

**BRIGHTON CONSORT**  
**DIRECTOR: GREG SKIDMORE**

# **AU NOBLE ROI FRANÇOIS**

*French Music Fit For A King*

Renaissance music by Josquin, Mouton, Le Jeune and others, including Janequin's *La Guerre. Vive la France!*

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**Saturday, 31st January 2026, 7:00pm**

St Paul's West Street, Brighton, BN1 2RE

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**Sunday, 1st February 2026, 2:30pm**

St Nicholas Church, Arundel, BN18 9AT

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**Saturday, 7th February 2026, 7:00pm**

St John Sub Castro, Lewes, BN7 2QA

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Tickets: £15, £8 concessions (with valid ID), under 12s free



[brightonconsort.org.uk](http://brightonconsort.org.uk) or on the door

Information: [info@brightonconsort.org.uk](mailto:info@brightonconsort.org.uk)

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**Greg Skidmore**, Musical Director

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Vive la France! While Italy and England get a lot of attention from fans of Renaissance music, France was an incredibly important country during the Renaissance economically, militarily, and of course musically. We present music in a range of styles, both sacred and secular, that all have a connection with French royalty. Beautiful sacred music by Josquin, Richafort, Mouton, and Sermisy will be complemented by delicate and gentle secular music from the period as well as the significantly LESS delicate and gentle 'war chansons' Prise de Calais by Guillaume Costeley and Clement Janequin's famous La Guerre!

## **Concert Programme**

Jean L'Heritier	Alma redemptoris mater
Jean Mouton	Exalta Regina
Jean Mouton	Noe, noe psallite
Jean Richafort	Ave Maria
Josquin des Prez	Memor esto
Claudin de Sermisy	Benedic anima mea
Claude Le Jeune	Tristitia obsedit me

## **INTERVAL**

Claude Le Jeune	Revecy venir du printemps
Jean Mouton	Dulces exuviae
Josquin des Prez	Mille regretz
Jean Richafort	De mon triste desplaisir
Clement Janequin	Las, pauvre coeur
Pierre Sandrin	Puisque de vous
Claudin de Sermisy	Au joli bois
George Costeley	Prise de Calais
Clement Janequin	La Guerre

## Programme note

Great Renaissance capitals of Europe: Florence, Venice, Rome - of course - and perhaps Madrid, London, and Vienna as well. But what about Paris? France had been a super power in the Medieval era, but because of the great strength of various French dukes relative to the crown (among other reasons), this power and influence waned somewhat in the 15th century as Italy rose to cultural dominance. Musically, the influence of northern French and Flemish musicians across the continent can't be overstated and is well known, but this music isn't often directly linked with the French crown. So have we missed out on some great music in our fascination with Italy? Yes! We're here to do something about that.

The 'Roi Francois' in the title of our programme relates to Francois I who reigned from 1515 to 1547. His was a reign of French rebirth and of regaining lost power. Along with that came renewed interest in the arts and patronage. However, we use it here more metaphorically as well, as the name Francois (or Francis, Francesco, Francisco, Franz, etc) literally means 'French person' and traces its roots back to the classical period, and the Frankish tribes. So our concert does contain music written specifically for and about Francois I but also is a celebration of French music in the Renaissance more broadly.

The first piece on our programme sets the scene for our story. Jean L'Heritier was born in northern French and may have briefly met and learned from Josquin des Prez (a continental star very active in Italy) in Paris before moving away and forging a career in Italy. This was a well worn path for French musicians around the turn of the 16th century; so far, so predictable. His *Alma redemptoris mater* setting is beautiful and flowing with the characteristic sweetness that we will see in the work of many of these French composers.

Jean Mouton is the first of the truly 'French' musicians in this programme, as he spent his entire career in the French-speaking world and working for many years for the king himself. Mouton's *Exalta Regina* was written in celebration of a famous military victory by Francois I in the first year of his reign (1515) at the Battle of Marignano. We'll return to this battle - in style - later! We include his *Noe, noe psallite* merely as an indication of the sorts of Christmas parties one might expect to attend in Paris in the first few decades of the 16th century...

