

LA ROMANESCA
MONODIES

- 1 ISTANPITTA GHAETTA (ANONYMOUS, 14TH CENTURY) 8'52"
- 2 LO VERS COMENSSA (MARCABRU, FL. 1127-1150) 6'44"
- 3 LO VERS COMENS CAN VEI DEL FAU (MARCABRU) 5'15"
- 4 SALTARELLO (ANONYMOUS, 14TH CENTURY) 4'16"
- 5 L'AUTRIER JOST' UNA SEBISSA (MARCABRU) 5'04"
- 6 BEL M'ES QUANT SON LI FRUIT MADUR (MARCABRU) 9'15"
- 7 ISTANPITTA PALAMENTO (ANONYMOUS, 14TH CENTURY) 7'40"

CANTIGAS DE AMIGO (MARTIN CODAX, 13TH CENTURY)

- 8 ONDAS DO MAR DE VIGO 4'28"
- 9 MANDAD' EI COMIGO 3'58"
- 10 MIÑA IRMANA FREMOSA IREDES COMIGO 3'15"
- 11 AY DEUS, SE SAB' ORA O MEU AMIGO 3'30"
- 12 QUANTAS SABEDES AMAR AMIGO 2'02"
- 13 ENO SAGRADO VIGO 3'07"
- 14 AY ONDAS QUE EU VIN VER 2'11"

HARTLEY NEWNHAM – VOICE, PERCUSSION
RUTH WILKINSON – RECORDER, VIELLE, TENOR VIOL
ROS BANDT – RECORDER, FLUTE, PSALTERY, REBEC, PERCUSSION
JOHN GRIFFITHS – LUTE, GUITARRA MORISCA

MONODIES

LA ROMANESCA

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expanded edition of Medieval Monodies – total playing time 70 minutes
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The poet-musicians Marcabru and Martin Codax occupy important places in the history of medieval secular song. Marcabru is the earliest southern French troubadour whose music survives, and Martin Codax's songs are the oldest relics of Iberian secular music. More than a thousand kilometres and perhaps a hundred years separate them, yet their works are branches of the same tree. Each poet is an articulate observer of his own world, a commentator on social values, and a deft painter of human character and emotion.

Marcabru was active in the second quarter of the twelfth century. Records indicate him to have been active between 1127 and 1150. Of the two biographical *vidas* included in troubadour manuscripts, one describes him as a Gascon, the son of a poor woman; the other calls him a foundling. His earliest known patron was Guillaume X (†1137), duke of Aquitaine and son of the earliest known troubadour William IX of Aquitaine. Marcabru was widely travelled, having enjoyed the patronage of royalty and nobility throughout southern France and Spain, notably at the court of Spanish emperor Alfonso VII of León. More than forty of Marcabru's poems survive – all written in Occitans – but only a handful of his melodies. Four of these are undisputedly the poet's own compositions, but not all scholars agree on the total number.

The dream world of courtly love is not Marcabru's world. The writers of the *vidas* point to his terse and merciless poetry, to its moral tone. Above all, Marcabru is a critic of falseness, particularly of false love.

Uncompromising are his attacks on false lovers who debase the integrity of true love. Undisguised is his criticism of the excesses of the nobility whom he served. Such is his venom that one of his biographers comments that "he scorns women and love". Marcabru is a realist, constantly measuring his idealism against social reality. The paired songs **Lo vers comenssa** and **Lo vers comens can vei del fau** are both fine examples of Marcabru's biting tongue. In the first, he speaks of wisdom gained through the experience of life and courtly society and laments the falseness of the nobility and the debasement of love with a tone of complete desperation. Even though he admits only to dealing with his theme in the most generalised fashion ("It's true that I'm not being explicit/ at present nor shall I, / nor should I"), he contrasts it sharply with the optimistic view of a world in which love is respected and venerated. The same theme is reiterated in **Lo vers comens can vei del fau** but the references are more specific. Marcabru places himself among the most morally courageous of troubadours, he praises Poitou and its people, and makes specific references to corruption in Rome and to the roughneck culture of his neighbouring Angevins. Scholarly opinion is divided concerning the authenticity of both these melodies. In the case of **Lo vers comenssa**, it was the scholar Hans Spanke who drew attention to the unusually close poetic similarities between this song and the anonymous *trouvere* song *Costume et us* in the *Chansonier* Cangé and suggested its melody perhaps to have been derived from Marcabru. Similar doubts surround the melody

of **Lo vers comens can vei del fau**, similarly derived from a later contrafactum version in manuscript Paris, Bib. Nat. f. lat. 3719.

