The Mirror of Narcissus
Songs by Guillaume de Machaut

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hyperion
THE STORY of Narcissus, who fell in love with his own reflection, fascinated medieval courtiers, for narcissism was the essence of court life and art. All was self-regarding, luxuriant, elitist; and few courtly artists were more concerned with their own reflection than the celebrated poet and composer Guillaume de Machaut.

We know a good deal about the man who looked into the mirror. He was born around 1300, and his career opened with high affairs and travel when he joined the household of John of Luxembourg, King of Bohemia, c1323. He served the king as his secretary until the disaster at Crécy where the chivalrous monarch was slain. During these years of service Machaut became established as a leading poet (one of his foreign admirers was Geoffrey Chaucer) and as the foremost composer of the French Ars Nova. Some time around 1340 he took up a canonry at Rheims—perhaps moving into the spacious house on the Rue de la Pourcelette (now the Rue d’Anjou) which he is known to have occupied in 1372—and until his death his services were sought by the highest patrons of France including John, Duke of Berry, and Charles of Navarre, the future King Charles V.

Machaut wanted his life’s work to be seen as one luxurious artefact of poetry and music, and he arranged for it to be copied as such—an exceptional thing for a fourteenth-century composer to have done. When we turn the pages of the manuscripts which descend from Machaut’s own ‘livre’ we see luminescent paintings, page after page of fine penwork lavished on music and poetry of the highest finish—calligraphic beauty enveloped in an aura of latent sound. Machaut looked into the mirror of Narcissus and an idealized, gilded image of the lover-artist looked back. Machaut fell in love with the reflection and his passion drove him through a long and immensely productive life.

By the standards of any age, Machaut is a compelling and extraordinary composer. His harmonies range from the mellifluous, through the exotic, to the bizarre; rich chords alternate with pungent dissonances which often resolve in the most unexpected ways; his melodies surge and leap. All of these things make him perhaps the most difficult composer of the Middle Ages, but also one of the most enticing; he has so much in common with the composers of today.
Dame, de qui toute ma joie vient,
Je ne vous puis trop amer ne chierir,
N'assès loer, si com il appartient,
Servir, doubter, honnourer n'obeīr.

   Car le gracīeus espoir,
Douces dame, que j'ay de vous vëoir,
Me fait cent fois plus de bien et de joie
Qu'en cent mille ans desservir ne porroie.

Cils dous espoirs en vie me soustient
Et me norrist en amoureus desïr,
Et dedens moy met tout ce qui couvient
Pour conforter mon cuer et resjoïr;

       N'il ne s'en part main ne soir,
Einosis me fait doucement recevoir
Plus des doux biens qu'Amours au[s] siens ottoie
Qu'en cent mille ans desservir ne porroie.

Et quant Espoir qui en man cuer se tient
Fait dedens moy si grant joie venir,
Lonteins de vous, ma dame, s'il avient
Que vo biauté voie que moult desïr,

       Ma joie, si com j'espoir,
Yimaginer, penser ne concevoir
Ne porroit nuls, car trop plus en aroie
Qu'en cent mille ans desservir ne porroie.

Foy porter,
Honneur garder,
Et pais querir,
Oubeīr,
Doubter, servir
Et honnourer
Vous vueil jusques au morir;
Dame sans per.

Car tant vous aim, sans mentir,
Qu'on porroiet avant tarir
La haute mer
Et ses ondes retenir
Que me peūsse alentir
De vous amer,

       Sans fausser;
Car mi mi penser,

Lady, from whom comes all my joy,
I cannot love or cherish you too much,
nor praise, serve, fear, honour or obey
you as much as is fitting.

   For the kind hope,
sweet lady, which I have of seeing you,
gives me a hundred times more joy and happiness
than I could deserve in a hundred thousand years.

This sweet hope keeps me alive
and sustains me with amorous desire,
and confers on me all that I need
to invigorate and cheer my heart;

      this hope does not leave me night or day,
but makes me sweetly receive
more of the sweet gifts which Love gives to her servants
than I could deserve in a hundred thousand years.

And since Hope, who dwells in my heart,
brings such great joy to me
when I am far from you, my lady, then if I should
actually see your beauty which I so desire,

      nobody, I hope,
could imagine, envisage or conceive my joy,
for I should have far more
than I could deserve in a hundred thousand years.

I will stay loyal,
preserve your honour,
seek peace with you,
obey,
fear, serve
and honour
you until I die,
peerless lady.

