



Saturday 25 October, 1pm  
St Nicholas Church

## CONTRE LA DOUCE SAISON

### Per Sonat

**Sabine Lutzenberger** *voice*

**Matthieu Romanens** *voice*

**Baptiste Romain** *vielle, bagpipes*

**Vincent Kibildis** *medieval harp*

Reworking of a song by **Gontier de Soignies** Estampie  
13th century

**Jacques de Cysoing** late 13th century

Quant l'aubespine florist

**Richard the Lionheart** 1157–1199

Ja nus hons pris

**Jehan de Lescurel** c.1300

Gracieusette

**Thibaut de Champagne** 1201–1253

Li doux penser

**Gace Brulé** c.1160–1213

Les oisillons des mon pais

**Anonymous** late 13<sup>th</sup> century

La tierche estampie royal

**Adam de la Halle** 1245/50–1285/88

Diex, comment porroie

Je muir d'amourete

Bonne amourete

Fines amouretes ai, Dieus



Supported using public funding by  
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**Brighton Early Music Festival gratefully acknowledges financial support from our  
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Reworking of a song by **Rostanh Berenguier** Nota la dousa paria  
c.1300

|                                              |                                            |
|----------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------|
| <b>Brunel de Tours</b> 13th century          | Ha quanz sospirs me viennent nuit et jor   |
| <b>Anonymous</b> late 13th century           | [First fragment from the Manuscrit du Roi] |
| <b>Conon de Béthune</b> c. 1140–c.1220       | Ahi! amors                                 |
| <b>Albrecht von Johansdorf</b> c.1180–c.1209 | Mich mac der tot                           |
| <b>Blondel de Nesle</b> c.1155–c.1210        | L'amours dont sui espris                   |

## The music

"When the hawthorn blossoms in the sweet season, good Cupid teaches me that every tender heart rightfully rejoices at this time, but the one he locks up, oppresses, and holds fast in his prison, wishes for nothing but death; ..."

Many of the trouvères' songs begin with an idyllic scene depicting the awakening of nature. Influenced by the courtly love ideal of the Occitan troubadours, the poets of northern France developed their own lyrical and musical style in the 13th century. An archetypal example of the subtle art of courtly song is "Quand l'aubespine" by the Flemish trouvère Jacques de Cysoing: It is spring, and a man struck by Cupid's arrow devotes himself to the service of a lady beyond his reach. But alongside the exhilarating joy of love, its dark side also reveals itself: the lover laments the indifference of his mistress, who steals his heart and mind. Besides love songs by Gace Brulé, 'Conon de Béthune' and 'Blondel de Nesle', there is an autobiographical song by the English King Richard the Lionheart, composed while he was taken prisoner on his return journey from the Third Crusade.

A striking contrast to the monophonic song art are the three-part rondeaux by Adam de la Halle, a representative of the third generation of the trouvères, who worked at the court of Count Robert II of Artois in Naples. A special exception to the programme is the song 'Mich mac der tot' (Mich mag der Tod) by the German minstrel Albrecht von Johansdorf. Since the melody of this text is missing, we will use the melody of Conon de Béthune's song 'Ahi! Amors.' Dances and instrumental music from the 13th century round off the programme.

## The performers

Founded in 2008 by Augsburg native Sabine Lutzenberger, ensemble **Per Sonat** is dedicated with passion and scholarly diligence to the research, cultivation and lively performance of medieval music. The ensemble's renowned and international members strive not only for the greatest possible authenticity but also for an artistically vibrant, innovative and exciting performance practice. The cultural and musical heritage of the Swabian region and the city of Augsburg is of particular importance to the ensemble.

**personat.de**

## The texts

### Quant l'aubespine florist

contre la douce seson,  
bone Amour m'ensaingne et dit  
que lors par droite reson  
chascuns fins cuers s'esjoïst,  
mes cil qui en sa prison  
prent et destraint et sesist  
ne querroit se par mort non;  
nus eschaper en poïst.  
Si m'en esmerveilleroie,  
comment porroit doner joie  
ne de chanter acheson.

Ne set pas qu'en Amors gist  
cil qui n'en a fors le non;  
mes cil qui por li languist  
et vit de merci sanz don  
ne crerroit, de li poïst  
riens venir se dolor non.  
Deus, tant doucement me prist,  
quant par mon fol abandon  
l'estencele au cuer me mist,  
si qu'eschaper n'en porroie;  
si me destraint et mestroie  
l'atente du guerredon.

