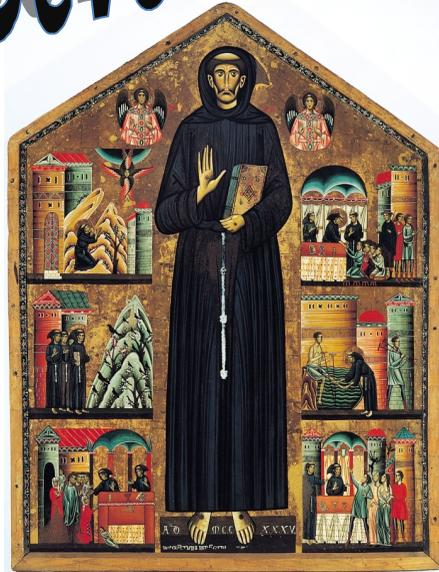


Songs of Devotion

Medieval music
from France and Italy
associated
with St Francis
of Assisi



7.30pm Tuesday 19th July 2011

Cancionero

with Year 8 Students
directed by Elizabeth Cameron

**The Auditorium
Invicta Grammar School**

Per dan que d'amor mi veigna – Peirol (fl. 1185 – 1221)

Milan, Bibl.Ambrosiana, R71superiore

L'autier jost'una sebissa - Marcabru (fl. 1129 – 1149)

Paris, Bibl. Nationale, fr. 22543

Can vei la lauzeta mover

Bernart de Ventadorn (fl. 1147 – 1180)

Paris, Bibl. Nationale, fr. 844&

Paris, Bibl. Nationale, fr. 22543 &

Milan, Bibl.Ambrosiana, R71superiore

A chantar - Comtessa de Dia (fl. late 12th cent.)

Paris, Bibl. Nationale, fr. 844

Danse

Paris, Bibl. Nationale, fr. 844

Kalenda Maia - Raimbault de Vaqueiras (fl. 1180 – 1205)

Paris, Bibl. Nationale, fr. 22543

Volez vous que je vous chante – Reverdie

Paris, Bibl. De l'Arsenal, 5198

Ce fu en mai - Moniot d'Arras (fl.1213 - 1239)

Paris, Bibl. De l'Arsenal, 5198 &

Paris, Bibl. Nationale, naf 1050

Au tems pascor – Jehan Erart (fl.1230 -1259)

Paris, Bibl. De l'Arsenal, 5198

Et cler et lai

Paris, Bibl. Nationale, naf 1050

Quant voi la flor novele

Paris, Bibl. Nationale, naf 1050

La Quarte Estampie Royal
Anon (Paris, Bibl. Nationale, fr 844)

***** INTERVAL *****

Venite a laudare

Cortona, Biblioteca Comunale, 91 No 1

Salve, salve, virgo pia

Cortona, Biblioteca Comunale, 91 No 15

Dança Amorosa

Florence Archivio di Stato, Antecosimiano 17879

Ave, regina gloriosa

Cortona, Biblioteca Comunale, 91 No 5

La Manfredina and Rotta

London, Brit.Lib., add 29987

Fami cantar l'amor di la beata

Cortona, Biblioteca Comunale, 91 No 8

Alta trinità beata

Cortona, Biblioteca Comunale, 91 No 31

Saltarello No 3

London, Brit.Lib., add 29987

Sia laudato San Francesco

Cortona, Biblioteca Comunale, 91 No 37

Cancionero

Anthony Purnell

Voice, plucked strings, fiddle, crwth,
recorder and bagpipes

Anne Purnell

Voice, recorder, hurdy gurdy, percussion and lyre

Helen Johnson

Voice, rebec, violetta and percussion

Brian White

Voice and percussion

Guest percussionists:

Olivia Watton

Emilie Feasey

Pratima Gurung

Instruments featured in this concert:

Soprano Recorders by John Hanchet (Norwich) and Phil Bleazey (Nottingham), *Alto Recorders* by John Hanchet (Norwich) and Moeck (Germany), *Bagpipe* by Wolfgang Paukstatt (Germany), *Rebec* by NRI (Manchester), *Hurdy-Gurdy* by Martin Turner (Norwich), *Oud* from Gamil Georges (Cairo), *Harp* from kit by RWC (Madrid), *Lyre, Psalteries, Crwth, Fiddle and Violetta* by Anthony Purnell (Kent), *Tabor and Tambourine* by Ben Harms (Massachusetts) and other percussion collected from a variety of sources.

Saint Francis was born in 1182, the son of a cloth merchant from Assisi and a French mother. He was christened Giovanni but became known as Francesco since he was fluent in both the languages of France – northern French and southern Occitan. He grew up with a love of the songs of the southern troubadours - the first major poets to use their vernacular language rather than Latin. The troubadours were associated with the concept of “courtly love” – passionate declarations of love often dedicated to a noble lady who was unattainable. The example of the troubadours inspired other vernacular writers. In northern France the trouvères often saw the unattainable lady as an image of the Virgin Mary and produced both secular and religious words which shared melodies. In Spain King Alfonso the Wise organised the collection of over 400 Cantigas in praise of Mary (all written in Galician). In Italy Francis wrote one of the first great poems in Italian – his canticle of the sun which was paraphrased in the English hymn “All Creatures of Our God and King”.

