



SCHOLA CANTORUM
OF SYRACUSE

Chantons Chansons!



Sunday, May 19, 2024, 4:00 PM
Pebble Hill Presbyterian Church, DeWitt

Chantons Chansons!

A ce joli mois de may

Rose, liz, printemps, verdure

Ce mois de may

Clément Janequin (c. 1485-1558)

Guillaume de Machaut (1300-1377)

Guillaume Du Fay (1397-1474)

Bonjour mon coeur

Orlando di Lasso (1532-1594)

Philippe de Monte (1521-1603)

En attendant

Jacob Senleches (fl. 1383-95)

Ma belle dame souveraine

Du Fay

Je ne sçay què c'est qu'il me faut

Antoine Mornable (fl. 1530-53)

A Paris a trois fillettes

Jacotin - Jacob Godebrye (c. 1445-1529)

Douce mémoire

Pierre Sandrin (1490-1561)

Antoine Gardane (1509-1569)

Trois Chansons

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

I. Dieu! Qu'il a fait bon regarder

II. Quant j'ai ouy le tabourin

III. Yver, vous n'estes qu'un villain



Intermission



Mille regrets	Josquin des Prez (c. 1450-1521)
Seule apart moy	Antoine Busnois (1430-1492)
Par maintes foyes	Jehan Vaillant (fl. 1360-90)
Le chant des oyseaux: Réveillez vous	Janequin
Susanne un jour	Lupi, Second (fl. 1548-59)
	Lasso
La, la, la	Pierre Certon (1515-1572)
Il est bel et bon	Pierre Passereau (fl. 1509-47)
Blason du Beau Tétin	Janequin
Reveye venir du printemps	Claude Le Jeune (1528-1600)



Musicians

Eileen Allen, recorders	Arthur Lewis, tenor and bass viol
Rachel Bass, soprano	Thomas Sauvé, baritone
Walden Bass, baritone	Jeffrey Snedeker, baritone
Timothy Beck, counter-tenor/tenor	Sophie Sparrow, soprano
Cassidy Chappini, mezzo-soprano	Barry Torres, countertenor/tenor and director
Walter Freeman, tenor	Gerald Wolfe, baritone
Caitlin Glastonbury, soprano	

A ce joly moys de may

Refrain:

A ce joly moys de may

Faisons tout bonne chère.

Resveillons nous, ne dormons plus,

Dansons, ballons et au surplus,

Chascun fasse son essay

Pour serre la croupier. (Refrain)

A bien pousser n'ayons vains cueurs,

Donnons dedans, soyons vaincuteurs.

Celui de nous la plus gay

Si porte la banniere. (Refrain)

Refrain:

In this joyous month of May

We bring good cheer to all.

Let us rise, sleep no longer,

Dance, revel and even more,

Each should try to

Outdo the others.

We don't hesitate to push on,

Yielding within, we are the victors.

Of all of us who is the gayest

Gets to carry the banner.

Translation by Joseph Weinberg

Rose, liz, printemps, verdure

Rose, liz, printemps, verdure,

Fleur, baume et tres douce odour,

Belle, passés en douceur,

Et tous les biens de Nature

Avez, dont je vous aour.

Rose, liz, printemps, verdure,

Fleur, baume et tres douce odour,

Rose, lily, springtime, greenery,

flowers, balm and most sweet perfume,

fair one, you surpass in sweetness,

and you have all the good gifts of Nature,

which is why I adore you.

Rose, lily, springtime, greenery,

flowers, balm and most sweet perfume,

Et quant toute creature
Seurmonte vostre valour,
Bien puis dire et par honnour:

*Rose, liz, printemps, verdure,
Fleur, baume et tres douce odour,
Belle, passés en douçour.*

And since your sweet virtue
surpasses every living creature,
I may well say, and honourably:

*Rose, lily, springtime, greenery,
flowers, balm and most sweet perfume,
fair one, you surpass in sweetness.*

Translation by Joseph Weinberg

Ce moys de may

Ce moys de may soyons lies et joyeux
Et de nos cuers oston mérécolye;
Chantons, dansons et menons chière lye,
Pour despiter ces felons envieux.

