



The Hilliard Ensemble

David James countertenor
 Rogers Covey-Crump tenor
 John Potter tenor
 Gordon Jones baritone
 Bob Peck reader

Producer: Antony Pitts
 Recording: Susan Thomas
 Editors: Susan Thomas and Marvin Ware
 Post-production: Chris Ekers and Dave Hunt
 New re-mastering: Raphael Mouterde (Floating Earth)

Translations of Busnois, Compère and Lupi
 by Selene Mills
 Cover image: from an intitial to The Nun's Priest's Tale
 (reversed) by Eric Gill, with thanks to the
 Goldmark Gallery, Uppingham: www.goldmarkart.com

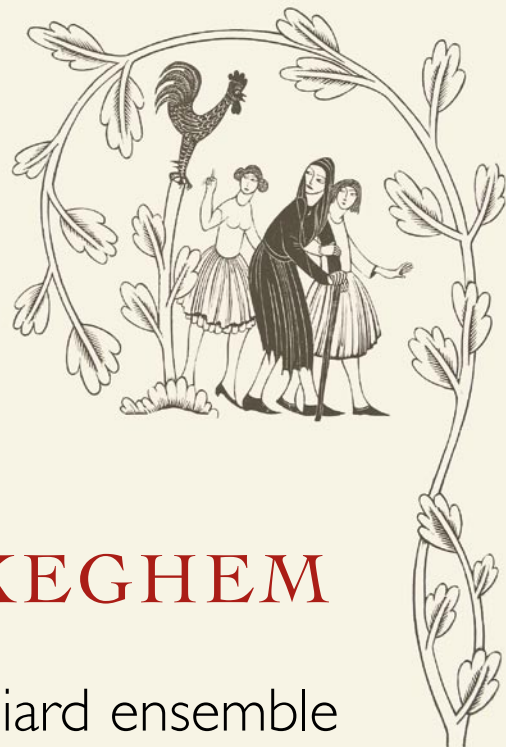
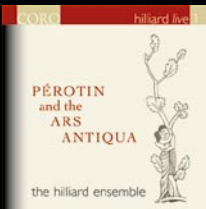
Design: Andrew Giles

Recorded by BBC Radio 3 in St Jude-on-the-Hill,
 Hampstead Garden Suburb and first broadcast on
 5 February 1997, the eve of the 500th anniversary
 of the death of Johannes Ockeghem.
 Previously released as Hilliard Live HL 1002

Also available on CORO: hilliard *live* 1
 PÉROTIN and the ARS ANTIQUA

COR16046

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For OCKEGHEM

the hilliard ensemble

The **hiliard live** series of recordings came about for various reasons. At the time self-published recordings were a fairly new and increasingly common phenomenon in popular music and we were keen to see if we could make the process work for us in the context of a series of public concerts. Perhaps the most important motive for this experiment was our desire to capture the atmosphere and excitement of concert performances of some of our favourite repertoire. Performance rather than recording is, after all, what music is about. There is the unavoidable risk that all will not be perfect; audience noise or human frailty on our part may detract from the polished perfection that can be achieved with a studio recording but such risks are part of our daily life of concert giving and lend to the event an added degree of excitement and, we hope, engagement with the audience.

We are happy to make this series of discs more widely available on CORO.

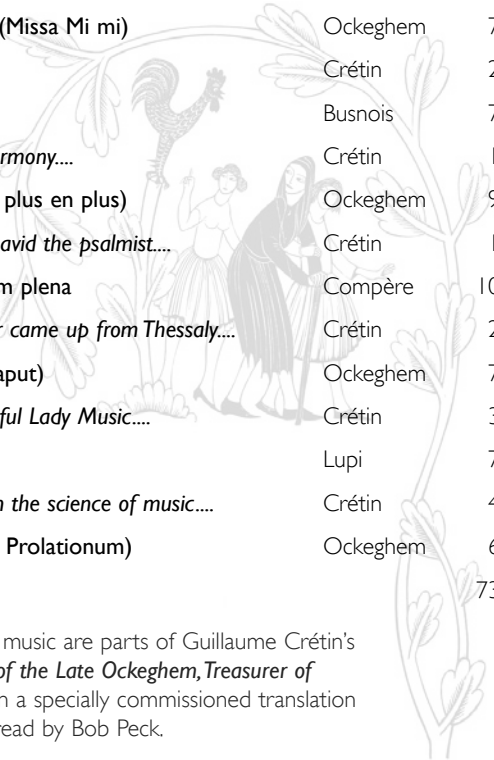
Gordon Jones

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1	Kyrie and Gloria (Missa Mi mi)	Ockeghem	7:10
2	<i>Cruel death...</i>	Crétin	2:34
3	In hydraulis	Busnois	7:50
4	<i>After this sweet harmony...</i>	Crétin	1:30
5	Credo (Missa De plus en plus)	Ockeghem	9:44
6	<i>Then arose King David the psalmist....</i>	Crétin	1:45
7	Omnium bonorum plena	Compère	10:41
8	<i>Chiron the Centaur came up from Thessaly....</i>	Crétin	2:41
9	Sanctus (Missa Caput)	Ockeghem	7:17
10	<i>Then the very doleful Lady Music....</i>	Crétin	3:43
11	Ergone conticuit	Lupi	7:52
12	<i>I call him Doctor in the science of music....</i>	Crétin	4:57
13	Agnus Dei (Missa Prolationum)	Ockeghem	6:10

Total playing time

73:56

Interspersed with the music are parts of Guillaume Crétin's ***Lament on the Death of the Late Ockeghem, Treasurer of Saint Martin of Tours***, in a specially commissioned translation by Virginia Rounding, read by Bob Peck.

The complete French text is printed at the end of this booklet.