For I love you so much, in truth,
that one could sooner dry up
the deep sea
and bold back its waves
than I could restrain myself
from loving you,

      without deceit;
for my thoughts,
Mi souvenir,
   my memories,
Et mi desir
   and my desires
Sont sans finer
   are continually
En vous que ne puis guerpir
   of you, whom I cannot leave
N’entroublier.
   or forget even for a while.

ii Il n’est joie ne joîr
   There is no joy or pleasure
N’aute bien qu’on puist sentir
   or any other good that one might feel
N’imaginer
   or imagine
Qui ne me samble languir,
   which does not seem vain to me,
Quant vo douceur adoucir
   whenever your sweetness deigns to sweeten
Vuet mon amer:
   my bitterness.
   Therefore I want to praise
   and adore
   and fear you,
   and hate
   and despiter
   all vice and cherish
   and desire all that is good.

iii Vous estes le vray saphir
   You are the true sapphire
Qui puet tous mes maus garir
   which can cure
   and end all my woes,
Esmeraude a resjoîr,
   the emerald which cheers,
Rubis pour cuers esclarcir
   the ruby to brighten
   and invigorate every heart.
   Your speech,
   your look,
   your bearing
   make one flee
   and hate
   and detest
   all vice and cherish
   and desire all that is good.

Lady, I am one who will gladly suffer
   whatever you wish, as long as I may live;
but I do not think I can bear it for long
   without dying, since you are so harsh to me
as to want me to leave you,
   and never see again the great and true beauty
of your fair person, which has such virtue
Que vous estes des bonnes la millour.
Las! einssi ay de ma mort exemplaire.
Mais la doleur qu’il me convendra traire
Douce seroit, se un lei espoir avoie
Qu’avant ma mort par vo gré vous revoie.
Dame, et se ja mes cuers riens entreprenent
Dont mes corps ait honneur n’avancement,
De vous venra, com lonteins que vous soie,
Car ja sans vous que j’aim tres loyaument,
Ne sans Amours, emprendre nel saroie.

TRIPLUM Fins cuers doulz, on me deftent
De par vous que plus ne voie
Vostre doulz viaire gent
Qui d’amor m’a mis en voie;
Mais vraiment, je ne scay
Comment je m’en attendray
Que briefment morir ne doie :
Et s’il m’en faut abstenir
Pour faire vostre plaisir,
Ou envers vous faus seroie,
S’aim trop mieux ma loyaute
Garder et par vostre gré
Morir, se vos cuers l’ottomae,
Qu’encontre vostre voloir,
Par vostre biauté veioir,
Receuissé toute joie.

TENOR (VIRELAI) Fins cuers doulz,
[/joliete,
Amouretes m’ont navré;
Par ce sui mas et pensis,
Si n’a en moy jeu ne ris,
Car a vous,
Conpaingnete,
Ay mon cuer einsi doné.]
[text completed by CP]

Tuit mi penser
Sont sans cesser
En vous amer
Et honnourer,
Tres douce creature.

All my thoughts
are ceaselessly
of loving
and honouring you,
most sweet creature.
i  Nonques mes yeus saouler
   De regarder
   Et remirer
   Vo gentz pourtraiture
Ne pos, ne mon cuer oster
   D'adès preser
   A vo vis cler
   Et a vo bonté pure.
   Ce fait doubler
   Et embraser
   Et aviver
   Par desirer
Mon amoureuse ardure.

ii  Mais, tant com porray durer,
   La vueil porter
   Et endurer
   Humblement, sans laidure.
Ne ja ne vous quier rouver
   Guerredonner,
   Ne demoustrer
   Que je la tiengne a dure;
   Car trop parler
   Puet moult grever,
   Et refuser
   Feroit crever
Mon cuer de sa pointure.

iii  Si que, tres belle sans per,
   Que voy passer
   Et sormonter
Toute oeuvre de Nature,
On ne me doit pas blasmer,
   Se mon preser
   Ay sans fausser
Mis et toute ma cure
   En vous loer,
   En vous garder,
   En vous celer,
   En vous douter,
Car c’est ma norreture.

Never could I sate my eyes
   with seeing
   and beholding
your fair portrait,
nor stop my heart
from always thinking
   of your radiant face
and your pure goodness.
This doubles
   and enflames
   and arouses
with desire
   my amorous longing.

But as long as I may live
   I will bear
   and endure this longing
   humbly, without reproach.
And I will never ask you
   for reward,
   nor let it show
   that I find it hard to bear;
   for too much talking
   may do much harm,
   and your refusal
   would break
   my heart with its sting.

