

TALLE.  
 AIRS DE COVRT,  
 Mis à quatre & a cinq parties,  
 PAR PIERRE GVEDRON:  
 Compositeur en musique de la chambre du Roy.  
 A PARIS.  
 Par la veufue R. Ballard, & Pierre Ballard son fils,  
 Imprimeur de la musique du Roy.  
 Avec priuilege de sa Majefté.  
 1602.

AIRS A CINQ.

GVEDRON.

E ne me mariray iamais, Ie seray reli- gieuse.  
 Mon pere n'a pas voulu Pour me rendre bien heu- reuse, Me  
 mari- er a celuy, Dont ie suis tant amoureuse,

The Yale Collegium Musicum  
 AT THE BEINECKE LIBRARY

# AIRS DE COUR

A CONCERT INSPIRED BY PIERRE GUÉDRON'S 1602 *AIRS DE COUR*  
(MUSIC LIBRARY DEPOSIT IN THE BEINECKE LIBRARY)

Yale Collegium 223  
Richard Lalli, *director*

The Yale Noyse  
Robert Mealy, *director*  
*with*  
Catherine Liddell, *lute*

Soloists from the Yale Schola Cantorum  
Mellissa Hughes, *soprano*  
Ian L. Howell, *countertenor*  
Derek Chester, *tenor*  
Douglas Williams, *bass*

January 26, 2005  
Beinecke Rare Book & Manuscript Library  
Lecture/Demonstration by Robert Mealy – 4:15 PM  
Concert – 5:15 PM

## INTRODUCTION

*For the past two months students in the undergraduate seminar The Performance of Early Music (MUS 223) have been immersed in the airs de cour of Pierre Guédron. As most of this repertoire is not available in modern editions, students needed to transcribe facsimiles of the part books—each of the original five voice parts having been published separately—in order to create scores from which they could select pieces meriting further attention. They explored early 17C French pronunciation, grappled with the stress patterns of an unmeasured music, dabbled with improvisation, and then “routined” the airs so that today’s performance might be not only live but lively as well.*

*As was the custom, strings and lute were added, solos and smaller ensembles interspersed with full choruses, and suggestive theatrical antics considered. In late sixteenth-century France, households of the (often peripatetic) courts, where airs de cour were first performed, included as many as 4,000 individuals, among them a number of professional instrumentalists and singers. The Yale Noyse replicates an instrumental ensemble common throughout Europe at the time—the string band. Members of the violin family, as opposed to the viola da gamba family, performed this music in court and in other professional settings.*

*Today’s special guests are the four soloists from the Yale Schola Cantorum. They are graduate students in the newly-created Vocal Early Music, Song, and Chamber Ensemble program, which is directed by Simon Carrington and sponsored by the Institute of Sacred Music and the Yale School of Music.*

# PROGRAM

*You are asked to kindly hold applause until the completion of each segment of the program.*

## AIRS DE COUR

PIERRE GUÉDRON (c1564-1621)

### I AMOUR EST

Amour est un plaisir si doux  
De quelle ingrate recompense  
Où luis-tu soleil de mon ame?  
C'est une damoiselle  
Secours mes dames  
Soit que je sois pres de ma dame  
Je suis bon bon garçon  
Amour est un plaisir si doux

### II BERGERS ET BERGÈRES

Dieu vous garde bergerette  
A la fin ce berger  
A ce coup j'ay rompu  
Ma foline folinette  
Berger, que pensés vous faire?  
Voicy le tems bergere  
Adieu bergere pour jamais

### III DITTIES ENGLISHED

He! bien ma rebelle/Ay then! My hard Iewell  
Las! pourquoy ne suis-je nee/Why, alas! cri-d out my Mother  
Aux plaisirs, aux delices bergeres/To your sports and delights, yee blith lasses!

### IV EN FIN

En fin le Ciel a retiré  
Les grands palais admirables  
Est-ce Mars le grand dieu des alarmes  
Quel espoir de guarir  
Dessus la rive de la mer  
Si tu veux aprendre

## TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

### I AMOUR EST

AMOUR EST UN PLAISIR SI DOUX,  
Le mal en est si desirable,  
Que je me dirois miserable  
Si j'estois exempt de ses coups:  
S'il faut mourir un jour,  
Je veux mourir d'amour.

Se vante qui voudra heureux  
De passer sans amour sa vie,  
Je ne luy porte point d'envie  
Pour moy je veux vivre amoureux:  
Et si l'on meurt un jour,  
Je veux mourir d'amour.

J'ayme mieux les moindres faveurs  
Que je reçois de ce que j'ayme,  
Que je ne fais d'un diadème  
Ny d'un empire les grandeurs.  
Car si l'on meurt un jour,  
Je veux mourir d'amour.

*to be continued*

DE QUELLE INGRATE RECOMPENSE  
Payes tu ma fidélité,  
Ingrate et perfide beauté?  
Tu foules aux pieds ma constance:  
Mais je te verray quelque jour  
Punie de ton fol amour.

Ne m'as tu pas la foy jurée?  
Et je croyois ton faux ferment,  
Que tu m'aymois uniquement,  
Toutefois tu t'es parjurée.  
Mais je te.

OÙ LUIS-TU SOLEIL DE MON ÂME?  
Où luis-tu flambeau de mes yeux?  
Oublieras-tu toujours les cieus,  
Et au sein de Thétis ta flame?  
Or' que mon beau soleil ne luit,  
Le jour ne m'est plus qu'une nuit.

Love is so sweet a pleasure,  
And the harm he does is so desirable,  
That I would be miserable  
If I were not hit by him:  
If one must die someday,  
I want to die of love.