OCKEGHEM and his contemporaries

When Johannes Ockeghem died on February 6, 1497, he was the revered elder statesman of music. As Treasurer of the Royal Abbey of Saint Martin in Tours – one of the richest ecclesiastical foundations in France – and Baron of Châteauneuf, which covered a large part of the city of Tours, as well as the holder of a number of other lucrative benefices, he was also a senior figure in the hierarchy of the French Court and a very wealthy man. His passing elicited laments by some of the great literary figures of the day: the great *Déploration* of Crétin, poems in both Latin and French by Molinet, the latter set to music by no lesser a figure than Josquin Desprez and even a Latin *naenia* by Erasmus, heard on this disc in a setting ascribed to Johannes Lupi. If the language of these tributes is generally conventional, glimpses nevertheless come through of genuine love and affection for a man who, in the words of Francesco Florio penned after meeting him in Tours in the 1470s, 'alone of all singers is free from all vice and abounds in all virtues.' Respected by the great princes and poets

of the day, Ockeghem was clearly held in awe by other musicians, for whom, in the words of Molinet's famous lament *Nymphes des bois*, he was 'maistre et bon père.' While he composed in all the genres of his day, he is best known for his settings of the Ordinary of the Mass. Movements from some of his most famous Masses are showcased on this disc, interleaved with musical tributes by his contemporaries. Acknowledged in music by his contemporaries and successors, Ockeghem had in his own music nodded respectfully at those who came before him. In this recording, therefore, the Hilliard Ensemble opens a window not only onto the master himself, but onto the network of musical interconnections which locate him in the soundworld of his time.

Among the Masses named by Crétin in his *Déploration* is the one with which this performance begins, the *Missa Mi mi*. The title of this, perhaps Ockeghem's best-known Mass, has encouraged various explanations. The primary and most obvious one is that it derives from the falling fifth motif E-A ('mi' in the natural and soft hexachords respectively) heard in the bass at the beginning of each

movement. In recent years, though, other references and quotations have added new layers of significance to this enigmatic work. Gayle Kirkwood has proposed a highly suggestive symbolic significance for the head motif in the musical treatises of the great mystical theologian Jean Gerson, whose works were almost certainly familiar to Ockeghem. The motif is also familiar from its place in the closely related opening gestures of Ockeghem's own motet *Intemerata Dei mater* and his bergerette *Presque transi*, which, as Haruyo Miyazaki showed some ten years ago, is the source for some of the main musical material of the Mass.

But musical links with the Mass do not end here: three other *Mi mi* Masses—by Pipelare, De Orto and an anonymous composer—apparently pay tribute to Ockeghem's Mass, while the bassus of its Kyrie is reused in the same movement of Obrecht's *Missa Sicut spina rosam*. Listening to the *Missa Mi mi* today it is not difficult to understand how it encouraged such a constellation of musical tributes: with its elegant, constantly undulating surface and subtle response to the words of the Mass Ordinary, it was clearly as

admired in its composer's time as, to judge from its comparatively frequent modern recordings and performances, it is by Ockeghem aficionados today.

Antoine Busnois (also known as Busnoys), the composer most often mentioned in the same breath as Ockeghem, could even have been his pupil. Certainly Busnois felt some sense of filial devotion to Ockeghem, as witnessed by the motet *In hydraulis*, the text of which compares the achievements of his admired colleague with the supposed discovery of musical proportions by Pythagoras. Some connection between the two composers already seemed to be implied by the dedication to both of them of the *Liber de natura et proprietate tonorum* of Johannes Tinctoris, the greatest music theorist of the later fifteenth century, and the frequent association of the two in Tinctoris' writings.

In recent years, though, evidence of that connection has become much more tangible. Paula Higgins and Pamela Starr have discovered documents which prove that Busnois was employed as a cleric in Tours where Ockeghem was working as Treasurer of the Abbey of Saint Martin

from at least 1460. *In hydraulis* evidently grew out of their contact at this time: its text names the composer as 'unworthy musician of the illustrious Count of Charolais', the title held by Charles the Bold before he became Duke of Burgundy in 1467. Clearly, then, the motet must antedate this time, and Higgins has been able to narrow down the date of its composition still further, to between 1465 and 1467. This is therefore the only securely datable piece by Busnois, and an almost uniquely demonstrable example of a musical tribute from one major composer to another to have grown directly out of documented contact between the two.

Documentary evidence of this contact is backed up by a web of musical interconnections between works by the two composers. Scholars have drawn attention to musical relationships between their respective *L'homme armé* Masses, while Higgins has pointed out musical similarities linking a number of their chansons. More suggestive still is her observation of musical relationships between *In hydraulis* and the *Ut heremita solus* which has been identified with the

work of that name ascribed to Ockeghem in Crétin's *Déploration*. As she noted, this lends support to the suggestion made by other scholars that *Ut heremita* may have been a return compliment by Ockeghem to Busnois, whose patron saint, St Anthony Abbot, was one of the great saint-hermits.

Clearly the reverence felt by Busnois for Ockeghem was not replicated in his relationships with all his colleagues in Tours: a document of 1461 records his request for absolution from the crime of having celebrated Mass and Office while excommunicated, a sentence he incurred for beating up a priest in the Cathedral cloisters and arranging for him to be beaten by others 'until his blood flowed'. It may not be too fanciful to detect hints of a highly-strung and temperamental young man in *In hydraulis*: with its powerful rhythmic twists and quirky shifts of emotional register there is certainly no denying that this is a flamboyant and extrovert work, and in its virtuoso displays (listen to the imitated sequence in suddenly much faster note-values which illustrates the word 'hemioliam' (hemiola) in part I of the motet) it is

difficult not to perceive the preening of a young peacock out to impress both his more established colleague and the highly musical and similarly irascible magnate who had recently hired him, the future Charles the Bold.

Esteemed by his younger colleagues, Ockeghem had in his turn acknowledged his own debts to his musical forebears. The most important of these seems to have been that which he felt towards the great composer of the Burgundian Court, Gilles de Binche, *dit* Binchois. Ockeghem's lament on the older composer's death in 1460, *Mort, tu as navré de ton dart*, surely one of the most heartfelt and moving laments ever composed, may, as in the case of Busnois' tribute to him, betoken a master-pupil relationship between the two. But whether or not their relationship was one of formal instruction, it is clear that Ockeghem looked up to Binchois as his musical mentor; just as, on his own death, a similar sense of debt felt towards Ockeghem by his younger contemporaries would be acknowledged in the list of composers named in the Molinet/Josquin *Nymphes des bois*.

