

Douce Mémoire

Donnes l'assault - Dufay
Ce jour de l'an (à3) - Dufay
Ma belle dame souveraine - Dufay

Flos florum - Dufay
Anima mea - Dufay
Proles Hispaniæ - Dufay

Kullervo's message - Veljo Tormis

Il bianco e dolce cigno - Arcadelt
Passacalli della vita - anon (Italian)
Divini occhi - Verdelot
O sonno - Cipriano de Rore

Interval

Mille regretz - Josquin Desprez
Petite camusette - Antoine de Févin
Douce mémoire - Pierre Sandrin

Weep O mine eyes - John Bennet
Cease sorrows now - Weelkes
Consture my meaning - Farnaby
Remember me my dear - anon (Scottish)

Whale Rant - Elizabeth Liddle

Il est bel est bon - Passereau
Douce mémoire - Antoine Gardane
Le chant des oiseaux - Jannequin

Texts

Donnés l'assault - Dufay

Donnés l'assault à la forteresse
De ma gratieuse maitresse,
Haut dieu d'amours je vous supplie,
Boutes hors m'adverse partie
Qui languir me fait en destresse.
La belle soit par vous saisye,
Car le tarder trop si me blesse.
Donnés l'assault a la forteresse
De ma gratieuse maitresse,
Haut dieu d'amours je vous supplie,
Boutes hors m'adverse partie
Qui languir me fait en destresse.

Ce jour de l'an joye mener,
Chanter, danser, et menet chiere lie,
Pour maintenir la coutume jolye
Que tous amants sont tenus de garder.
Et pour certain tant me voudray poler
Que je puisse choisir nouvelle amie.
Ce jour de l'an joye mener,
Chanter, danser, et menet chiere lie.
A laquelle je puisse presenter
Cuer, corps et biens, sans faire despartie.
He, dieus d'amours, syes de ma partie,
Que fortune si ne me puist grever.
Ce jour de l'an joye mener,
Chanter, danser, et mener chiere lie,
Pour maintenir la coutume jolye
Que tous amants sont tenus de garder.

Ma belle dame souveraine
Faites cesser ma grief dolour
Que j'endure pour vostre amour
Nuit et jour dont j'ay tres grant painne.
Ou autrement soies certaine,
Je finneray dedens brief jour.
Ma belle dame souveraine,
Faites cesser ma grief dolour.
Il n'i a jour de la sepmainne
Que je ne soye en grant tristour;
Se me veullies par vo doulcour
Secourrir de volonte plainne.
Ma belle dame souveraine
Faites cesser ma grief dolour
Que j'endure pour vostre amour
Nuit et jour dont j'ay tres grant painne.

Flos florum - Dufay

Flos florum
Fons hortorum
Regina polorum

Spes veniae
Lux laetitiae
Medicina dolorum

Virga recens
Et virgo decens
Forma bonorum

Parce reis
Et opem fer eis
In pace piorum

Pasce tuos
Succure tuis
Miserere tuos.

Anima mea - Dufay

Anima mea liquefacta est, ut dilectus locutus est.
Quaesivi et non inveni illum,
vocavi et non respondit mihi.
Invenerunt me custodes civitatis
percusserunt me et vulneraverunt me;
tulerunt pallium meum custodes murorum,
filiae Ierusalem,
nuntiate dilecto quia amore langueo.

O proles Hispaniae - Dufay

O proles Hispaniae,
Pavor infidelium,
Gemma paupertatis,
Nova lux Italiae,
Nobile depositum,
Antoni pars Scythiae,
Forma puritatis
Nobile depositum
Urbis Paduanae,
Fer, Antoni, gratiae,
Tu lumen Italiae
Christi patrocinium
Ne pro lapsis veniae

Docto veritatis
Tempus breve creditum
De fluat inanae
Ut sol nitens Paduae
Signum claritatis.
Amen

Kullervo's Message - Tormis

Kullervo, Kalervo's offspring, with the very bluest stockings,
Went with music forth to battle, joyfully he sought the conflict,
Playing tunes through plains and marshes, shouting over all the heathland,
Crashing onwards through the meadows, trampling down the fields of stubble,

And a messenger overtook him; in his ear these words he whispered:

"At thy home has died thy father, and thy aged parent perished.

Now return to gaze upon him, and arrange for his interment."

Kullervo made him answer on the instant: "Is he dead, so let him perish.

