



SCIVIAS MEDIEVAL ENSEMBLE PRESENTS

# Springtime in Paris

*Heather Holmquest, director*

May 13th, 2022 | 7:30 PM  
Asbury First United Methodist Church

## Personnel

Laura Anderson	Juli Elliott
Anna Atwater	Heather Holmquest
Barb Consler	Andrea McGaugh
Tansy Deutsch	Katja Pennypacker

Featuring Lee Wright, violin

## Program

**On Parole/A Paris/Frese nouvele** – Montpellier Codex (c. 1300)

**Quant je voi la saison venir** – R. Andreiu Douche (13<sup>th</sup> c.)

**Contre le temps/He! mari, mari** – Reina Codex (15<sup>th</sup> c.)

**Robin m'aime, Robin m'a** – Adam de la Halle, from *Jeu de Robin et Marion* (1282-3)

**El mois de mai** – Raoul de Beauvais (mid-13<sup>th</sup> c.)

**Au doz mois de mai/Crux forma penitentie/Sustinere** – Montpellier Codex

**Quant ces flouretes** – Gautier de Coinci (early 13<sup>th</sup> c.)

**Trois serors sor rive mer** – Montpellier Codex

**Quant li lousignolz** – Le Chastelain de Couci (late 12<sup>th</sup> c.)

**Pour l'amour** – Reina Codex

**Je muir d'amourete** – Adam de la Halle

**Fines amouretes ai** – Adam de la Halle

**El mois d'avril** – Andrieu Contredit d'Arras (mid-13<sup>th</sup> c.)

**N'en fait m'en dit** – Guillaume de Machaut (1300-1377)

**Diex, biaute, douçour, nature** – Guillaume de Machaut

**Rose, liz verdure** – Guillaume de Machaut

**Fait fut pour vous** – Vorau Codex (c. 1400)

**Le premier jor de mai/Par un matin/Je ne puis/Iustus** - Montpellier Codex

**Ce fut en mai** – Moniot d'Arras (c. 1235)

## Springtime in Paris Translations

### On Parole/A paris soir/Frese nouvele

*Tenor*

Fresh strawberries!  
Ripe blackberries, ripe, ripe blackberries!

*Duplum*

In Paris, day and night  
You find good bread and clear wine  
Good meat and good fish  
Companions of all types  
Clever ideas and great fun  
Beautiful gems, ladies of honor  
And while waiting, indeed one finds  
Low prices to suit a poor man's budget.

*Triplum*

They talk about threshing and winnowing  
Of digging and plowing  
But these pastimes do displease me  
For there is no life as good as being at ease  
With good clear wine and capons  
And to be with good companions  
Hale and hearty, singing, joking  
And in love, and having the wherewithal  
To please beautiful ladies as one wishes  
And you find all this in Paris.

### Quant je voi la saison venir

When I see the season of Eastertime  
approaching in April, birds sing and frolic  
and appear among leaf and flower;  
they sing for the best lady  
in the world without ceasing.  
Very often they make me hope,  
Laugh and send away my tears,  
When from my sweetheart  
I see those eyes glance toward me,  
I feel just as amazed by that  
as He who never stays dead.

Beautiful lady, if it pleases you,  
rescue me with your valor  
from the evils that make me feel!  
I think about you both night and day,  
I don't know how to love any other way,  
Other than by singing I wish to confess  
My thinking to discover everything.  
I do not have any other lady;  
My lines are honest without deception.  
I would hear your judgment with my ears;  
If I do not hear you I will die in such languor.

## Contre le temps

*Triplum*

During the good weather and happy season  
I will lead a very good and pleasant life  
all for the love of my dearest friend  
that I love with all of my heart  
without bad thoughts; villainous folly.

And I will keep my love fresh  
And live very lovingly;  
and will, in fact;  
for my pleasure and my leisure;  
and for my part I will not consider  
any ugly, ill thoughts.

And I can love without villainy  
by judgment of lover and friend,  
that no misdeed is so bitter  
since no villain remains:  
if he was still there, I would be polite!

*Tenor*

Hey, husband, husband, you are lucky  
when for love I am so beaten.

### Robins m'aime, Robins m'a

Robin loves me, I am his, Robin has asked me,  
if he could have me.  
Robin bought me a robe  
Of beautiful, superior quality cloth,  
A smooth and a narrow girtle. For them I say yes.  
Robin loves me, I am his, Robin has asked me,  
if he could have me.

### El mois de mai

One morning in the month of May  
Marion arose,  
She entered a grove  
Beside a garden.  
Two lads, Guiot and Robin,  
(Long had they loved her),  
Crept up, hiding,  
Beside the wood to watch;  
And Marion was delighted,  
For she had caught sight of Robin,  
And she sang this short song:  
"No one should go to the woods  
Without his little lady friend."