L'en devroit Amors nonmer  
pensee de cuer joli.  
En li n'a riens fors penser  
adés attendre merci.  
Et qui porroit esprouver  
Les biens qui viennent de li,  
vers li ne se puet tenser;  
tant l'a doucement sesi  
qu'il li couvient endurer  
au main et a la vespree  
joie de duel destempree;  
c'est li dons au fin ami.

Mult feroit bien a lœer  
cele amor que je vos di,  
s'ele savoit esprouver  
le loial cuer du failli  
et vousist joie doner  
a ceus qui bien l'ont servi  
et ceus de dolor conbler

When the hawthorn blooms  
in the fine season,  
good Cupid teaches me, saying  
that every fine heart  
rightly rejoices at this time,  
but he whom he locks up in his prison,  
oppresses, and holds fast,  
wants nothing but death;  
no one can escape it.  
Therefore, I would be surprised  
if he granted joy  
and opportunity to sing.

He who knows only the name of love,  
knows not what it means;  
but he who suffers for it, depends on  
[the Lady's] grace, and lives without reward,  
would believe that nothing but pain  
could be expected from it.  
God, so sweetly did she seize me  
when, in my mad devotion,  
she plunged the spark of love into my heart,  
that I cannot escape her;  
so holds and controls me  
the waiting for reward.

The thoughts of the noble heart  
should be devoted to love.  
From it comes nothing but the desire  
to soon find grace.  
And whoever can feel  
the goodness that comes from it  
cannot defend himself against it;  
so tenderly has it gripped him  
that from morning to night  
he must endure the pleasure  
of fierce duel:  
that is the gift to the courtly lover.

The love I speak of would be highly praised  
if it could feel the faithful heart  
of the afflicted,  
and wish to bestow joy upon those  
who have served it well,  
and, on the other hand,  
fill with pain those

qui son sens ont maubailli  
en mesdire et en guiler.  
Lors seroit a droit l'öee  
et servie et honoree  
en espoir d'avoir merci.

Un poi veuil Amors blasmer,  
car je ai souvent choisi  
ceus grant joie recouvrer  
qui fesoient gas de li  
et ceus de dolor plorer  
qui estoient fin ami.  
Pour ce ne m'i puis fier;  
neporquant je m'umili  
a li servir sanz fauser.  
Car iteus est ma pensee  
que cil qui l'ont honoree  
n'ont pas a joie failli.

**Ja nuns hons pris** ne dira sa raison,  
adroitement, se dolentement non,  
mais par effort puet il faire chançon.  
Mout ai amis, mais povre sont li don;  
honte y auront se, por ma reançon,  
sui ça deus yvers pris.

Ce se vent bien mi home et mi baron,  
ynglois, normant, poitevin et gascon,  
que je n'ai nul si povre compaignon  
que je lessaisse, por avoir, en prison.  
Je nou di mie por nulle retraçon  
car encor sui je pris.

Or sai je bien de voir certainement  
que mors ne pris n'a ami ne parent,  
  
quant on me faut por or ne por argent.  
Mout m'est de moi mes plus m'est de ma gent,  
qu'apres lor mort auront reprochement,  
se longuement sui pris.

Ce se vent bien angevin et torain,  
cil bacheler qui or sont riche et sain,  
  
qu'encombrent sui loing d'aus en autrui main.

who have distorted its mind  
with slander and deceit.  
If this were so, one could rightly praise,  
honour, and serve it  
in the hope of gaining compassion.

I will rebuke Cupid a little,  
for I have often observed  
that those who mistreat him  
experience great joy,  
while those who behave according to courtly  
love must weep painfully.  
Therefore, I cannot trust him;  
yet I serve him humbly  
without fault or reproach.  
For I think  
that those who honour him  
do not lack joy.

Translation: Nicoletta Gossen

A prisoner may never speak of his state  
rightly, unless with sorrow,  
but he can, with effort, compose a song.  
I have many friends, but poor are their gifts;  
they will have stained their honour, if for  
ransom's sake I remain here captive for two  
winters.

My men and barons know full well –  
English, Normans, men of Poitou and Gascony –  
that I'd never deem any comrade so base  
as to leave him imprisoned for mere gold.  
I say it not to reproach,  
yet still, I am a prisoner.