In the house there is a gelding, which unto the grave can drag him,

And can sink him down to Kalma."

Played he as he passed the marshes, and he shouted in the clearings.

And a messenger overtook him; in his ear these words he whispered:

"At thy home has died thy brother, and thy parent's child has perished.

Now return to gaze upon him, and arrange for his interment."

Kullervo made him answer on the instant:

"Is he dead, so let him perish.

In the house there is a stallion, which unto the grave can drag him,

And can sink him down to Kalma."

Through the marshes passed he, playing, blew his horn amidst the firwoods.

And a messenger overtook him; in his ear these words he whispered:

"At thy home has died thy sister, and thy parent's child has perished.

Now return to gaze upon her, and arrange for her interment."

Kullervo made him answer on the instant: "Is she dead, so let her perish.

In the house a mare is waiting, which unto the grave can drag her,
And can sink her down to Kalma."

Through the meadows pranced he, shouting; in the grassfields he was shouting
And a messenger o'ertook him: "Now has died thy tender mother,
And thy darling morher perished. Now return to gaze upon her,
And arrange for her interment."

Kullervo answered in the words which follow:

"Woe to me, a youth unhappy, for my mother now has perished,
Wearicd she who wove the curtains, and the counterpane embroidered,
With her long thread she was working, as she turned around her spindle
I was not at her departure, near her when her soul was parting."

Thereupon he broke out weeping And he wept one day, a second.
And he spoke the words which follow:

""O my mother, o my dearest, hast thou left me nought behind thee,
When thou livedst in this country. But thou hearest not, o mother,
Even though my eyes are sobbing, and my temples are lamenting,
And my head is all complaining."

In the grave his mother wakened, and beneath the mould made answer:
"Still there lives my black dog, Musti, go with him into the forest,
At thy side let him attend thee, take him ta the wooded country,
Where the forest rises thickest, and the birds frequent the pine trees."
There to seek for their assistance, and to seek to win their favour."

Il bianco e dolce cigno - Arcadelt

Il bianco e dolce cigno cantando more
Ed io piangendo giung'al fin del viver mio.
Stran' e diversa sorte!
Ch'ei more sconcolato,
Ed io moro beato,
Morte che nel morire
M'empie di gioia tutto e di desire
Se nel morir altro dolor non sento.

Di mille mort' il di sarei contento.

Passacalli della vita - Anon.

O come t'inganni
Se pensi che gl'anni
Non debban finier
Bisogna morire
E un sogno la vita
Che par si gradita
E breve il gioire
Bisogna morire
Non val medicina
Non giova la china
Non si puo guarire
Bisogna morire
Si more cantando
Si more sonando
La cetra o sampogna
Morire bisogna
Si more danzando
Bevendo, mangiando
Con quella carogna
Morire bisogna
I giovan, i putti
E gl'homini tutti
S'ha'a finire
Bisogna morire
I sani, gl'infermi
I bravi, "inerni
Tutt'han'a finire
Bisogna morire.
Se tu non vi pensi
Hai persi li sensi
Sei mort', e puoi dire

Bisogna morire.

Divini occhi sereni - Philippe Verdelot

Divini occhi sereni,
Occhi sempre di gratia e d'amor pieni, Perdonimi gl'altr'occhi,
Vostro sol è 'l splendore:
Et se questa parola parche tocchi,
Al Sol il ver' honore,
Faccia egli chiaro a noi,
Giorno la notte, come fatte voi.

O sonno - Cipriano da Rore

O sonno, o della queta umida ombrosa
Notte placido figlio, o de' mortali
Egri conforto, oblio dolce de' mali
Si gravi, ond'è la vita aspra e noiosa,
Soccorri al cor omai che langu'e posa

Non have, e queste membra stanch'e frali
Solleva. A me t'envola, o sonno, e l'ali
Tue brune sovra me distendi e posa.
Ov'è 'l silentio che'l di fugge e'l lume,
E i lievi solievi sogni che con non sicure
Vestigia di seguirti han per costume?
Lasso ch'in van ti chiamo, e queste oscur'e
Gelide ombre in van lusingo: o piume
D'asprezza colme, o notti acerb'e dure.

Mille regrets - Josquin des Prez

Mille regrets de vous abandonne
Et d'élonger votre face amoureuse;
J'ai si grand dueil et peine douloureuse
Qu'on me vera brief mes jours deffiner.