Whoever glories  
In living happily without love –  
I do not envy him,  
For I want to live *with* love:  
And if one dies someday,  
I want to die of love.

I prefer the little favours  
That I get from my love  
To the magnificence  
Of a diadem or an empire.  
For if one must die someday,  
I want to die of love.

How thanklessly  
Are you rewarding my fidelity,  
Ungrateful and perfidious beauty?  
You despise my constancy :  
But someday I shall see you  
Punished for your foolish love.

Have you not vowed faithfulness to me?  
I believed your fallacious oath –  
That you loved only me;  
Nevertheless, you perjured yourself.  
But someday.

Where are you shining, sun of my soul?  
Where are you shining, torch of my eyes?  
Will you always forget the heavens  
And, in Thetis's breast, your passion?  
Now that my beautiful sun does not shine,  
Day is no more than night to me.

Lors tes yeux qui sont plains de charmes,  
De traits, d'amour, et de douceur,  
Seront cause de ta douleur,  
Changez en fontaines de larmes.  
Puis je te verray quelque jour  
Punie de ton fol amour.

Then your eyes—that are full of charm,  
Of grace, of love, and of softness—  
Will be the cause of your pain,  
For they will be changed into a fountain of tears.  
Then I shall see you someday  
Punished for your foolish love.

Sortez donc mon Phoebus de l'onde,  
Et nous redonnez un beau jour:  
Sans vous, ma vie et mon amour  
Ne peut voir, ni vivre en ce monde.  
Or' que.

Raise, therefore, my Phoebus from the waves  
And give us back bright daylight:  
Without you, my life and my love  
Can neither see nor live in this world.  
Now that.

Mais las! d'un suplice semblable  
Le Ciel nous punira tous deux!  
Moy pour le bien que je te veux,  
Toy pour avoir esté muable.  
Cela t'aviendra quelque jour,  
Pour punir ton volage amour.

But alas! We will suffer the same punishment  
From Heaven, both together!  
Me, for having been benevolent,  
You, for having been unreliable.  
This will happen to you someday,  
To punish your flighty love.

Revenez donc, lumière sainte,  
Vostre œil me promet un esté,  
Sans vous je me sens tourmente  
D'un hiver d'ennuis et de crainte.  
Or' que.

Come back, therefore, holy light,  
Your eye promises me a summer;  
Without you I feel tormented  
By a winter of cares and fear.  
Now that.

C'EST UNE DAMOISELLE  
Qui ne se nomme pas la la:  
Estant dessus sa porte,  
Regardant ça et la.  
Que n'estoy-je icy,  
Que n'estoy-je la,  
La la que n'estoy-je la.

'Tis a damsel  
Who cannot be named:  
She's standing on her doorstep,  
She's looking around.  
Had I been here,  
Had I been there,  
If only I had been there!

Estant dessus sa porte,  
Regardant ça et la.  
Un gentilhomme passe,  
D'amour la salua.  
Que n'estoy-je.

She's standing on her doorstep,  
She's looking around.  
A gentleman went by  
And greeted her with love.  
Had I been.

Un gentilhomme passe,  
D'amour la salua.  
Le mena dans sa chambre,  
Sur le Lit la jetta.  
Que n'estoy-je.

A gentleman went by  
And greeted her with love.  
She led him into her room,  
He threw her on the bed.  
Had I been.

Le mena dans sa chambre,  
Sur le Lit la jetta.  
Luy leva sa chemise,  
Et puis la laissa la.  
Que n'estoy-je.

She led him into her room,  
He threw her on the bed.  
He lifted her shirt  
And left her there.  
Had I been.

SECOURS MES DAMES *to be performed instrumentally*

SOIT QUE IE SOIS PRES DE MA BELLE *to be performed instrumentally*

JE SUIS BON GARÇON, je n'y pense en nul mal.  
En m'en revenant de Saint Nicolas,  
M'y rencontray personne que me salua.

I'm a good lad, with no bad thoughts.  
On my way back from St. Nicholas  
I met no one who greeted me.

Je suis bon.  
M'y rencontray personne qui me salua  
Fors qu'une bonne femme, monsieur Dieu vous gard.

I'm a good.  
I met no one who greeted me –  
Only a good woman, may the Lord God protect you.

Je suis bon.  
Fors qu'une bonne femme, monsieur Dieu vous gard.  
Luy demanday sa fille, monsieur la voyla.

I'm a good.  
Only a good woman, may the Lord God protect you.  
I asked her for her daughter: Sir, there she is.

Je suis bon.  
Luy demanday sa fille, monsieur la voyla,  
Elle est un peu jeunette monsieur choyés-la.

I'm a good.  
I asked her for her daughter: Sir, there she is.  
She's a bit young, Sir, take care of her.

AMOUR EST UN PLAISIR SI DOUX *continuation*

Aussi la belle que je sers,  
Pour rendre mon ame sujette,  
Prit de l'Amour une sagette  
Et grava dans mon coeur ces vers.  
S'il faut mourir un jour,  
Je veux mourir d'amour.

The beauty whom I serve,  
In order to enslave my soul,  
Borrowed an arrow from Love  
And engraved these verses on my heart.  
If one must die someday,  
I want to die of love.

## II BERGERS ET BERGÈRES

Dieu vous gard bergerette  
Et vos Moutons aussi,  
Ainsi toute seulette  
Que faites vous icy.  
Auriés vous agreable  
Un amant miserable.

God bless you, shepherdess,  
And your sheep too,  
What are you doing here  
All alone like this?  
Would you find acceptable  
A pitiful lover?