Of much safer attribution, **Bel m'es quant son li fruit madur** is the most sophisticated of Marcabru's surviving melodies. Its text delivers yet another moralistic attack on false love and insincerity and does so with pungent images and great richness of language. These qualities are accentuated in La Romanesca's performance by the freely declamatory vocal style and the use of the incisive sounding lute identified in contemporary Spanish writings as a *guitarra morisca* to provide the accompaniment.

By comparison, the *pastorela*, **L'autrier jost' una sebisca** initially appears a light-hearted romp. Marcabru, however, turns the tables on the *pastorela* genre to offer a poem in which the dialogue between a fast-talking knight and feisty shepherdess does not lead to the customary successful seduction, in which man exerts power over woman, and nobility over peasantry. Although the earliest known example of its genre, it too makes mockery of tradition. Set in habitual dialogue mode, it tells of an encounter 'beside a hedge,' both a morally shady place as well as the pastoral neutrality of Arcadia. The shepherdess turns the tables on the knight's well rehearsed amorous repartee, cutting him to size and revealing herself not as a naïve country girl but as a strong, real character who 'with grim humour and stabbing shrewdness demolishes her lover's Arcadian fantasy as a romantic falsehood'. In the performance, the dialogue is accentuated by the alternation of baritone and

countertenor registers of voice. The melody has been interpreted rhythmically according to the character of the text, although the troubadour manuscripts give no indication of rhythm in the way the melodies of the songs are notated. Vielle and psaltery improvise a heterophonic web around the vocal line.

The most sophisticated instrumental music that survives from the middle ages is associated with dance. Of the few known sources, the most extended and challenging pieces are preserved in a fourteenth-century manuscript of Italian origin, now in the British Library, MS. Add. 29987. These pieces are cast in the rondo-like form of the *istanpitta* and with long extending melodies that incorporate frequent repetition of the opening refrain. As with La Romanesca's performances of medieval song, these pieces are played here in a way that attempts to recreate plausible readings of music about whose performance we know incredibly little. Following the evidence of literary and pictorial sources, our versions use simple instrumental groupings and the performances attempt to strike a balance between contemporary expectations and our view of medieval musical reality. Evidence points to the prominence of bowed string instruments in early instrumental music and song accompaniment. **Istanpitta Palamento** is performed in this manner with lute and percussion, while the **Istanpitta Gaetta** uses recorder over plucked drones, and the **Saltarello** is performed on lute with a simple drummed accompaniment.

Martin Codax is known to us only by his seven **Cantigas de amigo**. Composed in

Gallician-Portuguese, the literary language of medieval Spain the songs are set in the town of Vigo on the north-west coast, possibly Codax's home. They probably date from the first part of the thirteenth century, *Cantigas de amigo* express women's love and are a feature of Gallician-Portuguese repertory. They belong to the family of European courtly love poetry, but are strongly influenced by native Spanish popular verse. They use refrains and a system of paired stanzas where the second line of each stanza becomes the first line of the next pair. This technique produces economical poetry, unified by a subtle transmutation and development of ideas. Although nearly 1700 Spanish love lyrics are extant, the melodies of six of Codax's seven songs are the sole survivors of the entire musical tradition. The Codax manuscript, now in New York, was discovered in Madrid a century ago used as a flyleaf in an eighteenth-century binding of a fourteenth-century Cicero manuscript.

The **Cantigas de amigo** of Codax are undoubtedly among the most beautiful of the Gallician-Portuguese repertory. They are also typical of it: they are cast in conventional forms and draw on conventual imagery and vocabulary. Their persistent reference to the sea reflects the maritime life of the region, and adds a dimension of unknowable eternity. They deal with a woman's loneliness, her frustration by the absence of her lover, and place her sensual love in a religious setting. She waits in the church in Vigo overlooking the sea, asking the unceasing waves if they bring news of her absent lover. Her tragedy is left unsaid.