The first half of our programme contains mainly sacred music, all written in Latin. Of course, even in an exploration of 'Frenchness', we sing a lot Latin, as Latin texts were set and sung both in church and in secular settings in the French royal court. Jean Richafort was a direct contemporary of Jean L'Heritier, born in around 1480 in northern France, but worked in the chapel of Francois I alongside Jean Mouton and Claudin de Sermisy, another of the composers you'll hear in this programme. Richafort's *Ave Maria* setting is remarkable in its structure, split into small, gentle phrases, contrasting both to the expansive work of L'Heritier that started us off but also to the punchy concision of the two Mouton pieces.

While Josquin des Prez gained his unmatched fame in Italy, his association with northern France, where he was born, was strong. Josquin was of a previous generation to L'Heritier and Richafort, and closer in age to Mouton. As a young man he was briefly employed in

Paris by king Louis XI at the very end of his reign in the 1470s, but after conquering the heights of papal chapels and Italian duchies, and pretty much defining Renaissance polyphony for generations who followed, Josquin retired to the town where he grew up in northern France, Condé-sur-L'Escaut, where he spent the final 20 years of his long life. But there are other French connections in Josquin's complicated and patchy biography including an anecdote involving his motet *Memor esto verbi tui* which is on tonight's programme. While Josquin was back in France in the early years of the 16th century, our Francois I's predecessor, Louis XII, is said to have promised Josquin a benefice - some money. Louis forgot, or didn't keep his word, so Josquin, gently I'm sure, composed *Memor esto*, a setting of verses from Psalm 118, the first words of which tell the king to 'Remember your words to your servant whereby you gave me hope.' Apparently this worked, as Josquin was indeed paid what he was owed!

Jumping back to the younger generation of French composers, we next sing music by Claudio de Sermisy, who was associated with the French royal court for his entire life, including throughout the reign of Francois I. As such, he traveled, with Mouton and Richafort, to Italy in 1515 shortly after the Battle of Marignano, and was also present at the famous Field of the Cloth of Gold meeting with Henry VIII. Sermisy's sweet and gentle style is typified in his motet *Benedic anima mea* and his *Au joli bois* which we sing in the second half of our concert.

To bring to a close our first half and the sacred music on our programme, we move forward again a generation and to a very different personality. While much of this programme focuses on the first few decades of the 16th century and the person of Francois I, Claude Le Jeune was such an important composer in the late Renaissance in France that he must be included, bringing as he did the secular French chanson to its zenith. Le Jeune was also a Protestant and ran in Huguenot circles. Perhaps for this reason, he was never directly employed in the royal court, though had connections with both Henri kings (III and IV) in the 1580s and 1590s. Le Jeune's *Tristitia obsedit me* contrasts with both the aesthetic of triumphal chest-thumping over Francois I's noble military victories and the gentle music of L'Heritier and Richafort in that this is music of angst and fervent belief in the face of prosecution. This motet winds its way around a repeated ostinato figure setting the words 'I have hoped in you, Lord' while decrying those forces arrayed against us. From a place of real peril comes the confidence to cry out these words, long considered a deep plea for help and protection.

In the second half we turn to secular music and return to Le Jeune, but in much better circumstances. *Revecy venir du printemps* is a song all about springtime! It's repeated structure and predictable, lilting rhythms are infectious.

Returning again to our composers from the beginning of the 16th century, we also abandon whatever jollity we felt, dancing with Le Jeune! Unfortunately, Mouton, Josquin, Richafort, and Sermisy seemed not to have much luck with love - or at least liked to write songs about how rotten the world of romance can be. First, Mouton sets the words of the famous Carthaginian queen Dido as she prepares for suicide because of her lost love. This being a classical tale, *Dulces exuviae* is in Latin but has a contemporary connection to the early 16th century as it comes from a manuscript presented to Henry VIII and his first queen Catherine of Aragon. Then we sing Josquin's famous *Mille regretz* chanson, lamenting the self-inflicted loss of love. Our next few pieces place the blame squarely on

the beloved, however, either because love is unrequited or merely unnoticed! Richafort's *De mon triste desplaisir* says this quite plainly, though in beautiful and sweetly simple counterpoint, gently accompanying a melodic soprano solo line.