Si vous aymés la dance  
Aussi je l'aymeray,  
Prenant vostre cadence  
Soudain je dancieray :  
C'est une douce vie  
Ou l'Amour nous convie.

If you like the dance  
I shall like it too,  
In step with you  
I shall dance immediately :  
It is a sweet life  
Where Love invites us.

Et pour reprendre haleine  
Des sauts que nous ferons,  
Au bord de la fontaine

And to catch our breath  
After having leapt,  
On the edge of the fountain

Nous nous reposerons,  
Et là, si bon vous semble,  
Nous dormirons ensemble.

We shall rest,  
And there, if you like,  
We shall sleep together.

A LA FIN CE BERGER  
Montre un esprit léger  
A tromper mon atante:  
Mais j'auray désormais  
Pour ne l'aymer jamais  
L'ame constante.

This shepherd ends up  
Revealing his flighty mind  
And betraying my hopes:  
But from now on I shall,  
So that I never love him,  
Be of a steadfast spirit.

Je n'en vaudray que mieux,  
Elle qui de ses yeux  
Son ame a recouverte:  
La tenant en sa main  
Ne fait non plus de gain,  
Que moy de perte.

Thus I can only become worthier,  
Because she has covered her soul  
With her eyes:  
If she holds it in her hands,  
Neither does she make a gain,  
Nor me a loss.

Mais non, ce ne sont pas  
Des yeux, ny des appasts  
Qui font ceste conqueste:  
Car un esprit mouvant  
Qui n'a rien que du vent,  
La luy a faicte.

But no, it is not  
Eyes or charms  
That made this conquest:  
It is a fickle mind  
As empty as the wind  
That conquered her.

Elle perd à demy  
Cet infidelle amy,  
Commençant à le prendre:  
Et sa legereté  
Qui m'a son coeur osté,  
Me le peut rendre.

She is almost losing  
This unfaithful friend  
While beginning to take him:  
And his flightiness,  
That stole his heart from me,  
May make him return to me.

A CE COUP J'AY ROMPU LES CHAINES,  
Dont la beauté  
Retenoit dedans mille gesnes  
Ma liberté.

This time I have broken the chains  
Whose beauty  
Kept in a thousand binds  
My liberty.

Je quitte, je quitte  
Phillis désormais  
Ton amour pour jamais.

I will desist,  
Phillis, from now on,  
Your love forever.

Ta beauté fut assez charmante  
Pour m'enchanter:  
Mais ton humeur est trop changeante  
Pour m'arrester.  
Je quitte.

Your beauty was charming enough  
To enchant me:  
But your mind is too flighty  
To hold me.  
I will desist.

Tes yeux qui ne versoyent des larmes  
Que pour piper,  
N'auront plus d'asés puissans charme  
Pour me tromper.  
Je quitte.

Your eyes, that shed tears only  
For treachery,  
Will no longer have any charm  
With which to deceive me.  
I will desist.



Les amans outrés de colere  
Disent beaucoup  
Plus qu'ils n'ont resolu de faire:  
Mais à ce coup  
Je quitte.

Lovers in anger  
Say many more things  
Than they really want to:  
But this time  
I will desist.

MA FOLINE FOLINETTE,  
Bergere folle follette,  
Folletons à ces beaux jours  
Où nous convy nos amours.

Vois-tu point les Colombelles,  
Qui du bec et de leurs ailles  
Follettent si doucement  
D'un mignard tremoussement?

Imitons leurs contenances,  
Et leurs folastres cadences:  
Sus donc, veux tu t'approcher  
Je suis gros de folacher.

Vous feignez la mal contente,  
Vous estes si foletante,  
Que feriez perdre l'arçon  
Au plus folastre garçon.

Tous ces bois et ces ravages  
Rend tout certains tesmoiguages  
Aus voisins des environs,  
Lors que nous folastrerons.

Rien n'esgaye tant la vie  
Que cette fole folie  
Et rien ne contente tant  
Que ce fol folastrement.

BERGER QUE PENSÉS VOUS FAIRE?

*Philis je vous veux baiser :*  
Vous voulés donc me desplaire?  
*M'en voudriés vous refuser?*  
Ouy vrayment,  
*Et comment?*

*Ma foy vous me baisérés,  
Non feray, si ferés,  
Ma foy vous me baisérés,  
Non feray, si ferés,  
Philis vous me baisérés.*

Shepherd, what do you think you are doing?

*Philis, I want to kiss you.*  
So you want to annoy me?  
*Do you want to say no?*  
Yes, I do,  
*And how?*

*Well, you will kiss me,  
No, I won't, yes, you will,  
Well, you will kiss me,  
No, I won't, yes, you will,  
Philis, you will kiss me.*

Que ton audace m'estonne,  
*Un amant doit tout oser,*  
Ouy bien ce qu'Amour ordonne,  
*Quoy, deffent il de baiser?*  
Ouy vrayment,  
*Nullement,*  
*Ma foy vous.*

Ha! Ha! cruel tu me blesse,  
*Et moy je meurs de plaisir,*  
Ie te pardonne & me laisse,  
*Que dis-tu mon cher desir?*  
Laisse moy,  
*Hé pourquoy?*  
*Ma foy vous.*

VOYCI LE TEMS BERGERE  
Qu'il fera bon aymer,  
Et que l'ame legere  
Aura dequoy changer.

Car vostre humeur muable  
Fait faire autant de cas  
De vous estre agreable  
Que de ne l'estre pas.

ADIEU BERGERE POUR JAMAIS  
Je congnois vostre humeur volage  
Je ne veux plus que desormais  
Vous tenies mon ame en servage  
Je veux changer  
Et comme vous estre leger.