The songs make up a symmetrically constructed cycle depicting the girl's love from different angles. Songs 1, 4, and 7 lament her loneliness and desperation. No 2 is optimistic while no 6 is a *bailada* or dance song. In songs 3 and 5 our lover engages others to help share her anxiety. Within this context, the various performance options are determined, including the choice of rhythmic or free treatment of the melodies, instrumentation, and the style of the improvised accompaniments. These are strongly intuitive realisations firmly guided by historical research. The melody used for the sixth song is adapted from one of the *Cantigas de Santa María* of Alfonso X, 'the Wise' (r. 1252-1284). The practice of contrafactum, the adaptation of an existing melody to a new text, has been shown to apply to *cantigas de amigo* and other medieval Spanish song.

JOHN GRIFFITHS

2 Marcabru *Lo vers comenssa*

Lo vers comenssa
a son veil sen antic.
Segon l'entenssa,
de so qu'ieu vei e vic,
n'ai sapienssa:
don ieu anc no.m jauzie!
Greu puosc abric
trobar ses malvolenssa,
mais en baro!

Tant creis durenssa
c'alegr' en son li ric;
avols cossenssa
fai sobremontar tric;
sofren sofrenssa
esdevenon amic
al ver afic,
segon la penedenssa
n'auran perdo.

No.n sai que faire,
tant fort sui empres,
qu'entorn l'aire
si fant villan cortes,
e.il just pechaire
de so qu'en lor non es.
si m'ajut fes,
tals mil en auzetz braire
c'anc res non fo.

Ges no m'esclaire,
ni o farai d'est mes,
ni o dei faire
pels fills que fant laides:
trop tem maltraire
per atendre sordeis!
Mout nais espes
malvestatz de sa maire
senes razó.

Lo cors m'esglaiá,
ja non o celarai,
amors veraia
trobar greu fin assai,
qu'en lieis no.n aia
c'a falsedat retrai!
Contra.l savai
es leu amors savaia
e ben'al bon.

The *vers* begins
on its age-old tune.
In accordance with the saying,
I have wisdom
from what I see and have seen,
though I have never benefitted from this.
I can hardly find shelter
and not ill-will
—except in a lord!

Hard-heartedness is so much on the increase
that the rich rejoice at it;
base connivance
makes trickery soar;
tolerating sufferance
they become friends.
Truly,
according to their repentance
they will receive pardon.

I don't know what to do about it,
I am so perplexed,
for around the plough the peasants
are putting on courtly airs,
and the just men make themselves
out to be guilty of what is not down to them.
By my faith,
you can hear a thousand of such men braying
that it was never thus.

It's true that I'm not being explicit
at present nor shall I,
nor should I,
because of the sons who commit outrages
—I have too much to put up with
to go looking for worse.
Wickedness is spawned
thick and fast from its mother,
without reason.

I won't conceal the fact
that my heart is full of dread:
true love
now hardly finds a noble enterprise,
without there being in it
that which people ascribe to falsity.
Towards a base man
love is readily base,
and good to the good one.

Mout pretz m'en aia
d'amor que no mesfai,
qu'es ver' e gaia
contra.l ver amic gai,
tant cant vol braia
lausengiers et abai,
qu'ieu sai on jai
l'amors que no s'esmaia
de lor sermo.

Qui ses bauzia
vol amor albergar,
de cortesia
deu sa maion jonchar.
Get fors feunia
e fol sobreparlar.
Pretz e donar
deu aver en bailia,
ses ochaio.

C'amors s'embria
lai on conois son par.
blanch' e floria
e presta de granar,
ses fellonia
fai contr' amic a usar.
Ops l'es que.is gar
cel cui bon' amors guaia,
de mespreiso.

Jovens someilla,
greu prendra mais revel,
e par qu'espeilla
lo seignor Daucadel.
Tot jorm consella
ab son dous Caut Morsel!
Prop del tessell
malvestatz li pendeilla
al capairo.

Dolors m'esveilla
de fresc e de novel,
cals meraveilla
que greu trob qui m'apel!
Malvestatz treilla
e jois torn'en paissel,
al plus isnel
fer tal vetz lone l'aureilla
qu'el non ditz no.

