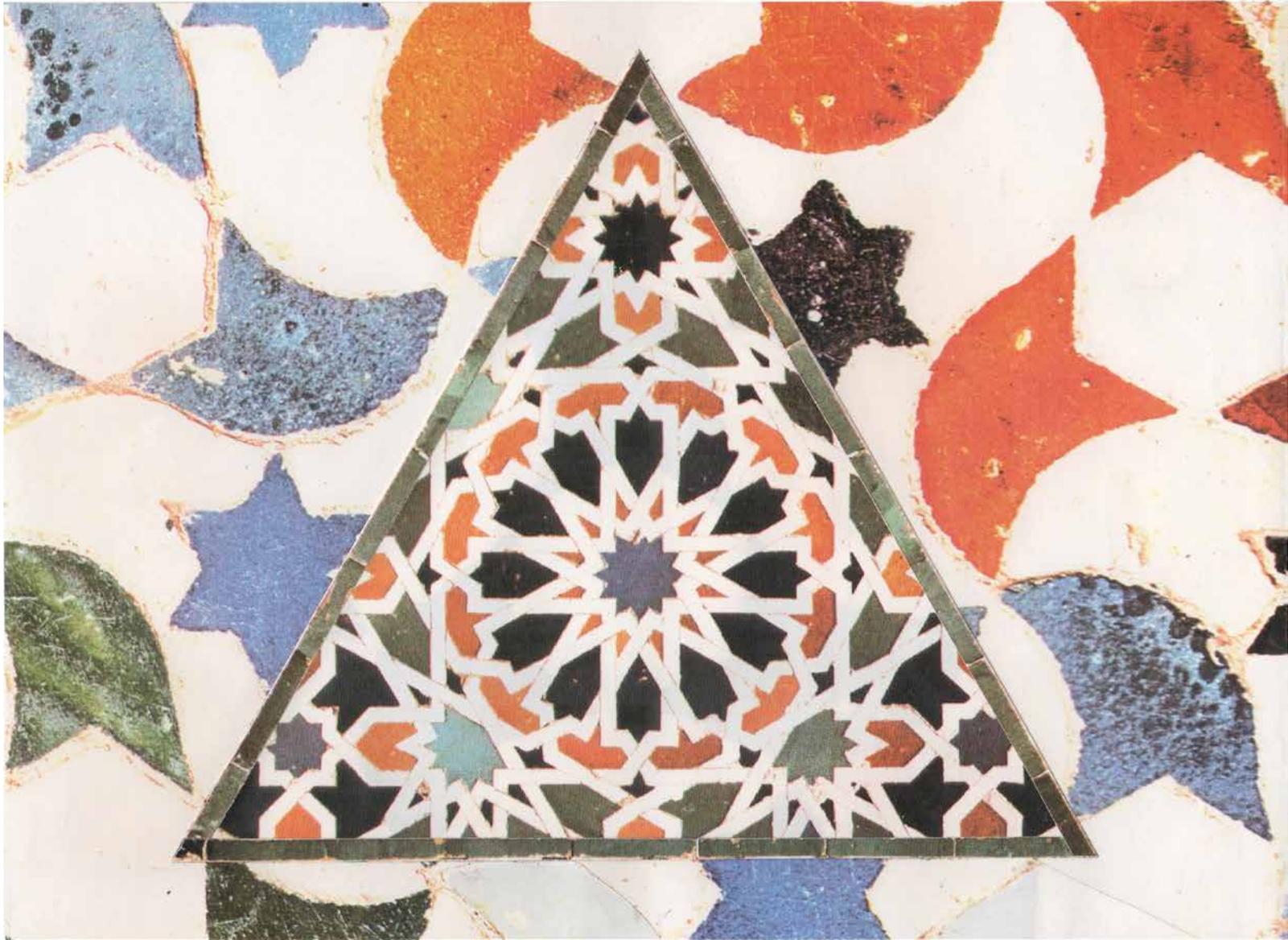


IBERIAN TRIANGLE



LA ROMANESCA

IBERIAN TRIANGLE

music of christian, moorish and jewish Spain before 1492

SEPHARDIC SONGS (traditional)

