

ALKEMIE

love to my liking



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In this album, we perform 13th-century trouvère songs, dances, and motets—most of which we chose for their use of a type of refrain common in 13th- and 14th-century French musical and literary works. These refrains, which may or may not repeat within a single piece, were passed from one work to another, like quotations. Scholars have identified hundreds of such refrains in the vocal works of medieval France; we've italicized these insider references within the texts and translations so that they are easily recognized. We invite the listener to imagine how their implications might multiply when heard in a variety of poetic contexts.

Three tracks (“Li louseignolz que j’ai chanter,” “Por mon cuer a joie atraire,” and “L’autrier chevauchioie delez Paris”) 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 as fenestres se siet”), these assorted quotations musically and textually elaborate upon the sentiments expressed in each stanza. We also see refrains interpolated among the lines of the polytextual motet, another remarkable genre within 13th-century French repertoire. During these multi-texted pieces (“La joliveté | Douce amiete | (V),” “Joliement | Quant voi | Je sui joliete | (Aptatur),” “Dieus, de chanter | Chant d’oisiaus | (In seculum),” and “Li maus amoureux | Dieus, por quoit | (Portare)”), as many as three poems 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 bring forth the delectability of their complimentary layers by unfolding individual voices before presenting them all at once.

In creating our arrangements for this album, we chose to highlight refrains in a variety of ways. In the trouvère songs “E bone amourette,” “Por mon cuer a joie atraire,” “Li louseignolz que j’ai chanter,” and “L’autrier chevauchioie delez Paris,” refrains are repeated, either vocally or instrumentally (or both). In “Bele doette as fenestres se siet,” the verses are sung by soloists, while the refrains are sung by a group of singers. The instrumental dances from the *Chansonnier du Roi* also feature a type of musical refrain characterized by first and second endings that remain consistent after each new section of the dance. For “La seconde estampie” we enjoyed exploring different instrumental textures on each “verse,” punctuated by the whole ensemble playing the “refrains.”





The trouvères of Northern France donned the mantle woven by their southern troubadour counterparts to write some of the most sensuous and saucy vocal music of the 13th century. *Love to My Liking* focuses on trouvère compositions that are peppered with melodic and textual “refrains” that repeat not within songs but across them. Like dropping a quote from a favorite movie into a conversation, these refrains add gravitas, levity, innuendo, or other contextual richness. The musical vibe is in turns raucous and plaintive as solo songs alternate with the lexical luxuriance of the polytextual motet and characterful dance interludes from the “Songbook of the King.”

Produced by Tracy Cowart, Charles Mueller, and Ellie Sutherland. Engineered by Charles Mueller. Mastered by Mike Tierney. Recorded at Oktaven Audio and Tiny Panther Recording, Mount Vernon, NY, July 2022. Executive Producer Sian Ricketts. Photography by Anja Schütz. Cover art and design by Haeg Design.

Tracy Cowart

voice, harps, percussion

Ben Matus

hümmelchen

David McCormick

vielle

Elena Mullins Bailey

voice, percussion, lyre

Sian Ricketts

voice, recorders, douçaines

Niccolo Seligmann

vielle, psaltery, viola a chiavi,  
scheitholt, gittern, percussion

*with*

Adrienne Lotto &  
Ellie Sutherland

voice



# Texts and Translations

## 1. E, bone amourette / La rotta della Manfredina

Translation adapted by Ellie Sutherland

*E, bone amourette, tres saverousette,  
Plaisans, n'oblieiz 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 mie.  
Je vos ain, nou pux celleit,  
Et, sans vilonie,  
Ceste chansonette voix de ma bouchette  
Chantant, an despit des mesdixant:

*E, bone amourette...*

*Hey, pretty love song, so delightful,  
So melodious, don't forget us faithful lovers!*

Love itself is teaching me how to love, what luck!  
Everyone's always talking about it, so I decided  
To be in love myself. I am a hundred times happier  
Than ever before!

*Hey, pretty love song...*

I'm a faithful lover, it's true (what a catchy song!),  
And it's crazy that some blame me for my faithfulness,  
Just because I am so young, lovely, kind,  
And always laughing: I will be in love my entire life.

