

2024  
**YORK**  
EARLY  
MUSIC  
FESTIVAL  
6 - 13 JULY

**ApotropaiK**

*Souvenir oublieu*

**Holy Trinity Church, Micklegate**  
**Wednesday 10 July 12.00pm**

## **ApotropaiK**

**Clémence Niclas** voice, recorders

**Louise Bouedo** bowed fiddle

**Marie-Domitille Murez** gothic harp

**Clément Stagnol** medieval lute

### **Souvenir oublié:**

#### **Ockeghem and the last flames of medieval love**

##### ***By love I have my lady chosen***

Redeutes In Idem

**Anonymous \***

Untitled piece no. 230 [Wollhin laß vögelin sorgen]

Je loe amours

**Gilles Binchois** c.1400-1460

##### ***Whether she'll love me, I don't know... but it's a game of wit***

S'elle m'amera – Petite camusete

**Jean de Ockeghem** c.1410-1497

Praeambulum super sol

**Anonymous \***

Quant la douce jovencelle

**Anonymous \*\***

##### ***To you, fair lady, I humbly introduce myself as your lover***

Parleregart etc. Ad huc semel [no. 31]

**Anonymous \***

Par le regard de vos beaux yeux

**Guillaume Dufay** 1397-1474

Parleregart [no. 30]

**Anonymous \***

##### ***She's the fairest one can ever see and I can't resist loving her faithfully***

Ma maistresse [instrumental]

**Ockeghem**

Se la face ay pale

**Dufay**

##### ***I was so feted by Love to submit to your noble heart***

Tant fuz gentement

**Ockeghem**

Praeambulum super D

**Anonymous \***

##### ***Music itself expressed its grief and wore mourning***

Mort tu as navré

**Ockeghem**

***So bitter was the project she destined for me...***

Amours et souvenir

Redeutes in sol

L'autre d'antan

**Binchois**  
**Anonymous \***  
**Ockeghem**

***Thus I die living and I live dying***

Ma bouche rit

Sequitur redeutes In mi

Malheur me bat [instrumental]

**Ockeghem**  
**Anonymous \***  
**Ockeghem**

***Souvenir oublieux ('Forgetful')***

Tristre plaisir

Jeloy mors. M. C. C. b. In Cytaris vel etiam In

Organis 3m notarum [Je loe amours]

**Binchois**  
**Anonymous \***

\* *Buxheimer Orgelbuch*, Munich, Bayerische Staatsbibliothek, Cim. 352b /  
Mus.MS.3725

\*\* Oxford, Bodleian Library, Canon. Misc. 213

*This concert is supported by the John Feldberg Foundation*

Is it possible to be both medieval and modern? This apparent paradox is the cornerstone of the innovations made by the musicians of the Burgundian court at the turn of the fifteenth century. Despite the fact that almost six hundred years have passed since they were written, their works are still very accessible today, offering melodies that are instantly recognisable and that you can keep in your own mind. Is there no greater success than giving birth to a 'hit'? This 'hit', itself inseparable from the countless 'covers' of which it may be the subject, passes from the pen of one composer to another (*Malheur me bat*). It may even be reworked by the instrumentalist who adapts it under his own fingers (*Buxheimer Orgelbuch*). In short, nothing has changed: the ingredients for success are the same today. This was the secret that the first Franco-Flemish composers had succeeded in uncovering, with Binchois, Dufay and then Ockeghem appearing as landmarks in a portrait gallery where many are still anonymous.

The secular music of the Middle Ages was built on the courtly ideal, which was in its final stages of development after its invention by the troubadours at the end of

the eleventh century. In the fifteenth century, the themes of inspiration had not changed, except that an entirely new melodic freshness had emerged from the ruins of the poetic forms of the last trouvères of the previous century, who themselves claimed to be part of a 'new art' (*Ars nova*). *Rondeaux*, *virelais* and *ballades* still offer as many variations on unrequited love, the anatomy of which no longer holds any secrets: initially the object of praise (*Je loe amours*), it is made tangible by the personification of the beloved (*Ma maistresse*). Although she rules the chessboard of emotions, the Lady has no right to speak: only her portrait is painted by the poet, like those immaculately white Flemish faces. But the nuance darkens to the point of invoking a gentle, liberating death. The poet revels in a tormented love, full of pleasant contradictions: this is the *Tristre plaisir* ('Sad pleasure') imagined by Alain Chartier and set to music by Binchois, in which unrequited love is a game.

