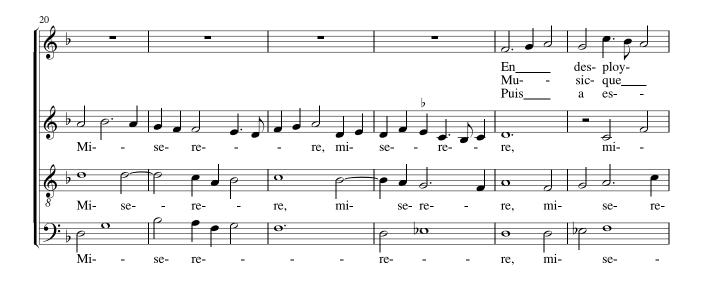


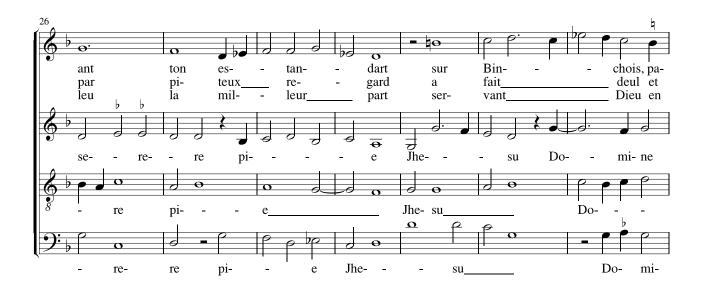
Mort, tu as navré de ton dart

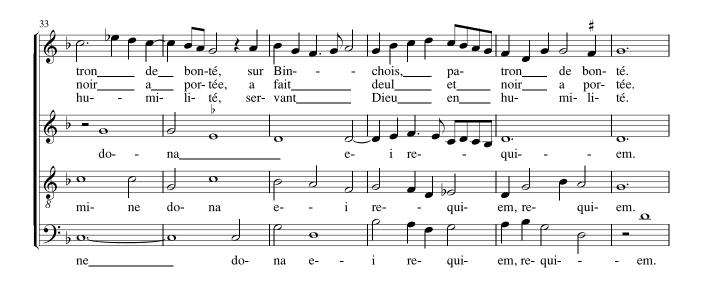
(in memoriam Gilles Binchois)



Note values halved. Transposed up a 4th. Text underlay is editorial.









Translation:

Death, you have wounded with your dart the father of joyousness by unfurling your standard over Binchois, model of goodness. His body is mourned and lamented who lies beneath a tombstone. Alas, please in pity pray for his soul. Rhetoric, so God keep me, bewailed her servant. Music in piteous regard made morning and wore black. Weep, men of faith, and Our Lady, may your community pray for his soul. In his youth, he was a soldier of honourable worldliness, then he chose the better part, serving God in humility.
Such may be in Christendom his name and fame, that those who hold great goodwill pray for his soul.

Have mercy, faithful Lord Jesus, grant him rest whom you redeemed on the cross with your precious blood.