*Hey, pretty love song...*

Darling, who must remain nameless,  
Don't ever leave me.  
I love you, it's plain for all to see.  
And so instead of betraying your secret,  
This little song will ever be on the tip of my tongue,  
Defying love's cynics:

*Hey, pretty love song...*



## 2. Por mon cuer a joie atraire

Translation by Elena Mullins Bailey, Thomas O'Donnell, and Ellie Sutherland

*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 affaire  
Que bien puet ami doner  
Joie quant plus li greue  
*Nus ne set 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 doucette debonaire  
Qui 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, amoretes au cuer*  
*Qui me tientent 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 remier  
Vostre plaisant viaire  
Bien vos puis sur sains jurer  
Que plus liez de moi ne sai  
*Mesdissans 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 nul 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  
Se merci ni puis trouver  
En vos que je serf et pri.  
*Je ne vivrai mie*  
*Longuement ensi.*

To console my heart,  
True Love makes me sing  
That old song:  
"No one who loves without deceit  
Should give up hope."  
But Love is of such a nature  
That She gives her lover the most joy  
When She most afflicts them.  
*No one can know joy*  
*If they have never loved.*

I must sit and lament  
That I love too much  
That noble, sweet thing  
Whom the whole world praises.  
Her graceful body, her face lovely and bright—  
I wouldn't change a thing.  
And nothing could improve  
Either her mind or her beauty.  
*To the most delightful woman*  
*In the world have I given my heart.*

Without reserve I have given her  
All my heart and all my thoughts,  
For the love bestowed on me  
Is impossible to banish from my heart.  
And I would never seek to stray from her,  
But instead, I want to fulfill her every wish.  
No one can blame me for it,  
For I love her with a true heart.  
*I have passion in my heart*  
*Which keeps me joyful.*

I can't keep quiet about my great joy,  
Nor hide my sweet lady;  
For nothing can displease me  
When I hear you praised by everyone.  
And when I can contemplate  
Your pleasing face  
I can truly swear to any saint  
That I know of no one happier than I.  
*The slanderers will be devastated!*  
*They will never know the joy that I have.*

My heart knows how to withdraw  
From my body in order to go  
There where all sweetness finds refuge,  
And where all goodness dwells.  
She is so sweetly savored  
That I have no desire  
To worship before any altar  
Other than her beautiful body.  
*Oh, beautiful, sweetest of lovers,*  
*Have mercy on me.*

Alas, I sing of my affliction  
When instead I should weep.  
I want to be like the swan  
Who only sings just before her death.  
Ah, lady that I dare not name,  
You trade my joy for sorrow  
If I cannot find mercy in you,  
Whom I serve and entreat.  
*I cannot live like this*  
*Much longer.*



#### 4. Li louseignolz que j'ai chanter

Translation by Elena Mullins Bailey, Thomas O'Donnell, and Ellie Sutherland

##### Li louseignolz que j'ai chanter

En la verdure les la flor,  
Me fait mon chant renoueler  
Et croire j'ai en bone amor.  
Mes cuer 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 amorettes 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, deus en a od soi.*

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 pitiez.  
*Douce saverousete, vos m'ocirez,*  
*Se vos volez.*

The nightingale that I hear singing  
On the green bough among the flowers  
Makes me sing anew  
With the certainty that I have a good love.  
My heart and body have no regrets,  
And this love makes me think  
Of the wisest, of the best:  
She from whom I will never part.  
*Oh God, I have in my heart*  
*Such sweet loving; I'm in love!*

I'm in love, and I will transcend  
All foolishness (as much as I can).  
Since love has given  
A heart set on such an honor,  
Neither the suffering nor pain  
That I am forced to endure  
Will ever make me refuse, night or day,  
To serve her, by my soul!  
*God, I belong to her,*  
*God, I belong to her, to my lady.*