If the composer becomes only a melodist, it is also because two professions are separating: from then on, the poet writes and the musician adds his art. Music can exist independently of its textual material, such as the rondeau *Malheur me bat*, which was so well known in the fifteenth century that no copyist bothered even to write down the words. Today, this rondeau only appears to us masked behind the veil of time. The generations follow one another and quote one another: Binchois is praised by Ockeghem in *Mort tu as navré*, and the sounds of alleyways are combined with the most refined poetic and musical forms (*Petite camusette*). The works are now part of an imaginary world, and the composers part of a community.

With our contemporary approach, and by singing and playing, we bring these songs back to life. The listener, like those six hundred years ago, will retain the memory of them in his or her own subconscious. The Lady is in the heart, just like the music: the spontaneity of the song prevails over the pleasure of the mind. Isn't the heart the seat of emotions but also of memory, the seat of *Amour et souvenir* ('Love and Remembrance')?

## Je loe amour

Je loe amour et ma dame merci  
Du bel accueil qui par eux deux me  
vient  
Car par amours j'y ma dame choisi  
Par ma dame mon coeur joyeux devient  
Dont tout ades quen pensant me  
souvient  
Des grands graces et biens dont elle est  
plaine  
Et que je l'ai choisi a souveraine  
J'ay tel plaisir certes et telle joye  
Quailleurs penser ne puis ou que je  
soye.

Et bien la doy amer toute ma vie  
Craindre et servir quand un 'charme' la  
tient  
Parfaite en bien de biaute assouvie  
Et aprise de quanqu'honneur contient  
Dont souvenir en moy si bien retient  
Son doux regard sa maniere mondaine  
Haute en noblesse en port humble et  
humaine  
Sage en parler a point rassise et coye  
Quailleurs penser ne puis ou que je soye

## S'elle m'amera/Petite camusette

S'elle m'amera je ne scay,  
Mais je me mettray en essay  
D'acquérir quelque peu sa grace.  
Force m'est que par la je passe;  
Ceste fois j'en feray l'essay.  
L'aultre jour tant je m'avençay  
Que presque tout mon cuer lassay  
Aler sans que luy demandasse  
S'elle m'amera...

I praise love and thank my lady  
For the fair welcome which they both  
gave me  
For by love I have chosen my lady  
And by my lady my heart becomes  
joyful.  
Wherefore as soon as in mind I recall  
The great graces and virtues of which  
she is replete  
And that I have chosen her as my  
sovereign lady  
I have such pleasures indeed, and such  
joy  
That I can think on no other wherever I be.

And well must I love her all my life  
Fear and serve her  
Perfect in virtue, replete with beauty  
and instructed in all that honour  
requires,  
Whereof the memory is so strong in me  
Her fair regard, her courtly manner,  
High in nobility, humble and humane in  
deportment,  
Wise in speech, wholly collected and  
gentle  
That I can think on no other wherever I be.

If she will love me I do not know,  
But I shall make an attempt  
To obtain, in some measure, her favour.  
I am obliged to go that route;  
This time I will give it a try.  
The other day I went so far  
That I almost let my heart  
Go without having asked her  
If she will love me...

Puis apres le coup me pençay  
Que long temps a que ne cessay,  
Ne ne fut que je ne l'aimasse;  
Mais c'est ung jeu de passe passe,  
J'en suis comme je commençay.

S'elle m'amera...  
Petite camusette,  
A la mort m'avez mis.  
Robin et Marion  
S'en vont au bois joly,  
Ilz s'en vont bras a bras,  
Ilz s'en sont endormis.  
Petite camusette,  
A la mort m'avez mis.

**Par le regard de vos beaux yeux**

Et de vo maintien bel et gent  
A vous, belle, vien humblement  
Moy presenter vostre amoureux.

De vostre amour sui desireux  
Et mon vouloir tout s'y consent  
Par le regard [de vos beaux yeux  
Et de vo maintien bel et gent.]

Or vous plaise, cuer gracieux,  
Moy retenir or a present  
Pour vostre amy entierement,  
Et je seray vostre en tous lieux.

Par le regard de vos beaux yeux  
Et de vo maintien bel et gent  
A vous, belle, vien humblement  
Moy presenter vostre amoureux.

**Se la face ay pale,**

La cause est amer,  
C'est la principale,  
Et tant m'est amer  
Amer, qu'en la mer  
Me voudroye voir;

Then after the fact I thought to myself  
That for a long time I had not ceased,  
Nor was it that I did not love her;  
But it is a game of sleight of hand:  
I am where I was when I began.

