

ORNAMENTED LOVE:

Romance from the Court of Louis the XIV

Megan Chartrand, soprano

Kerry Bursey, archlute

PROGRAM

Songs by Chabanceau de la Barre (1633 -1678)

Instrumental Solos by Jacques de Gallot (1625-1695)

Tristes enfans de mes desirs

Sad children of my desires

Canarie "Les Castagnettes"

"The Castanets"

Recit sur la convalescence du Roy

An account of the King's convalescence

Allez Bergers, dessus l'herbette

Shepherds on the grassy vale

Gigue "Le Dogue d'Angleterre"

"The English Mastiff"

Forests solitaires & sombre

Ye Solitary and sombre forests

L'aymable Iris est de retour

The loveable Iris has returned

Canarie "La Contre-chèvre"

"The Counter-Goat"

Quand on vous dit que l'on vous aime

When you are told that you are loved

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

By Peter Lockwood

Tristes enfans de mes desirs
Innocens tesmoins de ma flame,
Malheureux, & justes souûpirs,
Doux soulagemens de mon ame:
Pourquoy m'échappez-vous,
Helas! Quelle rigueur,
Vous force à sortir de mon coeur.

Plaintes, sanglots, pleurs & regrets,
Qui prouvez d'excez de ma peine,
Pour n'avoir pas esté secrets,
Vous avez offensé Climene:
Pourquoy m'échappez-vous,
Helas! Quelle rigueur,
Vous force à sortir de mon coeur.

Recit sur la convalescence du Roy

François? Soyez tous réjouïs,
Vous reverez ce grand & ce charmant
LOUIS, L'amour du Ciel, & de la terre:
Ce Prince ayant soûmis, le Demon de la
guerre; Aidé du Ciel par un puissant effort,
A mesme desarmé la mort:
Celebrons par nos chants cette illustre
Victoire, Qui nous remply de joye, & le
couvre de gloire?

François? Vous reverez le plus parfait des
Rois, Et le Ciel vous le donne une seconde
fois.

Allez Bergers, dessus l'herbette
Voir bondir vos jeunes agneaux ?
Allez cueillir la violette,
Sur le bord de vos clairs ruisseaux:
Chantez l'Amour sur vos Musettes,
Et retenez bien mes Leçons,
Quand on l'escoute en chansonnettes,
On l'escoute apres sans chansons.

Chantant le soir sur la fougere,

Sad children of my desires,
Innocent witness of my passion,
You unhappy and righteous tears.
Sweet solace for my soul,
Why do you escape me?
Alas, what strictness
Forces you to come forth from my heart?

Laments, sobs, weeping and regrets
That demonstrate the excess of my
sorrow, Because you were not kept
secret
You have offended Climène,
Why do you escape me?
Alas, what strictness
Forces you to come forth from my
heart?
An account of the King's convalescence

Frenchmen, rejoice!
You revere the great and charming
LOUIS, The beloved of Heaven and
Earth.
This Prince, having trampled the demons of
war, By a powerful effort and with Heaven's
aid Has even broken Death's sting.
Let us celebrate in song this illustrious
victory That fills us with joy and that
covers him with glory.
Frenchmen, you revere the most perfect of
Kings And Heaven has given him unto you a
second time.

Shepherds on the Grassy Vale
Come and watch your young lambs
gambol. Come and pick violets
On the banks of your limpid streams.
Sing of love as you play your pipes
And remember my lessons well.
If you listen to simple little songs, you will
listen To them later without music.

As you sing in the evening on the
braken, As the echo resounds around

Au son des Echos d'alentour, Accoustumez vostre Bergere	you, Get your shepherdess used to
--	--

A ce terrible mot d'Amour:
Si vous savez bien le mystere,
De le dire sans offencer,
Vous verrez que la plus severe,
Y répondra sans y penser.

Forests solitaires & sombre
Sejour du silence et des ombres,
Lieux affreux steriles deserts:
Aprenez le sujet de ma douleur
mortelle, Helas! Je suis trahy de celle
que je sers,
Mon Iris es tune infidelle.

Iris cette beauté charmante,
Qui parut toujours si constante,
Aujourd'huy me manqué de foy:
Jugez par le malheur don't mon ame est
atteinte: Si jamais un Amant plus maltraité
que moy, Vous est venu faire sa plainte.

L'aymable Iris est de retour
Le temps n'a point change cette
beauté charmante:
Elle est toujours indifferente,
Et j'ai toujours le mesme amour

J'esperois qu'en quittant ces lieux,
Son Coeur auroit quitté son humeur
inflexible: Mais elle est toujours insensible,
Et je suis toujours amoureux.

Quand on vous dit que l'on vous ayme
Escoutez, ce que l'on vous dit:
Et si l'on paroist interdit,
Quand on vous dit, que l'on vous
ayme, C'est l'effet d'un amour
extreme,
Escoutez, ce que l'on vous dit.

Auprés de vous, quand on soupire,
C'est qu'amour vous parle en secret:

The terrible word that is Love.
If you know the secret
Of saying it without giving offence,
You will see that even the hardest of
hearts Will respond to you without
thinking twice.

Ye Solitary and sombre forests,
Abode of silence and shadows,
Ye places of terror and lifeless deserts,
Learn the cause of my mortal pain.
Alas, I am betrayed by she whom I
serve, My Iris is unfaithful.

Iris, that charming beauty
Who always seemed so true
Today has been unfaithful to me.
Judge by the pain with which my soul is
stricken If there has ever been a lover come to
you With his lament who was more badly
treated than I.

The lovable Iris has returned
And Time has not altered her charm and beauty.

She is still indifferent to me
And my love is still the same.

I had hoped that when she left here
Her heart would have abandoned its
hardness. But she is still unfeeling
And I am still in love.

When you are told that you are loved,
Listen to what you are told.
And if it seems forbidden,
When you are told that you are loved,
It is the effect of a great love.
Listen to what you are told.

Beside you when you sigh
Is love addressing you secretly.
Know that if a lover sighs when he is beside

Et sçachez qu'un Amant discret,
Auprès de vous, quand il soupire,
C'est qu'il sent ce qu'il n'ose dire,
Et qu'Amour vous parle en secret.

you When he is beside you
That he is feeling what he dare not say
And that love is addressing you secretly.