



TROBÁR
Karin Weston
Allison Monroe
Elena Mullins Bailey
Photo: Joel Negus

Il dit/Elle dit • Love & Dialogue in the World of Christine de Pizan

Trobár: Allison Monroe, Elena Mullins Bailey, Karin Weston

Reader and Translator: Tis Kaoru Zamler-Carhart

Producers: Steven Plank, Allison Monroe

Engineer: Andrew Tripp

Cover Design Artist: Weriem

Booklet Designer: Shawn Marie Keener

Production Assistants: Mark Laseter, Jonathan Goya

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Trobár with Tis Kaoru Zamler-Carhart

YOUNG LOVE

- 1 Quant je suis • Guillaume de Machaut (c. 1300–77) F-Pnm Français 1584 (Machaut A)
- 2 Dame playsans • Anon. F-Pn 568
- 3 *Ballade 21: Tant me prie* • Christine de Pizan (c. 1364–c. 1431) L-BL Harley 4431
- 4 Ce rondelet/Le dieu d'amours • Johannes Reson (fl. c. 1425–35) GB-Ob Can. misc. 213

FAITHLESS LOVE

- 5 *Ballade 24: Ma douce amour* • Pizan L-BL Harley 4431
- 6 Filles a marier • Gilles de Bins, dit Binchois (c. 1400–60) V-CVbav MS Urb. lat. 1411
- 7 Pastourelle en un vergier • Pierre Fontaine (c. 1380–c. 1450) GB-Ob Can. misc. 213
- 8 Pour la douleur/Qui dolente • Johannes Césaris (fl. 1406–17) GB-Ob Can. misc. 213

REJECTED LOVE

- 9 Fait fut pour vous • Anon. A-VOR 380
- 10 *Ballade 58: Dant chevalier* • Pizan L-BL Harley 4431
- 11 Il me convient guerpir • Anon. GB-Ob Can. misc. 213
- 12 Qui n'a le cuer • Anon. I-Tn J. II.9

DOOMED LOVE

- 13 Casse moy • Anon. I-TRbc MS 1374 [87] (Trent 87)
- 14 *Ballade 34: Or est venu* • Pizan L-BL Harley 4431
- 15 Elas mon cuer [ver. 1] • Anon. I-FZc MS 117 (Faenza Codex)
- 16 La belle se siet • Guillaume Dufay (1397–1474) F-Pnm NAF 6771 (Codex Reina)

EMBITTERED LOVE

- 17 *Ballade 27: Ne cuidez pas* • Pizan L-BL Harley 4431
- 18 Medee fu • Anon. F-CH MS 564 (Chantilly Codex)
- 19 Je me plains • Dufay GB-Ob Can. misc. 213

PERISHED LOVE

- 20 Elas mon cuer [ver. 2] • Anon. I-FZc MS 117 (Faenza Codex)
- 21 Dueil angoisseus • Binchois E-EMS V. III. 24
- 22 *Ballade 11: Seulete sui* • Pizan L-BL Harley 4431

TESTED LOVE

- 23 Sanz cuer/Amis dolens/Dame, par vous • Machaut F-Pnm Français 1585 (Machaut B)
- 24 Dame playsans [reprise] • Anon. F-Pn 568
- 25 *Ballade 54: Vrays amoureux* • Pizan L-BL Harley 4431
- 26 Pour vous tenir/Mon doulx amy • Fontaine GB-Ob Can. misc. 213

TROBÁR is a small Cleveland-based medieval band of voices and instruments led by Allison Monroe (Artistic Director; strings, voice) and Elena Mullins Bailey (Executive Director; voice, harp), who co-founded the group with Karin Weston (voice, flute) in 2017. Our name comes from a language called Occitan that once flourished in southern France. It encapsulates the spirit of discovery and invention that we bring to medieval music. *Trobar* as a verb can be translated in a variety of ways, including “to seek” and “to find.” In addition, it came to mean “to create” for medieval poet/composers in Occitan who called themselves *troubadours*. For them, the process of *creating* poems and songs was one of *seeking* out and *finding* the right words and notes.

Similarly, Trobár approaches both the medieval past and our present with the attitude of *seeking*, the expectation and sometimes surprise of *finding*, and the goal of *creating*. Because of our respect for medieval peoples, we aim to understand and represent them as honestly as possible. Therefore we place their music within the broader context of their histories and cultures more generally. That might include the political and religious landscape; other art forms, including visual, literary, architectural, and kinetic arts; everyday living, such as food, clothing, work, and play; and the social/societal backdrop. Our approach to programming then consists of three phases: first, *seek* an interesting piece; second, *find* the body of work or culture that it belongs to by following the piece's trail; and third, *create* a program that dives into that body of work or culture.

In the third phase of programming, we craft a concert experience which will immerse our audience in a time and place. We do not merely entertain with pretty or fun music, though our concerts may contain both. Nor do we simply tell a nice story, though we do often structure our programs narratively. Instead, driven by our value for honesty, we highlight the complexity of humanity evident in the historical record. Yes, the troubadours wrote some beautiful poetry on the subject of love. They also led bloodthirsty crusades against Muslims, frequently demeaned women, and thrived by oppressing a feudal class of serfs. We feel that you can't celebrate one without grappling with the other.

Trobar describes not only Trobár's attitude to programming music of the medieval past, but also our outward-facing activities in the present. We *seek* listeners to engage with these repertoires, we *find* diverse peoples from a broad spectrum of life and experience who share a common humanity, and we *create* with them a community that celebrates listening to and engaging with each other through this music of the past. Medieval music suits this goal exceptionally well because it is so foreign, so “other”; it does not belong culturally to anyone in the room; it acts as an equalizer. The audience members are all hearing and experiencing it for the first time together. Our programs push them to consider this “other” critically, identifying the points of commonality as well as difference with their own time, their own culture; finding the threads of common humanity that bind us all together, the good and the bad and the grey areas in between. In listening and opening ourselves up to these cultures of the past, we practice empathy, which can be extended to those in the room with us, our families, our coworkers, as well as those beyond our known communities. Connection with the past encourages connection in the present.

Notes on *Il Dit / Elle Dit*

The Concept

Performing music of the past is in some ways like time traveling — as much as we try to “visit” the past, we are inevitably and permanently bound by the confines of our own experiences, our world, our here and now. We are products of our time, just as medieval peoples were. There will always be a disconnect.

While it is impossible to strip away our own consciousness, to be truly unbiased and neutral when approaching the past, that’s not necessarily a bad thing. We believe it is useful to ask of the 15th century (or indeed any period) questions that might not have been asked, or considered at all important, by people then. Perhaps in retrospect it will say more about us and our time than them and theirs. Regardless, pondering the past, the connections and the disconnections, can teach us about what makes us human, what is common across experience, and perhaps more importantly what attitudes or experiences belong to only one place and time, to one culture. So, when we first approached late 14th- and 15th-century French repertoire, as musicians with training in historical performance, as an all-women ensemble, and as Americans living in the 21st century, we found ourselves struggling to program this music, for reasons of both the content and the medium.

