

Love to My Liking: Refrains of Desire in Gothic France

Alkemie

Tracy Cowart (dancer, voice & harps)

David McCormick (vielle)

Elena Mullins (dancer, voice & percussion)

Sian Ricketts (voice, recorders & douçaines)

Niccolo Seligmann (vielles, viola a chiavi, gittern, psaltery & percussion)

**E, bone amourette
Rotta della Manfredina**

tune by Elena Mullins
Oxford Douce 308 MS 29987

**Nus ne set/REGNAT; Dusque ci a plus
amours honoree/REGNAT**

Chansonnier dit de Noailles

La Seconde Estampie Royal

Chansonnier du Roi

La joliveté/Douce amiete/V

Montpellier Codex

Bele doette as fenestres se siet

MS X ff. 65v-66r

Li rouseignols que j'ai chanter

Pieros Liborgnes de Lille, Chansonnier du Roi

La Septime Estampie Real

Chansonnier du Roi

Joliement/Quant voi/Je sui joliete/APTATUR

Montpellier Codex

Por mon cuer a joie atraire

Chansonnier Clairambault

Dieus, de chanter/Chant d'oisiaus/IN SECULUM

Montpellier Codex

La Tierche Estampie

Chansonnier du Roi

Li maus amoureux/Dieus, por quoit/PORTARE

Montpellier Codex

L'autrier chevauchie

Richard de Semilly, Paris BN f. fr. 845

Co-created with

The Amherst Early Music Festival

Produced by Iris Media

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This concert was filmed June 25, 2021 at All Saints Episcopal Church, New York, NY.

This concert was generously sponsored by Richard & Lois Pace and Bee Tilney.

Notes on the Program

The selections on our program are primarily anonymous works drawn from 13th-century manuscripts. Most of the vocal works were chosen for their use of a special type of refrain used in 13th- and 14th-century French musical and literary works. Unlike modern refrains, these special refrains did not necessarily repeat within a single piece; rather, they were passed from one piece to another, like quotations. Scholars have identified hundreds of these refrains in songs and motets from 13th- and 14th-century France; some refrains were even interpolated into narrative works. There are at least two refrains that appear more than once in tonight's program... see if you can spot them! (Refrains in the texts and translations have been italicized so that they can be more easily identified.)

Three selections on the program (“Li rouseignols que j’ai chanter,” “Por mon cuer a joie atraire,” and “L’autrier chevauchie”) are strophic songs belonging to a unique genre called the *chanson avec des refrains*, in which each stanza is followed by a different refrain. This genre reverses our expectations of how we expect a refrain to function. Instead of serving as a musical and thematic anchor to the narrative (as do the more typical refrains in “E bone amourette” and “Bele doette”), these varying refrains serve instead to musically and textually elaborate upon the sentiments expressed in each stanza. Also featured is another remarkable genre within 13th-century French repertoire—the polytextual motet. During these pieces (“La joliveté/Douce amiete/V,” “Joliment/Quant voi/Je sui joliete/APTATUR,” “Dieus, de chanter/Chant d’oisiaus/IN

SECULUM,” and “Li maus amorous/Dieus, por quoit/PORTARE”), as many as three texts are sung simultaneously. The effect can be thrilling, but also a lot to take in, especially for a listener whose first language is not old French. We hope to make the many complimentary layers of these pieces more delectable by isolating individual texted voices before presenting all voices at once.

The style, tempo and rhythmic interpretation of Medieval dances, as well their step sequences and spatial patterns remain a broad field ripe for further investigation and experimentation. The first dance on our program (the “Rotta della Manfredina”) exhibits predominately regular phrases and repeated melodic motives, which imply that it fits within what sources describe as chain and round dances of a social nature. We postulate that it could have employed steps similar to the “brangle simple” (step-close) and “brangle double” (step-close-step), both of which turn up not only in the old-style choreographies of Thoinot Arbeau’s 16th-century dance manual, but also in present-day areas where remnants of Medieval dance are well attested, including the Faroe Islands and southern Brittany. The estampies, on the other hand, are specific dances designed for a single couple or couples in sequence. In contrast to the more generic social dances, they delight in irregular and complicated movements, which are mirrored in the fluctuating melodic material, and anchored by the interpolations of a repeating refrain.