- 1 Por allí pasó un
cavallero 2'54"
- 2 El Rey de Francia
7'13"
- 3 Moriscos, los mis
moriscos 3'18"
- 4 El Polo 4'47"

CANTIGAS DE SANTA MARÍA (13th century)

- 5 Mui gran dereit' é
das bestias obedecer
(nº 52) 3'09"
- 6 Tod' ome deve loor
dar (nº 230) 3'56"
- 7 Da que Deus
mamou o leite do
seu peito (nº 77)
4'13"
- 8 A Madre de Deus
devemos tener mui
cara (nº 51) 11'59"



MOZARABIC JARCHAS

A. Moreno, E. Valdivieso

- 9 Ben ya sahara
4'01"
- 10 Ben aindi habibi
5'48"

FROM THE CHRISTIAN COURTS 15th & 16th centuries

- 11 Perdí la mia rrueca
anon. 2'24"
- 12 De Antequera salió
el moro anon, arr.
Miguel Fuenllana
(1554) 6'17"
- 13 Danza alta
Francisco de la
Torre 2'15"
- 14 Pase el agoa anon.
2'33"
- 15 Tres morillas anon.
4'10"

Total time 70 minutes

LA ROMANESCA

Hartley Newnham — countertenor, percussion
Ruth Wilkinson — vielle, recorder, voice
Ros Bandt — recorder, flute, psaltery, percussion, voice
John Griffiths — lute, vihuela, percussion

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music of christian, moorish and jewish Spain before 1492

LA ROMANESCA

IN 1492, THE SAME YEAR THAT COLUMBUS LANDED IN AMERICA, the Catholic Monarchs, Isabela of Castile and Fernando of Aragon, achieved their ambition of a Spain unified under a single faith by expelling non-Christians or forcing their conversion. Until that time, Spain had been home for three cultures, Christians, Moors and Jews. Not always peacefully, these peoples had co-existed for centuries and had enjoyed periods characterised by a certain harmonious and mutual interdependence. The Moors, Arabs from North Africa, had occupied large portions of Spanish territory continuously since 711AD, and the presence of the Sephardic Jews (from the Hebrew word for Spain) has an equally long history. The Moorish Caliphate of Córdoba rose to be one of the splendours of European culture and learning in the early middle ages, and the magnificence of their later seat of government and culture is today symbolised by a single monument—the palace of the Alhambra in Granada.

Moorish and Sephardic musical traditions have not survived in written form as historical documents in the same way as the music of Christian Spain. The abyss

that separates us from the fifteenth century prevents anything more than speculation regarding the melodies that may have been sung to surviving texts and the sounds made by the lutes, fiddles and other accompanying instruments depicted in manuscripts, or played by illustrious musicians whose virtuosity is recorded only in prose. In terms of the sound of the music, the strongest reference points are the modern performance traditions of both Sephardic and Arabic cultures, although it is impossible to disentangle the past from the present with any certainty. It is therefore with imagination and invention that La Romanesca has attempted to reconstruct this portrait of the musical diversity of Spanish song in the period immediately preceding both the great expulsion and Columbus' great voyages.

SEPHARDIC SONGS

The music taken from Spain by expelled Jews has survived into the twentieth century, albeit in a manner transformed by five hundred intervening years, in diverse areas of North Africa as well as centres further east: Jerusalem, Istanbul, Sarajevo and Salonika among them. Initially endeared to these refugees as a fond memory of their Spanish heritage, the popular songs and *romances* that had been the common property of all sectors of Spanish society acquired the status of a tradition among the Sephardim, a means of reaffirming their own identity across the centuries.

Both in melody and text, the group of songs included here are adapted from modern Sephardic performances gathered

in various parts of the Mediterranean diaspora and treated in a style that might be akin to popular performance in the 15th century. The opening song, **Por allí pasó un cavallero**, is obviously drawn from popular tradition, the two *romances* **El rey de Francia** and **Moricos, los mis moricos** belong to the world of courtly legend, while **El Polo**, presumably a reference to the great Portuguese navigator, portrays a weary traveller, tired of a life of excess.