Plus qu'onques mais chascuns soit curieux
De bien servir sa maistresse jolye:
Ce moys de may soyons lies et joyeux
Et de nos cuers oston mérécolye,

Car la saison semont tous amoureux
A ce fair pourtant n'y fallons mye.
Carissimi, Dufay vous en prie
Et Perinet dira de mieux en mieux:

This month of May let's fill with jollity,
And thrust all melancholy from our hearts;
Let's sing and dance and wear a merry mien
To put to shame those wicked envious.

If ever, now let every man take care
To serve his pretty mistress heartily:
This month of May lets fill with jollity,
And thrust all melancholy from our hearts;

For Spring herself has summoned lovers all
So to behave; let us not fail her call.
Dearly beloved, this, Dufa-y begs,
And Peterkin will put it better still:

Ce moys de may soyons lies et joyeux
Et de nos cuers ostonz m  rancelye;
Chantons, dansons et menons chi  re lye,
Pour despiter ces felons envieux.

This month of May lets fill with jollity,
And thrust all melancholy from our hearts;
Let's sing and dance and wear a merry mien
To put to shame those wicked envious.

Translation by Joseph Weinberg

Bonjour, mon coeur

(text by Pierre de Ronsard, 1524-1585)

Bonjour, mon coeur, bonjour ma douce
vie,
Bonjour mon oeil, bonjour ma ch  re amie,
H  ! bonjour ma toute belle,
Ma mignardise, bonjour,
Mes delices, mon amour,
Mon doux printemps, ma douce fleur
nouvelle,
Mon doux plaisir, ma douce colombelle,
Mon passereau, ma gente tourterelle,
Bonjour, ma douce rebelle!

Good day my heart, good day my sweet
life,
Good day my eye, good day my dear
beloved,
Ah! good day my beauty,
My pretty one, good day,
My delight, my love,
My sweet springtime, my sweet new
flower,
My sweet pleasure, my sweet little dove,
My sparrow, my gentle turtledove,
Good day my sweet rebel.

Je veux mourir si plus on me reproche
Que mon service est plus froid qu'une roche,
De t'avoir laiss  e, ma  trese,
Pour aller suivre le Roi,
Mandiant je ne sais quoi,

I would die if I were still reproached
For serving you as cold as stone,
For leaving you, mistress mine,
To follow the royal court,
Seeking still, I know not why,

Que le vulgaire appelle une largesse,	What commonly is called royal largesse,
Plutôt périsse honneur, court, et richesse,	I would rather lose honor, court, and riches
Que pour les biens jamais je te relaisse,	Than for worldly gain I should e'er again leave you,
Ma douce et belle déesse.	My sweet and beautiful goddess.

En attendant

En attendant, Espérance conforte	While he waits, Hope comforts
L'omme qui vuolt avoir perfection;	The man who seeks after perfection;
En attendant, se déduit at deporte;	While he waits, he amuses and entertains himself;
En attendant, li proumet guerredon;	While he waits, she promises him his reward;
En attendant, passe temps et sayson;	While he waits, time and season pass;
En attendant, met en li sa fiance;	While he waits, he puts his trust in her;
De tous ses mets, est servis à foyson	All these dishes are lavishly served
Cilz qui ne sceit vivre sans espérance.	To him who cannot live with hope.

Translation by Joseph Weinberg

Ma belle dame souverainne

Ma belle dame souverainne,	My beautiful sovereign lady,
Faites cesser ma grief dolour	Make my deep grief stop
Que j'endure pour vostre amour	Which I am enduring for your love
Nuit et jour, dont j'ay tres grant painne.	Night and day, and which gives me very great pain.

Ou autrement, soiés certaine,
Je finneray dedens brief jour.
Ma belle dame souverainne,
Faites cesser ma grief dolour.

Il n'i a jour en la sepmainne
Que je ne soye en grant tristour;
Se me veulliés par vo doulcour
Secourir, de volonté plaine.

Ma belle dame souverainne,
Faites cesser ma grief dolour
Que j'endure pour vostre amour
Nuit et jour, dont j'ay tres grant painne.

Or else, be certain,
I will die in only a few days.
My beautiful sovereign lady,
Make my deep grief stop.

There is not one day in the week
When I am not in great sadness;
So please be willing, in your sweetness,
To help me, wholeheartedly.

My beautiful sovereign lady,
Make my deep grief stop
Which I am enduring for your love
Night and day, and which gives me very
great pain.

