

The use of cameras or recording equipment during the performance is not allowed. Please be sure that cell phones, pagers, and other electronic devices are turned off.

Please note that late entry or reentry of the West Building after 6:30 pm is not permitted.

Music Department
National Gallery of Art
Sixth Street and Constitution Avenue NW
Washington, DC

Mailing address
2000B South Club Drive
Landover, MD 20785

www.nga.gov

COVER: Antoine Watteau, *Two Studies of a Violinist Tuning His Instrument* (detail), 1717–1718, National Gallery of Art, Washington, Gift of Howard Sturges



The Sixty-eighth Season of
The William Nelson Cromwell and F. Lamot Belin
Concerts

National Gallery of Art
2,748th Concert

National Gallery of Art Vocal Ensemble
and
National Gallery of Art Chamber Players

Presented in honor of *Renaissance to Revolution:*
French Drawings from the National Gallery of Art, 1500–1800

November 15, 2009
Sunday Evening, 6:30 pm
West Building, West Garden Court

Admission free

The Musicians

NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART VOCAL ENSEMBLE

The National Gallery of Art Vocal Ensemble is now in its sixth season as a chamber choir under the leadership of artistic director Rosa Lamoreaux. The choir has presented special programs in honor of Gallery exhibitions, including part-songs and anthems by nineteenth-century English composers in honor of *The Artist's Vision: Romantic Traditions in Britain* (2006) and seventeenth-century Dutch music in honor of *Jan Lievens: A Dutch Master Rediscovered* (2008) and *Pride of Place: Dutch Cityscapes of the Golden Age* (2009). In January 2008 the singers were guest artists at the Sonora, Mexico, Music Festival, where they sang a program of Spanish and Hispanic choral music. In January 2010 members of the Vocal Ensemble will join forces with the early music ensemble ARTEK to be the first ensemble to perform Claudio Monteverdi's *Vespers of the Blessed Virgin* (1610) on the occasion of its 400th anniversary year.

Members of the ensemble participating in this concert are:

Rosa Lamoreaux, *artistic director and soprano*

Rebecca Kellerman Petretta, *soprano*

Barbara Hollinshead, *mezzo-soprano*

Roger Isaacs, *countertenor*

Stephen White, *tenor*

Jerry Kavinski, *tenor*

Steven Combs, *baritone*

Peter Becker, *bass-baritone*

Upcoming Concerts at the National Gallery of Art

Thomas Mastroianni, pianist

Stephen Ackert, narrator

A Suite bergamasque in Music and Art

November 18, 2009

Wednesday, 12:10 pm

West Building Lecture Hall



Richard Stoltzman, clarinetist

Yehudi Weiner, pianist

Music by Carter, Reich, and Wyner

First concert in the 64th American Music Festival

Presented in honor of *The Robert and Jane*

Meyerhoff Collection: Selected Works

November 22, 2009

Sunday Evening, 6:30 pm

East Building Auditorium

The Musicians

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NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART CHAMBER PLAYERS

The National Gallery of Art Chamber Players specialize in the interpretation of instrumental music written before 1750. They first appeared in concert at the end of the 2006–2007 season, performing “A Musician’s Travels in Sound, 1430–1700” in honor of the exhibition *Fabulous Journeys and Far-away Places: Travels on Paper, 1450–1700*. In June 2008 they were invited to perform music of Johann Sebastian Bach at the Washington Early Music Festival, and last November they joined the Gallery’s Vocal Ensemble in a program honoring *Jan Lievens: A Dutch Master Rediscovered*.

National Gallery Chamber Players participating in this concert are:

Vera Kochanowsky, *harpsichord*

John Armato, *theorbo and lute*

Daniel Rippe, *bass viol*

Program

I. Madrigals and Songs for the Court

Pierre de Villiers (1536–1559)

Si vous voulez

Severin Cornet (1530–1582)

Avecque vous

Reynaldo Hahn (1874–1947)

Un loyal coeur

Vivons, mignarde

Anthoine Boesset (1586–1643)

Objet dont les charmes si doux

Claudin de Sermisy (1490–1562)

Tant que vivray

Hahn

Pleurez avec moi!