But *Mort, tu as navré* is not Ockeghem's

only musical acknowledgment of his admired older colleague: the Mass *De plus en plus*, based on the tenor of Binchois' rondeau of the same name, is (with the possible exception of the *Missa Au travail suis*) the only chanson-derived Mass by Ockeghem based on a song which is not one of the composer's own. As can be heard here in the Credo, the Mass is typical of cycles composed in the 1450s and 1460s in contrasting lively – in this case sometimes highly virtuoso – duo passages with fully-scored passages in which rhythm and counterpoint broaden out into a pace which is at once grander and more relaxed. But the Mass already points towards later developments in its often quite emotive response to the text: the 'Et incarnatus' must rank as one of the most moving settings of these words in Ockeghem's oeuvre, while 'passus et sepultus est' and 'Et ascendit' suitably receive contrasting plangent and optimistic treatments.

With Compère's *Omnium bonorum plena* we encounter a work in which the notion of mutual acknowledgment between composers is expanded out into an evocation of musical community. The

motet sets an intercessory prayer begging the Virgin to intercede in heaven for the souls of the celebrated musicians of the day, who are named in the text. First among these is Dufay, but Ockeghem and Busnois, along with Tinctoris, Molinet and others, join their colleagues in the procession of suppliants. In a punning reference to the opening of the text, the motet takes its tenor cantus firmus from Hayne van Ghizeghem's celebrated song *De tous biens plaine*, which emerges fleetingly through the musical texture, particularly in the motet's first part. But listening to the motet the musical voice which comes through most forcefully alongside the composer's own is that of Busnois: hearing the sometimes obsessive-sounding sequences and wayward mensural shifts of this motet it is difficult not to be reminded of the sounds of *In hydraulis*, heard two tracks earlier; and it may be no accident that the two works are copied side by side in the Trent Codex 91, one of the major sources of the 1460s and 70s.

If Ockeghem's *Missa De plus en plus* constitutes a respectful nod in the direction of an older composer, his *Missa*

Caput, whose Sanctus is performed on this disc, is a much more overt expression of respect for an earlier work. This cycle is modelled directly on the anonymous English *Caput Mass* which used to be thought to be by Dufay. While we know little for certain concerning the chronology of Ockeghem's Masses, scholars agree that the *Missa Caput* must be one of the first if not the earliest. The cycle is based on a long melisma on the work 'Caput' (or 'head' in Latin) drawn from a chant used as part of a special ritual service for the washing of the feet held on Maundy Thursday in the English Sarum and other liturgical uses. Fabrice Fitch has plausibly suggested that Ockeghem's Mass may date from the beginning of his long period of service for the French Royal Chapel, where the ceremony of the washing of the feet was an established ritual. The Mass could well have been composed for such a ceremony around the time, in the early 1450s, when he was hired there.

To judge from Ockeghem's response, his encounter with the anonymous English Mass must have had a powerful effect on him. His Mass borrows not only its structural melody from the anonymous

English work: it takes over its complete rhythmic profile. The borrowing is particularly obvious in the Gloria, Credo and Sanctus, in each of which Ockeghem faithfully copies the rhythm and construction of his model, laying out the melody twice, once in triple and once in duple metre, and dividing it up exactly as in the earlier cycle. But Ockeghem's Mass is no slavish copy. In the best late medieval tradition, it offers a 'gloss', or commentary, both on the earlier Mass and, in turn, on its structural melody. The most obvious change is in the positioning of the 'Caput' melody: while the anonymous composer had placed this, conventionally, in the tenor, Ockeghem plunges it down an octave into the bass range. English idioms, as in duos, where simultaneous rests punctuate the flow of the polyphony from time to time (as in the Benedictus), combine with features more typical of the mature Ockeghem: for example, while the anonymous cycle, like most early Masses in four voices, pits a slow-moving lower pair of voices against a brisker upper pair, Ockeghem's texture, with the three upper voices sharing roughly the same rhythmic profile, must have struck contemporary listeners

as a real novelty. While these three voices sometimes indulge in imitation, they much more typically interweave in a constantly shifting play of ideas in which now one voice, now another, comes into prominence before being subsumed again into the intricately-woven texture.

Erasmus of Rotterdam's 'Joanni Okego musico summo epitaphium' appeared about a decade after its dedicatee's death. No other musician was so honoured, or indeed even acknowledged, anywhere else in Erasmus's huge output. What motivated him to write this humanistic text is unknown, though it seems reasonable to suppose he must have been acquainted with the composer. The identity of the composer of the setting performed on this disc remains a mystery, however: although it is ascribed in its single source, a set of partbooks published by Susato in 1547, to 'Io. Lupi', scholars have seriously doubted that it could have been composed by the one 'Johannes Lupi' known to have been a composer. This man, a choirboy at Cambrai Cathedral until 1521, was not born until around 1506, nearly ten years after Ockeghem's death. Thus quite apart

from the incongruity of style between this piece and works ascribed more reliably to Lupi, it is difficult to see why a composer of his generation would have set a lament to a composer long since dead. The work may be by another of the various composers with lupine names, conceivably even Lupus Hellinck, though this composer was not born until 1494. Edward Lowinsky suggested on stylistic grounds that *Ergone conticuit* could be by the 'Lupus' whose *Esto nobis, Domine* survives in the Medici Codex of 1518, conceivably though not necessarily the same man as Hellinck.

With the final piece in this programme, the Agnus Dei from the *Missa Prolationum*, the Hilliard Ensemble turn to a piece which, along with the *Missa Cuiusvis toni* and the canonic chanson *Prenez sur moy*, was to shape Ockeghem's posthumous reputation until well into the twentieth century. Seized on for their didactic potential by sixteenth-century theorists, these works were to stamp the composer from his revival in the late eighteenth century as the quintessential 'gothic' notespinner; more interested in contrapuntal puzzles than in musical

'expression'. Indeed *Prenez sur moy* and parts of *Cuiusvis toni* were for many years the only works by Ockeghem available in transcription (and the former only in very garbled versions). Yet although the *Missa Prolationum* is based almost entirely on complex double canons, with each of the four voices moving in a different mensuration, it is most striking aurally for its serene and placid beauty. Indeed, to pick out the canons simply on listening to the Mass is not an easy task, though rather more straightforward in the first and third invocations of the Agnus Dei, where the canonic voices move at the same pace, than in most of the remainder of the work. It is probably fair to say that it is this distinction between written complexity and aural beauty that explains why, at last, Ockeghem has emerged from the shadows to the appreciation of a growing modern audience. As he comes increasingly to life in sound rather than simply on paper, we can perhaps begin to retrieve something of that quality which, half a millennium ago, made him the musical 'maistre et bon père' of a generation.