We are also introduced to two new composers, Clement Janequin and Pierre Sandrin. Janequin was primarily a composer of secular chansons and never held a major position at court or in any cathedral. His present fame rests almost entirely on his 'programmatic' chansons in which he writes music that imitates sounds found in nature or in everyday life. While his famous *La Guerre* is a true tour de force, and brings our programme to a calamitous ending(!), we felt it fitting to include one of his love songs as well. *Las, pauvre coeur* is another short and very beautiful chanson of bittersweet sorrow.

Pierre Sandrin was yet another member of Francois I's musical establishment, a contemporary of Sermisy, Mouton, and Richafort. His *Puisque de vous* again offers us an example of the sweet, clearly structured, and very attractive French chanson style.

And now for something completely different...

Our final two pieces abandon entirely the sophistication of refined French sensibility and move us much closer to the world of ... Monty Python! These are two 'war chansons', that make use of fast and unpredictable rhythms meant to mimic the sound of battle itself. Georges Costeley was again of a later generation, not directly connected with Francois I, and was a leading chansons composer of the late 16th century. His *Prise de Calais* tells the story of the capture of Calais from the English in 1558, but mainly is an excuse to bad-mouth the English.

Finally to the main event: Janequin's *La Guerre*. While written many decades after the famous battle of Marignano won by Francois I in 1515, this chanson was extremely famous in Janequin's own day and has remained beloved by singers ever since. Listen out for the sound of canons, gun-shot, horses hooves, and the cries of soldiers as they encourage and lambaste one another. This very difficult - but quite fun - piece to sing brings our programme of music 'fit for a king' to a fitting, if rather wild, conclusion, and with a mighty bang!

*Programme note by Greg Skidmore  
January 2026*

**Brighton Consort**  
Musical Director, Greg Skidmore

<b>Soprano</b>	<b>Alto</b>	<b>Tenor</b>	<b>Bass</b>
Sue Clough	Eleanor Clapp	Paul Lane	David Game
Diana Gobel	Ellie Hale	David Waterhouse	John Petley *
Kathy Holloway	Stella Holman	Nigel Watson	Christopher Powell
Rebecca Rees	Alicia Newell *		Alessio Santamaria
	Liz Petty		Nick Tier
	Susie Pontin		

*\* indicates a singer who will be absent on Sunday, 1 February*

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**Au Noble Roi Francois: French Music Fit For A King**  
**Texts & Translations**

**Alma redemptoris mater,**  
Quae pervia caeli porta manes et stella maris,  
Succurre cadenti  
surgere qui curat populo.  
Tu quae genuisti, natura mirante,  
Tuum sanctum Genitorem,  
Virgo prius ac posterius,  
Gabrielis ab ore sumens illud 'Ave',  
Peccatorum miserere.

Life-giving Mother of the Redeemer,  
Open gate to heaven and star of the sea,  
Come to the aid of the fallen people  
who strive to rise again.  
You who, to the astonishment of creation,  
Gave birth to your holy Creator,  
A virgin before and after,  
Accepting that 'Hail' from the mouth of Gabriel,  
Have mercy on us sinners.

**Exalta Regina gallie,**  
Jubila mater ambasie,  
Nam Franciscus tuus inclitus  
Clara victor dicit encenia.  
Frangit hostes  
et fugat agmina  
nulla Regem turbant discrimina  
Et fulgens candore niveo  
Primus cuncta subit pericula.

Be joyful, Queen of France,  
Rejoice, mother of Amboise,  
For your glorious Francois  
As victor leads the festival triumph.  
He crushes the enemy  
and puts their columns to flight.  
No crises beset the king now  
And shining with a radiance bright as snow  
The First has overcome all dangers.

**Noe, noe, psallite, noe...**

Jerusalem, gaudet et laetare quia hodie  
natus est Salvator mundi.

Noe...