En vous disant adieu

Adrian Willaert (1490–1562)

Sur le joli jonc

Antoine Gardane (1509–1569)

Douce mémoire

Hahn

Comment se peut-il faire ainsi?

Le Fourriers d' été

Jean Planson (1559–1612)

La Rousée du joly mois de may

INTERMISSION

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Texts and Translations
National Gallery of Art Vocal Ensemble, November 15, 2009

Si vous voulez

Si vous voulez m'amour avoir,
A tout jamais sans départir,
Pensez de faire à mon plaisir
Et jamais ne me décevoir.

(Poem by Charles d'Orléans)

If you want to have my love
eternal and unbroken,
think then to please me
And never to deceive me.

Avecque vous

Avecque vous mon amour finira,
Puisque mon coeur est en vous seulement.
Plaise vous donc avoir contentement,
Car le corps mort,
L'esprit vous servira.

With only you my love will end,
since my heart is entirely yours.
May your therefore be content,
for even if my body die,
My spirit will serve you.

Un loyal Coeur

Le trouverai-je jamais,
Un loyal coeur joint au mien
A qui je soye tout sien
Sans départir désormais?
A deviser par souhaits,
Souvent m'y es bas!
Eh bien le trouverai-je...

(Poem by Charles d'Orléans)

Will I never find
a loyal heart joined to mine
to which I will be all his
Without being torn apart?
conversing only through wishes
often is what I am reduced to
Alas! Will I never find...

Autant vaut si je m'en tais car,
Certainement,
Je tiens qu'il ne s'en fera jà rien;
En toute chose a ung mais.
Le trouverai-je jamais un loyale coeur...

It's just as well as if I would not say anything
certainly,
I consider that it will never happen
Because to everything there is a doubt.
Will I never find a loyal heart...

Vivons, mignarde

(Sur un rythme de Lully)

Vivons, mignarde
Vivons et suivons
Les ébats qu'Amour nous donne
Sans que de vieux rechignés renfrognés,
Le sot babil nous étonne.
Les jours qui viennent et vont se refont
Se refont le soleil mort se relève;
Mais une trop longue nuit,
Las! nous suit après
Une clarté brève!

(Poem by Jean-Antoine de Baïf)

Let us go, my dearie,
let's leave and follow
the thing that love gives to us
without the old folks, grumpy and fussing,
Or the idiot's babbling surprising us.
Days come and go, and remake themselves
As the dead sun rises again.
But the night, so long,
Alas! Follows us after
The short day!

Tandis que nous la voyons,
Employons ce beau vivre,
O ma meline,
Ça donc, mignonne,

While we can see it,
Let's use this beautiful way of life,
O my dearest,
For then, sweetest,

Viens-t'en et me tends
Ta bouchette, Coraline!

Objet dont les charmes si doux

Objet dont les charmes si doux
M'ont enchaîné sous votre empire,
Lors que je suis absent de vous
Mes pleurs tesmoignent mon martyre :
Et quand je revoy vos appas,
Un excès de plaisir me donne le trespas.

Qui veut garder sa liberté,
Doit s'esloigner de votre veuë :
Il n'est ny grace ny beauté
Dont le Ciel ne vous ait pourveuë...
Et la conquête d'un amant
Ne couste à vos beaux yeux
Qu'un regard seulement.

Doncques pour éviter la mort,
Quelle fortune dois-je suivre ?
Sans vous je m'afflige si fort
Qu'il m'est impossible de vivre :
Et quand je revois vos appas
Un excès de plaisir me donne le trespas.

Tant que vivrai

Tant que vivrai en âge florissant,
Je servirai d'amour le roi puissant
En fais, en dits, en chanson et accords.
Par plusieurs jours m'a tenu languissant,
Et puis après m'a fait réjouissant,
Car j'ai l'amour de la belle au gent corps.

