

## Texts and Translations

### Ricketts's Situation from *Song Cycle*

#### *Situation*

This baroque-ness cannot hold.

#### *Material*

Between the slabs of hardwood ran hot animal glue  
[ran like horses] in  
the luthiers' workshop; without, a painted winter  
scene. (isn't it rustic?)

Bring back that feel, that taste - bow strings of  
gut where steel veins would pulse \*  
*dut dut*

\* find this symbolic -  
find this funny, even - -  
find it buried far beneath  
the illusion of purity:  
no first Eden on Earth

#### *Breath*

...[S]afe away and under your Sunday stroll,  
stored in some private collection, or digital archive,  
shut behind glass, so cleanly choked of air  
though understood here to be a *saving* kind of  
deprivation  
familiar among archivists; kept far from hands and  
breath

#### *Audition*

Bring  
no lute, pinch not a viol between those  
modern legs, forget instruments long abandoned in  
pursuit of evenness, consistency

#### *Ornament*

Lean upon, crush upon,  
trill upon it  
ornament a line to be spontaneous, yet informed

Take care to be these things yourself. Always  
ornament a plain countenance, make it shimmer.  
Rouge lips as rosin coats a bow -  
Each tiny  
toy horse hair

*singing*

thus[:]

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### Machaut Songs

#### *Dame, a vous sans retollir*

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 äour,  
Car sans mentir,  
Bonté passés en valour,  
Toute flour en douce odour  
Que on puet sentir.  
Vostre biauté fait tarir  
Toute autre et anientir,  
Et vo douçour

Lady, I give to you without taking back  
My heart, thought, desire,  
Body and love,  
As the best of all  
That any could choose  
Or who can have lived or died  
To this day.

So I need not turn to folly  
If I adore you,  
For without a lie  
You surpass goodness in worth,  
And In sweet perfume [you surpass] every flower  
that can be smelled.  
Your beauty makes all others  
Dry up and extinguishes them,  
And your sweetness

Passe tout; rose en coulour  
Vous doi tenir,  
Et vo regards puet garir  
Toute dolour.

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.

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.

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.

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 tenroure  
N'en avez, en grant tristour  
M'estuet fenir.  
Nonpourquant jusqu'au morir  
Vostres demour.

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.

Surpasses all [sweetness]; I must maintain  
You are a rose by your complexion,  
And your glance can cure  
Every pain.

Lady, I give to you without taking back  
My heart, thought, desire,  
Body and love,  
As the best of all  
That any could choose  
Or who can have lived or died  
To this day.

Therefore, my lady, I offer myself  
To serve you  
With absolutely all my strength,  
And place - this is no rogue's trick -  
My heart, my life and my honour  
At your pleasure.  
And if Pity wishes to allow  
That you deign to hear me  
In my complaint,  
I do not ask from my effort  
To deserve anything else,  
For there could come to me no  
Greater joy.

Lady, I give to you without taking back  
My heart, thought, desire,  
Body and love,  
As the best of all  
That any could choose  
Or who can have lived or died  
To this day.

Lady, where my every refuge is,  
Often I am in loneliness  
To weep and groan,  
And when you are present I grow pale  
Since you do not realise the passion  
That I must endure  
For you whom I love so much and desire  
That I can no longer hide it.  
And if you have no  
Tenderness for it, in great sadness  
It is finished for me.  
Nevertheless, until death  
I remain yours.

Lady, I give to you without taking back  
My heart, thought, desire,  
Body and love,  
As the best of all  
That any could choose  
Or who can have lived or died  
To this day.

### *Dame, mon cuer en vous remaint*

Dame, mon cuer en vous remaint,  
Comment que de vous me departe.

De fine amour qui en moy maint  
Dame, mon cuer en vous remaint,

Or pri Dieu qui li vostre m'aint,  
Sans ce qu'en nulle autre amour parte.  
Dame, mon cuer en vous remaint,  
Comment que de vous me departe.

### *Douce Dame Jolie*

Douce dame jolie,  
Pour (l'amour de) Dieu, ne pensez pas  
Qu'en dehors de vous seule  
Une autre règne sur moi

(et songez) Que toujours sans tricherie  
Chérie  
(je ) vous ai humblement  
Servie  
Tous les jours de ma vie  
Sans viles arrière-pensées.

Hélas! Et je mendie  
L'espoir d'un réconfort  
Et ma joie va s'éteindre  
Si vous ne me prenez en pitié  
*Douce dame jolie...*

Mais votre douce domination  
Domine  
Mon cœur si durement  
Qu'elle le contrarie  
Et le lie  
En amour grandement

Qu'il n'a d'autre envie  
Que d'être en votre compagnie  
Mais votre cœur  
Ne me donne aucun signe d'espoir.  
*Douce dame jolie...*

Et ma maladie  
Guérie  
Jamais ne sera  
Sans vous, douce ennemie,  
Qui vous régalez de mon tourment.

