

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Nikki Martin (b.1986)

Alma

Alma...
Yo sueño...

Soul...
I dream...

Johannes Ghiselin (fl. 1455–1511)

O florens Rosa

[INSTRUMENTAL]

Michaël/le Grébil Liberg (b.1973)

Belle, bonne, sage

Belle, bonne, sage, plaisante et gente,
A ce jour cy que l'an se renouvelle,
Vous fais le don d'une chanson nouvelle
Dedans mon cuer qui a vous se presente.

Lovely, good, wise, gentle and noble one,
On this day that the year becomes new
I make you a gift of a new song
Within my heart, which presents itself to you.

Solage (fl. late 14th c.)

Corps féminin par vertu de nature

Corps féminin, par vertu de Nature
A droit devis, traitis et compassé,
Tant noblement, certes, que vo figure
Humble sans per, passeflour de beauté ;
Et tant est doulz et plaisant
L'amoureux ray de vostre œil riant,
Lequel me fait, par un doulz souvenir,
Joieux et gay en ses las maintenir.

The female body, by Nature's gift,
Is perfectly planned, designed and fashioned,
As nobly indeed as your face,
Peerlessly humble, surpassing the flowers in beauty;
Just as sweet and pleasing is
The loving glance of your smiling eye
Which makes me, through sweet memory,
Remain happy and joyous in its snare.

Guillaume de Machaut (1300-1377)

Dame de qui toute ma joie vient

Dame, de qui toute ma joie vient,
Je ne vous puis trop amer, ne chierir,
N'assés loër, si com il appartient,
Servir, doubter, honnourer, n'obeïr;
Car le gracieus espoir,
Douce dame, que j'ay de vous vëoir,
Me fait cent fois plus de bien et de joie,
Qu'en cent mille ans desservir ne porroie.

Lady, from whom comes all my joy,
I cannot love you too much, nor cherish you,
Nor praise you enough, serve you,
Fear, honour nor obey enough as belongs to you;
For the gracious hope,
Sweet lady, which I have of seeing you
Makes me a hundred times better and happier
Than I could deserve in a hundred thousand years.

Cils dous espoirs en vie me soustient
Et me norrist en amoureux desir,
Et dedens moy met tout ce qui couvient
Pour conforter mon cuer et resjoïr;
N'il ne s'en part main ne soir,
Einsois me fait doucement recevoir
Plus des dous biens qu'Amours aus siens ottoie,
Qu'en cent mille ans desservir ne porroie.

Et quant Espoir que en mon cuer se tient
Fait dedens moy si grant joie venir,
Lonteins de vous, ma dame, s'il avient
Que vo biauté voie que moult desir,
Ma joie, si com j'esperoir,
Ymaginer, penser, ne concevoir
Ne porroit nuls, car trop plus en aroie,
Qu'en cent mille and desservir ne porroie.

These sweet hopes sustain me in my life
And feed me with love's desire,
And place within me all that helps
To comfort my heart and make it joyful;
Nor does it leave me morning or night,
And so makes me sweetly receive
More of the sweet benefits which Love gives her own
Than I could deserve in a hundred thousand years.

And since Hope which maintains itself in my heart
Makes such great joy arrive within me
When far from you, my lady, if it should happen
That I should see your beauty which I much desire
My joy, as I hope, no man could
Imagine, understand or conceive -
For I would have far more
Than I could deserve in a hundred thousand years.

Anonymous (14th century)

Che ti cova nascondere

[INSTRUMENTAL]

Anonymous (15th century) **Vostre rigueur trop importune**

Vostre rigueur trop importune
Me juge a mort dont ma fortune
Mal dit cotidiennement
Et conviendra finalement
User ma vie en amertume

Je ne tiens point que soubz la lune
Puist cuer souffrir douleur aucune
Pareille a mon entendement
Vostre rigueur trop importune
Me iuge a mort dont ma fortune
Mal dit cotidiennement

Je meurs en regretant fortune
En fieure aigue non commune
Sans esperer aucunement
Desirant mon allegement
Puis qu esperance nay nesune

Vostre rigueur trop importune...

Your rigor is too importunate,
Judging me to death, and my fortune
Is being foul-mouthed every day.
And I will finally resolve
To consume my life in bitterness

I don't think that under the moon
My heart can suffer no pain
Like my understanding (my thoughts)
Your rigor is too importunate
Judging me to death, and my fortune
Is being foul-mouthed every day.

I die regretting my fortune
In acute and uncommon pride
Without any hope
Desiring my relief
Because I have no hope.

Your rigor is too importunate...

Gilles Binchois (ca. 1400-1460)

Dueil angoisseux

[INSTRUMENTAL]

Michaël/le Grébil Liberg
A Lunel lutz una luna luzens

Text by Guillem de Montanhagol

A Lunel lutz una luna luzens
Qe dona lum sobre totas lugors!
D'aqui pren lum jois, dompneis ez amors
E gais solatz e beutatz e jovens.
E qan le lums pres a Lunel luzensa,
Q'enlumina daus Tolsa part Proensa,
Estavan jois e dompneis tenebros,
Mas ara-ls fai Lunels luzir amdos.

Le noms del lum es clars e resplendens,
Q'aïtan vol dir als bos entendedors
Gauseranda com gai seran e sors
Cill qui veiran sos gais captenemens,
E qe jois er donatz cui ill agensa,
E qe jauzen seran de gran jauzensa
Ella e cill qe volra far joios:
Vers es le noms, qui be l'enten, e bos.

