I cannot escape;
nor do I wish to, for while awaiting
her grace I wish humbly
to endure all these woes.
And if loyal Love consents
that my sweet lady with the lovely body
will proclaim me her love,
I know
truly
that I will have without end
the joy with which Love ought to
reward a purehearted lover, for his pains.
But she delays too long,
and I love with such madness
that I do not dare to beg for mercy,
for I prefer to live while hoping
soon to receive a reward
than to be killed by Refusal.
And thus I say while sighing:
It is great folly to love so much
that one turns its sweetness to bitterness.

MOTETUS

Amour et biauté parfaite

Doubter,
Celer
Me font parfaitement
Et vrais desirs qui m'a faite
De vous
Cuers dous
Amer sans finement.
Et quant j'aim si finement,
Merci
Vous pri,
Car elle me soit faite,
Sans vostre honnour amenrir,
Car j'aim miex ainsi languir
Et morir, s'il vous agréé,
Que par moy fust empirée
Vostre honnour, que tant desir,
Ne de fait ne de pensée.

TENOR

Amara valde.

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 ottoie
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.

Love and perfect beauty
make me dread
and conceal
perfectly
the true desire that made me
love your
gentle heart
without bound.
And since I love so purely,
I beg
mercy of you,
since it may be granted me
without diminishing your honor,
for I prefer to languish
and die, if it pleases you,
than that your honor, which I so much desire,
be sullied on my account
by deed or by thought.

Exceedingly bitter.

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.

En mon cuer a un descort
Qui si fort le point et mort
Que, sans mentir,
S'Amours par son doulz plaisir
N'i met accord
Aveuc ma dame, pour mort
Me doy tenir.

C'est de mon loyal Desir
Qui me vuet faire gehir
Le mal que port

Et comment j'aim et desir
Ma dame sans repentir
Et sans confort.

Mais Paour s'oppose fort
Et dit que Desirs a tort
De ce querir,
Qu'elle crient Refus oir
Qui pas ne dort
Et Dangiers qui fait a mort
L'amant venir.

En mon cuer a un descort ...

Si ne say que devenir
Quant de ma dame remir
Le gentil port,

Car Paour me fait fremir
Et trambler et tressaillir
Par son enort

Et Desirs, san nul deport,
Fait mon cuer par son effort
Taindre et palir ;
Biauté me vient assaillir,
Douceur m'endort,
Mais Amours me fait au fort
Taïre et souffrir.

En mon cuer a un descort ...

Las! ainsi m'estuet languir,
Pleindre, plourer et gemir
En desconfort.

Ne bien n'ay fors souvenir,
Dous penser et li servir :
La me confort,

There is a discord in my heart,
which so strongly pierces and wounds it
that I say without lying,
if Love by his sweet pleasure
does not come to an accord
with my lady, I must consider myself
dead.

It comes from my loyal Desire,
which wants to make me confess
the wrongs I commit,

and how much I love and desire
my lady, without regret
and without comfort.

But Fear resists strongly
and says that Desire is wrong
to seek this,
for she fears hearing Refusal,
who never sleeps.
and Rejection, which makes a lover
come to death.

There is a discord in my heart ...

Thus I do not know what will become of me
when I admire my lady's
kind bearing,

for Fear makes me quiver
and tremble and shake
at his instigation,

and Desire, without any respite,
makes my heart, by his effort,
fade and turn pale;
Beauty comes to assail me,
Sweetness puts me to sleep,
But Love firmly
silences me and makes me suffer.

There is a discord in my heart ...

Alas! thus must I languish,
lament, weep, and groan
in discomfort.

Nothing good do I have but Memory,
Sweet Thoughts, and my service to her:
there I find comfort,

La seulement me deport,
La sont geté tuit mi sort
Et la me tir,
La vueil je vivre et morir
Et la m'acort,
La seront tuit mi ressort
Jusqu'au morir.

En mon cuer a un descort ...

Quant ma dame les maus d'amer m'aprent,
Elle me puet aussi les biens aprendre,
Qu'en grant douceur mon cuer tient et esprent
Quant ma dame les maus d'amer m'aprent.
Dont qui les biens a droit saveure et prent,

Riens n'est plus dous, c'est legier a comprendre.
Quant ma dame les maus d'amer m'aprent
Elle me puet aussi les biens aprendre.

Se quanque Amours puet donner a amy
Et quanque cuer d'ami puet desirer
Et quanque dame y porroit mettre aussi
De bien, de pais, par loyaument amer,
Estoient entierement
En un seul cuer, je scay certainement
Qu'il sentiroit grief tristesse et esmay
Contre le bien et la joie que j'ay.

Car nulle fois de riens ne me defri,
Ne riens ne puet mon cuer deconforter,
Ains ay le temps si bon et si onni
Que je ne puis a nulle riens penser
Fors a joie seulement;
Et ce me fait vivre si liement
Que Léesse n'a cuer joieus ne gay
Contre le bien et la joie que j'ay.

Et tout pour ce que j'ay toudis en my
L'impression de ma dame sans per
Qui est empreinte et figurée en my
Mon loyal cuer qui l'aime sans fausser,
Si fort et si fermement
Qu'adés la voy vis a vis proprement;
Ne se peut riens comparer, bien le say,
Contre le bien et la joie que j'ay.

there only do I rejoice,
there I have cast all my fate,
and thence I lead myself;
there I wish to live and die,
and there I am in accord,
there shall be all my refuge
until I die.

There is a discord in my heart ...

When my lady teaches me the ills of love,
she can also teach me the good things,
for with great sweetness she takes and ignites my heart
when my lady teaches me the ills of love.
Thus to one who rightly savors and holds to the good
things
nothing is sweeter, it's easy to understand.
When my lady teaches me the ills of love,
she may also teach me the good things.

If all that Love can give a lover
and all that the heart of a lover can desire
and all that a lady could add
of good and of peace, by loving faithfully,
were found entirely
in one single heart, still I know for certain
that it would feel grievous sadness and woe
compared with the good and the joy that I have.

For never do I yearn for anything,
nor can anything distress my heart:
instead I enjoy such a good and tranquil time
that I am cannot think of anything at all
save only joy;
and this makes me live so happily
that Gladness herself does not have a joyful heart
compared with the good and the joy that I have.

And all because I always keep within me
the image of my lady without peer,
who is imprinted and depicted in the center
of my loyal heart, which loves her without falseness,
so strongly and so firmly
that I am always looking directly at it;
and there is nothing, I know well, that can be
compared with the good and the joy that I have.

Je puis trop bien ma dame comparer

A l'image que fist Pymalion :
D'ivoire fu, tant belle et si sans per
Que plus l'ama que Medée Jason.

Li fols toudis la prioit,
Mais l'image riens ne li respondoit.
Einsi me fait celle qui mon cuer font,
Qu'ades la pri et riens ne me respont.

Pymalions qui moroit pour amer
Pria ses dieus par tele affection
Que la froideur de l'image tourner
Vit en chalour et sa dure fasson

Amolir, car vie avoit
Et char humeinne et doucement parloit.
Mais ma dame de ce trop m'i confont
Qu'ades la pri et riens ne me respont.

Or vueille Amours le dur en dous muer
De celle a qui j'ay fait de mon cuer don,
Et son franc cuer de m'amour aviver,
Si que de li puisse avoir guerredon.

Mais Amours en li conjoit
En fier desdaing, et le grand desir voit
Qui m'ocira; si croy que cil troiz font
Qu'ades la pri et riens ne me respont.

Honte, paour, doubtaunce de meffaire,

Attemprance mettre en sa volenté,
Large en refus et lente d'otroy faire ;
Raison, mesure, honneur et honnesté

Doit en son cuer figurer,
Et mesdisans seur toutes riens doubter,
Et en tous fais estre amoureux couarde,
Qui de s'onneur vuet faire bonne garde.

Saige en meintieng, au bien penre exemplaïre,
Celer apoint s'amour et son secré,
Simple d'atour et non voloir attraïre
Pluseurs a li pour samblant d'amisté,

Car c'est pour amanz tuer ;
Foy, pais, amour et loyauté garder,
Ce sont les poins que dame en son cuer garde
Qui de s'onneur vuet faire bonne garde.

Car quant amour meint en cuer debonnaire,
Juesne, gentil, de franchise paré,
Plein de cuidier et de joieus affaire
Et de desir par plaisance engendré,

I can very well compare my lady
to the statue made by Pygmalion:
Of ivory it was, so beautiful and peerless
that he loved it more than Medea loved Jason.

The madman prayed to it every day,
but the statue never answered him a word.
She who melts my heart treats me the same,
for I pray to her without cease and she never responds.

Pygmalion, who was dying for love,
prayed to his god with such passion
that he beheld the coldness of the image turn
to warmth, and its hard surface

soften, for it came to life,
became human flesh, and spoke sweetly.
But my lady in this too much seeks my destruction,
for I pray to her without cease and she never responds.

Now may Love transmute hard into soft
in her to whom I have made a gift of my heart,
and make her noble heart beat with love for me,
so that I might have a reward from her.

But Love in her takes pleasure
in proud Disdain, and sees the great Desire
that will kill me; so I believe that these three ensure
that I pray to her without cease and she never responds.

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.