Robin and Guiot heard  
The song of the dark-haired maid.  
He who has the merriest heart  
Rejoices the soonest:  
Guiot was overjoyed  
When he heard the song.

For Marion he jumped to his feet  
And began to tune his musette.  
Robin had heard it very well  
And as soon as he could  
He played the song on his flute:  
“God, what love!  
Ho, what pleasure!  
To hear the pastourelle!”

### **Au doz mois de mai/Crux, forma/Sustinere**

#### *Duplum*

The cross, shape of penance,  
key of grace, staff of sin,  
vein of pardon, root of the tree of justice,  
path of life, banner of glory,  
the Bridegroom’s bed at midday,  
light that totally dispels the cloud of sadness,  
the bright sky of conscience—  
let mankind carry it, comfort itself with it.  
You must bear the Cross,  
if you desire the joys of true light.

#### *Triplum*

In the sweet month of May  
I entered a flowering orchard  
and found a shepherd girl beside a glen;  
she was watching her lambs  
and lamenting in this way:  
“Robin, my sweet beloved, I lost you;  
in great grief will I take leave of you!”  
I sat down beside her  
and I put my arms around her.  
I found her overwhelmed with emotion  
on account of her love for Robin,  
who had left her.  
For this was she deeply distressed.

### **Quant ces flouretes**

When the flowers flourish,  
and the singers sing,  
for the flower sings that has in itself  
all beauty, all values.  
She is both mother and daughter to a king,  
roses of roses, flowers of flowers.  
Certainly, many love her; God gave me life  
and may she give me good death!

The flower whose song is royal flowers;  
of all flowers there is none better.  
It's her orchard, it's her meadows  
where the Holy Spirit slumbers and stays;  
it's the imperial virgin  
whom we call mother of Jesus Christ,  
or the son of God, who was so beautiful,  
to save us flesh and blood in prayer.

### **Trois serors sor rive mer**

#### *Triplum*

Three sisters at the seashore are singing brightly.  
The youngest, a brunette,  
sought a dark-haired sweetheart:  
“Since I am dark-haired,  
I will have a dark-haired sweetheart too.”

#### *Duplum*

Three sisters at the seashore  
are singing brightly.  
The middle one called to Robin, her sweetheart:  
“You took me first in the leafy wood,  
now take me back there.”

#### *Motetus*

Three sisters at the seashore  
are singing brightly.  
The eldest said:  
“One should indeed love a fair lady,  
and he who has her love should keep it.”

### **Quant li lousignolz**

When the pretty nightingale  
sings of the summer flower,  
from which spring the rose and the lily,  
and the dew on the green meadow;  
filled with good will,  
I will sing as a tender lover.  
But I am so overwhelmed,  
my thought is so high,  
that I can scarcely accomplish  
a song that will be appreciated.

### **Pour l'amour**

For the love of graceful weather  
of summer that comes, I am fond  
of one so pretty and so joyous  
that in the honor of the body so gracious  
from whence my joy comes  
this virelai I've made suits myself  
who is, if I may, in love.

God give me the sense and power  
to do His will  
and do nothing wrong.

### **Je muir**

I die, I die of careless love, Alas! Ah me!  
Since in her I fail to move Sweet mercy.  
At first, she did gentle prove, Of surety,  
Yet, with pride that folk reprove, She scorned me.  
I die, I die of careless love, Alas! Ah me!  
A graceful manner, all approve, I did see.  
Then, with pride we disapprove, She scorned me.

**Fines amouretes ai**

Refrain: Fair the lovers I have got. Sweet Lord!  
When I'll see them, I know not.

I'll summon my fair lover,  
Full of grace, sweet as ever,  
So delightful is she, never  
Could I let such be forgot.

If with child, I her render,  
Pale soon, and livid after,  
There'll be complaint and slander:  
Sad dishonour's then her lot.

Better then, that I refrain;  
And for her a smile maintain,  
Think of her, now and again,  
And her honour, never blot.

**El mois d'avril**

In the month of April, at Eastertime,  
in the spring season,  
when I see the world  
become green again,  
and when I see appear  
leaves and flowers,  
and hear the birds sing and rejoice,  
I must remember good love,  
for I persist at it night and day.  
So will I sing, but my song  
is for the best lady in the world;  
I must do her pleasure,  
for she is a lady of greatest value.

No one would ever have  
great sadness in his heart  
if he knew how to endure and wait.  
For that reason,  
I wish to accept peacefully my pain  
and obey my lady happily.  
If I suffer for serving faithfully,  
she can reward me in one day  
with a kind glance,  
with a laugh full of kindness,  
and if she were to utter  
a sigh for me from her heart,  
and if she were to change color  
(because of me).