Jacet in praesepio, fulget in caelo.

Noe...

Attolite portas, principes, vestras,  
et elevamini portae aeternales  
et introibit rex gloriae.

Noe...

Quis est iste rex gloriae?

Dominus virtutum ipse est rex gloriae.

Noe, noe...

Noel, noel, sing praises, noel!

Jerusalem, rejoice and be glad, for today  
is born the Saviour of the World,

Noel...

He lies in a manger, He shines in heaven.

Noel...

Raise your gates, you princes,  
And be lifted up, you everlasting doors,  
And the King of Glory will come in.

Noel, noel...

Who is this King of Glory?

The Lord of goodness, he is the King of Glory.

Noel, noel...

**Ave Maria, gratia plena,**

Dominus tecum.

Benedicta tu in mulieribus.

Et benedictus fructus ventris tui in aeternum.

Amen

Hail Mary, full of grace,

The Lord be with you.

Blessed art thou among women

And blessed is the fruit of thy womb for  
eternity. Amen.

**Memor esto** verbi tui servo tuo,  
in quo mihi spem dedisti.

Haec me consolata est in humilitate mea,  
quia eloquium tuum vificavit me.

Superbi inique agebant usqueque;  
a lege autem tua non declinavi.

Memor fui iudiciorum tuorum a saeculo,  
Domine, et consolatus sum.

Defectio tenuit me, pro peccatoribus  
derelictis legem tuam.

Cantabiles mihi erant justifications tuae  
in loco peregrinationis meae.

Memor fui nocte nominis tui, Domine,  
et custodivi legem tuam.

Haec facta est mihi,  
quia justifications tuas exquisivi.

Portio mea, Domine,  
dixi custodire legem tuam.

Deprecatus sum faciem tuam  
in toto corde meo;

miserere mei secundum eloquium tuum.

Cogitavi vias meas,  
et converti pedes meos in testimonia tua.

Paratus sum, et non sum turbatus,  
ut custodiam mandata tua.

Funes peccatorum circumplexi sunt me,  
et legem tuam non sum oblitus.

Media nocte surgebam ad confitendum tibi  
super iudicia justifications tuae.

Particeps ego sum omnium timentium te  
et custodientium mandata tua.

Misericordia tua, Domine, plena est terra;  
justifications doce me.

Gloria patri et filio  
et Spiritui Sancto.

Memor esto verbi tui servo tuo  
in quo mihi spem dedisti.

Remember your words to your servant  
whereby you gave me hope.

That hope was a comfort when I was laid low,  
for the beauty of your words brought me to life.  
Hateful people unjustly assaulted me;  
yet I did not turn away from your law.

I remembered from of old your judgments,  
Lord, and I was comforted.

Rage with the sinners who have abandoned  
your law took hold of me.

My songs have been your righteous words  
On the journey of my life.

At night I have been mindful of your name,  
Lord, and I have kept watch over your law.

I did these things  
because I sought your blessing.

Lord, you are everything I have,  
I have promised to keep watch over your law.

I have prayed with my whole heart  
to see your face;

have mercy on me according to your word.

I have thought on my ways,  
and I have turned my feet to your testimony.

I am ready and not troubled

to guard your commandments.

The ropes of sinners bound me

and I did not forget your law.

In the middle of the night I got up to profess to  
you the righteousness of your law.

I am a companion to all those who fear you  
and keep your commandments.

The earth is full of your mercy, Lord;  
show me the right path.

Glory be to the Father,  
and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit

Remember your words to your servant  
in which you gave me hope.

**Benedic, anima mea**, Domino:  
et omnia quae intra me sunt  
nomini sancto eius.  
Benedic, anima mea, Domino  
et noli oblivisci omnes retributio-nes eius:  
Qui propitiatur omnibus iniquitatibus tuis,  
qui sanat omnes infirmitates tuas.

**Tristitia obsedit me**,  
magno et forti exercitu vallavit me,  
occupavit cor meum clamoribus,  
et armis die noctuque  
contra me pugnare non cessat.