Annual Summer Workshop, July 25-28, 2024



Dr. Kristina Boerger of Augsburg University will again direct Schola Cantorum's Summer Workshop for singers. The 2024 repertoire, "Big Hits of the 16th Century," features some lovely old favorites: Josquin, *Ave Maria virgo serena*; Byrd, *Ave verum corpus*; Victoria, *O magnum mysterium*; Palestrina, *Sicut cervus*; Lasso, *Salve Regina* (a4).

To register or for questions, address Workshop Coordinator Michael Daly:
mdaly@MichaelDalyManlius.com -- 315-682-2066

Further information is available at our website!
<https://www.scholasyracuse.com/workshop>

Je ne sçay que c'est qu'il me fault

Je ne sçay que c'est qu'il me fault,
Froid ou chault;
Je ne dors plus ny je ne veille,
C'est merveille
De me veoir sain et langoureux;
Je croy que je suis amoureux.

Je ne sçay où le mal me tient,
Mais il vient
D'avoir dansé avec Catin.
Son tétin
Alloit au bransle, maudit sois je,
S'il n'estoit aussi blanc que neige.

A Paris a trois fillettes

A Paris a trois fillettes,
Teremutu, teremutu, gentil garsette.
La plus jeune est mamiette,
Teremutu, gentil garsette.
En son sein a deux pomettes,
Teremutu, teremutu, gentil garsette.

I don't know what I need,
Cold or hot;
I don't sleep nor do I wake.
It's marvelous
To see me both well and langorous.
I think I'm in love.

I don't know where the sickness holds me,
But it comes
From having danced with Catin.
Her breasts
moved with the dance, I'll be damned
If they were not as white as snow.

In Paris there are three young girls,
Ta rum, ta rum, you little raver.
The youngest is my darling,
Ta rum, ta rum, you little raver.
In her bosom she has two apples,
Ta rum, ta rum, you little raver.

Douce mémoire

(text by King Francis I, 1494-1547)

Douce mémoire en plaisir consommée,
O siècle heureux qui cause tel savoir.
A fermeté de nous deux tant aimée
Qui à nos maux a su si bien pourvoir,
Or maintenant a perdu son pouvoir,
Rompan le but de ma seule espérance,

Servant exemple à tous piteux à voir.
Fini le bien, le mal soudain commence.

Sweet memory consummated in pleasure,
Our happy time of such understanding.
The constancy of our two loving souls
Which could triumph over all adversity
Has now lost all its former power,
And all my hopes have been completely
dashed,

A sad, sad case for pitying eyes to see.
Good is finished, misfortune has beset us.

Trois Chansons

(text by Charles d'Orleans, 1394-1465)

1. Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder
La gracieuse bonne et belle;
Pour les grands biens qui sont en elle
Chascun est prest de la louer.

God, how good it is to look upon her,
so graceful, good, and beautiful!
For the great goodness that is hers,
everyone is ready to praise her.

Qui se pourroit d'elle lasser?
Tousjours sa beauté renouvelle.
Dieu, qu'il la fait bon regarder.
La gracieuse, bonne et belle;

Who could grow tired of her?
Her beauty constantly renews itself.
God, how good it is to look upon her,
so graceful, good, and beautiful!

Par de ça, ne de là la mer,
Ne scay dame ne damoiselle
Qui soit en tous biens parfaits telle.
C'est un songe que d'y penser.
Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder!

2. Quand j'ai ouy le tabourin
Sonner pour s'en aller au may,
En mon lit n'en ay fait affray
Ne levé mon chief du coissin.

En disant: il est trop matin,
Ung peu je me rendormirai,
Quand j'ai ouy le tabourin
Sonner pour s'en aller au mai.

Jeunes gens partent leur butin:
De nonchaloir m'acointeray,
A lui je m'abutineray;
Trouvé l'ay plus prouchain voisin;

Quand j'ai ouy le tabourin
Sonner pour s'en aller au mai,
En mon lit n'en ay fait affray
Ne levé mon chief du coissin.

On neither side of the ocean
do I know any woman or girl
who is in all virtues so perfect;
it is a dream just to think of her.
God, how good it is to look upon her!

When I hear the tambourine
Sound to call us to May,
In my bed I am not frightened,
Nor do I lift my head from the pillow.

Saying: "it's too early in the morning,
I'll go back to sleep for a little while,
When I hear the tambourine
Sound to call us to May.