After Francis there was a religious revival in Italy. This led to the forming of guilds of *Laudesi*, groups of lay people who gathered together to hold praise meetings. They met in churches to sing to the accompaniment of professional musicians. The songs had verses which might be sung by soloists or small groups of carefully rehearsed singers with choruses in which everyone could join. The songs often had many verses and the repetition resulted in a trance-like state of heightened devotion. Two major collections of these songs (known as *Laudarios*) have survived: a late 13th century book from Cortona and an early 14th century book from Florence. Accounts from some of the guilds of “*laudesi*” survive which record payments to players of the rebec, lute, vielle and harp amongst other instruments. We have set out to recreate the spirit of these performances with each year 8 class preparing the verses of one song and all the singers joining together to form a mass chorus. In preparing the accompaniments we have looked at the groups of instruments depicted in contemporary paintings and sculptures.

TRANSLATIONS

Per dan que d'amor mi veigna

Though harm comes to me from love I will not cease to uphold joy and song as long as I live; And I am in such trouble I don't know what will become of me, for she who has my heart, I see that she does not deign to love me.

No good sign do I have from her that mercy may ever help me in the pain I bear. However I will beg her to remember me; for if love does not draw her to me then may pity so constrain her.

At night she torments me and by day she does not leave me in peace, so much does her courtliness torture me and her beauty. Alas, what will I do more than I'm doing until desire kills me or pity for me seizes her so that she is more gracious to me?

So firmly is my heart set on her that I think of no one else. And never, without fickle intent, did anyone love better. That's why good should come to me, and I have harm! Behold if in love there has been worse treatment.

Song, go directly where she is, for I have no other messenger in the world that I might send. And since I have placed myself completely in her seigneury, beg her not to show a cruel heart towards me. Ah lady, may some mercy enter your heart, for a little good can alleviate my great sorrow.

L'autier jost'una sebissa

The other day by a hedge-row I found a lowly shepherdess, full of joy and good sense. She was a daughter of a country woman, wearing hood and cloak and gown and a very rough blouse, with heavy shoes and woollen stockings.

I came to her across the field: "My dear," I said, "Pretty thing, it pains me much that the wind should freeze you." "My Lord," said the country girl, "thanks be to God and to her that nursed me, I do not mind the wind that tangles my hair, for I am joyous and healthy."

“My dear,” I said, “object of respect, I came out of my way to keep you company; for such a little country girl should not be watching so many cattle in a place like this all alone.”

“Sir,” she said, “whatever I may be, I know wisdom from folly. Your company, my Lord,” said the country girl, “you should keep where it belongs. For when such as I thinks to possess a man, she only has a shadow.”

A chantar

I must sing of what I do not want, I am so angry with the one whom I love, because I love him more than anything: neither mercy nor courtesy moves him, neither does my beauty, nor my worthiness, nor my good sense, for I am deceived and betrayed as much as I should be, if I were ugly.

I take comfort because I never did anything wrong, Friend, towards you in anything, rather I love you more than Seguin did Valensa, I am greatly pleased that I conquered you in love, My friend, because you are the most worthy; you are arrogant to me in words and appearance, and yet you are so friendly towards everyone else.

I wonder at how you have become so proud, Friend, towards me, and I have reason to lament; it is not right that another love take you away from me no matter what is said or granted to you and remember how it was at the beginning of our love! May Lord God never wish that it was my fault for our separation.

The great prowess that dwells in you and your noble worth retain me, for I do not know of any woman, far or near, who, if she wants to love, would not incline to you; but you, friend, have such understanding that you can tell the best, and I remind you of our sharing.

My worth and my nobility should help me, my beauty and my fine heart; Therefore, I send this song down to you so that it would be my messenger. I want to know, my fair and noble friend, why you are so cruel and savage to me; I don't know if it is arrogance or ill will.

But I especially want you, messenger, to tell him that many people suffer for having too much pride.

Kalenda Maia

Neither May Day nor the beech tree's leaves nor the song of birds nor gladiolus flowers are pleasing to me, noble and vivacious lady, until I receive a swift messenger from your fair person to tell me of some new pleasure that love brings me; and may I be joined to you and drawn toward you, perfect lady; and may the jealous one fall stricken before I must leave you.

My sweet beloved, for the sake of God, may the jealous one never laugh at my pain, for his jealousy would be very costly if it were to separate two such lovers; for I would never be joyful again, nor would joy be of any benefit to me without you; I would set out on such a road that no one would ever see me again; on that day I would die, worthy lady that I lost you. And may I be joined ...

Worthy lady, everyone praises and proclaims your merit which is so pleasing; and whoever would forget you places little value on his life; therefore I worship you, distinguished lady, for I have singled you out as the most pleasing and the best, accomplished in worth, and I have courted you and served you better than Eric did Enide. Lord Engles I have constructed and completed the estampida. And may I be joined ...

Volez vous que je vous chante

Do you want me to sing you a charming song of love? No rustic composed it, but rather a knight in the shade of an olive tree in the arms of his sweetheart.