Now I know fully and for certain:  
a dead man or a captive has neither friend  
nor kin,  
for I am forsaken for gold and for silver.  
Much I fear for myself, but more for my people,  
who will bear disgrace after my death  
if long I remain a prisoner.

The Angevins and men of Touraine know well,  
those young men who are now wealthy and in  
good health,  
that I am imprisoned far from them, in the  
hands of others.

Forment m'aidassent, mais il ne voient grain!

De belles armes sont ores vuit li plain,  
por ce que je sui pris.

Mes compaignons, que j'amoie et que j'ain,  
ces de Chaeu et ces de Percherain,  
di lor, Chançon, q'il ne sont pas certain,  
c'onques vers aus ne oi faus cuer ne vain;

s'il me guerroient il feront que vilain,  
tant com je serai pris.

Contesse suer, vostre pris souverain  
vos saut et gart cil a cui je me clain  
et por cui je sui pris.

Je nel di mie a cele de Chartain,  
la mere Loeys.

**Li douz penser** et li douz souvenir  
m'i font mon cuer esprendre de chanter,  
et fine Amor, qui no m'i let durer,  
qui fet les siens en joie maintenir  
et met es cuers la douce remembrance.  
Pour c'est Amors de trop haute poissance,  
qui en esmai fet honme resjoïr  
ne pour doloir nel let de li partir.

Sens et honor ne puet nus maintenir,  
s'il n'a en soi senti les maus d'amer,  
n'a grant valor ne puet pour riens monter,  
n'onques oncor nel vit misavenir;  
pour ce vous pri, d'Amors droite senblance,  
c'on ne s'en doit partir pour esmaiance,  
ne ja de moi nou verroiz avenir,  
que touz parfez vueil en amors morir.

Dame, se je vos osasse prier,  
mult me seroit, ce cuit, bien avenu,  
mès il n'a pas en moi tant de vertu  
que devant vous vous os bien aresnier;  
ice me font et m'ocit et m'esmaie.  
Vostre biauté fet a mon cuer tel plaie  
que de mes euz seul ne me puis aidier  
dou regarder dont je ai desirrier.

They should have come boldly to my aid,  
but they notice nothing!

The beautiful plains are now empty of fine  
weapons, for I am a prisoner.

To my companions, whom I loved and love still,  
those of Cayeux and of Perche,  
Song, tell them – since they dwell in doubt –  
that never did I have a fickle or false heart  
toward them.

They would act basely to wage war against me  
while I am a prisoner.

Sister countess, may your sovereign worth  
preserve and protect the one to whom I speak,  
and for whom I am a prisoner.

I do not speak of the one from Chartres,  
the mother of Louis.

Translation: Matthieu Romanens

Sweet thoughts and tender memories  
make my heart burst into song,  
and True Love, who grants no rest,  
lets her own dwell in joyful bliss  
and sets sweet memory in the heart.  
Since Love holds such a mighty power,  
that it can gladden even the dazed,  
yet through all torment, it never lets one flee.

Neither sense nor honour can shield a soul  
if it has not felt love's suffering within,  
and one without great worth may never rise –  
such a thing has never yet been seen.  
So I beg you, fair image of Love,  
let not fear compel retreat;  
you shall never see me act so –  
for I long to die as a perfect lover.

Lady, if I dared to make a plea,  
it would, I believe, be fitting and right,  
but I lack the strength, the noble worth,  
to stand before you and confess my heart;  
it melts me, kills me, and fills me with dread.  
Your beauty wounds my heart so deep  
that I cannot help myself with mere glances,  
for I yearn to see you truly.

Ses granz biautez, dont nus hons n'a pouoir  
q'il en deïst la cinqantisme part,  
li dit plesant, li amoraus regart  
m'i font souvent resjoïr et doloir.  
Joie en atent, que mes cuers a ce bee,  
et la poors rest dedenz moi entree.  
Ensi m'estuet morir par estouvoir  
en grant esmai, en joie et en voloir.

Dame, de qui est ma granz desirree,  
saluz vos mant d'outre la mer salee,  
conme a celi ou je pens main et soir;  
n'autres pensers ne me fet joie avoir.

### **Les oisillons de mon païs**

ai oïz en Bretagne;  
a lor chant m'est il bien a vis  
qu'en la douce Champaigne  
les oï jadis,  
se n'i ai mespris.  
Il m'ont en si dous penser mis  
qu'a chançon faire me sui pris  
tant que je parataigne  
ce qu'Amours m'a lonc tens promis.