À mains jointes, je prie  
Votre cœur, puisqu'il m'oublie,  
Qu'il me tue, par pitié,  
Car il a trop languï.  
*Douce dame jolie...*

Lady, my heart remains in you,  
However far from you I go.

For the tender love of which there is so much in me,  
Lady, my heart remains in you.

So I pray God that yours will have me,  
Without it having to leave for another love.  
Lady, my heart remains in you,  
However far from you I go.

Sweet, lovely lady  
for God's sake do not think  
that any has sovereignty  
over my heart, but you alone.

For always, without treachery  
Cherished  
Have I you, and humbly  
All the days of my life  
Served  
Without base thoughts.

Alas, I am left begging  
For hope and relief;  
For my joy is at its end  
Without your compassion.  
*Sweet, lovely lady...*

But your sweet mastery  
Masters  
My heart so harshly,  
Tormenting it  
And binding  
In unbearable love,

[My heart] desires nothing  
but to be in your power.  
And still, your own heart  
renders it no relief.  
*Sweet, lovely lady...*

And since my malady  
Will not  
Be annulled  
Without you, Sweet Enemy,  
Who takes  
Delight of my torment

With clasped hands I beseech  
Your heart, that forgets me,  
That it mercifully kill me  
For too long have I languished.  
*Sweet, lovely lady...*

## *Joie, plaisance, et douce norriture*

Joie, plaisance, et douce norriture  
Vie d'onnour prennent maint en amer;  
Et pluseurs sont qui n'i ont fors pointure,  
Ardour, doulour, plour, tristece, et amer,  
Se dient, mais acorder  
Ne me puis, qu'en la souffrence  
D'amours ait nulle grevance,  
Car tout ce qui vient de li  
Plaist a cuer d'ami;

Car vraie Amour en cuer d'amant figure  
Trés dous Espoir et gracieus Penser:  
Espoirs attrait Joie et bonne Aventure;  
Dous Penses fait Plaisance en cuer entrer.  
Si ne doit plus demander  
Cils qui a bonne Esperance,  
Dous Penser, Joie et Plaisance,  
Car qui plus requiert, je di  
Qu'Amours l'a guerpi.

Dont cils qui vit de si douce pasture  
Vie d'onneur puet bien et doit mener,  
Car de tous biens a comble mesure,  
Plus qu'autres cuers ne saroit desirer,  
Ne d'autre merci rouver  
N'a desir, cuer, ne bëance,  
Pour ce qu'il a souffissance;  
Et je ne say nommer ci  
Nulle autre merci.

Mais ceaus qui sont en tristesse, en ardure,  
En plours, en plains, en dolour sans cesser,  
Et qui dient qu'Amours luer est si dure  
Qu'il ne peulent sans morir plus durer,  
Je ne puis ymaginer  
Qu'il aimment sans decevance

Et qu'en eaus trop ne s'avance  
Desirs. Pour ce sont einsi,  
Qu'il l'ont desservi.

Qu'Amours, qui est de si noble nature  
Qu'elle scet bien qui aime sans fausser,  
Scet bien paier aus amans leur droiture:  
C'est les loiaus de joie säouler  
Et d'eaus faire savourer  
Ses douceurs en habundance;  
Et les mauvais par sentence  
Sont com traître failli  
De sa court bani.

Envoy:  
Amours, je say sans doubance  
Qu'a cent doubles as meri  
Ceaus qui t'ont servi.

Many who fall in love find joy,  
Pleasure, sweet sustenance, and a life of honor;  
And there are many who find only hurt,  
Distress, sorrow, tears, sadness, and bitterness.  
They say this, but I cannot  
Agree, for there is no pain  
In the sufferings Love brings,  
Because whatever comes from her  
Is pleasing to a lover's heart;

For True Love in a lover's heart creates  
Very Sweet Hope and amiable Thought;  
Hope attracts Joy and Good Luck;  
Sweet Thought causes Pleasure to enter the heart;  
So he who has Good Hope,  
Sweet Thought, Joy, and Pleasure  
Must not ask for more;  
For I tell you, if he demands more,  
Love will abandon him.

Therefore he who lives on such sweet nourishment  
Can easily and must live a life of honor,  
For he has all blessings in abundance,  
More than another heart would dare desire;  
Nor does he have the heart, desire, or longing  
To implore any other reward,  
Because he has Sufficiency;  
Nor can I name her  
Any other reward to ask for.

But those who are sad, distressed,  
Weeping, moaning, and in constant sorrow,  
And who say that Love treats them so harshly  
That they cannot go on any longer without dying  
I cannot conceive  
That they love without deceit

And that they are not overwhelmed By Desire.  
They are in such a state Because they have deserved  
it;

For Love, who is such a noble nature That she well  
Knows who loves without duplicity,  
Knows well how to pay lovers their due:  
She satiates the loyal with joy  
And has them savor her Sweetnesses abundantly;  
But the wicked are banished  
By decree from her court as traitors.

Envoy:  
Love, I know beyond a doubt  
That you have rewarded those who've served you  
A hundred times over.