Wise in comportment, taking good as her example,
hiding her loves and secrets appropriately,
modest in dress, not wishing to attract
many to her by apparent friendliness,

for this is how to discourage lovers;
keeping faith, peace, love and loyalty:
these are the things kept in the heart of a lady
if she would guard her honor well.

For when love rules in a heart that is noble,
young, genteel, forthright,
full of dreams and joyful affairs
and desire engendered by pleasure,

C'est trop fort a contrestre,
Qu'il font souvent sens et mesure oultrier :
Pource adés pense a ces poins et regarde
Qui de s'onneur vuet faire bonne garde.

Helas pour quoy se demente et complaint

Mon cuer dolent de sa dure doulour?
Quant ma dame ne puet oir son pleint,
Helas pour quoy se demente et complaint?
Ne riens aidier ne li puet si se pleint,
Puis qu'Amours n'a de li nule tenrou.
Helas pour quoy se demente et complaint
Mon cuer dolent de sa dure doulour?

Cinc, un, treze, wit, neuf d'amour fine

M'ont espris sans definement,
Qu'Espoirs vuet que d'amer ne fine
Cinc, un, treze, wit, neuf d'amour fine,
Si que plus que fins ors s'affine
Mes cuers pour amer finement.
Cinc, un, treze, wit, neuf d'amour fine
M'ont espris sans definement.

Certes mon oueil richement visa bel

Quant premiers vi ma dame bonne et belle :
Pour ce que gent maintieng et vis a bel
Certes mon oueil richement visa bel.
Ne fu tel fleur desque fu vis Abel,
Quant fleur des fleurs tous li mondes l'apelle.
Certes mon oueil richement visa bel
Quant premiers vi ma dame bonne et belle.

I.

Quant Theseus, Hercules et Jason

Cercherent tout et terre et mer parfonde
Pour acroistre leur pris et leur renom
Et pour veoir bien tout l'estat dou monde,
Moult furent dignes d'onneur.
Mais quant je voy de biauté l'umble flour,
Assevis sui de tout, si que, par m'ame,
Je voy assés, puis que je voy ma dame.

Car en veant sa biauté, sa façon
Et son maintieng qui de douceur seuronde,
J'y preing assés bien pour devenir bon,
Car le grant bien de li en moy redonde

it is too strong to resist,
for often these overcome sense and reason:
so let her always think on and respect these points,
if she would guard her honor well.

Alas, why does my suffering heart
lament and complain of its affliction?
Since my lady cannot hear its lament,
alas, why does it lament and complain?
It can do it no good to complain,
for Love feels no compassion for it.
Alas, why does my suffering heart
lament and complain of its affliction?

Five, one, thirteen, eight, nine have set me ablaze
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.
Five, one, thirteen, eight, nine have set me ablaze
with noble love without end.

(5, 1, 13, 8, 9 = E, A, N, H, J, I.E. JEHAN)

Surely my eye took aim richly and well
when it first saw my lady good and fair:
as she is of fair noble manner and face,
surely my eye took aim richly and well.
There been no such flower since Abel lived,
for everyone calls her the flower of flowers.
Surely my eye took aim richly and well
when it first saw my lady good and fair.

I.

When Theseus, Hercules, and Jason
sought everywhere on land and on the deep sea
to increase their fame and renown
and see the whole state of the world,
they were most worthy of honour.
But when I see the humble flower of beauty,
I am satisfied in everything, so that, by my soul,
I see enough, since I see my lady.

For seeing her beauty, her comportment,
and her carriage, overflowing with sweetness,
I absorb enough good to become good,
for great goodness flows from her into me

Par grace de fine amour
Qui me contraint a hair deshonnour
Et tout vice ; si puis dire sanz blasme
Je voy assés, puis que je voy ma dame.

Veoir ne quier la dorée toison
Ne les Yndes ne de Rouge Mer onde,
N'aus infernaus penre guerre ou tençon
Pour eslongier le regart de la blonde
Dont me vient joye et baudour
Et doulz penser ; si tieng pour le millour
Que a tout conter et bien peser a drame,
Je voy assés, puis que je voy ma dame.

[Text by Thomas Païen]

II.

Ne quier veoir la biauté d'Absalon
Ne d'Ulises le sens et la faconde,
Ne esprouver la force de Sanson,
Ne regarder que Dalila le tonde,
Ne cure n'ay par nul tour
Des yeux Argus ne de joie grignour,
Car pour plaisance et sanz ayde d'ame
Je voy assés, puis que je voy ma dame.

De l'ymage que fist Pymalion
Elle n'avoit pareille ne seconde,
Mais la belle qui m'a en sa prison
Cent mille fois est plus bele et plus monde.
C'est uns drois fluns de doucour
Qui puet et scet garir toute dolour,
Dont cilz a tort qui de dire me blame
Je voy assés, puis que je voy ma dame.

Si ne me chaut dou sens de Salemon,
Ne que Phebus entermine ou responde,
Ne que Venus s'en mesle ne Memnon
Que Jupiter fist muer en aronde,
Car je di : quant je l'aour,
Aym et desir, ser et crieng et honnour,
Et que s'amour seur toute rien m'enflame,
Je voy assés, puis que je voy ma dame.

by grace of pure love,
which compels me to hate dishonor
and every vice; so I may say without reproach,
I see enough, since I see my lady.

I do not wish to see the Golden Fleece,
nor the Indies, nor the waves of the Red Sea,
nor to take up war and strife against infernal demons,
so putting far from me the glances of the fair one
from whom I have joy and gladness
and sweet thoughts; I consider it best
that, counting everything and weighing it by the dram,
I see enough, since I see my lady.

II.

I do not wish to see the beauty of Absalom
nor the wisdom and eloquence of Ulysses,
nor to feel the strength of Samson,
nor see Delilah shave his head,
nor do I care in the least
for the eyes of Argus or any greater joy,
for with pleasure and without the aid of another soul
I see enough, since I see my lady.

The statue which Pygmalion made
is neither her equal nor her rival,
but the beauty who holds me in her prison
is a hundred times more beautiful and more pure.
She is a true fount of sweetness,
willing and able to heal any pain,
so they are in error who fault me for saying
I see enough, since I see my lady.

Thus I care not for the wisdom of Solomon,
nor whether Phoebus gives orders or answers,
nor that Venus should meddle, or Memnon
whom Jupiter changed into a swallow,
for I say: so much do I adore,
love and desire, serve and fear and honour her,
and since her love inflames me more than any other,
I see enough, since I see my lady.

TRIPLUM

Felix virgo, mater Christi,
Que gaudium mundo tristi
Ortu tui contulisti,
Dulcissima,
Sic hereses pervenisti,
Dum angelo credidisti
Filiumque genuisti,
Castissima.
Roga natum, piissima,
Ut pellat mala plurima
Tormentaue gravissima,
Que patimur,
Nam a gente ditissima,
Lux lucis splendidissima,
De sublimi ad infima
Deducimur;
Cunctis bonis exuimur,
Ab impiis persequimur,
Per quos, virgo, subicimur
Servitutis,
Nam sicut ceci gradimur
Nec directorem sequimur,
Sed a viis retrahimur
Nobis tutis.
Gracie fons et virtutis,
Sola nostre spes salutis,
Miserere destritutis
Auxilio,
Ut a culpis absolutis
Et ad rectum iter ductis
Inimicisque destructis
Pax sit nobis cum gaudio.

MOTETUS

Inviolata genitrix,
Superbie grata victrix
Expers paris,
Celestis aule janitrix,
Miserorum exauditrix,
Stella maris,
Que ut mater consolaris
Et prolapsis deprecaris
Humiliter,
Gracie fons singularis,
Que angelis dominaris,
Celeriter
Para nobis tutum iter

Happy virgin, mother of Christ,
who brought joy to a sad world
by your birth,
O sweetest one,
you thus annihilated heresies
when you believed the angel
and bore your Son,
O most chaste one.
Ask your Son, most pious lady,
to drive away the very many evils
and very heavy torments
which we suffer,
for by a very abundant tribe
O most splendid light of lights,
we are being drawn
from highest heaven to deepest hell;
we are stripped of all good things,
we are persecuted by the wicked
by whom, O virgin, we are subjected
to servitude,
for we walk like blind men
and follow no leader,
but we draw ourselves away
from safe paths.
O source of grace and virtue,
our sole hope of salvation,
have pity on the forsaken,
give your help
so that, freed from sins
and led to the right path,
with our enemies destroyed,
there may be peace together with joy for us.

Inviolata mother,
gracious conqueror of pride,
devoid of equal,
door-keeper of our heavenly home,
who listens to the wretched,
star of the sea,
who consoles like a mother
and intercedes for our faults
humbly,
source of singular grace
who rules the angels:
swiftly
prepare for us a safe journey

Juvasque nos viriliter;
Nam perimus,
Invadimur hostiliter,
Sed tuimur debiliter.
Neque scimus
Quo tendere nos possimus
Nec per quem salvi erimus
Nisi per te.
Eya! ergo poscimus,
Ut sub alis tuis simus
Et versus nos te converte.

TENOR

Ad te suspiramus gementes et flentes.

and lend us vigorous help,
for we are perishing;
we are under hostile assault
but are feebly defended,
nor do we know
where we can turn,
nor through whom we shall be saved
unless by you.
Alas! thus we ask
That we may shelter beneath your wings
and you may turn yourself towards us.

To you we sigh, wailing and weeping.