My lady, whom I dare not name,  
You have given me greater joy  
(When I envision your noble face,  
Your gaze, your countenance,  
And the graceful way you move)  
Than if I had been chosen  
to be crowned king of France,  
or to be named a lord, with all to my liking.  
*Mercy, mercy, sweet friend,*  
*I have given you my whole heart.*

Faithfully, and without deceit,  
I have given my love to you, worthy lady.  
The jealous slanderers  
Spread fear and doubt  
- May God make them miserable -  
Since they want to keep me from you!  
But I pray to God  
You will never believe those liars.  
*I have no heart - my lady has two;*  
*I have no heart - she has hers and mine.*

My heart is with her, and it could never  
Be parted from her nor stray.  
Just as Fortune,  
Who with her wheel  
Sets this one low and that one high,  
So does my lady play with my fate.  
Thus at her pleasure I am dealt misery—  
Or bliss, if there is pity in her.  
*Sweet and delightful lady, you may kill me*  
*if you wish.*

#### 5. Li maus amouros | Dieus, por quoi | (Portare)

Translation adapted by Ellie Sutherland

*Li maus amouros 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 Diu, 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.*

*Love's pain holds me*  
Fast in its embrace—  
But I have neither sorrow nor pain  
When I remember  
Marot, my sweet love,  
Who made me sing  
And showed me how to live  
The joyous life of a true lover.  
*In the name of God, whatever anyone says,*  
*My heart is held in the pain of love's embrace.*

*God, why did I look upon*  
That lovely lady? Why did I fall  
For her eyes, so brilliant and laughing,  
And which seemed so full of sweetness?  
I found little love in them  
Even when I begged for it.  
I am tortured  
More than any other lover who lives and breathes!  
For well I know that I shall die,  
*Betrayed by those ever-changing eyes.*





## 7. Joliement | Quant voi | Je sui joliete | (Aptatur)

Translation adapted by Ellie Sutherland

**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 abeie;  
Trop use ma vie en grief tourment:  
*Je ne vivrai mie longuement.*

Joyfully, with the sweet longing  
That has overtaken me,  
I love my little, blonde, sweetest of prizes,  
The one with whom I am preoccupied.  
Lord, I will sing sweetly  
for her enjoyment.  
All this embracing and kissing  
Has cost me much, and will cost even more.  
I swear it has all been chaste...  
*Nostra sunt sollempnia...*

There is too much joy in it.  
It's too sweet a life,  
Whatever anyone says—  
To kiss, to embrace, to laugh and to play  
With one's sweet lover...  
Too lucky is she  
Who has this for the taking.  
But love that is forced will never last.  
Cursed is love in which kindness  
*And sweetness cannot be found.*

When I see little flowers  
Blooming in the meadow  
And I hear the lark in the morning  
Chirp and flit about,  
It fills me with happiness.  
I will sing gaily:  
Joyful love  
Has pierced my heart, thanks be to God!  
My heart leaps with joy  
For I have found a Love to my liking.  
Joyfully, readily, swiftly,  
My heart has been captured  
And become enraptured with sweetness.  
This abbey contains my body, but not my heart!  
My life is tormented by grief:  
*I cannot live like this much longer.*

## 8. Dieus, de chanter | Chant d'oisiaus | (In seculum)

Translation adapted by Ellie Sutherland

**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 fuele et flor  
Et tans joli  
Mi font ramembrer d'amors,  
Si que je ne pens ailors  
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.*

God, why now  
Am I driven to sing,  
When my heart is filled with punishing sorrow,  
If the one whom I love is not nearby to comfort me?  
And when I reminisce  
About her simple grace—  
Her appearance,  
Her perfect skin,  
Her sweet glances—  
There is nothing that can hurt me.  
My heart beats for her,  
And is hers to command.  
I pray to God that my love is well spent.  
*I go to her, for it has been long since I looked upon her face.*

Birdsong and fresh leaves and flowers  
And everything beautiful  
Fills my head with love,  
So that I can think of nothing  
But you, my beloved.  
You are, in my opinion,  
Gorgeous and honorable and worthy,  
And I will always be yours  
Without question.  
*To whom should I give my love,  
Sweetheart, if not to you?  
To you, I offer my heart,  
Which will always be true.  
For loving well has brought me joy,  
Let others say what they will.*





## 10. Nus ne set | (Regnat) / Duskes ci ai plus amors honoree | (Regnat)

Translation by Elena Mullins Bailey, Thomas O'Donnell, and Ellie Sutherland

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

*No one can know pain, if they have never loved;  
But I would not remedy it as long as I live.  
I feel it, that sweet pain of love.*

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.

