

SCHOLA PASTORIS

early music ensemble

Honey Meconi, director

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE

*Vocal and instrumental music
tracing fortune's favors
through the Renaissance.*

Sunday, March 18, 1990

8:00 p.m. in the

Rice Memorial Chapel

RICE UNIVERSITY

the
Shepherd
School
of Music

PROGRAM

From Remède de fortune

Dame, mon cuer en vous remaint

Dame, a vous sans retollir

Guillaume de Machaut

(ca. 1300-1377)

Fortune d'estrange plummaige / Pauper sum ego

Josquin Desprez

(ca. 1440-1521)

Fortuna d'un gran tempo

Fortuna desperata

(Two versions)

Antoine Busnois and anonymous

(ca. 1430-1492)

Two keyboard versions of Fortuna desperata

Anonymous

Instrumental version of Fortuna desperata

Heinrich Isaac

(ca. 1450-1517)

Instrumental version of Fortuna desperata

Ludwig Senfl

(ca. 1486-1542/3)

Instrumental version of Fortuna desperata

Alexander Agricola

(ca. 1446-1506)

All ye whom love or fortune

John Dowland

(1563-1626)

I weigh not fortune's frown

I weigh not fortune's frown

I tremble not at noise of war

I see ambition never pleased

I feign not friendship

Orlando Gibbons

(1583-1625)

PROGRAM NOTE

Tonight's concert, which has no connection with either Vanna White or Pat Sajak, traces musical representations of fortune from the fourteenth century into the seventeenth. The first two pieces, a polyphonic rondeau and monophonic virelai, both came from a lengthy early work of the famous French composer-poet, Guillaume de Machaut. The **Remède de Fortune** is a medieval treatise on love and fortune, enlivened by a description of one of Machaut's own love affairs. The two songs are perfect descriptions of courtly love, showing the swearing of eternal devotion to an unfeeling beloved (some things, of course, never change).

The fifteenth century brings two short Josquin works on fortune, with the unhappy side of fortune (using the cantus firmus "I am poor") paired with a more cheerful dispensation of fortune's favors. The following work, by Busnois, is one of the most unusual of the fifteenth century. Its rather unusual text inspired a beautiful setting which seems to match the sentiment little if at all. Busnois' music then inspired dozens of rearrangements well into the sixteenth century. We play here first the original version, then a version with the interest in the bass voice, and then two keyboard arrangements. Finally we have 4, 5, and 6-voice settings by three important names in Renaissance composition: Isaac, Senfl, and Agricola.

The concert closes with music from Shakespeare's time. John Dowland's song bemoans the typical fickleness of fortune, but Gibbons' setting of Joshua Sylvester's long poem is much wiser: "Enough's a feast."

—Note by Honey Meconi

THE COLLEGIUM

Kristen Baker, voice
Mariko Close, rebec
Nancy Harris, recorder
Brady Lanier, viola da gamba
John Marsh, organ

Honey Meconi, recorder
Brent Phillips, sackbut
James Rodgers, curtal
Dagny Wenk-Wolff, recorder

BIOGRAPHY

HONEY MECONI has been involved in the study and performance of early music since beginning graduate studies in musicology at Indiana University, where she directed the Renaissance Band. At Harvard University, where she received the Ph.D. in 1986, she founded and directed the ensemble Musica Ficta for undergraduates, performing repertoire from Hildegard von Bingen to Bach. Among other honors received, she was a Fulbright Scholar in Belgium from 1982 to 1984, and Music Fellow at the Villa I Tatti in Florence, Italy, in 1986-1987. Honey Meconi began teaching at The Shepherd School of Music at the beginning of the 1987-1988 academic year as Assistant Professor of Music, and she is the founder and director of the Shepherd School's early music ensemble, Schola Pastoris. She has recently been awarded a Mellon Fellowship in the Humanities at the University of Pennsylvania for 1990-1991.