First, the texts are extremely male-centric: they are, with one forthcoming exception, entirely written by men; they most often express the male point of view; when women speak, they often seem to be merely puppets for the author’s ventriloquism; and finally, women as subjects of the texts are frequently spoken of in degrading or even openly misogynistic terms. In grappling with and searching for answers to these problems, we wanted to bring in more female voices from the period, to balance out the disparity in perspective. The celebrated and prolific author Christine de Pizan became a natural choice for inclusion, especially given that she is the only known woman with a poem set to music during this period (“*Duel angouisseus*”). After her death, some of her works lost their attributions and were transmitted anonymously, a common fate for women’s artistic efforts. Anonymous texts and music therefore deserve our attention just as much as those by named creators. They could well hide the work of a woman.

The second issue we faced in this repertoire is a musical one: the core of the repertoire does not fit our combined vocal/instrumental ranges well, as the typical medieval polyphonic chanson only features one treble voice. However, musicologist David Fallows has highlighted and cataloged a subset of the repertoire (a surprising 10% of the extant music!) which is for two equal voices. These little-known works defy the norms in a number of ways. Many alter or forgo altogether the standard chanson forms (ballades, virelais, and rondeaux). A surprising number also feature a female speaker, and/or create a conversation through two different texts sung simultaneously. We were intrigued by these unusual pieces that did not fit neatly into the categories we’d previously known.

This album represents the synthesis of these two searches for answers, a happy marriage of ideas. We explore in medieval French poetry and song the concepts of dialogue, gender, and equality (at least of voice,

if not power or position). Through seven sets, we’ve woven together readings of poems from Christine de Pizan’s *Les Cent Ballades* (c. 1394–9) with music of her day from both male and female perspectives (and a few with both simultaneously). The music features at times single and multiple texts, in one to three voice parts, some with equal ranges and others with the more typical cantus-tenor-contratenor layout, as well as some instrumental selections. Each set traces an imagined story arc, creating a series of vignettes on love and its possible progressions.

The Sets

YOUNG LOVE Our first set reflects the naiveté and wholeheartedness of first love. Machaut’s “*Quant je suis*” depicts just such an intensity of teenage devotion, while also hinting at some underlying conflict between them. We follow this with the playful “*Dame playsans*,” an untexted two-part work full of humorous stops and starts, restrained passages which suddenly overflow into cascades of activity. Christine de Pizan’s poem “*Tant me prie*” similarly exudes an enamored youthfulness. The speaker is so overcome by attraction that she simply cannot help falling for him. Only the lurking worry of protecting her reputation casts a small shadow on her infatuation. We finish with the gift of a song, “*Ce rondelet/Le dieu d’amours*,” the modern-day equivalent of a singing telegram. This charming little nugget of a piece features two equal voices which volley back and forth between cantus and tenor functions, singing two different texts simultaneously in an effusion of enthusiasm.

FAITHLESS LOVE Although first loves can progress happily, sometimes things take a turn for the worse. Our next set traces a young woman’s devotion turned to bitter sorrow when her love proves to be faithless. In the poem “*Ma douce amour*,” a woman expresses the comfort and joy she derives from her love, with the refrain “for you alone keep me happy.” But the voices of others caution her not to marry too young in “*Filles a marier*.” Their finger-wagging chatter warns of jealousy and the loss of joy. Despite giving her heart fully to her lover, the shepherdess in “*Pastourelle en un vergier*” is in doubt that he truly returns her affection and fears he will abandon her. Beginning with a medieval equivalent to “once upon a time” and set to Fontaine’s beautiful but simple music, the piece evokes a fairytale-like quality. In contrast, “*Pour la douleur/Qui dolente*” presents the firsthand experience of an abandoned woman, or women. The two equal voices sing two different texts simultaneously (although it’s unclear whether they represent one speaker or two), both of which show the real mental, emotional, and even physical pain of a woman in her situation. Such intensity of language and gritty honesty in the mouth of a female narrator is extremely rare for poetry of the time.

REJECTED LOVE Rejection tests the maturity of anyone, and that was just as true in the medieval period as now. Our next set shows a man fulfilling his courtly role, facing a lady’s rejection, and reacting in a fashion that today we would consider highly immature. However, this scenario, and the man’s subsequent despair, appears again and again in poetry and music of the period and represents an essential part of the courtly

love paradigm. In our first piece, “**Fait fut pour vous**,” our protagonist offers his listeners a most courtly and proper virelai. Christine’s scathing text “**Dant chevalier**” rejects the value of such pursuits, which she deems “nothing but fine entertainment.” She urges her suitor to be a man of action rather than just words. The suitor not only gives up on his lady in “**Il me convient guerpir**,” but petulantly declares that, fine, he’ll just have to leave the entire country. Following this toddler-like tantrum, “**Qui n’a le cuer**” shifts to a more sorrowful tone. The pathos and despair come across musically through the drama of the opening octave leap, long melismatic lines, and stark dissonances (including a diminished third!).

DOOMED LOVE Love can go wrong in so many ways. In this vignette, a mysterious little melody in the form of a two-part canon, “**Casse moy**,” sets the scene for tragedy. Christine de Pizan explores a common medieval trope in the poem “**Or est venu**”: the sun is shining, the birds are singing, all seems right with the world – and yet, alas, the external circumstances are at odds with the speaker’s inner turmoil. Because her lover is far away, she pines and suffers despite the sweetness of the month of May. A setting from the Faenza Codex follows, a two-part instrumental setting of “**Elas mon cuer**,” or “Alas, my heart.” In the haunting “**La belle se siet**,” a girl faces not only her father’s disapproval, but her lover’s imminent execution. Two voices tell the story, alternating between narration and dialogue in rapid-fire patter, while the tenor weaves a mesmerizing noose around them.

EMBITTERED LOVE One of the recurring tropes of courtly love was men’s frustration with unyielding women. Courtliness required that men pursue women, entreating them to respond favorably to these advances. If a woman did give in, and it became public knowledge, she would lose her good reputation. On the other hand, refusal of a lover’s advances would label a woman as uncourtly. Damned if she did, and damned if she didn’t... We begin this section with Christine de Pizan’s poem “**Ne cuidez pas**” in which she declares a woman’s ability to refuse unworthy suitors. For Christine, true courtliness is not simply about looks, nor manner, but about character and virtue. To those who don’t measure up, she dismissively replies, “don’t give me your sad face.” But “sad face” is exactly what many of these texts convey, including the behemoth work “**Medee fu**.” This astonishing (and anonymous) ballade begins innocuously enough with storytime — a retelling of the classical tale of Medea and Jason. This rather unusual take on the story shifts suddenly with the refrain “My lady has not done that for me.” We realize the speaker only mentions faithful Medea as a foil for the shrew that rejected him. Complex rhythms, webs of syncopation, and dissonant jabs of harmony convey his seething anger. “**Je me complains**” represents perhaps a few steps further in the stages of grief. Anger has turned to depression in this striking work for three equal voices, and perhaps even a form of acceptance with the final line “but ... this is what Youth does.”