Andrew Kirkman

TEXTS and TRANSLATIONS

I Kyrie (Missa Mi mi)

Kyrie, eleison.
Christe, eleison.
Kyrie, eleison.

Johannes Ockeghem

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.
Lord, have mercy.

Gloria (Missa Mi mi)

Gloria in excelsis Deo
et in terra pax
hominibus bonae voluntatis.
Laudamus te, benedicimus te,
adoramus te, glorificamus te,
gratias agimus tibi
propter magnam gloriam tuam.
Domine Deus, Rex caelestis,
Deus Pater omnipotens.
Domine Fili unigenite, Iesu Christe.
Domine Deus, Agnus Dei, Filius Patris,
qui tollis peccata mundi,
miserere nobis;
qui tollis peccata mundi,
suscipe deprecationem nostram.
Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris,
miserere nobis.
Quoniam tu solus Sanctus,
tu solus Dominus,
tu solus Altissimus, Iesu Christe.
Cum Sancto Spiritu
in gloria Dei Patris. Amen.

Johannes Ockeghem

Glory to God in the highest
and on earth peace
to men of good will.
We praise you, we bless you,
we worship you, we glorify you,
we give you thanks
for your great glory.
Lord God, heavenly King,
almighty God and Father.
Lord Jesus Christ, only Son of the Father;
Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father,
you take away the sin of the world:
have mercy upon us;
you take away the sin of the world:
receive our prayer.
You are seated at the right hand of the
Father; have mercy upon us.
For you alone are Holy,
you alone are the Lord,
you alone are the Most High, Jesus Christ,
With the Holy Spirit
in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

2 **Cruel death...**

3 **In hydraulis**

In hydraulis quondam Pithagora admirante melos phtongitate malleorum secutus aequora per ponderum inequalitates adinvenit muse quidditates.

Epitretum ast hemiolam epogdoun; duplam nam perducunt tessaron pente convenientiam nec non phtongum et pason adducunt monocordi dum genus conducunt.

Hec OCKEGHEM cunctis qui precinis Galliarum in regis latia practiculum tue propaginis arma cernens quondam per atria Burgundie ducis in patria

Per me, Busnois, illustris comitis de Charolois indignum musicum saluteris tuis pro meritis tamquam summum Cephaz tropidicum vale verum instar Orpheicum.

4 **After this sweet harmony....**

Guillaume Crétin

Antoine Busnois

Long ago Pythagoras, marvelling at the tunes made by water-organs and the different notes made by hammers through the difference in their weights, being identical in other respects, discovered their essential musical qualities.

An interval of a fifth has a frequency half as large again as that of the root; a fourth joined to a fifth has a frequency twice as large as that of the root, and produces the sound of an octave, as types of monochord demonstrate.

Ockeghem, you who out-sing everyone in the wide kingdom of the French; once, in my own country, I saw the instruments of the preservation of your skill, throughout the halls of the Duke of Burgundy,

Through me, Busnois, unworthy musician of the illustrious Count of Charolais, may you be greeted for your own merits, as a veritable Cephaz of troping. Hail, true image of Orpheus.

5 **Credo (Missa De plus en plus) Johannes Ockeghem**

Credo in unum Deum, Patrem omnipotentem, factorem caeli et terrae, visibilium omnium et invisibilium. Et in unum Dominum Iesum Christum, Filium Dei unigenitum, et ex Patre natum ante omnia saecula. Deum de Deo, lumen de lumine, Deum verum de Deo vero, genitum, non factum, consubstantialem Patri: per quem omnia facta sunt. Qui propter nos homines, et propter nostram salutem descendit de caelis. Et incarnatus est de Spiritu Sancto ex Maria Virgine, et homo factus est. Crucifixus etiam pro nobis sub Pontio Pilato; passus et sepultus est, et resurrexit tertia die, secundum Scripturas, et ascendit in caelum, sedet ad dexteram Patris. Et iterum venturus est cum gloria, iudicare vivos et mortuos, cuius regni non erit finis. Et in Spiritum Sanctum, Dominum et vivificantem; qui ex Patre Filioque procedit. Qui cum Patre et Filio simul adoratur et conglorificatur: qui locutus est per prophetas. Et unam, sanctam, catholicam et apostolicam Ecclesiam. Confiteor unum baptismum in remissionem peccatorum. Et exspecto resurrectionem mortuorum, et vitam venturi saeculi. Amen.

We believe in one God, the Father, the Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, of all that is, seen and unseen. We believe in one Lord, Jesus Christ, the only Son of God, eternally begotten of the Father, God from God, Light of Light, true God from true God, begotten, not made, of one Being with the Father. Through him all things were made. For us men and for our salvation he came down from heaven: by the power of the Holy Spirit he became incarnate from the Virgin Mary, and was made man. For our sake he was crucified under Pontius Pilate; he suffered death and was buried. On the third day he rose again in accordance with the Scriptures; he ascended into heaven and is seated on the right hand of the Father. He will come again in glory to judge the living and the dead, and his kingdom will have no end. We believe in the Holy Spirit, the Lord, the giver of life, who proceeds from the Father and the Son. With the Father and the Son he is worshipped and glorified. He has spoken through the Prophets. We believe in one holy catholic and apostolic Church. We acknowledge one baptism for the forgiveness of sins. We look for the resurrection of the dead, and the life of the world to come. Amen.

