

<p><b>Flore vernans gratie</b>  Plaudam omnis hodie  Turba nove sortis.  Verbum intrans virginem  Restauravit hominem  Fracto jure mortis.</p> <p>Clara sonent organa  Pulsent voces timpana  Resonante lira,  Modulicet concio  Festivali gaudio  Orta prole mira.</p> <p>Virgo quondam arida  Summo rore madida  Novum dedit florem,  Corde patris genitum  Concepit per spiritum  Virgo redemptorem.</p> <p>Ergo plena gratia  gaudet viri nescia  Deum paritura,  sol de stella nascitur,  carnis umbra tegitur  lux non moritura.</p>	<p>Me, I'm going to clap today  The blossoming of the flower of grace,  all this crowd having a new destiny:  The Word penetrating the Virgin  Has restored man,  Who had broken the law of death.</p> <p>Let the clear instruments sound,  Let the tambourines make their voices heard,  While the lyre is ringing,  Let the crowd modulate  with a festive joy  For the admirable birth of the child.</p> <p>The once arid virgin,  Drizzled with celestial dew  Has given a new flower,  The virgin conceived in her heart,  thanks to the Spirit, the Son of the Father,  The redeemer.</p> <p>Therefore, full of grace,  Rejoices the woman unknown to man,  Who is to bear God;  The sun is born from the star,  The shadow of the flesh is covered,  The light that will never die.</p>
<p>1. <b>Ave generosa gloriosa</b> et intacta  puella, tu pupilla castitatis,  tu materia sanctitatis, que Deo placuit.</p> <p>2. Nam hec superna infusio in te fuit,  quod supernum Verbum in te carnem induit.</p> <p>3. Tu candidum lilium quod Deus ante omnem creaturam  inspexit.</p> <p>4. O pulcherrima et dulcissima,  quam valde Deus in te delectabatur,  cum amplexionem caloris sui in te posuit,  ita quod Filius eius de te lactatus est.</p> <p>5. Venter enim tuus gaudium habuit  cum omnis celestis symphonia de te sonuit,  quia virgo Filium Dei portasti,  ubi castitas tua in Deo claruit.</p> <p>6. Viscera tua gaudium habuerunt  sicut gramen super quod ros cadit  cum ei viriditatem infundit, ut et in te factum est,  O mater omnis gaudii.</p> <p>7. Nunc omnis ecclesia in gaudio rutilet  ac in symphonia sonet propter dulcissimam Virginem  et laudabilem Mariam, Dei Genitricem. Amen.</p>	<p>1. Hail, nobly born, hail, honored and inviolate,  you Maiden are the piercing gaze of chastity,  you the material of holiness—the one who pleased God.</p> <p>2. For heaven's flood poured into you  as heaven's Word was clothed in flesh in you.</p> <p>3. You are the lily, gleaming white, upon which God  has fixed his gaze before all else created.</p> <p>4. O beautiful, O sweet!  How deep is that delight that God received in you,  when 'round you he enwrapped his warm embrace,  so that his Son was suckled at your breast.</p> <p>5. Your womb rejoiced  as from you sounded forth the whole celestial symphony.  For as a virgin you have borne the Son of God—  in God your chastity shone bright.</p> <p>6. Your flesh rejoiced  just as a blade of grass on which the dew has fall'n,  viridity within it to infuse—just so it happened to you,  O mother of all joy!</p> <p>7. So now in joy gleams all the Church like dawn,  resounds in symphony because of you, the Virgin sweet  and worthy of all praise, Maria, God's mother. Amen.</p>

<p>Triplum  <b>Candens lilium columbina</b>, fons nostri generis,  Rosa crescens sine spina, mater diceris,  Ave regina virginum, pariens Christum Dominum,  dulcis est invitus, Tu lumen es luminum,  et salvatrix hominum, dulci est exitus,  Ad te clamant cuncti rei, cum indulgentia.  Ut vitalis requiei fruamur venia.  Tuum natum precibus rogitis simplicibus, ut vitae gloria  Concedantur omnibus, tibi servitutibus sua gratia.  Ad te clamant cuncti rei, cum indulgentia.  Ut vitalis requiei fruamur venia.</p> <p>Motetus  <b>Candens crescit lilium</b>, virginalis gremium,  mundo profert filium,  Creatorem omnium regem regnantium.  