Son alliance, c'est ma fiancée,
Son coeur est mien, le mien est sien,
Fi de tristesse, Vive liesse,
Puisqu'en amours a tant de bien.

Quand je la veux servir et honorer,
Quand par écrits veux son nom décorer,
Quand je la vois, et visite souvent,
Les envieux n'en font que murmurer.
Mais notre amour n'en saurait moins durer
Autant ou plus en emporte le vent.
Malgré envie, toute ma vie
Je l'aimerai, et chanterai :
'C'est la première, c'est la dernière,
que j'ai servie, et servirai.'

you will come here and offer to me
Your little mouth, Coraline!

Object whose gentle charms
have chained me to your empire,
when I am away from you
my tears testify to my martyrdom :
and when I see again your charms,
An excess of pleasure kills me.

He who would retain his freedom,
should flee from the sight of you :
There is no grace nor beauty
that the heavens have not granted you :
and the conquest of a lover
costs your beautiful eyes
A mere glance.

So to avoid death,
what path should I follow ?
without you I am so afflicted
that life is impossible :
and when I see again your charms
An excess of pleasure kills me.

(Poem by C. Marot)

While I am in my prime
I will serve the mighty god of love
In deed, word, song, and harmony.
For a long time he left me languishing,
but after he made me rejoice,
For now I have the love of a shapely beauty.

Her alliance is pledged to me,
her heart is mine and mine is hers.
Fie sadness, long live gladness,
For there is so much good in love.

When I want to serve and honor her,
When in writing I want to decorate her name,
When I see her and often call upon her,
The envious do nothing but complain.
But our love will nonetheless endure.
For as long as the winds do blow.
In spite of envy, all my life
I will love her, and I will sing :
'She is the first, she is the last,
That I have served or will ever serve.'

Pleurez avec moi!

Pleurez avec moi, tendres fleurs,
Apportez, ormeaux, les rosées
De vos mignardes épousées
Comme larmes parmi les pleurs
De moi affligé qui ne puis
Pleurer autant que j'ai d'ennuis.

Cygne mourant, que votre voix
Délaisse la Tourve fâchée!
Laissez votre branche séchée,
Tourterelles, quittez les bois
Et pleurez pour moi
Qui ne puis pleurer autant
Que j'ai d'ennuis!

Pleurez aussi, l'aube du jour:
Belle aurore, je vous convie
A mêler une douce pluie
Parmi les pleurs de mon amour,
D'un amour pour qui
Je ne puis pleurer autant
Que j'ai d'ennuis.

Pleurez ô rochers, mes douleurs
De vos argentines fontaines.
De moi qui souffre plus de peines
Que je ne puis trouver de pleurs;
Pour moi, douloureux,
Qui ne puis trouver tant
De pleurs que d'ennuis!

En vous disant adieu

Dans la manière d'Antoine Boesset

En vous disant adieu je vous jure,
Sylvie, de vous aimer toute la vie
Et l'amour m'est témoin
Des serments que je fais.

Il passe en ce moment
De vos yeux dans mon âme
Et s'y peint dans mon coeur
Avec un trait de flamme
Que l'absence
Et le temps n'effaceront jamais!

(Poem by Agrippa d'Aubigné)

Cry with me, sweet flowers,
bring to me, elm trees, the dew,
of your many, dear mates,
mingling like tears among the sobs
of my affliction, because I cannot
Cry enough for such agony.

Dying swan, may your voice
lay aside your anger
let your branch dry,
turtle doves, leave the woods,
and cry for me
who cannot cry enough
For such agony!

Cry also, oh dawn,
beautiful sunset, I invite you
to blend sweet rain
with the tears of my love,
for which I cannot
cry enough
For such agony.

Cry oh rocks, my suffering
Is like your streams of silver water.
For myself, who suffers more pain
than I can find tears to cry;
For myself, so sorrowful,
who cannot find enough tears to shed
For such agony!

