

LONGY

School of Music of Bard College

Summer @ Longy Masterclass Series

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Comment qu'a moy lonteinne

Guillaume de Machaut (1300-1377), several Medieval sources with and without music.

Comment qu'a moy lonteinne
Soies, dame d'onneur.
Si m'estes vous procheinne
Par penser nuit et jour.

However far from me
You may be, noble lady.
You are near to me
In thought night and day.

Car Souvenir me meinne.
Si qu'ades sans sejour
Vo biaute souvereinne.
Vo gracieus atour.
Vo maniere certainne
Et vo fresche coulour
Qui n'est pale ne veinne
Voy toudis sans sejour.

Your memory remains with me
So that straightaway without ceasing
Your surpassing beauty.
Your graceful attire.
Your assured manner
And your fresh complexion
Which is neither pale nor wan
I always see without ceasing.

Comment qu'a moy lonteinne...

However far from me...

Dame, de grace pleinne.
Mais vos haute valour.
Vo bonte souvereinne
et vo fine doucour
En vostre dous demeinne
M'ont si mis que m'amour.
Sans pensee vilainne.
Meint en vous que j'aour.

Lady, full of grace.
But your great worth.
Your surpassing goodness
And your delicate sweetness
In your gentle power
Have so placed me that my love.
Without any unworthy thought.
Rests in you whom I adore.

Comment qu'a moy lonteinne...

However far from me...

Mais Desirs que se peinne
D'acroistre mon labour
Tenra mon cuer en peinne
Et de mort en paour.
Se Dieus l'eure n'ameinne
Qu'a vous, qui estes flour
De toute flour mondeinne.
Face tost mon retour.

But Desire, who strives
To increase my labours.
Will keep my heart in distress
And in terror of death.
If God does not bring the happy hour
When to you, who are the flower
Of all earthly flowers.
I soon make my return.

Comment qu'a moy lonteinne...

However far from me...

(text revision and translation, Jennifer Garnham)