Ceux qui ayment fidellement  
Ne scauroint avoir l'humeur belle,  
C'est pourquoy je fais un serment  
Que je ne seray plus fidelle.  
Je veux.

Je ne me plains pas de l'erreur  
Qu'envers moy vous aves commise.  
Car je tiens à trop de bon heur,  
D'avoir recouvert ma franchise.  
Je veux.

Je suis si heureux et contant  
D'avoir en liberté ma vie  
Que je n'en regrette pas tant  
Le temps que je vous ay servie.  
Je veux.

How suprising is your gallantry,  
*A lover must try everything,*  
Listen carefully to what Love commands,  
*What? Does he forbid us to kiss?*  
Yes, he does,  
*No, he doesn't.*  
*Well, you will.*

Ah! cruel man, you're hurting me,  
*But I am dying of pleasure,*  
I forgive you, but let me be,  
*What do you say, desire of my heart?*  
Let me be,  
*But why?*  
*Well, you will.*

The time has come, shepherdess,  
When love will be sweet,  
And when the free soul  
Will have the right to change.

For due to your wavering mind  
It is the same to you  
Whether one is nice  
Or one is not.

Farewell, shepherdess, forever—  
I know your capricious ways.  
I no longer want  
My soul enslaved by you.  
I wish to change  
And be fickle like you.

Those who love faithfully  
Are without good spirits,  
That is why I vow  
To be faithful no more.  
I wish.

I do not complain of the wrong  
That you have done me.  
For I am too happy  
Having recovered my freedom.  
I wish.

I am so happy and content  
To have freedom in my life  
That I do not much regret  
The time spent serving you.  
I wish.

### III DITTIES ENGLISHED

HE! BIEN MA REBELLE,  
Ma rebelle he bien;  
Mon amour fidelle  
N'obtiendra il rien?  
Languiray-je toujours  
Pour l'amour de toy belle,  
Languiray-je toujours  
Sans espoir de secours.

Tu sçays que mon ame  
N'adore que toy,  
Que nulle autre dame  
N'a pouvoir sur moi.  
Languiray-je toujours  
Beauté que je reclame.  
Langui.

Quoy? donc la souffrance  
De tant de douleurs  
Pour sa recompense  
N'aura que des pleurs?  
Languiray-je toujours  
Sans aucune esperance,  
Langui.

Tant plus je t'appelle  
Et moins tu m'entends,  
C'est estre cruelle  
Trop & trop long temps.  
Languiray-je toujours  
Pour l'amour de toy belle,  
Langui.

LAS ! POURQUOY NE SUIS-JE NEE,  
Que pour souffrir mile & mile tourments,  
Et pour me voir abandonnée  
De tous contentements?

Ma peine est si desplorable  
Que je ne puis esperer nul secours  
Sinon par la fin miserable  
De mes malheureux jours.

Vous riches dons de nature  
Dont mes beaux ans du Ciel sont honorés,  
Serés vous du mal que j'endure  
Et du temps devorés?

*Filmer :*

AY THEN! MY HARD IEWELL,  
My hard Iewell, say!  
For thy sparkes long fuell  
When shall thy gold pay?  
Shall I languish e'remore,  
Bloudless by so sharpe duell?  
Shall I languish e'remore  
At Despaires pale-cheek'd dore?

Thou know'st that my sperit  
To thee sole doth kneele;  
That no strangers merit  
Can make my Zeale reele.  
Shall I languish e'remore  
Kept from right to inherit?  
Shall I.

Can my bosome, chinking  
With long drought of grief,  
Find but endlesse drinking  
Of teares for relief?  
Shall I languish e'remore,  
Under scorns burden sinking?  
Shall I.

As my cry growes louder,  
More in vaine I whine,  
Fy! This is to powder  
Cheekes with too long brine.  
Shall I languish e'remore  
At the feet that grow prouder?  
Shall I.

*Filmer :*

WHY, ALAS! CRI'D-OUT MY MOTHER,  
To breake my peacefull sleepe of Innocence?  
And drew the cortin, that did smother  
Mine Eies from Lights offence?

Thus, whilst teares not cure but threaten,  
Loves painefull growth, now at the fatall hight,  
From Hopes barre, after long plea, beaten,  
Appeales to Death for right.

You! rich markes of Natures favour,  
(Which for my Youths grace, shee from Heaven steales)  
Shall all your sweets but serve to savour  
Time and Diseases meales?

Vous qui lirés cette plainte  
Que la douleur de mon couer va tirant:  
Plaignés, non l'amour, mais la crainte  
Qui me va martirant.

AUX PLAISIRS, AUX DELICES BERGERES,  
Il faut estre du temps ménageres:  
Car il s'escoule & se perd d'heure en heure,  
Et le regret seulement en demeure.  
A l'amour, au plaisir, au boccage,  
Employés les beaux jours de vostre âge.

Maintenant la saison vous convie  
De passer en ayment vostre vie:  
Des-ja la Terre à pris sa robe verte,  
D'herbe & de fleurs la campagne est couverte.  
A l'amour.

Le cristal fugitif des fontaines  
Va bordant les chemins & les plaines:  
L'Aurore espend au Ciel autant de roses  
Qu'elle en descouvre en la terre d'escloses.  
A l'amour.

Du Printemps les plus belles journées  
Semblent estre aux amours d'estinées:  
Le Soleil vient, & r'apporte de l'onde  
Le feu d'Amour, avec celuy du monde.  
A l'amour.

Ce qui vit, qui se meurt, qui respire,  
D'amour parle, ou murmure ou soupire:  
Aussi le cœur qui n'en sent la pointure  
S'il est vivant, il est contre nature.  
A l'amour.