TEXT

Dame, mon cuer en vous remaint Guillaume de Machaut from *Remède de fortune*

Dame, mon cuer en vous remaint, Comment que de vous me departe. De fine amour qui en moy maint, Dame, mon cuer en vous remaint. Or pri Dieu que li vostres m'aint. Sans ce qu'en nulle autre amour parte. Dame, mon cuer en vous remaint, Comment que de vous me departe.	Lady, my heart remains with you. however far away from you I may go. Because of the noble love which dwells in me, Lady, my heart remains with you. So I pray God that your heart may love me. and not partake of any other love. Lady, my heart remains with you. however far away from you I may go.
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Dame, a vous sans retollir Guillaume de Machaut from the *Remède de fortune*

Dame, a vous sans retollir Dong cuer, pensée, desir, Corps et amour, Comme a toute la millour Qu'on puist choisir, Ne qui vivre ne morir Puist a ce jour.	Lady, without reservation I give my heart, my thoughts, my desires, myself and my love to you, as the very best woman one might find, the best of all who lived or died until now.
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i. Si ne me doit a folour Tournér, se je vous sour, Car sans mentir, Benté passés en valour, Toute flour en douce odour Qu'on puet sentir.	I should not be thought foolish if I adore you, for truly you surpass goodness itself in virtue, and in sweet perfume any flower one may smell.
Vostre biauté fait tarir Toute autre et anientir, Et vo douçour Passe tout; rose en colour Vous doi tenir, Et vo regars puet garir	Your beauty withers and extinguishes all other beauty, and your sweetness surpasses everything; by your complexion

ii. Pour ce, dame, je m'atour
De tres toute ma vigour
A vous servir,
Et met, sans nul villain tour,
Mon cuer, ma vie et m'onnour
En vo plaisir.

Et se Pit   consentir
Vuet que me daingniez oir
En ma clamour,
Je ne quier de mon labour
Autre merir,
Qu'il ne me porroit venir
Joie gringnour.

Dame, a vous sans retollir ...

iii. Dame, ou sont tuit mi retour,
Souvent m'estuet en destour
Pleindre et gemir,
Et, present vous, descoulour,
Quant vous ne savez l'ardour
Qu'ay a souffrir

Pour vous qu'aim tant et desir,
Que plus ne le puis couvrir.
Et se tenrou
N'en avez, en grant tristour
M'estuet fenir.
Nompourquant jusqu'au morir
Vostres demour.

Dame, a vous sans retollir ...

Therefore, lady, I prepare
to serve you
with all my strength,
and without any trickery I give you
my heart, my life and my honour
to do with as you will.

And if Pity should allow
that you deign to hear
my suit.
this is all I wish to earn
by my endeavour,
for no greater joy
could come to me

Lady, in whom is all my consolation,
often in solitude I must
lament and moan,
and in your presence I grow pale,
since you do not realize the longing
I have to suffer

for your sake, whom I love and desire so much
that I can conceal it no longer.
And if you show no compassion,
then in great sadness
I must die.
Nevertheless until death
I remain yours.

***Fortuna desperata* Antoine Busnois**

Fortuna desperata,
Iniqua e maledeta,
Che de tal dona electa,
La fama hai denigrata

Desperate, foul,
accursed Fortune,
which has besmirched the name
of so fine a lady.

All ye whom love or fortune John Dowland

All ye, whom Love or Fortune hath betray'd
All ye, that dream of bliss but live in grief;
All ye, whose hopes are evermore delay'd;
All ye, whose sighs or sickness wants relief;
Lend ears and tears to me, most hapless man,
That sings my sorrows like the dying swan.

Care that consumes the heart with inward pain,
Pain that presents sad care in outward view,
both tyrant-like enforce me to complain;
But still in vain: for none my plaints will rue.
Tears, sighs and ceaseless cries alone I spend:
My woe wants comfort, and my sorrow end.

I weigh not fortune's frown Orlando Gibbons
Text by Joshua Sylvester (1563-1618)

(the first part.)

I weigh not Fortune's frown nor smile,
I joy not much in earthly joys,
I seek not state, I reckon not style,
I am not fond of Fancy's toys,
I rest so pleased with what I have,
I wish no more, no more I crave.

(the second part.)

I tremble not at noise of war,
I quake not at the thunder's crack,
I shrink not at a blazing star,
I sound not at the news of wrack,
I fear no loss, I hope no gain,
I envy none, I none disdain.

(the third part.)

I see Ambition never pleased,
I see some Tantalus starve in store,
I see Gold's dropsy seldom eased,
I see each Midas gape for more,
I neither want nor yet abound,
Enough's a feast, content is crowned.

(the fourth part.)

I feign not friendship where I hate,
I fawn not on the great for grace,
I prize, I praise a mean estate
Nor yet too lofty nor too base.
This, this is all my choice my cheer,
A mind content and conscience clear.