If she will love me...  
Little snubnose,  
You have brought me to death's door.  
Robin and Marion  
Are going to the greenwood,  
They are going off arm in arm,  
They have fallen asleep.  
Little snubnose,  
You have brought me to death's door.

**At the sight of your lovely eyes**

And of your lovely, noble bearing  
I come to you, my beauty, humbly  
To present myself as your lover.

I am eager for your love  
And all my will consents to it  
At the sight of your lovely eyes  
And of your lovely, noble bearing.

So may it please you, gracious heart,  
To retain me now at present  
To be wholly your beloved  
And I will be yours in every place.

At the sight of your lovely eyes  
And of your lovely, noble bearing  
I come to you, my beauty, humbly  
To present myself as your lover.

**If my face is pale**

The cause is love  
That's the main reason  
And it is so bitter  
To love that in the sea  
I'd like to leap;

Or, scet bien de voir  
La belle a qui suis  
Que nul bien avoir  
Sans elle ne puis.

Se ay pesante malle  
De dueil a porter,  
Ceste amour est male  
Pour moy de porter;  
Car soy deporter  
Ne veult devouloir,  
Fors qu'a son vouloir  
Obeisse, et puis  
Qu'elle a tel pooir,  
Sans elle ne puis.

C'est la plus reale  
Qu'on puist regarder,  
De s'amour leiale  
Ne me puis garder,  
Fol sui de agarder  
Ne faire devoir  
D'amour recevoir  
Fors d'elle, je cuis;  
Se ne veil douloir,  
Sans elle ne puis.

### **Tant fuz gentement resjouy** (*virelai*)

Tant fuz gentement resjouy  
Et tant fuz par amours jouy  
Me tenir au vueil davant tous  
De vostre gentil cuer tresdoux,  
Qu'oncques puis sur moy ne jouy  
Le mien tresdouloureux courroux.

Si haultement avez party  
Celuy qui de vous n'a party  
Son cuer de vous amer tousjours.

Indeed, she is well able to see,  
That fair lady whose I am,  
That I have no good thing as  
I cannot exist without her.

If I have a heavy load  
Of care to carry  
This love is bad  
For me to carry.  
For that I should enjoy myself  
She does not want to allow  
Except in obeying her wishes,  
And since  
She has such power for  
I cannot exist without her.

She's the most regal person  
That you could ever see,  
Loyal love for her  
I can't help having,  
Foolish I am to look at her  
And make no effort  
To receive love in return.  
Apart from her, I burn  
If I do not want to be sad  
I cannot exist without her.

I have been made so pleasantly happy  
And delighted by love  
In holding myself before everyone at the  
will  
Of your most noble and sweet heart,  
That my most unfortunate sorrow  
Will never triumph over me.

So highly have you placed  
Him who for you has not stopped  
His heart from loving you always.

Par cy tres gracieux party  
L'avez plaisamment departy  
Du mal qui l'eust mis au dessous.  
Mon leal cuer de dueil nercy,  
Taint en desesperé soucy  
A loing de toute joye escoux  
M'avez comme a force rescoux  
De mort dont sans nulle mercy  
Actendoye (les) dangereux coupx.  
Tant fuz...

### **Mort, tu as navré/Miserere**

*(chanson-motet)*

[M]ort, tu as navré de ton dart  
Le pere de joyeuseté,  
En desployant ton estandart  
Sur Binchois, patron de bonté.  
[S]on corps est plaint et lamenté  
Qui gist soubz lame.  
Helas, plaise vous en pitié  
Prier pour l'ame.

Reticque, se Dieu me gard.  
Son serviteur a regreté.  
Musicque, par piteux regard,  
[A] fait deul et noir a porté.  
Pleurez, hommes de feaulté,  
[L'homme sans blame].  
Vueille v[ostre] université  
[Prier pour l'ame].

En sa jonesse fut soudart  
De honorable mondanité  
Puis a esleu la milleur part  
Servant Dieu en humilité  
Tant luy soit en chrestienté  
Son no[m et] fame.  
Qu'i deno[ment] grant volenté.  
Priez pour l'ame.

By this most gracious offering,  
You have pleasingly separated him  
From the ill that would have undone him.  
My loyal heart, blackened by grief,  
Dyed in despairing care,  
Overcome and far from all joy,  
You have for me rescued by force  
From death, from whom without pity  
I awaited the dangerous thrusts.  
I have been made...

