

Camerata March 17, 2012

I-13	Quand je bois (Tourdion)	Anon. Collection printed by Pierre Attaignant in 1530
F-06	Rex, A Court Dance (instr)	Anon.1540
F-29	Es taget vor dem walde	Ludwig Senfl (c. 1492 – 1555)
F-35	Entlaubet ist der Walde	Ludwig Senfl (c. 1492 – 1555)
G-01	So trinken wir alle	Arnold von Bruck (1500 – 1554)
F-66	Das Gläut zu Speyer	Ludwig Senfl (c. 1492 – 1555)
H-09	We be three poor mariners	Thomas Ravenscroft c.1590 - c.1633

TRANSLATIONS

I-13 Quand je bois (Tourdion) Anon.

This traditional drinking song was included in a collection printed by Attaignant in 1530.

S:

Quand je bois du vin clairet, ami tout tourne, tourne, tourne, tourne, Aussi désormais je bois Anjou ou Arbois. Chantons et buvons, à ce flacon faisons la guerre, chantons et buvons, mes amis, buvons donc!	When I drink light red wine, Friend, everything spins around and around, So from now on I'll drink Anjou and Arbois . Let's sing and drink and wage war on this bottle, Let's sing and drink, my friends, Let's just drink!
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A: Le bon vin nous a rendu gais, chantons oublions nos peines, chantons!, En mangeant d'un gras jambon à ce flacon faisons la guerre!	This good wine has made us happy, Let's sing! Let's forget our troubles, let's sing! While eating a fat ham, let's wage war on this bottle!
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TB: Buvons bien, buvons mes amis trinquons, buvons, gaiement chantons! En mangeant d'un gras jambon à ce flacon faisons la guerre!	Let's drink up, drink up my friends, Let's clink glasses. Let's drink and gaily sing! While eating a fat ham, let's wage war on this bottle!
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F-06 Rex, A Court Dance (instr) Anon.1540

Cracow was the cultural center of Poland for over 400 years, beginning with the founding of the Casimir University in 1364. In the late 15th and in the 16th century, the town became a center of printing and of music – including instrument making, composition, and performance. At the university, lectures on music had been compulsory since 1406. The professors were in constant and intensive contact with the universities of Italy and France, and the music and musicians of western Europe had great influence on the development of Polish music.

F-29 Es taget vor dem walde Ludwig Senfl c. 1492 - 1555

Ludwig Senfl of Switzerland was one of the first German-language composers to work in all the forms of the time, composing Masses, motets, and over 250 German songs (lieder). He experimented with every imaginable approach to traditional melodies, from simple chordal harmonizations to canonic pieces with sharply contrasted counterpoints.

1. Es taget vor dem Walde
Stand auf, Ketterlein
Die Hasen laufen balde,
Stand auf, Ketterlein, holder Buhl
Heiaho! Du bist mein,
und ich bin dein
Stand auf, Ketterlein.

It is daylight in the forest
Get up little Kate
The hares will be leaping soon
Get up little Kate, sweet lover,
Heyho! You are mine,
and I am yours
Get up little Kate.
Day breaks in the meadows,
arise, sweet Kate,
Sweet love, let me look at you!
arise, sweet Kate, Sweet heart!...

2. Es taget in der Aue,
stand auf, Kätterlein,
Schöns Lieb, lass dich anschauen!
stand auf, Kätterlein, Holder Buehl!

Day breaks in front of the grove;
arise, sweet Kate,
The huntsman blows his proud horn, arise, sweet
Kate, Sweet heart!

3. (we are not doing this verse)
Es taget vor dem Holze,
stand auf, Kätterlein,
Die Jäger hürnen stoltze,
stand auf, Kätterlein, Holder Buehl!.....

F-35 Entlaubet ist der Walde Ludwig Senfl c. 1492 – 1555

“Entlaubet” is a Tenorlied--a specifically German type of popular song, based on a pre-existing vocal line used as a cantus firmus (or Tenor), usually surrounded by multiple polyphonic lines. Listen for the simple main tune sung by tenor voices.

1. Entlaubet ist der Walde
gen diesem Winter kalt.
Beraubet werd ich balde,
mein Lieb, das macht mich alt.
Dass ich die Schön' muss meiden,
die mir gefallen tut,
bringt mir heimliches Leiden
und macht mir schweren Mut.

