

Changeons propos (à3)



Source: Le parangon des chansons, quart livre (Jacques Moderne, Lyon, 1539).

Transposed down a tone. Note values halved. Some spelling modernised.

Text: Clément Marot: Chanson XXXII from L'Adolescence clémentine (1532). The settings of this text (this one and another à4 by Sermisy, and one à6 by Gombert) only print the first verse.

Translation:

Let's change the subject: there's too much sung of love; it's just shouting: let's sing of the pruning-knife. All wine growers have recourse to it, it is their aid in pruning the vine. O little pruning-knife, O the dear little pruning-knife, by you the little vine is raised up, from which the good wines originate every year.

The god Vulcan, smith to the high gods, forged in the heavens the well-cutting knife of fine steel tempered in gold old wine, to cut better and be of greater worth. Bacchus boasts of it and says that it is fit and suitable for the good man Noah to prune the vine in season.

So Bacchus had a straw hat and was on his way to bless the vine; Silenus was following him with flagons, drinking them straight down; then he trips and gets a bump on the head. His nose was red like a cherry. Plenty of people of his race are born.