1. Por allí pasó un cavallero

Por allí pasó un cavallero
Asentado y muy gentil
- Si vos plazze cavallero
De mi tomarex plazer

- No lo quiere el Dió del cielo
Ni me dexa tal hazer
que tengo mujer hermoza
Hijos para el bien hazer

- Allí vayáx cavallero
Todo topéx al revéz
Tu mujer topes con otro
Los hijos al mal hazer.

There once passed by a knight,
noble and well bred,
- If it pleases you, sir,
take your pleasure with me.

- This does not please God
who will not let me do it,
for I have a beautiful wife,
and children as well.

- Come on, sir,
all will be turned upside down,
your wife will tumble with another,
and children from the wrong doing.

2. El rey de Francia

El rey de Francia | tres hijas tenía,
La una lavrava, | la otra cuzía.
La más chica de ellas | bastidor hazía,
Lavrando, lavrando, | sueño le caía.

Su madre que la vía | aharvar la quería.
- No m'aharvex mi madre, | ni m'arhavariax,
Un sueño me soñava, | bien y alegría,
Sueño vos soñavax, | yo vo lo soltaría.

- M'aparí a la puerta, | vide la luna entera,
M'aparí a la ventana, | vide a la estrella Diana,
M'aparí al pozo, | vide un pilar de oro,
Con tres paxaricos, | picando el oro.

- La luna entera | es la tu suegra,
La estrella Diana | es la tu cuñada
Los tres paxaricos | son tus cuñadicos,
Y el pilar de oro | el hijo del rey tu novio.

The king of France had three daughters,
one who embroidered, one who sewed.
The youngest of them made embroidery frames,
working, working, she fell asleep

Her mother, seeing her, wished her to awaken.
- Don't wake me, O Mother, don't do it!
I dreamt a dream, happy and good.
The dream you dreamt, I shall unravel for you.

- I went to the door: I saw the full moon,
I went to the window: I saw the morning star
I went to the well: I saw a pillar of gold
with three little page boys picking at the gold

- The full moon is your mother-in-law,
The morning star is your sister-in-law,
The three page boys are your brothers-in law
and golden pillar, the king's son, your beloved.

3. Moricos, los mis moricos

Moriscos los mis moriscos,
Los que por Francia ivan,
Ellos buxcan una 'sclava,
Una esclava captiva.
No queren de vanda grande,
Ni queren de vía y vía.

Ya se llevan una' sclava,
Al rey se la traían.
Ya se llevan una' sclava,
A según demandarían
Vino tiempo, pasó tiempo,
Quedaron las dos preñadas.

La reina parió una hija,
Y la 'sclava parió un hijo.
Las comadres fueron agudas,
Trocaron las criaturas.
A la buba y a la nana,
que se durma la criatura.

Moriscos, my Moriscos,
journeying through France,
They seek a slave,
a captive slave.
They don't want her from a large
group, nor second hand.

They choose their slave
and take her to the king.
They take her off to the king,
just as they had been ordered.
Time came and went,
the two women became pregnant.

The queen gave birth to a daughter,
And the slave girl, a son.
But the midwives were cunning,
And swapped the babies
From one nurse to the other,
That the child might sleep.

4. El Polo

Pensativo estaba el Polo, | malo y de melancolía,
Que se está ahí comiéndolo en su gala y valentía.

Que lo que gana en un año | todo se le va en un
día,
En comidas y bebidas | y en amigas que él tenía.

Fuérase a la mar salada | por dar descanso a su
vida,
Sentóse en un prado verde | por ver quién iba y
venía.

Vió venir a un pajesito | que d' anca del rey venía,
Arco de oro en la su mano, | que a las cuatro
partes guía.

Por tu vida pajesito, | así Dios te dexa a tu amiga,
Que si la tienes en Francia, | Dios te la traiga a
Sevilla.

Y si la tienes preñada, | Dios te la traiga parida,
Y si no la tienes, paje, | Dios te la procuraría.

Que me has de dar ese arco | que a las cuatro
partes guía,
Por tus palabras al Polo, | darte el arco y más la
vida.

El Polo was pensive, unhappy and melancholy,
Restrained in his joy and valour.

For all that he earned in a year, he spent in one
day
On eating and drinking, and the women he had.