D'aquest flagel
Marcabrus si coreilla
ses compaigno.

I greatly prize
the dominion of love
which does no wrong,
for it is merry and joyful
towards a merry joyful friend.
Let the slanderer bray or bark as much as
he likes, for I know where lies the love
which is not dismayed
by stupid speech.

Anyone who wishes without deceit
to shelter love
must strew his home
with courtliness.
Let him sweep away
resentment and foolish garrulosity.
He must have worth and generosity
under his protective authority,
and not make excuses.

For love grows in the place
where it recognises it equal,
white and blossoming
and ready to give seed;
it acts in such a way
as to behave without treachery towards
its friend. The one guided by noble love
needs to guard against
committing any fault.

Youth slumbers;
it is unlikely to take part
in revelry again; and it seems to mirror
Lord 'High-and-Mighty'.
All day long it has whispering conversations
with sweet Lord Cautious-Face;
close to its cheek
wickedness hangs on
to its hood.

Grief awakens me
afresh and anew.
What wonder that I find hardly anyone
calling me to service!
Wickedness puts out its tendrils,
and joy turns into a climbing-pole for it;
as fast as it can it bends
joy's ear time and again
without it saying no.

And about this plague,
Marcabru complains,
A lone voice.

3 Marcabru *Lo vers comens can vei del fau*

Lo vers comens can vei del fau
ses foilla lo cim e.l branquill,
c'om d'auzel ni raina non au
chant ni grondill,
ni fara jusc'al temps soau
qu.el nais brondill.

E segon trobar naturau
port la peira e l'esca e.l fozill,
mas menut trobador bergau
entrebesquill,
mi tornon mon chant en badau
en fant gratill.

Pretz es vengutz d'amont aval
e casegutz en l'escobill,
puois avers fai Roma venau;
ben cuig que cill
no.n jauziran, qui son colpau
e'aquest perill.

Avoleza porta la clau
e geta proez' en issil;
greu parejaran mais igau
paire ni fill!
que non aug dir, fors en Peitau,
c'om s'en atill.

Li plus d'aquest segle carnau
ant tornat joven a nuill,
qu'eu non trob, de que molt m'es mau,
qui maestrill
cortesia ab cor leiau,
que noi.s ranquill.

Passat ant lo saut vergondau
ab semblan d'usatge captill!
tot cant que donant fant sensau,
plen de grondill,
e non prezon blasme ni lau
un gran de mill.

I begin the *vers* when I see the top
and the branches of the beech without
leaves,
when people hear neither birdsong
nor the frog's croak there,
nor will they until the sweet season,
when the hazel shoots appear.

According to the natural art of
composition,
I carry the flint and tinder and steel,
but petty troubadours,
silly and muddled
make my song pointless
and an object of mockery.

Worth has come down from high to low
and fallen into the dirt,
since wealth makes Rome venal;
I do indeed believe that those who are
guilty will not profit from
this wrong-doing.

Baseness carries the key
and casts integrity into exile;
it will be hard henceforth for fathers and
sons to measure up to their fathers,
for I do not hear it said outside Poitou
that anyone applies himself to it.

Most people in this carnal world
have changed youthfulness into
bickering,
for I can find no one —and it pains me
greatly—
who masters
courtliness with a true heart
without it going lame.

They have crossed the shameful ravine;
just as with the custom of *acapte*
they tax everything they give,
full of surliness,
and about praise or blame
they don't care a jot.

Cel prophetizet ben e mau
que ditz c'om iri' en becill,
seigner sers e sers seignorau,
e si fant ill,
que.i ant fait li buzat d'Anjau,
cal d'esmerill.

Si amars a amic corau,
miga nonca m'en meravill
s'il se fai semblar bestiau
al departill,
greu veiretz ja joc comunau
al pelacill.

Marcabrus ditz que no.il en cau
qui quer ben lo vers e.l foill
que no.i pot hom trobar a frau
mot de roill!
intrar pot hom de lonc jornau
en breu doill.

5 Marcabru *L'autrier jost' una sebissa*

L'autrier jost' una sebissa
trobei pastora mestissa,
de joi e de sen massissa,
si cum filla de vilana,
cap' e gonel' e pelissa
vest e camiza treslissa,
sotlars e caussas de lana.

