

JOSQUIN
DESPREZ
SE CONGIE PRENS

ENSEMBLE MUSICA NOVA
LUCIEN KANDEL

01 **SE CONGIE PRENS**

If I take leave from my love-making,
 You who are true lovers please blame me not;
 I have suffered from it more grievously
 Than they who swim in the sea.
 For loving her so is still most bitter,
 Since I cannot get from her a single glance
 Other than one so harsh it breaks my heart;
 So I take leave before it be too late.

03 **CUEUR LANGOREULX**

O, pining heart which does nothing but think,
 Lament, groan, weep and sigh,
 Rejoice! For your lovely mistress
 In her mercy wishes to grant you happiness,
 Joy and pleasure to comfort you.

04 **VOUS NE LAUREZ PAS**

You shall not, if I can [stop you], have
 What you asked me to have
 Not even if you had pockets
 As deep as a well.

05 **FAULTE D'ARGENT**

Lack of money is unparalleled grief,
 If I say so, alas I well know why:
 Without cash, you have to hold yourself back,
 You have to wake a sleeping wife to get money.

07 **DOULEUR ME BAT**

Sadness strikes me and sadness maddens me,
 Love harms me and misfortune consoles me
 My will follows me but cannot help me,
 I cannot enjoy a great good that she wishes me,
 To live thus for God, may someone behead me!

08 **PETITE CAMUSETTE**

(Ockeghem)

Contra/Tenor/Bassus

Little snub-nose, you have brought me close to death.
 Robin and Marion are going to the pretty wood,
 they are walking arm in arm, they have gone to sleep.
 Little snub-nose, you have brought me close to death.

Cantus

Little snub-nose,
 I shall make the attempt
 To gain some small part of your good will.
 I am forced to go this way,
 This time I shall make the attempt.

09 **PETITE CAMUSETTE**

(Josquin)

Little snub-nose, you have brought me close to death.
 Robin and Marion are going to the pretty wood,
 they are walking arm in arm, they have gone to sleep.
 Little snub-nose, you have brought me close to death.

11 **NYPHES DES BOIS /
 REQUIEM AETERNAM**

(texte de Jean Molinet)

Wood-nymphs, goddesses of the fountains,
 Skilled singers of every nation,
 Change your voices, so clear and lofty,
 Into piercing cries and lamentation
 Because Atropos¹, terrible satrap,
 Has caught your Ockeghem in her trap,
 The true treasure of music and masterpiece,
 Who no longer will escape death.
 Such a shame that earth cover him.

Put on your mourning garb,
 Josquin, Brumel, Pirchon, Compère,
 And shed great tears from your eyes,
 For you have lost your good father.
 May he rest in peace.
 Amen.

¹ One of the three Fates, whose duty was to cut the thread of human life

Tenor

Eternal rest
Grant him, O Lord,
And may perpetual light
Shine upon him.
May he rest in peace. Amen

12 **NESSE PAS VNG GRANT DESPLAISIR**

Is it not a great displeasure
When I dare not for my pleasure
For my well-being and my health
Do with my own what I want,
Even if I have no other desire?

Responsum:

13 **SI VOUS NAVEZ**

If you have no other desire
Without having any displeasure
Then in what have you will
And that it be for your health
Do as you can your pleasure.

14 **PARFONS REGRETZ**

Buried regrets and mournful joy.
Come to me, wherever I be,
and once for all, without deception,
promptly assassinate my heart,
so that it drown in grief and tears.

16 **PLUSIEURS REGRETZ**

Several regrets that there are in the world,
And the grief that men and women have,
Are just pleasures compared with those I am bearing,
Tormenting me in so woeful a way
That my mind no longer knows what it is doing.

17 **PLAINE DE DUEIL**

Full of pain & and sadness,
seeing that my suffering increases constantly,
and that in the end I can bear it no longer,
Constrained am I, in order to comfort myself,
to surrender the rest of my life to you.

18 **INCESSAMENT LIVRE**

Unceasingly am I given over to torment,
Sad and pensive, my ills continue to worsen;
So displeasure brings me unhappiness.
She who could wants not to help me;
My misfortune is the worst of all.

20 **BAISEZ MOY**

Kiss me, my sweetheart
For love's sake, I beg you.
I shan't! - And why?
Were I to commit a folly
My mother would be most annoyed,
That is why!

21 **EN NON SAICHANT**

From not knowing what she needs,
Pain is filling her heart;
I pine not for her absence
And lament for nothing;
Since I must abandon everything
I remain full of every regret.

22 **POUR SOUHAITTER**

To wish I ask no better
Than to have health & live long
Always joyous & and largely with goods
And, at the end, the kingdom of heaven.

24 **ALLEGEZ MOY**

Soothe me, dark little beauty.
 Just below the navel.
 Soothe away all my pains.
 Your beauty makes me amorous,
 Just below the navel.

Eternal rest
 Grant him, O Lord,
 And may perpetual light
 Shine upon him.
 Propterea tu musice
 May he rest in peace. Amen

25 **JE ME COMPLAINS**

I complain about my lover
 Who was used to coming to see me
 Early in the cool morning,
 But now it's Prime and midday
 And still I have no news of him
 As Vespers approach.
 Knitting, knitting.
 The fair one knits.

29 **MUSAE JOVIS /
 CIRCUMDEDERUNT ME**

(Texte de Gerardius Avidius de Nijmegen)

*Muses, offspring of thrice-great Jupiter,
 Melodious lineage, weep,
 May the cypress pull together its foliage:
 Josquin is dead,
 The ornament of temples
 And your own ornament.*

26 **NIMPHE NAPPES /
 CIRCUMDEDERUNT ME**

Meadow nymphs, Nereids, dryads,
 Come and weep for my desolation.
 For I am struck down by such affliction
 That my soul is more dead than ailing.

 The groans of death have surrounded me
 The pains of hell
 Have surrounded me.

*O harsh and wicked death,
 Who deprives the churches
 of their sweet sounds
 And the courts of princes too,
 What ill might I wish on you,
 You who take away the good,
 And sparing the wicked?*

*But Apollo threatens you with death,
 A most terrible death.
 Armed with bow and arrow,
 He calls the Muses to add
 Laurel to his hair
 And gold to his hair.*

27 **O MORS INEVITABILIS /
 REQUIEM AETERNAM**

*O inevitable death,
 Bitter death, cruel death,
 When you killed Josquin
 You took away from us that man
 Who through the highest harmony
 Adorned the Church.
 Therefore, musician, say
 ,May he rest in peace. Amen‘*

*Josquin, says he, great and very great,
 Pleasing to Jupiter,
 Triumph amongst Heaven's dwellers,
 And sings a sweet song,
 The ornament of temples,
 the ornament of the Muses.*

Tenor

The groans of death surrounded me,
 Hell's agonies surrounded me.