Death, you have wounded with your  
dart  
The father of joyousness  
By unfurling your standard  
Over Binchois, model of goodness.  
His body is grieved over and lamented  
That lies beneath the tombstone.  
Alas, please you for pity's sake  
To pray for his soul.

Rhetoric, so God keep me  
Has lost her servant.  
Music, out of piteous regard  
Has put on mourning weeds.  
Lament, ye men of fealty  
The blameless man.  
May your community  
Pray for his soul

In his youth he was a soldier  
Of honorable worldliness.  
Then he chose the better portion  
Serving God in humility  
So great may be in Christendom  
His name and fame  
That they betoken the strength of mind  
that was [his.] Pray for his soul.



Miserere, pie  
[Jesu, Domine, dona ei requiem,]  
Quem in cruce redemisti  
Precioso sanguine,  
Pie Jhesu, Domine, dona ei requiem.

### **Amours et souvenir**

Amours et souvenir de celle  
Que tieng sur toutes a maitresse  
Tiennent mon cuer en grant detresse  
En attendant bonne nouvelle

Et en autre mal que je cele  
Dont cent mille fois plus me blesse  
Amour...

Et par ainsi es renouuele  
Ma doulour nuit et jour sans cesse  
Que nullement si ne me laisse  
Pour ce qua toute heure mappelle  
Amour...

### **L'autre d'antan (rondeau)**

L'autre d'antan l'autrier passa  
Et en passant me transperça  
D'un regard forgé a Millan,  
Qui m'a mis en l'arriere ban,  
Tant mauvais brassin me brassa.

[L'autre d'antan l'autrier passa.]

Par tel façon me fricassa  
Que de ses gaiges me cassa ;  
Mais, par Dieu, elle fist son dan!  
L'autre d'antan...

Have mercy, holy Jesus,  
Lord, give rest to him  
Whom you redeemed on the cross  
With your precious blood,  
Holy Jesus, Lord, give him rest.

Love and memories of her  
that I hold above all others as my  
mistress keep my heart in great distress  
As I await good news

and in a different pain which I hide  
and grieves me a hundred thousand  
times more  
Love...

And thus my pain is renewed  
day and night ceaselessly  
So that it never leaves me,  
Since at each moment  
Love...

Someone from yesteryear passed by the  
other day  
And in passing pierced me  
With a glance forged in Milan,  
Which dismissed me to the back of the pack,  
So bitter was the draught she brewed for me

[Someone from yesteryear passed by  
the other day.]

This is how she chopped and cooked me up:  
She dismissed me from her service.  
Oh, by God, she did her damage!  
Someone from yesteryear ...

Puis après nostre amour cessa,  
Car oncques puis qu'elle dansa,  
L'autre d'antan, l'autre d'antan,  
Je n'eus ne bon jour ne bon an,  
Tant de mal en moy amassa.

[L'autre d'antan l'autrier passa.]

L'autre d'antan...

### **Ma bouche rit** (*virelai*)

Ma bouche rit et ma pensée pleure,  
Mon oeil s'esjoye et mon cueur maudit  
l'eure  
Qu'il eut le bien qui sa santé deschasse  
Et le plaisir que la mort luy pourchasse,  
Sans reconfort qui m'aide ne sequeure.

Ha, cuer pervers, faulsaire et  
mensonger,  
Dictes comment avez osé songer  
Que de faulser ce que m'avez promis.

Puis qu'en ce point vous vous voulez  
venger,  
Pensez bien tost de ma vie abreger ;  
Vivre ne puis au point où m'avez mis.

Vostre pitié veult doncques que je meure,  
Mais Rigueur veult que vivant je demeure  
Ainsi meurs vif et en vivant trespasse,  
Mais pour celer le mal qui ne se passe  
Et pour couvrir le dueil où je labeure,

Ma bouche rit...

Then our love ended,  
For never since she danced her dance –  
Someone from yesteryear,  
Have I had a single good day or year,  
So much pain did she heap upon me.

[Someone from yesteryear passed by  
the other day.]

Someone from yesteryear...

My mouth laughs, and my mind weeps,  
My eye rejoices, and my heart curses  
the hour  
When it acquired the benefit that chases  
away its [health]  
And the pleasure that death seeks to  
inflict on it  
With no consolation to help or save me.

Ah, malicious, false, and deceitful heart,  
Tell me how you dared to dream  
Of betraying what you promised me.

