

Texts and Translations to "A Rose Of Such Virtue"

NOVO PROFUSI GAUDIO

anon 15th century English

Novo profusi gaudio
Benedicamus Domino

Omnes gentes paudite,
Car notre Saviour est né.
O'er all blessed he be,
Rex alpha et O.

A solis ortus cardine,
Comme le monde est long et lé,
All mankind maketh glee,
Angeli canunt Deo.

Gloria tibi Domine,
Fontaine de grace et de pitié,
Of all thy goodness we thank thee,
Benedicamus Domino.

TANT EST MIGNONNE MA PENSEE

Guillaume Dufay (1400-1474)

Tant est mignonne ma pensee
Et gente plus que ne scay femme
Quil est tout cler que cest la dame
Que de nulle aultre n'est passee.

Ma joye est morte et trespassee
Se brief ne la voy; sur mon ame,

En valeur est tant exaulcee
Que sien, vueille ou non, je me clame,
Et n'ay pas paour que nul m'emblasme,
Car sur toutes est avencee.

*So sweet and gentle are my thoughts...
More than any woman I know
It is clear that this is the lady
Who is surpassed by no other.*

*My joy is violated and dead
if I can not see her soon, on my soul!*

*In valour lies much reward.
Her qualities, whether she wishes or not, I
will proclaim, and have no fear of being
blamed,
Because she is above all others.*

SE MON CUER

Anon ~1420

Se mon cuer, a hault entrepris
N'a pas mespris,
Quant c'est pour loyaulment servir.
Et obeir celle que d'onneur a le pris.

Car elle a dedans son pour pris
Des biens compris,
Plus que nulle qu'on peut veir.

Je n'en doy pas estre repris
Se je suis pris,
C'est prison pour moy enrichir.
Ou pour souffrir
Deul et courrous comme soupris.

POUR PRISON

Gilles Binchois (1400-1460)

Pour prison ne pour maladie
Ne pour chose qu'on me die
Ne vous peut mon cuer oublier
Et sy ne peult ailleurs penser
Tant ay de vous veoir en vie

M'amour, ma princesse et amie
Vous seule me tenes en vie
Et ne peult mon desir cesser

Ne doubttes ja que vous oblie
Qu'onques nulle tant assouvie
Ne fust qui me peult faire amer
Que vous belle et douce sans per
Don't amours point ne me deslie

*If my heart is taken - it is not mistaken,
When it is for loyal service
And obedience
To her who has honored me in taking my
heart.*

*Because she has within her a prize
Of all treasures comprised,
such as no one has seen.*

*I don't need to be reproached:
If I am taken,
It is a prison for my enrichment,
Or for my suffering;
Grief and distress may take me.*

*Not prison, nor illness,
Nor anything one can tell me
Can make my heart forget you
And I can think of nothing else
So greatly I desire to see you*

*My love, my princess and sweetheart
You alone keep me alive
And my desire can find no end*

*Do not fear that I will forget you
For never was there one so fulfilled (as I)
Who compells me to love...
...but you, lovely and gentle without equal,
in whom love does not lead me astray*

VA T'ENT SOUSPIR

Estienne Grossin (~1420)

Va t'ent, soupir, je t'en supplie,
Vers ma dame hastivement
Et de par moy tres doucement
Fay li savoir ma maladie.

Di lui que je n'ay nulle envie
D'aultre choisir certainement:

Je me souhaide une nutie
Aveuc elle tan seulement,
Sy me donroit aligement
De tous me maulx, je le t'affye

*Go, sigh, I beg you,
Quickly to my Lady;
And tell her sweetly
Of my malady.*

*Tell her that I certainly have no desire
To choose another.*

*I, myself, wish for a night
With her, totally alone.
It would cure me,
Of all my troubles, I assure you.*

VERGINE BELLA

Guillaume Dufay (1400-1474)

Vergine bella, che di sol vestita,
Coronata di stelle, al sommo sole
Piacesti sí, che 'n te Sua luce ascose,
Amor mi spinge a dir di te parole;
Ma non so 'ncominciar senza tu' aita,
E di Colui ch'amando in te si pose:
Invoco lei che ben sempre rispose,
Chi la chiamò con fede.
Vergine, s'a mercede
Misera estrema de l'umane cose
Già mai ti volse, al mio prego t'inchina;
Soccorri a la mia guerra,
Ben ch'i' sia terra, tu del ciel regina.