*Ves lieis vinc per la planissa:
“Toza li'm ieu res faltissa,
dol ai car lo freitz vos tissa.”
“Seigner, so'm dis la vilana,
merce Dieu e ma noirissa,
auc m'o pretz si'l vens m'erissa
qu'alegreতা sui e sana.”

“Toza fi'm ieu cauza pia,
destors me sui de la via
per far as vor compaignia;
quar aitals toza vilana
no deu ses pareill paria
pastorgar tanta bestia
en aital terra, soldana.”

He prophesied well and ill
he who says that man would go to wrack and
ruin — peasant-like lords and lordly peasants —,
and indeed they are,
for in this respect the buzzards of Anjou
have demonstrated a merlin's fighting spirit.

If lust has a true lover,
I should not be at all surprised
if it behaves like a beast towards him
at the moment of parting;
you will be hard put to discover a fair game
of *pelacill*!

Marcabru says it does not matter to him
if anyone searches the *vers* closely with a
fine-tooth comb,
for no one will be able to find hidden in it
a rusty word;
a man can gather in the harvest after a long
day's work in a brief moment!

The other day beside a hedge,
I met a lowborn shepherdess,
Full of joy and wit,
and like the daughter of a peasant,
cape and cloak and fur
she wore, and a shirt of drill,
shoes, and woollen stockings.

In her direction I crossed the plain:
“Girl:” I said, “pretty thing,
I am saddened, for the cold stings you.
“Lord,” this peasant girl said to me,
“thanks be to God and my childhood nurse;
it means naught to me if the wind blows my
hair,
for I am happy and healthy.”

“Girl,” I said, “sweet thing,
I came out of my way
to offer you my company,
and a peasant girl like you
shouldn't be without a suitable companion
looking after so many cattle,
alone, in a place like this.”

“Don fetz ela, qui que'm sia,
ben conosc sen e folia;
la vostra pareillaria,
Seigner, so'm dis la vilana,
lai on se tang si s'estia,
que tals la cuid' en ballia
tener, no'n a mas l'ufana.”

“Toza de gentil affaire,
cavaliers fon vostre paire
que'us engenret en la maire,
car fon corteza vilana.
Con plus vos gart m'etz belaire,
e per vostre joi m'esclaire,
si'm fossetz un pauc humana!”

“Don tot mon ling e mon aire
vei revertir e retriare
al vezoig et a l'araire,
Seigner, so'm dis la vilana;
mas tals se fai cavalgaire
c'atrestal deuria faire
los seis jorns de la setmana.”

* “Toza, fi'm ieu, gentils fada,
vos adastret, quan fos nada,
d'una beutat esmerada
sobre tot' altra vilana;
e seria'us ben doblada,
si'm vezi' una vegada,
sobira e vos sotrana.”

* “Seigner, tan m'avetz lauzada,
que tota'n seri' enveuada;
pois en pretz m'avetz levada,
Seigner, so'm dis la vilana,
per so n'auretz per soudada
al partir: bada, fols, bada,
e la muz' a meliana.”

“Toz' estraing cor e salvatge
adomesg' om per uzatge.
Ben conosc al trespassatge
qu'ab aital toza vilana
pot hom far ric compaignatge
ab amistat de coratge,
si l'us l'autre non engana.”

“Don, hom coitatz de follatge
jur' e plu e promet gatge:

“Sir,” she said, “whatever I may be,
I can tell sense from folly;
your companionship
Lord,” said this girl,
“should stay where it belongs
for one like me, thinking things are
under control,
finds they are out of her reach.”

“Girl of noble ways,
your father was a knight
who begot you of your mother,
because she was a noble peasant.
The more I look at you, the more
beautiful you seem,
and I would shine with your joy,
if you were to be a bit kind to me.”

“Sir, all my family and my ways
go back to, and recall
the sickle and the plough,
Lord,” this peasant said to me,
“and he who calls himself a knight
ought do likewise and work
six days of every week.”

“Girl,” I said, “A noble fairy
endowed you at birth
with a resplendent beauty
above all other peasant girls,
and twice so would you be if I saw you
underneath, with me on top.”