Young folk divide their spoils:
I will make a friend of lethargy,
I will plunder it;
I have found it to be my closest neighbor...

When I hear the tambourine
Sound to call us to May,
In my bed I am not frightened,
Nor do I lift my head from the pillow.

3. Yver, vous n'êtes qu'un villain!
Esté est plaisant et gentil,
En tesmoing de may et d'avril
Qui l'accompaignent soir et main.

Esté revest champs, bois et fleurs
De sa livrée de verdure
Et de maintes autres couleurs
Par l'ordonnance de Nature.

Mais vous, Yver, trop estes plein
De neige, vent, pluie et grezil:
On vous deust bannir en exil.
Sans point flater, je parle plain:
Yver, vous n'estes qu'un villain!

Mille regrets

Mille regrets de vous abandoner
Et d'élonger vòtre face amoureuse;
J'ai si grant dueil et peine douloureuse
Qu'on me verra brief mes jours definer.

Winter, you're nothing but a villain!
Summer is pleasant and amiable,
bearing witness to May and April
Which are its morning and evening
companions.

Summer dresses the fields, woods, and
flowers
in her clothing of green
and the many other colors
at nature's command.

But you, winter, are too full
of snow, wind, rain, and hail:
you should be banished to exile.
Without exaggerating, I say quite plainly:
Winter, you're nothing but a villain!

A thousand regrets at deserting you
And leaving your loving face,
I feel so much sadness and such painful
distress,
That it seems to me my days will soon
dwindle away.

Seule apart moy

Seule apart moy en ma chambre parée,
Plaine de deuil, toute désamparée,
Disant à Dieu qu'il me faisait grant tort
Puis qu'il souffrait que la dolente mort
M'eust de mon bien si soudain séparée,

Quant je me vis si trèsfort desparée, -
Car ma douleur a nulle comparée, -
Je fus alors de m'ocire d'accord.
Seule apart moy en ma chambre parée,
Plaine de deuil, toute désamparée,
Disant à Dieu qu'il me faisait grant tort,

Comme la plus de monde préparée
A recevoir la mort désesparée
Car plus en plus mon mal écroissait fort,
S'espoir ne fust qui me donna confort,
Je me fusse de mourir emparée.

Seule apart moy en ma chambre parée,
Plaine de deuil, toute désamparée,
Disant à Dieu qu'il me faisait grant tort
Puis qu'il souffrait que la dolente mort
M'eust de mon bien si soudain séparée.

All by myself in my luxurious room,
Beset by grief, wholly in disarray,
Reproaching God for doing me great wrong
Because He permitted grievous Death
To part me from my love so suddenly,

When I beheld myself so sorely bereft, -
For to my pain there is no parallel, -
I came to terms with taking my own life.
All by myself in my luxurious room,
Beset by grief, wholly in disarray,
Reproaching God for doing me great wrong

In all the world I was the readiest
To let death put an end to my despair,
While ever graver grew my malady,
Had there not been some hope to comfort me,
I would have seized by force Death's citadel.

All by myself in my luxurious room,
Beset by grief, wholly in disarray,
Reproaching God for doing me great wrong
Because He permitted grievous Death
To part me from my love so suddenly.

Translation by Joseph Weinberg

Par maintes foy

Par maintes foy ay ouï recorder
Du roussignol la douce melodie
Mais ne s'il veut le cucu accorder;
Ainz veut chanter contre li par envie:
Cocu, cocu, cocu toute sa vie.
Car il veut bien a son chant descorder,
Pour celi dit le roussignol et crie:
"Je vous comant qu'on le tu' et ocie.
Tuë, tuë, tuë, tuë oci, oci

Oci, oci, oci, oci, oci!
Fi de li, fi de li, fi de li, fi!
Oci, oci, oci, oci, oci,
Oci, oci, oci, fi, fi,
Fi, du cocu, qui d'amour veut parler."

