

TEXAS EARLY MUSIC PROJECT

DANIEL JOHNSON, ARTISTIC DIRECTOR

Paris City Limits: *Music in France*

LE PROGRAMME

MARGOT WORKED ALL DAY, HAD A DRINK, & WENT TO THE DANCE!

Margot labourez les vignes ♪ Jacques Arcadelt, c. 1507-1568; arr. D. Johnson, 2017
Women Singers

Amis, buvons! ♪ Traditional, Burgundy, 16th century; arr. D. Johnson, 2006/2016
Tim O'Brien & Gil Zilkha, soloists

Ton-Bale (Redene) ♪ Traditional, Brittany; arr. D. Johnson, 2013/2016
Instrumental Ensemble

GALLIC MELANCHOLY

L'ennuy qui me tourmente ♪ Anonymous; pub. Adrian Le Roy, *Premier livre de chansons*; Paris, 1573;
arr. D. Johnson, 2007/2016
Jenifer Thyssen, soloist

Une jeune fillette ♪ Anonymous; pub. Jehan Chardevoine, 1576; arr. D. Johnson, 2001/2016
Jenny Houghton, Cayla Cardiff, Meredith Ruduski, & Jenifer Thyssen, soloists

DANCES WITH WOLF, FOX, & HARE

J'ay vû le loup ♪ Traditional, 16th century; arr. D. Johnson, 2006/2016
Meredith Ruduski, Jenny Houghton, & Stephanie Prewitt, soloists

DANCES WITH WORDS

Amour pense que je dorme ♪ Claudin de Sermisy, c.1490-1562,
Jenny Houghton & Michael Patterson, soloists

FROM BRITTANY WITH LOVE

Pennherez Keroulaz & Ton-Bale (Gwened) ♪ Traditional, Brittany; arr. D. Johnson, 2013/2017
Instrumental Ensemble

L'aimante à la grand'messe ♪ Traditional, Brittany, 16th century; arr. D. Johnson, 2009/2016
Cayla Cardiff, soloist

WAKE UP, THE BIRDS ARE HERE

Le chant des oyseaux: Réveillez vous ♪ Clément Janequin, c. 1485-1558
Choir

FIN

Texas Early Music Project

Cayla Cardiff, *soprano*
Joan Carlson, *violin*
Bruce Colson, *violin*
Pedro Funes, *bass viola da gamba*
Therese Honey, *harp*
Scott Horton, *lute & guitar*
Jenny Houghton, *soprano*
Jeffrey Jones-Ragona, *tenor*
David Lopez, *tenor*
Tim O'Brien, *bass*

Michael Patterson, *tenor*
Josh Peters, *percussion*
Stephanie Prewitt, *alto*
Susan Richter, *alto & recorders*
Meredith Ruduski, *soprano*
Thann Scoggin, *bass*
Jenifer Thyssen, *soprano*
John Walters, *bass viola da gamba & mandolin*
Gil Zilkha, *bass*

INTRODUCTORY NOTES

Music festivals of one kind or another were popular during the Renaissance and were usually associated with a royal event. I'm not sure that we can *absolutely, undeniably* affirm that some entrepreneur staged a festival celebrating the best of the courtly and popular music in Paris and environs.

But, for a while, just imagine: What if they held a festival? Whose music might they explore? We can be sure they would feature the music of a few local heroes such as Janequin and Sermisy, whose *chansons* epitomize the northern French style popularized by the song-book publications of Pierre Attaignant. They would certainly feature music set to the poems of French literary celebrities Clément Marot and Pierre de Ronsard. To lighten the mood a bit, they might want to include a few drinking songs and other lively folk tunes and dances from Burgundy and Brittany.

Or, at least, that's what we're doing! Our fictional festival is eclectic, sentimental, a little wild, and a little experimental.

A few years ago, Sara Schneider, TEMP Board member and the producer of KMFA's popular *Ancient Voices* and *Breakfast Blend*, gifted me with a magnificent and overwhelming collection of Breton music: *Tonioù Breizh-Izel: Folk music of Western Brittany* (Rennes: Dastum/Bodadeg ar Sonerion, 2003) by Polig Monjarret, a leading figure in the popularization of Breton music. This collection has 2,365 tunes, separated into categories by the type of dance (*ton-bale, andro, gwerziou*, etc.), each with a notation referencing a particular village or district with which the selection is associated or where it was heard. There is also an extremely interesting forward by Monjarret with Breton musical history and theory.