Until now I have honored Love  
Above all else, more than any other,  
And She has proven herself to me so well,  
That She consumes me more than any lover.  
I have no sorrow, for nothing makes me happier  
Than to feel this pain, since it makes her happy  
To award me this suffering.  
But in exchange for this pain I will never get enough pleasure  
To make up for what She has cost me.

*Nus ne sait les maus, si'l n'aime ou s'il n'a ame.*

*No one can know pain, if they have never loved.*



## 11. Bele doette as fenestres se siet

Translation by Samuel N. Rosenberg

**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 destrossé sa male.  
Bele Doette les degrez en avale,  
Ne cuide pas oir novele male.  
*E or en ai dol!*

Bele Doette tantost li demanda:  
"Ou est mes sires, que ne vi tel pieç'a?"  
Cil ot tel duel que de 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 correcie  
Por son seignor dont ele ne 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. I 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 abbaïe ie tele,  
Quant iert li jors que la feste iert nomeie,  
Se nus i vient qui ait s'amor fauseie,  
Ja del mostier ne savera l'entreie."  
*E or en ai dol!*  
*Por vostre amor devenirai nonne en l'eglyse saint Pol.*

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

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,  
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 for "Bele doette as fenestres se siet" from *Songs of the Troubadours and Trouvères: An Anthology of Poems and Melodies* (© 1997), Routledge. Reproduced by permission of Taylor & Francis Group.



## 12. La joliveté | Douce amiete | (V)

Translation adapted by Ellie Sutherland

### 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 Dieus en li mis.  
Si l'amerai n'ai autre pensé;  
A li me sui toz abandouné.  
*A la plus saverousete  
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!"*

The perfection  
Of my lady  
(Her sweetness,  
Her gentle laughter,  
Her glances,  
Her delicate mouth,  
Her luminous visage,  
Like a rose among lilies)  
Has conquered me entirely.  
God put everything that is beautiful in her.  
And so to love her is my only thought.  
I have abandoned myself entirely to her.  
*To the most delightful woman in the world,  
I have given my heart.*  
Her sweetness has pierced me so acutely  
That I will never be able to love another.

Sweet lover with a cheerful heart—  
White as the blossom of the gladiolus  
And vermilion as the rose in May—  
I love you with a faithful heart,  
Lady, and will love you forever  
And never leave you.  
*I am full of love;  
It brings me unending joy.  
God, my heart is enraptured,  
Yes, and full of rejoicing.  
Joyfully I sing:  
"Hooray!  
I have a Love to my liking!"*



## 13. L'autrier chevauchiole delez Paris

Translation by Samuel N. Rosenberg

### L'autrier chevauchiole delez Paris,

Trouvai pastorele gardant berbiz;  
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 après.  
Ja, tant comme il soit ne sains ne vis,  
Autre n'ameré, je le vos plevi,  
Car il est et biau 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 buissonnet,  
Qu'il estoit levez trop matinnet  
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 veüst joie demener,  
Robin debruissier et Marot baler!  
Lez un buissonnet s'alèrent joer,  
Ne sai qu'il i firent, n'en quier parler,  
Mes n'i voudrent pas grantment demorer,  
Ainz se releverent por meuz noter  
Ceste pastorele:  
*Va li duréaus li duréaus 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 comme 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'amiete 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 dural, go dural, 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.*

Translation for "L'autrier chevauchiole delez Paris" from *Songs of the Troubadours and Trouvères: An Anthology of Poems and Melodies* (© 1997), Routledge. Reproduced by permission of Taylor & Francis Group.

# ALKEMIE



love to my liking



BRIGHT SHINY THINGS