“Lord, you have praised me so much
that any girl would envy me,
for you have raised my worth,
Lord,” this peasant said to me,
“for that you will get your reward
as we part: ‘Stare, fool, stare,’
and await in vain for the whole
afternoon.”

“Girl, a shy and wild heart
is tamed by intercourse.
Well do I know that, passing by,
a man can offer a girl like you
precious companionship,
with profitable friendship,
if we don't deceive one another.”

“Sir, a man desirous of folly
swears, pledges and promises security.

si'm fariatz homenatge,
Seigner, so'm dis la vilana;
mas ieu, per un pauc d'intratge,
non vuoil ges mon piucellatge,
camjar per nom de putana.”

“Toza tota creatura
revertis a sa natura:
pareillar pareilladura
devem, ieu e vos, vilana,
a l'abric lonc la pastura,
car plus n'estaretz segura
per far la cauza doussana.”

“Don, oc: mas segon dreitura
cerca fols sa follatura,
cortes cortez' aventura,
e'il vilans ab la vilana;
en tal loc fai sens fraitura
on hom non garda mezura,
so ditz la gens anciana.”

“Toza de vostra figura
non vi altra plus tafura
ni de son cor plus trefana.”

“Don, lo cavecs vos ahura
que tals bad' en la peinture
qu'autre n'espera la mana.”

*The text of this song is given here in
its complete form. Stanzas marked
* have been omitted in the recorded
performance.*

6 Marcabru *Bel m'es quant son li fruit madur*

Bel m'es quant son li fruit madur
E reverdejon li gaim
E l'auzeill, per lo temps escur
Baiisson de lor votz lo refrom,
Tant redopton le tenebror
E mos coratges s'enansa
Qu'ieu chant per joi de fin amor,
E vei ma bon esperansa.

Fals amic, amador tafur,
Baiisson Amor e levo'l crim,
E no'us cuidetz c'Amors perjur,

If you were to do me homage
Lord,” said this peasant girl,
“but I, for a small entrance fee
am not going to cash my virginity
for the reputation of a whore.”

“Girl, every creature
reverts to its nature.
We should prepare for
our romp, you and I,
in the shelter of the bushes beside the field,
where you will feel more at ease
to do the sweetest thing.

“Sir, yes; but according to justice
the fool seeks his folly,
a courtier, his courtly adventure,
and a peasant, to be with his peasant girl:
on such an occasion is this law broken,
where a man loses his moderation;
that's what the ancients say.”

“Girl, I never saw
a face more wicked than yours,
nor one more treacherous in her heart.”

“Sir, that owl makes you a prophecy:
that one of us stares at appearances,
while the other waits for manna.”

I am happy when the fruits are ripe
And the fields are green again with their
autumn growth,
And the birds, in this more sombre season,
Lower the sound of their singing
In fear of the approaching darkness;
And my heart flies up,
For I sing from the joy of sincere love,
And I see my hope becoming fulfilled

False friends and treacherous lovers
Debase Love and provoke crime.
Yet do not believe that Love declines,

C'atrestant val cum fetz al prim,
Totztemps fon de fina color,
Et ançse d'una semblansa,
Nuils hom non sap de sa valor
La fin ni la comensansa.

Qui's vol si creza fol agur,
Sol Dieus mi gart de revolim,
Qu'en aital amor m'aventur
On non a engan ni refrim,
Qu'estiu et invèrn e pascor
Estau en grand alegransa,
Et estaria en major
Ab un pauc de seguransa.

Ja non creirai, qui que m'o jur,
Que vins non iesca de razim,
Et hom per Amor no meillur;
C'anc un perjurar non anzim,
Qu'ieu vaill lo mais per la meillor,
Empero n'ai doptansa,
Qu'ieu no'm n'aus vanar, de paor
De son don ai m'esperansa.

Greu er ja que fols desnatur,
Et a follejar non recim,
E folla que no'is desmesur;
E mals albres de mal noirim,
De mala branca mala flor
E fruitz de mala pesansa
Revert a mal outratl peyor
Lai on jois non a sobransa.

De l'amistat d'estraing atur
Falsa de lignatge Caim
Que met los sieus a mal ahur
Car non tem anta ni blastim,
Los trai d'amor ab sa doussor,
Met lo fol en tal erransa
Que non remanria ab lor
Qui'l donava tota Fransa.