Saturday, May 2 Candlelight concert

Introit

Salve sancta parens, enixa puerpera regem qui celum
terramque regit in secula seculorum.
Alleluia.

Sentiant omnes tuum iuvamen quicumque celebrant
tuam commemoratione.

Gloria patri et filio et spiritui sancto : sicut erat in
principio et nunc et semper et in sæcula sæculorum.
Amen.

Kyrie eleyson.

Christe eleyson.
Kyrie eleyson.

Gloria in excelsis deo, et in terra pax hominibus
bone voluntatis. Laudamus te. Benedicimus te.
Adoramus te. Glorificamus te. Gratias agimus tibi
propter magnam gloriam tuam. Domine deus,
rex celestis, deus pater omnipotens. Domine fili
unigenite, Jesu Christe. Domine deus, agnus dei,
filius patris.

Qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis. Qui tollis
peccata mundi, suscipe deprecationem nostram. Qui
sedes ad dexteram patris, miserere nobis. Quoniam
tu solus sanctus, tu solus dominus, tu solus
altissimus, Jesu Christe, cum sancto spiritu in gloria
dei patris. Amen.

Hail, holy Mother, thou who didst bring forth the
King who rules Heaven and earth for ever and ever.
Alleluia.

May all who keep thy sacred commemoration feel
the might of thine assistance.

Glory to the Father and to the Son, and to the Holy
Spirit : as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever
shall be. Amen.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.
Lord, have mercy.

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace
to all of good will. We praise you. We bless you.
We adore you. We glorify you. We give thanks to
you for your great glory. Lord God, heavenly king,
almighty God the Father. Lord Jesus Christ, only
begotten Son. Lord God, lamb of God, Son of the
Father.

Who takes away the sins of the world, have mercy
on us. Who takes away the sins of the world, receive
our prayer. Who sits at the right hand of the Father,
have mercy on us. For you alone are holy, you alone
are the Lord, the Most High, Jesus Christ, with the
Holy Spirit in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

Alleluia. Per te, dei genitrix, nobis est vita perdita data : que de celo suscepisti prolem et mundi genuisti salvatorem.

Credo in unum deum, patrem omnipotentem, factorem celi et terre, visibilium omnium et invisibilium. Et in unum dominum Jesum Christum, filium dei unigenitum: et ex patre natum ante omnia secula. Deum de deo, lumen de lumine, deum verum de deo vero. Genitum non factum, consubstantialem patri: per quem omnia facta sunt. Qui propter nos homines et propter nostram salutem descendit de celis.

Et incarnatus est de spiritu sancto ex Maria virgine: et homo factus est. Crucifixus etiam pro nobis sub Pontio Pilato: passus et sepultus est. Et resurrexit tertia die secundum scripturas. Et ascendit in celum: sedet ad dexteram patris.

Et iterum venturus est cum gloria judicare vivos et mortuos: cujus regni non erit finis. Et in spiritum sanctum dominum et vivificantem qui ex patre filioque procedit. Qui cum patre et filio simul adoratur et conglorificatur: qui locutus est per prophetas. Et unam sanctam catholicam et apostolicam ecclesiam. Confiteor unum baptisma in remissionem peccatorum. Et expecto resurrectionem mortuorum, et vitam venturi seculi. Amen.

Offertory

Felix namque es, sacra virgo Maria, et omni laude dignissima : quia ex te ortus est sol justicie, Christus deus noster. Alleluia.

Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus, dominus deus sabaoth. Pleni sunt celi et terra gloria tua. Osanna in excelsis. Benedictus qui venit in nomine domini. Osanna in excelsis.

Agnus dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis.

Agnus dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis.

Agnus dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, dona nobis pacem.

Alleluia. Through you, mother of God, was lost life restored to us : who received a child from heaven and bore a savior for the world.

I believe in one God, the Father almighty, maker of heaven and earth and of all things visible and invisible. And in one Lord Jesus Christ, the only Son of God, eternally begotten of the Father, God from God, Light from Light, true God from true God. Begotten, not made: of one substance with the Father, through whom all things are made, who for us and for our salvation came down from Heaven.

He was born of the Holy Spirit from the Virgin Mary and was made man. He was crucified for our sake under Pontius Pilate, died, and was buried. And he rose again on the third day in accordance with the Scriptures and ascended into heaven: he sits at the right hand of the Father.

He will come again to judge the living and the dead, and his kingdom shall have no end. And I believe in the Holy Spirit, the Lord, the giver of life, who proceeds from the Father and the Son, who with the Father and Son is worshipped and glorified, who has spoken through the prophets. And I believe in one holy, catholic and apostolic church. I confess one baptism for the forgiveness of sins. And I await the resurrection of the dead, and the life of the world to come. Amen.

Blessed are you, holy Virgin Mary, and worthy of all praise : for from you has come forth the sun of justice, Christ our God. Alleluia.

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of hosts. Heaven and earth are full of your glory. Hosanna in the highest. Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest.

Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world, have mercy on us.

Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world, have mercy on us.

Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world, grant us peace.

Communion

Beata viscera Marie virginis, que portaverunt eterni patris filium. Alleluia.

Ite missa est :
Deo gratias.

Blessed is the womb of the virgin Mary, which bore the son of the eternal father. Alleluia.

Go, mass is finished.
Thanks be to God.

Sunday, May 3 Cabaret concert

De toutes fleurs n'avoit et de tous fruits

En mon vergier fors une seule rose:
Gastés estois li surplus et destruis
Par Fortune, qui durement s'opose
Contre ceste douce flour
Pour amahir sa coulour et s'odour.
Mais se cueillir la voy ou tresbuchier,
Autre apres li ja mais avoir ne quier.

Mais vraiment ymaginer ne puis
Que la vertus, ou ma rose est enclose,
Viengne par toy et par tes faus conduis,
Ains est drois dons natureus; si suppose
Que tu n'auras ja vigour
[Pour] amanrir son pris et sa valour.
Lay la moy donc, qu'ailleurs n'en mon vergier
Autre apres li ja mais avoir ne quier.

Hés Fortune, qui es gouffres et puis
Pour engloutir tout homme qui croire ose
Ta fausse loy, ou riens de bien ne truis
Ne de seur, trop est decevans chose :
Ton ris, ta joie, t'onnour
Ne sont que plour, tristece et deshonnour.
Se ty faus tour font ma rose sechier,
Autre apres li ja mais avoir ne quier.

Une vipere en cuer ma dame meint

Qui estoupe de la queue s'oreille
Qu'elle noie mon dolereus compleint
A ce sans plus toudis gaite et oreille
Et en la bouche ne dort
L'escorpion qui point mon cuer a mort ;
Un baselique a en son doulz regart :
Cil troy m'ont mort et elle que diex gart.

Of all flowers and of all fruits I had none
in my garden except a single rose;
the rest was spoiled and destroyed
by Fortune who cruelly sets herself
against this sweet flower
to despoil its color and its perfume.
But if I see her cut or fallen,
I shall never again have or desire another.

But truly I cannot imagine
that the virtue within which my rose is enclosed
derives from you and your false actions;
rather it is a true gift of Nature; thus I believe
that you will never have the power
to reduce her value or worth.
Leave her to me, for neither in my orchard nor elsewhere
Shall I ever again have or desire another.

Ah, Fortune, who are an abyss and a well
which swallows up every man who dares believe
your false law, in which I find nothing good
nor certain, too deceptive a thing it is :
your smile, your pleasure, your honor
are nothing but tears, sadness, and dishonor.
If your evil deeds make my rose wither,
I shall never again have or desire another.

A viper rules in my lady's heart,
stopping up her ears with its tail
so that she does not hear my grievous complaint,
without cease it listens and guards against it.
And in her mouth, never sleeping,
lies the deadly scorpion that pierces my heart;
a basilisk is in her sweet regard:
these three have killed me, and she whom God keep.

Quant en plourant li depri qu'elle maint,
Dedeins ne puet souffrir qu'oïr me vueille,
Et s'elle en croit mon cuer quant il se pleint,
En la bouche Refus pas ne sommeille,

Eins me point au cuer trop fort,
Et son Regart prent deduis et deport
Quant mon cuer voit qui font et frit et art :
Cil troy m'ont mort et elle que diex gart.

Amours, tu sces qu'elle m'a fait mal meint
Et que siens sui toudis vueille [ou] ne vueille
Mais quant tu fuis et Loyauté se feint
Et Pités n'a talent qu'elle s'esveille

Je n'i voy si bon confort
Com tost morir, car en grant desconfort
Desdeins, Refus, Regars qui mon cuer art
Cil troy m'ont mort et elle que diex gart.

Puis que je sui fumeux, plains de fume,

Fumer m'estuet, car se je ne fumoye,
Ceulx qui dient que j'ay teste enfumee,
Par fume je les desmentiroye ;
Et nonpourquant jamais ne fumeroye
De fume qui fust contre rayson :
Se je fume, c'est ma compleccion
Quolérique qu'ainsi me fayt fumer.
Je fumeray sanz personne graver,
C'est bien fumé, il n'i a point d'outrayge
Quant on fume sans fayre autrui damage.

Fume n'est a nulli refusee :
Fume qui veult, tenir ne me pouroie.
J'ay en fumant mainte chose rimee,
Encore scay que mais n'i avenroye
Se per fumer en fumant n'i pensoye.
Fume rent bien consolacion,
Aucune fois tolt tribulacion.
On se puet bien en fumant deliter :
Home fumeux puet en fumant trouver
En li plusieurs profit et avantage,
Quant on fume sans fayre aultrui damage.