Bare and stark is the woods,
In this cold winter.
I will soon be bereft,
my love, which makes me old.
That I must avoid the lovely one,
Who does please me,
Brings me secret pain,
And gives me great grief.
(alternate translation)
The wood is stripped of leaves at the approach of winter
cold, and I shall soon be robbed of my love,
which makes me moan.
That I must shun my sweetheart whom I love causes me
suffering and makes me sad

2. Was lässt du mir zue Letze
Mein schwarz brauns Maidlein fein
Das mich dieweil ergetze
So ich von dir muess sein?
Hoffnung tuet mich ernähren
Nach dir so werd' ich krank
Tue bald herwieder kehren
Die Zeit ist mir zue lang.

Why do you leave me,
My fair brown maid,
To give me joy
While I must be away from you?
Hope nourishes me,
I languish for you.
Come back quickly,
I find waiting wearisome.

3. (we are not doing this verse)
Sei weis', lass dich nit affen!
Der Klaffer seind zue viel.
Halt dich gen mir racht g'schaffen!
Treulich dich warnen will.
Hüet dich vor falschen Zungen
Darauf sei wohl bedacht!
Sei dir, schöns Lieb, gesungen
Zue tausend gueter Nacht.

Be wise, do not be fooled.
The gossips are all too many.
Be good to me!
I am warning you sincerely,
Beware of false tongues:
keep watch for them.
And, dear love, may there be sung to thee
A thousand good nights.

G-01 So trinken wir alle Arnold von Bruck 1500 - 1554

“Let’s all drink with pleasure until the mug is empty (Trink gar aus)”

1. So trinken wir alle diesen Wein mit Schalle
Dieser Wein für ander Wein
ist aller Wein ein Fürste
Trink, mein lieber Dieterlein,
so wird dich nimmer dürstem
Trinks gar aus! Trinks gar aus!

Let’s all drink with resounding laughter,
For this is the best wine
of all the barrels.
Drink up, my dear Dieter,
and you’ll never be thirsty again,
Lets drink to the very final drop!

2. Ein Neiglein noch drin ist,
du ein fauler Zecher bist;
heb hint'n über sich das Glas,
so läuft es dir mehr und baß.
Trink, mein lieber Dieterlein,
Laß dir schmecken den kühlen Wein.
Trink's gar aus!

(no translation found – translation by JR)
There is still a little bit left in it
You are a foul (putrid) carouser
lift the glass up and over
so it runs more and lower
Drink up, my dear Dieter
Let’s enjoy this cool wine
Lets drink to the very final drop!

3. (not doing this verse)
Das Glas soll umbher gahn
laß keiner lang vor ihm stahn
Dieser Wein treibt weg alls Leid
Dieterlein, tu mir Bescheid
Er schon in den Zügen leit
er gar ein guter Zecher geit
Trinks gar aus! Trinks gar aus!

Senfl's 'Das Gläut zu Speyer' is a remarkable piece designed to imitate the sound of bells in the church of Speyer, a small Bavarian town on the Rhine. Six bellringers exhort their boys to ring the bells to hurry people into church.

1. Secundus Discantus:

Gling, glang...

Laßt mehr angeh'n,

da müeßt ihr zue mir herstehn,

Gling, glang...

Mit unsern Glocken laßt zammenlocken,
ziecht unerschrocken.

Gling, glang...

Wiewohl zwar Andacht bloß

Gott'sdienst ist groß

geet über 's G'läut' am Kirchtage heut'.

Gling, glang...

Die Schuler kommen

schon, Glocken brummen

habt viel Singens,

gilt Anbringens,

so Pfarrer aufsteht,

gen Opfer geht.

Gling glang...

More must be done,

you must help me.

Gling, glang...

With our bells let us call our people together,
pull the ropes without fear.

Gling, glang...

Although ours is merely devotion,

the church service is great,

is more important than the bells at the church day today.

Gling, glang...

The schoolchildren are already coming,

the bells are murmuring,

there will be much singing,

we must ring properly for the occasion

so that the priest gets up

and goes toward the sacrament.

2. Primus Discantus:

Nun kumbt hierher all

und helft mir einmal, in diesem Saal,

wem's Läuten g'fall' und siecht an bald,

treibt wenig G'schall,

Gling, glang...

Nit irret mich, sunst hör' auf ich.

Flux fu der dich.

Gling, glang...

Ich mag nicht läuten lang.

Gling, glang...

Bitt' ich mir sag',

wan ist für Tag, was hab' wir heut',

daß man so läut'.

Gling, glang...