Many thanks to Valérie Chaussonnet for translations and pronunciation guidance. Although we do follow recent research for historical pronunciations, we've made no attempt to standardize the spelling of 16th-century French.

This is our 19th full season, *Time Pieces*, one in which we explore the elements of music that can take you back to a moment in time like nothing else can; one that evokes the moments, the pain, the joy that dwell in our memories. Through the music, we are able to understand some of the fundamental, daily aspirations and expectations of people and cultures that may be long gone, but their passions, loves, fears, and humor live on. Thanks for joining us!

Daniel Johnson
September, 2017

TEXTS, TRANSLATIONS, & NOTES

Jacques Arcadelt was one of the many Franco-Flemish composers who had a major impact on the music of the Renaissance. He was one of the first composers of the ‘new’ madrigal style in Italy, sang and composed for the Sistine Chapel, and then turned his attention to *chansons* and sacred music for his new employer in Paris, the Cardinal of Lorraine. *Margot labourez les vignes*, probably a pre-existing folk song, was set by several composers who reveled in its simple melody and potential for artful comedy—sometimes with a plethora of verses, a few of which were at least a little naughty. *Amis, buvons!*, from the province of Berry, is a catchy drinking song that Serge Lainé taught me in the 1980s when he was in the ensemble Cocquesgruë and I was in Clearlight Waites. We end this first set with a Breton *ton-bale* (a type of dance) that I found in the Monjarret book I referenced in the opening notes.

Margot labourez les vignes & **Jacques Arcadelt, c. 1507-1568; arr. D. Johnson**

Margot, labourez les vignes, vigne, vigne, vignolet,
Margot, labourez les vignes bientôt!
En passant par la Lorraine,
Rencontraï trois capitaines.
Margot, labourez les vignes ...

Ils m’ont appelé vilaine,
Je suis leurs fièvres quartaines.
Margot, labourez les vignes ...

Je ne suis pas si vilaine, puisque le fils du roi m’aime!
Margot, labourez les vignes ...

Margot, go till the vineyards,
Margot, go immediately and till the vineyards!
Coming back from Lorraine,
I met three captains.
Margot, go till the vineyards ...

They told me I was ugly,
That I was a very plague to them.
Margot, go till the vineyards ...

I’m not so ugly, the king’s son loves me!
Margot, go till the vineyards ...

Amis, buvons! & **Traditional, Burgundy, 16th century; arr. D. Johnson**

Amis, buvons! Mes chers amis, buvons!
Mais n’y perdons jamais la raison;
A force d’y boire, l’on perd la mémoire,
L’on va titubant le soir à tâtons,
Et l’on court les rues à sauts de moutons.

J’en ai tant bu de ce bon vin nouveau
Qu’il m’a troublé l’esprit du cerveau;
Avant que je meurs, servez-moi sur l’heure
De ce bon vin clair qui brille dans mon verre
Et qui fait chanter tous les amants sur terre!
Refrain: Amis, buvons! ...

Ah! Si jamais je vais dedans les Cieux
Je m’y battrai avec le bon Dieu.
A grands coups de lance, tapant sur les anges,
Je leur ferai voir que c’est mon devoir
De boire du vin du matin au soir!
Refrain: Amis, buvons! ...

Ah! Si jamais je vais dedans l’Enfer
Je m’y battrai avec Lucifer.
A grands coups de sabre, tapant sur les diables,
Je leur ferai voir que c’est mon devoir
De boire du vin du matin au soir!
Refrain: Amis, buvons! ...

Friends, let’s drink! My dear friends, let’s drink!
But let’s never lose reason;
By drinking too much, one loses memory,
One goes stumbling along in the evening,
And running in the streets playing leap-frog.

I drank so much of this good new wine
That it scrambled the essence of my brain;
Before I die, serve me at once
Some of this good clear wine that shines in my cup
And makes all of the earth’s lovers sing!
Friends, let’s drink! ...

Ah! If I ever go to the Heavens
I will battle with God.
Hitting the angels with my spear,
I will show them that it is my duty
To drink wine from dawn to dusk!
Friends, let’s drink! ...