"Si vous suppli, ma tres douce alouette
Que vous vouliez dire vostre chanson":
"Lire, lire, lire, lire, lire, lonc,
Que Dieu dit, dit;
Que Dieu dit, dit;
Que Dieu dit, dit!
Que Dieu te dit, dit;
Que Dieu te dit, dit;

Many's the time that I have heard rehearsed
The nightengale's harmonious melody
To which the cuckoo does not wish to tune,
But, envious, would rather sing at odds:
Cuckoo, cuckold, cuckoo, all his life long,
Seeking to sound discordant with her song.
Therefore the nightingale against him cries:
"I order that he be attacked and slain.
Attack, attack, attack, attack and slay and
slay!
O slay, o slay, o slay, o slay, o slay and slay!
Fie on hm, fie on him, fie on him, fie!
O slay, o slay, o slay, o slay, o slay and slay!
O slay, o slay, o slay and slay; fie, fie.
Fie on the cuckold, who speaks (ill) of love."

"Therefore I pray you now, my sweetest lark.
That you may wish to add your song to mine."
"To read, to read, to read, to read, to read at length
What God says, says,
What God says, says,
What God says, says,
What God to you says, says,
What God to you says, says,

Que Dieu te dit, dit!

Il est temps, il es temps

Que le roussignolet dië sa chansonnette”:

“Oci, oci, oci, oci,

Oci, oci, oci, oci,

Ocis seront qui nous vont guerroyant.”

“Assemblez vous, prenez la chardonette,

Faites chanter la caille et le sanson;

Tuez, batez le cucu; pilez buisson!”

“Il est pris, pris;

Il est pris, pris;

Il est pris, pris!”

“Soit à mort mis, mis;

Soit à mort mis, mis;

Soit à mort mis, mis!”

Or allons securement

Anjoliver nous et cuellir la violette.

Ami, ami, ami, ami,

Ami, ami, ami, ami,

Toudis seray le dieu d’amour priant.

Par maintes foy.....

.....qui d’amour veut parler.”

What God to you says, says,

It is time, it is time,

The nightingale give voice to her dear song.”

“O slay, o slay, o slay and slay!

O slay, o slay, o slay and slay!

Slain shall be those who go to war with us.”

“Gather together, call the goldfinch in,

Compel the starling and the quail to sing;

The cuckoo smite and slay; a buzzard
crunch!”

“He is caught, caught;

He is caught, caught;

He is caught, caught!”

“Put him to death, death;

Put him to death, death;

Put him to death, death!”

Now carefree we may stroll

To enjoy ourselves, and gather violets.

My dear, my dear, my dear, my dear,

My dear, my dear, my dear, my dear,

I will pray ever to the god of love.

Many’s the time.....

.....who speaks ill of love.”

Translation by Joseph Weinberg

Le Chant des Oiseaux

Réveillez vous, coeurs endormis
Le dieu d'amour vous sonne.
A ce premier jour de may,
Oyseaulx feront merveilles,
Pour vous mettre hors d'esmay
Destoupez vos oreilles.
Et farirariron (etc...)
Vous serez tous en joye mis,
Car la saison est bonne.

Vous orrez, à mon advis,
Une dulce musique
Que fera le roy mauvis (le merle aussi)
D'une voix autentique.
Ty, ty, pyty. (etc...)
Rire et gaudir c'es mon devis,
Chacun s'i habandonne.

Rossignol du boys joly,
A qui le voix résonne,
Pour vous mettre hors d'ennuy
Vostre gorge iargonne:
Friar, friar, friar (etc...)

Awake, sleepy hearts,
The god of love calls you.
On this first day of May,
The birds will make you marvel.
To lift yourself from dismay,
Unclog your ears.
And fa la la la la (etc...)
You will be moved to joy,
For the season is good.

You will hear, I advise you,
A sweet music
That the royal song thrush will sing (the
blackbird, too)
In a pure voice.
Ti, ti, pi-ti (etc...)
To laugh and rejoice is my device,
Each with abandon.

Nightingale of the pretty woods,
Whose voice resounds,
So you don't become bored,
Your throat jabbars away:
Friar, friar (etc...)

Fuiez, regrez, pleurs et souci,
Car la saison l'ordonne.

Flee, regrets, tears and worries,
For the season commands it.

Ariere maistre coucou,
Sortez de no chapitre.
Chacun vous est mal tenu,
Car vous n'estes q'un traistre.
Cocou, cocou (etc...)
Par traison en chacun nid,
Pondez sans qu'on vous sonne.

Turn around, master cuckoo
Get out of our company.
Each of us holds you in ill repute
For you are nothing but a traitor.
Cuckoo, cuckoo (etc...)
Treacherously in others' nests,
You lay without being called.