De longue atente m'esbahis  
sanz ce que je m'en plaigne;  
ce me tout le gieu et le ris;  
nus cui amours destraigne  
N'est d'el ententis.  
Mon cors et mon vis  
truis si mainte foiz entrepris  
qu'un fol semblant i ai apris.  
Ki qu'en amor mespraigue,  
ainc, certes, plus ne li mesfis.

En besant mon cuer me ravi  
ma douce dame gente;  
trop fu fous quant il me guerpi  
pour li qui me tormente!  
Las! ains nel senti,  
quant de moi parti;  
tant doucement le me toli  
qu'en sospirant le trest a li;  
mon fol cuer atalente,  
mais ja n'avra de moi merci.

Your great beauty – no man alive  
could name even its fiftieth part –  
your gracious words, your loving gaze  
both delight and torment me in turn.  
I long for joy, my heart aspires,  
yet fear still dwells in me.  
I must die, by sheer necessity,  
of overwhelming fear, of joy, and of desire.

Lady, the object of my deep longing,  
I send you greetings from across the sea,  
to you alone, whom I think of day and night;  
no other thought can bring me joy.

Translation: Matthieu Romanens

The birds from my native land  
I have heard here in Brittany.  
At the sound of their song, it seems to me  
that in fair Champagne  
I heard them long ago,  
if I am not mistaken.  
They have put me into such a gentle mood  
that I have begun to sing  
till I at last secure  
what love has long promised me.

I languish in long expectation  
without much complaining;  
it takes away my cheer and smile;  
for one tormented by love  
is mindful of nothing else.  
My body and my face  
I often find in such a sorry state  
that I take on the look of a madman.  
Other, perhaps, may misbehave toward love,  
but I am one who has never transgressed.

With a kiss, she stole my heart away,  
my fair gentle lady;  
my heart was mad to abandon me  
for her who torments me.  
Alas! I hardly felt it  
when it left me;  
she took it from me so gently,  
drawing it away with a sigh;  
she has inspired my mad heart with love,  
but she will never have mercy on me.

D'un beser dont me membre si,  
m'est avis, en m'entente,  
qu'il n'est hore, ce m'a traï,  
qu'a mes levres nel sente.  
Quant elle souffri  
ce que je la vi,  
de ma mort que ne me gari!  
Elle set bien que je m'oci  
en ceste longe atente,  
dont j'ai le vis taint et pali.

Puis que me tout rire et juer  
et fet morir d'envie,  
trop souvent me fet comparer  
Amours sa compeignie.  
Las! n'i os aler,  
car pour fol sembler  
me font cil faus proiant d'amer.  
Morz sui quant jes i voi parler;  
que point de trecherie  
ne puet nus d'eus en li trouver.

**Diex! comment porroie**

sans cheli durer  
qui me tient en joie?  
Elle est simple et coie,  
Diex! comment porroie?  
Ne m'en partiroie  
pour les iex crever,  
se m'amour n'avoie.  
Diex! comment porroie  
sans cheli durer  
qui me tient en joie?

**Je muir, je muir d'amourete,**

las! aimi!  
par defaute d'amiete,  
de merchi.  
A premiers le vi douchete;  
je muir, je muir d'amourete,  
d'une atraiant manierete  
adont le vi,  
et puis le truis si fierete  
quant li pri.

So well do I remember the kiss  
I gave that in my mind  
there is no moment – and this betrays me –  
when I do not feel it on my lips.  
When she permitted me  
to see her,  
why did she not save me from my death!  
For she well knows that I am dying  
of this long delay  
which leaves me with a pale and ashen face.

Since it takes away my cheer and laughter  
and makes me die of longing,  
Love often makes me  
pay dearly for her company.  
Alas, I dare not go to her,  
for, with my look of a madman  
those false suitors can prevail over me.  
I die when I see them speak to her,  
for no guile  
can any of them find in her.

Translation: Matthieu Romanens

God! How could I  
live without her,  
she who is my joy?  
She is pure and discreet.  
God! How could I?  
I would never leave her,  
even if they gouged out my eyes,  
even without her love.  
God! How could I  
live without her,  
she who is my joy?

Translation: Matthieu Romanens

I die, I die of love's delight,  
alas! poor me!  
For lack of a Lady  
and of mercy.  
At first I saw her gentle;  
I die, I die of love's delight,  
then I saw her  
in a most bewitching way,  
and then I found her so cruel  
when I begged her.