She wore a linen shift, a white ermine wrap, and a tunic of silk; she had stockings of iris and mayflower shoes fitting just right.

She wore a sash of leaves that turned green in the rain; it was buttoned with gold. Her purse was of love and had pendants of flowers; it was a love-gift.

She was riding a mule; its shoes were of silver and its saddle of gold; on the crupper behind her three rosebushes grew to provide her with shade.

So she went down through the field; some knights came upon her and greeted her nicely; "Lovely lady where were you born?" "From France I am, the high renowned, of the highest birth."

"The nightingale is my father, who sings on the branches high up in the woods; the siren is my mother, who sings high on the shore of the salt sea."

"Lovely lady, may such birth bode well. You are of fine family and high birth; would to God our father that you were given to me as my wedded wife!"

Au tems pascor

At Easter time the other day, I was riding by a pasture to a secluded spot because of the heat. I found in my way Perrin and Guiot and Rogier. Among themselves they said that after eating a fete would be announced. Gui will lead the tumult, with bell and panpipes and his bagpipe with the great drone he will play the dance. Cibalala du riaux, du riaux, Cibalala durie.

Et cler et lai

Both clergy and laymen, without delay, listen now to my meaning: I will make a song, and sing of the noble queen into whose sides descended God, who defended us from pain and great torment. Let us sing of this without waiting, for I can sing well: we ought to sing of her who gave life to us all. Now aid and counsel us, sweet Virgin Mary.

Lady of worth, I have learned much of your high power. Naked and bare, we would have been put to death, and without joy, but through the goodness which abides in you many women and men are saved, and taken far from great sadness. Lady of great nobility,

he who serves you from the heart will go straight to paradise in the company of God: Now aid and counsel us, sweet Virgin Mary.

Quant voi la flor novele

When I see the new flowers blooming in the field, then I sing a new song of the virgin maid who nursed with the milk of her breast the king who came from her worthy and beautiful flesh to save us all. Maiden worthy and pure, in whom all goodness is purified, who cures us from sin, take care of me: give me assurance through agreement from your dear son that I will be rewarded with certain joy in heaven.

Holy lady Mary, full of grace, be ready to aid us, do not forget us: so that in this mortal life we can deserve the reward of a future in your company.

Mary, sweet mother, you were never bitter, you are daughter and mother of a king, and thus bore your father: now I pray, most gentle mother full of pity, that God who is our father will cast us far from sin.

Venite a laudare

Come and praise, for the sake of love sing to the loving Virgin Mary. Mary, glorious and blessed, may great praise be yours for ever: we pray that you will intercede for us with your son, o holy virgin.

Holy sovereign queen, comfort the despairing, you are the great cure which heals, help us through your kindness.

Kindness which has great gifts, love which does not abandon us, we pray that you will forgive our sins.

Your leadership sets free the heart, mother of love. Sinners who know you my lady repent.

Strong, powerful blessed lady, for you this song of praise is sung: you are our advocate, the most faithful there could ever be.

Salve salve virgo pia

Hail, hail holy virgin, gleaming jewel, Mary.

Let us sing with great delight of that perfect love of ours who was prays to Christ for us, who is our light and our way.

Let us now sing with joy of our beautiful lover, for she is our solace: may she be ever blessed.

Ave regina gloriosa

Hail, glorious queen full of every consolation.

Hail beautiful pearl, clear shining light, fresh rose and fragrance, our joy and delight.

Hail adored queen, blessed virgin mother; since your salutation you have been our mother of great holiness.

Hail, gateway of salvation; you help whoever loves you well; save him from falling into error, and keep him from doubting thoughts.

Fami cantar l'amor di la beata

Let me sing of the love of the blessed one who rejoices in Christ.

Give me comfort, Mother of love, and put your fire and flame into my heart; I love you greatly and at all times, so that I may often swoon with your love.

Alta trinità beata

High blessed trinity, may we always worship you.

Glorious trinity, marvellous unity, you are delicious food from heaven, desired every hour.

We believe without doubting, firmly and with hope, in three persons one substance worshipped by the saints.

In all creation your splendour shines through, as told in the scriptures and the true prophets.

Power in creation, wisdom in ordering, goodness in governing
everything that has breath

Joyful love of the Holy Spirit, who redeemed the whole world, save
us from the depths of hell and pardon our sins.

You, heavenly father, to protect us from all evil, you sent your son,
equal to you, to the people who were sinning.

O true Trinity, through your mercy grant that our humility might be
raised to eternal life.

Sia laudato San Francesco

May St Francis be praised, the one who bore the marks of the
crucifixion like the redeemer.

Made to resemble Christ he was branded with His wounds because
he had carried the love for Him written in his heart.

On the holy mount of La Verna the holy man was weeping
copiously: the comforting seraphim turned that weeping into a
song.

By divine inspiration he was given the inspiration to save many
sinners from perdition.

When blessed St Francis was sent by God the world, which was in
darkness, received great splendour.

His followers, the poor lesser friars, are teachers of the people,
preaching without error.

Through your holy virtue, given by God in such great measure, such
sweet songs come from you Francis with your open heart.