*O beautiful virgin, clothed in the sun,
crowned with stars - you who found such
favor with the highest Sun that he hid his
light in you,
Love drives me to speak of you,
But I cannot even begin without your aid,
And the aid of him who established himself
in you.
I call upon her who has always answered
those who named her with faith.
Lady, if extreme misery in human beings
ever turned you to pity,
Bend down to my prayer - help my struggle,
Though I am earth, and you the Queen of
Heaven.*

OF A ROSE SINGE WE

Anon 15th century English

Of a rose singe we,
Mysterium mirabilis

This rose is red of colour bright,
Through whom our joye gan alight
Upon a Christemase night
Claro david germine.

This rose of floweres she is flower
She ne will fade for no shower,
to sinful man she sent succour,
Mira plenitudine.

This rose is so fair of hue,
In maid Mary that is so true,
Yborne was lord of virtue,
Salvator sine crimine

SOYES LOYAL

Anon from Oxford Can. Misc. 213 (~1420)

Soyes loyal a vo povoir,
Confort arez de doulx espoir bien brief,
Mon amy gracieux,
En despit des faulx envieus qui
vos ont greve main e soir.

Ne prenes en vous desespoir,
Ne vestes point vo cuer de nour,
Mais pour vous mostrer vertueux:

*Remain loyal as well as you are able.
You will soon receive comfort from Sweet
Hope,
My gracious friend,
to the distress of the false envious ones
who have wounded you day and night.*

*Don't take upon yourself despair,
Never clothe your heart in black.
But to show yourself virtuous...*

Ne descovres point vo vouloir
Affin qu'on ne puist percevoir
Se d'amer estes angoiseux,
Ayn soyes secret et songneux
De servir et pour mieux valoir.

*Never unveil (uncover) your desire
such that one is able to perceive
if you are anquished by love.
Thus, remain secret and attentive
of serving, and for greater worthiness...*

SEULE ESGAREE

Gilles Binchois (1400-1460)

Seule esgaree de tout joyeux plaisir,
Doloeur seree en quoy me fault languir
Toutte afermee de jamais avoir joye
Sui et seray ne pour riens que je voye.
Tant que vivray n'aray que desplaisir.

*Alone, abandoned by all joyous pleasure
Pain is that in which I shall languish
All affirms that I shall never experience joy
I am and shall be for naught that I can see
As long as I live I shall have only
displeasure*

Bien ascurree a tout mal parvenir,
Disconforter sans jamays departir,
Sui demoree quelque par que je soye.

*Well prepared for all bad that may come.
without ever leaving I remain inconsolable
wherever I find myself*

En ma pensee n'aray nul souvenir
De chose nee qui me puist esjoir.
Avoir duree longement ne voldroye,
Sy pri adieu que la mort brief m'envoye
Car jamais mieux ne me puist advenir.

*In my thoughts I have no memory
Of any living thing that I may delight in
I do not wish for a long existence
And so I pray to god that death may take
me away soon since never will I experience
any better...*

LE SOUVENIR DE VOUS ME TUE

Robert Morton (~1430-1476)

Le souvenir de vous me tue
Mon seul bien quant je ne vous voy
Car ie vous jure sur ma foy
Sans vous ma liesse est perdue.

*The memory of you kills me,
My one treasure, when I cannot see you.
Because I swear to you upon my honor,
without you my joy is lost.*

Quant vous estes hors de ma veue
Je me plains et diz a par moy:

*When you are out of my sight,
I lament and cry out to myself*

Seulle demeure, despourveue
D'ame nul confort ne recay;
Et si suffre sans faire effray
Jusques a vostre revenue

*Alone I remain, bereft of soul,
Receiving no comfort
And so I shall suffer in silence
Until your return...*

J'ATENDRAY TANT

Guillaume Dufay

J'atendray tant qu'il vous playra
A vous declarer ma pensee,
Ma tres chiere dame honouree,
Je ne say s'il m'en desplayra.