Ah! If I ever go to Hell
I will battle Lucifer.
Hitting the devils with my saber,
I will show them that it is my duty
To drink wine from dawn to dusk.
Friends, let’s drink! ...
Translation by Valérie Chaussonnet

L'ennuy qui me tourmente ♪ **Anonymous; pub. Adrian Le Roy, *Premier livre de chansons*; Paris, 1573; arr. D. Johnson, 2007**

L'ennuy qui me tourmente
Est tel que sans secours,
Espoir n'ay n'y attente
De prolonger mes jours;
Et si n'ay confiance da'voir aucun confort,
Toute mon esperance gist en la seule mort.

The grief that torments me
Is such that, without rescue,
I have no hope of expecting
To prolong my days;
And if I don't trust to get comfort,
All my hope is solely in death.

Mort des autres fuie attendue de moy,
Venez rendre finie ma peine & mon esmoy:
Plus propre à la vengeance d'une grand' cruauté
Vous serez recompense de foy & loiauté.

Death, fled by others, waited by me,
Please come finish my pain and anguish;
Rather than revenge for great cruelty,
You will be my reward for faith and loyalty.

Et bien qu'il fut durable qu'en sera le repos
Plus ou moins agréable à ma cendre & mes os,
Et m'en sera rendue ma céleste moytié,
Nenni trop tard venue sera ceste pitié.

Even though the rest will be lasting,
More or less pleasant to my ashes and bones,
And I will be reunited with my spiritual half,
This mercy will not have come too soon.

Translation by Valérie Chaussonnet

Une jeune fillette ♪ **Anonymous; pub. Jehan Chardevoine, 1576; arr. D. Johnson, 2001/2016**

Une jeune fillette was one of the most popular texts and melodies of the latter 16th century. Its fame lasted well into the early 17th century as composers continued to use it as the basis for subsequent works. Popularized recently in the film *Tous les matins du monde*, it is an attractive and melancholic song that does actually reflect a part of life that many young women experienced.

Une jeune fillette de noble coeur,
Plaisant et joliette de grand valeur;
Contre son gre on l'a rendu nonette,
Cela point ne luy haicte,
D'ou vit en grand douleur.

A young girl of noble heart,
Sweet and pretty, of great merit;
They made her a nun against her will,
And as it pleased her not,
She lived in great pain.

Un soir après complie seulette était,
En grand mélancolie se tourmentait.
Disant ainsi, "Douce vierge Marie,
Abrége moy la vie puisque mourir je doy.

One evening after compline she was alone,
In great melancholy, she tormented herself.
She said, "Sweet Virgin Mary,
Shorten my life for me since I want to die.

Mon pauvre coeur souspire incessamment,
Aussi ma mort désire journellement;
Qu'a mes parents ne puis mander n'escire,
Ma beauté fort empire, je vis en grand torment.

My poor heart sighs incessantly,
And daily I desire death;
I cannot send for or write to my parents,
My beauty worsens, I live in great torment.

Que ne m'a ton donnée a mon loyal ami,
Qui m'a tant désirée aussi l'ay-je moy luy.
Toute la nuit, m'y tiendrait embrassée,
Me disant sa pensés et moy la mienne à luy.

If only they had given me to my faithful lover,
Who desired me so, and I him;
All night long he would hold me in his embrace,
Telling me his thoughts and I telling him mine.

Adieu vous dis mon père, ma mère et mes parents,
Qui m'avez voulu faire nonnette en ce couvent
Ou'il n'y a point de jouissance.
Je vis en desplaisance, je n'attens que la mort.

Farewell to you, my father, my mother and my family,
Who wished me to be a nun in this convent
Where there is no joy.
I live in unhappiness, longing only to die.

Adieu vous dis les filles de mon païs;
Puis qu'en cette abbaye me fait mourir.
En attendant de mon Dieu la sentence,
Je vis en espérance d'en avoir réconfort."

I bid you adieu, girls of my country;
For in this abbey I must die.
While awaiting the verdict of my God,
I live in the hope of receiving consolation."

J'ay vû le loup 🐾 **Traditional, 16th century; arr. D. Johnson**

J'ay vû le loup is a folk tune dating perhaps to Medieval times and it is also popular as a children's song. Some historians think that the wolf, fox, and hare represent the King, the Lord, and the Church. The *Bayeux Manuscript* is a unique source from the 15th century consisting of 100 monophonic songs in a folk-music style.

J'ay vû le loup, le renard, le lièvre;
J'ay vû le loup, le renard, cheuler,
C'est moi-même qui les ai r'beuillés!