Ut Adae debitum, quod per pomum vetitum  erat olim subditum,  Per serpentis monitum, redimeretur pretioso regis  sanguine  Et ut Adam abstraheret de terra voragine,  Patriarchas et prophetas natos ex semine  Ut vita caelica redderetur pristinus  pace magnifica,  Ideo psallemus hodie canticum laetitiae  de rege gloriae,  Ut in caelorum acie fruamur requie sine varia.</p>	<p>White lily, dove, fountain of our race,  Rose growing without a thorn, thou art called Mother.  Hail, Queen of Virgins, bearing Christ the Lord,  sweet is the beginning. Thou art the light of lights  And savior of men, sweet is the ending.  All sinners call upon thee with indulgence  That we may enjoy the pardon of life-giving rest.  Beseech thy Son with sincere prayers that the glory of life  Be granted to all that serve thee by His grace.  All sinners call upon thee with indulgence  That we may enjoy the pardon of life-giving rest.</p> <p>White grows the lily: the virginal womb  Brings forth into the world a Son,  Creator of all things, King of ruling kings:  So that Adam's debt, formerly contracted through the  forbidden fruit,  By the serpent's guile, might be redeemed by the precious  blood of the King,  And that He might rescue Adam from the earth's maw,  And the patriarchs and prophets born of his seed,  So that the heavenly life might be restored to the ancients in  magnificent peace.  Therefore let us sing today a song of gladness  about the King of glory,  That we may enjoy ageless repose in the ranks of Heaven.</p>
<p>Triplum  <b>Ave, lux luminum!</b>  Ave, splendor et lux ecclesie!  Specie superans omnia candoris lilia pie,  succurre nos in hac valle miserie!  Mater plena gratie, dona nobis celestis patrie  sedem, spes omnium!</p> <p>Motetus  <b>Salve virgo, rubens rosa</b>,  sola christi parens gloriosa,  fulgida stella, lux iocosa,  ave, legis glosa, formosa,  dulcis cantus prosa!  Morte libera nos exosa,  ut fruamur luce gratiosa!</p> <p>Tenor NEUMA</p>	<p>Triplum  Hail, light of lights!  Hail, radiance and light of the Church!  Piously surpassing in beauty all the brilliant lilies,  help us in this valley of misery.  Mother full of grace, grant us a seat in the heavenly kingdom,  O hope of mankind.</p> <p>Motetus  Hail, Virgin, ruddy rose,  Sole and glorious parent of Christ,  Glowing star, laughing light!  Hail, elucidation of the law,  beautiful, lyric of sweet singing!  Free us from hated death,  so that we may enjoy the pleasing light.</p> <p>Tenor NEUMA</p>
<p><b>Vos flores rosarum</b>,  qui in effusione sanguinis vestri  beati estis  in maximis gaudiis redolentibus  et sudantibus in emptione  que fluxit  de interiori mente  consilii manentis ante evum</p>	<p>You buds of roses,  within your blood outpoured  you're blessed  in joys supreme and fragrant,  distilled of that redemption  that flowed  from th' inmost heart  of counsel kept before all time</p>

<p>R. in illo, in quo non erat constitutio a capite.</p> <p>V. Sit honor in consortio vestro, qui estis instrumentum ecclesie et qui in vulneribus vestri sanguinis undatis:</p> <p>R. In illo, in quo non erat constitutio a capite.</p>	<p>R. in him who was unfounded at the source.</p> <p>V. An honor in your fellowship, The Church's instrument you are as in your wounds, your waves of blood, you surge:</p> <p>R. in him who was unfounded at the source.</p>
<p><b>L'autrier m'iere rendormiz</b> Par un matin en esté: Adonques me fu aviz Que la douce mere Dé M'avoit dit et commandé Que seur un chant qui jadis soloit estre mout jois Chantasse de sa bonté, Et je tantost l'ai enpris: Diex doint qu'il viegne en gré.</p> <p>“Quant li rossinoil jolis Chante seur la fleur d'esté,” C'est li chans seur quoi j'ai mis Le dit que je ai trouvé De celi qui recouvré Nos a la saint paradis, De quoi nos fusmes jadis Par Evain desherité, Ceste dame nos a mis De tenebres en clarté.</p> <p>A la chaste flour de lis Repris en humilité Fu li sains anges tramis De Dieu, qui humanité Prist en sa virginité Pour racheter ses amis. En li fu noz rachas pris Dou saint sanc de son costé: Mut doit estre de haut pris Li hons qui tant a costé.