Elena Mullins & Tracy Cowart

About the Artists

Alkemie exists to explore and share the life-affirming and alternative perspectives to be experienced in the sounds of centuries past. Comprised of singer-performers playing over a dozen instruments (including vielles, harps, psaltery, gittern, recorders, douçaines, and percussion), the ensemble has a particular interest in the porous boundaries between the court and folk music of the Medieval period. Grounded in historical performance practice and fed by a love of experimentation, Alkemie’s performance on the Indianapolis Early Music Festival in June 2018 was lauded as “enchanting” and “indicating [the] future health of the field of early music.”

Founded in 2013, Alkemie is based in Brooklyn and also performs nationally; since 2018 they have maintained a partnership with the Medieval Studies program at Fordham University. In addition to growing a series in NYC, Alkemie has appeared at the Amherst Early Music Festival (New London, CT), Amherst Glebe Arts Response (AGAR – Amherst, VA), Beacon Hill Concert Series (Stroudsburg, PA), the Cambridge Society for Early Music (Cambridge, MA), the Capitol Early Music Series (Washington, DC), Five Boroughs Music Series (NYC) Gotham Early Music Scene (NYC), Music Before 1800 series (NYC), and the War Memorial Arts Initiative (Baltimore).

This season (despite circumstances and with much help), Alkemie debuted a recorded program of Medieval Ashkenazi and German music (“Mirroring the Other”), as well as launched Alkemie & Friends – an initiative featuring experimental collaborations between Medieval musicians and experts in diverse musical genres and traditions. Both of Alkemie & Friends’ opening concerts (“Blood, Booze, and Betrayal” and “Florilegium”) debuted new works from collaborators. With the support of the Arizona Early Music Society and Capitol Early Music, Alkemie also produced a recorded program of 15th-century French and Italian songs and dances featuring period dancing (“Sweet Friendship”) and newly-composed tunes by band-member Niccolo Seligmann, and a livestreamed concert of the music of Hildegard von Bingen.

Alkemie’s members are also committed to the lively teaching of Medieval and Renaissance performance practice and history. Alkemie was in residence at Fairmont State University in 2016-2017, and has presented workshops and educational outreach programs at the Capitol Early Music Series (VA), Ramaz High School (NY), and at Fordham University (NY). Alkemie members teach collegiate and amateur students at Case Western Reserve University (OH), Fordham University (NY), the Strathmore Arts Center (MD), Amherst Early Music Festival (CT), the Baroque Performance Institute at Oberlin (OH), and through the Early Music Access Project (VA). For more information and to hear about upcoming performances, please visit alkemie.org.

Texts & Translations

*E, bone amourette, tres saverousette,
Plaisans, n'obliez nuns fins amant.*

Amors m'aprent a ameir, c'est mout bone vie!
J'en oz tant de gens lower qu'il me prent anvie
D'estre amerousette; plus suis joliette
Cent tants, ke n'estoie devant.

E, bone amourette...

J'ain loialment sans fauceir, c'est grant melodie!
Se ne m'an doit nus blameir,
Ce seroit folie:
Car je suis jonette, plaisans et doucette,
Rians: s'amerai tout mon vivant.

E, bone amourette...

Amins, cui je n'oz nomeir,
Ne me fauceir miee.
Je vos ain, nou pux celleit,
Et, sans vilonie,
Ceste chansonette voix de ma bouchette
Chantant, an despit des mesdixant:

E, bone amourette...

Nus ne sait *les maus, si'l n'aime ou s'il n'ame.*
Mais n'ai volente de partir ent au paraler.
Je les sent, le tres douz maus d'amer.

Duskes ci ai plus amors honoree
Que nus autres, cui ele ait esprove,
Et el s'est si bien vers moi provee
Qu'ele m'a plus que nul amant greve.
Doulor non a, car riens tant ne m'agree
Com peine avoir, puisqu'a li vient agre,
Se ja m'est gueredonee;
Mais ja tant ne m'iert por ma peine done,
Qu'assez plus ne m'ait coste.
Nus ne sait les maus, si'l n'aime ou s'il n'a ame.

La joliveté

Ma dame de pris,
Debonereté
Et si tres doz ris,
Regart de pitié,
Bouchete a devis,
Vis enluminé
Com rose seur lis
M'ont doucement navré et conquis:
Toute biauté a Dieu en li mis.
Si l'amerai n'ai autre pensé;
A li me sui toz abandonné.

*Hey, pleasing love song, so delectable,
So charming, do not forget any true lover.*

Love is teaching me to love, what a great life!
I hear so many praise it that I have the urge
To be in love; I am more cheerful,
A hundredfold, than I was before.

Hey, pleasing love song...