So that, most beautiful and peerless lady,
whom I see surpass
   and excell
all the works of Nature,
I ought not to be blamed
   if, without deceit,
   I have devoted my thoughts
and all my concern
   to praising you,
   to protecting you,
   to keeping your identity secret,
   to fearing you,
for this is my sustenance.
Dame, mon cuer en vous remaint,
Comment que de vous me departe.
De fine amour qui en moy maint,
Or pri Dieu que li vostres m’aint,
Sans ce qu’en nulle autre amour parte.

Dame, a qui
M’ottri
De cuer, sans penser laidure.
Je n’ay mie desservi
Qu’enbaï’
M’ait si
Vos cuers qu’a desconfiture
Soie pour l’amour de li.

i Car de tres loyal amour
   Meint jour
Vous ay amé et servi,
N’onques vos cuers n’ot tenrour
   Dou plour
Qui m’a tout anienti.
   S’en gemi
   Et di
Que ce n’est mie droiture
Que toudis soie en oubli,
   Car en mi
   Par mi
Partiroit mon cuer d’ardure,
Belle, s’il estoit einssi.

ii Helas! toudis sans sejour
   Aour
Vo doulz viaire joli,
Mais trouver n’i puis douçour
   N’amour,
Fors samlance d’anemi.
   S’en fremi,
   Ay mi!
Et en dolour qui trop dure
Dolereusement languï,
   Quant meri
   D’ottri
Ne d’esperance seïre
Ne m’a encor esjoï.

Lady, my heart remains with you,
however far away from you I may go.

Because of the noble love which dwells in me,
So I pray God that your heart may love me,
and not partake of any other love.

Lady, to whom
I give myself
heartily, without any evil thought,
I have not deserved
that your heart
should have taken such a dislike to me
that I am undone
by my love for it.

For with a most loyal love
I have loved and served you
many a day,
but your heart has never shown any compassion
for the weeping
which has quite extinguished me.

So I groan
and say
that it is not right
that I should always be neglected,
for in my breast
my heart would break in two
with longing,
fair one, if this were the case.

Alas! continually without respite
I adore
your fair sweet face,
but I can find in it no kindness
or love,
only a hostile look.

So I tremble,
alas!
and in lasting pain
I painfully languish,
since neither the reward
of requital,
nor that of sure hope,
has yet cheered me.
iii Belle et bonne, sans folour,
    D’onnour
Vous ha Dieus si enrichi
Que vous estes de valour
La flour;
Pour ce vous ay encheri.

    Se vous pri
    Merci
Que de vostre grace pure
Me daingniés clamer ami;
    Et einsi
    Gari
M’arés dou mal que j’endure
Tresdont que premiers vous vi.

    Biauté qui toutes auttres pere
Envers moy diverse et estrange,
Douceur fine a mon goust amere,
Corps digné de toute loange,
Simple vis a cuer d’aÿmant,
Regart pur tuer un amant,
Samblant de joie et response d’esmay
M’ont a ce mis que pour amer morray.

ii Detri d’ottri que moult compere,
    Bel Acueil qui de moy se vange,
Amour marrastre et nompas mere.
Espoir qui de joie m’estrange,
Povre secours, desir ardant,
Triste penser, cuer souspirant,
Durté, desdaing, dangier et refus qu’ay
M’ont a ce mis que pour amer morray.

iii Si vueil bien qu’a ma dame appere
    Qu’elle ma joie en doleur change
Et que sa belle face clere
Me destruit, tant de meschief sen je,
Et que gieu n’ay, revel ne chant,
N’einsi com je sueil plus ne chant,
Pour ce qu’Amour, mi oueil et son corps gay
M’ont a ce mis que pour amer morray.

    Fair and good, without wantonness,
    God has so enriched you
with honour
that you are the flower
of merit;
this is why I have cherished you.

    So I beg
    mercy of you,
that purely by your grace
you may deign to call me your friend;
    and so
you will have cured me
of the woe I have suffered
ever since I first saw you.

    Beauty which is the equal of all beauties,
    haughty and distant towards me;
exquisite sweetness, bitter to my taste;
person worthy of all praise,
    kindly face with heart of steel,
look that can kill a lover,
er joyous exterior and distressing reply
have brought me to such a pass that I shall die of loving.