Friend! whose Eares this plaint shall swallow,  
Downe to thy Heart (that way to cause a teare)  
If thou looke pale to see mee sallow,  
Upbraid not Love but Feare.

*Filmer :*

TO YOUR SPORTS AND DELIGHTS, YEE BLITH LASSES!  
Catch gray Time by the beard as he passes:  
Trust not his bald necke; t'will slip-off your collers,  
And, by his evasion, you'll seeme ill Schollers.  
Spend, in bowres and thicke groves (Loves darke stages)  
The shining forenoone of your ages.

Now the Yeares gallant Season doth call you  
To loves Hall, goe! what ever befall you.  
Earth from her *Coat* all Snow *argent* now teareth,  
And, for it, Flowres or in a Field *vert* beareth.  
Spend.

Bugle-lac'd are the skirts of the Mountaines  
With the fugitive glasse of the Fountaines:  
*Morne*, urg'd by *Envie*, brave *Flora* opposes,  
And dares her to See her at Vying roses.  
Spend.

The faire Dayes, that the Spring now doth muster  
Serve to adde, to your youths, heat and luster.  
New *Phoebus*, drench'd (but not quench'd) with Sea-billowes,  
Brings, with the Worlds, Loves fire from his wet pillowes.  
Spend.

Natures whole armie, that gards Lifes banner,  
By Loves Colours is made to looke wanner,  
And sure that heart, that his hand makes not tremble,  
Is dead, though the spirits may life resemble.  
Spend.

#### IV EN FIN

EN FIN LE CIEL A RETIRÉ  
Ce Renaud qu'Amour avoit attiré.  
Ce tyran n'est plus son vainqueur,  
Ses feux ne brulent plus son coeur.

Enfin la saison de retour  
Se voit en luy triompher de l'Amour.  
Ce tyran n'est plus.

Il a quitté cette beauté  
Qui n'est rien moins qu'un soleil en clairté.  
Un bel oeil n'est plus.

LES GRANDS PALAIS ADMIRABLES  
De nos Roys,  
Ne sont point plus agreables  
Que nos bois.

Les plaisirs ont pris naissance  
Dans ces lieux,  
Le vray sejour du silence,  
Et des Dieux.

O Paradis solitaire  
Bien heureux!  
Non tu n'es fait que pour plaire  
Aux amoureux.

Icy je pleure et soupire  
Librement,  
Personne ne peut redire  
Mon tourment.

BALLET POUR MADAME  
EST-CE MARS LE GRAND DIEU DES ALARMES  
Que je voy?  
Si l'on doit le juger par ses armes,  
Ie le croy:  
Toutefois j'apprends en ses regards  
Que c'est plustot Amour que Mars.

Le Soleil n'a pas tant de lumiere,  
Et ne peut  
Prendre l'ame d'un corps prisonniere  
Quand il veut :  
Et ces yeux d'Amour mesmes vainqueurs  
Prennent les ames & les coeurs.

Finally the Heaven has removed  
This Rinaldo whom Love had attracted.  
That tyrant no more defeats him,  
Its fires burn no more in his heart.

Finally the season is back  
And is triumphing over Love in him.  
That tyrant no more.

He left that beauty  
Who is nothing less than a shining sun.  
Beautiful eyes no more.

The big and admirable palaces  
Of ours Kings  
Are no more pleasant  
Than our woods.

Pleasures are born  
In this place  
Where the silence  
And the Gods truly live.

O solitary, happy  
Heaven!  
Indeed, you are made to please  
The lovers.

Here I cry and sigh  
Freely,  
Nobody can reveal  
My torment.

Is it Mars, the great god of danger  
That I see?  
If he is to be judged by his weapons,  
I believe it –  
And yet his looks tell me  
That is it Cupid rather than Mars.

The sun has not so much brightness  
And cannot  
Take the soul of a body prisoner  
When it wishes :  
And the eyes of love, also conquering,  
Take weapons and hearts.

QUEL ESPOIR DE GUARIR  
Puis-je avoir sans mourir,  
D'un amoureux martire?  
Que je puis bien souffrir,  
Mais que je n'ose dire.

What hope have I of recovering  
Other than by dying  
From the agonies of love?  
Which I must bear,  
But of which I dare not speak?

Si la mort seulement  
Peut guarir mon tourment,  
Et l'amoureux martire  
Que je puis bien souffrir,  
Mais que je n'ose dire.

Only death alone  
Can cure me of my suffering  
And of the agonies of love,  
Which I must bear,  
But of which I dare not speak.

Toute-fois il le faut,  
Le sujet est trop haut  
De mon cruel martire  
Qui m'apprend à souffrir,  
Mais non pas à le dire.

Yet it must be so :  
So intense is the subject  
Of the cruel agony  
Which I must bear,  
But of which I dare not speak.

DESSUS LA RIVE DE LA MER Y A TROIS BELLE FILLES,  
Le marinier qui les menoit si par amour les prie,  
O gentil marinier rameine moy à rive.

Upon the seashore were three fair maidens,  
The sailor leading them begged them for their love,  
O kind sailor, take me back to the shore.

Le marinier qui les menoit si par amour les prie,  
A la plus jeune s'adressa comme à plus jolie.  
O gentil marinier.

The sailor leading them begged them for their love;  
He addressed the youngest, who was also the prettiest.  
O kind sailor.

A la plus jeune s'adressa comme à plus jolie.  
Bon gré, mal gré me baisérés, & si ferés mamie.  
O gentil marinier.

He addressed the youngest, who was also the prettiest.  
Like it or not, you shall kiss me and be my love.  
O kind sailor.