I love faithfully, that's no lie, what a lovely melody!
So no one should blame me for it,
That would be crazy:
For I am young, charming and sweet,
Full of laughter: so I will love my whole life long.

Hey, pleasing love song...

Sweetheart, whom I dare not name,
Do not betray me.
I love you, I cannot hide it,
And, not wishing to deceive,
With this little song on my lips I go along
Singing, in spite of the slanderers:

Hey, pleasing love song...

~ Translation by Eglal Doss-Quinby

One doesn't know pain, if he doesn't love or hasn't loved.
But I don't want to part from it, but rather wish to bear it.
I feel the sweetest pains of love.

For here is a love more honorable
Than any other,
That she felt, and she felt it so well towards me
That she has made me a stricken lover.
There is no sorrow, for nothing has satisfied me
So much as this pain, since it has come to satisfy me
And has already rewarded me;
But now I will not be so much given to my pain,
Which has cost me so dearly.

One doesn't know pain, if he doesn't love or hasn't loved.

~ Translation by Elena Mullins

The gaiety
Of my noble lady,
The goodness
And ever so sweet laugh,
The tender glance,
The well-formed mouth,
The luminous countenance -
Like rose set against lily -
Have sweetly wounded and conquered me:
God put every beauty in her. And so I will love her;
I have no other intention.
I have abandoned myself entirely to her.

*A la plus savorousete
Del mont ai mon cuer done/
Par douçor m'a s'amor navré,
Ja nul jor autre amor n'avrai.*

Douce amiete au cuer gai,
Blanchete comme flor de glai,
Vermelle comme rose en mai,
Je vos aim de cuer v[e]rai,
Dame, et amerai,
Ne ja ne m'en departirai.

*Amouretes ai;
S'en sui jolis et serai.
Dé, mon cuer est enamoure,
Hé, et plain de joliete.
Joliement chanterai:
Valaliduré!
Amours ai tout a mon gré!"*

Bele Doette as fenestres se siet,
Lit en un livre mais au cuer ne l'en tient;
De son ami Doon li resovient
Qu'en autres terres est alez tornoier.
E or en ai dol!

Uns escuiers as degrez de la sale
Est dessendu, s'est destross'e sa male.
Bele Doette les degrez en avale,
Ne cuide pas o'ir novele male.
E or en ai dol!

Bele Doette tantost li demanda:
"Ou est mes sires, que ne vi tel pie, c'a?"
Cil ot tel duel que de pitié plora;
Bele Doette maintenant se pasma.
E or en ai dol!

Bele Doette s'est en estant drecie;
Voit l'escuier, vers lui s'est adrecie;
En son cuer est dolante et correchie
Por son seignor dont ele ve voit mie.
E or en ai dol!

Bele Doette li prist a demander:
"Ou est mes sires cui je doi tant amer?"
"En non Deu, dame, ne.l vos quier mais celer:
Morz est mes sires, ocis fu au joster."
E or en ai dol!

Bele Doette a pris son duel a faire:
"Tant mar i fustes, cuens Do, frans debonaire,
Por vostre amor vestirai je la haire,
Ne sor mon cors n'avra pelice vaire.
E or en ai dol!
Por vostre amor devenirai nonne en l'eglyse saint Pol.

"Por vos ferai une abba'ie tele,
Qant iert li jors que la feste iert nomeie,

*To the most delightful woman in the world
I have given my heart.
Her love has wounded me so sweetly
That I will never have another love.*

Dear little sweetheart with the joyous heart,
As lovely white as the gladiola's flower,
Vermilion as a rose in May,
I love you with a true heart,
Lady, and will love you ever
And abandon my love never.

*I am full of loving feelings.
They bring me joy and ever will.
God, my heart is brimming with love,
Yea, and full of rejoicing.
Joyfully will I sing:
"Valaliduré,
Love I have to my liking!"*

~ Translation by Susan Stakel

Lovely Doette is sitting by the window
Reading a book, but her thoughts are elsewhere;
She is thinking of her beloved Do,
Who has gone to tourney in foreign lands.
Oh, what grief I feel!

At the stairs to the great hall, a squire
Has dismounted and untrussed his bags.
Lovely Doette bounds down the stairs;
She does not expect to hear bad news.
Oh, what grief I feel!

Lovely Doette asked him right away:
"Where is my lord, whom I've not seen for so long?"
The man was so grieved that he wept out of pity;
Lovely Doette suddenly fainted.
Oh, what grief I feel!