Vocabo Dominum, veniet profecto,  
nec me confundet.  
Ecce iam venit, gaudium attulit,  
pugnare me docuit, dixitque mihi:  
'Clama ne cesses.'  
Et aio: 'quid clamabo?'  
'Dic' inquit 'confidenter  
et ex toto corde:  
In te, Domine, speravi,  
non confundar in aeternum.'

Cantus Firmus: In te Domine speravi.

Refrain: **Revecy venir du Printans**  
L'amourez' et belle saizon.

Le courant des eaus recherchant  
Le canal d'été s'éclaircît:  
Et la mer calme de ses flots  
Amolit le triste courroux:  
Le Canard s'égay' se plonjant,  
Et se lave coint dedans l'eau  
Et la grû qui fourche son vol  
Retraverse l'air et s'enva.

Le Soleil éclaire luizant  
D'une plus sereine clarté:  
Du nuage l'ombre s'enfuit,  
Qui se ioû' et court et noircît  
Et foretz et champs et coutaus  
Le labeur humain reverdît,  
Et la pré' decouvre ses fleurs.

De Venus le filz Cupidon  
L'univers semant de ses traïs,  
De sa flamme va réchaufér  
Animaus, qui volet en l'air,  
Animaus, qui rampet au champs  
Animaus, qui naget auz eaus.  
Ce qui mesmement ne sent pas,  
Amoureux se fond de plaizir.

Rion aussi nous: et cherchon  
Les ébas et ieus du Printans  
Toute chose rit de plaizir:  
Sélebron la gaye saizon.

Bless the Lord, my soul,  
and all that is within me bless  
God's holy name.  
Bless the Lord, my soul,  
and do not forget all God's gifts:  
He makes good all your failings,  
He tends all your weakness.

I am besieged by sadness,  
I am surrounded by a great, strong army  
which has occupied my heart with its clamor,  
and with its weapons, by day or night  
do not cease their fighting against me.

I will call upon the Lord, who will come  
immediately and won't disappoint me.  
See, he has come already, has brought joy,  
has taught me to fight, and said to me:  
'Cry out without ceasing.'  
And I replied: 'What shall I cry?'  
He said, 'Speak this confidently  
and from the bottom of your heart:  
I have hoped in you, Lord,  
and I will never be disappointed.'

Cantus Firmus: I have hoped in you, Lord.

*Here comes Spring again,  
the beautiful season of love.*

*Waters are flowing again  
and the rivers of summer become clear:  
The sea calms its waves,  
soothes its wrathful state:  
The duck enjoys diving  
and washing stylishly in the water,  
And the crane branches off in flight,  
Criss-crosses the air and flies away.*

*The Sun shines bringing  
a more serene and clear light:  
The cloud's shadows disappear,  
they play and run and darken  
Forests, fields and slopes.  
Human labour greens the land again  
And the meadow reveals its flowers.*

*Cupid, son of Venus,  
Sows the world with his arrows.  
From his flame he will spread passion to  
animals who fly through the air,  
animals who run wild through the fields,  
animals who swim in the water.  
And even those who don't usually feel this way,  
Loving, melt with pleasure.*

*Let us laugh too: and let us also look to  
The sports and games of Spring.  
Everything laughs with pleasure:  
Let us celebrate the joyful season.*

**Dulces exuviae,**

dum fata deusque sinebat,  
Accipite hanc animam  
meque his exsolvit curis,  
Vixi et quem dederat  
cursum fortuna peregi,  
Et nunc magna mei  
sub terras ibit imago.

Sweet reminders,  
sweet for as long as fate and the god allowed it,  
Receive this soul  
and release me from my sorrows.  
I have lived my life  
and finished the course granted by fortune,  
Now my noble ghost  
will pass beneath the ground.

**Mille regretz** de vous abandonner  
Et d'eslonger vostre fache amoureuse,  
J'ai si grand deuil et peine douloureuse,  
Qu'on me verra brief mes jours definer.

A thousand regrets for leaving you  
And for leaving behind your loving face.  
I feel such great sorrow and painful distress  
That we will see my days soon end.