(Poem Anonymous 17th cent.)

Telling you farewell, I swear,
Sylvia, to love you all my life
and love is my witness
as I make this vow to you.

It passes at this moment
from your eyes to my soul,
and is depicted in my heart
with a stroke of a flame
that neither absence
nor time can erase!

Sur le joli jonc

Sur le joli jonc ma douce amie,
 Sur le joli jonc nous ébattons.
 En ce joli Mai gracieux,
 Savoureux et amoureux
 Où nobles amours se rassemblent,
 Je trouvai m'amie au lieu
 Tant joyeux, solacieux.
 Où notre amour recommençames,
 Auprès du joli jonc,
 Sur le joli jonc nous ébattons.

Douce Mémoire

Douce mémoire en plaisir consumée,
 O siècle heureux qui cause tel savoir.
 La fermeté de nous deux tant aimée,
 Qui à nos maux a su si bien pourvoir,
 Or maintenant a perdu son pouvoir,
 Rompant le but de ma seul' espérance,
 Servant d'exemple à tous piteux à voir.
 Fini le bien, le mal soudain commence.

Comment se peut-il faire ainsi ?

Comment se peut-il faire ainsi ?
 En une seule créature
 Que tant ait des biens de nature
 Dont chacun en est ébahi ?

Oncques tel chef-d'œuvre ne vy,
 Mieux accompli, outre mesure.
 Comment se peut-il faire ainsi
 En une seule créature ?

Mes yeux cuidai qu'eussent menti
 Quand apportèrent sa figure
 Devers mon cœur en portraiture.
 Mais vrai fut, et plus que ne di !
 Comment se peut-il faire ainsi ?

Les fourriers d'Été

Les fourriers d'Été sont venus
 Pour appareiller son logis
 Et ont fait tendre ses tapis
 De fleurs et verdure tissus !
 En étendant tapis velus
 Et vert d'herbe par le pays.

Cœurs d'ennui piéça morfondus
 Dieu merci, sont sains et jolis !

In the nice hay, my sweet love,
 In the nice hay we frolic.
 In this merry month of Mai, full of grace
 pleasure and love,
 in which true loves unite.
 I found my love in that place
 Full of joy and solace
 where our love began
 near the nice hay.
 In the nice hay we frolic.

(Poem by King Francis I)

Sweet memory consummated in pleasure,
 Our happy time of such understanding.
 The constancy of our two loving souls
 which could triumph over all adversity
 has now lost all its former power
 and all my hopes have been dashed,
 A sad case for pitying eyes to see.
 Happiness is done, misfortune has beset us.

(Poem by Charles d'Orléans)

How can this be so ?
 that a sole creature
 can be so gifted from nature
 that everyone is amazed ?

Never such a masterpiece has been seen
 so well accomplished, beyond measure –
 How can this be so
 that a sole creature ?

My eyes thought this could not be true,
 when her image was brought
 to my heart like a portrait.
 But it was real, and more than was told.
 How can this be so ?

(Poem by Charles d'Orléans)

The designers of summer have come
 to decorate summer's house
 and put down a soft carpet
 of flowers and green fibers.
 spreading velvety rugs
 of green grass through the country.

The heavy hearts so dark and sad,
 thank God, are now sane and cheerful !

Allez vous-en prenez pays, Hiver,
 Vous ne demeurez plus !

La rousée du joly mois de Mai

La rousée du joly mois de Mai

a mouillé ma mie et moy

Ce fut alors que l'aurore

Commençoit à se lever,

Qu'avec celle que j'adore

M'en allois au bois jouer.

La rousée du joly mois...

Dessus l'herbette perlée

Au lieu le plus gracieux

Sans crainte de la rousée

Nous nous assimes tous deux.

La rousée du joly mois...

Je lui conte le martire

Que j'ai souffert en l'aymant;

Elle m'escoutant soupire,

Puis me conte son tourment.