Lovely Doette has stood back up;
She sees the squire and walks up to him.
In her heart she is upset and disappointed
Not to see any sign of her lord.
Oh, what grief I feel!

Lovely Doette began to question the man:
"Where is my lord, whom I rightfully love?"
"By God, my lady, I'll not keep it from you anymore:
My lord is dead; he was killed in the joust."
Oh, what grief I feel!

Lovely Doette began her mourning:
"Alas that you ever went there, noble, gracious, Count Do!
For love of you I will wear a hairshirt,
And no fur-lined cloak will cover my body."
Oh, what grief I feel!
For love of you I'll become a nun at St. Paul's.

"For you I will found an abbey, such that,
When its day of dedication comes,

Se nus i vient qui ait s'amor fauseie,
Ja del mostier ne savera l'entreie."
E or en ai doll!
Por vostre amor devenrai nonne en l'eglyse saint Pol.

Bele Doette prist s'abaie a faire,
Qui mout est grande et ad'es sera maire;
Toz cels et celes vodra dedanz atraire
Qui por amor sevent peine et mal traire.
E or en ai doll!
Por vostre amor devenrai nonne en l'eglyse saint Pol.

Li rouseignols que j'ai chanter

En la verdure les la flor,
Me fait mon chant renover
Et croire j'ai en bone amor.
Mes ceur et cors sans nul retor
Et cele amors mi fait penser
À la plus sage, à la meillor.
Qui soit dont ja ne partirai.
He dex dex dex
J'ai au cuer amoretes s'amerai.

S'amerai et vueill eschiever
A mon pouvoir tote folor,
Puis qu'amors veut à moi doner
Cuer de beer a tele honor.
Jà por painne ne por dolor
Que il me conviegne endurer
Ne requerrai ne nuit - ne jor
De li servir par m'ame.
Dex ele ma ele ma ele ma
Dex ele ma ma dame.

Ma dame qui je n'ose nomer
Nus m'avez en joie greignor
Quant vo debonaire vis cler
Vo regart vo fresche color
Puis remirer et vostre ator
Quest se de france coroner
A toi, ne tenir a seignor
Me vousist on tot a mon gre.
Merci, merci douce amie
Je vous ai tot mon cuer doné.

Doné loiaument sanz fausser
Le vos ai, dame de valor
Si me font cremir et douter
Li enuius losengeor,
Qui dex mete en male tristor
Qua vous ne me vueillent meller!
Mes ja ne querrez mentéor
Bele, se dieu plaist qui j'en proi.
Sanz cuer sui, deus en a ma dame
Sanz cuer sui, dues en a od soi.

If anyone appears who has betrayed his love,
He will not find his way into the church."
Oh, what grief I feel!
For love of you I'll become a nun at St. Paul's.

Lovely Doette proceeded to build her abbey,
Which is very large and will grow larger;
She wants to draw all men and women there
Who know the pain and woe of love.
Oh, what grief I feel!
For love of you I'll become a nun at St. Paul's.

~ Translation by Samuel N. Rosenberg

The nightingales that sing
In the greenery near the flowers
Make me renew my song
And believe that I have a good love.
My heart and body, ever constant,
And this love, make me think
Of the wisest and the best,
Whom I would never leave.
Ab - God, God, God -
I hold in my heart the one I love.

I love her, and overcome all obstacles
With all my power and passion
Since love wants to give me
The heart to desire this honor.
Neither the pain nor the sorrow
That it suits me to endure
Will prevent me, neither night nor day,
From serving her with my soul.
God, she is mine, she is mine, she is mine -
God, she is mine, my lady.

My lady, whom I dare not name,
Holds me in great joy.
Your charming, bright face,
Your gaze, your fresh color
I can regard, and your attire,
Which, if you were crowned
By France would not be made
Lovelier, I well believe it!
Mery, mery, sweet friend,
I have given you all my heart.

Loyally and without deceit,
I have given it, most worthy lady.
If the envious flatterers
Make me fear and doubt,
May God put an evil sadness in those
That don't want me to be joined with you!
But don't think me a liar,
Lovely one, if it please God that I woo you.
Without a heart, God, but with my lady -
Without a heart, God, but with her.