He went to the salty sea to lay down his weary
life,
He seated himself in a green field to watch who
passed him by.

He saw a page boy come on an errand for the
king, A gold bow in his hand that guided him to
the four corners of the world.

“Upon your life, little page, let God lead you to
your lover, That should she be in France, may
God bring her to Sevilla,

Should she be with child May God bring her
delivered, And if you don't have her, page, May
God find her for you.

But you have to give me that bow, that guides
you wherever you go,
For your words to el Polo, you will get the bow
and your life.”

CANTIGAS DE SANTA MARIA

The *Cantigas de Santa María*, although composed and compiled at the court of Alfonso X, the Wise, (1221-1284) some two hundred years prior to the focal period of this recording, are the principal relic of early monophonic song on the Iberian peninsula. The four hundred songs of praise to the Virgin also convey, through the telling of countless miracles, the strength and fervour of the Catholicism that fired Fernando and Isabela's Spain. Alfonso and his collaborators must have had to gather together melodies from many different sources, popular and courtly, to set these stories. Some of them might possibly have even been adapted from popular song or from dance music.

Of the four cantigas presented here, two are treated as instrumental pieces. The melody used to set Cantiga 52, **Mui gran dereit' é das bestias obedecer** is performed in the style of a dance, and Cantiga 77, **Da que Deus mamou o leite do seu peito** is treated as a free improvisation for psaltery and lute. Cantiga 230, **Tod' ome deve loor dar** is one of the songs in praise of the Virgin that constitute every tenth cantigas of the collection, while Cantiga 51, **A Madre de Deus devemos tener mui cara** recounts a miracle in which the Virgin Mary intercedes to help and protect a knight during a siege Orleans in central France. A great miracle occurs as a wooden effigy of the Virgin raises its knee in a moment of crisis to intercept an arrow aimed at the man who carries it.

6. Tod' ome deve dar loor

*Tod' ome deve dar loor
Aa Madre do Salvador.*

Dereit' é de loores dar | a aquela que sempre dá
seu ben que nunca falirá; | e porend', asse Deus m'anpar.

E pois nos dá tan nobre don | que nos faz o amor de Deus
aver e que sejamos seus; | porend' assi Deus me perdon.

E pois tan poderosa é | e con Deus á tan gran poder
Que quanto quer pode fazer; | por aquesto, per bona fe.

*All men should give praise
to the Mother of the Saviour.*

It is fitting to praise she who always
gives her goodness, who is unfailing,
and through whom God shelters me.

And she gives such noble gifts that bring
us God's love, So that we might always
be His, and that He might forgive me.

And she is so powerful, and with God
has such power, that however much she
is able to do, she does by good faith.

8. A Madre de Deus devemos tener mui cara

*A Madre de Deus | devemos tener mui cara,
porque aos seus./ sempre mui ben os ampara.*

E desto vos contar quero | huna mui gran demostrança
que moustróu Santa María | en terra de Orléns en França
al Con de Peitéus | que un castelo cercara
e come judéus | a gent' en fillar cuidara.

Este castel' aquel conde | por al fillar non quería
senon pola gran riqueza | que eno logar avía;
porén gran poder | de gent' alí assuara
con que combater | o fez, e que o tomara,

Se non foss' os do castelo | que, pois se viron coitados,
que fillaron a omagen, | por seer máis anparados,
da Virgen entón, | Santa María, que para
mentes e que non | os seus nunca desanpara.

We ought hold the Mother of God most
dear, for she always protects those who are
hers.

I wish to tell you of a great example of this
given by Santa Maria near Orleans in
France, to the Count of Poitiers who had
besieged a castle, and had treated the
inhabitants like Jews

The Count only wanted to take the castle
because of its wealth, and in order to do it
had assembled a strong force of men to do
battle, and take it.

But the inhabitants of the castle, seeing
themselves surrounded, and for better
protection, had taken an effigy of the virgin
Santa Maria to guard them, she who never
lets her own people down.