</p> <p>Se roches et quailous bis Erent frait et destrempé Dou ru Rosne et dou Lis, Et d'arrement attempré Et en parchemin covréé Fussent ciel et terre mis, Et chascun fust ententis D'escrire la verité, Ja si bien par ces escriz Ne seroient recordé.</p>	<p>I was asleep one summer morning lately, When it seemed that the gentle mother of God spoke to me, And commanded that I take a joyous old melody and sing of her goodness. This I immediately set out to do: God grant that it be pleasing.</p> <p>“When the pretty nightingale sings upon the summer flower,” That is the tune to which I've set the words I found to tell of her Who recovered holy paradise for us, From which Eve we were exiled. This lady has brought us from the darkness into light.</p> <p>To the chaste lily-flower, seized with humility, Was the holy angel sent by God, Who took on humanity from her virginity to redeem his friends. Our ransom was paid by him with the holy blood from his side: Humanity, which cost so much, must be of great worth.</p> <p>If the rocks and hard blue pebbles in the rivers Rhone and Lis Were broken and crushed and tempered to make ink, And all the earth were covered with parchment, And everyone assigned to write the truth, Even by such efforts this matter would not be fully recorded.</p>

<p><b>Si membrana esset celum,</b>  tota terra atramentum;  mare foret ut incaustum,  omnis lingua calamus,  instrumentum cuncte manus  et non cessarent scribere,  non possent exprimere  laudes Virginis Marie.</p>	<p>If heaven were parchment, and  all the land were black ink;  if the sea were as purple ink,  each tongue a pen,  and all hands an instrument  that never ceased writing,  they could not express  the praises of the Virgin Mary.</p>
<p>Triplum  J'ai les maus d'amours sans douleur,  car cele m'a s'amour donée,  qui mon cuer et m'amour a;  Et puisqu'el l'a bien sai, qu'ele m'ocirra.</p> <p>Motetus  Que ferai, biau sire diex?  Li regart de ses vairs euz  J'atendrai pour avoir mielz ainsi.  Li regart de ses vairs euz m'ocist.</p> <p>Tenor IN SECULUM</p>	<p>Triplum  I have the good things of love without pain,  for she has given me her love,  she who has my heart and my love.  And I know well that because she has them, she will kill me.</p> <p>Motetus  What shall I do, fair lord God?  Oh, the glance of her gray-blue eyes!  I shall await more like it.  The glance of her gray-blue eyes killed me.</p> <p>Tenor IN SECULUM</p>
<p>Triplum  Que ferai, biaux sire diex?  Si mi ont navre si oeil, que je n'i puis durer;  si m'a espris, si m'a souspris cele au cler vis,  que trop m'a jollement pris.  Hareu, li maus d'amer a li amer  et honorer mi fet doner.  Son cors gent, ligement,  qui a toute gent  feroit a loer, a deviser, a raviser  sa grant biauté sens et pris,  honor et bonté trop i a de delit.  Li regart de ses vairs ieus m'ocit, m'ocit!</p> <p>Motetus  Ne puet faillir a honour fins cuers, qui bien amera.  D'amours vient sens et honors:  Qui bien la sert, joie avra.  Haute chose a en amour;  bien la doit garder qui l'a.  Amours fait tous biens douner:  cuer renvoisier et tous maus oblier.  Fins cuers ne s'en doit repentir  de bien amer, de bien amer.</p> <p>Tenor DESCENDENTIBUS</p>	<p>Triplum  What shall I do, fair, sweet God?  Her eyes have so wounded me that I cannot endure;  She has inflamed me, she has captured me, she  with the bright face who has so gaily taken me.  Woe is me! The pain of love makes me give of myself  in order to love and honor her.  Her fair body  which would make all men  unreservedly praise and desire it and contemplate her great  beauty, wit and merit,  honor and goodness: there is so much that is delightful in her.  A look from her gray-blue eyes is killing me! Killing me!</p> <p>Motetus  A true heart who would love well, could not fail in honor.  Wisdom and honor come from Love:  Whoever serves her well will have joy.  There are noble things in love;  whoever has it, should keep it fast.  It is Love who gives all good things,  makes hearts glad and pain forgotten.  A true heart should not repent  of loving well, loving well.</p> <p>Tenor DESCENDENTIBUS</p>