Je muir, je muir d'amourete,  
las! aimi!  
par defaute d'amiete  
De merchi.

**Bonne amourete**  
me tient gai;  
ma compaignete,  
bonne amourete,  
ma cançonnete  
vous dirai:  
bonne amourete  
me tient gai.

**Fines amouretes ai, Dieus!**  
Si ne sai quant les verrai.

Or manderai m'amiete,  
qui est cointe et jolie  
et s'est si saverousete  
c'asténir ne m'en porrai.

Fines amouretes ai, Dieus!  
Si ne sai quant les verrai.

Et s'ele est de moi enchainete,  
tost devenra paile et tainte;  
s'il en est esclandele et plainte,  
deshonneree l'arai.

Fines amouretes ai, Dieus!  
Si ne sai quant les verrai.

Miex vaut que je m'en astiengne  
et pour li joli me tiengne  
et que de li me souviengne,  
car s'onnour li garderai.

Fines amouretes ai, Dieus!  
Si ne sai quant les verrai.

I die, I die of love's delight,  
alas! poor me!  
For lack of a Lady  
and of mercy.

Translation: Matthieu Romanens

Playful little love  
keeps me joyful,  
little companion,  
playful little love!  
My little song,  
hear it:  
playful little love  
keeps me joyful.

Translation: Matthieu Romanens

The pretty love affairs I have, God!  
I don't know when I'll see them.

I'll invite my little friend,  
the graceful mignonne,  
she has so much flavour,  
how can I stop myself?

The pretty love affairs I have, God!  
I don't know when I'll see them.

But if I make her pregnant,  
she will be pale and livid:  
let there be scandal and complaint,  
she will be dishonoured.

The pretty love affairs I have, God!  
I don't know when I'll see them.

So it's better to prevent it,  
for her, in a good mood,  
and think of her first:  
I'll keep her honour.

The pretty love affairs I have, God!  
I don't know when I'll see them.

Translation: Matthieu Romanens



**Ha, quanz sospirs me viennent nuit et jor,**

qui m'aportent saluz et amistiez  
d'un biau desir qui vient de ma folor  
tout pour cele dont ne sui mie osez  
dire que je füsse de li amez!  
Car tant i a de sens et de valor,  
si puisse je estre fis de s'amor.  
Que je ne sai dame de tel bonté,  
que d'autre riens ne sai dire verté.

Et si m'est vis que touz bons trouveors  
dient de li es chanz qu'il ont chantez,  
que ses cuers a de bien la resplendor  
et ses cors est de pris enluminez.  
Et je, qui sui en sa prison getez,  
melz la doi je löer que li plusor;  
car je atent en bone seürtez,  
ce dont je muir, s'en serai respassez,  
s'un tout seul cuer me aide et pitiez.

He las, je sent tel paine et tel dolor,  
dont je doi estre escharniz et gabez,  
et bien me puet torner a deshenor,  
quant j'aim cele dont je suis refusez;  
car trop ai fet que fous desmesurez,  
quant j'ai pensé a si haute richor  
comme a son cors le bel et de gent tor.  
Mes qu'en puis je, se j'ai mes euz tornez,  
la ou mes cuers est doucement entrez.

Dame au regart simplet de grant douçor,  
et as soupirs dolenz et desirrez  
et as lermes qui viennent de l'ardor,  
dont mes cuers est sanz estaindre enbrasez,  
puet on savoir, se dire le volez,  
c'on i conoist le loial ameor:  
s'aiez de moi merci par vo valor!  
Car des granz maus que vous doné m'avez  
Couvient que vos soiez joie et santez.

Douce dame, pour Dieu le criator,  
nul plet ne doi estre longues menez  
ne diz ne puet estre longues celez,  
que trois sevent, ce dient li plusor.  
Pour ce vous pri que sanz nule clamor  
Que noz dui cuer soient un seul pensé:  
Sanz emparlier s'an vaudra melz l'amor.

Ah, how sighs come to me day and night,  
bringing me salvation and friendship,  
and springing from a beautiful desire born of  
my folly! And all this for the sake of her of whom  
I never dared to say she loved me.  
For she possesses so much spirit and worth  
that I can be assured of her love.  
Nor do I know a lady of such goodness  
of whom I could speak the truth.