    Delay in requiting, for which I pay dearly,
Fair Welcome which masks vindictiveness,
Love, not a kindly but an unnatural mother,
Hope which deprives me of joy,
lack of help, burning desire,
sad thoughts, sighing heart,
harsness, disdain, haughtiness and the refusal I receive
have brought me to such a pass that I shall die of loving.

    I wish to make it clear to my lady
that it is she who turns my joy to pain,
and that her fair radiant face
destroyes me, such is the misfortune I suffer,
and that I enjoy no mirth, pleasure or music,
and can no longer sing as I used to,
because Love, my eyes and her fair self
have brought me to such a pass that I shall die of loving.
Je vivroie liement,
Douce creature,
Se vous saviés vraiment
Qu’en vous fust parfaitement
Ma cure.

Dame de meintieng joli,
Plaisant, nette et pure,
Souvent me fait dire « ai mi! »
Li maus que j’endure
Pour vous servir loyaument.
Et soiés seïre
Que je ne puis nullement
Vivre einssi, se longuement
Me dure.

Car vous m’estes sans mercy
Et sans pité dure,
Et s’avés le cuer de mi
Mis en tel ardure
Qu’il morra certeinnement
De mort trop obscure,
Se pour son aligement
Merci n’est procheinnement
Meüre.

Rose, liz, printemps, verdure,
Fleur, baume et tres douce odour,
Belle, passés en douçour,
Et tous les biens de Nature
Avez, dont je vous aour.
Et quant toute creature
Seurmonte vostre valour,
Bien puis dire et par honnour:

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.

Si ne me doit a folour
Tourner, se je vous aour,
Car sans mentir,
Bonté passés en valour,
Toute flour en douce odour
Qu'on peut sentir.

Vostre biauté fait tarir
Toute autre et anientir,
Et vo doucour
Passe tout; rose en colour
Vous doi tenir,
Et vo regars peut garir
Toute dolour.

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
Vuet que me daigniez oïr
En ma clamour,
Je ne quier de mon labour
Autre merir,
Qu’il ne me porroit venir
Joie gringnour.

iii Dame, ou sont 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.

for truly
you surpass goodness itself in virtue,
and in sweet perfume any flower
one may smell.

Your beauty withers
and extinguishes all other beauty,
and your sweetness
surpasses everything; by your complexion
I must think you a rose,
and your look may cure
any pain.

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.

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.

Love makes me desire
and love;
but so foolishly
that I can in no wise hope
Ne penser
N’imaginer nullement
Que le doux viarie gent
Qui m’esprent
Me dole joie donner,
S’Amours ne fait proprement
Tellement
Que je l’aie sans rouver.

S’ay si dur a endurer
Que durer
Ne puis mie longuement;
Car en mon cuer vueil celer
Et porter
Ceste amour couvertement.

Sans requerre aligement,
Qu’a tourment
Vueil mieus ma vie finer.
Et si n’ay je pensement
Vraiment
Que je l’aie sans rouver.

Mais desirs fait embraser
Et doubler
Ceste amour si asprement
Que tout m’en fait oublier,
Ne penser
N’ay fors a li seulement;
Et pour ce amoureusement
Humblement
Langui sans joie gouster.
S’en morray, se temprement
Ne n’assent
Que je l’aie sans rouver.

Douce dame jolie,
Pour Dieu ne pensés mie
Que nulle ait signourie
Seur moy, fors vous seulement.

Qu’adès sans tricherie
Cherie
Vous ay, et humblement
Tous les jours de ma vie

or think
or imagine
that the fair sweet face
of which I am enamoured
may give me joy,
unless Love herself arranges things
so
that I may have it without asking.

I have such hardship to endure
that I cannot last
any longer;
for in my heart I wish to conceal
this love and carry
it secretly,
without asking for any relief,
for I prefer to end my life
in torment.
And yet I do not
seriously think
that I may have it without asking.

But desire enflames
and doubles
this love so violently
that it makes me forget everything,
and I have no thought
but for love alone;
and therefore lovingly,
bumbly,
I languish without having tasted joy.
And so I shall die, unless it is soon
agreed
that I may have it without asking.

Fair sweet lady,
for God’s sake do not think
that any woman has mastery
over me, save you alone.

For always without deceit
I have cherished you,
and bumbly
served you
Servie
Sans vilein pensement.

Helas! et je mendie
D’esperance et d’aïe;
Dont ma joie est fenie,
Se pité ne vous en prent.

Mais vo douce maistrie
Maistrie
Mon cuer si durement
Qu’elle le contralie
Et lie
En amours, tellement
Qu’il n’a de riens envie
Fors d’estre en vo baillie;
Et se ne li ottrie
Vos cuers nul aligement.