For it is just as valid as in the beginning;
It was ever pure in hue
And ever the same in worth.
No man knows, concerning its power,
The end or even the beginning.

He who wishes, let him believe insane auguries,
But may God alone preserve me from thus wavering!
For I am embarking on such a love
As contains no deceit or empty words.
Summer and winter alike, and at the Easter season
I am in a state of great gladness,
And would be in an even greater
If only I had a little reassurance.

I shall never believe, whoever may swear it,
That wine does not issue from the grape,
And that a man does not grow better for Love;
For we have never heard of one growing worse,
And I myself am of the highest worth because of the
best of women;
Nevertheless I have in uncertainty,
For I dare not boast openly of this, for fear
Of losing that in which all my hope lies

It will always be hard for a fool to change his ways
And not revert to folly,
And for a foolish woman not to transgress;
And an evil tree grows from evil soil,
From an evil branch comes an evil flower,
And the fruit of evil thoughts
Returns to evil, beyond the worst,
Wherever Joy is not supreme

Affection of unnatural kind,
False, in the tradition of Cain,
Drags its devotees down into misery,
For it fears neither shame nor blame,
And lures them from true Love with its seduction;
It leads the fool into such deep error
That he would shun the company even of those
Who offered him all France as his reward.

Martin Codax, 13th century Cantigas de amigo

8 Ondas do mar de Vigo

Ondas do mar de Vigo,
se vistes meu amigo?
e, ay Deus, se verrá cedo!

Ondas do mar levado,
se vistes meu amado?
e, ay Deus, se verrá cedo!

Se vistes meu amigo,
o por quem eu sospiro?
e, ay Deus, se verrá cedo!

Se vistes meu amado,
por quem ay gran cuidado,
e, ay Deus, se verrá cedo!

9 Mandad'ei comigo

Mandad'ei comigo
ca ven meu amigo:
e, irey, madre a Vigo.

Comigo ei mandado
ca ven meu amado:
e, irey, madre a Vigo.

Ca ven meu amigo
e ven sano e vivo:
e, irey, madre a Vigo.

Ca ven meu amado
e ven vivo e sano:
e, irey, madre a Vigo.

Ca ven sano e vivo
e del rey amigo:
e, irey, madre a Vigo.

Ca ven vivo e sano
e del rey privado:
e, irey, madre a Vigo.

Waves of the sea of Vigo
have you seen my friend?
O God, may he come soon!

Waves of the raging sea
have you seen my lover?
O God, may he come soon!

Have you seen my friend,
the one I sigh for?
O God, may he come soon!

Have you seen my lover,
the one I care for?
O God, may he come soon!

I have a message
that my friend is coming,
and I shall go, mother, to Vigo.

A message I have
that my lover is coming
and I shall go, mother, to Vigo.

That my friend comes,
that he comes well and alive,
and I shall go, mother, to Vigo.

That my lover comes,
that he comes alive and well,
and I shall go, mother, to Vigo.

That he comes well and alive,
befriended by the King,
and I shall go, mother, to Vigo.

That he comes alive and well,
esteemed by the King,
and I shall go, mother, to Vigo.

10 Miña irmana fremosa iredes comigo

Miña irmana fremosa iredes comigo
a la igreija de Vigo u é o mar salido,
e miraremo-las ondas

Miña irmana fremosa iredes de grado
a la igreija de Vigo u é o mar levado,
e miraremo-las ondas

A la igreija de Vigo u é o mar salido
e verria i, madre, o meu amigo,
e miraremo-las ondas

A la igreija de Vigo u é o mar levado
e verria i, madre, o meu amado.
e miraremo-las ondas.

My beautiful sister, come with me
to the church in Vigo where the sea rages,
and we shall watch the waves.

My beautiful sister, come with pleasure
to the church in Vigo where the sea foams,
and we shall watch the waves.

To the church in Vigo where the sea rages
he will come, mother, my friend,
and we shall watch the waves.

To the church in Vigo where the sea foams
he will come, mother, my lover,
and we shall watch the waves.

