

Sung Texts – Fortune Infortune

01 Maria mater gratie

Maria Mater gratie,

Mater misericordiae,
Tu nos ab hoste protege
Et hora mortis suscipe.

Gloria tibi Domine,

Qui natus es de Virgine

Cum Patre et Sancto Spiritu

In sempiterna saecula.

Mary, Mother of grace,

*Mother of mercy,
protect us from the enemy
and receive us in the hour of death.*

Glory to you, Lord,

born from a Virgin,

with the Father and the Holy Spirit

for ever and ever.

03 Plaine de duel

Plaine de duel, et de melancolie,

Voyant mon mal qui tousjour multiplie,

Et qu'en la fin pluz ne le puis porter,

Contrainte suis pour me reconforter

Me rendre a toy le surplus de ma vie.

Je te requiers et humblement supplie,

Pour les douleurs de quoy je suis remplie,
Ne me vouloir jamais abandonner.
Puis qu'a vous suis la reste de ma vie.

*Full of sorrow and melancholy,
seeing that my pain keeps growing
and that soon I cannot bear it anymore,
I'm forced, to find consolation,
to render the rest of my life to you.*

*I plead and humbly beg you,
for the pains that fill me,
never to abandon me,
since I am yours for the rest of my life.*

05 Se je souspire / Ecce iterum

Se je souspire et plaingz,
Disant helas, aymy!
Et par champs et par plains
Je plains mon doux amy.
Sur tous l'avoir eslu,
Mais fiere destinée
Par mort le m'a toulu,
Dolente infortunée.

Mes chantz sont de deuil plains;
Bon jour n'ay ne demy.
Vous qui oyes mes plaints,
Ayez pitié de my.

Cantus firmus

Ecce iterum novus dolor accredit. Nec satis erat infortunatissime Cesaris filie conjugens amisisse dilectissimum, nisi etiam fratrem unicum mors acerba surriperet. Doleo super te, frater mi Phillippe, rex optime, nec est qui me consoletur.

O vos omnes qui transitis per viam, attendite et videte si est dolor sicut dolor meus.

I sigh and lament

saying 'Alas, aymy!'

In fields and plains

I grieve for my sweet friend.

He was chosen above all,

but proud fate

has taken him from me by death.

Sad, unfortunate me.

My songs are full of sorrow,

I do not know a good day.

You who hear my laments,

have pity on me.

Cantus firmus

Behold, a new sorrow comes. It was not enough for the most unfortunate daughter of the Emperor to lose her dearest husband. Now bitter death must also steal her only brother. I mourn thee, my brother Philip, greatest King. There is no one who may console me.

All you who pass by, behold and see if there is sorrow like my sorrow.

08 Je ne dis mot

Je ne dis mot, il convient que j'endure,

Et endurant espoir veura mon coeur.

Haye je suis, hélas, et mon honneur

A toute place a ma povre avonture.

*I don't say a word, I must endure,
and in enduring my heart will find hope.*

*I am trapped, alas, and my honour
is at stake in my poor adventure.*

12 Changier ne veulx

Changier ne veulx, c'est mon plaisir,
Nul aultre ne me peult tant plaire.
A tousjours je luy veulx complaire,
Quoy qu'en soit, car c'est mon desir.

En prende qui veult desplaisir,
Je diz, ne vous veuille desplaire.

Changier ne veulx...

Et quoy qu'il me puist advenir,
Laissiez parler, murmurer, taire;
Jamais aultrement n'en veulx faire,
Mais a tousjours ce mot tenir:

Changier ne veulx...

*I do not want to change, this is my delight
and nothing else can please me as much.*

*I always want to please him,
no matter what, since this is my desire.*

To those who want to upset me

I say: I do not wish to upset you.

I do not want to change...

Whatever may happen to me

I let them speak and whisper while I remain silent.

I never want to do otherwise

but always hold to my words:

I do not want to change...

13 Ne vous chaille, mon coeur

Ne vous chaille, mon coeur,

Se vous avez du mal beaucoup,

Et si tousjours de vos plaisirs

N'avez l'entiere joyssance,

Car, si Dieu plaist, vous aurez allegance,

Du mal par qui si souvent vous revez.

Do not bother, my heart,

if you are suffering,

and if you do not always have

the full enjoyment of your pleasures.

For, if it pleases God, you will find relief

from the pain which you so often suffer.

15 Va t'ens regret

Va t'ens, regret, celui qui me convoie,

Va t'ens, apert, que plus je ne te voye,

Car de vous veoir, certes, j'ay tres grant peur.

Souspechonnant que tu n'est que malheur,

Car ou tu est ne peult estre ma joye.

Se plus ne suys, il faudra que y pourvoye,
A la parfin batu seras, trompeur,
Et si diray a toutte heure ou que soye,
Va t'ens, regret...

Quant m'en souvyent, force est que je le voye
Souvent requiers que a moy parler je l'oye
Celle qui a le voloir de mon cueur.
Riens ne s'en fait dont ay fort douleur
Que me contraint soyez se hault quoy l'oye.
Va t'ens, regret...

*Go away, sorrow that escorts me,
go away quickly so that I see you no more,
because when I do I am really afraid,
suspecting that you only bring misfortune
and that I cannot find joy anywhere you are.*

*If I lose my joy I will have to fight you
and in the end, you will be defeated, impostor,
and I will keep saying, wherever I am:
Disappear, you regret, ...*

*When I think of her, I yearn to see her.
Often I long to hear her speaking to me -
she, who has my heart's desire.
But it is all in vain, and this hurts me so much
that I am compelled to say loudly, for everyone to hear:
Disappear, you regret, ...*

19 Dueil et ennuy

Dueil et ennuy me persecutent tant
Que mon esprit à comporter s'estent
Tous les regretz que l'on scaroit penser
Et n'est vivant qui en sceut dispenser
Car en mon cas personne riens n'entend.

*Pain and sorrow chase me so hard
that my soul has to cope with
every imaginable distress.
And there is no one in the world who can help me out,
because no one can understand.*

21 Cueurs desolez / Dies illa

Cueurs desolez par toutes nations,
Deul assemblez et lamentations,
Plus ne querez l'armonieuse lyre.
De Orpheus pour vostre joye eslyre,
Ains vous plongez en desolations.

Venez a moy par mille legions
Infondez moy douleurs par millions
Le noble et bon dont on ne peult mal dire
Le soustenal de tous sans contredire
Est mort, helas quelz maledictions!

Cantus firmus

Dies illa, dies ire,

calamitatis et miserie,
dies magna et amara valde.

*Desolate hearts from all countries,
collect your mourning and your lamentations.
Seek no more the melodious lyre
of Orpheus to express your joy,
but plunge into sorrow.*

*Come to me with a thousand legions,
bestrew my sorrows by millions.
The noble and virtuous one, irreproachable,
the tower of strength for everyone beyond reproach,
is dead, alas, what a curse!*

Cantus firmus

*That day, day of wrath,
calamity and misery,
day of the greatest bitterness.*

22 Petite camusette

Petite camusette, a la mort m'avez mis.
Robin et Marion, s'en vont au bois joly.
Ilz s'en vont bras a bras, ilz se sont endormis.

Petite camusette, à la mort m'avez mis.

*Little minx, you will be the death of me.
Robin and Marion went off to the pretty woods.
They went off arm in arm, they fell asleep.
Little minx, you will be the death of me.*