*I will wait as long as it pleases you,
To declare my thoughts to you,
My sweet, honored lady --
(although) I don't know if it will displease me!*

Mais toutes fois, pour complaire a
Vostre personne desiree

Car j'ay espour, quant a vendra
Qu'a ce vous seres acordee,
Que ma doulour sera cesee,
Je le vous ay dit long temps a.

DUEIL ANGOISSEUX

text, Christine de Pisan
music, Gilles Binchois

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

Fierte, durte de joye separee,
Triste penser, parfонт gemissement.
Angoisse grant en las cuer enserree,
Courroux amer porte couvertement,
Morne maintien sanz resjoissement;
Espoir dolent qui tous biens fait tarir,
Si sont en moy, sanz partir nullement;
Et si ne puis ne garir ne morir.

Soussi, anuy qui tous jours a duree,
Aspre veillier, tressaillir en dormant,
Labour en vain, a chiere alangouree
En grief travail infortuneement,
Et tout le mal, qu'on puet entierement
Dire et penser sanz espoir de garir,
Me tourmentent desmesurement;
Et si ne puis garir ne morir.

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

*But in any case, to comply with
Your desirable self...*

*Because I have hope that the day will come,
That you will be in agreement,
(and) that my sorrow shall cease.
I told you long ago...*

*Anguished grief, rage beyond measure;
Grieving despair full of madness;
Endless languishing and unfortunate life
Full of tears, anguish and torment;
Dolorous heart that lives in darkness -
Ghostly body on the point of parting.
Ay! Without ceasing - continuous -
And thus, I can neither heal nor die.*

*Cruelty! Harshness of joy removed,
Sad thoughts, deep sighs,
Great grief locked in a weakened heart;
Bitter distress carried covertly.
Maintaining mourning without joy.
Lost Hope that banishes all good things
All are in me, never to part;
And thus, I can neither heal nor die.*

*Worry, fretting throughout every day,
Bitter waking, tripping up sleep.
Labor in vain with languid expression
In the travail of unfortunate grief.
All the ills, which one could ever
Speak and think, without hope of healing,
Torment me immeasurably;
And thus I can neither heal nor die.*

*Princes, pray to God, who owes me death
soon,
If he does not wish to offer soccour for the
pain,
In which I harshly languish;
And thus, I can neither heal, nor die.*

SE LA FACE AY PALE

Guillaume Dufay

Se la face ay pale
La cause est amer
C'est la principale
Et tant m'est amer, amer,
Qu'en la mer me voudroye voir
Or, scet bien de voir
La belle a qui suis
Que nul bien avoir,
Sans elle ne puis

Se ay pesante malle
De dueil a porter
Cette amour est male
Pour moy de porter
Car soy deporter
Ne veult devouloir
Fors qu'a son vouloir
Obeisse, et puis
Qu'elle a tel pouvoir,
Sans elle ne puis

C'est la plus reale
Qu'on puist regarder
De s'amour leiale
Ne me puis garder
Fol sui de agarder
Ne faire devoir
D'amours recevoir
Fors d'elle, je cuis;
Se ne veil douloir,
sans elle ne puis

*If the face is pale,
The cause is love.
It's the principle cause,
And much for me is bitter, bitter...
That I would like to see myself in the ocean
Now, it is good to see
The beauty for whom I live,
For without her I can find
Nothing good.*

*If it were bad to carry
A weight of sorrow,
Then this love is bad
For me to carry,
Since I am carried away.
I do not wish to devalue
How strongly I want
To obey her desire...
And since she has such power,
Without her, I cannot...*

*She is the most real
That one can regard:
I cannot guard myself
From her loyal love.
I am mad from it.
Don't make a duty
Of receiving love
So strongly from her
If one does not desire pain.
Without her, I cannot...*

THERE IS NO ROSE OF SUCH VIRTUE

Anon 15th century English

There is no rose of such virtue
As is the rose that bare Jesu:
Alleluya.

For in this rose contained was
Heaven and earth in little space:
Resmiranda.

By that rose we may well see
That he is God in person three:
Pari forma.