La rousée du joly mois...

Mille baisers je lui pille

Elle m'en derobe au tant,

Je lui en preste cent mille,

Elle les rend tout contant.

La rousée du joly mois...

Ha! Mon mignon, ce dit elle,

C'est assez, vous avez tort,

Et cependant mon oreille

Elle bayse, puis la mord.

La rousée du joly mois...

Je ne voudrais un empire,

Échanger à mes amours.

Go, take yourself away, Winter,
 Do not stay any longer !

The dew of the lovely month of May

Has covered my love and me.

It was at the very hour,

When the day began to break

With the lady I adore

I went to the woods to play.

The dew of the lovely month...

And upon the pearly grass,

In the loveliest place of all,

Without fear of the dew

So we sat ourselves down.

The dew of the lovely month...

I tell her of the agonies

I suffer for loving her truly;

She listens to me and sighs,

Then tells of her torment too.

The dew of the lovely month...

So I steal a thousand kisses

She, in turn, undresses me;

I give her a hundred thousand,

She returns them, contentedly.

The dew of the lovely month...

Oh, my darling, she says to me,

You've wronged me enough today

All the while my ear she pulls,

And then she tweaks away.

The dew of the lovely month...

I wouldn't wish for an empire

In exchange for my amour.

J'aime trop mieux pouvoir dire,
Maintenant et à toujours.
La rousée du joly mois...

Domine salvum fac Regem
Domine salvum fac regem
et exaudi nos in die
qua invocaverimus te.

Dixit Dominus
Dixit Dominus Domino meo:
Sede a dextris meis,
Donec ponam inimicos tuos
Scabellum pedum tuorum.
Virgam virtutis tuae
Emittet Dominus ex Sion
Dominare in medio
Inimicorum tuorum.
Tecum principium in die virtutis
Tuae in die virtutis tuae
In splendoribus sanctorum:
Ex utero ante luciferum genui te.
Juravit Dominus et non poenitebit eum:
Tu es sacerdos in aeternum,
Secundum ordinem Melchisedech.
Dominus a dextris tuis,
Confregit in die irae suae reges.
Judicabit in nationibus,
Implebit ruinas,
Conquassabit capita
in terra multorum.
de torrente in via bibet,
exaltabit caput.
Gloria Patri, et Filio
Et Spiritui Sancto
Sicut erat in principio,
Et nun, et semper
Et in saecula saeculorum, amen.

Au joli jeu du pousse avant
Au joli jeu du pousse avant
Il fait bon jouer.
L'autrier m'aloie ébaloier,
Je rencontraï la belle au corps gent,

I'm even happier that I can say,
Now, now and for evermore.
The dew of the lovely month...

(Psalms 19)
Lord save the king
and hear us in the day
when we shall call you.

(Psalms 110)
The Lord said unto my Lord:
sit at my right hand,
until I make your enemies
your footstool.
The Lord shall send the scepter
of your power out of Zion, saying
rule over your enemies
round about you.
In the beginning of thy power
virtue was to you given
resplendent in holiness:
at birth you were blessed with gifts.
The Lord has sworn and will not change.
You are a priest forever
In the order of Melchisedech.
The Lord at your right hand,
has broken kings in the day of his anger.
He shall judge the nations:
and fill ruined places
and smite the heads
of diverse countries,
he will drink from the brook
and hold his head high.
Glory to the Father and the Son,
and the holy spirit,
as it was in the beginning
is now and ever shall be
forever, amen.

The jolly game of pressing one's suit
Is fun to play.
The other day I went to see what I could find,
I met a pretty little lass,

Souriant doucement, la vais baiser.
Elle en fait doute,
Mais je la boute,
Laissez trut avant.
Au joli jeu...
Pour un refus me faut laisser,
Propos lui tins amoureusement,
Souriant doucement la vais baiser.
Elle riotte, danse sans notte,
Laissez trut avant.
Au joli jeu...