And I am of the opinion that all the good  
trouvères who have sung a song of her  
made their hearts shine with goodness  
and their bodies illuminated with dignity.  
And I, who am cast into her prison,  
should praise her even better than the others;  
because I expect with certainty  
that from which I would die if neither pity nor  
help came to me from this one heart.

Alas, I feel such pain and anguish,  
which weakens and mocks me,  
and indeed disgraces me,  
because I love the one who refuses me.  
For I have done more than a boundless fool,  
when I thought of such great riches,  
like her body, which is beautiful and graceful.  
But what can I do if my eyes turn to where my  
heart, full of sweetness, has entered?

Lady of symmetrical countenance and great  
sweetness, of painful and true sighs,  
of burning tears, with which my heart is  
inextinguishably inflamed,  
can one know, if you will tell me,  
how to recognise true love?  
Have pity for my sake, because of your worth!  
For through the great pain you have caused  
me, joy and health come to you.

Sweet Lady, by God the Creator,  
no wound should be endured long  
and no thought can remain hidden long  
if three people know about it – that's what  
many say. Therefore, I ask you that our two  
hearts may become one without fuss: Love  
becomes more precious without accomplices.

Translation: Baptiste Romain and Marc Lewon

### **Ahī! Amors, com dure departie**

me convenra faire de la millor  
ki onques fust amee ne servie!  
Diex me ramaint a li par sa douçour,  
si voirement ke m'en part a dolor.  
Las! k'ai je dit? Ja ne m'en part je mie!  
Se li cors va servir Nostre Signor,  
li cuers remaint del tot en sa baillie.

Por li m'en vois sospirant en Surie,  
car je ne doi faillir mon Creator;  
ki li faura a cest besoig d'aïe,  
saiciés ke il li faura a grignor;  
et saicent bien li grant et li menor  
ke la doit on faire chevalerie  
ou on conquiert Paradis et honor  
et pris et los et l'amor de s'amie.

Diex! tant avons esté prex par huiseuse,  
or i parra ki a certes iert prex;  
s'irons vengier la honte dolereuse  
dont chascuns doit estre iriés et hontex;  
car a no tans est perdus li sains lieus  
ou Diex soffri por nos mort angoisseuse;  
s'or i laissons nos anemis mortex,  
a tos jors mais iert no vie honteuse.

### **Mich mac der tot von ir minnen wol scheiden**

anders nieman das han ich gesworn  
Ern ist min vriut niht, der mir si will leiden  
wand ich zeiner vöide si han erkorn  
Swenne ich von schulden erarne ir zorn  
so bin ich vervluochet vor gote als ein heiden  
Si ist wol gemuot und ist vil wol geborn  
Heiliger got, wis genaedic uns beiden.

Do diu wolgetane gesach an min kleide  
daz cruce, do sprach diu guote, e ich gie,  
„Wie wiltu nu geleisten diu beide,  
varn über mer und iedoch wesen hie  
si sprach wie ich wolde gebarn umbe sie...  
e was mir we do geschach mir nie so leide.

Ah, Love, how hard it will be  
for me to part from the best lady  
who was ever loved and served!  
May God in his sweetness bring me back to her,  
as truly as I leave her in sorrow.  
Alas! What have I said? I am not leaving her at  
all! If my body goes off to serve our Lord,  
my heart remains entirely in her service.

Sighing for her I set out for Syria,  
since I must not fail my Creator.  
If anyone should fail Him in this hour of need,  
be aware that He will fail him in a greater;  
and may great and small know well  
that a man ought to perform knightly feats in  
the place where one wins paradise and honour,  
reputation, and praise, and the love of one's  
beloved.

Oh God! we have been so long valiant in  
idleness; now it will be clear who really will be  
valiant, if we go off to avenge the painful  
humiliation at which each one of us should feel  
sorrow and shame; for in our times the holy  
place where God suffered agonising death on  
our account has been lost; If we now leave our  
mortal enemies there, our life will be evermore  
stained with infamy.

Translation: Matthieu Romanens

Death can separate me from my love for her.  
No one else, I have sworn.  
He who would spoil her for me is not my friend,  
for I have chosen her as my joy.  
If I ever deserve her anger through guilt,  
then I am cursed before God like a heathen.  
She is right-minded and of noble birth.  
Holy God, be gracious to us both!

