



Saturday 26 October, 1pm
St Nicholas Church

DECAMERON MUSICALE

A mosaic of musical stories from early modern Europe

Rune

Angela Hicks *soprano*

Daniel Thomson *tenor*

Daniel Scott *recorders, portative organ*

May Robertson *vielle*

Jean Kelly *harp*

Fortune

Fantastic tales with peculiar plots based on the turns of Fortune

Francesco Landini 1335–1397

Philippe de Vitry 1291–1361

Landini

Per la 'nfluença

Providence, la senee

Roman de Fauvel Folio 23Vc, Virelai

Fortuna ria

Virtue

A walk in the walled garden of the palace
Sacred English music that was copied in northern Italy

Landini

Anonymous English 14th century

Ecco la primavera

Ad rose titulum

Flos vernalis



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Love

In the palace, tales of love that are both beautiful and tragic

Landini

Sì dolce non sonò

Adiu, adiu, dous dame

Gilles Binchois 1400–1460

Triste plaisir et douloureuse joye

Trickery

A picnic in the fields

Anonymous English 14th century

Petrone

Jacopo da Bologna fl.1340–c.1386

Io me son uno che per la frasche

Faenza Codex

Intelligence

Returning to the palace, around the fountain

Guillaume de Machaut 1300–1377

Ma fin est mon commencement

Johannes Ciconia 1370–1412

Una panthera

The 2024 Festival was curated and programmed by artistic director Deborah Roberts BEM who died on 9 September. We are so grateful to Deborah for her creative, innovative and fearless programming, always seeking to bring the music she loved to new audiences.

The music

Giovanni Boccaccio wrote his masterwork Decameron after the outbreak of the Black Death in Florence in 1348. It is a frame story in which a group of friends, sequestered from the horrors of the plague in a rural villa, share stories with each other to entertain, rouse and move. In this programme each piece is an individual musical story. As in Decameron, they are collected together into five themes: fortune and the capricious effects of fate; virtue and devotion; love, both joyous and tragic; trickery and sin; and finally intelligence. Music was flourishing in 14th-century Italy, and many of the pieces come from composers of the time including Francesco Landini and Johannes Ciconia. Threaded into this there is also medieval music from more distant times and places, just as Boccaccio weaved together stories from as far away places as India and the Middle East. These include a *virelai* from the Roman de Fauvel, sacred music from the cathedrals of England and Binchois' enigmatic chanson 'Triste plaisir et douloureuse joye'. Boccaccio's Decameron portrays the various aspects of human nature and experience in vivid detail, and it is our pleasure to echo this through some of the most beautiful music of his time.

The performers

Rune, a recently established medieval ensemble, is dedicated to delving into the world of music of the Middle Ages. The word 'rune' (from the Old English 'rūn') means, among other things, a mystical spell-song. Resting beneath our modern conception of the medieval resides a host of musical practices – improvised, composed, and often both – that challenge us, engage us and touch us. Rune ensemble bring the mysteries of this ancient and mystical music to life with informed practices and creativity. Rune was formed with the aid of the late Deborah Roberts and BREMF.

runemedieval.com

<p>PER LA'NFLUENÇA</p> <p>Per la'nfluença di Saturn'e Marte, Mort'è amor e ciaschedun s'atrìsta Se benignio Mercurio non racquista.</p> <p>E queste stato giàcorso gran tenpo Po che regnio si aspra signoria Ch'a generato morte, odio e resia.</p> <p>Vengh'ore ma' chontra questa tempesta Que' che suscitar di sollaç'e festa.</p>	<p>For the influence of Saturn and Mars, Love dies, and everyone becomes saddened If Mercury does not regain his benevolence.</p> <p>And this has already been going on for a long time Since a harsh dominion reigns That has generated death, hatred, and rebellion.</p> <p>May hours come against this storm. Those who raise up joy and celebration</p>
<p>PROVIDENCE, LA SENEÉ</p> <p><i>Providence, la seneé A poinnes m'a encliné A savoir que destinee M'a disques ci destiné.</i></p> <p>Fortune, par mon desroy, Si m'a enhaï Ne veust que soie mes roy. Fate m'a trahi. Vainne Gloire m'out donnee, Donc je voi que sui finé; Toute m'honneur est finee, Si hé l'eure que fui né.</p> <p>Forment me doi doulouser De ce qu'envaÿ Tele dame d'espouser; Des adonc chaÿ. Trop me vint fole pensee Quant ce chemin cheminé; J'eusse fait mellieur journee D'avoir mon clos rebiné.</p> <p>C'est merveilles a conter De ce qu'envaÿr L'osay. De trop haut monter Doit l'en [bas] chaïr. Cele en est vers moi iree; De ce le chief enclin ai, Prest d'endurer tel hachiee Com par li yert terminé'.</p>	<p><i>Providence, the wise, Has with effort led me To realize that destiny Has destined me for this state.</i></p> <p>Fortune, because of my presumption, Has taken such a dislike to me That she wants me to be king no more. Fate has betrayed me. She has given me Vainglory; I see, then, that I am finished; All my honour is gone, And I curse the hour of my birth.</p> <p>I must bitterly lament That I was presumptuous To want to marry such a lady; That was the moment of my downfall. Too mad a thought it was For me to set out on that path; I would have done a better day's work Had I gone on tilling my field.</p> <p>It is an extraordinary tale, How I dared to be presumptuous With her. One who rises too high Is bound to fall down. The lady is angry with me for it; My head is therefore bowed, And I am ready to endure such torment As will be determined by her.</p>