PERISHED LOVE Grief and loss form the core of the next set, opening with a second instrumental version of “**Elas mon cuer**” from the Faenza Codex. Binchois’ “**Dueil angoisseus**” is the only extant musical setting of a text by Christine de Pizan. This autobiographical poem expresses her emotional state after the death of her husband, leaving her a young widow and mother of several children. Musically, Binchois spins long

melodic phrases, weaves brittle textures between the voices, and uses alternating periods of stasis and activity to depict this shifting emotional state. We close the set with the arresting “**Seulete sui**,” perhaps Christine’s single most famous poem. She is left standing alone.

TESTED LOVE Our final vignette depicts a medieval vision of mature love. Machaut’s “**Sanz cuer/Amis dolens/Dame, par vous**” presents a dialogue between two lovers, but rather than speaking consecutively they converse simultaneously. All three sing the same melody in canon, but the first and third voices represent the lover, while the second is the lady. Voice one implores the lady’s mercy and begs her to reconsider loving him; with voice two, the lady comforts him and eventually promises her love, but requests his fidelity in return; and voice three responds in gratitude and joy. We follow this conversation with a particularly joyful “**Dame playsans**” again, this time ornamented in the style of the Faenza works heard earlier on the program. Christine leaves us with her advice to true lovers, “**Vrays amoureux**.” Although we as modern readers love Christine’s bold and progressive arguments in defense of women, she may not fit neatly into the modern model of a feminist. For her, true courtliness encompasses nobility of character, demeanor, presentation, and acts of service, but also patriotism, humility, and devotion to God. With our final selection, “**Pour vous tenir/Mon doulx amy**,” our lovers at last reach a mutual union on the first day of May. Each voice represents one of the pair, in an equal vocal range, with different texts sung simultaneously. Their love remains a very medieval one, with the lady promising to serve and remain faithful to her lover, while the lover urges her to have pity on him.

~ Notes by Allison Monroe

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1 **Quant je sui mis [au] retour**

De veoir ma dame,
Il n'est peine ne dolour
Que j'aie, par m'ame.
Diex! c'est drois que je l'aim,
Sans blame, de loial amour.

Sa biauté, sa grant douçour
D'amoureuse flame,
Par souvenir, nuit et jour
M'esprent et enflame.
Diex! c'est drois que je l'aim,
Sans blame, de loial amour.

Et quant sa haute valour
Mon fin cuer entame,
Servir la [vueil] sans folour
Penser ne diffame.
[Diex!] C'est drois que je l'aim,
Sans blame, de loial amour.

2 **Dame playsans**

3 **Tant me prie très doucement**

Cellui qui moult bien le scet faire,
Tant a plaisant contentement,
Tant a beau corps et doulz viaire,
Tant est courtois et debonnaire,
Tant de grans biens oy de lui dire
Qu'à peine le puis escondire.

Il me dit si courtoisement,
En grant doubtance de meffaire,
Comment il m'aime loyaument,
Et de dire ne se peut taire,
Que néant seroit du retraire,
Et puis si doucement sospire
Qu'à peine le puis escondire.

When I return
From seeing my lady,
There is no trouble or pain
I feel, by my soul.
God, it is right that I love her,
Blamelessly, with a faithful love.

The memory of her beauty,
Her great sweetness,
Ignites me and consumes me,
Night and day, with a loving flame.
God, it is right that I love her,
Blamelessly, with a faithful love.

Even when her high virtue
Bruises my tender heart,
I want to serve her without thinking
About any imprudence or infamy.
God, it is right that I love her,
Blamelessly, with a faithful love.

[INSTRUMENTAL]

He entreats me so softly,
He who is so good at it,
He is so pleasantly cheerful,
His body is so handsome, his face so gentle,
He is so courteous and kind,
I have heard so much good spoken of him,
That I can hardly conceal it.

He says to me so gallantly,
In great worry it might be inappropriate,
How he loves me so faithfully,
And he cannot keep it silent, for
There would be no point holding back,
Then he sighs so softly
That I can hardly conceal it.

Si suis en moult grant pensement
Que je feray de cest affaire,
Car son plaisant gouvernement,
Vueille ou non, Amours me fait plaire,
si ne le vueil mie attraire;
Mais mon cure vers lui si fort tire
Qu'à peine le puis escondire.

4 **Ce rondolet** je vous envoye
Pour consolation de joye
En esperance d'avoir mieulx
C'en que vous desirés le mieulx.

Le dieu d'amours si vous l'otroye
Et vous en doint parfaite joye
En accroissant de bien en mieux
En ce mois present gracieux.

5 **Ma douce amour**, ma plaisance cherie,
Mon doulx ami, quanque je puis amer,
Vostre douçour m'a de tous maulx garie,
Et vrayement je vous puis bien clamer
Fontaine dont tout bien vient,
Et qui en paix et joye me soustient,
Et dont plaisirs me viennent à largece,
Car vous tout seul me tenez en léece.

Et la douleur qui en mon cuer nourrie
S'est longuement, qui tant m'a fait d'amer,
Le bien de vous a de tous points tarie,
Or ne me puis complaindre ne blasmer
De Fortune qui devient
Bonne pour moy, se en ce point se tient.
Mis m'en avez en la voye et adrece,
Car vous tout seul me tenez en léece.

Si lo Amours qui, par sa seignourie,
A tel plaisir m'a voulu reclamer,

Thus I am in great puzzlement
As to what to do about this matter,
For, whether I like it or not, Love
Makes me fond of his pleasant countenance,
Though I am really not trying to seduce him.
But my heart pulls so hard towards him
That I can hardly conceal it.

I send to you this little roundel
As a consolation for joy
In hope of having more of
What you desire the most.

May the god of Love grant it to you
And give you complete joy from it
By increasing [your fortune] from better to best
In the present gracious month.

My sweet love, my wonderful darling,
My sweet friend, as much as I can love,
Your sweetness has healed me of all ills,
And truly I could call you
The fountain from which all goodness flows,
And who maintains me in peace and in joy,
And from which bountiful delights come to me,
For you alone keep me happy.

And the pain that was growing in my heart
For so long, that made me love so much,
Your goodness has fully extinguished it,
Now I cannot complain or blame
Fortune, who has become favorable to me,
As long as she stays that way,
You have put me on the right path and direction
For you alone keep me happy.

If Love, through its power,
Has deigned bring me back to such delight,

Car dire puis de vray sanz flaterie,
Qu'il n'a meilleur de là ne de ça mer
De vous, m'amour; ainsi le tient
Mon cuer pour vray, qui tout à vous se tient,
N'à autre rien sa pensée ne drece,
Car vous tout seul me tenez en léece.

