

Josquin des Prez – Texts and Translations

Ave Maria, gratia plena,

Dominus tecum, Virgo serena.
Ave, cuius conceptio,
Solemni plena gaudio,
Caelestia, terrestria,
Nova replet laetitia.
Ave, cuius nativitas
Nostra fuit solemnitas,
Ut lucifer lux oriens
Verum solem praeveniens.
Ave pia humilitas,
Sine viro fecunditas,
Cuius annuntiatio
Nostra fuit salvatio.
Ave vera virginitas,
Immaculata castitas,
Cuius purificatio
Nostra fuit purgatio.
Ave, praeclara omnibus
Angelicis virtutibus,
Cuius assumptio
Nostra fuit glorificatio.
O Mater Dei,
Memento mei. Amen.

Comment peult avoir joye,

Qui Fortune contient?
L'oysiau qui pert sa proye
De jeusne lui souvient:
Au boys sur la verdure
N'a point tout son desir:
De chanter il n'a cure
Qui vit en desplaisir.

Bergerette savoyenne,

Qui gardez moutons aux praz:
Dy moy si vieulx estre myenne:
Je te donray ung soulas,
Et ung petit chapperon;
Dy moy se tu m'aymeras,
Ou par la merande ou non.

Je suis la proche voisine
De monsieur le cura,
Et pour chose qu'on me die,
Mon vouloir ne changera,
Pour François ne Bourguignon.
Par le cor Dé, si fera,
Ou par la merande ou non.

Hail Mary, full of grace,

The Lord is with thee, serene Virgin.
Hail, thou whose conception,
Full of great joy,
Fills heaven and earth
With new gladness.
Hail, thou whose nativity
Became our great celebration,
As the light-bearing Morning Star
anticipates the true Sun.
Hail, faithful humility,
Fruitful without man,
Whose annunciation
Was our salvation.
Hail, true virginity,
Immaculate chastity,
Whose purification
Was our cleansing.
Hail, glorious one
In all angelic virtues,
Whose assumption
Was our glorification.
O Mother of God,
Remember me. Amen.

How can he be joyful,

who is constrained by fortune?
The bird which loses its prey
thinks of fasting:
in the green woods
it has not its desire.
He cares not to sing
who lives in disappointment.

HE: Shepherdess of Savoy,

who guards the sheep in the fields,
tell me if you will be mine:
I will give you some entertainment,
and a little bonnet;
Tell me if you will love me,
whether it is deserved or not.

SHE: I am the nearest neighbour
of the curate,
and, whatever I am offered,
my desires will not change
for Frenchman nor Burgundian.
By the power of God, it will be so,
whether it is deserved or not.

Dulces exuviae, dum fata deusque sinebat,
Accipite hanc animam meque his exolvite curis.
Vixi et quem dederat cursum fortuna peregi
Et nunc magna mei sub terras ibit imago.
Aeneid IV, 651-8

La belle se siet
au pied de la tour,
Qui pleure et souspire
et maine grant doulour.
Son pere lui demande:
«Fille qu'avés vous?
Vollés vous mary,
ou vollés vous seignour?»
«Je ne veultz mary,
je ne veultz seignour;
Je veultz le mien amy,
qui pourrist en la tour.»
«Et par Dieu, belle fille,
a cela fauldrés vous,
Car il sera pendu
demain au point du jour.»
«Hé pere, s'on le pend,
enterrés moy dessoubz,
Ainsi diront les gens:
voici loyaulz amours.»

Adieu mes amours, on m'attent.
Ma bourse n'enfle ne s'étend,
Et brief je suis en desarray
Jusquez a ce qu'il plaise au roy
Me faire avancer du content.

Adieu mes amours, a Dieu vous command,
Adieu je vous dy jusquez au printemps.
Je suis en souci de quoy je vivray.
La raison pour quoy je le vous diray:
Je n'ay plus d'argent, vivray je du vent,
Se l'argent du roy ne vient plus souvent.

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

Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus Deus Sabaoth;
Pleni sunt coeli et terra gloria tua.
Osanna in excelsis.
Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini.

O relics once dear, while Fate and God allowed,
Take this spirit and release me from my woes!
I have lived, I have finished the course
that Fortune gave,
And now in majesty my shade
shall pass beneath the earth.
(adapted from translation by H.R. Fairclough)

The beautiful lady sits
at the foot of the tower,
Weeping and sighing,
and is very sad.
Her father asks her,
"Daughter, what's wrong?
Do you want a husband,
or do you want a Lord?"
"I don't want a husband,
I don't want a Lord,
I want my own love,
who is rotting in the tower."
"By God, fair daughter,
you won't get him,
For he will be hung
tomorrow at dawn."
"Alas, father, if they hang him,
bury me next to him,
So people will say:
here is true love."

Farewell my loves, I am awaited.
My purse neither swells nor stretches,
and, in short, I am in disarray
Until it might please the king
To make me an advance of happiness.

Farewell my loves, to God I commend you.
Farewell I say until the spring.
I am worried about what I shall live on.
The reason why? I will tell you:
I have no more money. Shall I live on air,
if the king's money does not come more often?

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

Holy, holy, holy Lord God of Hosts;
Heaven and earth are full of your glory.
Hosannah in the highest.
Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord.