

FORTUNA DESPERATA

ANONYMUS Adieu madame
(Henry VIII's Songbook) I love unloved
Fortuna desperata

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PIERRE DE VILLIERS Le dueil issu
died 1550
CLEMENT JANEQUIN O mal d'aymer
1485?-1558?
JEAN COURTOIS Si par souffrir
C16th

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Most clere of colour
Remember me my dear
ANONYMUS In a garden so green
(Scottish)

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ca. 1505-1568 Se la dura durezza
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CIRPIANO DE RORE Ancor che col partire
ca. 1516-1565 O sonno

ANONYMOUS (Henry VIII's Songbook) Adieu madame

Adieu! madame, et ma maitresse,
Adieu! mon solas et ma joie!
Adieu! jusque revoi
Adieu! vous dis par grand' tristesse.

ANONYMOUS (Henry VIII's Songbook) I love unloved

I love unloved; such is mine adventure,
and cannot cease till I sore smart;
But love my foe, that fervent creature
Whose unkindness hath killed mine heart.

ANONYMOUS (Henry VIII's Songbook) Fortuna desperata

Fortuna desperata iniqua maledicta che di tal dona electa la fama ay denegata.

ROQUELAY Grace, vertu

Grace, vertu, bonte, beaulte, noblesse
Sont a m'ame; point ne le fault celer.
Trop my desplaist d'en ouyr mal parler;
Je hay celuy qui son honneur blesse.

*Grace, virtue, goodness, beauty, nobility,
My beloved possesses them all. This should in no way be hidden.
Much it displeases me to hear ill spoken of her;
I despise him who wounds her honour.*

PIERRE DE VILLIERS Le dueil issu

Le dueil issu de la joye incertaine
Permet aux yeulx seulement le pleurer.
De l'endurer dont vous aures la peine
Avec celluy qui vous peult demeurer.
O quel malheur a voulu procurer
Qu'ayez perdu au change pour choisir.
C'est double dueil qu'il vous fault endurer,
Si mon travail vous peult donner plaisir.

*Uncertain joy brings sorrow,
And that leads only to weeping.
Enduring this, then, you add more grief
To that you already suffer.
Oh what misfortune has contrived
That you should lose simply by choosing.
It is double sorrow you must endure,
If my grief gives you pleasure.*

CLEMENT JANNEQUIN O mal d'aymer

O mal d'aymer qui tous maulx outrepasse,
O mal d'aymer qui les hommes martyre,
O mal d'aymer qui veulx que je trepasse,
O mal qui fais que mon las cueur empire,

Or sus, tous maulx, esponge qui attire
Complainctes, pleurs, ennuys, gemissementz,
O mal qui n'as devant ny apres pire,
Un jour sois las de me livrer torment.

*Oh pain of love, all woes surpassing,
pain of love who martyrs men
and wishes me dead,
oh grief that weighs heavy on my tired heart.
Be gone all ills,
source of laments., tears, griefs, groans.
Oh sickness which surpasses all others
may you one day be weary of tormenting me.*

JEAN COURTOIS Si par souffrir

Si par souffrir l'on peult vaincre Fortune,
Je croy en plus le prix me demourer;
Car nuict et jour je ne fais que penser
A ma douleur et soubdaine infortune.

*If by suffering one can conquer fortune,
then I believe that the victory is mine;
for night and day I do nothing but think
of my sorrow and sudden ill-fate*

WILLIAM CORNYSH My love she mourn'th for me

My love she mourn'th for me, for me,
My love she mourn'th for me;
Alas, poor heart, sen we depart,
Mourn ye no more for me.

In loves dance, sith that our chance,
Of absence needs must be,
My love, I say, your love do way,
And mourn no more for me.

It is no boot to me heart root
But anguish and pity,
Wherefore, sweet heart, your mind revert
And mourn no more for me.

Thus here an end; good Lord, defend
all lovers that true be,
And in especial from jeopardies all
My love that mourn'th for me.

ROBERT FAYRFAX Most clear of colour

Most clear of colour and root of steadfastness,
Which that passeth my mind for to express
Of her bounty, beauty and womanhood;
The brightest mirror and flower of goodly head,
Which that all men know'th, both more and less;
These virtues been printed in her doubtless.

ANONYMOUS Remember me my dear

Remember me my dear,
I humbly you require
For my request that loves you best
With faithfull heart entire
My heart shall rest
Within your breast.
Remember me my dear.

Remember me, alas,
And let all rigour pass
That I may prove in you some love
To my joy and solace.
True love to move I most behove;
Remember me alas.

Remember me in pain
With unkindness near slain.

That through delay of cruel way
That in you does remain
Remit, I say; alas alway
Remember me in pain.

Remember me dear heart
That of pains has my part.
Your words unkind sinks in my mind
And does increase my smart;
Yet shall ye find me true and kind!
Remember me dear heart.

ANONYMOUS (Scottish) In a garden so green

In a garden so green in a May morning
Heard I my Lady pleen of paramours.
Said she, My love so sweet, come you not yet or yet?
Heht you not me to meet amongst the flowrs?
Elore, Elore, Elore, Elore, I love my trusty love, Elore Lo.