6 *Then arose King David the psalmist...*

7 **Omnium bonorum plena** Loyset Compère

*Omnium bonorum plena
virgo parensque serena,
quae sedes super sidera,
pulchra prudensque decora,
assistens a dextris patris,
caeli terrae plasmatoris
in vestitu deaurato
nullitus manu formato.
Nullus tibi comparari
potest certe nex aequari,
cui voce angelica
dictum est Ave Maria.*

*Turbata parum fuisti
sed consulta respondisti,
Ecce ancilla Domini
sicut refers fiat mihi.
Dulcis fuit responsio
dati celesti nuntio,
per quam statim concepisti
natum Dei et portasti
illum nec non peperisti
et post partum permansisti
virgo pura et nitida,
virgoque immaculata.*

*Omnium bonorum plena
peccatorum medicina,
cuius proprium orare*

Filled with all good things,
serene virgin and mother;
you who sit above the stars,
beautiful, wise and noble,
sitting at the right hand of the Father;
the creator of the heavens and the earth,
adorned in a garment
made by no hand.
No one can be compared with you,
nor indeed match you,
to whom the angelic voice said
“Hail, Mary”.

You were scarcely disturbed,
but having been questioned you replied,
“Behold the handmaid of the Lord;
let it be to me according to thy will.”
Sweet was that reply
which you gave to the heavenly messenger;
through whom at once you conceived
the Son of God, and carried him,
and also gave birth to him;
and after giving birth you remained
a pure and glowing virgin,
a spotless virgin.

Filled with all good things,
cure of sinners,
to whom it is proper to pray

*est atque preces fundare
pro miseris peccantibus
a Deo recedentibus
funde preces ad filium
pro salute canentium.
Et primo pro GUILLAUME DUFAY
proque me mater exaudi,
luna totius musicae,
atque cantorum lumine.*

*Pro JOHANNEM DUSART, BUSNOYS,
CARON, magistris cantilenarum,
GEORGES DE BRELLES, TINCTORIS
cimbali tui honoris,
ac OCKEGHEM, DESPREZ, CORBET,
HEMART, FAUGES, et MOLINET
atque REGIS omnibusque canentibus
simul et me
LOYSET COMPERE orante
pro magistris puramente
quorum memor virgo vale
semper Gabrielis Ave. Amen.*

and to pour out prayers
for wretched sinners
retreating from God;
utter prayers to the Son
for the health of singers.
And first of all for Guillaume Dufay
(and for me too, Mother) hear me,
the moon of all music,
and the light of singers.

For Johannes Dusart, Busnois,
Caron, for the teachers of singers,
Georges de Brelles, Tinctoris,
in honour of your cymbals,
and Ockeghem, Desprez, Corbet,
Hemart, Fauges, and Molinet
and the King, and for all singers together,
and for me,
Loyset Compère, who honestly
make this prayer for my teachers
whose memory prevails, O Virgin,
for ever, like Gabriel's “Hail”. Amen.

8 *Chiron the Centaur came up from Thessaly....*

9 **Sanctus (Missa Caput)**

*Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus
Dominus Deus Sabaoth.
Pleni sunt caeli et terra gloria tua.
Hosanna in excelsis.*

Johannes Ockeghem

Holy, Holy, Holy
Lord, God of Sabaoth,
heaven and earth are full of your glory.
Hosanna in the highest.

*Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini.
Hosanna in excelsis.*

Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord.
Hosanna in the highest.

Then the very doleful Lady Music....

Ergone conticuit

*Ergone conticuit vox illa
quondam nobilis, aurea vox Okegi?
Sic musicae extinctum decus?
Dic age,
dic fidibus tristes Appollo naenias.
Tu quoque, Calliope
pullata cum sororibus,
funde pias lachrymas;
lugete, quotquot
musicae dulce rapit studium
virumque ferte laudibus.
Artis Appollineae sacer
ille foenix occidit.*

*Quid facis, invida mors?
Obmutuit vox aurea Okegi
per sacra tecta sonans.
Demulsit aures caelitem
terrigenumque simul
penitusque movit pectora.
Quid facis, invida mors?
Sat erat tibi promiscue
tollere res hominum;
Divina res est musica;
numina cur violas?*

Lupi

So has that voice, once noble, fallen silent,
the golden voice of Ockeghem?
Is the glory of music thus extinguished?
Speak out then, Apollo,
sing to the faithful your sad dirges.
And you, Calliope,
dressed in mourning black with your sisters,
pour forth pious tears;
mourn, as many of you
as are seized by the sweet study of music,
and bring your praises to this man.
The high priest of the art of Apollo,
that phoenix is dead.

What have you done, hateful death?
The golden voice of Ockeghem resounding
through the sacred buildings has become dumb.
It honeyed the ears of dwellers of
heaven and earth at the same time, and
moved our hearts in their inmost part.
What have you done, hateful death?
It was enough for you indiscriminately
to carry away mortal things;
music is a divine thing;
why do you outrage the gods?

I call him Doctor in the science of music....

Agnus Dei (Missa Prolationum) Johannes Ockeghem

*Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi:
miserere nobis.*

Lamb of God, you take away the sins of the world: have mercy on us.

*Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi:
miserere nobis.*

Lamb of God, you take away the sins of the world: have mercy on us.

*Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi:
dona nobis pacem.*

Lamb of God, you take away the sins of the world: grant us peace.

Déploration de Guillaume Crétin sur le trespas de feu Okergeran Trésorier de Saint-Martin de Tours

*Chargie de deuil par desmesuré faix,
Considérant les très dangereux faitz,
Et grans assaulx des déesses fatalles
Du genre humain ennemyes capitalles,
Et mesmement de la fière Atropos,
Qui frappe, fiert, et rue à tous propos
Sur Papes, Roys, Empereurs, Ducs et Contes,
Pensant aussi qu'elle met en ses comptes
Tant Clercs que Layez, tant Nobles que Villains,
Tant grans Prélats, que paovres Chapellains.*

*Foible, estonné, lasche, remis, et las
Pour le récit plain d'immortelz hélas
Du cas fatal n'aguères avenu,
D'angoisseux deuil me veiz circonvenu,
Posé que avant eusse congneu gens mains
Payant le deu et tribut des humains;
Lors sur ung lict du dur travail tendu,*

*Par grant courroux me mys plat estendu,
Où je receuz d'ennuy si lourde somme,
Que fuz contrainct dormir et prendre somme.*