6 Filles a marier,
Ne vous marier ja,
Car se jalousie a,
Jamais ne vous ne lui
Au cuer joie n'ara.

7 Pastourelle en un vergier
Ouy complaindre et gemir,
Disant, "Las! en quel dangier
Me fait amours maintenir.
Plus ne veul ayssy languir,
Je me rens du tout a luy.
Au besoing voit-on l'amy.

Car pour les mauls alegier
Que souvent me fait sentir
Ay donné a un bergier
Mon cuer sans le departir.
Pour lui veul vivre et mourir,
Or, ayt dont pité de moy:
Au besoing voit-on l'amy.

Il aroit bien le cuer fier
S'il me voloit relenquir
Et pour un autre changier,
Veul qu'il s'est volus offrir
A moy de bon cuer sievir
Quant si l'esprovay ayssy:
Au besoing voit-on l'amy."

Then I can truly say, without flattery,
That there is none here or beyond the sea
Better than you, my love. This is what my heart
Holds to be true, and it is all yours,
And its thoughts turn to no other thing,
For you alone keep me happy.

Marriageable girls,
Don't get married quite yet,
For if he is jealous,
Neither you nor he
Will ever have joy in your heart.

I overheard in an orchard
A shepherdess complain and moan,
Saying, "Alas! Love keeps me
Under such tyranny.
I no longer want to languish this way,
I completely surrender to it.
In hardship, you see who is a friend.

In order to lighten the pain
That it often makes me feel,
I have given to a shepherd
My undivided heart.
For him alone I want to live and die,
Yet, have pity on me:
In hardship, you see who is a friend.

He would have a prideful heart
If he wanted to abandon me
And switch me for another,
I want him to want to offer himself
To me, to pursue me in good faith
When I tested him that way:
In hardship, we can see the friend."

Prince, face son plaisir
De moy et vous autres sy
Au besoing voit-on l'amy.

8 Pour la douleur, l'annoy, le grief martire,
Et le tourment que j'ay pour mon amy,
Suy celle quy n'ay bonjour ne demy
Quant ne le voy qui ainsy me martire.

Joye me fuit, traïtresse, si me tire,
Flambe, art et bruit le cuer et corps de my;
Pour la douleur, l'annoy, le grief martire,
Et le tourment que j'ay pour mon amy,

Qui dolente n'aura veu en sa vie,
Viegne vëoir moy qui suy sans confort
En desespoir plaine de desconfort,
Dont il convient que briefment je desvie.

Car il n'es jeu n'esbat dont joye en vie,
Ne nul plaisir fors plaindre a grant effort.
Qui dolente n'aura veu en sa vie,
Viegne vëoir moy qui suy sans confort.

9 Fait fut pour vous mettre en joie,
Plaisance, ce virolay,
Monstrés le soulas, le gay,
Qui met les dolans en voye
D'avoyr suffisance au vray.
Dites a tris doulcz Confort
Que Bel Acuel et Deduit
Le saluent de cuer fort,
Soyt tart, tempere, jour ou nuyt.

10 Dant chevalier, vous amez moult beaulx diz;
Mai je vous pry que mieulx amiés beaulx fais.
Au commencer estes un pou tardifs,
Mais ancor vault trop mieulx tart que jamais.

Let the Prince do as he pleases
With me and also with all of you,
In hardship, you see who is a friend.

Because of the pain, the suffering, the grievous
Agony, and the torment that I get from my lover
I am the one who never has a good day
Whenever I see him torture me this way.

Treacherous joy flees me, and my heart and body
Wrench at me, burn and rumble
Because of the pain, the suffering, the grievous
Agony, and the torment that I get from my lover.

If someone has never seen a grieving lady,
Let them come see me in my misery,
In despair full of distress,
From which I must soon go insane.

For there is no enjoyment or fun in life,
Nor any pleasure except to complain at great effort.
If someone has never seen a grieving lady,
Let them come see me in my misery.

This virelai was made to give you
Joy and pleasure.
Teach enjoyment, happiness,
Which help those who are suffering
Find genuine contentment.
Tell sweetest Confort
That Hospitality and Entertainment
Greet him heartily,
Be it late or early, day or night.

Sir knight, you love handsome banter
But I wish you preferred handsome feats.
To begin with, you're a little slow,
But better later than never.

Vous ne servez fors d'un droit entremais,
Parmy ces cours voz balades bailler;
C'est le beau fait que vous ferés jamais.
Ha! Dieux! Ha! Dieux! Quel vaillant chevalier!

Vous estes bon chevalier et hardis,
Mais vous amez un petit trop la paix;
Si avez droit, car aux accouardis
Est trop pesant des armes le grief fais.
Tel chevalier soit honny et deffais
Qui pour honneur ressongne à travailler!
Mais le repos vous siet bien desormais.
Ha! Dieux! Ha! Dieux! Quel vaillant chevalier!

Et pis y a, par Dieu de paradis,
C'est villain fait se vous en pouez mais;
Car malparlier, jengleur, plain de mesdis
Estes tenus, et pis - mais je m'en tais -
Dont à la court partout et au palais
Vont maint disant qu'on le puist exiller.
De quoy sert il? De faire virelais!
Ha! Dieux! Ha! Dieux! Quel vaillant chevalier!

Le mesdire d'autruy laissez en paix,
Dant chevalier! Car pire en un miller
Il n'y a de vous - si dient clerks et lais.
Ha! Dieux! Ha! Dieux! Quel vaillant chevalier!

11 Il me convient guerpir ceste contrée,
Quar je n'i puis plaisir ne joye avoir,
Car pour amant ne me vuet recevoir
Celle a quy j'ay toute m'amour donnée.

Ill a lonc temps que espris fu de s'amour
Et que j'en suy en grant merancolie.

En y pensant et la nuit et le jour
Comment de moy fut a son gré servie.

You serve nothing but fine entertainment,
Among these courts you peddle your ballads:
That's the finest deed you'll ever accomplish.
Ha, dear God... what a gallant knight!

You're a bold and fearless knight,
But you like peace a little too much.
That's your right, since the weighty burden
Of bearing arms is too heavy for cowards.
Let a knight be shamed and get lost
If he is reluctant to work for his honor!
But relaxation suits you well these days.
Ha, dear God... what a gallant knight!

And there's worse, by God in heaven,
Ugly deeds, if you can do even more,
For you are known as slanderous, clownish,
Full of evil talk, and worse—but I won't say—
So much that at the court and in the palace
Many say he ought to be exiled.
What service does he provide? He makes songs!
Ha, dear God... what a gallant knight!

Give the slander of others a rest,
Sir knight! For there's none in a thousand worse
Than you—that's what clerks and laymen say.
Ha, dear God... what a gallant knight!

