

And so I say with a sigh:

it is great madness to love so much, that you make your sweetness bitter. that
you make a sweet sound/song bitter.

Motetus: *Amour et biauté*

Love and perfect beauty

make me doubt

and dissemble Perfectly,

as does true Desire. who inspires me to love you, Sweetheart, Endlessly; and
since I love so purely

I beg mercy from you,

if only it might be granted me without diminishing your honor,

for I'd prefer this kind of languishing and dying as well, should it please you, to
harming in any way

your honor, which I so highly esteem, either by deed or thought.

Tenor: *Amara valde*

Very bitter _____

Le Lay de la Fonteinne

1. I never cease praying

To my lovely lady.

Lighten my troubles, I plead, But precious she be,

Harsh and proud, Unbending, Implorations ne'er

Her stance recede.

1 – *continued*

Thus, shall I approach another? She, who of pleasure be? Unfaltering,

Replete with glee,

Endlessly fickle free,

Fervent,

I do choose thee,

O Joy everlasting.

- ★ 2. And where I ask might one seek Happiness that never waxes
Or wanes,
But increases

Ecstasy?

All the world, it is true, Could not dwell
Amidst loving tenderness In the absence
Of this peerless *dame*.

Let the soul be free
Of deathly damnation, Passing time,
Serving and praising thee. O Impassioned desire. For he who revels
In your breast
Shall enter the kingdom Of eternal glory.

3. And she,
By order of the holy word
And the power of the Holy Spirit Revealed
By divine destiny
The Father's command.

A virgin, in peace, Bore a child, Devoid of distress, And birthed a babe,

Torment free. The Son of God, A man,
A Savior.

But distinguish not,
For these three are One. One force,
One source,
One power,
One wisdom. Marvelous mystery!

And doubt not, My faith,
My belief,
My life,

My sustenance,
The epitome of
The obedient daughter-- The Virgin Mother.

* 4. Three-In-One. A fountain flows Into a stream,
A source.

The Trinity unfolds In unison.

Water divine,

Much or little,
From all places, Tastes the same.
Ah, Sovereign Queen!

Brilliant,
Shining star,
Brighten the night, Miraculous water,
Sweet and transforming Flesh in your vessel void, Free us from worry!

5. Drink this water In chilly climate. Watch it freeze, And imagine

An image floating on the ice.

Water divine
Yet tastes the same, Unchanging, Natural Perception. A phenomenon
In the frigid frost.

O Water of Life,
Your direct descent
Into his cold loins,
Hath been guided
By the Holy Spirit
To form
The good, the wise and the beautiful.

The Son of God the Father Consented
To live in the flesh
And to die,

Unleashing Humanity from Hell.

✱ 6. Trinity eternal, Omnipotent omnipresence, Reasoned substance, Glorious
truth,
The One
In God the Father.

Mercy
And humility
Pardoned all
When in you, gentle flower, Your beneficent Son Accepted our humanity,
Delivered us
And unsettled Satan.

7. Discover the Father, the source And the Son, the fountain,
Who walks on earth,
The offspring of mercy,

Hand in hand with the stream, The Holy Spirit,
Radiating aura
Of the compassionate two. Thus, **six** in three proclaim The sublimely crafted
lesson.

Better in Rome,
Exiled,
Or flung into the Somme, The Jordan or Nile
Than give credence
To fearful inanity.
For what is life without God? Nothing.

* 8. Hear the refrain, "Three in faith," The concept
In the womb.
And perfectly I perceive

The Old Testament prophecies fulfilled,

The Holy Sacrament enacted, The great teachers
Oflaw,
Salvation,

You,
The One true fountain.

9. Virgin, hear my prayer, My imploration,
For little do I cry,
Or beg,

Or weep for sins In me.

9 – *continued* Hiding,

Latent,
In my pierced heart.
I offer up my soul to you This day,
Completely.
I do choose thee,

My refuge.

Secure me from harm. Neither friend,
Nor aid
Have I in misery.

✧ 10. Aid in weeping Reassures not.
Protect me, dear Virgin, Subdue your Son's wrath, And in the Judgement hour,
Save us,

Sinners all.
O Lady of Life.

Misery!
Torment and sorrow Cripple me.
I cannot speak!
Sin destroys in *perpetuum*, The enemy slumbers not, But works
To trace my name
In the Book of Death.

11. Conciliatory fountain, Compassionate source, Uplifting stream,
Sinners,

Sweet, sweet river, Listen ...

Neither sin annihilate, Nor enemy encumber me With hooks and twine

To keep me from you, My passage,
My Salvation.

Free me from these nettings.
The devil wanders homeless
In vile, dirty, dank and infectious, Stinking
Ugliness.

Heart of desire Search above
Your salutary grace, The source,

The tearful fountain of affliction.

✧ 12. Cleanse away
Vice and Sin.

Lead me not astray
But nestle me in your bosom, Lest I stumble,

Or be drawn
Into Satan's pitiless pot.

And repeatedly
I implore thee,
Luminous Queen,
The angelic host,
Request your kind and precious Son Pardon us
On Judgement Day,
That we may
Live and breathe with you.
O Perfect bliss

English Poetic Translation by Patricia A. Turcic

[Patricia A. Turcic's entire dissertation may be found on line: Words and Music in Communion: An Analysis of Guillaume de Machaut's *Le Lay de la Fonteinne*.]

Motet: *Tous corps/ De souspirant cuer*

Triplum:

Everyone who would attend
to loving well
must follow reason and
be inclined, for that's proper,
toward what his heart
feels, if he is to have what's good; such is the case with my own heart, formed
by nature,
and quite willing therefore
to pay obeisance to Nature,
as well as to the one who stung me with a malicious sting,
in that she takes no pity at all
on the pain I endure,
which makes me languish
with desire, whenever I gaze

upon the sweet shape
of her so gracious face,
which stole my heart
and set it to burning;
and even though Love has made me suffer the bite of her grievous pains,
despite my having not failed
or gone wrong at all,
I shall never cease from seeking help for my griefs
from my lady pure,
for I should certainly receive mercy in proportion to how I've served her; on
that I rely,
and on the truth of what's said about such things:
better it is through pleading
to remain in joy
than to languish unceasingly
by keeping too long silent
and then to die.

Motetus:

From my sighing, suffering heart
I complain, and so should I do,
for, just when I found the courage
to speak of my great pain,
I must hold my peace about it.
Thus I am caught in gazing upon her; and because I am so fearful of refusal,
who does not intend
to please me,
and of resistance, my adversary,
who attacks me with such fierceness that I must beat a retreat from love: either
I'll have mercy coming soon from my lady nobly born,
or, languishing, I will expire.

Tenor: I sigh.

G. de Machaut (1300-1377) English: R Barton Palmer © 2016

Rondeau:

Ma fin est mon commencement

My end is my beginning
And my beginning my end.
This is truly my tenor [or, that which
I hold on to], My end is my beginning.

My third line three times only Goes back on itself and so finishes. My end is
my beginning
And my beginning my end. _____

Virelai: Je vivroie liement Refrain: I should lead a happy life,

Sweet creature,
if only you truly realized
that you were the cause of all my concern.
Lady of cheerful bearing, pleasing, bright and pure, often the woe I suffer,
makes me say 'alas!'
To serve you loyally
and you may be sure
that I can in no wise
go on living like this,
if it lasts any longer.

Ref: I should lead a happy life...

For you are merciless to me and pitilessly obdurate,
and have put such longing into my heart

that I will certainly die
a most dismal death, unless for its relief
your mercy is soon ready.

Ref: I should lead a happy life...