Petite camusette - Févin

Petite camusette
A la mort m'avez mis.
Robin et Marion,
Il s'en vont bras à bras,
Il se sont endormis.

Douce mémoire

Douce mémoire en plaisir consumée,
O siècle heureux qui cause tel savoir.
La fermeté de nous deux tant aimée,
Qui à nos maux a su si bien pouvoir,
Or maintenant a perdu son pouvoir,
Rompant le but de ma seul'espérance,
Servant d'exemple à tous piteux à voir.
Fini le bien, le ma soudain commence.

Weep o mine eyes - Bennet

Weep, o mine eyes and cease not,
alas, these your spring tides methinks increase not.

O when begin you to swell so high
that I may drown me in you?

Cease sorrows now - Weelkes

Cease sorrows now, for you have done the deed,
Lo care hath now consum'd my carcass quite,
No hope is left nor help can stand instead,
For doleful death doth cut off pleasure quite,
Yet whilst I hear the knolling of the bell,
Before I die, I'll sing my faint farewell, farewell.

Consture my meaning - Farnaby

Consture my meaning, wrest not my method;
Good will craves favour, witness the high God.

If I have meant well, good will reward me;
When I deserve ill, no man regard me.

What shall I say more? Speech is but blasting.
Still will I hope for life everlasting.

Remember me my dear - Anon.

Remember me my dear,
I humbly you require
For my request that loves you best
With faithful heart entire
My heart shall rest within your breast.
Remember me my dear.

Remember me, alas,
And let all rigour pass
That I may prove in you some love
To my joy and solace.
True love to move I most behove;
Remember me alas.

Remember me dear heart
That of pains has my part.
Your words unkind sinks in my mind,
And does increase my smart;
Yet shall ye find me true and kind!
Remember me dear heart.

Whale Rant - Liddle

Amen! The ribs and terrors in the whale,
Arched over me a dismal gloom,
While all God's sun-lit waves rolled by,
And lift me deep'ning down to doom.
I saw the opening maw of hell,
With endless pains and sorrows there;
Which none but they that feel can tell -
Oh, I was plunging to despair.

In black distress, I called my God,
When I could scarce believe him mine,
He bowed his ear to my complaints-
No more the whale did me confine.

With speed he flew to my relief,
As on a radiant dolphin borne;
Awful, yet bright, as lightening shone
The face of my Deliverer God.

My song for ever shall record

That terrible, that joyful hour;
I give my glory to my God,
His all the glory and the power.

I leave a white and turbid wake; pale waters, paler cheeks,
wer'er I sail. The envious billows sidelong swell to whelm my
track; let them; but first I pass.

Yonder, by the ever-brimming goblet's rim, the warm waves
blush like wine, the gold brow plumbs the blue. The diver sun
-slow dived from noon,- goes down; my soul mounts up! she
wearies with her endless hill. Is then, the crown too heavy that
I wear? This iron crown of Lombardy. Yet is it bright with
many a gem; I, the wearer, see not its far flashings; but darkly
feel that I wear that, that dazzlingly confounds. 'Tis iron-
that I know -not gold. 'Tis split, too -that I feel; the jagged
edge galls me so, my brain seems to beat against the solid
metal; aye, steel skull, mine; the sort that needs no helmet in
the most brain-battering fight!

Dry heat upon my brow? Oh! time was, when as the sunrise
nobly spurred me, so the sunset soothed. No more. This lovely
light, it lights not me; all loveliness is anguish to me, since I
can ne'er enjoy. Gifted with the high perception, I lack the
low, enjoying power; damned, most subtly and most
malignantly! damned in the midst of paradise! Good night-
good night!

Il est bel et bon - Passereau

Il est bel et bon commère, mon mary.
Ils estoient deux femmes toutes d'ung pays.
Disans l'une à l'autre ; avez bon mary.
Il est bel et bon commère, mon mary.
Il ne me courousse ne me bat aussy.
Il faict le mesnaige, il donne aux poulailles
Et je prens mes plaisirs,

Commère, c'est pour rire
Quand les poulailles crient :
Petite coquette, qu'est cecy ?
Il est bel et bon commère, mon mary.

Douce mémoire - Gardane

Douce mémoire en plaisir consumée,
O siècle heureux qui cause tel savoir.
La fermeté de nous deux tant aimée,
Qui à nos maux a su si bien pouvoir,
Or maintenant a perdu son pouvoir,
Rompant le but de ma seul'espérance,
Servant d'exemple à tous piteux à voir.
Fini le bien, le mal soudain commence.