*En ce dormir pour repos j'euz mesaise,
L'homme dormant ne sera jamais aysé,
Se du travail dont il aura veillé,
En son dormir se treuve travaillé,
Mais néanmoins souvent advient nouvelle
Sur jour, que après la nuict se renouvelle.*

*Ainsi m'advint, car à ung seul moment
Feuz transporté devant le monument
Du bon Seigneur que franchement amoye,
Don à présent mon cuer pleure et larmoye;
Nommer le fault, mais se pourra il faire?
Possible n'est sans premier satisfaire
Et contenter le devoir de nature.*

Le pas cruel qui vivans desnature,
L'a prins, ravy, et saisy en ses lacz;
Il est donc mort? c'est mon; mais qui? hélas!
C'est Okergan le vaillant Trésorier
De Sainct-Martin, qui eust grant trésor hier,
Et huy n'a riens, fors le mérite seul
Que ores emporte avecques un linceul.

En ung vergier peuplé de beau cyprès,
Que Zéphirus avoit planté cy près
Avec sa sœur Flora très favorable,
Estoit le corps du Seigneur vénérable;
Mais Borréas en faulchant la verdure,
Feist tout couvrir de noire couverture.

Les grans soupirs et chauldes larmes d'œil,
Se feirent lors par si extrême dueil,
Que oncques de Roy, ou de Pape de Romme
N'ouy parler avoir veu tant plaindre homme

Calioppe et toutes les neuf Muses
Sonnèrent cors, flutes, et cornemuses
Par chantz piteux á l'entour du cercueil.

Musique aussi, en luy faisant recueil,
Vint au devant, qui de coste un viel arbre.
Feist entailler son sépulchre de marbre,
Auquel il feust tantost mis et posé,
Quant c'eust esté pour son propre espouse
Plus n'en eust sceu faire qu'elle faisoit.

En complainant aux assistans disoit
Cueurs adveillez en tristesse confitz,
Approchez vous, venez plorer mon filz,
Plorez celluy qui tant a decoré
Mon bruyt et lotz que par luy encor ay
Chapeau flory de bonne renommée.

Plorez celluy qui m'a tousjours aymée

Servy de cueur au doigt et à l'œil, si que
On l'appelloit la perle de musique.

La Dame adonc regardant çà et là,
Fainct son parler pour le grand dueil qu'elle ha,
Puis en l'instant la compaignie assemble,
Et instrumentz fait accorder ensemble;

Harpes et lucz , orgues, psaltériens,
Musettes, cors et manicordions,
Fleutes, flajolz, cymbales bien sonantes
Parmy les voix d'organnes résonantes.

Ung Libera en doulx chant et piteux
Fut si bien dit, que l'homme despiteux
Tant dur soit-il, eust par compassion
Plongé son cueur en dueil et passion;
Tous les présens tendrement souspiroient
Très fondamment, et ensemble ploroient,

Comme remplyz d'excessive douleur;
Arbres et fleurs en changèrent couleur,
Petits oyseaux en muèrent leurs chantz,
Les préaux verdz en devindrent seichans.

Musique après ceste douce armonyé,
Feit ordonner pour la cérémonie,
Torches, flambeaux, sumptueux luminaire,
Manteaux de deuil, l'armoire ordinaire,
Donner pour Dieu, accomplir vœuz, promesses,
Chanter psaultiers, vigiles, et prou messes,
Tant en effect selon ordre et raison,
Qu'il appartient à homme de maison.

Ce fait pria tous les Musiciens
Qui furent là, mesmes les anciens,
Que sur le corps, par manière de laiz
Feissent dictez, rondeaux et virelaiz
En complainant son filz, et que chacun

De piteux son luy en donnast quelc'un.

Alors Tubal le bon père ancien,
Qu'on dict et tient premier musicien,
Qui sur marteaux trouva sons et accordz,
Ses orgues print, se joigneit près du corps,
Et à voix sainte, avec son instrument,
Ce présent dict profera proprement.

TUBAL. RONDEAU.

C'est Okergan qu'on doit plorer et plaindre,
C'est luy qui bien sceut choisir et atteindre
Tous les secretz de la subtilité
Du nouveau chant par sa subtilité,
Sans ung seul point de ses reigles enfreindre
Trente-six voix noter, escrire, et paindre
En ung motet; est-ce pas pour complaindre
Celluy trouvant telle novalité?
C'est Okergan.

Musiciens se doibvent huy contraindre,
Et en grandz pleurs leurs cueurs baigner et taindre,
En le voyant ainsi mort allité,
Disantz; son nom par immortalité
A tousjours doit demourer sans extaindre;
C'est Okergan.

L'ACTEUR.

Lors se leva David Royal psalmiste,
Des Muses droit servant commensalmiste,
Qui promptement a sa harpe accordée,
Et sans avoir sa leçon recordée,
En soy monstrant soudain et prinsaultier,
Ces motz chanta en tenant son psaultier.

DAVID. RONDEAU.

En chant de pleur doit bien psalmodier
Tout bien esprit, et bien estudier

A lamenter ce Trésorier notable,
Que mort a huy convoyé à sa table;
Puis que autrement n'y peut remédier.
C'est ung edict qui n'est fait d'huy ne d'hier,
Quand l'heure vient force est expedier
Le partement qui est fort lamentable
En chant de pleur.

Dieu le sçaura très bien stipendier,
Car en son temps s'est voulu desdier
A faire chant devot et délectable
Pour esviter le gouffre espoventable,
Dieu ne le veult des cieulx repudier
En chant de pleur.

L'ACTEUR.

Puis Orpheus en chant armonieux,
Sans soy monstrer fort cérimonieux,
De cueur rassis et honneste vouloir
Sa harpe print, et pour plus fort douloir,
Et le deuil veoir en augmentation,
Se dictie fait de lamentation.

ORPHEUS. RONDEAU.

Musiciens pensez de lamenter,
Dueil angoisseux devez en l'ame enter,
Et vous monstrer par tristesse remis,
Quand vous voyez celluy à terre mys
Qui de vostre art a sçeü parlermenter.