Ton jus nous enchante
Air à deux
Ton jus nous enchante
Ta liqueur contente nos ardents désirs.
Si l'Amour nous presse dans notre tendresse,
Nous goûtons les plaisirs
De l'une et l'autre ivresse.
Heureux buveurs/amants,
C'est ainsi que coulent nos ans.

Bon vin, quoique ton pouvoir
Bon vin, quoique ton pouvoir
Soit divin,
Malgré toi nos joies
prendront fin.
Mais pendant que le temps s'écoule,
Coule bon vin coule
Sans cesse coule.
Puisqu'on ne peut fixer nos jours
Gardons-nous de fixer ton cours.

La, la, la, bonjour
La, la, la, bonjour,
Bonjour pour tente mille années
Chers compagnons, puisqu'icy nous voilà,
Les favoris d'ut, ré, mi, fa, sol, la,
Qu'icy nos voix soint desguesnées !
Chantons !

Mais que dirons-nous ?
Je m'en raporte à vous.
Que vous en semble ?
Je n'en sçay rien.

Qu'importe ? Chantons tous

smiling sweetly, I went to kiss her.
She was hesitant,
But I pressed her.
Come on, let's go.

I did not accept the refusal,
I spoke to her lovingly,
Smiling sweetly, I went to kiss her
She giggled and danced without music,
Come on, let's go !

(from 'Les délices champêtres')
Your juice enchants us,
your liquor satisfies our ardent desires.
If Love presses us in our fondness
we enjoy the pleasures
of one or the other intoxication.
Happy drinkers/lovers,
this is how our years slip by.

(from 'Airs sérieux et a boire')
Good wine, though your power
may be divine
Nevertheless our joys will
Make fine work of you.
But while time flies by
flow, good wine, flow,
Without ceasing.
Since we cannot plan the course of our days
Let's be sure to plan the course of your flow.

(from the Molière play, 'Le Mariage forcé')
La, la, la, la, good day,
Good day for thirty thousand years ;
My good companions, since here we are,
The favorites of do, re, mi, fa, sol, la,
Let here our voices be drawn and ready !
Let's sing !

But what shall we say ?
I leave it up to you.
What do you think best ?
I know not what to think.

What matter ? Let's sing

Ensemble mal ou bien !
Fagotons, à tort et à travers,
De méchant vers,
Les uns longs comme vers d'élégie,
Les autres à jambe raccourcie.
Point de rime et point de raison !
Tout bruit forme mélodie.
Tic toc, chic choc, nic noc, fric froc.
Peinte, verre, coupe, broc.
Ab hoc et ab hac.
Fran, fran pour le Seigneur Gratian !
Frin, frin pour le Seigneur Arlequin !
Fron, fron pour le Seigneur Pentalon !
O le joli concert, et la belle harmonie !

Il est bel et bon

Il est bel et bon, bon, bon commère,
Mon mari.
Il était deux femmes toutes d'un pays.
Disans l'une à l'autre :
Avez bon mari.
Il est bel et bon, bon, bon commère,
Mon mari.
Il ne me courousse,
Ne me bat aussi,
Il fait le ménage ;
Il donne aux poulailles,
Et je prends mes plaisirs,
Commère, c'est pour rire,
Quand les poulailles crient,
'Co co co co, petite coquette,
Qu'est ceci ?
Il est bel et bon, bon, bon commère,
Mon mari.

Berger, que pensés vous faire ?

Berger, que pensés vous faire ?
Phillis, je vous veux baiser.
Vous voulés donc me desplaire ?
M'en voudriés vous refuser ?
Oui, vrayment.
Et comment ? Ma foy, vous me baisérés,
Non feray,
Si ferés, ma foy, vous me baisérés
Non feray!

Phillis vous me baisérés.