I saw the wolf, the fox, the hare;
I saw the wolf and the fox getting drunk,
And I myself bellowed back at them!

J'ay ouï le loup, le renard, le lièvre;
J'ay ouï le loup, le renard, chanter,
C'est moi-même qui les ai r'chignés.

I heard the wolf, the fox, the hare;
I heard the wolf and the fox singing,
And I myself scowled back at them!

J'ay vû le loup, le renard, le lièvre;
J'ay vû le loup, le renard, danser,
C'est moi-même qui les ai r'virés!

I saw the wolf, the fox, the hare;
I saw the wolf and the fox dance,
And I myself spun them around!

Amour pense que je dorme 🐾 **Claudin de Sermisy, c.1490-1562**

Claudin de Sermisy was a singer and composer who likely performed in the joint English and French royal chapel masses when François I and Henry VIII met at the Field of the Cloth of Gold in 1520 and in Boulogne in 1532, when the French royal chapel musicians performed one of his motets. By 1547, Sermisy attained the rank of choirmaster at Sainte-Chapelle in Paris. Although he published three books of motets, eleven masses and a Passion, he is best known for the 160 *chansons*, which were published in many printed anthologies, notably those of publisher Pierre Attaignant. Sermisy's chansons were the very model of Parisian style: lyrical miniatures with attractive melodies in a basic four-voice texture, carefully declaiming the text in syllabic fashion and without much contrapuntal elaboration.

Amour pense que je dorme et je me meurs:
Appelle amour ce la dormir.
De me voir souffrir et gemyr
Tant que c'est mourir en vivant,
Ou vivre pour mourir souvent,
Et plaingt et pleurs.
Amour pense que je dorme et je me meurs.

Love thinks I'm sleeping and I'm dying:
But love calls it sleep.
To see me suffer and groan
As long as it's dying while living,
Or live to die often,
And complain and cry.
Love thinks I'm sleeping and I'm dying.

Amour pense que je dorme et je me meurs:
La mort commune est sans torment
Et passe bien légèrement,
Mais l'amour ne fait pour ainsi.
Car un cueur tient vif et transi
Mort en douleurs.
Amour pense que je dorme et je me meurs.

Love thinks I'm sleeping and I'm dying:
The common death is without torment,
And passes softly,
But love does not do so.
For a heart keeps alive and benumbed
Death in great sorrow.
Love thinks I'm sleeping and I'm dying.

Amour pense que je dorme et je me meurs:
Vot're beauté et grant rigueur,
M'ont ataint et percé le cueur.
Et ne puis sans vivre mourir.
Ne vous tuer, ne secourir.
A mes labeurs.
Amour pense que je dorme et je me meurs.

Love thinks I'm sleeping and I'm dying:
Your beauty and great severity
Has reached me and pierced my heart.
And can not die without living.
Do not kill yourself, do not rescue
Me from my labors.
Love thinks I'm sleeping and I'm dying.

I first heard *Pennheres Keroulaz* (*L'héritière de Keroulaz*) in about 1980 on the Musical Heritage Society recording *Lutunn Noz: Celtic Guitar* with Bernard Benoit. I came close to wearing out the vinyl by listening to that song so much! I really didn't know much about Breton music at that time, but I'm so happy to be able to work with and share this beautiful melody, which is in the category of *gverziou*, or laments of an epic or historical nature. It tells the story of the heiress of Keroulaz, who lived in the late 16th century. We learned *L'aimante à la grand'messe*, the entrancing Breton song that follows, from our colleagues Serge Lainé, Lisa Whatley, and Heather Gilmer of the group Bourrée Texane.

Pennherez Keroulaz & Ton-Bale (Gwened) & Traditional, Brittany; arr. D. Johnson

Instrumental Ensemble

L'aimante à la grand'messe & Traditional, Brittany, 16th century; arr. D. Johnson

C'est un jeune homme de Carentoir,
En faisant ses études, dans ses études a oublié
Les amours d'une brune.
La fille s'est lassée, a pris un homme marié.

He was a young man from Carentoir,
Getting his education, in his studies he forgot
His passion for a brown-haired girl.
The girl grew weary and took up with a married man.

Ah, elle a pris un homme marié,
Pour aller avec elle à Carentoir, pour entendre la messe.
En entrant dans l'église,
Proche du bénitier,

Ah, she took up with a married man,
For to go with her to Carentoir, to hear the mass.
Entering the church,
Nearing the holy water,

Elle aperçut son bel aimant,
Qui chantait la grand'messe.
Elle est tombée évanouie, parmi toute la presse.
Tout le monde la regarde; personne ne la connaît.