<p><b>De la gloriouse fenix,</b> mere et fille au douz  pellicant  qui por rachater ses amis espondi son precious sanc,  m'estuet chanter d'ore en avant ensi com je l'ai entrepris.  Ne ja tant com je soie vis ne m'en trouvera recreant.  Ainz morrai, a mon escient, en ceste volenté raviz  comme rousignol en chantant.</p>	<p>Of the glorious phoenix, mother and daughter of the gentle  pelican  who, to ransom his friends, sheds his precious blood,  I must sing from now on, just as I have set out to do.  Nor ever, while I live, will I be found slacking:  thus will I die, as far as I know, ravished by this desire  like a nightingale glorying in song.</p>

<p>Ne plus que li hons endormiz ne set se on le va esgardant, Ne set la sainte empereriz quant elle conçut son en fant. Tant se mist glorieusement en son cors li sainz esperis Que plantez i fu et repris Diex et hom tout en un moment, Et en nas qui si dignement que de virginité floriz Fu ses cors après et avant.</p> <p>Ausi comme acate et rubiz et esmerade verdoiant valent mieuz de quailous bis, seürmonte ele de valour grant touz ceus qui or sont aparent et seront, et furent jadis. Tant est bele que paradis de li enlumine et resplent, et de douceur i a il tant que ja n'en ira escondiz qui l'aimme et prie coraument.</p>	<p>No more than does a sleeping man know when someone is looking at him Did the holy empress know when she conceived her son. The Holy Spirit placed him in her body so gloriously That he was put in and taken out as God and man all in one moment, And was born so worthily that her body Flowered in virginity before and after.</p> <p>Just as the agate, the ruby, and the shining green emerald are worth more than plain blue pebbles, so she surpasses in valour all who are now present, and ever were, and will be. She is so beautiful that paradise takes from her its luminescence and splendour; there is such gentleness in her that anyone who loves and prays to her from the heart will never be sent away with a refusal.</p>
<p><b>O splendidissima gemma</b> et serenum decus solis qui tibi infusus est, fons saliens de corde Patris, quod est unicum Verbum suum, per quod creavit mundi primam materiam, quam Eva turbavit.</p> <p>Hoc Verbum effabricavit tibi Pater hominem, et ob hoc es tu illa lucida materia per quam hoc ipsum Verbum exspiravit omnes virtutes, ut eduxit in prima materia omnes creaturas.</p>	<p>O jewel resplendent and bright and joyous beauty of the sun that's flooded into you— the fountain leaping from the Father's heart. This is his single Word by which he did create the world's primordial matter, a motherhood into confusion cast by Eve.</p> <p>This Word the Father made for you into a man— and this is why you are that bright and shining matter, through which that Word has breathed forth every virtue, just as he brought forth all creatures in a primal motherhood.</p>
<p>Rose cui nois ne gelee ne fraint ne mue colour, Dedenz haute mer salee ontenele de doucour, Clere en tenebrou, joieuse en tristour, en flamme rousée.</p> <p>Flour de bonté esmerée et de triage colour, Chastiaus dont onc defermée ne fu la porte nul jour, Santéz en lang our, repos en labour, et pais en meslée.</p> <p>Fine esperaud'es prouvée de gracieuse vigour, Diamant, jasp'alosée, saphirs d'Ynde la majour, Rubiz de valour, panthere d'odour, plus qu'embausmée.</p> <p>Ne seroit assez loée ceste monjoie d'amour Se toute humaine pensée ne servoit d'autre labour: Tigre en mire our, en ire er en plour solaz et risée.</p> <p>Empereriz coronée de la main au creatour, A ma creuse journée quant li ange avront paour, Prie au sauvé our que ton chantéour maint en sa contrée.</p>	<p>Rose which neither snow nor ice can destroy, nor fade its color, Little fountain of sweetness within the high salt sea, Light in darkness, joy in sadness, dew amid fire.