**De mon triste et déplaisir** à vous, belle,  
je m'y complains  
Car vous traitez mal mon désir  
si durement que je m'y plains.  
Entre vos mains souffre maux mains  
sans nul confort.  
Dont sur ma foi comme aperçois  
vous avez tort.

Of my sad displeasure, fair lady,  
to you I complain.  
For you treat my longing  
so harshly that I weep.  
At your hands I suffer ill,  
without any comfort.  
Thus, by my faith, as I see it,  
you are in the wrong.

**Las, pauvre coeur,** tant tu as de tristesse,  
loin de confort et bani de lyesse,  
prêt a tomber en un grief desespoir  
qui me constraint sans aucun bien avoir,  
pourtant tel mal,  
pour ta dame et maîtresse.

Alas, poor heart, you are greatly distressed,  
far from comfort and banished from joy,  
ready to fall into a despairing grief  
which binds me without a single hope;  
yet it is as bad  
for your lady and mistress.

**Puisque de vous** je n'ai autre visage,  
Je m'en vais rendre ermite en un désert  
Pour prier Dieu si un autre vous sert  
Qu'autant que moi en votre honneur  
soit sage.  
Adieu amour, adieu gentil corsage  
Adieu ce teint,  
adieu ces riants yeux,  
Je n'ai pas eu de vous grand avantage,  
Un moins aimant aura peut-être mieux.

Since from you I don't receive another look  
I am going to live as a hermit in a desert  
To pray to God that if another serves you  
they may be wise in honouring you,  
more so than I.  
Farewell love, farewell sweet breast,  
Farewell that fair complexion,  
farewell those laughing eyes,  
I have not had great favour from you,  
To be less loving might have been better.

**Au joli bois** en l'ombre d'un souci  
M'y faut aller pour passer ma tristesse  
Rempli de deuil d'un souvenir transi,  
Manger m'y faut maintes poires d'angoisse.  
En un jardin rempli de noires flours  
De mes deux yeux ferai larmes et plours.  
Fi de liesse et hardiesse!  
Regret m'opresse  
Puisque j'ai perdu mes amours.  
Las trop j'endure  
Le temps m'y dure,  
Je vous assure:  
Soulas vous n'avez plus de cours.

To the lovely wood, in the shadow of a sorrow,  
I must go to live out my sadness.  
Filled with grief for a remembered love,  
I have to eat many times the fruits of anguish.  
In a garden full of dark flowers  
My eyes will weep copious tears.  
Done with joy and courage!  
Regret weighs on me  
For I have lost my love.  
Alas, I endure too much,  
Time hardens me,  
I assure you:  
Solace, you have run your course.

## Prise de Calais

Hardis Francoys, et furieux Normantz,  
Picards, Bretons, Gascons,  
et Rochelloyts,  
c'est à ce coup, sans plus estre dormantz,  
que de Calais faut chasser les Angloys.  
Tabours, clairons, bruyez faictes effroys.  
Tonnez canons, renversez les remparts!  
Marchon soldatz,  
les remparts sont espars;  
entron dans l'eau,  
et passon les fossez,  
Ren-toy, Calais, cache tes estandars.  
À mort, canaille, passez.  
France par terr'et par la mer aussi,  
dedens victoire à vous Françoys.  
Las je me rendz! et plus ne suis Angloise.  
Nobles Françoys ayez de moy mercy,  
sans nul bon droit l'Angloys me print ici,  
me captivant en orgueilleux lien.  
Bien venu soys, car à toy j'appartien,  
Roy de Françoys justement m'as conquise,  
fuy donc de moy, Angloys et ta fierté,  
car c'est en vain qu'on garde la Cité,  
si le grand Roy n'en a la garde prise.