E logo sóbela porta | do castelo a poseron
e aorándo-a muito | chorand', assí lle disseron:
«Madre do Sennor | do mund', estrela mui crara,
sei defendor | de nos, tú, altar e ara

En que o corpo de Cristo | foi feito e consagrado;
e porende te rogamos | que daqueste cond' irado
nos queras guardar, | e sei nossa acitara,
ca nos que britar | con seus engenos que para.»

Mantenente dos de fora | veno log' un baesteiro
e diss' a outro da vila, | que poseran por porteiro,
que pera guarir | da omagen sescudara,
que veness' abrir | a porta que él serrara.

O de dentro repós logo | que non faría en nada;
e o de fora tan toste | ouv' a baesta armada
e tiróu-ll' assí | que sen dulta o chagara.
Mais, com' aprendí, | un dos genollos alçara

A omagen atán alte | que chegou preto da teta,
por guarda-lo baesteiro, | e feríull'a saeta.
E ar aprix al, | que o de dentro tirara
en maneira tal | que o de fora matara.

Esta maravilla viron | os de dentr' e os da oste,
e outrossí fez el conde; | e decéu a terra toste
dun cavalo seu, | en que entón cavalgara,
e como roméu | aprix que dentro entrara.

E os genollos ficados | aoróu a Maiestade,
muito do ollos chorando, | connocendo sa maldade;
e logo mandóu | tornar quant' alí fillara,
e ssa ost' alçóu | que sobr' a vila deitara.

Desto a Santa María | todos loores lle deron
e punnaron d'a saeta | tirar, mas nunca poderon,
com' escrit' achéy, | da perna ú lla ficara
o que vos dit' ei | baesterio que osmara.

Mata-lo outro de dentro | que a omagen guardava;
e porén Santa María | tan gran pesar en mostrava,
que nunca per ren | achéi que depóis tornara
a perna, mas ten- | na como quand' a mudara

They placed it above the portal of the castle,
adoring it, weeping, and saying “Mother of
the Lord, world’s brightest star, be our
defender, you, altar and communion table..

on which Christ’s body was made and
consecrated: Guard us from that enraged
Count, and defend us, for he wishes to
destroy us with his war machines.”

Immediately, from outside came an archer
and told one of the villagers who guarded
the gate and shielded himself with the
Virgin’s effigy, to open the closed portal.

This man replied that he would not, and the
man outside loaded his crossbow and shot.
It would surely have hit its target but, as I
learnt, one of the effigy’s knees...

rose up so high, almost to its breast,
protecting the archer, the arrow hitting the
effigy instead. Then, I was told, this man
returned fire and killed the man outside.

This miracle was seen by those inside, the
army and also by the Count who at once
dismounted from the horse he rode and, I
learnt, like a pilgrim, he entered within.

Kneeling, with weeping eyes, the Count
admitted his wrong, and ordered that all he
had taken be returned and that his army that
he had set upon the town withdraw.

Santa Maria was given all praise and, from
what I read, despite all attempts, no-one
was able to remove the arrow from the leg it
had struck while protecting the archer

who would otherwise have been killed.
Thus Santa Maria displayed great power
and, as far as I know, her leg never
straightened, but stayed the same for ever.

MOZARABIC JARCHAS

Only written accounts of performances, musicians, and instruments give testimony to the music of the Spanish Moors, and it is difficult to estimate to what extent its distant echoes may be heard embedded in contemporary Andalusian folk music, or the various Arabic music traditions spread throughout the Mediterranean. Some poetry is preserved, however, in the Spanish language but written using both Arabic and Hebrew script, and represents the oldest known Spanish poetry. Dating from between the eleventh and thirteenth centuries, these *jarchas* were additions to Arabic songs, sung after the final strophe of the original text, and have been used here—with new music by Aurora Moreno and Esteban Valdivieso—to complete our image of the Iberian Triangle. The text of **Ben ya sahhara** draws on poetry by Al-Laridi and Al-A'ma Al-Tutuli

9. Ben ya sahhara

Non dormireyo manma | a rayo de manyana,
Bon Abu-l-Qasim, | la fach de matrana.

Ben ya sahhara | Alba questa kon bel fogore
Kuand bine bide amore.

Albo dia este dia | De al-l-Andara Haqq
Bestirey meu-l-mudabbach | Wa nasuq qurumba
saqqa.