Mais vo douce maistrie
Maistrie
Mon cuer si durement
Qu’elle le contralie
Et lie
En amours, tellement
Qu’il n’a de riens envie
Fors d’estre en vo baillie;
Et se ne li ottrie
Vos cuers nul aligement.

Et quant ma maladie
Garie
Ne sera nullement
Sans vous, douce anemie,
Qui lie
Estes de mon tourment,

Et quant ma maladie
Garie
Ne sera nullement
Sans vous, douce anemie,
Qui lie
Estes de mon tourment,

A jointes mains deprie
Vo cuer, puis qu’il m’oublie,
Que temprement m’ocie,
Car trop langui longuement.

TRIPLUM **Inviolata genitrix**,
Superbie grata victrix
Expers paris,
Celestis aule janitrix,
Miserorum exauditrix,
Stella maris
Que ut mater consolaris,
Et pro lapsis deprecaris
Humiliter,
Gracie fons singularis
Que angelis dominaris.
Celeriter
Para nobis tutum iter,
Juvaque nos viriliter
Nam perimus,

*all the days of my life
without any base thought.*

*Alas! I am bereft
of hope and help;
and so my joy is ended,
unless you pity me.*

*But your sweet mastery
masters
my heart so harshly
as to torment it
and bind it
with love, so much so
that it desires nothing
but to be in your power;
and yet your heart grants it
no relief.*

*And since my sickness
will not be cured
in any way
save by you, sweet enemy,
who are glad
at my distress,
then with hands clasped I pray
that your heart, since it neglects me,
may kill me soon,
for I have languished too long.*

*Virgin mother,
beloved conqueress of pride
without peer.
Door-keeper of the heavenly palace,
you who hearken to the prayers of the wretched,
star of the sea,
you who comfort like a mother,
and you who intercede for our sins
with mildness,
fountain of singular grace
and ruler of angels,
quickly
prepare a safe journey for us,
help us decisively
for we perish,*
Invadimur hosiliter
Sed tuimur debiliter,
   Neque scimus
Quo tendere nos possimus,
Nec per quem salvi erimus
   Nisi per te;
Eya! ergo poscimus
Ut sub alis tuis simus
Et versus nos te converte.

MOTETUS Felix virgo, mater Christi,
Que gaudium mundo tristi
Ortu tui contulisti,
   Dulcissima,
Sic hereses peremisti
Dum angelo credidisti
Filiumque genuisti,
   Castissima.
Roga natum, piissima,
Ut pellat mala plurima
Tormentaque gravissima,
   Que patimur;
Nam a gente ditissima,
Lux lucis splendidissima,
De sublimi ad infima
   Deducimur;
Cunctis bonis exuimur,
Ab impiis persequimur,
Per quos jugo subicimur
   Servitutis,
Nam sicut ceci gradimur
Nec directorem sequimur
Sed a viis retrahimur
   Nobis tutis.
Gracie fons et virtutis,
Sola nostra spes salutis,
Miserere destitutis
   Auxilio,
Ut a culpis absolutis
Et ad rectum iter ductis
Inimicisque destructis
Pax sit nobis cum gaudio.

TENOR Ad te suspiramus gementes et flentes ...
A note on performance
This is the first recording to present fourteenth-century music in exclusively vocal performances. In recent years it has become clear that this manner of performance was well known in late-medieval France. The director of Gothic Voices wrote an article advocating this method in 1977, pointing to the evidence in a treatise by Guillaume de Machaut’s nephew, Eustache Deschamps. Since then several major studies have been published which contain supporting evidence for the practice:


For a full biographical listing of works on Machaut see A Hughes: Medieval Music: The sixth Liberal Art, second edition (Toronto, 1980). The most important source to be added to Hughes’s bibliography is Guillaume de Machaut: Colloque—Table Ronde, organisé par l’Université de Rheims (Paris, 1982).

It appears to have been quite acceptable in the Middle Ages for a man to sing a song written from a woman’s point of view—and, presumably, vice versa (see Early Music 10/4 October 1982, p 447).

The texts given here follow the Schrade edition, except for the following points: (1) the fragmentary text to the tenor of track 3 has been reconstructed; (2) two small emendations have been made, in Dame, a qui (verse 1, line 5) and Dame, de qui toute ma joie vient (verse 2, line 7): these are sanctioned by the editions of Chichmaref and Hoepffner respectively (see below); (3) accents and cedillas have been introduced sparingly, largely on the lines of the Chichmaref edition; (4) the ligature w (in weil, wet) is transcribed as vu; (5) some additional punctuation has been inserted.

