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
From *Remède de fortune*  
*Guillaume de Machaut*  
(ca. 1300-1377)

Dame, mon cuer en vous remaint  
Dame, a vous sans retollir

*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)
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
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.
**Dame, mon cuer en vous remaint**  
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.

**Dame, a vous sans retollir**  
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.

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 Pité consentir
Vuelt que me daingniez oir
En ma clamour,
Je ne quier de mon labour
Autre merir,
Qu'il ne me porroit venir
Joie gringnour.

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

Dame, a vous sans retollir ...

iii. Dame, ou soot 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 tenrour
N'en avez, en grant tristour
M'estuet fenir.
Nompourquant jusqu'au morir
Vostres demour.

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.

Dame, a vous sans retollir ...

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

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

I weigh not Fortune's frown nor smile,
I joy not much in earthly joys,
I seek not state, I reck 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.

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.

I see Ambition never pleased,
I see some Tantals 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.

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.