**N'en fait m'en dit**

None in deed, or word, or thought  
Should betray in aught  
My beloved lady.  
Nor will I, truly,  
Rather love I'll give

Serve with true heart, surely,  
As long as I shall live.

For her face, bright and gay,  
More than the rose in May,  
Matching every beauty,  
And her manner sweetly  
Seized me; so, forgive,  
If I praise her highly,  
As long as I shall live.

**Diex, Biaute, Doucour, Nature**

Refrain: God, Beauty, Sweetness, Nature  
Perfected, beyond measure,  
Your every sweet feature,  
Beloved lady;  
So pleasing, so fine ever,  
Wise-mannered, fair of figure,  
That no more noble creature  
Did any ever see.

Verse: Most truly do they compare  
You, thus, to the springtime, fair,  
Which has such power,  
That we find in its sweetness,  
Verdure, flower, fruit, true freshness,  
Full pleasant its hour.  
And thus, your rare beauty, there,  
That does joy, and fortune, share,  
Fair graft, that all good does bear,  
Is beloved by all.  
It cheers, transforms, each feature,  
Heartening every creature;  
From hidden woe to rapture,  
Thought it does recall.

**Rose, liz**

Rose, lily, springtime, verdure,  
Flower, balm, and sweet odour,  
Fair one, you are the sweeter;  
And all that's good in Nature,  
Is yours, and you I thus adore.

Rose, lily, springtime, verdure,  
Flower, balm, and sweet odour.  
And since every creature  
You surpass in worth, forever,  
I may truly say, with honour:  
Rose, lily, springtime, verdure,  
Flower, balm, and sweet odour,  
Fair one, you are the sweeter.

**Fait fut pour vous**

This was written to give you joy,  
pleasure, this virelai:

Excite the soul, the happiness,  
Take away all of the pain  
and leave what you truly need.

Sing of Sweet Comfort,  
of Beautiful Welcome and Pleasure.

The strong heart leaps  
at any time, day or night.

### **Le premier jor/Par un matin/Je ne puis/Iustus**

Duplum:

I cannot endure any longer without you,  
true heart so tender and sweet,  
if you do not have mercy on me.

On account of you I live in great fear  
and have done so for a long time.

With praying hands

I humbly beg mercy of you.

I serve you just as I should,

loyally and faithfully;

thus when I do not see you,

exactly like a true, loyal lover.

And without me, how do you endure?

Triplum:

I got up one morning and went out  
near Blangi to amuse and comfort myself.

I found a girl seated in an orchard  
singing with a heart light and gay;  
she was making a May wreath of wild roses.

I watched her and advanced near to her.

I greeted her and said courteously:

“Fair, beautiful maid,

I make a gift of myself to you.

Let’s do what we should

with ever so great joy;

you have me in faith,

I will never fail you.”

“By the faith which I

owe you, my lord,” she said,

“I will not consent; rather will I love him  
whom I love with a loyal heart.”

Quadruplum:

At the beginning of May

I finished this cheerful quadruplum for,

at this time of the year,

lovers are gallant and joyful.

But I found myself distressed in love,

I never found solace;

yet never on account of this

I shall leave off loving,

for I met the one from whom  
comes my pain.

If she does not have mercy on me,  
I will never again have a joyful heart!  
Thus I entreat her and greet her  
with this new song:  
“If I please her as a sweetheart,  
Let me have some comfort close to her.”

### **Ce fut en mai**

It was in May, the sweet bright days

When the season is lovely;

At dawn I rose to go and play

Beside a little fountain.

Inside a garden hedged with wild rose,

I heard a fiddle playing,

saw dancing there a chevalier

and with him was a maiden.

Of aspect fine and well-pleasing,

They danced right gracefully.

With embracing and with kissing,

They pleased each other truly.

Straying there far down the path

The two then walked away;

Among the flowers the game of love

To their great pleasure played.

So on I went all full of dread

Lest either one should see me;

Brooding and sad, full of desire

To have such joy in loving.

Then up arose one of the pair

And spoke from far away,

He called and asked who I might be

And what I came there seeking.

I moved their way, and sadly told

How I did love a lady

Obeying whom, and not untrue,

My whole life through I’d be;

For whom I felt more grief and pain

Than I could e’er reveal.

Alas! I’d die, full well knew I,

Unless she would restore me.

Full courteously and thoughtfully

Each one did reassure me,

And said they hoped that swiftly God

Such happiness might send me

For which I’ll wait with sorrow great!

And so I rendered to them

My thanks in full and crying still

to God them I commended.