

Note for CMM 68:

Recently we published CMM 68: **Motets of the Manuscript La Clayette. Notre Dame Music of ca. 1215-1250**, edited by Gordon A. Anderson.

Due to an abnormal state of things for a time at the printers, there is in this volume a regrettable lapse: page LXXXII is blank.

We are herewith supplying pages LXXXI and LXXXII, with the following request: the leaf bearing page LXXXI and the blank page LXXXII should be torn out and the new leaf pasted in.

The printers beg our reader's forbearance, and the publisher joins them.

American Institute of Musicology.

33. (528c)

<TRIPLUM>

Moniot

Par matin s'est levee	Et un chapelet bastir
La bele Marot	A mes biaux cheveus tenir!
Qui senz amours n'est mie;	S'en fusse plus jolive!"
Si s'en est alee	Lors l'a choisi, s'est saillie:
5 Toute seule au bos	15 "Bien vegniez," fait il, "m'amie
Nuz piez et delaciee.	Que je tant desir
Lors s'est escriee:	A tenir
"Mes amis mignoz	Souz le rain;
Qui m'a ensi bailliee	<i>Mignotement la voi venir,</i>
10 Deüst ore flors cueillir	20 <i>Cele que j'aim."</i>

Early one morning beautiful Marot, who is not without lovers, arose and walked quite alone to the wood, barefoot and unlaced. Then she cried out: "My gentle lover, who has me thus in his power, ought now to be gathering flowers for a garland to hold back my lovely tresses! Then would I be merrier!" Then she noticed him, and came forth: "You are welcome, sweetheart," said he, "you whom I so much desire to hold beneath the branches; *Delicately I see her come, her whom I love.*"

(528d)

<MOTETUS>

Tres douce pensee	Unques d'el n'i ot parlé,
Qui tant m'a grevé	Mes souz moi l'ai getee,
Et gres desirree	Et quant j'oi le jeu finé,
Qui j'ai tant amé,	S'a dist or: "Avez mout conquesté
5 M'a si tost amblé	15 Qui m'avez destourbee?"
Ma joie et mon soulaz,	Je li dis: "Ensi n'est pas,
Que je ne sai que je faz.	Bele; si vos vient a gré,
Mes Dieu m'a asené,	J'abaterai le bois ramé
Car touse ai trouvee,	Tout a mes braz!"
10 Liant eschalaz:	

Most sweet thought which has so tormented me, she whom I have loved so much and desired so passionately, has so quickly robbed me of my joy and pleasure that I know not what I am doing. But God directed my steps, for I found a girl binding vine-props: nothing had ever been said of her, but I threw her under me, and when I had finished the game, she said: "You who have come to trouble me, have you made many a conquest?" I told her: "It is not so, lovely girl; if you want me to, I will destroy with my very hands this leafy wood!"

34. (377)

<TRIPLUM>

Mout souvent m'ont demandé	Chief luisant, sorciz
plusours	Biaux, euz verz, menton bien asis,
Se j'aim, pour ce que je sui jolis.	Col plus blanc que ne soit flour de lis.
Oïl, que j'aim la meillour	10 Qu'en puis je, se je sui ses amis,
Qui soit en tout cest païs.	Quant elle est si bele et si gentis
5 Mout a biauté, ce m'est vis:	Qu'en li ne faut fors mercis?
Ses cors est poliz,	

Many have often asked me if I am in love, since I am so merry. Yes, for I am in love with the finest lady in all the country. In my eyes, she has great beauty: her body is graceful, her hair gleams, her eyebrows are beautiful, her eyes are bright, her chin well-set, her neck whiter than the lily. What can I do as her lover, when she is so lovely and so noble that she lacks nothing but compassion?

(378)

<MOTETUS>

Mout ai esté en doulour	Euz rianz pour cuer navrer,
Longuement pour bien amer,	Douz vis, fresche colour.
Et sui encor chascun jor;	Je ne vi en li rien a blasmer,
Si ne m'en puis destourber,	10 Fors que je ne puis merci trover;
5 Tant a douçour,	<i>Ensi me tient en langour,</i>
Biauté, bonté, et cors gent de bel	<i>Ne ja pour ce ne partirai de s'amour.</i>
atour,	

I have long suffered much for loving so well, and I suffer still, every day; and yet I cannot stop myself, for she is so full of sweetness, beauty and goodness, and has a pretty, well-adorned body, laughing eyes made to wound hearts, a soft face, a fresh complexion. I can see nothing to condemn in her, except that I can find no compassion there;
and thus she keeps me languishing, though never shall I cease therefore to love her.

35. (708)

<TRIPLUM>

Hé, Dieu! de si haut si bas!	Ne n'iere a nul jour.
Sui souples et maz	Car souvent en tel labour
En gries doulours,	Est mes cuers, li las,
Quant ne puis trover solaz	Pour avoir aucun repas
5 En celui qui en ses laz	15 De vivre a honor;
M'a sans retour,	Et se mal me fet greignour
Qui tant a valour,	Sentir ses regarz,
Biauté et douçor	<i>Je ne m'en doi pas</i>
C'onques ne fui las	<i>Plaindre nes a gas,</i>
10 D'avoir s'amour,	20 <i>Car tout est par ma folour.</i>

Ah, Lord! From so high, so low! I am humiliated and down-cast, afflicted by grievous pangs of sorrow, for I can gain no solace from her who holds me for ever in her snare. She is so full of merit, beauty and sweetness, that I have never been weary of her love, nor ever will be. My wretched heart toils much and often for healing, for a life with honour; but if her look makes me suffer a yet greater ill,

I may not complain even in mockery, for all is caused by my folly.

(707)

<MOTETUS>

Maubatu longuement pleure	Ainz atant qui me seceure,
Et par coutume demeure	10 Si sueffre de jor en jor
Plus longuement en son plour;	Mon meschief, et de eure en eure,
Mes li batuz a retour,	En espoir d'avoir soulaz,
5 A de son mestre paour	Et dit par crieme a Amors,
C'adés sus ne li recuere.	Quan m'a batu plus que las:
Pour ce mains, pas ne demeure,	15 " <i>Amours, je ne m'en plaing pas,</i>
Que sui batuz plus que a gas;	<i>De mes dolours.</i> "

A badly-beaten man weeps long, and customarily continues his weeping the longer; but when he returns he is afraid that his master will again attack him. For this reason at least, I tarry not, I who have been beaten in more than mockery; I wait for someone to help me, and endure my misfortune from day to day, from hour to hour, in the hope of attaining some pleasure; and in fear I tell Love, when he has beaten me more than a serf:

"Love, I do not complain of my sufferings."

36. (603a)

<TRIPLUM>

<i>Ave, beatissima</i>	Divinitas,
<i>Civitas,</i>	Eterno felix gaudio,