Reveillee vous, coeurs endormis,
Le dieu d'amours vous sonne.

Awake, sleepy hearts,
The god of love is calling you.

Susanne un jour

(text by Guillaume Guérout, 1507-1589)

Susanne un jour d'amour sollicitée
Par deux viellardz, convoitans sa beauté,
Fut en son coeur triste et desconfortée,
Voyant l'effort fait à sa chasteté.
Elle leur dict, si par desloyauté
De ce corps mien vous avez jouissance,
C'est fait de moy. Si je fay resistance,
Vous me ferez mourir en deshonneur.
Mais j'aime mieux périr en innocence,
Que d'offenser par peché le Seigneur.

One day, Susanne's love was solicited by
two old men coveting her beauty.
She became sad and displeased in her heart,
seeing the attempt at her chastity.
She said, 'If, dishonourably,
from my body you take pleasure,
this is done to me. If I resist,
you would make me die in disgrace.
But I would rather perish innocent,
than to offend the Lord with a sin.

La, la, la, je ne l'ose dire

La, la, la, je ne l'o... je ne l'o... je ne l'ose dire. La, la, la, shouldn't tell, shouldn't tell it to you.

La, la, la, je le vous dirai, et la, la, la, je le vous dirai. La, la, la, I'll tell you anyway.

Il est un homme en no' ville

In our town there is a man, who

Qui de sa femme est jaloux.

Of his wife burns with jealousy.

Il n'est pas jaloux sans cause,

He's not jealous without cause,

Mais il est cocu de tout.

But is a cuckold through and through.

Et la, la, la. Etc.

Il n'est pas jaloux sans cause,

He's not jealous without cause,

Mais il est cocu de tout.

But is a cuckold through and through.

Il aprête et si la mène

Even when he takes her out

Au marché s'en va a tout.

To the market she will go off with anyone.

Et la, la, la. Etc.

Il est bel et bon

Il est bel et bon, bon, bon, commère, mon mari.

He is a good chap, my husband, I tell you, neighbor.

Il était deux femmes toutes d'un pays,

There were two women from the same region

Disant l'une à l'autre avez bon mari?

Asking each other "Do you have a good husband?"

Il est bel et bon, bon, bon, commère, mon mari. He is a good chap, my husband, I tell you, neighbor.

Il ne me courrouce, ne me bat aussi.	He doesn't annoy me or beat me.
Il fait le ménage,	He does the housework,
Il donne aux poulaillies,	And feeds the chickens,
Et je prends mes plaisirs.	While I enjoy myself.
Commère c'est pour rire	Neighbor, I tell you, it's a laugh
Quand les poulaillies crient:	When the chickens cluck:
Petite coquette (co, co, co, co, da) qu'est ceci?	"Little coquette, cocka-doodle-do, what's this?"

Il est bel et bon, bon, bon, commère, mon mari. He is a good chap, my husband, I tell you, neighbor.

Blason du Beau Tétin – The 'Pretty Titty' Ditty

(text by Clement Marot, 1496-1544)

Tétin refaict plus blanc qu'un oeuf	Titty than an egg more white,
Tétin de satin blanc tout neuf	Smoothened than satin new and bright,
Tétin qui fais honte à la rose,	Titty that puts the rose to shame,
Tétin plus beau que nulle chose	Fairer than anything, I claim.
Tétin dur, - non pas tétin, - voyre,	Titty so hard it's not at all
Mais petite boule d'yvoire	A breast, but a small ivory ball
Au milieu du quel est assise	In the midst of which may be
Une fraise ou une cérise,	A cherry or a strawberry,

(Que nul ne voit, ne touch aussi,
Mais je gaige qu'il est ainsi).
Tétin doncq au petit bout rouge,
Tétin qui jamais ne se bouge,
Soit pour venir, soit pour aller,
Soit pour courir, soit pour baller,
Tétin gaulche, tétin mignon,
Tousjours loing de son compaignon
Tétin qui portes tesmoignage
Du demourant de personnage,
Quant on te veoit il vient à maintz
Une envie dedans les mains
De te taster, de te tenir;
Mais il se fault bien contenir
D'en approcher, -bon gré ma vie,-
Car il viendroît une aultre envie.
O tétin ni grand ni petit,
Tétin meûr, tétin d'appétit,
Tétin qui nuict et jour criez
-Mariez moi tost, mariez!-
A bon droict heureux on dira
Celuy que de laict t'emplira,
Faisant de tétin de pucelle
Tétin de femme entire et belle.