Od soi est me cuers que sevrer,
Ne s'en porroit por nule error.
Car tot si com m'oez comter
De fortune, que à son tor,
Met l'un bas et l'autre en richor;
Puet ma dame de moi joer,
Saurai a son plaisir langor,
Ou santé s'en li est pities.
*Douce saverousete, vos m'ocirez,
Se vos volez.*

Joliement, en douce desirree
Qui tant m'a souspris,
J'aim la blondete, doucete de pris
Comme celi, ou j'ai mis ma pensee.
Hé[Dieus], s'en chanterai
Doucement pour s'amisté;
Acoler et baisier
M'a cousté et coustera.
Ja vilein part n'i avra...
Nostra sunt sollempnia...

Car trop biau deduit i a.
C'est trop douce vie,
Que que nus en die,
De baisier, d'acoler, de rire et de jouer
A sa douce amie;
Trop fait a proisier,
qui l'a sans dangier.
Mes l'amor devee ait courte duree;
*Mal ait amors, ou pitié
Et douçor n'e[s]t trovee.*

Quant voi la florete
Naistre en la pree
Et j'oi 'aloete a la matinee,
Qui saut et volete,
Forment m'agree.
S'en dirai chançonete:
*Amouretes jolietes
M'ont navré, en non Deu!*
Li cuers mi haletet en joliveté
S'ai trové amouretes a mon gré.
Jolivement, cointement, soutivement
M'ont le cuer emblé
Et enamouré tant doucement.
Pour noient mi tient ceste abeïe;
Trop use ma vie en grief tourment:
Je ne vivrai mie longuement.

Por mon cuer a joie atraire
Me fait bone amor chanter
Qua toutes gens oi retraire
Que nus qui aint sans fausser
Ne se doit desesperer
Qu'amors est de tel afaire
Que bien puet ami doner
Joie quant plus li greue

My heart is with her who severs it,
And this is by no error.
For it is to my advantage that
Fortune, by her turn,
Places one in poverty and another in riches.
My lady can enjoy me –
By this pleasure will I know sickness,
Or health if she has pity.
*Sweet and delectable one, you may kill me
If you wish.*

~ Translation by Elena Mullins

Gaily, with the sweet desire
Which has captured me completely,
I love the sweetest little blond of great worth
As the one who occupies my thoughts.
O God, I will sing about it
Sweetly for the love of her.
Hugging and kissing
Have been costly for me and will cost me more.
But there never will be any baseness in it...
Nostra sunt sollempnia...

For there is such wonderful joy in it.
It's a very sweet life,
Whatever anyone may say—
Kissing and hugging and laughing and playing
With one's sweetheart.
He should consider himself fortunate
Who can get it without resistance.
But let an unwilling love be short-lived;
*Fie on love in which tenderness
And sweetness are not found.*

When I see the little flowers
Burgeon in the meadow
And I hear the lark in the morning
Gambol and flitter about,
I take great pleasure in it.
And I will sing a little song about it:
*Gay, loving feelings
Have wounded me, in the name of God!*
My heart gasps with joy, for
I have found dear love to my liking
Gaily, gracefully, adroitly,
It has stolen my heart away
And sweetly infused it with love.
This convent imprisons me for naught;
My life is being consumed by grievous torment:
I shall not live long at all.

~ Translation by Susan Stakel

In order to bring joy to my heart
I have to sing about good love.
I have heard everyone say
That no one who has loved without deceit
Should despair -
For love is such a great enterprise
That a lover can easily give
Joy even more when he is sorrowing

*Nus ne sent qu'est bien
S'il n'aime ou s'il n'a ame.*

Moult me doit seir et plaie
Ce que je puis tant amer
La doucete debonaire
Qua tot le monde oi loer
Cors a gent vis bel et cler
N'en li n'a riens que refaire
Ne nus ni set qu'amender
Ne de sens ne de biauté
*A la plus saverousete
Del mont ai mon cuer doné.*

Doné li ai sanz retraire
Tot mon cuer et mon pensé
Car l'amor ne pris je guere
Dont on puet son cuer oster.
Ja ne men quier remuer
Ainz vueil tout son voloir faire
Ne nus ne m'en doit blasmer
Se je l'aim de cuer verai
*J'ai, j'ai, amorettes au cuer
Qui me tiennent gai.*

Ma grant joie ne pui taire
Douce dame ne celer
Que riens ne me puet desplaie
Quant joi bien de vos parler
Et quant je puis remirer
Vostre plaisant viaire
Bien vos puis sur sains jurer
Que plus liez de moi ne sai
*Mesdisans creveront,
Ja ne savront la joie que j'ai.*

Bien se set mon cuer fors traire
De mon cors por la aler
Ou toute doucour repaire
Et tout bien por demorer
Tant est douce a savorer
Conques de sul saintuaire
Noi tel talent d'aorer
Con le tres biau cors de li.
*Hé, bele très douce amie,
aiez de moi merci.*

