ANDREW LOVETT

FORTUNE'S WILL

for solo mezzo-soprano

texts from two anonymous medieval poems

FORTUNE'S	WILL	(2016)
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Two poems from *The Findern Manuscript* for solo mezzo-soprano

Commissioned by Jacqueline Horner-Kwiatek.

Duration: c 5 minutes.

Score version 1 (January 2016)

Performance Instructions:

The vocal part is split across two staves.

The text is set in the upper part, while a wordless vocalise - an accompaniment - is notated in the lower part.

There should be a subtle distinction in dynamic level and (if possible) timbre between the two kinds of material. It is also desirable to connect them as smoothly as possible.

Tempi and rhythms can be very flexible, following word-stress patterns where appropriate.

MT = Monteverdi trill.

InBr = in-breath (sharp indefinite-pitched in-breath)

Texts:

I

A! mercy, Fortune, have pitee on me, And thinke that thu hast done gretely amisse. To parte asondre them whiche ought to be Alwey in on. Why hast thu doo thus? Have I offended thee? I? Nay! iwiss. Then turne thy whele and be my frende again, And sende me joy where I am nowe in pain. And thinke what sorowe is the departing Of two trewe hertes loving feithfully, For parting is the most soroughfull thinge, To mine entent, that ever yet knewe I. Therfore, I pray to thee right hertely To turne thy whele and be my frende again, And sende me joy where I am nowe in pain.

For, till we mete, I dare well say, for trouth, That I shall never be in ease of herte. Wherfore I pray you to have of me sume routh And release me of all my paines smerte, Now, ith thu woste it is nat my deserte. Then turne thy whele and be my frende again, And sende me joy where I am nowe in pain.

II

Continuance
Of remembraunce
Withoute ending,
Doth me penaunce
And grete grevaunce,
For your partinge.

So depe ye be Gravene, parde, Within mine hert, That afore me Ever I see in thought covert.

Though I ne plain My woeful pain, But bere it still; It were in vain To say again Fortune's will.

FORTUNE'S WILL

Words: Medieval Andrew Lovett

I: A! mercy, Fortune









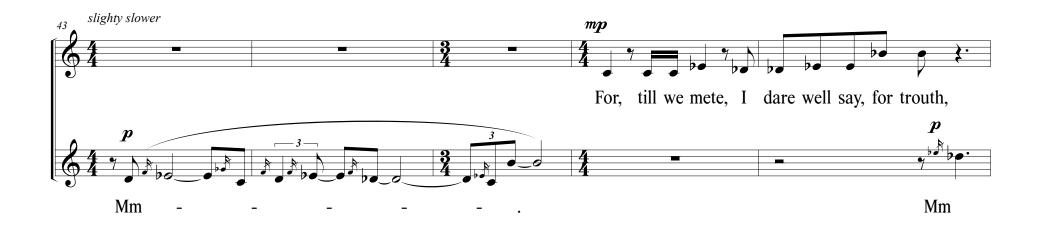


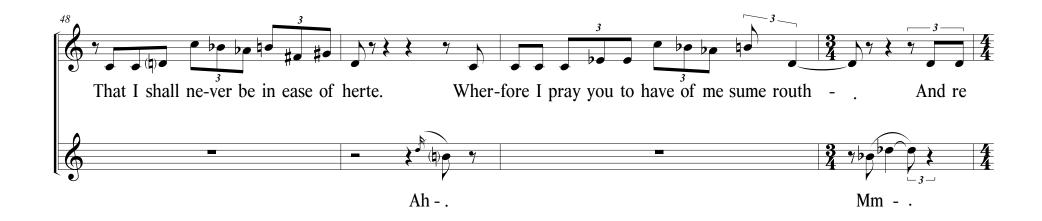


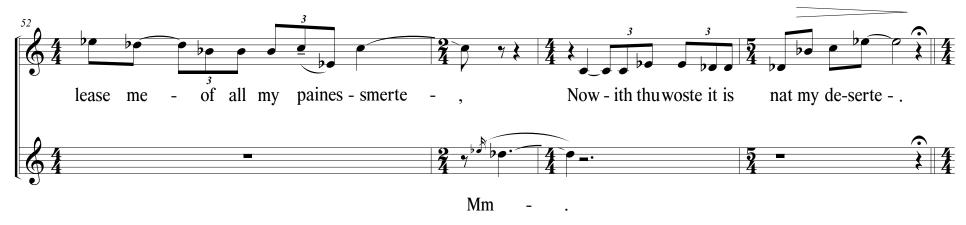


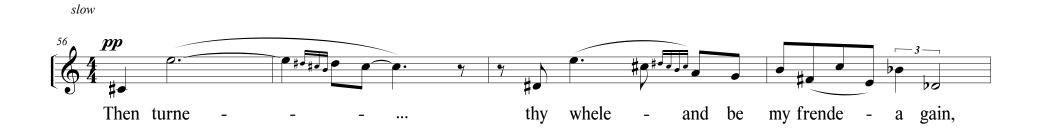


- thy whele - and be my frende - a-gain, And sende - me joy - where I am nowe in pain -.











II: Continuance of remembraunce