When the beautiful one saw the cross on my  
dress, the good one said before I left:  
"How will you manage both now?  
To sail across the sea and yet stay here?"  
She asked how I would deal with her...  
Before that, I was pained, but never before  
had I felt so sorrowful.

Nu min berzevrouwe, nu entrure niht sere  
dich will ich iemer zeim liebe haben.  
Wir suln varn dur des richen gotes ere  
gerne ze helfe dem heiligen grabe  
Swer da betruchet, der mac wol besnaben  
dane mac niemen gevallen ze sere  
daz mein ich so, daz den selen behabe  
so si mit schalle ze mimele keren,

**L'amours dont sui espris,**

Me semont de chanter,  
si chant com hom soupriis,  
Qui ne puet amender.  
Petit i ai conquis,  
Mais bien me puis vanter:  
Se li plaist, j'ai apris  
Loiaument a amer.  
A ce sunt mi penser  
Et seront a touz dis;  
Ja nes en quier oster.

Ramembrance del vis  
Fres et vermeill et cler  
A mon cuer en tel mis,  
que ne m'en puis tourer;  
et se j'ai les mauz quis,  
jes doi bin endurer.  
Or ai je trop mespris!  
Ainz les doi mieux amer  
Comment que jes comper,  
N'i a rienz, ce m'est vis,  
fors de merci crier.

Dieus! Pour coi m'ocirroit,  
quant ainc ne li menti,  
se ja joianz en soit  
li cuers, dont je la pri?  
Je l'aim tant et convoit,  
que je cuit biende li,  
que chascuns, qui la voit,  
la doie amer ausi.  
Qu'est ce, Dieus, que je di!  
Ce estre ne porroit;  
Nus ne l'ameroit si.

Mistress of my heart, do not grieve greatly now;  
I will love you forever.  
For the glory of the mighty God, we should  
willingly hasten to the aid of the Holy Sepulchre.  
Whoever stumbles there may stumble happily;  
there no one can fall to misfortune.  
I mean this to mean that it makes souls happy  
when they ascend to heaven with jubilation.

The love that has gripped me  
encourages me to sing.  
So I sing like one who has been ambushed  
who can do nothing against it.  
I have gained little by it,  
but I can boast:  
If it pleases her, I have learned  
to love rightly.  
My thoughts cling to it  
And will cling to it all days:  
I will take no one away from it.

The memory of the face,  
fresh and red and bright,  
holds my heart so captivated  
that I cannot turn away from it.  
And if I have sought the evils,  
I must endure them too.  
Now I still have too much contempt for her,  
now I must love her more.  
However I seek to acquire her,  
there is one way, it seems to me,  
besides begging for mercy.

God! Why should I be angry  
if I have never lied to her;  
If that already makes the heart happy,  
the one I'm asking her for?  
I love and desire her so,  
and think well of her,  
and everyone who sees her  
must love her likewise.  
God, what am I saying?  
That can't be:  
No one would ever love her like that!

Lons travaus sanz exploit  
M'eüst mort et trahi,  
Maiz mes cuers atendoit,  
Ce, pour qu'il a servi.  
Se pour li l'ai destroit,  
De bon gre l'en merci.  
Je sai bien qu'ele a droit,  
C'ainc si bele ne vi.  
Entre mon cuer et li  
L'avons fait si adroit,  
C'ainc de rienz n'en failli.

Se pitiez ne l'en prent,  
Je sai qu'a estovoir  
M'ocirra finement;  
Ce doi je bien voloir.  
Amé ai loiaument,  
Ce m'i doit bien valor,  
S'eürs de grever gent  
N'eüst si grant pooir.  
Des granz mauz m'a fait oir,  
dont Tristans souffri tant:  
D'amer sanz decevoir.

Long, fruitless efforts  
Would have killed and betrayed me,  
but my heart awaited  
what it had served.  
If I have cornered it for this,  
I thank her with all my heart.  
I know she's right, that I've never seen  
anyone more beautiful before.  
Between my heart and her,  
we have arranged it so skilfully,  
that I've never missed anything.

If she doesn't feel pity,  
I know that inevitably  
she will kill me gently.  
I must be kind to that.  
I have loved rightly.  
That must be of great benefit to me.  
I would have to perish in a noble manner  
if she hadn't wielded such great power.  
She has made me the heir of the great evil  
from which Tristan suffered so much:  
loving without betraying.

## CHRISTMAS A CAPPELLA: FROM MEDIEVAL TO MODERN

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