I shall not sleep, mother | I shall see the dawn
The good Abu-l-Qasim, | the face of the dawn.

Come bewitched one | when the hot dawn comes
It will arrive begging for love.

What a brilliant day! | This day of St John
I shall put on my brooch | And we shall go to
enjoy ourselves

10. Ben aindi habibi

Ben aindi habibi | Si te bais mesture
Trairá samaya | Imchi ad-unione.

Amanu ya habibi | Al-wajs no me ferás
Non, besa mia bokelya | Awsak tu no
irás.

Come to my house my love | If you go, the liar
will bring bad luck | Come to love's encounter

Pity, my love, | Do not leave me!
No, kiss me on the mouth | And do not go so
soon.

FROM THE CHRISTIAN COURTS

Music preserved in the *cancioneros* compiled at the court of Fernando and Isabela and for other patrons shows a music of different colour to that of the Moors and Jews, although their texts share many of the same themes. Courtly secular song of the period was indebted to popular tradition, and captures its spirit in simple melodies and harmonies, largely devoid of contrapuntal complexity. The songs here are in the typical forms of the *villancico* and the *romance*. While the *romance* **De Antequera sale el moro**, praising one of Fernando's important victories immediately prior to the fall of Granada, is drawn from Miguel de Fuenllana's vihuela book *Orphenica Lyra* (1554), the other pieces are found in the *Cancionero de Palacio* and the *Cancionero de la Colombina*. The **Danza alta** is the only instrumental dance preserved in the *Cancionero de Palacio*, both **Perdi la mia rrueca** and **Pase el Agoa** are representative of courtly popular song, and **Tres morillas me enamoraron**, originally set in Baghdad at the court of caliph Harunal-Rashid, but here safely transposed to the Spanish city of Jaén, is typical of the many songs that praise the beauty for which Moorish girls were renowned.

11. Perdi la mia rrueca

Perdí la mia rrueca,
No hallo el huso,
¿Si vistes allá, el tortero andar?
Perdí la mia rrueca, llena de lino,
Hallé una bota, llena de vino,
¿Si vistes allá, el tortero andar?
Perdí la mia rrueca, llena de estopa,
De vino fallara llena una bota,
¿Si vistes allá, el tortero andar?
Hiqué mis rrodillas, díle un besillo,
Beví un açunbre mas un cuartillo,
¿Si vistes allá, el tortero andar?
Hallé yo una bota llena de vino;
Díle un tal golpe, y tiróme el tino,
¿Si vistes allá, el tortero andar?
Vino mi marido, y dióme en la toca;
¡Ay de mí mesquina, y como estoy loca!
¿Si vistes allá, el tortero andar?

I have lost my twist
and can't find the spindle,
Can you see it there spinning?
I lost my spindle, full of linen
But found a skin full of wine
Can you see it there spinning?
I lost my spindle, full of hemp
The missing wine will fill the skin,
Can you see it there spinning?
On my knees, give him a kiss
I drank half a gallon, and a pint more
Can you see it there spinning?
I found a skin full of wine
I gave it such a blow, and lost my mind
Can you see it there spinning?
My husband came and gave it to me,
Oh my goodness, what a mad one I am!
Can you see it there spinning?

12. De Antequera sale el moro

De Antequera sale el moro, | de Antequera se salía,
cartas llevaba en su mano, | cartas de mensajería.

Escritas ivan con sangre, | mas no por falta de tinta,
el moro que las llevaba, | ciento y veinte años avía.

Siete celadas le ponen, | de mucha cavallería,
por los campos de Archidonia | a grandes bozes dezía:

O buen rey, si tú supieses | mi triste mensajería,
mesarías tus cabellos | y la tu barba bellida.

Nunca Alá lo permitiesse | hazer tan gran villanía,
Mas sepa tu real Alteza | lo que ya saber dev'ría.

Que el Infante don Fernando | cercada te la tenía,
fuertemente la combate, | sin cesar noche ni día.

El rey quando aquesto oyera, | de pesar se amortecía,
haziendo gran sentimiento, | muchas lágrimas vertía.

Mas después, en si tornando, | a grandes voces dezía
tóquense mis añafiles, | trompetas de plata fina.