Le chant des oiseaux - Jannequin

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.

Vous serez tous en joye mis,
Chacun s'i habandonne.

Vous orrez a mon advis
Une douce musique,
Que fera le roi mauvis
D'une voix autentique.

Rire et gaudir c'est mon devis
Chacun s'y habandonne.

Rossignol du bois joly,
A qui la voix résonne,
Pour vous mettre hors d'ennuy
Votre gorge jargonne.

Fuyez regrets pleurs et souci,
Car la saison est bonne.

Arriere maistre coqu,
Sotez de nos chapitre,
Chacun vous est mal tenu,
Car vous n'estes qu'un traistre.

Par trahison en chacun nid
Pondez sans qu'on vous sonne.

Réveillez vous, coeurs endormis,
Le dieu d'amour vous sonne.

The Hilliard Ensemble

David James, countertenor
Rogers Covey-Crump, tenor
Steven Harrold, tenor
Gordon Jones, baritone

Douce mémoire – Renaissance and new music for four voices

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| Guillaume Dufay (1400?-1474) | <i>Donnés l'assault</i> <i>Ce jour de l'an</i> <i>Ma belle dame souveraine</i> |
| | <i>Flos florum</i> <i>Anima mea</i> <i>Proles Hispaniae</i> |
| Veljo Tormis (*1930) | <i>Kullervo's Message</i> |
| Jacob Arcadelt (1500/-1586) | <i>Il bianco e dolce cigno</i> |
| Anonymous Italian | <i>Passacalli della vita</i> |
| Phillippe Verdelot (ca. 1475-1552) | <i>Divini occhi</i> |
| Cipriano de Rore (1516-1565) | <i>O sonno</i> |
| PAUSE | |
| Josquin Desprez (1440-1523) | <i>Mille regretz</i> |
| Antoine de Févin (1474?-1512) | <i>Petite camusette</i> |
| Pierre Sandrin (1510-1561) | <i>Douce mémoire</i> |
| John Bennet (1570?-1614?) | <i>Weep o mine eyes</i> |
| Thomas Weelkes (1575-1632) | <i>Cease sorrows now</i> |
| Giles Farnaby (1560?-1640) | <i>Consture my meaning</i> |
| Anon. | <i>Remember me my dear</i> |
| Elizabeth Liddle (*1952) | <i>Whale Rant</i> |
| N. Pierre Passereau (ca 1509-1547) | <i>Il est bel est bon</i> |
| Antonio Gardane (1509-1569) | <i>Douce mémoire</i> |
| Clement Jannequin (1485?-1558?) | <i>Le Chant des oiseaux</i> |

Guillaume Dufay was acknowledged by his contemporaries as one of the leading composers of his time with his music performed virtually everywhere polyphony was practised. Dufay, born near Brussels, was a chorister in Cambrai Cathedral in North East France and was ordained priest in 1427.

His initial travels took him to Rome where he was a member of the Papal chapel under Martin V and the recipient of a number of benefices. Between 1427 and 1439 he held offices in Savoy and Tournai before returning to Cambrai where he remained until 1450. There was a further period in Savoy before a final resettling in Cambrai where he died in 1474. Dufay was a prolific composer of masses, motet, hymns and sacred and secular songs or *chansons*.

In this programme's context the term *chanson* is used to designate the repertoire of polyphonic settings of French verse which appeared in a series of almost ten thousand manuscripts and printed collections during the sixteenth century. Dufay's *chansons* show an unusual range of texture particularly in rhythmic originality.

The motet *Flos florum* for three voices, is a rhymed prayer to the blessed virgin while the three voice *Anima mea liquefacta est* is an antiphon in her honour. *O Proles Hispaniae* for four voices, honours St Anthony of Padua.

Veljo Tormis who was born near Tallinn, is one of Estonia's leading composers. His extensive output includes operas, choral works and various orchestral and instrumental pieces. Almost all his choral music is based on Estonian folk song but this is invariably modified by changes in texture and timbre. His writing is inventive and expressive and his four voice *Kullervo's Message* dates from 1994. The hero Kullervo was one of the legendary figures of Finnish mythology. His exploits and misfortunes are the subject of part of the *Kalevala*, the national epic of Finland.