Se j'eusse la cervelle enpeinee
De Socrates, si com je le vodroye,
J'eusse bien la teste plus temperee,
Car onques ne fuma par nulle voye.
Chascuns n'est pas chains de telle couroye,
Car tel fume que peu s'en parçoyt on.
Tant a au cuer plus de confusion

When I beg her, weeping, to come to my aid,
Disdain will not suffer her to hear me,
and if she believes my heart when it laments,
in her mouth Refusal never sleeps,
but pierces my heart to the quick,
and her Regard takes pleasure and sport
when it sees my heart melt and boil and burn:
these three have killed me, and she whom God keep.

Love, you know that she has often done me harm
and that I am hers always, whether she will or no,
but when you flee, and Loyalty hides itself,
and Pity has no desire that she awake,

I see no better comfort
than dying soon, for in great discomfort
Disdain, Refusal, Regard, who burns my heart—
these three have killed me, and she whom God keep.

Since I am smoky, full of smoke,
smoke I must, for if I didn't smoke,
those who say I have a smoke-filled head
I would smokily contradict;
and nonetheless I'd never smoke
a toke that was against reason:
if I smoke, it's my choleric
temperament that makes me smoke!
I will smoke without bothering anyone:
'tis well smoked, there's no offense done
when one smokes without harming another.

Smoke is refused to nobody:
let him smoke who will, I cannot prevent myself.
While smoking I've made many rhymes,
yet know I would never arrive at them
had I not been smoking, smoking while I thought.
Smoke offers great consolation,
sometimes it takes away tribulation.
One may well delight in smoking,
a smoky man may, while smoking, find
in it much profit and advantage,
when he smokes without harming another.

If I had the agile brain
of Socrates, as indeed I wish I did,
I would surely have a cooler head,
for he never smoked in any manner.
Not everyone is held back by such restraint!
For this fellow smokes so that it is hardly noticed,
so much confusion fills his heart

Quant il ne puet sa fumee monstrier,
Ou il n'ose pour paour d'en prier :
Je ne tieng pas c'on ayt le cuer volage
Quant on fume sans fayre aultruy damage.

Fumeux fume par fume,
Fumeuse speculation.
Qu'antre fummet sa pensee,
Fumeux fume par fume.
Quar fumer molt li agree,
Tant qu'il ait son entencion.
Fumeux fume par fume,
Fumeuse speculation.

Biauté parfaite et bonté souverainne,
Grace sans per et doucour esmerée
Me font languir en contrée lointeinne
En desirant ma dame desirée.
Si ne puis pas avoir longue durée
Et ma douleur longuement endurer,
Puis que Desirs ne me laisse durer.

Car j'ay desir qui se travaille et peinne
De moy deffaire, et ma dame honnorée
Ne scet mie que j'aie si grief peinne
Pour li que j'aim plus que nulle riens née,
Si que pour ce ma joie est si finée
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 certainne
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.

Guillaume de Machaut

De ma douleur ne puis trouver confort,
Car en tous cas m'est Fortune contrarye ;
Languir m'estuet, car mis sui a tel port
Qu'à mon vouloir ne m'en puis pas retrayre.
Mal vi le jour que vi le doulz viaire,
Dont perdu ay la joieuse pasture
Quant ne la voy, la parfaite figure.

when he cannot reveal his smoking,
or dares not, for fear of making things worse:
I do not think one has a flighty heart
when one smokes without harming another.

Smokey conjures up in smoke
His smoky speculations.
You mustn't take it as a joke,
What Smokey conjures up in smoke.
He thinks it helps to take a toke
For deeper ruminations.
Smokey conjures up in smoke
His smoky speculations.

Translated by Lucy Cross

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.

For my pain I cannot find comfort,
since on all sides Fortune is against me;
languish I must, for I've been put in such a state
from which I cannot save myself, if I would.
Cursed be the day on which I saw her sweet face,
for now I've lost all joyful sustenance
when I do not see her perfect features.

Hé, Dous Reguart, tu m'as mis a la mort,
Car contre moy sont tuit mi adversaire,
Deduit, Soulas, Playsance et Deport :
Helas, ne scay, certes, que doye feyre.
Il m'est avis que me doye detreyre,
Car perdu ay ma douce nourreture
Quant ne la voy, la parfaite figure.

Or n'est il nulz, hélas, qui me confort,
Ne puist aussy, fors le doulz exemplaire
De celle en qui sont trestuit mi deport,
Car il n'est riens, certes, qui me puist plaire.
Or me convient tous jours crier et brayre,
Dont que pres suy mis a desconfiture
Quant ne la voy, la parfaite figure.

Hé tres doulz roussignol joly

Qui dit occy occy occy,
Je te deprie
Que sans detry
Voisses a ma dame jolie
Et dy de par moy et affye
Que ocy ocy ocy ocy
M'a, se son dur cuer n'amoulie.

Alouete que vas voulant
Si tres haut et si cler chantant
Douce chançon,
Lire lire lire liron,
Tout voletant :

A ma dame seras errant,
Or a li va tantost disant
Par ma chançon
Lire lire lire que mon
Cuer va sentant.

Hé dame puis qu'il est ainsy
Qu'a vo merci merci merci
Ay mis ma vie,
Je vous supli
De mon povre cuer, que mendie
Que vous tenés en vo baillie,
Que ayés merci merci mercy
Ayés mercy, ma vraye aye !

Hé tres doulz roussignol joly ...

Ah, Sweet Regard, you have brought me to death,
for allied against me are all my adversaries,
Delight, Solace, Pleasure, and Diversion:
alas! I cannot tell what I should do.
It seems to me that I must tear myself apart,
for I have lost my sweet nourishment
when I do not see her perfect features.

Now there is nothing, alas! that comforts me
or ever can, save the sweet example
of her in whom is all my delight,
for there is nothing, surely, that can please me.
Now all I can do every day is cry and howl,
for I am nearly destroyed
when I do not see her perfect features.

Ah, most lovely, sweetest nightingale,
who cries "occy occy occy,"
I pray you
that without delay
you fly to my fair lady
and tell her from me and swear
that she has killed killed killed *killed*
me, if her hard heart does not soften.

Lark, who goes flying
so high, so brightly singing
a sweet song,
"lire lire lire liron,"
fitting all about:

To my lady you will wander,
now go to her right away, saying,
through my song,
"lire lire lire," that my heart
is full of love.

Ah, lady, since so it is
that I have placed my life
at your mercy, mercy, mercy,
I implore you
from my poor heart—which I beg
you to keep guard over—
to have mercy, mercy, mercy,
have mercy, my true help!

Ah, most lovely, sweet nightingale ...

TENOR

Roussignoulet du bois joly,
dounes au vilain le mal matin
et puis la mort.

A l'arme, a l'arme sans sejour
Et sanz demour,
Car mon las cuer si est en plour.
A l'arme tost, douce figure,
A l'arme,
Car navrés suy de tel pointure
Que mors suy sans nul retour :
Dieus en ait larme !

Si vous suppli, necte et pure,
Pour qui tant de mal endure,
Qu'armer vous voeilliés pour moy

Contre ma doulour obscure
Que me tient en grief ardure,
Dont souvent ploure en requoy.

Vuacarme, vuacarme ! quel dolour
Et quel langour
Suefre, dame, pour vostre amour !
Vuacarme, douce creature,
Vuacarme ;
Me larez en tel aventure
De mourir en grief tristour
Sans confort, dame ?

A l'arme, a l'arme sans sejour ...

I.

Armes, Amours, dames, chevalerie,
Clers, musicans et fayseurs en francoys,
Tous soffistes, toute poeterie,
Tous cheus qui ont melodieuses vois,
Ceus qui cantent en orgue aucunes foys,
Et qui ont chier le doulz art de musique,
Demenés duel, plourés, car c'est bien drois,
La mort Machaut, le noble rethouryque.

Pretty nightingale of the woods,
you give the peasant a bad morning
and then death.

To arms, to arms, without delay
and without restraint,
for my weary heart is grieving.
To arms right away, sweet beauty,
to arms,
for I am pierced by such a wound
that I am dead, without recourse:
may God shed a tear for me!

So I implore you, pure, proper lady,
for whom I endure such woe,
to consent to take up arms on my behalf
against my dark dolour,
which keeps me in burning pain,
on account of which I weep in secret.

To battle, to battle! what pain
and misery
do I suffer, Lady, for your love!
To battle, sweet creature,
to battle:
will you abandon me in such risk
of dying from grievous sadness
without comfort, Lady?

To arms, to arms, without delay ...

I.

Arms, Love, ladies, knights,
clerics, musicians, and artisans of French,
all philosophers, all poets,
all those who have melodious voices,
those who sing in parts from time to time
and hold dear the sweet art of music:
put on mourning, weep, as is most fitting, for
the death of Machaut, the noble rhetorician.

Onques d'amours ne parla en folle,
Ains a esté en tous ses dis courtois,
Aussi a molt pleu sa chanterie
Aus grans seigneurs, aus contes, aus bourgeois.
Hé! Orpheus, assés lamenter dois
Et regreter d'un regret autentique,
Arethuse aussi, Alpheus, tous trois,
La mort Machaut, le noble rethouryque.