The French texts have been translated and prepared by Stephen Haynes of Jesus College, Oxford.

V Chichmaref: Guillaume de Machaut: Poésies lyriques, 2 vols (Paris, 1909); Remede de Fortune in E Hoepffner: Oeuvres de Guillaume de Machaut, II (Paris, 1911)

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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Song Number</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Type</th>
<th>Duration</th>
<th>Performers</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>Dame, de qui toute ma joie vient</td>
<td>ballade from the <em>Remede de Fortune</em></td>
<td>5'31</td>
<td>EMILY VAN EVERA soprano, MARGARET PHILPOT contralto, ROGERS COVEY-CRUMP, ANDREW KING tenor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>Foy porter</td>
<td>virelai</td>
<td>3'20</td>
<td>EMMA KIRKBY soprano</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Dame, je sui cilz / Fins cuers doulz / Fins cuers doulz</td>
<td>motet</td>
<td>3'01</td>
<td>MARGARET PHILPOT contralto, ROGERS COVEY-CRUMP tenor, PETER McCRAE baritone</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Tuit mi penser</td>
<td>virelai</td>
<td>3'11</td>
<td>ROGERS COVEY-CRUMP tenor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>Dame, mon cuer en vous remaint</td>
<td>rondelet from the <em>Remede de Fortune</em></td>
<td>4'30</td>
<td>MARGARET PHILPOT contralto, ROGERS COVEY-CRUMP tenor, ANDREW KING tenor</td>
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<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Dame, a qui</td>
<td>virelai</td>
<td>5'37</td>
<td>COLIN SCOTT MASON baritone</td>
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<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>Biauté qui toutes autres pere</td>
<td>ballade</td>
<td>4'51</td>
<td>MARGARET PHILPOT contralto, ROGERS COVEY-CRUMP tenor, ANDREW KING tenor</td>
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<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>Je vivroie liement</td>
<td>virelai</td>
<td>2'24</td>
<td>EMILY VAN EVERA soprano</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>Rose, liz, printemps, verdure</td>
<td>rondeau</td>
<td>4'37</td>
<td>EMILY VAN EVERA soprano, MARGARET PHILPOT contralto, ROGERS COVEY-CRUMP, ANDREW KING tenor</td>
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<td>10</td>
<td>Dame, a vous sans retollir</td>
<td>virelai from the <em>Remede de Fortune</em></td>
<td>2'56</td>
<td>EMMA KIRKBY soprano</td>
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<td>11</td>
<td>Amours me fait desirer</td>
<td>ballade</td>
<td>4'13</td>
<td>MARGARET PHILPOT contralto, ROGERS COVEY-CRUMP tenor, PETER McCRAE baritone</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>Douce dame jolie</td>
<td>virelai</td>
<td>2'52</td>
<td>MARGARET PHILPOT contralto</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>Inviolata genitrix / Felix virgo / Contratenor / Ad te suspiramus</td>
<td>motet</td>
<td>3'47</td>
<td>MARGARET PHILPOT contralto, ROGERS COVEY-CRUMP tenor, COLIN SCOTT MASON, PETER McCRAE baritone</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

GOTHIC VOICES
CHRISTOPHER PAGE director
‘This is an exceptionally fine and important record’ (Gramophone)

‘Superb’ (BBC Record Review)

GRAMOPHONE CRITICS’ CHOICE

Songs by
GUILLAUME DE MACHAUT
(c1300–1377)

1. Dame, de qui toute ma joie vient [5’31]
2. Foy porter [3’20]
3. Dame, je sui cilz / Fins cuers doulz / Fins cuers doulz [3’01]
4. Tuit mi penser [3’11]
5. Dame, mon cuer en vous remaint [4’30]
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GOTHIC VOICES

EMILY VAN EVERA soprano  MARGARET PHILPOT contralto
ROGERS COVEY–CRUMP tenor  ANDREW KING tenor
COLIN SCOTT MASON baritone  PETER McCRAE baritone

with

EMMA KIRKBY soprano

CHRISTOPHER PAGE director
The front illustration is taken from the *Roman de la rose*. Narcissus has been out hunting (his horse waits at the left). He pauses to drink from the pool. On the right is Echo who prays to God that Narcissus may be forever unhappy in love because he has refused her.

The prayer is answered: Narcissus looks into the pool and falls in love with his own reflection.