She saw her dear love,
Who was singing the high mass.
She fell down in a faint among all the people.
Everyone looked at her; no one knew her.

Il n'y a que son cher aimant
Qui chante la grand'messe.
Il est venu la relever parmi toute la presse.
"Marie, ma p'tite Marie, qu'est-ce qui t'amène ici?"
"Ce sont tes fausses promesses
Que tu m'avais promises."

No one except her dear love
Who was singing the high mass.
He came and raised her up in the midst of the crowd.
"Marie, my little Marie, what brought you here?"
"It's your false promises
That you made to me."

Le chant des oyseaux: Réveillez vous & Clément Janequin, c. 1485-1558

Clément Janequin entered sacred orders early in life but, despite a respectable output of sacred compositions for his posts in Bordeaux, Angers, and Chartres, his fame was almost entirely centered on his marvelous *chanson* compositions. His ability to imitate through music the wild sounds of the forest, the markets of the city, or the fury of the battle was well known to his contemporaries. The use of musical onomatopoeia wasn't a new technique, but he certainly perfected and extended its possibilities. He was also a first-rate composer of tender, intimate, and introspective love songs. *Le chant des oyseaux* was wildly popular after its publication in 1537: Other composers added voice parts to it, transcribed it for fewer voices, turned it into works for organ, lute, mixed consort, and more. Antoine de Baïf wrote a sonnet in 1559, shortly after Janequin's death: "...whether he ventures on representing an uproar, whether he plays in his song on the prattling of women, whether he depicts the voices of little birds, the excellent Janequin, in all that he sings, has nothing of mortality in him, but he is altogether divine."

Réveillez vous cueurs endormis,
Le dieu d'amours vous sonne.

Awake, you slumbering hearts,
The god of love summons you.

A ce premier jour de mai,
Oyseaux feront merveilles
Pour vous mettre hors d'esmay.
Destoupez voz oreilles.
Et farirariron ferey joly.
Vous serez tous en joye mis,
Chacun s'i habandonne.

On this first day of May,
Birds will perform wonders
To put you in good cheer.
Take the wool from your ears.
And farirariron ferey joly.
You will all be filled with joy,
Let everyone abandon himself to it.

Vous orrez a mon advis une douce musique
Que fera le roy mauvis (le merle aussi)
D'une voix autentique—*ti ti pity tu—*
Que dy tu, le petit sansonnet,

You will, at my command, hear sweet music
Made by the royal thrush (and the starling)
Singing in his true voice—*ti ti pity tu—*
What do you say, little starling of Paris

Le petit mignon ... Il est temps d'aller boyre.

Little darling ... It's time to go drinking.

Guillemette, Colinette, il est temps...
Sus, madame, a la messe qui caquette.
Au sermon ma maistresse,
A Saint Trotin voir Saint Robin,
Monstrer le tétin,
Le doux musequin.
Rire et gaudir c'est mon devis,
Chacun s'i habandonne.

Rosignol du boys joly
A qui la voix résonne:
Pour vous mettre hors d'ennuy
Vostre gorge jargonne.
Frian, frian ... Fuyez regretz, pleurs, et souci,
Car la saison est bonne.

Arriere maistre coqu,
Sortez de nos chapitre.
Chacun vous est mal tenu,
Car vous n'estes qu'un traistre.
Coqu, coqu ... Par traison en chacun nid
Pondez sans qu'on vous sonne.
Réveillez vous cueurs endormis,
Le dieu d'amours vous sonne.

Guillemette, Colinette, it's time...
Get up, my lady, get you to the gossips' mass.
To the sermon, get you my mistress,
To Saint Trotin there to see Saint Robin,
And show your pretty breasts,
My sweet little musician.
Laughter and merrymaking, that's my motto,
Let everyone join in.

Nightingale in the fair wood
Resounding to your voice:
To put yourself in good cheer,
Your throat warbles in song.
Frian, frian ... Be gone regrets, complaints, and care,
For the season is good.

Away, Master Cuckoo,
Be gone from our company.
Everyone holds you in contempt,
For you are nothing but a traitor.
Cuckoo, cuckoo ... Treacherously in every nest
You lay your egg without being invited.
Awake, you slumbering hearts,
The god of love summons you.

FIN