Guirautz Amics, li savi de Proensa
Diga-m del nom, si-ls platz, lor entendensa,
Qar si-n dizon miellz, eu no-n sui gilos,
Tan vuelh del nom qe vailla sobre-ls bos.

In Lunel shines a shining moon
Who gives shining to all gleams:
From there, light gives joy, gallantry and love,
And joyful entertainment and beauty and youth.
And when the light near Lunel slips away,
Illuminating from Toulouse to beyond Provence,
Joy and Courtesy vanish into darkness;
But now the two Lunels shine.

The name of Light is clear and resplendent,
So much I want to tell the good listeners
What Gauseranda means how many will be joyful and exalted
Those who will see his merry ways,
And that joy will be given to those who consent to it,
And that they will be joyful with great delight,
She and those who will celebrate joy:
True and good is this name, for those who understand it well.

Guirautz Amics, may the scientists of Provence
Tell me if they like what I said of her name,
Because if they say it better, I will not be jealous,
So much do I desire that this name should rise
above the most beautiful.

Anonymous (14th century)
Febus mundo oriens / Cornibus equivocis

TRIPLUM

Febus mundo oriens
Girans sub ecliptica
Per signa mirifica
Zoe rauptum transiens.
Vapores disperciens
Fervet vi clarifica
Tetraque malefica
Jam procul abiciens.
Radius est igniens
Yma face publica
Rupes et antartica
Loca calefaciens.
Dura liquefaciens
Corda parabolica
Et nunc quondam mistica
Apparere faciens.

Tu lunaque paciens
Eclipsim in practica
A cauda sophistica
Draconis resiliens.

TRIPLUM

Febus rises over the world.
Turning beneath the ecliptic.
Passing through the wonderful
Signs of the Zodiac
Dispersing mists
He burns with blazing power,
Evil, long since cast out.
He is a flaming orb
With it's lower surface showing,
Warming the mountains,
And the antarctic climes,
Melting hard hearts.
Causing parabolic
And sometimes even
mystical matters
To come to light.

And you, O moon,
Suffering eclipse in your affairs.
recoiling from the sophistic tail
of the dragon,

Recipe sufficiens
Lumen ne umbratica
Sis ex arte magica
Unde sis deficiens.

take in sufficient light
so that you aren't cast
into shadow by magic art.
and thus be in eclipse.

TENOR

Cornibus equivocis
Pascens inter lilia
Feriens feralia
Et ferarum principem
Debellans multiplicem
Fructum ponens crucifixe
Vaca salit dum infixi
Sunt vires in ilicem
Natans aquam duplicem
Ad delectabilia
Pascua fertilia
Venit cum univocis.

TENOR

With horns of equal weight.
grazing among the lilies
smiting all that is deadly
and vanquishing the prince
of the wild beasts, placing the
multiform fruit in cruciform fashion.
the cow jumps while the forces
are stuck in an oak-tree;
swimming the double waters
to delightful
fertile pastures;
she comes with those of one voice.

Johannes Brassart (c.1400-1455)
Ave Maria

Ave Maria, gratia plena,
Dominus tecum.

Et tua gratia sit mecum.
Gloria mulierum,
gemma virginum,
stella sacerdotum,
rosa martirum,
domina apostolorum,
regina angelorum.

Iecunditas coelorum.
Amen.

Hail Mary, full of grace,
The Lord is with you.

And let your grace be with me.
The glory of women,
the jewel of virgins,
the star of priests,
the rose of martyrs,
lady of the apostles,
queen of the angels.

Joy of the heavens,
Amen.

Anonymous (15th century)
Dum Transisset sabbatum, Maria Magdalena

Dum transisset Sabbatum,
Maria Magdalene et Maria Jacobi et Salome
emerunt aromata ut venientes ungerent Jesum. Alleluia.

Et valde mane una sabbatorum
veniunt ad monumentum orto iam sole.

And when the sabbath was past, Mary Magdalene,
and Mary the mother of James, and Salome, had bought
sweet spices, that they might come and anoint him. Alleluia.

And very early in the morning the first day of the week,
they came unto the sepulchre at the rising of the sun.

Nikki Martin
Alma

Alma. Mi querido. Mi amor.
Yo sueño, te he echado de menos.
Tu toque. Tu toque dulce.
Mi amor, yo sueño.
La forma en que me tocas
Tan dulcemente. Yo sueño.
Me conoces tan bien,
mi querido. Somos una. Alma

Alma*. My dear. My love.
I dream. I've missed you.
Your touch. Your tender touch.
My love. I dream.
The way you touch me
So gently. I dream
You know me so well,
My dear. We are one. Alma.

* 'Alma' can refer both to the given name, and the word for 'soul'

Anonymous (15th century)
Urbs beata

[INSTRUMENTAL]

John Dunstaple (1380-1453)
Beata mater

[INSTRUMENTAL]

Anonymous (15th century)
Tu me connois / Je vous connois

[INSTRUMENTAL]

Anonymous (14th century)
Descendi in ortum meum / Alma

DUPLUM

Descendi in ortum meum,
ut viderem poma convallium,
et inspicerem si floruisset vinea,
et germinassent mala punica.
Revertere, revertere, Sulamitis,
ut intueamur te.

TENOR

Alma...

DUPLUM

I went down into [my] garden
to see the fruits of the valley,
and to see whether the vine flourished
and the pomegranates budded.
Return, return, O Shulamite,
That we might look upon thee.

TENOR

Loving and nourishing...