Bon gré, mal gré me baisérés, et si ferés mamie.  
Et quand vous aurés fait de moy ne vous en mocqués mie.  
O gentil marinier.

Like it or not, you shall kiss me and be my love.  
And when you have done with me, do not mock.  
O kind sailor.

Et quand vous aurés fait de moy ne vous en mocqués mie.  
Lors il la prist & la jetta dessus l'herbe fleurie.  
O gentil marinier.

And when you have done with me, do not mock.  
He seized her and threw her upon the flowery grass.  
O kind sailor.

Lors il la prist & la jetta dessus l'herbe fleurie.  
Il la baisa & rebaisa, puis luy fait la folie.  
O gentil marinier.

He seized her and threw her upon the flowery grass.  
He kissed her and kissed her again, and then...  
O kind sailor.

SI TU VEUX APRENDRE  
Les pas a dancier,  
Il faut pour l'entendre  
Vers moy t'avancer.

Fay donc a la dance  
Le tour que voyla,  
Soubs cette cadance  
Tu feras cela.

Tu n'es point esmue  
A glisser tes pas,  
Si tu ne remue,  
Tu n'apprendras pas.  
Fay donc.

Ie croy que tu resves,  
A ce que ie voy?  
Ouvre un peu tes greves,  
Et fay comme moy.  
Fay donc.

Que te sert de feindre,  
En tes pas perdant?  
Il ne faut rien craindre,  
Te voila dedans,  
Fay donc.

*Traduction: Julien Dubruque*

Since you want to learn  
To dance the steps,  
You must, in order to hear,  
Come closer to me.

In the dance, therefore,  
Make this turn;  
You will do it  
To this rhythm.

You are not interested  
In these steps;  
If you do not move,  
You will not learn.  
In the dance.

I believe you are dreaming,  
From what I can see;  
Part your legs a little  
And do like me.  
In the dance.

What is the use of pretending,  
To be losing your step?  
There is nothing to fear -  
There you go, do it!  
In the dance.

## PROGRAM NOTES

### PIERRE GUÉDRON AND THE *AIR DE COUR*

*Elisabeth Kinsley*

In the early decades of the seventeenth century, the French court bustled with innovative artistic life. Secular song and dance flooded the scene in the forms of *air de cour* and *ballet de cours*, respectively, and Pierre Guédron emerged as the chief composer of both genres. Guédron's *airs de cour*—set for several voices or for solo voice and lute—ushered in new compositional trends by displaying degrees of melodic expressivity and correlation between textual and musical accent that were unprecedented in the French musical tradition. At the same time, the *airs* reflected upon past conventions by often arranging popular music akin to sixteenth century compositions. Capturing both new and old elements of sound, Guédron skillfully merged the compositional style of the sixteenth century with emerging styles of the seventeenth. Furthermore, his songs had a popular flair despite their courtly context, thus demonstrating a merging of aristocratic tastes with those of more common citizens.

Guédron's unique ability as a composer earned him the increasingly prestigious positions of *maitre des chanteurs de la chambre*, *compositeur de la chambre du roi*, *valet de chambre du roi*, *maitre des enfants de la musique*, *maitre en la musique de la chambre de sa majeste*, and *surintendant des musiques de la chambre du roi* in the court of Henri IV. After 1610, the tastes of Henri IV's successor, Louis XIII, were such that Guédron was favored less as a composer of *airs de cour* than as a composer of music for *ballets de cour*. These ballets featured *airs de ballets*—vocal works not at all unlike *airs de cours*—and Guédron remained prolific as a musical dramatist during Louis XIII's reign.

Despite his great success as a court musician, Guédron's music was not limited to court performances. In 1608 he published his first numbered book of *airs de cour*, titled *Premier Livre*. Four additional published collections followed, making for an output of nearly 200 pieces—both *airs de cours* and *airs de ballets* (selections from particularly successful ballet performances). Guédron's published work reached foreign audiences in neighboring countries, being included in Robert Dowland's *A Musical Banquet* (1610), for example; eighteen *airs* were even translated into English by Edward Filmer and published in his *French Court-airs, with their Ditties Englished* (1629).

*Ms. Kinsley is a senior in Yale College.*

### STROPHIC SONG AND THE *AIR DE COUR*

*Eric Bianchi*

Throughout the sixteenth century, French-language secular music was dominated by the *chanson*, a polyphonic setting of a vernacular text. Especially during the first decades of the century, *chansons* could be quite complicated affairs, frequently employing imitative polyphony. The *chanson* attained popularity across Europe, and was cultivated by the leading composers of the day, such as Josquin Desprez. *Chanson* composers, as scholars have recently shown, were among the most important pioneers of the Italian madrigal. (The Collegium featured the madrigals of two such composers—Adrian Willaert and Orlande de Lassus—on its September 2004 program of Petrarch settings.)

By mid-century, however, the *chanson* underwent a stylistic change as composers were increasingly drawn to a more “folksy” genre known as the *vaudeville*. Instead of an episodic setting, with a succession of (often imitative) motives corresponding to short segments of text, the *vaudeville* was broadly constructed around a tune (or ‘air’) in a single voice, supported by a simple harmonization. The music was not through-composed, but strophic; that is, multiple stanzas of poetry were repeated to the same music.