11 Ay Deus, se sab'ora o meu amigo

Ay Deus, se sab'ora o meu amigo
como eu senlhiera estou en Vigo,
e vou namorada

Ay Deus, se sab'ora o meu amado
como eu en Vigo senlhiera manho,
e vou namorada

Como eu senlhiera estou en Vigo
e nulhas guardas non son comigo,
e vou namorada

Como eu senlhiera en Vigo manho
e nulhas guardas migo non trago,
e vou namorada

E nulhas guardas non son comigo
ergas meus olhos que choran migo,
e vou namorada

E nulhas guardas migo non trago
ergas meus olhos que choran ambos,
e vou namorada

O God, if my friend only knew
how alone I am in Vigo
and I am in love.

O god, if my lover only knew
how I am so lonely in Vigo
and I am in love.

How alone I am in Vigo
and no guardian do I have with me
and I am in love.

How I am so lonely in Vigo
and no guardian accompanies me
and I am in love.

And no guardian do I have with me
except my eyes which weep with me
and I am in love.

And no guardian accompanies me
except my eyes which both weep
and I am in love.

12 *Quantas sabedes amar amigo*

Quantas sabedes amar amigo
iredes comigo a lo mar de Vigo
e banhar-nos hemos nas ondas

Quantas sabedes amar amado
iredes comigo a o mar levado
e banhar-nos hemos nas ondas

Iredes comigo a o mar de Vigo
e veeremo-lo meu amigo
e banhar-nos hemos nas ondas

Iredes comigo a lo mar levado
e veeremo-lo meu amado
e banhar-nos hemos nas ondas

All you who have loved a friend
come with me to the sea at Vigo
and let us bathe in the waves

All you who have loved a lover
come with me to where the sea rages
and let us bathe in the waves

Come with me to the sea at Vigo
and we shall see my friend
and let us bathe in the waves

Come with me to where the sea rages
and we shall see my lover
and let us bathe in the waves

13 *Eno sagrado Vigo*

Eno sagrado Vigo
bailava corpo velido
amor ey!

En Vigo no sagrado
bailava corpo delgado
amor ey!

Bailava corpo velido
que nunca ouvera amigo
amor ey!

Bailava corpo delgado
que nunca ouvera amado
amor ey!

Que nunca ouvera amigo
ergas no sagrado Vigo
amor ey!

Que nunca ouvera amado
ergas en Vigo no sagrado
amor ey!

In the holy town of Vigo
I danced with my fair body.
O love!

In Vigo most holy
I danced with my slender body.
O love!

I danced with my fair body
that has never known a friend.
O love!

I danced with my slender body
that has never known a lover.
O love!

That has never known a friend
except in holy Vigo.
O love!

That has never known a lover
except in Vigo most holy.
O love!

14 *Ay ondas que eu vin ver*

Ay ondas que eu vin ver,
se me saberdes dizer
porque tarda meu amigo sen mi?

Ay ondas que eu vin mirar,
se me saberdes contar
porque tarda meu amigo sen mi?

O waves that I have come to see,
if you could only say
why my friend lingers without me?

O waves at whom I have come to gaze,
if you could only tell
why my friend lingers without me?



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LA ROMANESCA

is an ensemble which has made its mark on early music both in Australia and internationally. Formed in 1978, La Romanesca has built its reputation on a performance style that integrates virtuosity and imagination with scholarship and research. The ensemble has toured widely throughout Australia playing at many major national festivals as well as tours to Europe, the United States, and Asia. Countertenor **Hartley Newnham** is one of Australia's finest singers, also known for the works written for him by composers such as Ross Edwards and Anne Boyd and his own compositions. **Ruth Wilkinson** specialises both in recorders, viols and related early strings. She performs with a number of ensembles including Capella Corelli and Consort Eclectus and is one of Australia's most distinguished teachers of early instruments. **Ros Bandt**, in addition to her work in early music is also known worldwide for her work in experimental and environmental music. She has received major composition awards such as the Don Banks Award (1991), and has published both many books and recordings. **John Griffiths** is a leading figure internationally in the world of early plucked instruments, both as scholar and performer, and is Professor of Music at the University of Melbourne.

*The present recording includes material first released in 1982 on La Romanesca's recording **Medieval Monodies**, and has been extended here by new recordings of instrumental music and further songs by Marcabru.*



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