Par force on ne doit rien prendre
Plutôt mourir qu'y faillir,

all together, ill or well !
Let's make it up here and now,
some paltry verse ;
Some of these will be long like an elegy,
And others have legs a bit shorter.
It will do, so we say that
And noise makes melody.
Tic toc, chic choc, nic noc, fric froc.
Paint, wineglass, haircut, lock,
Ab hoc et ab hac.
Fran, fran for good Master Gratian !
Frin, frin for his lordship Harlequin !
Fron, fron for the noble Pentalon !
Oh, the lovely concert and the sweet harmony !

He is a good chap, my husband,
I tell you neighbor.
There were two women from the country
asking each other
Do you have a good husband ?
He is a good chap, my husband,
I tell you neighbor.
He doesn't annoy me
nor beat me,
he does the housework
he feeds the chickens,
while I enjoy myself.
I tell you, it's a laugh
when the chickens cluck,
Little coquette, cockle,-doodle,-doo.
What's this ?
He is a good chap, my husband,
I tell you neighbor.

Shepherd, what are you intending ?
Phillis, I want to kiss you.
You want to annoy me ?
My own, do you wish to refuse ?
Yes, indeed !
And why ? I swear, you will kiss me,
No, I won't,
Oh yes you will, I swear, you will kiss me
No I won't.

Phillis you will kiss me!

By force one does not give in
rather dying of one who fails

Ha, j'ay de quoy me déffendre
Et moy pour bien assaillir,
C'est beaucoup
A ce coup, Ma foy, vous me baisérés,
Non feray,
Si ferés, ma foy, vous me baisérés
Non feray

Phillis vous me baisérés.

Que ton audace m'estonne,
Un amant doit tout oser,
Ouy bien ce qu'Amour ordonne,
Quoy, deffend il de baiser ?
Ouy vrayment,
Nullement, Ma foy, vous me baisérés,
Non feray,
Si ferés, ma foy, vous me baisérés
Non feray

Phillis vous me baisérés.

Ha ! Ha ! cruel tu me blesse,
Et moy je meurs de plaisir,
Je te pardonne et me laisse,
Que dis-tu mon cher désir ?
Laisse moy,
Hé pourquoy ? Ma foy, vous me baisérés,
Non feray,
Si ferés, ma foy, vous me baisérés
Non feray.

Phillis vous me baisérés.

Allez, allez

Allez, allez suivez ses pas,
Mon Coeur, ne l'abandonnez pas,
Demeurez toujours avec elle :
*Amour vous donne cette loy,
N'estes-vous pas à cette belle,
Bien plus que vous n'estes à moy ?*

Quittez, quittez ces tristes lieux,
Le sort vous est trop rigoureux,
Il vaut mieux mourir auprès d'elle :

Amour vous...

Je ne fus jamais si aise

Je ne fus jamais si aise,
que j'ai été depuis trois jours,

Hey, I can defend myself
And I have another attack,
It is so much,
To this blow, I swear, you will kiss me,
No, I won't,
Oh yes you will, I swear, you will kiss me
No I won't.

Phillis you will kiss me!

Your audacity astounds me,
A lover must dare all,
yes that's what love commands,
So it forbids kissing ?
Yes indeed,
not at all I swear, you will kiss me,
No, I won't,
Oh yes you will, I swear, you will kiss me
No I won't.

Phillis you will kiss me!

Ah, ah, you have wounded me
and me, I die of pleasure
I pardon you and give in,
What do you say, my dearest ?
leave me,
And why ? I swear, you will kiss me,
No, I won't,
Oh yes you will, I swear, you will kiss me
No I won't.

Phillis you will kiss me!

(Poem by Jean Royer de Prades)

Go, go follow her steps
my Heart, do not abandon her ;
live always with her :
*love gives you this law.
Are you not this beautiful lady's
much more than you are mine ?*

Leave, leave these sad places,
fate is too rigorous for you,
it is better to die near her :

love gives...

I have never been so at ease
as I have been for these last 3 days,

J'ai dansé tout à mon aise,
Au son des fifres et tambours,
Ah ! mon ami, et la, la, la.