Quando se dió la batalla, | de los nuestros tan herida,
que por ciento y veinte muertos, | quinze mil moros
avía.

Después de aquesta batalla, | fue la villa combatida,
con lombardos y pertrechos, | y una gran bastida.

En la villa de Archidonia, | lo qual todo se cumplía,
y así se ganó Antequera, | a loor de Santa María.

From Antequera departed the Moor, carrying
in his hand letters with urgent messages.

They were written in blood, not for want of
ink, and the Moor who carried them was one
hundred and twenty years old.

Seven ambushes he encountered and many
horsemen in the fields to Archidonia. Loudly,
he proclaimed:

“O good King, if you only knew my sad
tidings, you would tear out your hair and
your fair beard.

“Allah will never permit such villainy, but
your highness should know what you ought
know

“That Prince Fernando has you besieged.
Fiercely they do battle, ceasing neither by day
or night.”

Hearing this, the King fell in a faint,
and in deep sorrow shed many tears.

But recovering, he loudly proclaimed:
“Sound my shawms, trumpets of fine silver.”

When the battle was over, only one hundred
and twenty of our men had died, compared
with fifteen thousand Moors.

After that battle, the town was captured
using all our weaponry: lombard guns,
catapults, and a great battering ram.

In the town of Archidonia, all was concluded,
and Antequera was won in praise of Santa
María.

14. Pase el agoa

Pase el agoa, ma Julieta dama,
Pase el agoa, venite vous a moy.

Ja me'n anay en un vergel,
Ja me'n anay en un vergel,
Tres rosetas fui culler,
Ma Julieta, dama,
Pase el agoa, venite vous a moy.

Cross over the water, my Julieta,
Cross over the water, come to me.

I went off to an orchard,
I went off to an orchard,
Three roses I went to cut,
My Julieta.
Cross over the water, come to me.

15. Tres morillas m' enamoran

Tres morillas m' enamoran en Jaén,
Axa, Fátima, y Marién.

Tres morillas tan garridas,
Yvan a coger olivas,
Y hallávanlas cogidas en Jaén,
Axa, Fátima, y Marién

Y hallavánlas cogidas,
Y tornavan desmaidas,
Y las colores perdidas en Jaén,
Axa, Fátima, y Marién.

Tres moricas tan loçanas,
Tres moricas tan loçanas,
Yvan a coger manzanas en Jaén,
Axa, Fátima, y Marién.

Three Moorish girls are in love with me
in Jaen, Axa, Fátima and Marién.

Three beautiful Moorish girls
Went gathering olives,
but found them already picked in Jaén,
Axa, Fátima and Marién.

Finding them gathered,
they returned dismayed,
and with pallid cheeks in Jaén,
Axa, Fátima and Marién.

Three beautiful Moorish girls,
Three beautiful Moorish girls
went out to pick apples in Jaén,
Axa, Fátima and Marién.

LA ROMANESCA has been a leading force in early music in Australia since 1978, and has developed a special interest in the performance of medieval monophonic and polyphonic song, although the group's repertory spans the twelfth to seventeenth centuries. La Romanesca has toured widely throughout Europe, the United States and Asia, appearing at major festivals at home and abroad. **Hartley Newnham** performs music ranging from Troubadour songs to the avant-garde. He has performed and broadcast in many major European musical centres and, together with pianist Nicholas Routley, has premiered many new works. **Ruth Wilkinson** specialised in the study of recorder, viola da gamba, violone and ensemble performance at the Schola Cantorum Basiliensis under Hans Martin Linde, Jordi Savall and Jaap Schroeder. In addition to her work with La Romanesca, she is a member of the leading baroque ensemble Capella Corelli. **Ros Bandt** plays renaissance and baroque recorders, renaissance flute, psaltery and percussion. She is also renowned in the area of new music as a composer, performer and sound sculptor, having performed her own original music in Europe and America. Her original improvised music is also available on Move records. **John Griffiths** specialises in the performance of early plucked instruments and is an authority on early Spanish music, a field in which his musicological research is widely published. He co-directs the Fourteenth Century Recording Project, and is Reader in Music at the University of Melbourne.



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