I need to leave this country
For I can have no pleasure or joy here,
For the woman to whom I gave all my love
Will not accept me as her lover.

For a long time now I have been in love with her
And it has put me in wretched sadness

To think night and day about
How I served her as she pleased.

C'estoit souvent le plus de ma pensée,
Mais maintenant m'en puis assés doloir,
Car de m'amer n'a desir ne vouloir:
Pour ce du tout m'esperance est finée.

Il me convient guerpir ...

12 Qui n'a le cuer rainpli de vraie joie
Mallement peut gracieus chans trover,
Je le sai bien et si le peus prover,
Mout me desplaist, mais ainsi faut que soie.

Pluiseurs en sont en ceste propre voie,
Lesquels dire porroient sans fausser:
Qui n'a le cuer rainpli de vraie joie...

Autre ne sai, certes, que dire doie,
Fors que Dieu tous tels cuers reconforter
Veuille, qui peut toute grace donner,
Car on peut bien dire si haut qu'on l'oie:

Qui n'a le cuer rainpli de vraie joie...

13 Casse moy

14 Or est venu le très gracieux mois
De may le gay, où tant a de doulcours,
Que ces vergiers, ces buissons et ces bois
Reverdissent partout de commun cours,
Et toute riens se resjoye.
Parmi ces champs tout flourist et verdoye,
Ne il n'est riens qui n'entroublie esmay,
Pour la doulcour du jolis mois de may.
Ces oysillons vont chantant par degois,
Tout s'esjouist partout de commun cours
Fors moy, hélas! qui sueffre trop d'anois
Pour ce que loings je suis de mes amours;
Ne je ne pourroye avoir joye,
Et plus est gay le temps et plus m'anoie.

She was often highest in my thoughts,
But now I very much regret it
For she has no desire or intention to love me:
Any hope I had has definitely ended.

I need to leave...

One can hardly make a gracious song
If one's heart is not filled with true joy,
I know this well and I can prove it,
I dislike it very much, but it must be so.

Many are going down that same road,
And they could say without lying:
If one's heart is not filled with true joy...

I truly do not know what else I should say,
Except may God comfort all such hearts,
Since he can grant all favors, and indeed
One can say it loud enough for all to hear:

If one's heart is not filled with true joy...

[INSTRUMENTAL]

Now has come the pleasant and merry
Month of May, when there is so much sweetness,
And these orchards, these bushes and these woods
Are greening everywhere at the same time.
And all things rejoice.
Among the fields everything blossoms and sprouts,
And no care troubles anything,
In the sweetness of the pretty month of May.
These little birds sing their hearts out,
Everything rejoices at the same time,
Except for me, alas! I suffer so much sorrow
For being far from my love,
And I cannot have any joy,
And the merrier the season, the more I pine.

Mais mieulx congnois adès s'oncques amay,
Pour la doulcour du jolis moys de may.

Dont regretant en plourant mainte fois
Me fault cellui, dont je n'ay nul secours;
Et les griefs maulx d'amours plus fort cognois,
Les pointures, les assaulx et les tours,
En ce doulx temps, que je n'avoye
Oncques mais fait; car toute me desvoye
Le grant desir qu'adès trop plus ferme ay,
Pour la doulcour du jolis moys de may.

15 **Elas mon cuer** [ver. 1]

16 **La belle se siet au piet de la tour,**
Qui pleure et sospire et mainne grant dolour.
Son pere lui demande: "Fille qu'avez vous?
Volez vous mari, mari, mari, ou voulez vous
seignour?"
"Je ne veul mari, mari, mari, je ne veul seignour;
Je veul le mie ami qui pourist en la tour."
"Et par dieu, belle fille a celui faudres vous,
Car il sera pendu, pendu, pendu, demain au
point du jour,"
"Et pere, s'on le pent, enfouyes moy desous,
Si diront les gens, les gens, les gens: veycy loyaus
amours."

17 **Ne cuidez pas** que je soye
Si fole, ne si legiere,
Sire, qu'accorder je doye
M'amour à toute priere;
Trop seroie vilotiere,
Ce que oncques mais ne fus.
J'en ay fait à maint refus.

Ja pour ce ne vous anoye,
Ne me faites pire chiere,

But now I can tell for sure if I was ever in love,
From the sweetness of the pretty month of May.

Often full of regret and tears,
I miss him, who gives me no relief.
And I feel the worst pangs of love,
The worst stinging, attacks and tricks,
In this sweet season, than I have ever felt,
And I am driven all crazy by
The great desire that I feel stronger than ever
In the sweetness of the pretty month of May.

[INSTRUMENTAL]

The fair lady sits at the foot of the tower,
Weeping and sighing, and feeling great pain.
Her father asks her, "Daughter, what is wrong?
Do you want a husband, or do you want a lord?"

"I do not want a husband, I do not want a lord,
I want my own lover, who is rotting in the tower."
"By God, fair daughter, you will not get him,
For he will be hanged tomorrow at dawn."

"Then father, if he is hanged, bury me next to him,
So people will say: here is true love."

Don't imagine that I am
So foolish, or so easy,
Sir, that I would grant
My love to anyone who asks.
That would be really dishonorable,
Which I have never once been:
I have turned down many.

Don't be disgruntled about it,
Don't give me your sad face,

Car amer je ne saroie,
Ne je n'en sui coustumiere,
Pour homme qui m'en requiere,
Apprendre n'en vueil le us.
J'en ay fait à maint refus.

Ne faire je n'en vouldroye
En fais, en dis, en maniere,
Chose que faire ne doye
Femme qui honneur a chere.
Trop mieulx vouldroie estre en biere.
Pour ce, soient beaulx ou drus,
J'en ay fait à maint refus.

18 **Medee fu** en amer veritable
Bien aparü quant Jason enama
De cuer si vray, si ferme et si estable
Que la terre de son pere lascia
Dont elle fu hiretiere;
Ne se cura d'estre en royal chiere,
Ne bien mondain avoir fors son amy:
Ma dame n'a pas ainsy fait a my.

Car au premier je la trouvay amable
Et son ami doucement me clama,
Et sanz rayon a esté variable,
Si que s'amour a autre doné ha.
Ce n'est pas bone maniere,
Quar vraye amour doit estre si entiere
Que ne se doit changier jour ne demi:
Ma dame n'a pas ainsi [fait a my].

Si m'est avis qu'elle est deraysonable
Autant ou plus que fu Briseyda,
Qui en amours estoit bien si amable
Que sa vie loyauté elle garda.
Helaine a la belle chiere
N'eut vers Paris pas amour legiere,

For I cannot just love—
Nor is it my habit—
A man who requests it.
I don't wish to learn that custom:
I have turned down many.

I would not like to do,
In deed, in speech, or in manner,
Something that a woman
Who holds her honor dear should not do.
I would much rather be dead in a coffin.
For that, handsome and strong as they may be,
I have turned down many.