O beaux yeux qui savez
O beaux yeux qui savez
Si doucement charmer,
Qu'il faut ou vivre aveugle
Ou mourir en servage.
O beaux yeux m'avez appris
A bien aimer
Que vous me faites
bien payer l'apprentissage.

O beaux yeux, je ne voy
Ny ne vy que par vous
Je suis un corps sans âme
Absent de vostre veuë
Mais des que je vous voy
Si riant et si doux
Amour pour m'animer
en âme se transmue.

O beaux yeux que je crains
En aymant d'offencer,
Si je pouvois redire
Avecques les parolles
Ce que m'enseigne l'âme
Avec le penser
Vous auriez des autelz
Et seriez nos idoles.

O beaux yeux, je vous offre
Ainsi qu'on faict aux dieux
Mon âme en sacrifice
Ardemment allumée.
L'offrande en est petite, hélas
Mais o beaux yeux,
La faute en est à vous
L'avez consumée.

Revoici venir du Printemps
Refrain : Revoici venir du Printemps
L'amoureuse et belle saison.

Le courant des eaux recherchant,

I have danced like that
to the sound of the fife and drums.
O my dear friend, la, la, la.

(Poem by Jean de Caen Bertaut)
O beautiful eyes, who know
how to charm so sweetly
that you must either live blind
Or die in service (to love).
O beautiful eyes, you that taught me
how to love so well,
you make me pay dearly
For your instruction.

O beautiful eyes, I can't see
and never did see but only you,
I am a body without a soul,
absent from your sight,
but as soon as I see you
so cheerful and so sweet
Love enlivens me
and the soul is revived.

O beautiful eyes, that I fear
by loving, to offend,
if I could say again
using the words,
that my soul was taught
within it's thoughts,
you would have an altar
and you would be our idols.

O beautiful eyes, I offer you
the same as to the gods,
my soul in sacrifice,
ardently lit.
The gift is small, alas,
but, o beautiful eyes,
the fault is yours
Who have consumed it.

(Poem by Jean-Antoine de Baïf)
Once again springtime returns,
The season of love and beauty

The currents of water seek again

Le canal d'été s'éclaircît:
Et la mer calme de ces flots,
Amolit le triste courroux:
Le canard s'égai' se plongeant,
Et se lave coint dedans l'eau
Et la grû' qui fourche son vol,
Retraverse l'air et s'en va.

(Refrain)

Le Soleil éclaire luisant,
D'une plus sereine clarté:
Du nuage l'ombre s'enfuit,
Qui se jou' et court et noircît
Et forêts et champs et coteaux,
Le labeur humain reverdît,
Et la pré découvre ses fleurs.

(Refrain)

De Vénus le fils Cupidon,
L'univers semant de ses trais,
De sa flamme va réchaufér.
Animaux, qui volent en l'air,
Animaux, qui rampent aux champs
Animaux, qui nagent aux eaux.
Ce qui mêmement ne sent pas,
Amoureux se fond de plaisir.

(Refrain)

Rions aussi nous: et cherchons
Les ébats et jeux du Printemps
Toute chose rit de plaisir:
Célébrons la gaie saison,

(Refrain)

its summer channel, and are clear.
and the calm sea with waves
mollifies its unhappy turbulence.
The duck, delights in diving
and washes itself quietly in the water.
and the crane with its broken flight
traverses the sky and flies away

The sun shining brightly,
with a most serene light,
chases the shadows from the clouds
which play and run and darken.
Forests and fields and hillsides,
with human labor are green again,
and the prairie unveils its flowers.

Cupid, the son of Venus,
Scatters his darts over the world
And with his flame will rekindle
animals who fly in the sky,
animals who crawl in the fields,
animals who swim in the water.
Even that which has no feeling
Feels love and pleasure.

Let us laugh too and let us seek
the revels and games of springtime
everything laughs with pleasure
let us praise the happy season.