Las, je chant de mon contrere
Quant gen deusse plorer
Le cine vueil contrefere
Qui chante quant doit finer
Ha, dame que je nos nomer
Ma joie a dolor repere
Sem ci ni puis trouver
En vos que je serf et pri.
*Je ne vivrai mie
Longuement ensi.*

*No one can know happiness
If he doesn't love or hasn't loved.*

I have to sit and sigh
Over the one I love so much
My sweet charming one
Whom I have heard the whole world praise;
In whose noble face, beautiful and bright
One can only be refreshed.
No improvement can be made
In her mind or in her beauty.
*To the most delectable lady
In the world I have given my heart*

I have given her without reserve
All my heart and all my thoughts,
For I will never win her love
If I restrain my heart.
And never would I seek to leave her
But rather I want to do her will -
And no one can blame me
If I love her with a true heart
*I have songs of love in my heart
Which keep me joyful.*

I can't be quiet about my great joy -
Sweet lady, I can't hide it!
For nothing can displease me
When I hear you spoken of well,
And when I can gaze
At your pleasant face
Surely I can swear by the saints to you
That there is no one more bound to you than I.
*The slanderers will be shattered:
They will never know the joy that I have.*

My heart knows well how to withdraw
From my body in order to go to her,
Where all sweetness returns,
And where all goodness dwells.
There is so much sweetness to savor
In such a sanctuary,
And such a desire to adore
In a beautiful body like hers.
*Oh, beautiful, sweetest of lovers,
Have mercy on me.*

Alas, I sing of my malady
I'm accustomed to weeping for her;
I want to imitate the swan
Who sings before he dies.
Ah, lady that I dare not name,
You turn my joy to sorrow!
I find no mercy in you,
Whom I serve and entreat.
*I can't live like this
For much longer.*

Dieus, de chanter maintenant

Por quoi m'est talent pris,
Qu'au cuer ai un duel, dont sui peris,
Se cele qui j'aim ne me soit confortans?
Et quant je remir et pens
A sa simplece
Et son semblant,
Son cler vis,
Ses ieuz dous regardans,
Il n'est mal, qui me blece;
Por ce l'amera mes cuers,
A son comant l'avra.
Or me doinst Dieus, que m'amor bien emploie,
Cele part vois, car tart m'est que la voie.

Chant d'oisiaus et fueille et flor
Et tans joli
Mi font ramembrer d'amors,
Si que je ne pens aillors
Qu'a vos, amis.
Tant avés, ce m'est avis,
Biauté et valour et pris,
Que vostre serai tou dis
Sans nule mesproison.
*Qui donrai je mes amors,
Douz amis, s'a vos non?*
Ja vers vos ne faussera
Mes cuers, qui a vos s'otroie.
*Por bien amer avrai joie,
Ou ja nule ne l'avra.*

Li maus amorous me tient

Lonc tans [mes] en sa puissance,
Mes je n'ai duel ne pesance,
Quant il me sovient
De Marot, ma douce amie,
Qui me fait chanter
Et toz tans joieuse vie
Com fins amanz demener.
*En non Dieu, que que nus die,
Au cuer me tient li maus d'amer.*

Dieus, por quoi la regardai,
La bele, ne tant amai
Pour ses ieuz vairs et rians,
Qui tant sunt plain de douçour par samblant?
Mes pou d'amour i trovai
Quant je l'en priaï.
Si m'esmai
Plus qu'amans, qui soit el mont;
Car bien croi, que je morrai,
Quant si veir oeil traï m'ont.

God, why have I been seized
By the desire to sing,
When I have such sorrow in my heart that I must perish
If the one whom I love comforts me not?
And when I remember and reflect
Upon her simple openness,
Her appearance,
Her bright face,
The sweet look from her eyes -
There is nothing which can wound me;
And so my heart will love her
And be at her command.
May God now grant that I use my love well;
I go to her, for it is long since I saw her last.