From its earliest appearance (1571) the term *air de cour* was frequently used as a synonym for *vaudeville*; indeed, the two styles have much in common. While the *air de cour* did retain the strophic structure and outward simplicity of the *vaudeville*, it eventually became a bit more refined, perhaps due to its association with



the French royal court. Moreover, the *air de cour* took shape in the context of Renaissance fascination with the achievements of the ancient world. The tales of Arion and Orpheus were often invoked as illustrating the great expressive power of ancient music. But how could modern poetry and music reach such heights? For the influential partisans of the *Académie de Poésie et de Musique*, mere “text painting” would not do. Rather, the solution lay in observing poetic quantity: musical rhythm ought to reflect poetic rhythm. In the earlier chanson, a composer might linger on a particularly important word or phrase while observing poetic form and quantity less strictly. In the *air de cour*, however, the flow of the tune was rarely disrupted by overemphasis on any one textual detail. But as composers tracked irregular patterns of short and long syllables with fast and slow notes, they produced music of great rhythmic interest.

In the years around 1600 the *air de cour* was only one of many influential types of strophic song being composed in France. The earthier *vaudeville* was embraced by French singing (and drinking) clubs which remain in existence even today; the *air de cour* exerted considerable influence upon the contemporaneous English lute-song. There was even a religious counterpart to these secular forms: poetic paraphrases of the psalms were set to strophic tunes in uncomplicated four-part harmonizations. (The most famous of these—Louis Bourgeois’s setting of Psalm 100—is still sung as a doxology in many Protestant congregations to the text “Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow.”) While the *air de cour* itself declined in popularity after 1630, these early genres of strophic song have never completely left the living repertoire.

*Mr. Bianchi is a first-year Musicology graduate student in the Department of Music.*

## PASTORAL IN POETRY AND MUSIC

*Zachariah Victor*

The *Bucolics* of the Hellenistic poet Theocritus (300–260 BCE) are the earliest known poems in the genre that we now call “pastoral.” It is telling that the fantasy of the urbane shepherd should first be found in the work of one who flourished in the big cities of Syracuse and Alexandria. The “pastoral fantasy,” in which the sheep watch themselves as the shepherd whiles away his time singing songs of great erudition and eloquence—this is the fantasy of a city-dweller, for whom country life is distant enough to be romanticized.

The activities of writing and reading pastoral texts have always had a sociological dimension. In the words of one scholar, “the shepherd world is made the simple image of life, of a complex society, or occasionally of a complex idea.” The pastoral works of Theocritus and Virgil (70–19 BCE), for example, apart from the interest they may hold to a green reader, have often been understood as a set of highly sophisticated literary games played by the intellectual elite. Within the cultivated exercise in versification and literary imitation, the aliases and generalized situations allowed serious political matters and real people to be discussed in code. The earliest and most influential commentators on Virgil’s *Eclogues* recognized the political and historical allusions, some offering extremely rigorous allegorical interpretations.

The *Eclogues* have been extraordinarily influential over the ages. In the Middle Ages, they were interpreted allegorically in accordance with Christian doctrine. The fourth Eclogue in particular was read as a prophesy of the birth of Jesus Christ, thus elevating the status of Virgil among pagan writers and the *Eclogues* among noncanonical literature. Medieval pastoral poetry tends to combine Latin imitations of Virgil with native vernacular traditions.

A distinctly French tradition of pastoral poetry grew to a height in the Carolingian era and again, later, in the time of the troubadours and trouvères. By the time of Pierre Guédron, however, there had been a renewed interest in the antique tradition, which had been revived in the hothouse of the Italian Renaissance and was since flourishing throughout continental Europe. Clément Marot (c1496–1544) was the foremost poet of the French Renaissance to contribute to the pastoral tradition. While the style of his early poetry allies itself with Medieval French traditions, his oeuvre largely reflects his ever widening reading in the Latin classics and Italian Renaissance humanists. He introduced the classical forms of the elegy and the eclogue into French vernacular literature and was one of the first French poets to imitate the Petrarchan sonnet.

Guédron's poets were even more influenced by Italians of the 16th century: in particular, Jacopo Sannazaro, Torquato Tasso, and Giambattista Guarini. Sannazaro's *Arcadia* (1502) was the first Italian vernacular work that did more than merely imitate the *Eclogues* of Virgil, but expanded and deepened the genre: the elegiac strain of the pastoral tradition became stronger, and the characterization more complex. Later writers generally did not imitate the structure of the whole work, which alternates prose and verse sections ("prosa" and "ecloga"), but rather imitated the style and the subjects of the poems. The first four eclogues of *Arcadia* became models for the pastoral lyric: in them, the broader world of Theocritus and Virgil is distilled into an idyllic garden suffused in green and golden light.

Later in the same century, two pastoral dramas, Tasso's *Aminta* (1573) and Guarini's *Il pastor fido* (1590), proved to be hugely influential, appearing in numerous editions and translations. *Aminta* brings earthiness and humor to the pastoral (qualities that were perhaps lacking in Sannazaro), while *Il pastor fido*, though the verse may be of a lower quality, became increasingly influential as an attempt at classical unity in dramatic form. The short works on our program can profitably be compared to scenes of such pastoral dramas.

The pastoral poetry set by Guédron is not the deep lyrical utterance of a Sannazaro, and yet it would be a shame to be lulled by the panpipes without considering how the melody may have struck the ears of an early audience. A more detailed investigation would ask what the metaphor of the shepherd (particularly the lovelorn shepherd) could have stood for: that is to say, what function these works may have served in the different fields of culture. If reception history is not to your taste, a Freudian reading might seek to interpret the obsession with unrequited love vis-à-vis the complicated erotic world of the academy and the court, while a Marxian reading might question the desire of the ruling class to represent the lives and thoughts of shepherds (read proletariats) in such unreal terms. Today, we might ask ourselves if we are any closer to the ideals of the Renaissance than we are to real shepherds in the pasture, to say nothing of seventeenth century France. Or, it may be that we concern ourselves with these pastorals only because the music continues to hold interest, as Pan leads us on with pipe and song, and the door of the green cabinet opens.

