

SCHOLA PASTORIS

early music ensemble

Michael Hammond, director

*A brief concert of Renaissance dances
and songs of the Troubadours,
Trouvères, and Minnesinger.*

Tuesday, February 23, 1993

6:00 p.m.

Lillian H. Duncan Recital Hall

RICE UNIVERSITY

the
Shepherd
School
of Music

PROGRAM

- I. *Régi Magyar Táncok* (16th century Hungarian dances)
Intrada Anonymous
Chorea Polonica
Proportio
Chorea Hungarica
- II. *A l'entrada del temps clar* (late 12th century) Anonymous
Biaus m'est estez * *Gace Brulé* (c. 1160-after 1213)
Quant je voy * *Colin Muset* (fl. 1230)
De moi doleros vos chant * *Gilbert de Berneville* (fl. 1250-1280)
- III. *A Suite of Dances from about 1550*
Bransle de Champagne Claude Gervaise
Basse-Danse Arbeaus' "Orchesographie"
Burgundian Dance Claude Gervaise
Ronde Tielman Susato
Allemande Claude Gervaise
- IV. *Chanterai por mon corage* Guiot de Dijon (c. 1189)
Ja nus hons pris * *Richard Coeur de Lion* (c. 1194)
Ine gesach die heide *Neidhart von Reuenthal* (fl. 1190-1240)
Willekomen mayenschein *Neidhart von Reuenthal*

* indicates Trouvère.

Kelley Barnes, soprano
Nathan Davis, percussion
Robin Ford, Medieval and Renaissance harp
Lisa Garner, Renaissance and Baroque flute
Michael Hammond, recorders, krummhorns and fiddle
Richard Hardie, tenor recorder and cornamuse
Kurt Johnson, bass recorder, cornamuse and church bass
Susan Kerbs, Baroque flute
Peter Lindskoog, baritone
Jeffrey Nytech, countertenor
Paul Orkiszewski, lute
Stephen Peterson, Saracenic chittara
Joel Stein, percussion

A l'entrada del temps clar

*On the first day of the bright season
To renew joy
And provoke the jealous
The queen decides to show
That she is madly in love.*

REFRAIN:

*Go away, go away, all who
are jealous,
Leave us, let us
Dance together, together.*

*She has had it proclaimed
As far as the distant sea
To girls and boys
That all should come and dance
In the joyful dance.
(Refrain)*

*The King advances
To break up the dance,
For he fears
That someone may want to
steal from him
The queen who loves April so much.
(Refrain)*

*But she will not listen,
Since she has no care for an old man
But only for a pleasant boy
Who knows how to delight
This delicious lady.
(Refrain)*

*He who now sees her dance
And move her fine body
Can truly say
That she has no equal in the world,
The happy queen
(Refrain)*

Biaus m'est estez

*(Love song) First the lovesick singer
describes beautiful, external nature.
The lover professes his love for a high-
born lady who is unable to respond to
him because of the differences in class.
Wherever she is, his thoughts are with her,
night and day. Cupid should teach him
how he can conquer the lady. However,
the lady does not give way. The rejected
lover weeps and is sad. He can neither
sleep nor laugh. He is a martyr to love,
but still the lady remains unmoved.*

Quant je voy

*When I see winter coming again,
then I'd like to settle down.
If I could find a host who was generous
and anxious to count,
and had pork and beef and mutton,
mallards, pheasants, and venison,
fat chickens and capons
and good cheeses in straw,
and the lady were as full
as the husband of solicitude,
and always tried to please me
night and day till I departed,
and the host would not be jealous over that
but would often leave us together in solitude,
then I would have no desire
to ride out, covered with mud,
after some bad prince in a
penny-pinching mood.*

De moi doleros vos chant

*(Lament over an unhappy love affair)
The lover finds no joy in life.
He is lonely and cannot find help or
understanding anywhere. A traitor spoke
ill of him, thus causing him unhappiness
and stealing his honor. He wishes for
happiness and contentment, but love brought
him only unhappiness and suffering.*

Chanterai por mon corage

(The song of a pilgrim in captivity) He tells of the dangers threatening a pilgrim on his long wanderings in the land of the enemy Saracens. It is doubtful whether he will see his homeland again; he thinks of the lover far away whom he left. She gave him as a souvenir her chemise, which he presses against his body to ease the pain of separation. The pilgrim recalls the happy time when he vowed he would be eternally faithful to her. The wind carries to him pleasant memories and thoughts of his distant homeland.

Ja nus hons pris

No prisoner will ever speak his mind fittingly unless he speaks in grief. But he can, for consolation, make a song. I have many friends, but their gifts are poor. It will be their shame if, for want of ransom, I stay these two winters prisoner.

They know well, my men and my barons of England, Normandy, Poitor, and Gascony, I never had a poor companion I would leave in prison for money. I do not say this as a reproach, but I am still a prisoner.

Now I know for sure, a dead man or a prisoner has no friend or family, because they leave me here for gold and silver. That's my concern, but even more my people's, for when I am dead they will be shamed, if I die a prisoner.

It is no wonder I have a grieving heart, for my lord keeps my land in torment. Now if he remembered our vow that we both took together, I know I would not long be here a prisoner.

Ine gesach die heide

Spring returns, flowers bloom, maidens, you must dance two by two all the summer long.

All sing of the new season: flowers are everywhere.

All are joyous, Swabes, Franks, Bavarians, join the happy dance!

Willekommen mayenschein

Welcome art thou, May's bright sun, who could make us forget thee? For thou canst our ills expel, as everyone doth say. Winter has so long here lain, on the fields and in the paths; that he fain would bless us all and hence from here depart. Now wilt thou the woodland fill with blossom and wilt teach the little birds thy melodies so lovely, so that all the woods and meadows will ring with their sweet singing.



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