Birdsong and leaves and flowers
And the joyful season
Make me remember love,
So that I think of nothing
Except you, my beloved.
You are, it seems to me,
So handsome and noble and worthy
That I will always
Faithfully be yours.
*To whom should I give my love,
Sweet beloved, if not to you?*
My heart, which offers itself to you,
Will never be untrue.
*I will have joy on account of my true love,
Or no one will ever have it!*

~Translation by Susan Stakel

The pain of love
Has long held me in its power -
But I feel neither sorrow nor affliction
When I remember
Marot, my sweet beloved,
Who made me sing
And ever lead the joyous life
Of a true lover.
*In the name of God, whatever anyone may say,
The pain of love grips my heart.*

God, why did I look at
The fair one - why did I love her so,
On account of her laughing, gray-blue eyes,
Which seem so full of sweetness?
I found little love in them
When I begged her for her love.
I am tormented
More than any other lover alive;
For indeed, I believe that I shall die
Since her gray-blue eyes have betrayed me.

~Translation by Susan Stakel

L'autrier chevauchois delez Paris,
Trouvai pastorele gardant brebiz;
Descendi a terre, lez li m'assis
Et ses amorettes je li requis.
El me dist: "Biau sire, par saint Denis,
J'aim plus biau de vos et mult meuz apris.
Ja, tant conme il soit ne sains ne vis,
Autre n'ameré, je le vos plevis,
Car il est et biaux et cortois et senez."
*Deus, je sui jonete et sadete et s'aim tes
Qui joennes est, sades et sages assez!*

Robin l'atendoit en un valet,
Par ennui s'assist lez un buissonet,
Qu'il estoit levez trop matinot
Por cueillir la rose et le muguet,
S'ot ja a s'amie fet chapelet
Et a soi un autre tout nouvelet,
Et dist: "Je me muir, bele," en son sonet,
"Se plus demorez un seul petitet,
Jamés vif ne me trouverez."
*Tres douce damoisele, vos m'ocirrez
Se vos volez!*

Quant ele l'oi si desconforter,
Tantost vint a li sanz demorer.
Qui lors les veïst joie demener,
Robin debruissier et Marot baler!
Lez un buissonet s'alerent jöer,
Ne sai qu'il i firent, n'en quier parler,
Mes n'i vouldrent pas granment demorer,
Ainz se releverent por meuz noter
Ceste pastorele:
Va li durëaus li durëaus lairrele!

Je m'arestai donc illec endroit
Et vi la grant joie que cil fesoit
Et le grant solaz que il demenoit
Qui onques Amors servies n'avoit,
Et dis: "Je maudi Amors orendroit,
Qui tant m'ont tenu lonc tens a destroit;
Je s'ai plus servies qu'onme qui soit
N'onques n'en oi bien, si n'est ce pas droit;
Por ce les maudi."
*Male honte ait il qui Amors parti
Quant g'i ai failli!*

De si loing conme li bergiers me vit,
S'escria mult haut et si me dist:
"Alez vostre voie, por Jhesu Crist,
Ne vos tolez pas nostre deduit!
J'ai mult plus de joie et de delit
Que li rois de France n'en a, ce cuit;
S'il a sa richece, je la li cuit
Et j'ai m'amïete et jor et nuit,
Ne ja ne departiron."
Danciez, bele Marion! Ja n'aim je riens se vos non.

Not long ago, as I was riding outside Paris,
I came upon a shepherdess tending her flock.
I dismounted, sat down beside her,
And asked for her affection.
She said, "By Saint Denis, dear sir,
I love a fellow handsomer than you, and better bred.
Never, as long as he is alive and well,
Will I love anyone else, I assure you -
For he is handsome and courteous and clever."
*God, I am pretty and young, and I love a fellow
Who is young and good-looking and bright.*

Robin was waiting for her down in a hollow;
Out of weariness he sat down by a small bush,
For he had risen early that morning
To gather roses and lily-of-the-valley.
He had already made a garland for his sweetheart
And a new one for himself.
He sang a little tune, saying, "I'll die, my darling;
If you hold off even a little while longer,
You will never again see me alive."
*My sweet young lady, you may kill me
If you wish!*

When she heard him so comfortless,
She ran to him right away.
You should have seen how joyful they were,
With Robin's antics and Marion's dancing!
They continued their play beside a little bush;
Whatever they did there, I am not about to tell!
But they did not remain there for long -
Instead they got up, the better to sing
This pastourelle:
Go durel, go durel, lerrelle!

I stopped then at that spot,
And saw how joyful he was
And what a good time he was having,
That fellow who had never served Love;
And I said, "I curse Love now
For the long torment it has brought me -
I have served Love better than any man,
But all in vain; it isn't right!
And so I curse it."
*Shame and woe to anyone favored by Love
When I have failed at it!*

As soon as the shepherd spotted me,
He cried out and said,
"Move along, by Jesus!
Don't spoil our pleasure!
I have much more happiness and fun
Than the king of France, I'm sure;
He may well be rich, but I don't care -
I've got my darling night and day,
And we will never part!"
Dance, lovely Marion! I love no one but you.