Medea was sincere in her love
As became clear when she loved Jason
With a heart so true, so firm and so steadfast
That she left her father's land,
Of which she was the heir.
Neither did she care to sit on a royal throne,
Nor to have any worldly good except her lover:
My lady has not done that for me.

For at first I found her lovely
And she sweetly called me her lover,
Yet for no reason she has been fickle,
And has given her love to another.
This is not good behavior,
For true love ought to be total,
And should not ever change:
My lady has not done that for me.

So it seems to me that she is unreasonable
As much or more than Briseis was,
Who in love was so loving
That she remained loyal all her life.
Helen of the beautiful face
Had for Paris no passing love,

Car vit l'ami et pour s'amour gemy:
Ma dame n'a pas ainsi fait a mi.

19 **Je me complains** piteusement
A moi tout seul plus qu'a nullui,
De la griesté, paine e tourment,
Que je souffre plus que ne di.
Dangier me tient en tel soussi
Qu'eschever ne puis sa rudesse,
Et Fortune le veult aussi,
Mais, par ma foy, ce fait Jonesse.

20 **Elas mon cuor** [ver. 2]

21 **Dueil angoisseux**, rage desmesurée,
Grief desespoir, plein de forsennement,
Langour sanz fin et vie maleürée
Pleine de plour, d'angoisse et de tourment,
Cuer doloureux qui vit obscurement,
Tenebreux corps sur le point de partir
Ay, sanz cesser, continuellement;
Et si ne puis ne garir ne morir.

Fierté, durté de joye separée,
Triste penser, parfont gemissement,
Angoisse grant en las cuer enserrée,
Courroux amer porté couvertement
Morne maintien sanz resjoissement,
Espoir dolent qui tous biens fait tarir,
Si sont en moy, sanz partir nullement;
Et si ne puis ne garir ne morir.

Soussi, anuy qui tous jours a durée,
Aspre veillier, tressaillir en dorment,
Labour en vain, à chiere alangourée
En grief travail infortunément,
Et tout le mal, qu'on puet entierement
Dire et penser sanz espoir de garir,

For she saw her lover and groaned with love:
My lady has not done that for me.

I complain pitifully
To myself rather than to anyone
About the grief, pain and torment
That I suffer more than I speak of.
Tyranny keeps me in such anxiety
That I cannot escape its harshness,
And Fortunes also wishes it so,
But, by my faith, this is what Youth does.

[INSTRUMENTAL]

I feel distressing grief, boundless rage,
Dreadful despair full of alienation, and
Endless exhaustion; I have a miserable existence,
Full of tears, anguish and torment,
A sorrowful heart living in the dark,
And a forlorn body on the brink of demise,
All the time, relentlessly,
Yet I can neither heal nor die.

Inside me are pride and harshness,
stripped of any joy, sad thoughts, deep sighs,
A worn-out heart clenching a great anguish,
Bitter anger carried in secret,
Despondent behavior without any happiness,
A sense of apprehension that dries up all comfort
—They never leave me,
Yet I can neither heal nor die.

Anxiety, interminable boredom,
Dreary wakefulness, jittery sleep,
I toil in vain, with a battered appearance,
Pathetically, in grievous hardship,
And all the negative thoughts one could ever
Ruminate and repeat, without any hope of relief,

Me tourmentent desmesurément;
Et si ne puis ne garir ne morir.

Princes, priez à Dieu qui bien briefment
Me doint la mort, s'autrement secourir
Ne veult le mal ou languis durement;
Et si ne puis ne garir ne morir.

22 **Seulete sui**, et seulete vueil estre,
Seulete m'a mon doulx ami laissée,
Seulette sui, sanz compaignon ne maistre,
Seulette sui, dolente et courrousiée,
Seulette sui, en languour mesaisiée,
Seulette sui, plus que nulle esgarée,
Seulette sui sans ami demourée.

Seulette suis à huis ou à fenestre,
Seulette sui en un englait mucinée,
Seulette sui pour moy de plours repaistre,
Seulette sui, dolente ou appaysiée,
Seulette sui. Rien n'est qui tant me siée.
Seulette sui, en ma chambre enserrée,
Seulette sui sans ami demourée.

Seulette sui par tout et en tout estre.
Seulette sui, où je voise, où je siée.
Seulette sui plus qu'aultre riens terrestre,
Seulette sui, de chacun delaissiée.
Seulette sui, durement abaissiée,
Seulette sui, souvent toute esplourée,
Seulette sui sanz ami demourée.

Princes, or est ma douleur commenciée.
Seulette sui, de tout dueil menaciée,
Seulette sui, plus tainte que morée,
Seulette sui sanz ami demourée.

Torment me beyond all measure,
Yet I can neither heal nor die.

Princes, pray God that he may quickly
Grant me death, if he will not otherwise help me
Out of the pain in which I am mired in agony,
Yet I can neither heal nor die.

I am alone, and alone I wish to be,
Alone has my sweet friend left me,
I am alone, without companion or master,
I am alone, in pain and in anger,
I am alone, miserable in my weariness,
I am alone, more abandoned than anyone,
I am alone, left without a friend.

I am alone, at the door or at the window,
I am alone, hidden in a little corner,
I am alone, feasting on my tears,
I am alone, in pain or in peace,
I am alone., and nothing suits me more.
I am alone, ensconced in my room,
I am alone, left without a friend.

I am alone in every place and every way.
I am alone, wherever I walk, wherever I sit.
I am alone, more than any earthly thing,
I am alone, abandoned by all,
I am alone, harshly suppressed,
I am alone, often full of tears,
I am alone, left without a friend.

Prince, now my suffering has begun.
I am alone, tormented by grief,
I am alone, more crimson than a mulberry,
I am alone, left without a friend.

23 **Sanz cuer** m'en vois, dolens et esploures,
Pleins de souspirs et diseteus de joie,
D'ardant desir esprits et embrases,
Douce dame, que briefment vous revoie,
Si qu'eïnssi sanz cuer durer ne porroie
Ne telz mauz endurer,
S'Espoirs en moy ne faisoit sa demeure
En lieu dou cuer, dame, qui vous demeure.

Et Souvenirs qui scet tous les secrez
Que Dous Pensez m'amenistre et envoie,
Dont en moy est empreins et figurez
Vos faitis corps et vo maniere quoie,
Vo douls riant regarder
Et vo douceur qui me fait aouer
Vous que je voy par tout et a toute heure
En lieu dou cuer, dame, qui vous demeure.

S'ay plus de joie et de douceur assez,
Quant je les ay, que de mon cuer n'aroeie;
Car en tous cas sui d'Espoir confortez
Et Souvenirs me monstre, ou que je soie,
Vo plaisant viaire cler.
Et s'aucuns gries me vient par desirer,
Tres Dous Pensez le destruit et deveure,
En lieu dou cuer, dame, qui vous demeure.