(Though unconfirmed by touch or sight,
My guess, I'd wager, has this right).
Titty, then, with a small red tip,
Titty that never seems to skip,
Whether its owner go or stay,
Whether she run or dancing, sway,
Dainty titty or breastwork great,
Keeping due distance from its mate,
Titty that can true witness be
To the whole personality,
When seen, in many you awake
Within their hands a need to take,
To feel your flesh, your substance mold.
Best it would be in check to hold
Any desire to come so near,
For fresh desires would rise, I fear.
Titty not big nor itty-bitty,
Titty so ripe, O tasty titty,
Titty that cries out, night and day,
"Marry, marry me right away!"
Call him lucky, we may well,
Who with milk can make you swell,
Turning a maid's teat, - barely there, -
Into a woman's, full and fair.

Translation by Joseph Weinberg

Revey venir du printemps

Refrain: Revey venir du Printemps
L'amoureuse et belle saison.

Le courant des eaux recherchant,
Le canal d'été s'éclaircit:
Et la mer calme de ces flots,
Amolir le triste courroux:
Le Canard s'égai' se plongeant,
Et se lave coit dedans l'eau:
Et la grû' qui fourche son vol,
Retraverse l'air et s'en va. (Refrain)

Le Soleil éclaire luisant,
D'une plus sereine clarté:
Du nuage l'ombre s'enfuit,
Qui se jou' et court et noircît
Et foreêts et champs et cutaux,
Le labeur humain reverdît,
Et la pré decouvre ses fleurs. (Refrain)

De Venus le fils Cupidon,
L'univers semant de ses traits,
De sa flamme va réchauffer
Animaux, qui volent en l'air,
Animaux, qui rampent au chams

Here again comes the Spring,
The amorous and fair season.

The currents of water that seek
The canal in summer become clearer;
And the sea calms her waves,
Softens the sad anger.
The duck, elated, dives in,
And washes itself happily in the water.
And the crane breaks its path,
Crosses back and flies away.

The sun shines brightly
With a most serene clarity:
From the cloud the shadow flies
And plays and runs and darkens.
And forests and fields and hillsides,
Human labor makes green again,
And the prairie unveils its flowers.

From Venus' son, Cupid,
The universe is seeded in milk,
Is warmed by his flames.
Animals that fly in the air,
Animals that slither in the fields

Animaus, qui nagent auz eaus.
 Ce qui même ne sent pas,
 Amoureux se fond de plaisir. (Refrain)

Animals that swim in the seas,
 Even the unsentient ones,
 Once in love, are melted by pleasure.

Rions aussi nous: et cherchons
 Les ébas et jeux du Printemps.
 Toute chose rit de plaisir:
 Célébron la gaie saison. (Refrain)

So let us laugh: and let us seek out
 The frolicking and the games of Spring.
 All the world laughs in pleasure:
 Let us celebrate the happy season.

SCHOLA CANTORUM OF SYRACUSE

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Kenneth Bruce Memorial Scholarships

Young singers, ages 16 to 30, attend the summer workshop tuition-free, the cost covered by Bruce Memorial Scholarships. If you wish to contribute to the fund, earmark your donation for the Bruce Scholarship. If you are interested in applying for the scholarship to attend the summer workshop, contact Michael Daly at mdaly@MichaelDalyManlius.com.

Young singers who have been awarded scholarships:

Melanie Wright, 2002

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SCHOLA CANTORUM OF SYRACUSE

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Upcoming Concerts!

Friday, June 14, 7:30 PM - Keyboard and consort music of Byrd and Gibbons
~*Pebble Hill Presbyterian Church, Dewitt*~

Saturday, June 22, 7:30 PM - It's Telemann's Time, Once Again!
(a reprise of the January 21 instrumental concert, with a bonus flute concerto)
Concerto for Viola in G, BWV 1027
Ouverture-Suite for Recorder and Strings in A, BWV 1066
Concerto for Flute in D, BWV 1048
Concerto for Recorder and Flute in E, BWV 1073
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Phillips "Chi vuol videre" (June 2023) and **Lasso and Schütz** (May 2022).

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