

<p>In hydraulis quondam Pythagora admirante melos phtongitates malleorum secus is equora per ponderum inequalitates adinvenit muse quidditates.</p> <p>Epitritum ast hemioliam epogdoun duplam nam perducunt tessaron penthe convenientiam nec non phtongum et pason adducunt, monocordi dum genus conducunt.</p> <p>Hec Oggeghen cunctis qui precinis Galliarum in regis latria practiculum tue propaginis arma cernens quondam per atria Burgundie ducis in patria.</p> <p>Per me Busnois illustris comitis De Chaurolis indignum musicum Saluteris tuis pro meritis Tamquam summum Cephas tropidicum. Vale versum instar Orpheicum.</p> <p>Text emended by Jaap van Benthem, slightly modified.</p>	<p>Long ago, Pythagoras, wondering at the tones of water-organs and at the varied sounds made by hammers on surfaces due to the inequalities of their weights, discovered the essentials of music.</p> <p>For these produce [the proportions] <i>epitrite</i>, <i>hemiola</i>, <i>epogdoun</i>, and <i>dupla</i>, lead to the harmony of the fourth and the fifth and also the tone and the octave, and connect the species of the monochord.</p> <p>You, Okeghem, who sing before all in the service of the king of the French: strengthen the practice of your posterity by examining these implements on occasion in the halls of the Duke of Burgundy, in your fatherland.</p> <p>Through me, Busnoys, unworthy musician of the illustrious Count of Charolais, may you be greeted for your merits as a Cephas [Peter], the first among the makers of tropes. Farewell, true image of Orpheus!</p> <p><i>epitrite</i> the proportion 4:3; <i>hemiola</i>, 3:2; <i>epogdoun</i>, 9:8; <i>dupla</i>, 2:1 <i>Cephas</i> Gr., rock: i.e. St. Peter</p>
<p>Ma damoiselle, ma maistresse, Ayez pitié de la destresse De mon pauvre douloureux cuer, Ou autrement vostre rigueur L'occira bien brief de tristesse.</p> <p>Car tellement Desir le presse Que son mal tous les jours ne cesse: Il est mort, par mon createur.</p> <p>Ma damoiselle, ma maistresse, Ayez pitié de la destresse De mon pauvre douloureux cuer.</p> <p>Vos voyez bien qu'il ne s'adresse Qu'a vous seule, ne n'a promesse Que d'estre vostre serviteur, Et sans l'avoir trouvé menteur, Luy donnez dueil a grant largesse.</p> <p>Ma damoiselle ...</p>	<p>My fair lady, my mistress, take pity on the distress of my poor suffering heart, for otherwise your harshness will kill him very soon from grief.</p> <p>For Desire so presses him that his pain never ceases: he is dead, by my Creator!</p> <p>My fair lady, my mistress, take pity on the distress of my poor suffering heart.</p> <p>You surely see that he addresses himself to none but you alone, nor has he made any promise but to be your servant, yet without having found him false you are causing him sorrow in great abundance.</p> <p>My fair lady ...</p>
<p>Il ne m'en chault plus de nul ame Fors de vous qui mon cuer enflame A vous bien loyaument amer, Sans jamais vous habandonner,</p>	<p>I no longer care for any soul but you, who inflame my heart to love you most loyally, never to abandon you,</p>