</p> <p>Flower of goodness purified, and of choice color, Castle whose door is never closed, Health in languor, rest in labor, peace amid tumult.</p> <p>Fine emerald of proven grace and vigor, Diamond, esteemed jasper, greatest sapphire of India, Ruby of valor, panther of odor sweeter than balsam.</p> <p>This summit of honor would not be sufficiently praised Even if all human thought were set to serve no other task, Tiger in the mirror; In anger and weeping, solace and laughter.</p> <p>Empress crowned by the Creator's hand, on the cruel day when the angels are in fear, Pray to the savior that your singer may dwell in his country.</p>

<p><b>1. O viridissima virga,</b> ave, que in ventoso flabro sciscitationis sanctorum prodisti.</p> <p>2. Cum venit tempus quod tu floruisti in ramis tuis, ave, ave fuit tibi, quia calor solis in te sudavit sicut odor balsami.</p> <p>3. Nam in te floruit pulcher flos qui odorem dedit omnibus aromatis que arida erant.</p> <p>4. Et illa apparuerunt omnia in viriditate plena.</p> <p>5. Unde celi dederunt rorem super gramen et omnis terra leta facta est, quoniam viscera ipsius frumentum protulerunt et quoniam volucres celi nidos in ipsa habuerunt.</p> <p>6. Deinde facta est esca hominibus et gaudium magnum epulantium. Unde, o suavis Virgo, in te non deficit ullum gaudium.</p> <p>7. Hec omnia Eva contempsit.</p> <p>8. Nunc autem laus sit Altissimo.</p>	<p>1. O branch of freshest green, O hail! Within the windy gusts of saints upon a quest you swayed and sprouted forth.</p> <p>2. When it was time, you blossomed in your boughs— “Hail, hail!” you heard, for in you seeped the sunlight’s warmth like balsam’s sweet perfume.</p> <p>3. For in you bloomed so beautiful a flow’r, whose fragrance wakened all the spices from their dried-out stupor.</p> <p>4. And they all appeared in full viridity.</p> <p>5. Then rained the heavens dew upon the grass and all the earth was cheered, for from her womb she brought forth fruit and for the birds up in the sky have nests in her.</p> <p>6. Then was prepared that food for humankind, the greatest joy of feasts! O Virgin sweet, in you can ne’er fail any joy.</p> <p>7. All this Eve chose to scorn.</p> <p>8. But now, let praise ring forth unto the Highest!</p>
<p>Triplum <b>Quant florist la violete,</b> la rose et la flour de glai, que chantent li papegai, lors m’i poignent amoretes, qui me tienent gai. Mes pieç’ a ne chantai, or chanterai et ferai chançon jolivete por l’amor de m’amiete, ou grant pièce a doné m’ai. Mes je la truis tant doucete et debonassai et de vilanie nete, que ja ne m’en partirai. Quant je remir sa bouchete et son bel chief bai et sa polie gorgete, qui plus est blanchete que n’est flour de lis en mai, mameletes a si duretés, poignans et petites, grant merveille en ai. Ou je la trouvai, tant par est bien faite, touz li cuers me rehaite. Mes je proi au Diu d’amors, qui amanz afaite, qu’il nos tiegne en bone amour, vraie et parfaite, ceus maldie, qui par envie nos gaitent, carja ne departirons fors par les gueiteurs félons.</p> <p>Motetus <b>El mois de mai,</b> que florissent rosier et gjar en ce tens Pascor, plains de joie et de baudour, faisant un lai, ving chevauchant et pensan et notant un sounet novel d’amors. Doce jonete, blondete, sadete, truis toute seulete, sans pastor.</p>	<p>When violets, roses, and gladiolas bloom and parrots sing, that is when the loving thoughts that keep me gay prick me. For a while I didn’t sing, but now I will sing and compose a merry song on account of the love that my little sweetheart has given me for such a long time. God, I find her so very sweet and loyal towards me, so free of baseness that I will never leave her. When I remember her little mouth, her beautiful blond hair, her gleaming throat more lovely and white than the lily in May, her small, firm, pointing little breasts, I am abashed with wonder. She is so perfectly formed that the moment I found her my whole heart was filled with joy. But I pray to the God of love who cares for lovers that he keep our love good, true, and perfect, may he curse those who, out of jealousy, spy on us, for I never will leave her unless because of the deeds of those wretched spies.</p> <p>In the month of May, at Eastertide, when roses and gladiolas bloom, I was out riding, full of joy and happiness and composing a lai, devising and setting to music a new love song. I found a sweet, charming, young blond all alone, without a shepherd.</p>