Since in that respect you wish to avenge  
yourself,  
Think quickly of shortening my life;  
I cannot live in the state to which you  
have reduced [me.]

Your mercy, then, wants me to die,  
But Severity wishes that I remain alive  
Thus I die alive and while living I perish,  
But to hide the pain that will not go away  
And to conceal the sorrow in which I  
suffer,

My mouth laughs...

## Triste plaisir

Triste plaisir et douloureuse joye  
Aspre douceur, reconfort ennuyeux,  
Ris en plourant, souvenir oublieux  
M'accompagnent combien que seule soye.

Sorrowful pleasure and painful joy  
Bitter sweetness, tedious comfort  
Laughter, tears, forgetful memories  
Accompany me even when I am alone.

Embuchies sont afin que ne les voye  
Dedans mon cuer en ombre de mes  
yeux  
Triste plaisir...

Hidden so as not to be seen  
Inside my heart as shadows of mine eyes  
Sorrowful pleasure...

C'est mon tresor c'est toute ma  
monoye  
Pauvre dangier est sur moy envieux  
Bien seroit-il s'il me 'voit avoir' mieux  
Quant il me hait pour ce quamour  
m'envoye.  
Triste plaisir...

Such are my treasures, my only fortune  
Poor danger envies me  
Better would he be if I had more riches  
For he hates me for what Love gives me  
Sorrowful pleasure

## ApotropaiK

'Apotropaique' is a French adjective meaning an object or saying used to protect against evil or misfortune. The members of the ApotropaiK ensemble chose this evocative name to unite them in their passion for medieval music. They met at the Conservatoire National Supérieur de Musique de Lyon where they were taught by some of the leading specialists in medieval music.

The repertoire of the ensemble goes from the twelfth century to the fifteenth century, from the first troubadours' songs to the birth of Renaissance music. The ensemble is particularly interested in instrumental or vocal monodies such as the French and Italian estampies or the Cantigas de Santa Maria. Its members also like to immerse themselves in the repertoire of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries by playing the instrumental diminutions of the Faenza Codex or the Buxheimer Orgelbuch, the Bourgogne court songs or the melodies of the medieval heart-shaped songbook.

The ensemble gave its first performances at the Cluny medieval music centre in Paris in November 2016. Then, after winning the first prize at the Journées de

musiques anciennes de Vanves competition in November 2017, they were invited to several festivals and concert venues in France and Europe. In July 2022, they took part in the York International Young Artists Competition, winning the Friends of York Early Music Festival prize, the EEMERGING prize and the Cambridge Early Music prize. ApotropaiK is in residence at the Royaumont Foundation, 2023-2025. The ensemble's first CD, *Bella Donna*, was issued in June 2023 on the Édition des Abbesses label.

apotropaik.eu

*We are grateful to the John Feldberg Foundation for supporting events in the Festival that showcase the achievements of young musicians*



John Feldberg was a talented violinist and harpsichord builder who died aged 30 in 1960. He and his future wife Ann met at Cambridge, where she was a music student and keyboard player with passion for early music. In 1957 they set up a harpsichord building workshop. John died just as the workshop was beginning to take off; Ann continued the business with great success for another 22 years.

The John Feldberg Foundation aims to support some of the many charitable causes Ann and John Feldberg espoused, in particular:

- encouraging people to access music and the arts
- finding ways to live sustainably and protect and conserve the environment
- enabling people to bring about change through their activities in these spheres – even where the challenge seems impossible

The John Feldberg Foundation is a Charity registered in Hamburg: Charity No. 922.20-64 (2367) and recognised by the UK Charity Commission.

# YORK EARLY MUSIC FESTIVAL

## Artistic Advisors

John Bryan  
Helen Charlston  
Lindsay Kemp  
Peter Seymour

## Director

Delma Tomlin MBE

York Early Music Festival is administered by the National Centre for Early Music through the York Early Music Foundation (charity number 1068331)

National Centre for Early Music  
St Margaret's Church  
Walmgate  
York YO1 9TL  
01904 632220  
[www.ncem.co.uk](http://www.ncem.co.uk)



Supported using public funding by  
**ARTS COUNCIL  
ENGLAND**

**NCEM**  
PATRONS

NCEM Patrons enjoy free membership of the Friends of York Early Music Festival, opportunities to meet like-minded individuals year-round and are vital to the NCEM's future. Look out for details on <https://www.ncem.co.uk/patrons-and-friends/> and help us to make a difference.