Priés por li, si que nulls ne l'oublie,
Ce vous requiert le bayli de Valois,
Car il n'en est au jour d'ui nul en vie
Tel com il fu, ne ne sera des moys.
Complains sera de contes et de roys
Jusqu'au lonc tamps pour sa bone pratique.
Vestés vous noir, plorés tous Champenois
La mort Machaut, le noble rethouryque.

II.

O flour des flours de toute melodie,
Tres doulz maistres qui tant fuestes adroit,
[O] Guillaume, mondains diex d'armonie,
Après vos fais, qui obtendra le choys
Sur tous fayseurs? Certes, ne le congnoys.
Vo nom sera precieuse relique,
Car l'en ploura en France et en Artois
La mort Machaut, le noble rethouryque.

Le fons Chierie et la fontayne Helie,
Dont vous estes le ruissel et le dois
Ou poetes mirent leur estudie
Convient taire, dont je suy molt destrois.
Las! c'est pour vous, qui mort gisiés tous frois.
Ay mi! dolent depit, faillant replique!
Plourés arpes et cors saracinois
La mort Machaut, le noble rethouryque.

Plourés rebele, viele et ciphonie,
Psalterion, tous instruments courtois,
Guisternes, fleustes, herpes, chelemie,
Traversaynes et vous amples de vois,
Timpane ossy metés en euvre doys,
Tous instrumens qui estes tout antiques.
Faites devoir, plourés, gentil Galoys,
La mort Machaut, le noble rethouryque.

Eustache Deschamps

He never spoke foolishly about Love,
but was courtly in all his poems,
and so his singing much pleased
great lords, counts, and city folk.
Ah, Orpheus, you should amply lament
and mourn with heartfelt regret—
Arethusa too, Alpheus, all three—
the death of Machaut, the noble rhetorician.

Pray for him, that none might forget him:
this the bailliff of Valois [i.e. Deschamps] requires of you,
for there is none alive today
such as he was, nor will his like appear for a long time.
He will be mourned by counts and kings
for a long time on account of his fine skills.
Put on black, weep, all Champenois, for
the death of Machaut, the noble rhetorician.

II.

O flower of flowers of all melody,
sweetest master who was so adept,
O Guillaume, worldly god of harmony,
after your deeds, who will win the prize
among all makers? Surely, I do not know him.
Your name will be a precious relic,
for they weep in France and in Artois for
the death of Machaut, the noble rhetorician.

The fount of Circe and fountain of Helicon,
of which you are the stream and conduit
from which poets drew their lessons,
fittingly fall silent, whence I am much distressed.
Alas! this is for you, who lie cold and dead in the tomb.
Woe is me! grievous affront, begging reply.
Weep, harps and Saracen horns, for
the death of Machaut, the noble rhetorician.

Weep, rebec, fiddle, and sinfonia,
psaltery, all courtly instruments,
gitterns, recorders, harps, shawms,
flutes, and you of strong voice,
put drums to work as well,
all you venerable instruments.
Do as you must, weep, gentle Gauls, for
the death of Machaut, the noble rhetorician.

Translations from the French by Scott Metcalfe (except Fumeux fume)

Le noble rhetorique

Guillaume de Machaut (c. 1300-1377)

Apres vint Philippe de Vitry, qui trouva la maniere
des motés, et des balades, et des lais, et des simples
rondeaux, et en la musique trouva les .iiij. prolacions,
et les notes rouges, et la noveleté des proportions.

Apres vint maistre Guillaume de Machault, le grant
retthorique de nouvelle forme, qui commença
toutes tailles nouvelles, et les parfaits lays d'amours.

Les regles de la Seconde Rettorique, early 15th century

Puisque Nature Rethorique
Me presente, Scens et Musique,
Et li dieux d'Amours, qui mes sires
Est et des maus amoureux mires,
Vuet que jaie Bonne Esperence,
Dous Penser, et Douce Plaisence
En faisant son tres dous service
Bonnement, sans penser a vice,
Et leur commande travillier
Pour moy aidier et consillier
A faire dis et chansonnettes
Pleignes d'onneur et d'amourettes,
Doubles hoques et plaisans lais,
Motés, rondiaus, et virelais
(Qu'on claimme chansons baladées),
Complaintes, balades entées,
A l'onneur 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 tristesse

Then came Philippe de Vitry, who discovered
the manner of motets, ballades, lays, and simple
rondeaux, and in music invented the four prolations,
and red notes, and the novelty of proportions.

Later came master Guillaume de Machault, the
great poet of the new style, who originated all
manner of new forms and perfect amorous lays.

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,
motets, rondeaus, and virelays
(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
make a good poem or sing joyfully,

Pour ce qu'il het et fuit leesce.
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 vuet qu'on rie et chante et dance.

Machaut, *Prologue*, 115-37, 157-66, 199-200

Armes, Amours, dames, chevalerie,
Clers, musicans et fayseurs en francoys,
Tous soffistes, toute poeterie,
Tous cheus qui ont melodieuses vois,
Ceus qui cantent en orgue aucunes foyes,
Et qui ont chier le doulz art de musique,
Demenés duel, plourés, car c'est bien drois,
La mort Machaut, le noble rethouryque.

Eustache Deschamps

for 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 knowledge
which wishes us to laugh and sing and dance.

Translation adapted from R. Barton Palmer.

Arms, Love, ladies, knights,
clerics, musicians, and artisans of French,
all philosophers, all poets,
all those who have melodious voices,
those who sing in parts from time to time
and hold dear the sweet art of music:
put on mourning, weep, as is most fitting, for
the death of Machaut, the noble rhetorician.

Machaut's life

Guillaume de Machaut 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; Jean and Bonne's 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 the 100,000 inhabitants of Paris. By 1360 or so Machaut took up residence in Reims, where he had held a benefice at the Cathedral of Notre Dame 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 passed to another.

While Machaut's life is sparsely documented, his works are generously transmitted in a unique series of six manuscripts produced between c. 1350 and 1390, several under the author's supervision, several abundantly illuminated—collections of Machaut's complete artistic output. 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* including some 280 poems which are not set to music; and a music section which eventually comprised 19

lais, 23 motets, a setting of the Ordinary of the Mass, a hoquet, 42 ballades, 22 rondeaus, and 33 virelais. The order in which all this was to appear was specified by the composer, as one manuscript compiled at the very end of his life tells 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”). Machaut wrote a new “Prologue” to this book (known as Machaut manuscript A), 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 fifteenth-century poetry treatise *Les regles de la Seconde Rettorique* informs us that Machaut, “the great poet (*retthorique*) of the new style ... originated all

manner of new forms and perfect amorous lays,” building on the foundation laid by Philippe de Vitry. (*Retthorique* or “rhetorician” 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 thirteenth century, shaping them into classic, “perfect” patterns—the *formes fixes*—that would be used until the end of the fifteenth. 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. (You can hear the *Remede de Fortune* on the recording by Blue Heron and Les Délices, back in stock just in time and available at all of the Weekend’s events.)

A perfect amorous lay: *Le lay de la fonteinne*

The most virtuosic form was the lay. Thirteenth-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 would develop in his nineteen essays in the form. Most of Machaut’s lays are cast in twelve stanzas; each stanza has a unique metrical organization and rhyme scheme until the last, which normally recapitulates the pattern of the first. 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.

Most of Machaut’s lays are monophonic, as are all the odd stanzas of the *Lay de la fonteinne*. While one might devise an accompaniment for Machaut’s monophony—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 example, in the *Remede* he emphasizes that the *chanson baladée*

or “danced song” called a *virelai* was performed by one person alone.

[...] 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 jolïement ;
N'il n'avoient nul instrument,
Ne menestrelz, fors chançonnettes
Deduisans, courtoyses, et nettes.

Remede de Fortune, 3360-8

[...] 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 little songs—
delightful, courtly, and unadorned.

Nor do Machaut's melodies require anything more than one singer in order to work their spell. The argument of the text, the rhythms and rhymes

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

Machaut called his *virelais* *chansons baladées*, dance songs, and most of his are monophonic, like the *virelai* we will all learn to sing on Sunday evening, *Je vivroie liément*. The *virelai* on Saturday afternoon's concert, *En mon cuer a un descort*, has a second voice, an accompanying tenor played in our performance on the *douçaine*, that marvellous instrument whose sound is so sweet that Machaut compared the voice of Hope to it. Composers later in the fourteenth century turned the *virelai* into a playfully complex polyphonic form, though generally retaining the outdoor setting of the earlier dance song. (Sunday's concert will wind up with two *virelais*, *Hé tres doulz rossignol joly* and *A l'arme, a l'arme* by the enigmatic Borlet and Grimace, respectively.) The *virelai* went out of fashion almost entirely by about 1400,

of the poetry, the constantly varying melody beguile the listener into rapt attention. But in the *Lay de la fonteinne*, every other stanza is set as a three-voice *chace* or canon, a single melody that combines with itself to create three-part harmony; the twelfth stanza recapitulates the melody of the first, a fifth higher and now in canon. The compositional technique is a perfect allegory of the Trinity, God three in one, from whom and by whom flows the spiritual water of life that nourishes the poet, who seeks the intercession of the supreme Lady, Mary, at once mother and daughter of God.