The skies upspringis, the dew dingis,
The sweet larks singis their hours of prime.
Phoebus upsprentisJoy to rest wentis
Lost mine intentis and gone's the time.
Elore, Elore...

WILLIAM CORNYSH Ah Robin

Ah Robin, gentle Robin,
Tell me how thy leman doth
And thou shalt know of mine.

My lady is unkind, iwis,
Alac, why is she so?
She lov'th another better than me
And yet she will say no.

Ah Robin, gentle Robin,
Tell me how thy leman doth
And thou shalt know of mine.

I cannot think such doubleness
For I find women true;
In faith my lady lov'th me well;
She will change for no new.

Ah Robin, gentle Robin,
Tell me how thy leman doth
And thou shalt know of mine.

ANONYMOUS Madame d'amours

Madame d'amours
All times or hours
From dole dolours
Our Lord you gy;
In all succours
Unto my powers
To be as yours
Until I die.

And make you sure
No creature
Shall me solure
Nor yet retain
But to endure
Ye may be sure
Whiles life endure
Loyal and plain.

PHILIPPE VERDELLOT Divini occhi

Divini occhi sereni,
Occhi sempre di gratia e d'amor pieni,
Perdonimi gl'altr'occhi,
Vostro sol è 'l splendore:
Et se questa parola parche tocchi,
AI Sol il ver' honore,
Faccia egli chiaro a noi,
Giorno la notte, come fatte voi.

*Eyes serene, divine,
eyes ever full of grace and love,
if other eyes will pardon me.
the splendour is yours alone:
and if this saying seems to offend
the true honour of the sun.
let him light up for us
the night like day, as you do.*

PHILIPPE VERDELLOT Fuggi fuggi, cor mio

Fuggi, fuggi, cor mio,
L'ingrat'e crud'Amore!
Che tropp'e grand errore,
Fars'un cieco fanciul sì alto iddio,
Conosci il tempo perso,
Per una finta se colma d'inganni!
Esci di servitu, esci d'affanni!

Non istar più sommerso in gelosia, sospetti, sdegn'e pianti!
Che'l fin de ciechi amanti
E in van pentirsi e finir in dolore
Per esser tropp'erore
Fars'un cieco fanciul sì alto iddio.

Flee. flee. my heart,

*ungrateful. cruel Love!
For it is too great an error
to make a blind boy so great a god.
Realise the wasted time,
for a feigning woman one is loaded with deceits!
Go forth from slavery, from labours!*

*Be no more whelmed
in jealousy. suspicion. humiliation and complaints
For the destiny of blind lovers
is to repent in vain and end in grief,
since it is too great an error
to make a blind boy so great a god.*

PHILIPPE VERDELLOT Con l'angelico riso

Con l'angelico riso,
A me negasti i dolci basci santi,
Et coi penosi pianti,
Benignamente mi baciasti el viso;
Sola il cor lieto da pietà diviso,
Havete a vostra voglia, et sola pia,
Sete nell'aspra noia:
Dalle lagrime gioia Hebbi,
dal riso acerbo pena ria:
O lassi, o lassi amanti, insieme prema,
Sempr'a voi il cor, hoyme, speranz'e tema.

*With your angelic smile
you rejected my sweet, pious kisses,
and with dolorous complaint
graciously you kissed my face:
you alone, a joyous heart, lacking all pity,
you have at your command, and you alone are gracious
in the midst of my bitter grief.
From tears joy I had, from bitter smiles a hateful pain:
O unhappy lovers, by both together
may your heart be ever oppressed, ah me! by hope and fear.*

PHILIPPE VERDELOT Madonna, il tuo bel viso

Madonna, Il tuo bel viso,
Che nel gran mar d'Amor m'è duc'e scorta,
Hora tien viva mia speranz', hor morta,
Et qualhor scorg'in esso un bel sereno,
Spiega la vela al vento,
Senza temer di scogli'o di procella:
Ma se la luce nel camin vien meno,
Ripiena di spavento,
Cala la vela alla sua navicella,
All'instabil tua stella,
Scorre l'onde fallace a dritt'e a torto,
Et tem'e sper'e mai non vede 'I porto.

*My lady, your fair face
which is my leader and guide on the great sea of Love,
now revives my hope. and now slays it,
and whenever it sees therein fair weather,
it spreads its sails to the wind
without fear of reefs or storms:
but if the light falls on its path,
filled with terror,
it lowers the sails of its bark,
in the light of your flickering star
it drifts hither and thither on the treacherous waves,
and fears and hopes and never espies the port.*

JOHN BENNETT Weep, o mine eyes

Weep, o mine eyes and cease not,
alas, these your spring tides methinks increase not.
O when begin you to swell so high
that I may drown me in you?

THOMAS WEELKES Cease sorrows now

Cease sorrows now, for you have done the deed,
Lo care hath now consum'd my carcass quite,
No hope is left nor help can stand instead,
For doleful death doth cut off pleasure quite,
Yet whilst I hear the knolling of the bell,
Before I die, I'll sing my faint farewell, farewell.