*Mr. Victor is a fifth-year Musicology graduate student in the Department of Music.*

## THE YALE COLLEGIUM 223

Richard Lalli, *director*

<i>dessus</i>	Emma Clune, sophomore in Yale College Estelí Gomez, freshman in Yale College Ramie Speight, junior in Yale College
<i>haute-contre</i>	Lindsay Elliott, senior in Yale College Elisabeth Kinsley, senior in Yale College
<i>taille &amp; cinquiesme</i>	Stephen Hopkins, junior in Yale College Alexander Maldonado, senior in Yale College Peter Park, junior in Yale College
<i>basse-contre</i>	Thomas Dolan, senior in Yale College Richard Lalli

## SOLOISTS FROM THE YALE SCHOLA CANTORUM

Simon Carrington, *director*

<i>dessus</i>	Mellissa Hughes, first-year graduate student
<i>haute-contre</i>	Ian L. Howell, first-year graduate student
<i>taille</i>	Derek Chester, first-year graduate student
<i>basse-contre</i>	Douglas Williams, first-year graduate student

## THE YALE NOYSE

Robert Mealy, *director*

<i>violon</i>	Robert Mealy Heather Wittels, senior in Yale College
<i>viole</i>	Ryan McFarlane, sophomore in Yale College Anna Pelczer, senior in Yale College
<i>basse de violon</i>	Anneke Schaul-Yoder, senior in Yale College
<i>flûte à bec</i>	Rachel Berkowitz, sophomore in Yale College
<i>luth</i>	Catherine Liddell

ROBERT MEALY has been praised for his "imagination, taste, subtlety, and daring" (Boston Globe) in his performances on a wide variety of historical strings: baroque violin, Renaissance violin, lira da braccio, and medieval vielle and harp. He has recorded over 50 cds of early music on most major labels, ranging from Hildegard of Bingen with Sequentia, to Renaissance consorts with the Boston Camerata, to Rameau operas with Les Arts Florissants. A devoted chamber musician, he is happy to be a member of the medieval ensemble Fortune's Wheel, the Renaissance violin band the King's Noyse, the new 17c ensemble Spiritus, and the Irish early-music band Dúlra. He is a frequent leader and soloist in New York, where he performs regularly with the New York Collegium and ARTEK. Robert has lectured and taught historical performance techniques and improvisation at Columbia, Brown, Oberlin, U.C. Berkeley, and Yale. He is a non-resident tutor of music at Harvard College, and directs the Harvard Baroque Chamber Orchestra. Robert is currently the Hogwood Fellow of the Handel and Haydn Society, to advise them on historical performance questions. For his work with the Yale Collegium Players, he was recently given the Binkley Award for Distinguished Teaching by Early Music America.

CATHERINE LIDDELL is one of America's most sought-after performers on lute and theorbo specializing in the music of the 17th century. She has toured widely as a guest artist with many of the country's leading period-instrument ensembles, including Boston Baroque, Apollo's Fire (Cleveland), the Seattle Baroque Orchestra, and the New York Collegium, and has performed in the Aston Magna and the Boston Early Music Festivals. She is a founding member of both Ensemble Chanterelle, with whom she has been Artist-in-Residence at UCLA, and Charivary, which was named by Early Music America as "one of the most exciting early music ensembles in America today." She has recorded for Musical Heritage Society, Titanic, Dorian and Centaur Records.

RICHARD LALLI is an Associate Professor (Adjunct) of Music at Yale University, where he has taught since 1982. In addition to his work at Yale, Mr. Lalli performs early and contemporary music around the world. He was recently featured in the one-man chamber opera *Cézanne's Doubt*, by Daniel Rothman, at Princeton, and also gave the American premiere of a new performance piece, *ME*, by Edmund Campion, at the Cal Performances Edge Festival in Berkeley. In April of this year he will premiere a dramatic song cycle for baritone and string quartet by Gary Fagin at the Concertgebouw in Amsterdam, and in May will premiere *Bus 66*, a cycle of eighteen songs by Francine Trester, at Weill Recital Hall. With the Mirror Visions Ensemble, he has recently released a recording Tom Cipullo's song cycle *Secrets* on Albany Records; his recording of Yehudi Wyner's *The Mirror* was nominated for a Grammy Award in December. Within the next few days he will perform American popular songs with pianist Gary Chapman at Jonathan Edwards College, and also Monteverdi with the early music ensemble ARTEK in New York City.

*Our sincere thanks to the following individuals who have assisted with the research and preparation of this program:*

Jane A. Bernstein, Professor of Music, Tufts University  
Suzanne Eggleston Lovejoy, Assistant Music Librarian for Public Services  
Marie Borroff, Professor Emeritus of English  
Julien Dubruque, instructor in the Department of French Language and Literature  
Patrick Levin, senior in Yale College  
Alysoun Kegel, senior in Yale College  
Anne Azéma, soprano

NEXT CONCERT BY THE YALE COLLEGIUM MUSICUM

April 19, 2005  
THE DE LÉVIS HOURS

Renaissance and recent settings of texts from the *De Lévis Book of Hours*

With the Yale Collegium Players, Robert Mealy, director, and the Yale Schola Cantorum,  
Simon Carrington, conductor

4:15 PM Lecture by Professor Craig Wright  
5:15 PM Performance

Guédron's *Je ne me mariray iamais* (bass part), from the 1602 edition of his *Airs de Court*.  
Music Library Deposit. Beinecke Library.