Voz cueurs devez en courroux tourmenter,
Et de regretz vos ennus augmenter,
Car huy perdez la fleur de vos amys
Musiciens.

De chantz plaisans ne fault plus guermenter,
Mais en douleurs vous experimenter,
Ainsi que gens de tous plaisirs remis,

Tristes, perplex, pesans, et endormis,
A plainz et pleurs se fault tous presenter.
Musiciens.

L'ACTEUR.

Chiron Centaure es montz de Thessalie
Laisse Achilles, prent sa harpe et sa lye,
Aux assistens fort contristez du cas,
De voix tremblant resonnant ung peu cas,
Piteusement la matière poursuyt,
Et en plorant dit le mot qui s'ensuyt.

CHIRON. RONDEAU.

Plorer le fault ce bon chancre tant saige,
Qui par escript a touché maintz passaiges,
Et si très-bien de la gorge a passé.
Hélas! enfans, or est-il trespasé,
Trop importun nous en est le message.

Tant beau, tant net de corps et de visaige.
Fut en son temps, et jamais n'eust usaige
De consentir ung fait mal compassé.
Plorer le fault.

C'est grand meschef quant ung tel personnage
Avant cent ans accompliz perd son aage,
Et qu'on le voit entre les vers tássé;
Son esperit est lassus en pace,
Mais quoi! le corps pourrit qui est dommaige,
Plorer le fault.

L'ACTEUR.

Dame Sapho de Pan belle amoureuse,
Contre Atropos austère et rigoureuse,
Feit et chanta ung dictie plain d'argus
Mercure aussi qui endormit Argus
Là se trouva sans gueres demourer,
Pour le deffunct de son jeu honorer.

Pareillement Pan, le Dieu d'Arcadie
Lors s'esforça et mit son estudie
A suader pastours et pastourelles
Abandonner loges, brebis, tourelles,
Pour regretter ce pillier de musique.
Et promptement fait ung dict héroïque,
Que sur le corps luy et ses gens chantèrent.

Puis Arion que les daulphins portèrent
Dont evada le péril de la mer,
En son jeu dict que moult fait à blâmer
Quiconques est amy de la science,
Et là ne vient pour veoir la pacience
De musique ore ainsi fort désolée.
La personne est en son dueil consolée,
Quant aucun voit qui compaigner la vueille,
Ung cueur dolent quiet qu'ung aultre se dueille.
Son dict finy, tous instrumentz cessèrent,
Et sur ce poinct les chantres commencèrent.

Là du Fay, le bon homme survint,
Bunoy aussi, et aultres plus de vingt,
Fede, Binchois, Barbingant et Doustable
Pasquin, Lannoy, Barizon très-notable:
Copin, Regis, Gille Joye et Constant.
Maint homme fut auprès d'eulx escoutant,
Car bon faisoit ouyr telle armony,
Aussi estoit la bende bien fourmye.

Lors se chanta la messe de My My
Au travail suis, et Cujus vis toni,
La messe aussi exquise et très parfaite
De Requiem par ledict deffunct faite;
Hame en la fin dict avecques son luz
Ce motet, Ut heremita solus;
Que chascunt tint une chose excellente.

Musique, lors la Dame très-dolente,

Non congoissant qu'eusse du dueil ma part,
Pour ce qu'estions dessous ung arbre à part.
Hastivement me fait venir vers elle,
Et quant congneut mon couraige et bon zèle.
Me commanda estre prest et pourveu
D'enregistrer tout ce que j'avoie veu.

Oultre me dict et chargea par exprès,
De publier et dire loing et près
Aux chantres tous sa doctrine ensuyvans,
Que du deffunct tant que seroient vivans,
En leur façon et composition,
Feissent tousjours commémoration.
En ce disant par ung cry qu'el ouyt,
Soubdainement du lieu s'esvanouyt,
Elle et ses gens feirent ung si grand sault,
Que de frayeur m'esveillay en sursault.

O dur réveil, piteux à réciter!
Comment pourray sans me necessiter
En ce papier coucher dictz ne escriptz?
Veu que ne puis cueur ne bouche inciter,
Langue ne voix esmouvoir, n'exciter
A prononcer fors pleurs, plaintes et cryz.

A peine scay si je liz ou escriptz,
Plaisir m'est dueil, plus me sont pleurs que riz,
Mon corps se voit à la terre citer ;
Je suis perplex; en l'affaire qu'ay pris
Besoing me fust que aultre acteur mieulx apris
Vint à présent mon sens ressusciter.

Que n'euz je lors l'éloquence de Tulle,
Ou de Virgile, ou ceulx qu'on intitulle
Grands orateurs et poètes laurez;
Boëce où est-il? qui ne me congratulle;
Où est Properce et Tiburce ou Catulle,
Pour recueillir tous leurs escriptz dorez,

Affin d'avoir tous les faitz honnorez
Du bon Seigneur, qui tant a decorez
Et embelliz les livres de musique,
Et de sa main nous en sont demourez
D'ouvrage exquis, si très bien labourez,
Qui semble ouyr ung droict chant angélique.

Hé! Chastelain et Maistre Alain Chartier
Où estes-vous? Il me fust bien mestier
A voir de vous quelque bonne leçon;
Simon Greban, qui feustes du mestier,
Que n'avez-vous laissé pour héritier
Ung Meschinot, ung Milet, ung Nesson,
Pour hault louer le mélodieux son,
La voix, le chant, et subtile façon
De ce vaillant renommé Trésorier ?
Hélas! faut-il qu'ainsi nous le laissons?
La raison veult que mémoire en façon,
Mais ad ce suis trop inutile ouvrier.

Sus Molinet; dormez vous, ou resvez ?
Vos sens sont-ils si pressez ou grevez,
Que ne povez prendre papier et plume?
A quoi tient-il que aujourd'huy n'estrivez
Contre la mort, et soubdain n'escrivez
De Okergan quelque petit volume?

Ardent désir ad ce mon cœur allume,
Mais mon gros sens dur comme fer d'anclume,
N'approche en riens le don que vous avez;
Si toutesfois quelque chose en resume.
Escusez moy si de tant je présume,
Affection m'esmeut, vous le scavez.