<p>A tousjours estre vostre dame.</p> <p>Qu'on m'en loue ne qu'on m'en blame, Quoy qu'on en disoit, homme ou femme, Ilz en ont tous beau grumeller.</p> <p>Il ne m'en chault plus de nul ame Fors de vous qui mon cueur enflame A vous bien loyaument amer.</p> <p>Car pour tout m'en vous tiens et clame Que tant je vueil et que tant j'ame Plus que nul sans riens excepter, S'ils en devoient tous crever Et deusse perdre du corps l'ame.</p> <p>Il ne m'en chault ...</p>	<p>forever to be your lady.</p> <p>Whether I am praised or blamed for it, whatever anyone has said, man or woman, they can all grumble as much as they like.</p> <p>I no longer care for any soul but you, who inflame my heart to love you most loyally.</p> <p>For I shall cleave to you forever and proclaim how much I desire and how much I love, more than any other without exception, even if they all burst from hearing it and if I should lose the soul from my body.</p> <p>I no longer care for any soul ...</p>
<p><i>In Ioannem Okegi. Musicorum principem, Nænia.</i></p> <p>Ergo ne conticuit vox illa quondam nobilis, aurea vox Okegi? Sic musicæ extinctum decus? Dic age, dic fidibus tristes, Appollo, nænias. Tu quoque, Calliope, pullata cum sororibus, funde pias lachrymas; lugete, quotquot musicæ dulce rapit studium virumque ferte laudibus: artis Appollineæ sacer ille fœnix occidit.</p> <p>Quid facis, invida mors? Obmutuit vox aurea, aurea vox Okegi. Per sacra tecta sonans demulsit aures caelitum terrigenumque simul penitusque movit pectora. Quid facis, invida mors? Sat erat tibi promiscue tollere res hominum; divina res est musica: numina cur violas?</p> <p>Erasmus of Rotterdam</p>	<p><i>Threnody for Johannes Okeghem, prince of musicians.</i></p> <p>Has it fallen silent, then, that once noble voice, the golden voice of Okeghem? Is the glory of music now dead? Sing, Apollo, come sing sad dirges to the lyre. You likewise, Calliope, dressed in mourning with your sisters, shed devout tears; mourn, all of you who are sweetly ravished by the study of music, and extol this man with praise: that sacred phoenix of Apollo's art is dead.</p> <p>What is it you do, invidious death? The golden voice is mute, the golden voice of Okeghem. Sounding throughout the sacred vaults, it soothed the ears of the celestial and earthborn alike and moved the inward breast. What is it you do, invidious death? It was enough that you indiscriminately carry off the things of men; music is a divine thing: why do you violate the holy?</p>
<p>Missa pro defunctis</p> <p><i>Introitus</i> Requiem eternam dona eis domine, et lux perpetua luceat eis.</p>	<p>Mass for the Dead</p> <p><i>Introit</i> Grant to them eternal rest, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine on them.</p>

∇. Te decet hymnus deus in Syon
et tibi reddetur votum in Iherusalem.
Exaudi oracionem meam: ad te omnis caro veniet.

Kyrie

Kyrie eleison.
Christe eleison.
Kyrie eleison.

Graduale

Si ambulem in medio umbre mortis,
non timebo mala: quoniam tu mecum es domine.
∇. Virga tua et baculus tuus ipsa me consolata sunt.

Tractus

Sicut cervus desiderat ad fontes aquarum,
ita desiderat anima mea ad te deus.
Sitivit anima mea ad deum vivum:
quando veniam et apparebo ante faciem dei mei?
Fuerunt michi lacrimae meae panes die ac nocte, dum
dicitur michi per singulos dies, Ubi est deus tuus?

Offertorium

Domine Ihesu Christe, rex glorie, libera animas
omnium defunctorum de manu inferni et de
profundo lacu. Libera eas de ore leonis ne absorbeat
eas Tartarus, ne cadant in obscurum: sed signifer
sanctus Michael representat eas in lucem sanctam:
quam olim Abrahe promisisti et semini eius.
Hostias et preces tibi domine offerimus: tu suscipe
pro animabus illis quarum hodie memoriam agimus.
Fac eas domine de morte transire ad vitam:
quam olim Abrahe promisisti et semini eius.

Sanctus

Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus, dominus deus sabaoth.
Pleni sunt celi et terra gloria tua.
Osanna in excelsis.
Benedictus qui venit in nomine domini.
Osanna in excelsis.

Agnus dei

Agnus dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis.
Agnus dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis.
Agnus dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, dona nobis
pacem.

∇. Let a hymn be sung to thee, O God, in Sion,
and to thee a vow be rendered in Jerusalem.
Hear my prayer: to thee all flesh shall come.

Kyrie

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

Gradual

Though I walk in the midst of the shadow of death,
I shall fear no evil: for thou art with me, Lord.
∇. Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.

Tract

Like as the hart desireth the water-fountains,
so longeth my soul after thee, O God.
My soul is athirst for the living God:
when shall I come to appear before the face of my God?
My tears have been my bread day and night: while they daily
say unto me, Where is thy God?

Offertory

Lord Jesus Christ, king of glory, deliver the souls of all the
departed from the grasp of hell and from the bottomless pit.
Deliver them from the lion's mouth, lest hell swallow them
up, lest they fall into darkness. But let the holy
standardbearer, Michael, bring them into the holy light,
as thou once promised to Abraham and his seed.
We offer sacrifices and prayers to thee, O Lord: receive
them for the souls of those whom today we commemorate.
Make them, O Lord, pass from death to life:
as thou once promised to Abraham and his seed.

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of hosts.
Heaven and earth are full of your glory.
Hosanna in the highest.
Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord.
Hosanna in the highest.

Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world, have
mercy on us. Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the
world, have mercy on us. Lamb of God, who takes away the
sins of the world, grant us peace.

Translations by Scott Metcalfe; translation of *In hydraulis* modified after
version by Van Benthem.