GILES FARNABY Consture my meaning

Consture my meaning, wrest not my method;
Good will craves favour, witness the high God.

If I have meant well, good will reward me;
When I deserve ill, no man regard me.

What shall I say more? Speech is but blasting.
Still will I hope for life everlasting.

JACQUES ARCADELT Il bianco e dolce cigno

Il bianco e dolce cigno cantando more
Ed io piangendo giung'al fin del viver mio.
Stran' e diversa sorte!
Ch'ei more sconsolato,
Ed io moro beato,
Morte che nel morire
M'empie di gioia tutto e di desire
Se nel morir altro dolor non sento.
Di mille mort' il di sarei contento.

*The white and gentle swan dies singing,
and I, weeping, reach the end of my life.
What strange and diverse fate
that he dies unconsoled
and I die blessed.
Death, which in dying*

*fills me full of joy and desire.
If in dying no other pain I feel
with a thousand deaths a day I would be content.*

JACQUES ARCADELT - Se la dura durezza

Se la dura durezza in la mia donna dura,
Ahi, dura sorte mia, se durar deggio amor, la sua bellezza:
Che se per sempre veggio
Chiudermi! passo di pietà.
Qual fia pena ch'agguagi' impart'a questa mia?
Ma sera ben assai lieta mia sorte.
Se per si gran bellezza giungo a morte.

*If harshness in my lady endures,
ah, harsh is my fate, if I must endure,
O Love, her beauty:
for if I always see
the way of pity closed to me,
what pain shall come near to equalling mine?
Yet my fate will be happy enough,
if such great beauty brings me to death.*

JACQUES ARCADELT - Ahime! dov'e'l bel viso

Ahime! dov'e'l bel viso,
In cui solea tener suo nid'Amore,
E dove ripost'era ogni mia speme?
Dov'è'l bel viso, il bel viso
Ch'ornav'il mondo di splendore,
Il mio caro thesoro, il sommo bene?
Ohimè, chi me'l ritien', chi me lo cela?
O fortuna, o mort'ingorda,
Cieca, spietat'e sorda,
Chi m'ha tolto'l mio cor, chi me l'asconde?
Dov'è'l ben mio, che più no mi risponde?

*Ah me! where is the fair face,
where Love was wont to nestle.*

*and all my hope was stored?
Where is the fair face
that adorned the world with splendour,
my treasure, my sovereign good?
Ah me! what keeps it, what hides it from me?
O fortune, O all-devouring death,
blind, despiteous and deaf,
who has reft me my heart, who hides it from me?*

Where is my treasure. who no longer answers me?

JACQUES ARCADELT - Madonna, s'io v'offendo

Madonna, s'io v'offendo,
Perdon vi chieggio.
Che morir tacendo
Mi raddoppia 'I martire:
Quel che mi fa morire.
Il vo, lasso! pur dire.
Non sol m'uccide non vostra bellezza,
Ma perche set'a me crudel'e ria,
Et a chi no'l vo dir cortese e pia.

*Lady, if I offend you,
I ask your pardon,
for to die without speaking
redoubles my pain:
what is slaying me,
I will, alas! tell it,
it is not only your beauty that slays me,
but it is because you are heartiess and cruel to me
and to one I will not name couteous and mild.*

CIPRIANO DA RORE Ancor che col partire

Ancor che col partire Io mi senta morire,
Partir vorrei ogn'hor, ogni momento,
Tant'è il piacer ch'io sento
De la vita ch'aquisto nel ritorno;
E così mill'e mille volt'il giorno,
Partir da voi vorrei,
Tano sondolci gli ritorni miei.

*Although in parting I feel I am dying,
I would part every hour, every moment,
So great is the pleasure that I feel
In the life I gain on my return;
And so thousands of thousands of times a day
I would part from you,
So sweet are my returns.*

O sonno

O sonno, o della queta umida ombrosa
Notte placido figlio, o de' mortali
Egri conforto, oblio dolce de' mali
Si gravi, ond'è la vita aspra e noiosa,
Soccorri al cor omai che langu'e posa

Non have, e queste membra stanch'e frali
Solleva. A me t'envola, o sonno, e l'ali
Tue brune sovra me distendi e posa.
Ov'è 'l silentio che'l di fugge e'l lume,
E i lievi solievi sogni che con non sicure
Vestigia di seguirti han per costume?
Lasso ch'in van ti chiamo, e queste oscur'e
Gelide ombre in van lusingo: o piume
D'asprezza colme, o notti acerb'e dure.

*O sleep, O the quiet, damp and shadowy child
of peaceful night, O comfort of afflicted mortals,
sweet oblivion of ills
so grave, because of which life is harsh and tedious,*

*help my heart that is now waning and restless,
and raise these weary and frail limbs.*

*Envelop me, O sleep, and spread your dark wings
over me.*

*Where is the silence which the day flees and the light,
and the gentle dreams which with no certain
trace attend you usually?*

*Alas in vain I call you, and these gloomy and
icy shadows in vain I entice: O plumes
with harshness filled, O painful and hard nights*