The Franco-Flemish Jacques Arcadelt was born about 1507 near Namor. Although recognised for his sacred and secular music, he was famed above all for his madrigals. Little has been recorded about his early life but he was French in upbringing. He was in Italy in the 1540s particularly Florence, where he is said to have followed the footsteps of Philippe Vendelot, and Rome where he was a member of the Sistine Chapel and a protégé of Paul III, the renaissance Farnese Pope who reigned between 1534 and 1549. It was he who recommissioned Michelangelo to complete the “Last Judgement” in the Sistine Chapel and to supervise work on the new Saint Peter’s Basilica. It was also Paul III who excommunicated Henry VIII. Arcadelt returned to France in 1531, entering first the services of the Cardinal of Lorraine, then Henry II and finally Charles IX. *Il Bianco e dolce cigno*, for four voices dates from his Italian period.

Phillipe Vendelot, French born, was one of the most important composers of the Italian madrigal before Arcadelt and one of the pioneers of the genre. His early career remains fairly obscure but he may well have been in Venice in the first decade of the 16th century. He arrived in Florence in 1521 where he was *maestro di capella* at the Cathedral for four years from 1523. He then spent some time in Rome before returning to Florence. His output of sacred music including masses and motets, influenced his contemporaries among them Arcadelt and Palestrina (1524-1594). His madrigals were set to a wide variety of poetic forms and his *Divini occhi* was published around 1533.

Cipriano de Rore, another madrigal composer, is noted for the profound change which took place in his style between his early and late compositions and the striking innovation of his harmonic language. He also crafted a dramatic form, which was intensely expressive and very important to the later development of the madrigal in both Latin and French. Born in Rome near Flanders, de Rore died in Parma in 1565. He was in Brescia in the 1540s and thereafter in Ferrara as *maestro di capella* at the court of Duke Ercole II. He returned to Flanders in 1559 but finding his homeland devastated by the aftermath of war ventured again to Parma and spent a short time in Venice. He composed over one hundred madrigals with *O sonno* dating from 1557.

One of the greatest composers of the Renaissance, Josquin des Prez, stands on a par with Dufay, Palestrina and William Byrd (c. 1547-1623). Josquin was born near Saint Quentin and live in Aix-en-Provence between 1475 and 1483 in the court of René, Duke of Anjou. He moved to Milan and then Rome where he spent six years in the Papal chapel from 1489, serving under Innocent VIII and Alexander VI. This brought him a number of benefices before he moved to Ferrara as *maestro di cappella*. His last years were spent as provost of the collegiate church of Notre Dame in Condé sur l’Escaut on the borders of Hainault. The church ranked highest for the quality of its music and Josquin’s esteem spread throughout France with his death in 1521 bringing a number of laments in his honour. He has left an enormous legacy of sacred and secular pieces in both Latin and French. His setting of *Mille regretz* is for four voices.

Antoine de Févin who hailed from Arras has been described as a follower of Josquin *felix Jodici aemulator*. Coming from a family of musicians, with his brother Robert also a composer, Antoine was a priest and singer in the service of King Louis XII from 1502. In his church music his writing is distinguished by the clarity of its texture and formal design. Imitative sections are interspersed with chordal passages.

In his *chansons* on the other hand, which had a vogue in Louis XII’s court, de Févin often borrowed from popular melody leaving one voice, usually the tenor, with a relatively unembellished line. The charm of *Petite camusette* lies in the various ways the outer voices imitate and play against the pre-existent melody. When published in 1578, longer after de Févin’s death, it was attributed to Josquin but in 1760 ascribed to “Anth. De Févin”.

Like a number of other composers in this evening’s programme, the early life of Pierre Regnault Sandrin, born near Paris around 1490, remains obscure. He may have been a choirboy at the French court but in 1517 he was employed as a singer by Louise de Savoy. The next definite record of his life was in 1539 when he was dean of the chapter of Saint Florent-de-Roye in Picardy. In 1554 he was *maestro di capella* in Siena and was in Rome in 1561 after which time Sandrin’s whereabouts are a mystery. Despite his services to the Church he is remembered now for his madrigals and *chansons*. The latter are superbly elegant. Judging by the number of times it was reprinted, arranged for instrumental

performances and parodied, his *Doutie* (or *Douce*) *mémoire en plaisir consommé* was among the most popular compositions of the 16th century. Its text is by François I.