Amis, dolens, maz et desconfortes
Partes de moy et voles que je croie
Que vos cuers m'est tous entiers demores.
Tres bien le croy; dont je ne vous porroie
Si biau don guerre donner,
Et vous peusse a fin souhait donner
Quaque desirs en ce monde s'aveure,
En lieu dou cuer, amis, qui me demeure.

Car il est vrais, fins, loiaus et secrez,
Frans et gentis, ne dire ne saroeie

[LOVER.] I leave disheartened, pained and tearful,
Full of sighs and devoid of joy,
Ignited and consumed by a burning desire
To even briefly see you again, sweet Lady,
For I could not last long without a heart like this,
Nor endure such pangs,
If Hope had not come to dwell inside me,
In place of my heart, Lady, which remains with you.

And Remembrance, who knows all the secrets
That Sweet Thinking dispenses and sends me,
Among which is imprinted and engraved
Your pretty body and your demure manner,
The sight of your soft laughter
And your sweetness that makes me adore
You, whom I see everywhere and at all hours
In place of my heart, Lady, which remains with you.

If I ever have joy again and enough sweetness,
When I have them, it will not be from my heart,
For in any case I am comforted by Hope,
And Remembrance shows me, wherever I am,
Your charming bright face,
And if any pain should come to me from desiring,
Let Sweet Thinking destroy and devour it
In place of my heart, Lady, which remains with you.

[LADY:] My friend, pained, afflicted and disconsolate,
You leave me and wish me to believe
That all your heart remains behind with me.
I believe it full well, and I could hardly
Give you an equally precious gift,
Even if I could forever grant you the wish
To satisfy any desire in the world you might crave
In place of your heart, friend, which remains with me.

For it is faithful, pure, loyal, and discreet,
Generous and noble, nor could I describe

La riche honneur dont il est couronnes
Ne le haut bien: si ne say tour ne voie,
Comment peüsse finer
Dou remerir. Mais je ne vueil pener,
Qu'a mon pooir vous conforte et sequeure,
En lieu dou cuer, amis, qui me demeure.

Si vous promet qu'en foy seres ames
Par dessus tous, sans ce que j'en recroie,
Et avec ce mon cuer emporterez
Qui pour vous seul me guerpist et renoie;
Se le vueil lies bien garder
Et comme ami conjoir et amer,
Car plus chier don nay dont je vous honneure
En lieu dou cuer, amis, qui me demeure.

Dame, par vous me sens reconfortes
De tous les gries que recevoir soloie,
Par vous sui hors de toutes orphentes,
Par vous ne puis riens sentir qui m'anoie,
Par vous m'estuet esperer
Quaque loyaus amis puet desirer,
C'est de merci don, s'en moy ne demeure
En lieu dou cuer, dame, qui vous demeure.

Dame, je sui par vous resuscitez,
En paradis mis d'enfer, ou j'estoie,
De mes mortelz paours asseüres,
Des grans douleurs garis que je sentoie;
Par vous est dous mon amer,
Quant vostre ami me daingniez apeler,
Et s'il vous plaist que joie en moy acqueure
En lieu dou cuer, dame, qui vous demeure.

Si seroie faus traîtres prouves,
Douce dame, se je ne vous amoie
Tres loyaument, car tous mes biens est nez
De vostre bien; dont si fort me resjoie,

The rich honor that crowns it,
Nor its high quality: thus I do not know the way
Or means by which I could ever pay it back.
I do not wish to hurt you further: may you be Com-
forted and reassured to the extent I can,
In place of your heart, friend, which remains with me.

Thus I promise that you will be faithfully loved
Above all others and without renunciation,
And with this you will take away my heart,
Which for you alone leaves me and deserts me.
So please keep it well and happy
And show it courtesy and love as if to a lover,
For I have no dearer gift with which to honor you
In place of your heart, friend, which remains with me.

[LOVER:] My Lady, I feel comforted by you
From all the miseries I have been enduring.
Because of you I am free from all distress.
Because of you I cannot feel anything trouble me,
Because of you I am compelled to hope
For as much as a faithful lover can desire,
It is a gift of mercy, if only it remains in me
In place of my heart, Lady, which remains with you.

My Lady, I am resurrected by you,
I am brought to paradise from hell, where I was,
From my mortal fears I am reassured,
Healed of the great pains I once felt.
Because of you my bitter has turned sweet
When you deigned to call me your lover,
And if it pleases you that I should find joy in me
In place of my heart, Lady, which remains with you.

And I would be proven a disloyal traitor,
Sweet lady, if I did not love you
Very faithfully, for all my welfare has its source
In your goodness, and so I take great joy

Quant bele et bonne sans per
Et des dames la flour vous oy nommer,
Que tendrement de joie en riant pleure
En lieu dou cuer, dame, qui vous demeure.

24 **Dame playsans [reprise]**

25 **Vrays amoureux**, jeunes, jolis et gays
Qui desirez à monter en hault pris,
Ayés les cuers nobles, doulx et en paix.
Blasme et mesdit soit de vous en despris;
D'acquerre honneur soyés chaulx et espris,
Courtois, loyaulx, sages et gracieux,
Et beaulx parlers, larges. N'ayés envie,
Portez honneur aux vaillans et aux vieulx;
Ainsi sera grace en vous assouvie.

Ne vous chault ja s'estes ou beaulx ou lais,
Grans ou petis, ja n'en serés repris,
Mais que Renom tesmongne voz bons fais
Et que soiés en tout honneur appris.
Du fait d'autrui ne parler en mespris,
Vostre maintien soit bel, et en tous lieux
Soit plaisamment dame de vous servie,
Esbatez vous à honorables gieux;
Ainsi sera grace en vous assouvie.

Suivez les bons, ne vous vantez jamais,
Ne à mentir souvent n'ayés appris,
Et volentiers d'armes portez le fais,
Qui ce mestier faire a entrepris.
Nul ne blasmés, comment qu'il vous soit pris,
Dieu et les sains et les saintes des cieulx
Amez, servez trestoute vostre vie,
Et en tous cas vous en sera de mieulx;
Ainsi sera grace en vous assouvie.

Gentilz amans, or soyés doncques tieulx,

Whenever I hear you called peerlessly beautiful
And virtuous, the flower of all ladies,
Which makes me weep tenderly with joy as I laugh
In place of my heart, Lady, which remains with you.

[INSTRUMENTAL]

True lovers, young, beautiful and merry,
Who wish to be of high merit,
Let your heart be noble, kind and peaceful.
Do not value blame and slander,
Be eager and keen to obtain honor,
Be courteous, faithful, wise and gracious,
Speak well, be generous. Do not be envious,
Honor those of valor and the elderly,
Thus you will have achieved graciousness.

Do not worry about being beautiful or ugly,
Tall or short, you will not be blamed either way.
But let Fame bear witness to your good deeds
And be known for your honor.
Do not speak ill of the deeds of others,
Keep a handsome poise, and in all places
Let a lady be obligingly served by you,
Entertain yourselves with honorable games,
Thus you will have achieved graciousness.