<p>FORTUNA RIA</p> <p>Fortuna ria, Amor, e crude donna Son contra me, perch'io divita pera; Ma pur non temo, ch'ancor non è sera.</p> <p>Regna in quest'alta donna tal virtute, Ch'accordat'è amore con lej a darmi pene.</p> <p>Suo fiamme in essa son tutte perdute, Tant'è duro'l suo core, Più che non si convene.</p> <p>Con fortuna e amor sempre si teme In un volere al mio dolore intera. Ma pur non temo, ch'ancor non è sera.</p>	<p>Ill fortune, Love, and a cruel lady Are against me, so that my life may perish; Yet still I do not fear, for it is not yet evening.</p> <p>In this noble lady such virtue reigns, That Love has agreed with her To bring me suffering.</p> <p>Her flames within her are all extinguished, So hard is her heart, More than is proper.</p> <p>With fortune and love, there is always fear That they will fully unite in my pain. Yet still I do not fear, for it is not yet evening.</p>
ECCO LA PRIMAVERA (instrumental)	
<p>AD ROSE TITULUM</p> <p>Ad rose titulum, ad laudem lillii, Ad decus viole vos, Eve filii, Letos accingite.</p> <p>Triplex sub triplici flore misterium Ad dulce virginis laudis preconium Leti concinite.</p> <p>Confortat rosula, medetur liliium, Extinguit viola calorem noxium, Sic sit de virgine.</p> <p>Mestum exhilarat et sanat saucium, Mentis contemperat furores febrium Mira dulcedine.</p> <p>Flos ergo florida, virgo que floribus Hiis tribus specie, virtute, moribus Es sola similis,</p> <p>Fac frui pascuis nos patris glorie, Virores uberant ubi delicie Inmarcessibilis.</p> <p>Non sinas tartarum peccantes ledere Nec te cum cantico laudantes fallere Sua versucia.</p> <p>Set serves famulos tuos a crimine Ut fiant stabiles in celi culmine, Plena gracia.</p>	<p>To the rose's title, to the lily's praise, To the violet's glory, O children of Eve, Gird yourselves with joy.</p> <p>A triple mystery under a triple flower To the sweet proclamation of the Virgin's praise, Sing joyfully.</p> <p>The rose strengthens, the lily heals, The violet extinguishes harmful heat, So it is with the Virgin.</p> <p>It gladdens the sorrowful, heals the wounded, Calms the mind's feverish rages With marvellous sweetness.</p> <p>Therefore, O blooming flower, Virgin, Who in form, virtue, and character Alone are like these three flowers,</p> <p>Grant that we may enjoy the pastures of the Father's glory, Where eternal delights thrive In unfading green.</p> <p>Do not allow sinners to be harmed by Hell, Nor deceive those who praise you with song Through their trickery.</p> <p>But keep your servants free from sin, So that they may stand firm in Heaven's heights, Full of grace.</p>