Intrepid Frenchmen, and raging Normans,  
You from Picardy, Britanny, Gascony  
and La Rochelle,  
It is time, not for dozing now,  
But for driving the English out of Calais.  
Drums, trumpets, make a fearful noise.  
Fire the cannons, knock down the ramparts!  
Let's march on, soldiers,  
the ramparts are scattered;  
Let's get into the water,  
pass through the ditches,  
Surrender, Calais, strike your standards,  
Go to your death, you scoundrel,  
France, by both land and sea  
we bring you a French victory.  
Alas, I surrender, I'm no longer English.  
Noble Frenchmen, treat me mercifully.  
The English had no right to take me here,  
forcing me under their arrogant rule.  
Welcome, for I belong to you,  
King of France - rightly my conqueror.  
So flee from me, Englishmen, with your pride,  
for it is in vain to defend the City  
if the great King defends it.

## La Guerre

Escoutez, tous gentilz Galloys,  
La victoire du noble roy Françoys.  
Et orrez, si bien escoutez,  
Des coups ruez de tous costez.  
Phiffres soufflez, frappez tambours.  
Tournez, virez, faictes vos tours.  
Avanturiers, bon compaignons  
Ensemble croisez vos bastons.  
Bendez soudain, gentilz Gascons.  
Haquebutiers, faictes voz sons!  
La lance au poing, hardiz et promptz,  
Nobles, sautez dens les arçons.  
Armes bouclez, frisques, mignons.  
Donnez dedans! Fapez dedans!  
Soyez hardiz, enjoy emis.  
Chacun s'assaisonne.  
Le fleur de lis, fleur de hault pris,  
Y est en personne.  
Suyvez Françoys! Le roy Françoys!  
Alarme, alarme!  
Suyvez la couronne.  
Sounez, trompetes et clarons,  
Pour resjouyr les compaignons.

Fan fre-re-le-le-lan-fan fey-ne. Fa-ri-ra-ri -ra.  
A l'estandart tost avant.  
Boutez selle, gens d'armes, à cheval.  
Bruyez, tonnez, bombardes et canons.  
Tonnez, gros courtaux  
et faulcons,  
Pour secourir les compaignons.

Listen, all you gallant Frenchmen,  
To the victory of the noble King Francois.  
And you shall hear, if you listen well,  
Blows raining down from all sides.  
Blow your pipes; beat your drums;  
Turn, twist, perform your turns.  
Adventurers, good comrades,  
Cross your staves together.  
Band together fast, noble Gascons.  
Noblemen, jump into your saddles,  
Buckle your arms, look lively chaps.  
Haquebusiers, make your noise,  
The lance in your fist, daring and swift like lions!  
Strike them! Hit them!  
Be bold! Be joyful!  
Let everyone smarten up -  
The fleur-de-lys, beloved flower,  
He is here in person,  
Follow Francois, King Francois.  
Alarm! Alarm!  
Follow the crown.  
Sound out, trumpets and bugles,  
to cheer our comrades.

Fan, fre-re-le-le-lan-fan fey-ne. Fa-ri-ra-ri-ra...  
Into your saddles, men at arms, To horse!  
Quickly to the standard.  
Roar, thunder, guns and cannons.  
Thunder and roar, burly horsemen  
and falconers,  
To help our comrades.

Von von, pa-ti-pa-toc...  
Ta-ri-ra-ri-ra-ri-ra...  
Pon, pon.. la la la ... poin poin... zin zin...  
Duque, France! Courage!  
Donnez des horions!  
Chipe, chope, torche, lorgne.  
Tue! Á mort: lique serre.  
Courage, prenez, fapez, touez.  
Gentilz gallans, soyez vaillans.  
Fapez dessus, ruez dessus!  
Fers émoluz,  
chiquez dessus!  
Alarme, alarme!  
Courage prenez, après suyvez, fapez, ruez.  
Ils sont en fuite,  
Ils monstrent les talons.  
Ils sont confuz, ils sont perduz,  
Escampe toute frelore la  
tintelore.  
Ilz son deffaictz.  
Victoire au noble roy Fran oys.  
Escampe toute frelore bigot.