Considérez qu'avez art et pratique,
Et veu aussi que Dame Rhétorique
En tous voz faitz vous porte et favorise,
Plustot de luy deussiez faire cantique,

Que moy qui suis en élégance étique,
Et en sçavoir qui la main auctorise.

Si j'ay failly d'avoir la charge prise,
Et que a bon droict on me blasma ou mesprise,
Pour mon escript rural et mécanique;
Si ne devez pourtant lascher l'emprise
De l'exaulcer, car il vault qu'on le prise,
Et bien digne est d'estre mys en cronicque.

O! Saint Gelay, révérend orateur,
Besoing seroit que feussiez or'acteur
De quelque lay pour adoucir mes plaingz,
En ce ne vueil vous estre adulateur,
Mais tant vous tiens de vertus zélateur
Que aurez pitié de celluy que je plaingz.

De vos escripz les livres sont tous pleins,
Votre bon bruiet volle par champs et plains,
Chascun le scait, de ce ne suis menteur;
Hélas! Seigneur, recueillez mes complains,
Ne tenez pas mon dict assez ample, ains
Plaingnez la mort de ce vaillant Docteur.

Docteur le puis nommer en la science,
Et prens tesmoings tous musiciens, se
Jamais en fut ung aultre plus parfait,
Pour en juger en saine conscience,
Mortz et vivans prendront en patience
Tous exceda et par dictz et par fait.

En son vivant a maint ouvrage fait
En style hault, où n'a riens imparfait,
Comme on le scait par vraye experience;
C'est grant douleur le veoir par mort deffaict,
Veu qu'il estoit personnage d'effaict,
Comblé d'honneur et de bonne prudence.

Il a vescu si très honnestement,
Et haultement son estat maintenu,
Riens n'a gasté par fol gouvernement,
On voit comment son œuvre et bastiment
A proprement et bien entretenu;
Maint paovre nud a vestu, soustenu,
Nourry, tenu à sa propre despense,
Pour Dieu a fait beaucoup plus qu'on ne pense.

Humble aux petiz, aux grandz se monstroit grant,
Honneur querant sans vaine ambition,
Et qu'il soit vray, son loz m'en est garant,
Au demourant son cueur fut labourant,
Vertus querant; par augmentation
D'affection mainte fondation
Fonda si on en veult estre recordz;
Ung bien pour l'ame en vault bien cent au corps.

Par quarante ans et plus il a servy
Sans quelque ennuy en sa charge et office;
De trois Roys a tant l'amour desservy,
Que aux biens le vis appeller au convoy,
Mais assouvy estoit d'ung bénéfique;
Quant aux service et divin sacrifice
Sans aucun vice eut cueur fervent et plain,
A droict nommé le premier chappellain.

Gens du Clergé et Collège notable,
Chant lamentable en Cueur et en Chapitre
Faire devez pour cest homme louable,
Tant amyable humain, doux, et traictable
Assex capable d'obtenir crosse ou mitre,
Oncques tel tiltre il n'emprint faire tistre,
Mais au pulpitre alloit tout le premier,
De Dieu servir estoit bon coustumier.

Jamais ne fut ingrat de son sçavoir,
Pour le sçavoir ay largement tesmoings,
De bien chanter a fait son plain devoir,
De son avoir a bien voulu pourveoir.
Luy vif pour voir a vuide ses mains,
A ses germains indigens et humains,
L'ung plus, l'ung moins, tous ses biens a fait prendre,
C'est ung nota que chascun doit appprendre.

A demonstrier qu'on doit fort detester
La lascheté des faulx exécuteurs,
Vous qui vivez prenez de bien tester,
Et encontre eulx devant Dieu protester,
Car qu'ilz seront voz grans persécuteurs
Lors qu'ilz devroyent estre solliciteurs,
De vostre fait, ilz suyront leur affaire;
Qui veult donner soy mesme le doit faire.

Ainsi l'a fait et bien s'en est trouvé,
Comme j'entens et croy certainement,
Ses bienfaits l'ont de tout péché lavé,
Et Saint Martin de perdre l'a saulé,
Qu'il a requis et servy loyalement;
De tous ses layz il a fait le payment
Sans en charger ne parent, ne affin;
La bonne vie attrait la bonne fin.

Seigneurs de Tours et peuple regrettez
Celluy qu'on doit plus plaindre que ne dys,
En son vivant vous a si bien traictez,
Soyez devotz, enclins, et apprestez
A prier Dieu qu'il lui doint paradis;
Pour ung seul bien il vous en payera dix,
Se luy prestez, tout vous sera rendu;
Oncques bien fait, dict on, ne fut perdu.

Chantres plorez ce notable seigneur,
En visitant ses doulx chantz angélicques;
Il a esté de vertu enseigneur,
L'appuy, l'apport, le seul pillier d'honneur,
Et clayr myrouer des Ecclésiastiques,
Le vray guydon de tous bons Catholicques,
Des simples gens familier exemplaire,
Paisant à tous, à Jésus puist il plaire.

Agricola, Verbonnet, Priors,
Josquin Desprez, Gaspar, Brunel, Compère
Ne parlez plus de joyeux chantz ne ris,
Mais composez ung Ne recorderis,
Pour lamenter nostre maistre et bon père.
Prevost, Ver Just, tant que Piscis Prospère
Prenez Fresveau pour vos chantz accorder,
La perte est grande et digne à recorder.

He maistre Everard vous estes successeur
D'ung excellent Docteur, bien le sçavez,
Je vous requier, quant serez possesseur,
Faictes bastir orgues de grant douceur,
Il m'est advis que faire le devez;
Et tous les jours, si l'aisement avez,
Quelque motet sonnez qui à Dieu plaise
Pour le deffunct, il en sera bien aise.

Enfans de cueur ne faites plus leçons
De fleuretiz, mais notez contre note
Sur Requiem en doulcettes façons,
Puis accordez voz chantz et piteux sons,
Sans ce que aulcun riens y adjouste ne oste,
Et priez Dieu qu'il reçoive à son hoste,
Le Trésorier dict Okergan, affin
Qu'en Paradis chante à jamais sans fin.

MIEULX QUE PIS.