<p>FLOS VERNALIS</p> <p>Flos vernalis, stirps regalis Stella maris, lux solaris, Dei patris filia</p> <p>Tollens reatus tedium Donans vite remedium Et salutis contra mundi naufragium, Nobis reis presidium da tutis.</p> <p>Sit, o Maria, vite via, Semper tibi gaudium, Que conceptum carne ceptum Dei patris filium:</p> <p>O quam dulcis mater regia O quam felix est leticia Cogitans eterna gaudia.</p>	<p>Springtime flower, royal lineage, Star of the sea, light of the sun, Daughter of God the Father,</p> <p>Lifting the burden of guilt, Granting the remedy of life And salvation against the shipwreck of the world, Give us, the guilty, safe protection.</p> <p>O Mary, be the way of life, May you always have joy, You who conceived in the flesh The Son of God the Father:</p> <p>O how sweet is the royal mother, O how joyful is the happiness Of contemplating eternal joys.</p>
<p>SI DOLCE NON SONO</p> <p>Sì dolce non sonò chol lir' Orfeo Quand' à se trase fer' uciell' e boschi D' amor cantando d' infante di deo,</p> <p>Come lo ghallo mio di fuor da boschi Con notatale che gio m' a udita Non fu da Filomena' n verdi boschi,</p> <p>Ne più Febo cantò quando schernita Da Marsia fu suo tibia' n folti boschi Dove vincendo lo spoglio di vita</p> <p>Di teb' avanc' al chiudent' Anfione E fecto fa contrartio del Gorgone</p>	<p>So sweetly sounded Orpheus with his lyre, When he drew wild beasts and birds from the woods, Singing of love, like an infant of God.</p> <p>As sweetly as my rooster outside the woods, With such clear notes that even Maia heard me, It was not inferior to Philomela's in the green woods.</p> <p>Nor did Phoebus sing more beautifully when scorned, By Marsyas, he played his lyre in dense woods, Where he, victorious, claimed the prize of life.</p> <p>I surpass both Amphion and his walls' construction, And I even defy the Gorgons' powers.</p>
<p>ADIU, ADIU, DOUS DAME</p> <p>Adiu, adiu, dous dame yoliye Kar da vous si depart lo corps plorans Mes a vou las l' esprit est larme mie.</p> <p>Lontan da vous, aylas, vivra dolent. Byen che loyal sera' n tout ma vie.</p> <p>Poyrtant, ay! Clere stelle, vos prie, Com lermes e sospirs tres dousmante Che loyaute haies pour vestre amye.</p>	<p>Farewell, farewell, sweet fair lady For my body in tears take leave of you But I leave you my soul and my spirit.</p> <p>Far from you I shall, alas, live in sorrow. Though all my life I shall be loyal to you.</p> <p>That is why, bright star, I beg of you, With tears and gentlest sighs I implore that you be loyal to your friend.</p>

<p>TRISTE PLAISIR</p> <p>Triste plaisir et douloureuse joye, Aspre douceur, desconfort ennuyeux, Ris en plourant, souvenir oublieux M'accompaignent, combien que seule je soye.</p> <p>Enbuchié sont, affin qu'on ne les voye, Dedans mon coeur, en l'ombre de mes yeulx.</p> <p>C'est mon trésor, ma part et ma monnoye; De quoy Dangier est sur moy envieux Bien seroit il, s'il me voit avoir mieulx Quant il a deuil de ce qu'Amour m'envoie.</p>	<p>Sad pleasure and grievous joy, Bitter sweetness, painful discomfort, Laughter in tears, forgetful memory These are my companions so long as I am alone.</p> <p>I've been ambushed by them, so that anyone can see them Within my heart, in the shadows of my eyes.</p> <p>This is my treasure, my portion, my money, Because of it Love's Threat is envious of me. Well may he be, if he sees me gaining better, Since he is grieved by what Love sends me now,</p>
<p>PETRONE (Instrumental)</p>	
<p>IO ME SON UNO CHE PER LA FRASCHE</p> <p>Io mi son uno che per le frasch'andando Vo pur cercando i dilettoni fiori per far ghirland'a me di nuovi odori Cosi s'aquista la fronde gradita De l'arbor verde che non teme sita.</p>	<p>I am one who, wandering through the branches, Goes on searching for delightful flowers To make garlands for myself, of fresh fragrances. Thus, one gains the cherished leaves Of the green tree that does not fear drought.</p>
<p>MA FIN EST MON COMMENCMENT (Instrumental)</p>	
<p>UNA PANTHERA</p> <p>Una panthera in compagnia de marte Candido Jove d'un sereno adorno Constant'e' l'arme chi la garda intorno.</p> <p>Questa governa la cita Luchana Con soa dolcezza el cielo dispensa e dona Secondo el meritar iusta corona.</p> <p>Dando a ciaschun mortal che ne sia degno Triumpho, gloria e parte in questo regno.</p>	<p>A panther in the company of Mars, Pure Jupiter adorned with clear skies; Constant is the arm of he who looks After it:</p> <p>This governs the city of Lucca; Heaven with its sweetness rules and bequeaths, According to who is deserving, a just crown.</p> <p>Giving to each mortal that be worthy Triumph, glory and a share in his kingdom.</p>