Follow good people, never brag,
Nor learn to lie repeatedly,
And gladly bear arms,
If that is the calling you have chosen.
Do not blame anyone, no matter what they did,
Love God and the saints up in heaven,
Serve all your life,
And it will always serve you well,
Thus you will have achieved graciousness.

Gentle lovers, now thus be that way,

Et deshonneur sera de vous ravie.
Les fais des bons ayés devant lex yeulx,
Ainsi sera grace en vous assouvie.

26 [IL DIT:] **Pour vous tenir** en la grace amoureuse
Qu'a belle amour, mon joyeux souvenir,
Je vous supply que vous prenez desir
De devenir, ce mois de may, joyeuse.

[ELLE DIT:] **Mon doux amy** tenés vous tout
temps gay
Et ne pensés qu'à loyaulment amer,
Car pour l'amour de nous deux confermer,
Mon cuer vous don, ce premier jour de may.

[IL DIT:] Pour ce qu'estés sur toutes gracieuse,
Prenés liesse et joieux maintenir
Pour vous tenir en la grace amoureuse
Qu'a belle amour, mon joyeux souvenir.

[ELLE DIT:] Or, vous dira le bon voloir que j'ay
De vous servir, cremir et honnourer.
Mon doux amy tenés vous tout temps gay
Et ne pensés qu'à loyaulment amer.

[IL DIT:] Et s'ainssi est qu'en soyés bien
songneuse

Tousjours vivre sans avoir desplaisir,
Et si ferrés a vostre ami plaisir
Duquel vous pry que vous soyés piteuse.

[ELLE DIT:] Et si sachiés que tant con je vivray
Et vous aussi que ne voudrai fausser
Vers vo gent corps, ne deshonneur penser.
C'est mon voloir, en cest estat morai.

[IL DIT:] Pour vous tenir ...

[ELLE DIT:] Mon doux amy ...

And dishonor will be removed from you,
Keep the deeds of good people in sight
Thus you will have achieved graciousness.

[HE SAYS:] To retain the loving grace
That beautiful love has, my joyful memory,
I beg you to entertain the desire
To become joyful on this month of May.

[SHE SAYS:] My sweet friend, remain cheerful
always
And think only of loving faithfully,
For to confirm the love of us two
I give you my heart this first day of May.

[HE SAYS:] Since you are gracious above all
Take delight and remain cheerful
To retain the loving grace
That beautiful love has, my joyful memory.

[SHE SAYS:] Now it will tell you of my wish
To serve, venerate and honour you.
My sweet friend, remain cheerful always
And think only of loving faithfully.

[HE SAYS:] It is so that you must be careful

To live always without displeasure,
And so you will please your lover
Who begs you to have pity on him.

[SHE SAYS:] And know that as long as I live,
And you as well, I will not betray
Your handsome body nor have dishonorable
thoughts. That is my will, and it will remain so.

[HE SAYS:] To retain the loving grace ...

[SHE SAYS:] My sweet friend ...

Allison Monroe (co-founder, Artistic Director) performs, researches, and teaches historical musical repertoires on period instruments, including vielle, rebec, psaltery, violin, viola, and voice. Her particular interest in medieval music led her to win Early Music America's 2017 Barbara Thornton Memorial Scholarship, attend Early Music Vancouver Festival's Medieval Programme and Settimana Musicale del Trecento, and produce doctoral work on medieval monophonic song accompaniment. Allison is a featured performer and co-director on an album of classical-era duets (TBA) and on *Fair and Princely Branches* (2020), a recording of Jacobean music. She taught at Case Western Reserve University (2018–2023), where she also earned a DMA in Historical Performance Practice, and now is the Director of the Five College Early Music Program in western MA (2023–present). Her performing credits include the Newberry Consort, Boston Camerata, Blue Heron, Alkemie, Piffaro, Les Délices, Apollo's Fire, Indianapolis Baroque Orchestra, and Washington Bach Consort.

Elena Mullins Bailey (co-founder, Executive Director) is a passionate performer and educator of early music. Her love of medieval music was sparked during her doctoral studies in historical performance practice at Case Western Reserve University (CWRU), and she went on to co-found the ensembles Alkemie in 2013 and Trobár in 2017. Since 2016 she has directed the Early Music Singers at CWRU, and has taught courses in medieval music history, the development of musical notation, and baroque dance. Her desire to encourage more community participation in the arts has led her to develop Trobár's MuckAbout series, teach historical dance and chant to children, direct a children's choir at her church, and lead hymn sings in her living room. She has performed with Les Délices, The Newberry Consort, Blue Heron, Apollo's Fire, Early Music Access Project, and Three Notch'd Road.

Singer **Karin Weston** is passionate about exploring the past through song. She is a founding member of Trobár and has sung with the medieval ensembles Per-Sonat, Dialogos, Ensemble Parlamento, Moirai, Concordian Dawn, Rubens Rosa, Contre le Temps, and memor. She has an MA in Historical Performance Practice from Case Western Reserve University, where she studied medieval music alongside Allison and Elena. In 2019, she received Early Music America's Barbara Thornton Scholarship, and her ensembles memor and Contre le Temps won first and second place respectively in the 2023 edition of the Van Wassenaer Competition. She can be heard on Moirai's album *Wa funde man sament so manic liet* and Concordian Dawn's albums *Fortuna Antiqua et Ultra* and *Medieval Song from Aristotle to Opera*, the latter of which was the accompanying CD for scholar Sarah Kay's book of that title. Currently based in Basel, Switzerland, she has degrees in medieval and Renaissance music as well as early music voice pedagogy from the Schola Cantorum Basiliensis, where she studied with Katarina Livljanic.



Tis Kaoru Zamler-Carhart (they/them) is a writer, singer, medievalist, and composer, and in a duo with their son Vitaly Zamler, an archeologist and visual artist. Tis's compositions encompass opera, dance, theater, chamber, and vocal music, and are widely performed internationally. Tis appears as a singer on several albums of medieval and contemporary music, most recently Samn Johnson's *Consolations* on the label Innova, written for their solo voice. Tis's books are published by Punctum Books, including *The Goths and Other Stories* and *The Diary of Anna Comnena, or the Very Political Adventures of a Transgender Byzantine Princess in African Elevators*. Tis & Vitaly's visual art is currently on display at Galerie Mitobo in The Hamptons, New York. Tis & Vitaly's research focuses on the archeology of interior spaces, most recently design strategies and material lifecycles in rural Rwanda and in abandoned pre-war apartments in Poland. Tis has a polyamorous relationship with academia and has taught various subjects at various institutions, including medieval music and Latin at the Royal Conservatoire The Hague, The Netherlands, music history at Mannes School of Music, medieval literature at Lang College, and transdisciplinary design at Parsons School of Design in New York.