The Hilliard Ensemble now move to the English section of their programme with music by John Bennet who probably came from North East England as he dedicated his madrigal volume of 1599, “as a token for favours received” to Ralph Asheton who held civic office in both Lancashire and Cheshire. Bennet’s music shows the influence of Thomas Weelkes, John Wilbye (1574-1638) and principally Thomas Morley (1557 – c.1603). His four voice *Weepe, O mine eyes* demonstrates his skill in the compressed treatment of the text and in the resemblance to the opening of *Flow, my tears* by John Dowland (1563-1626). Besides his madrigals, Bennet left a small number of songs and sacred pieces.

Thomas Weelkes was one of the most gifted of the English madrigalists and a major composer of the Church music. Born in Sussex, he was organist of Winchester College around 1598 at a salary of thirteen shillings and four pence per quarter with board and lodging. Here he completed his first madrigals before moving to Chichester Cathedral as organist. However, his life of some personal dissipation caused concern and was a source of public scandal. In 1617 he was reported as being “noted and tamed for a coman drunckard and notorious swearer and blasphemer”. He was dismissed in 1623. His madrigal *Cease, sorrowes now*, for three voices and written in 1597, introduced a new expressive experience into English composition.

Giles Farnaby may have come from Cornwall but he is most likely to have been from around London where he was a “cittizen and joyner”. He was married in St Helen Bishopsgate in 1587 and graduated from Oxford in 1592. Of his five traceable children, his son Richard, born in 1594, was also a composer. Giles Farnaby’s work was somewhat uneven but his secular vocal music, also influenced by Thomas Morley, has a distinctive flavour. His cansonet *Consture my meaning* is adventurously chromatic and was described as “sombrely madrigalian”.

A vault of four centuries forward brings the work of Elizabeth Liddle whose *Whale Rant* was commissioned by the Hilliard Ensemble. The Edinburgh born composer studied in York University where, besides specialising in music education she became interested in both early and contemporary music. After studying the viol in the *Scola Cantorum Basiliensis* she worked as a viol player before a career change found her taking a degree in architecture and urban design.

She now lives in Vancouver where she has renewed her interest in composition. In this regard the tensions and collisions between rhetorical expression and formal structure are what have engendered her music. Commissions have included works for the Hilliards, Red Byrd, the Rose Consort of Viols and BBC Radio 3. She is a member of Vancouver’s Burney Ensemble and directs her own group Kawasha’s Crew. She is also engaged in a master’s programme at the University of British Columbia specialising in gifted learning disabled children.

This programme returns to France through the music of Pierre Passerau who flourished between 1509 and 1547. He was a priest of Saint Jacques-de-la-Boucherie in Paris and may have sung in Cambrai Cathedral but he was definitely in the service of the Duke of Angouleme, later François I, as tenor in his chapel. Passerau’s output relies chiefly on his *chansons*, most of which are cheerful with graceful melody lines, lively rhythms and repeated notes. His texts were often unsophisticated with indelicate subjects readily found in *chanson rustique* collections. The ever popular *Il est bel et bon* with the onomatopoeic imitation of the clucking of hens was sung in the streets and François Rabelais (c.1494-1553) paid a fitting tribute to Passerau by including him in his list of “merry musicians”.

Born in Southern France around 1509, Antoine Gardane or Antonio Gardano died in Venice in 1569. In Venetian documents his printing and publishing business is described as “*musico francese*”. He probably came from the region of the Gardonne where Bishop Leone Orsini of Frejus was his first patron. Antoine Gardane used the lion (*leone*) and bear (*orso*) facing each other as his printer’s mark. He moved to Venice in the 1530s and of his four hundred and fifty books more than half were madrigals, among them those of Arcadelt, de Rore, Verdelot and Janequin. But Garden himself was also a composer publishing his own *chanson* arrangements and a number of masses and motets. Oddly he never set an Italian text despite spending most of his life in Venice.

Clement Janequin, who was born in Châtellerault and may have been a pupil of Josquin de Prez, was “*clerc*” in Bordeaux in the service of Lancelo du Pau. On du Pau’s death in 1523 Janequin moved to serve the Bishop of Bordeaux, by whom he was ordained priest. In the 1530s he was in Angers as *maître de chapelle* at the Cathedral. Janequin settled in Paris in 1549. He composed a large number of *chansons*, many of which imitated natural and man made sounds. *Le chant des oiseaux (Réveillez vous, coeurs endormis)* became a perennial favourite with singers, lutenists and other instrumentalists in the 16th century.