The lay did not have much of a musical career after Machaut and only two later musical settings 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* 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.

to be briefly revived as a one-stanza form by the generation of Johannes Okeghem.

The *rondeau*, which would become by far the most common *forme fixe* of the fifteenth 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. The solution to the riddle posed by *Certes mon oueil richement visa bel*, is found in the rhyme, whereas *Cinc, un, treze, wit, neuf* 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; nor do we know anything more about Isabel.

The ballade—usually of three stanzas, sometimes with a short closing stanza or *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. *Riches d'amour et mendiants d'amie* shows what riches Machaut could create with just two lines of music; *Honte, paour*, on the other hand, 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 come to rest.)

Motets

Around the beginning of the fourteenth century composers showed a lot of interest in a form called the *motet*. Machaut wrote twenty-three motets, and we will bookend Saturday afternoon's program with his first and last. The fourteenth-century motet was not usually a sacred piece, as we think of motets nowadays (although *Felix virgo/Inviolata genitrix* is addressed to the Virgin Mary), but one which explored secular themes in a highly intellectual, highly constructivist way. The word motet comes from the French past participle *moté*, i.e. worded, and they are wordy indeed. The singers declaim different texts at the same time, and the top voice of the motet often spits out the text so quickly that it sounds like a patter song. Underlying the structure is a short fragment of a chant, slowed down and strictly organised into repeating rhythmic patterns which occur faster towards the end. The Latin text of the fragment generally provides a comment on the (usually French) poems above.

La Messe de nostre dame

An epitaph inscribed on the tomb of Guillaume de Machaut and his brother, Jean, who was also a canon at Reims, appears to allude to the purpose for which Machaut's *Mass of Our Lady* was composed and sung. The epitaph itself has been destroyed, but in the late eighteenth century it was copied into a manuscript held by the Bibliothèque municipale in Reims.

Guillelmus de Machaudio . suusque Johannes frater.
sunt in loco concordio . juncti sicut ad os crater.
horum an[n]iversarium . est juxta petitionum.
oratio de defunctis . diebus sabbathi cunctis.
pro animabus eorum . amicorumque suorum.
dicetur a sacerdote . celebraturo devote.
ad roëllam in altari . missam quae debet cantari.
pro quorum oration . cum pia devotione.
ad eorum memoriam . percepimus pecuniam.
trecentorum florenorum . nuncupatorum francorum.
suis exequ[u]toribus . pro emendis redditibus.
ad dicte misse crementum . reddituum et fomentum.
in eadem presentium . solerter venientium.
hos fratres salvet dominus . qui tollit omne facinus.

Guillaume de Machaut and his brother Jean are joined together in the grave just as bowl to mouth. Their anniversary is celebrated according to their petition: a prayer for the dead will be said every Saturday for their souls and for those of their friends by the priest who is about to say devoutly, at the altar by the *Rouelle*, the Mass that is to be sung. For saying their prayer with pious devotion in memory of them, we have received the sum of three hundred *florins*, called *francs*, from their executors, for the purchase of revenues for the increase of the said Mass and the furthering of the revenues of those present at the same and skillfully taking part. May the Lord who takes away all sin save these brothers.

Text and translation (modified) from Anne Walters Robertson, *Guillaume de Machaut and Reims: Context and Meaning in his Musical Works* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2002), 258-59.

The *Rouelle* was a round stone marking the place where Nicasius, the fifth-century bishop of Reims, was martyred, beheaded by Vandals on the steps outside the cathedral. With the construction

of a much larger Gothic church beginning in the thirteenth century, the location lay within the nave, and near it was an altar at which a Mass of the Blessed Virgin Mary was sung every Saturday evening. By around 1360 Machaut seems to have composed a polyphonic setting of the Ordinary—those texts sung invariably at every celebration of the Mass—to be sung at the weekly Lady Mass, eventually providing an endowment so that it would continue to be sung in perpetuity on behalf of the souls of himself, his brother, and their friends.

The only surviving cyclic mass written by a single composer before the middle of the fifteenth century, Machaut's *Messe de Notre Dame* employs two distinct styles. The Kyrie, Sanctus, Agnus dei, and Ite are structured by the technique called isorhythm, in which all four parts are cast in repeating rhythmic patterns; the tenor melody is

Machaut & the *Ars subtilior*

As the anonymous fifteenth-century author of *Les regles de la Seconde Rettorique* put it, Machaut “originated all manner of new forms”: he wrote and set to music ballades, virelais, and rondeaus, establishing these three distinct but related refrain forms, the *formes fixes*, as standard for lyric poetry and music—a standard that would endure for generations, until the years around 1500. Machaut's poetry and music, too, remained in circulation long after his death, and his influence can be found in several of the works on this program. The ballade *De toutes flours*—from relatively late in his life, probably from the 1460s—was written for three parts: you will hear one or two of its three stanzas that way, before we add a fourth part, called a triplum, which was composed as a supplement to Machaut's cantus, tenor, and contratenor and is found without ascription in a manuscript compiled after his death. We then perform an instrumental setting of the piece from the Faenza codex, copied in northern

a strict quotation of a liturgical plainchant, while the other three voice add elaborate, melismatic counterpoint. In the Gloria and Credo, the four parts declaim the text simultaneously; the sections of text are punctuated by short linking passages for the two lower voices, and both movements conclude with exuberant isorhythmic Amens.

Our performance of the *Messe de Notre Dame* on Saturday, May 2, 2026, in Lindsey Chapel—a Lady Chapel, dedicated to Mary—presents Machaut's setting of the movements of the Ordinary in the context of a votive Mass as it would have been sung at the altar near the Rouelle in the Cathedral of Reims on the evening of Saturday, May 2, 1366. The plainchant propers are drawn from a thirteenth-century missal from Reims. (Many thanks to Charlie Weaver for finding and transcribing the correct plainchant items for our performance.)

Italy more than forty years after the original song was conceived.

The rhythms of the “new art” practiced by Machaut were notated in the system of four prolations (mensurations, or time signatures) whose invention and description, codified in a treatise of c. 1320 entitled *Ars nova*, was attributed to the slightly older Philippe de Vitry (1291-1361). Although in some ways the new rhythmic system was a simplification of the improvisationally free rhythms of the thirteenth-century troubadours and trouvères—just as the three *formes fixes* are simpler than the earlier lay—at the same time it enabled the creation of polyphonic musical works of enormous complexity, and Machaut's music is indeed dazzlingly complex and subtle. Nevertheless, composers after Machaut cultivated the complex to such a degree that music history now refers to their style as an *Ars subtilior*, an art even more subtle than Vitry and Machaut's *Ars nova*. Much of the

music in the *Ars subtilior* style is transmitted by two important sources of French secular music of the late fourteenth century, the famous Chantilly codex (perhaps copied in Florence in the 1410s, according to the most recent and detailed study of the manuscript, by Yolanda Plumley and Anne Stone) and the manuscript known as *ModA* (Modena, Biblioteca Estense, MS α .M.5.24, probably compiled in the first two decades of the fifteenth century in Bologna and Milan). The manuscripts contain a large and chronologically wide-ranging repertory, extending from Machaut through musicians born two or more generations later and including French-texted works by Italian musicians such as Matteo da Perugia and Anthonello and Philipoctus da Caserta alongside French masters of the *Ars subtilior* like Solage, Grimace, and Borlet (first names unknown).

What made the *Ars subtilior* more subtle? The innovations of these composers include an expansion of the rhythmic possibilities offered by the *Ars nova*—subdividing notes into three in the time of two, four (or more) in the time of three, thus complicating the metric surface of the counterpoint. They took delight in displaced rhythms as well, shifting notes off the beat to create syncopation both metric and harmonic. Many of these results were achieved by playful manipulation of the tools of the mensural system reputedly devised by Vitry.

Another sort of compositional virtuosity characterizes Solage's *Fumeux fume par fume*, a member of a family of poems and songs on the subject of mystical smoke, or smoky mysticism, connected to the informal speculations of so-called *fumeurs* in French royal circles. The disorienting smokiness of the song derives from its wandering unpredictably from one chromatically inflected harmony to another as it sinks through the circle of fifths as far down as G flat. We perform *Fumeux fume* first in an intabulation for solo lute and then in its original three-voice form. In between you will

hear the other smoky song that survives, Hasprois's slinky *Puis que je sui fumeur*.

In the ballade *De ma douleur ne puis trouver confort* Philipoctus da Caserta quotes a bit of text by Machaut, while Anthonello da Caserta sets to music a complete ballade by the older composer, *Biauté parfaite et bonté souverainne*. 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.

A pair of virelais by Borlet and Grimace speak of birds and of battle. The songs of medieval birds conveyed meanings to human listeners beyond those intended for avian ears. The cuckoo is named for its song, in English rendered "cuckoo, cuckoo," in French, "cocu, cocu," mocking the listener by repeating "cuckold, cuckold." Nightingales in France sang "occy, occy, occy," also the past participle of the verb *occir*, to kill, while the gentle *alouette* carried a message less fatal to a lover, the sweet song "Lire lire lire liron."

We conclude the concert and the Weekend with F. Andrieu's sweet and subtle musical setting of Deschamp's double ballade lamenting the death of Machaut, "le noble rhetouryque."