<p>Freteil avoit et tabour, quant li plesoit,  si chantoit et notait el freteil un nouvel lai.  Avant ving, si la saluai par grant douçor.  Lés li m'asis soz l'ombre d'un aubourc,  mains jointes li ai requise s'amour:  “Souliers peins a flor, cotele et peliçon corroie,  afiche, bourse de soie, bel chapel de mai, bête,  vous donrai, se pour moi laissiés vostre pastor.”  En criant “Hai, hai!” respont: “Non ferai!  N'ai cure de fause amor. Ja pour souliers pains a flor  Robechon ne guerpilai: Ainz l'aim et l'amerai.”</p> <p>Tenor ET GAUDEBIT</p>	<p>She had a flûte and a little drum, when it pleased her,  she would sing and play a new lai on her pipe.  I came up to her and greeted her with great sweetness.  I sat down beside her in the shade of a laburnum tree.  Hands joined, I asked for her love:  “Flowered slippers, a tunic, cloak,  belt and clasp, silk purse, and pretty May hat, fair one,  I will give you all that if you will leave your shepherd for me.”  Crying out “Oh, no!” she answered: “I will not!  False love does not interest me. Never would I abandon Robin  for some flowered slippers: I love him and will ever love him.”</p>
<p><b>La bionda trezza</b>, del fin'or colore  M'a legato la ment' al mezo 'l core.</p> <p>Simil' è 'l viso a chuell' ombra face,  ove ridon le perle e vaghi fiori.  Che con pura neve al sol mi sface  E non si cura, perch'io mi scolori.</p> <p>E so'gli egffetti del mie mal aggiori,  che le paroöe e bello vede amore.</p> <p>La bionda trezza ...</p> <p>Adunque amor che sai lo stato mio  Che mi fa nel foco esser beato  De'! fa che nel bel viso il qual io  Con voci assa'piatose t'ò chiamato</p> <p>Ore per me vi ti veggia a giusto grato  Acchiò che me non veghia nel dolore.</p> <p>La bionda trezza ...</p>	<p>That blonde hair, of the finest gold,  Has bound my mind fast to the very core of my heart.</p> <p>Her face resembles that shaded bower  Where pearls and lovely flowers smile.  Which, like pure snow beneath the sun, melts me away;  Yet she cares not, though I grow pale and fade.</p> <p>And the effects of my suffering are far greater  Than words can tell, or even Love himself can fully perceive.</p> <p>That blonde hair...</p> <p>Therefore, O Love, you who know my true state,  And who make me feel blessed even amidst the flames  Ah! Grant that in that beautiful face  To which I have called out to you with such piteous pleas</p> <p>I may now, for my sake, find a just and welcome favor,  So that I need no longer languish there in sorrow.</p> <p>That blonde hair...</p>
<p>Ecco la primavera,  Che'l cor fa rallegrare,  Temp'è d'annamorare  E star con lieta cera.</p> <p>Noi vegiam l'aria e'l tempo  Che pur chiam' allegria</p> <p>In questo vago tempo  Ogni cosa vagheça.</p> <p>L'erbe con gran frescheça  E fior' coprono i prati,  E gli albori adornati  Sono in simil manera.</p> <p>Ecco la primavera  Che'l cor fa rallegrare  Temp'è d'annamorare  E star con lieta cera.</p>	<p>Spring has come apace  To waken hearts to gladness;  Time for lovers' madness  And to wear a happy face.</p> <p>The elements together  Are beckoning to mirth;</p> <p>In this delightful weather,  Delight pervades the earth.</p> <p>The grass in fresh rebirth  Helps meadows come a-flower,  And every branch and bower,  Is decked with kindred grace.</p> <p>Spring has come apace  To waken hearts to gladness;  Time for lovers' madness  And to wear a happy face.</p>