Amherst Early Music Festival 2021

Online Concert Series

Sunday, July 18 at 1:00 pm EDT

Dutch Delight

Internationally renowned Dutch recorder virtuosi **Saskia Coolen and Han Tol** have long been important master performers and teachers at the Amherst Early Music Festival. They team up for a very special wide-ranging program that includes such well-known composers as Georg Philipp Telemann and Jacques-Martin Hotteterre, and some lesser-known surprises. Recorded in Utrecht, the Netherlands.

Monday, July 19 at 5:00 pm EDT

Upon a Summer's Day

Tenor Michael Barrett joins **Seven Times Salt** for a tour of the English countryside in a celebration of summertime. We venture from gardens so green to woods so wild with dance tunes, love songs, and tales of fairy queens and ancient kings. At summer's end, we toast at a country tavern. Music of Campion, Morley, Simpson, and Purcell, and others. Recorded at the Nathaniel Allen House, West Newton MA.

Tuesday, July 20 at 5:00 pm EDT

Decameron

In this timely concert, **Texas Early Music Project** re-enacts stories from Boccaccio's mid-14th century *Decameron*. Several young Florentines, who are sheltering in a country villa to get away from the Black Plague, entertain each other with stories to pass the time. Highlighted with 14th-century music, costumes, a script by Guggenheim Fellowship winner, Dr. Lawrence Rosenwald, and narration performed by Marc Pouhé. Recorded in Austin, TX.

Thursday, July 22 at 5:00 EDT

Love to My Liking: Refrains of Desire in Gothic France

Like the troubadours in the South, the trouvères of Northern France wrote some of the most captivating vocal music of the 13th century. In an age long before streaming, these poet-composers penned songs about public and private adoration. Newly-created choreographies based on contemporary sources add visual counterpoint to **Alkemie's** performance of vigorous popular tunes, plaintive ballads, and courtly estampies. Recorded in New York, NY.

Friday, July 23 at 5:00 pm EDT

Kleine Kammermusik plays Kleine Kammermusik

The group **Kleine Kammermusik** takes its name from a set of pieces Georg Philipp Telemann dedicated to four oboists of the Dresden court ensemble. The program is built around these charming pieces, from which we have crafted our own suite. Lush and virtuosic chamber music by Johann Friedrich Fasch and a beloved trio sonata by George Friderich Handel complement the program celebrating the richness and variety of German Baroque music. Recorded in Philadelphia's historic Hill-Physick House.

Saturday, July 24 at 1:00 EDT

The Lyre of Heaven: Harps in Medieval Drama & Baroque Opera

La Musica in Monteverdi's 1607 *Orfeo* declared "With the golden harp, I charm mortal ears; with the lyre of heaven I touch souls." **Andrew Lawrence-King's** Medieval harps and Italian Baroque triple harp will charm our mortal ears with music from the anonymous Medieval *Play of Daniel* and from works by Cavallieri, Monteverdi, and Purcell. Recorded in Estonia.

Amherst Early Music Festival

July 17-25, 2021

More than 60 online and in-person classes.

All events listed below are free of charge.

**Lecture with David Fallows Saturday,
July 17 1:00-2:00 pm EDT**

**Amherst Early Music Online Auction
Wednesday, July 21 5:00-6:30 pm EDT**

Virtual Music & Instrument Exhibition

Live event online on Saturday, July 24 11:00-1:00 pm EDT
Meet the Exhibitors of the Festival Music & Instrument Exhibition.

**Baroque Academy Faculty Brunch
Sunday, July 25 12:00-1:00 pm EDT**

Visit amherstearlymusic.org for more information.

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The Amherst Early Music Festival, held in non-pandemic times at Connecticut College in New London, CT, is the most comprehensive early music workshop in the world, with classes for amateurs and pre-professionals, a music and instrument exhibition, and a professional concert series. We offer classes at all levels in Medieval, Renaissance, and Baroque music and dance taught by an international faculty of performers and teachers. Next year, AEMF will be held from July 10-24, 2022.

Amherst Early Music, Inc. ♦ Marilyn Boenau, Executive Director

35 Webster Street, West Newton, MA 02465 ♦ www.amherstearlymusic.org ♦ info@amherstearlymusic.org ♦ 781-488-3337

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