—Scott Metcalfe

BLUE HERON



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, the University of Chicago, and the University of California, Davis; in Cleveland, Kansas City, Milwaukee, Montreal, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Providence, St. Louis, San Luis Obispo, Seattle, and Vancouver; and in England, Germany, and Belgium, including concerts in the chapel at Peterhouse in Cambridge, England, and in Cipriano de Rore’s hometown of Ronse, Belgium. Blue Heron has been in residence at the University of Chicago, the Center for Early Music Studies at Boston University, and 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, of 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* (also available as a boxed set entitled *The Lost Music of Canterbury*), including many world premiere recordings of works copied around 1540 for Canterbury Cathedral and restored by Nick Sandon. The fifth CD in the series was awarded the 2018 Gramophone Classical Music Award for Early Music, making Blue Heron the first non-European ensemble



PHOTO: LIZ LINDER

to receive the honor. In 2015 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. Between 2015 and 2023 Blue Heron celebrated the circa-600th birthday of Johannes Okeghem (c. 1420–1497) by performing his complete works in a multi-season project entitled *Okeghem@600* and recording all of his songs for a two-CD set; Volume I of the set was named to the *Bestenliste* of the *Preis der deutschen Schallplattenkritik*. Blue Heron's recordings also include a disc accompanying Thomas Forrest Kelly's book *Capturing Music: The Story of Notation*, the live recording *Christmas in Medieval England*, a compilation of medieval songs entitled *A 14th-Century Salmagundi*, a live recording of a concert production of Guillaume de Machaut's *Remede de Fortune, Christmas & New Year's in 15th-Century France & Burgundy*, and a disc of works by Mehmet Ali Sanlikol, *Lessons from Nightingales*.



Ardis Butterfield is Marie Borroff Professor of English and Professor of French and Music at Yale University. Her books include *Poetry and Music in Medieval France* (Cambridge University Press, 2002) and *The Familiar Enemy: Chaucer, Language and Nation in the Hundred Years*

War (Oxford University Press, 2009), and she has coedited with Andrew Kraebel and Ian Johnson *Literary Theory and Criticism in the Later Middle Ages: Essays in Honour of Alastair Minnis* (Cambridge University Press, 2023). She has published over 65 articles. Her multimedia and multilingual edition of *Medieval Lyrics in Britain* is in press with CUP along with a monograph to accompany the edition. She is also writing a more public-facing book on medieval song: entitled *Medieval SongLines*. She is President of the International Network for the Study of Lyric (lyricology.org) and encourages anyone interested in lyric to get in touch with her to join!



Bass-baritone **Paul Guttry** has performed throughout the USA and internationally with Sequentia, Chanticleer, the Boston Camerata, and New York's Ensemble for Early Music. A founding member of Blue Heron, he has also appeared in and around Boston as soloist with Emmanuel Music, the

Handel & Haydn Society, the Boston Early Music Festival, the Tanglewood Music Center, Cantata Singers, Boston Cecilia, Prism Opera, Boston Revels, Collage, the Boston Modern Orchestra Project, and Internezzo. Paul can be heard on Blue Heron's recordings and on discs of medieval music by Sequentia.



The lute player **Orí Harmelin** was born in 1981 in Haifa, Israel. His fascination with early music led him to studies at the Early Music Institute in Trossingen, Germany, under the tutelage of Rolf Lislevand and Kees Boeke, followed by studies in the Zurich University of the

Arts with Eduardo Egüez. Orí is a co-founder of the ensemble Santenay (2004-2017) and the house lutenist of the ensembles Profeti della Quinta and Voces Suaves. After having appeared on numerous albums with various ensembles, in 2021 Orí released his debut solo album NESHIMA, featuring his own compositions and arrangements of Renaissance and early Baroque vocal music. Orí performs regularly in Europe, North America, and Asia. In addition to his passion for music, Orí is a Gestalt Therapist and hosts the podcast "the curious case of freedom." He lives in Basel, Switzerland.



Steven Hrycelak, a Ukrainian-American bass from Rochester, New York, has crafted a career focused on both new and early repertoires. As a new music singer, he is a founding member of the vocal ensemble Ekmeles, which was awarded the 2023 Ernst von Siemens Music

Foundation Ensemble Prize. He has also performed with Roomful of Teeth and Toby Twining Music, and at festivals including Ostrava Days in the Czech Republic, New Music New College, Prototype, and the Bang on a Can Marathon. He is a longtime member of the Grammy-nominated Choir of Trinity Wall Street, with whom he has been a frequent soloist on works from Schütz, Bach, and Handel to Stravinsky, George Crumb, and Terry Riley, and has worked on over a dozen recordings, both as a vocalist and as a diction coach. In the early music domain, he has toured Handel's *Theodora* with The English Concert, performed with the Mark

Morris Dance Group in Purcell and Handel operas, performed Monteverdi with Opera Omnia, and works with Pegasus, NYS Baroque, ARTEK, the Portland Bach Experience, TENET Vocal Artists, and The Green Mountain Project. He also performs regularly with Blue Heron and is proud to have sung on their album *Music from the Peterhouse Partbooks, Vol. 5*, which won a Gramophone Award in 2018. In the spring of 2022 he toured the UK with TENET to celebrate the 450th anniversary of Thomas Tomkins's birth, and in August 2022 had the pleasure of finally doing a twice-delayed run of Monteverdi's *Orfeo* with Pegasus. Steven studied at Indiana University and Yale University, where he sang with the Yale Whiffenpoofs. He is also a vocal coach and accompanist.



Domenic Leo is an art historian based in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, whose work explores the rich interplay of text, image, and material form in medieval manuscripts. He received his PhD from the Institute of Fine Arts at New York University and has taught at Duquesne

University, Youngstown State University, and the Art Institute of Pittsburgh. His research focuses especially on the manuscripts of Guillaume de Machaut, a poet-composer deeply invested in how his texts were seen as well as read. Leo has published widely on Machaut, including a contribution to an award-winning facsimile edition, and is the author of *Images, Texts, and Marginalia*, a study of fourteenth-century French manuscripts. His current projects include a commentary for a new translation of Machaut's *Livre dou voir dit* (*Book of the True Story*) and ongoing research into Machaut's role in shaping the manuscripts that transmit his work.



Hailed for "a voice of seductive beauty" (*Miami Herald*) and as an "unfailing versatile" performer (*Boston Globe*), baritone **David McFerrin** has won critical acclaim in a variety of repertoire. His opera credits include Santa Fe Opera, Seattle Opera, Florida Grand Opera, the

Rossini Festival in Germany, and numerous roles with Boston Lyric Opera and other local companies. As a concert soloist he has sung with the Cleveland Orchestra, the Israel Philharmonic, the Handel & Haydn Society, and the Boston Pops, and in recital at the Caramoor, Ravinia, and Marlboro festivals. Recent highlights have included the title role in Britten's *Noye's Fludde* with Boston Lyric Opera, Jesus in Bach's St. Matthew Passion with Emmanuel Music, and return performances with the American Bach Soloists in the Bay Area. David has been a member of Blue Heron since 2011. He lives in Natick, Massachusetts, with his wife Erin, an architectural historian and preservation planner; their daughter Fiona; and black lab Holly.



Reviewers describe **Jason McStoots** as "elegantly amorous" (*Parterre*), with a "strong satiny voice [that] filled the hall with grace and, when called for, humor" (*Seattle Post-Intelligencer*). His operatic appearances with the Boston Early Music Festival include Sancho Panza in Telemann's *Don*

Quichotte, Lepidus in Keiser's *Octavia*, *Le Jeu in Les plaisirs de Versailles* by Charpentier, and Morpheus in *Circe* by Desmarest, among many others, and he has been Associate Director of BEMF's Young Artist Training Program since 2017, providing stage direction and mentorship. Recently he has taken on more frequent projects as stage director for operas with the Amherst Early Music Festival, Connecticut Early Music Festival, Brandeis University, and Les Délices. A widely-respected

interpreter of early music, he has performed with Bach Collegium San Diego, Les Délices, the Folger Consort, The North Carolina Symphony, and the Newberry Consort, and he recently appeared as Odoardo in Handel's *Ariodante* with Boston Baroque. He has been a member of Blue Heron since 2005.