Von von, pa-ti-pa-toc...  
Ta-ri-ra-ri-ra-ri-ra...  
Pon, pon.. la la la ... poin poin... zin zin...  
France! Take courage!  
Deal your blows!  
Catch them, wipe them out, stare them down.  
Kill them, put them to death,  
Take courage, strike, kill!  
Squeeze them, be valiant,  
you noble, brave men.  
Strike them down, hurl yourselves at them.  
Draw your blades and stab them.  
Alarm, alarm!  
Take courage, pursue, strike, hurl!  
They are taking flight,  
They're showing their heels.  
They're muddled, they're lost.  
Let all the weaklings flee the field,  
armour jangling.  
They are defeated.  
Victory to the noble King Francois!  
Let all the defeated scoundrels flee the field!

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## Biographies

**Brighton Consort** was formed by the late Daphne Elston in 1971 and is best known for its ambitious exploration of the rich repertoire of renaissance and early baroque music. Its Musical Directors have included Deborah Roberts, Katie Thomas, James Dixon and the present director Greg Skidmore. Brighton Consort's programmes have included collaborations with Ensemble Reza, the Paul Nieman Brass Ensemble and Nick Houghton, and the choir has performed in the Brighton Early Music Festival, the Voices of London Festival and at various events in the Royal Pavilion, Brighton. Although our core repertoire mainly consists of Renaissance choral music, in order to offer variety to audiences and singers alike, our programmes sometimes include contemporary pieces and items from other musical periods.

Born in Canada, **Greg Skidmore** arrived in England as an undergraduate at Royal Holloway College, University of London. After graduating with First Class Honours in Music, his post-graduate Choral Scholarship at Wells Cathedral led him to Lay Clerkships at Gloucester Cathedral and Christ Church Cathedral in Oxford. He now lives in London and pursues a varied career as a consort, choral, and solo oratorio singer alongside work as a conductor and workshop leader. He has appeared with *The Tallis Scholars*, *The Sixteen*, *The Cardinall's Musick*, *I Fagiolini*, *Tenebrae*, *Gabrieli Consort*, *Alamire*, *Contrapunctus*, and *Collegium Vocale Ghent*. He can be heard on recordings released by Decca, Deutsche Grammophon, Harmonia Mundi USA, and Gimell Records and in February 2022, Greg made his hundredth appearance with *The Tallis Scholars*. While at Christ Church in Oxford, he began a course of doctoral research in Musicology at the University of Oxford. He founded *The Lacock Scholars*, one of the UK's premier amateur vocal consorts and recently completed major coaching projects with students at the University of York, Guildhall School of Music and Drama, and Royal Academy of Music. He has given workshops and masterclasses in the UK, France, Canada, New Zealand, and Australia in association with *The Sixteen*, *I Fagiolini*, and on his own and he is increasingly engaged in Canada as a guest conductor, clinician, and record producer, founding *The Canadian Renaissance Music Summer Schools* in 2018 and expanding to Australia in 2025 with the *West Australian Renaissance Music Summer School*. He has been published in *Early Music* and his writing has appeared in programmes and CD liner notes for *The Tallis Scholars*, *The Sixteen*, *The Cardinall's Musick*, *The Gabrieli Consort*, *Tenebrae*, and *Ex Cathedra*.

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## Interested in joining us?

**Brighton Consort** performs mainly Renaissance and early Baroque choral music but programmes sometimes include contemporary pieces and items from other musical periods too. We normally present three concert programmes per year, usually with two performances of each. We usually rehearse on Wednesday evenings at St George's Church, Kemptown. Rehearsals take place throughout the year, with a break during July and August.

We are always looking to hear from new singers in all voice parts and the best way to inquire about joining us is to get in touch to arrange an audition. We're very open to meeting new people and can't wait to hear from you.

To reach us, please email [info@brightonconsort.org.uk](mailto:info@brightonconsort.org.uk)

## More Information

For more information about **Brighton Consort**,  
to browse through our past projects, and learn more  
about the choir and our musical director, please visit our website:

brightonconsort.org.uk

or email: [info@brightonconsort.org.uk](mailto:info@brightonconsort.org.uk)

We can also be found on social media:

[facebook.com/BrightonConsort](https://facebook.com/BrightonConsort)  
[twitter.com/BrightonConsort](https://twitter.com/BrightonConsort)