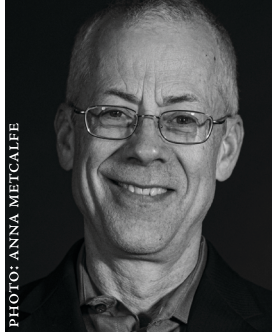


PHOTO: ANNA METCALFE

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 has been guest director of TENET (New York), the Handel & Haydn Society (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 through Monteverdi to Bach and Handel. He has also enjoyed a long career as a baroque violinist, from a decade playing with Tafelmusik to more recent work with Les Délices (dir. Debra Nagy), L'Harmonie des Saisons (dir. Eric Milnes), and other ensembles. Metcalfe's scholarly work, centered on the historical performance practice of medieval and Renaissance vocal music, has been published in numerous program and recording notes, and he is the author of two articles in the *Journal of the Alamire Foundation*, two chapters in a recently-released book on music at Peterhouse, Cambridge (*Music, politics, and religion in early seventeenth-century Cambridge: the Peterhouse partbooks in context*), and editions of music for Antico Edition and the Alamire Foundation. He spent fall 2025 in residence at the Alamire Foundation in Leuven, Belgium, working on a new edition of the songs of Binchois (c. 1400-1460), forthcoming in 2027. Metcalfe has taught at Boston University, Harvard University, the New England Conservatory, and the Peabody Institute, and been guest director of the baroque orchestra at Oberlin Conservatory. 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" (Opera News) and her "astonishing range and flexibility" (Boston Musical Intelligencer), **Sophie Michaux** has become one of New England'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. Recent solo engagements include the roles of Alcina in Caccini's *La liberazione di Ruggiero dall'isola d'Alcina* (Haymarket Opera), Olofernes in Scarlatti's *La Giuditta* (Haymarket Opera), Ceres in Lalande's *Les Fontaines de Versailles* (Boston Early Music Festival), and Clorinda in Monteverdi's *Il combattimento di Tancredi e Clorinda* (A Far Cry), as well as soloist in the world premiere of Kevin Siegfried's arrangement of *Three Shaker Songs* (Boston Symphony Chamber Players), in Handel's *Messiah* (Upper Valley Baroque), and in De Falla's *El Amor Brujo* (Lowell Chamber Orchestra). She is thrilled to collaborate with Blue Heron, Lorelei Ensemble, Roomful of Teeth, A Far Cry, Palaver Strings, Les Délices, Bach Collegium San Diego, Ruckus, Upper Valley Baroque, and other ensembles performing across the US. She is also the Artistic Director of the cross-genre ensemble Tiny Glass Tavern.



Debra Nagy has been deemed an artist "of consummate taste and expressivity" (*Cleveland Plain Dealer*). She is the founder of the Cleveland-based ensemble Les Délices and plays principal oboe with the Handel & Haydn Society, Apollo's Fire, and many

other ensembles. Inspired by a creative process that brings together research, composition in historical styles, improvisation, and artistic collaboration, she creates programs that “can’t help but get one listening and thinking in fresh ways” (*San Francisco Classical Voice*). Recent projects have included a multimedia productions of Machaut’s *Remede de Fortune* created in collaboration with Blue Heron, a critically-acclaimed CD combining jazz and French Baroque airs called *Songs without Words*, and *The White Cat*, a pastiche Baroque opera with puppetry and projections based on Marie Catherine d’Aulnoy’s 1690s feminist fairytale. Debra was recently recognized with a 2022 Cleveland Arts Prize and received the 2022 Laurette Goldberg Prize from Early Music America for her community outreach work with Les Délices on the web series SalonEra. Debra has recorded over 40 CDs with repertoire ranging from 1300-1800 and has had live performances featured on CBC Radio Canada, Klara (Belgium), NPR’s Performance Today, WQXR, and WGBH. When not rehearsing, performing, or dreaming up new projects, she can be found cooking up a storm in her kitchen or commuting by bike from her home in Cleveland’s historic Ohio City neighborhood.



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 “sinuous and supple” voice, and went on to further roles with BEMF in Lully’s *Psyché*, Charpentier’s *Actéon*, Monteverdi’s *Orfeo, Il 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, Tucson, 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 Baroques, 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 recordings of all the songs of Johannes Ockeghem and *Christmas & New Year’s in 15th-Century France & Burgundy*.



Anne Stone is Associate Professor and Deputy Executive Officer for musicology at the Graduate Center of the City University of New York. She has taught previously at the College of Holy Cross, Harvard University, NYU, Queens College/CUNY, and the University of Iowa,

and she is a former fellow of Villa I Tatti, The Harvard University Italian Renaissance Research Center. Her research interests include medieval song, medieval and Renaissance manuscripts, the cultural and intellectual history of music writing, the relationship of song to late-medieval poetic subjectivity and autobiography, and medievalism in 20th-century modernist musical thought. She is the author of two book-length studies of late-medieval songbooks, one focusing on the northern Italian manuscript Modena, Biblioteca Estense, Alpha.M.5.24, and the other, co-authored with Yolanda Plumley, on the so-called “Chantilly codex,” Bibliothèque du Château de Chantilly, MS 564. Other publications include article-

length studies of songs by Guillaume de Machaut, Johannes Ciconia, and Matteo da Perugia; the relationship of notation to improvisation in the late Ars nova; the medievalism of the opera *Written on Skin* by George Benjamin; and the material context of Guillaume de Machaut's *Remede de Fortune* and *Prologue*. Current projects include a new edition of the *formes fixes* songs of Guillaume de Machaut (forthcoming as part of a new complete works edition by University of Michigan Press) and a digital installation, "The Digital Remede de Fortune," which was awarded the Noah Greenberg Award from the American Musicological Society.



Mezzo-soprano **Elisa Sutherland** gives detailed, stylistic performances of early and new music with "soul-infused expressiveness and unselfconscious *joie de vivre*" (*New York Music Daily*). Ellie is a core member of Ekmeles, a sextet dedicated to exploring microtonal tuning and

extended vocal techniques, as well as Alkemie, an ensemble made up of medieval specialists that celebrates the vibrant and timeless sounds of the past and present. She is a member of the Choir of Trinity Wall Street, and frequently appears with TENET Vocal Artists, with which she has performed everything from Dowland lute songs to semi-staged pastiches of her own devising. Elisa's 2025-26 Season includes an astonishing range of high-level music-making with collaborators around the country in all genres, including ACRONYM, Quince, The Crossing, Lorelei, Ampersand, Variant 6, Seraphic Fire, and Blue Heron. Ellie has been featured as a soloist with Apollo's Fire, Baroque Music Montana, Brooklyn Art Song Society, Lyricfest, Contemporaneous, Arcana New Music Ensemble, American Bach Soloists, and Apollo Chorus of Chicago. She has sung for over 30 commercial recordings, including four Grammy-winning and twelve Grammy-nominated albums.



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, TENET, Mercury Baroque, and the symphony orchestras of Charlotte, Memphis, and Phoenix. Highlights of the last several seasons include Monteverdi's *Vespers of 1610* and other programs with the Green Mountain Project (2010-20), a tour of Japan with Joshua Rifkin and Cambridge Concentus in the St. Matthew Passion, repeat appearances at the Carmel Bach Festival, a performance as a soloist in Britten's *War Requiem* with the New England Philharmonic, and many programs with L'Harmonie des Saisons (Quebec). He has been a member of Blue Heron since 2002.

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We are extraordinarily fortunate to work with a slate of talented and skilled designers, engineers, videographers, and photographers. Our concerts and CDs are recorded by Joel Gordon. Kathy Wittman (Ball Square Films) is our videographer. Our programs, printed publicity materials, and CDs were designed by Melanie Germond until 2019 and by John Kramer from 2019 to 2023; John continues to design our CDs; the new designer of our programs and all other material is Shawn Keener. FlashPrint in Harvard Square prints our programs, as they have since 1999. Erik Bertrand

built our website and keeps it functioning properly. Liz Linder is our photographer, recently joined by Anna Metcalfe and Alexandra Weliever. Our debt to these wonderful people who have shaped our look and sound is impossible to overstate.

Many thanks to our hardworking and devoted board, and to all our dedicated volunteers.

We are very grateful to the hosts who offer their gracious hospitality to our artists who join us from out of town and to musicians on tour. This week we extend our gratitude to Matilda Bruckner, Laura Jeppesen and Daniel Stepner, Ruth McKay and Don Campbell, and Laura Zoll.

Special thanks to Charlie Weaver for locating and transcribing the correct plainchant items for our performance of the *Messe de Notre Dame* from a medieval missal from Reims.

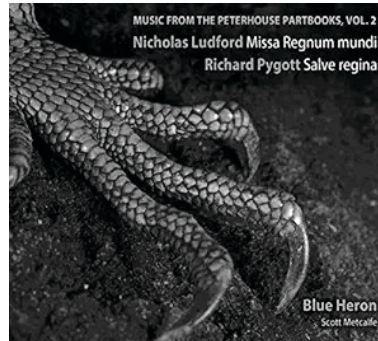
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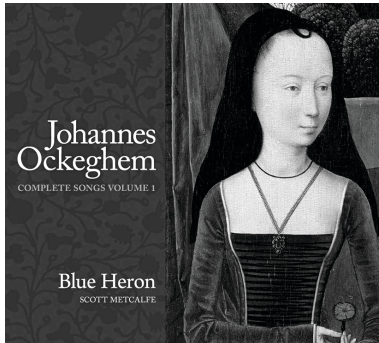
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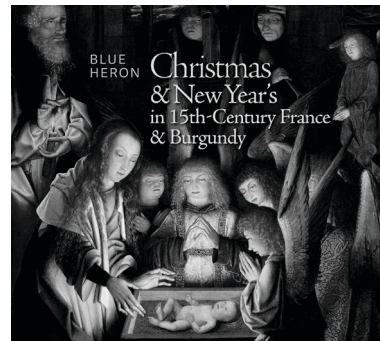
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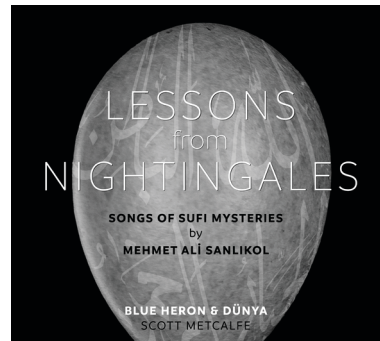
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Master of the View of St Gudula, Portrait of a Young Man (Early Netherlandish, c. 1480s). National Gallery, London. CC BY 4.0.

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