Solch's G'läut macht mich betör'n,

ich mag mich selbst nit hörn.

Schau' eben auf, zeuch gleich mit auf.

Gling, glang...

Nun läut' zam in Gottes Nam.

Wer kommen will,

darf G'läuts nit viel,

mag hertreten

Now come here, one and all,

and help me in this hall,

whoever likes to ring and starts soon,

doesn't ring too loudly,

Gling, glang...

Don't fool me, otherwise I shall stop,

hurry, hurry up!

Gling, glang...

I don't like to ring long,

Gling, glang...

Please tell me

what kind of day we have today,

that there is so much ringing,

Gling, glang...

Such ringing makes me confused,

I don't like to hear myself,

so I just look up and pull on the rope,

Gling, glang...

Now ring in God's name.

Whoever wants to come

doesn't need much ringing to prompt them;

let them come

ungebeten zue der Metten.

unbidden to the matin.

3. Altus:

Kumbt her all, kumbt her,
und helft mir, Meßner.
Ziecht an, ziecht an,
wehr mag und kann.
Zue dem Fest,
tue das Best'.
Drumb ich bitt',
spar euch nit.
Jedermann
soll hergon.
Laßt aufgahn,
nicht klagt' an,
noch nicht fliecht,
ziecht an, ziecht,
streckt die Arm',
macht euch warm.
Gling, glang...
So Hans und Paul,
ziecht seid nit faul.
Wie schnauft ihr mit dem Maul?
Gling, glang...
Nit ziecht so schnell,
so klingt's baß hell.
So fein greift drein.
Gling, glang, mar mir maun, bum...
Nun läut' zammen
in Gott's Namen,
Wer will kummen,
hat's vernummen.
An dem Fest heut'
hab' wir lang g'läut.
Mur maun.

4. Tenor:

Mur, maun...
Nun kumbt, ihr Knaben all,
greift an und läut' einmal,
daß Glockschall'.
Mar mir mur maun...
Streck' an, streck' an,
was ein jeder mit der Macht kann.
Mar mer mur maun, gling, glang...
Seht zue mit
und klenkt mit.
Mur maun, gling glang...
So läut' guet Ding,
daß's tapfer kling',

Come here, one and all, come
and help me, the sexton.

Start to pull, start to pull,
whoever likes to and can.

For the feast
do your best.

Therefore I beg,
spare yourself not,
every one
ought to come.

Let the bells ring,
do not complain,
don't flee yet,
pull, pull,
stretch your arm,
work till you're warm.

Gling, glang...

So, Hans and Paul,
don't be lazy,
why are you panting so?

Gling, glang...

Don't pull so fast,
then it will sound more clearly,
that's fine, put yourself into it!

Gling, glang, mar mir maun, bum...

Now ring together
in God's name.

Whoever wants to come
has heard it.

For the feast
we have run a long time.

Mur maun.

Mur, maun...

Now come, all you boys,
go to work and ring
so that the bells will ring out.

Mar mir mur maun...

Stretch, stretch,
every one, with all your might.

Mar mer mur maun, gling, glang...

Watch with us
and ring with us.

Mur maun, gling glang...

Ring boldly
so that it sounds well.

Maus, her an Ring,
 das Opfer bring',
 weil man das Amt singt.
 Mar mer mur maun.
 5. Vagans (Tenor secundus):
 Mir, mur, maun...
 Ziecht an, lieben gesellen,
 die mit mir läuten wöllen.
 Mir, mur, maun,
 Nu zue diesem Fest
 tuet allsambt das Best',
 nehmt hin Strick' und Seil,
 zeicht an resch, mit Eil'.
 Mur maun...
 So tuet zammsteh'n,
 last's wohl aufgeh'n,
 daß so viel zwen.
 Gling glang...
 Jan's auch anfang's.
 Jetzt kling't wohl und geht ganz recht.
 So, so mein Knecht.
 Mur maun...
 Hui, nun läut' zusamm
 in Gottes Nam'.
 Wer kumbt, der kumbt,
 Hans, tue dich munter umb,
 daß Glock' entbrumm
 und schau' mit zue,
 daß's Seil nit brechen tue.
 Mur maun...
 6. Bass
 Mir maun

Bend your muscles to the task,
 bring the sacrament
 because they are singing the mass.
 Mar mer mur maun.
 Start to pull, dear fellows,
 who want to ring with me.
 Mir, mur, maun.
 Now for this festival,
 all of you do your best.
 Take your ropes
 and pull quickly.
 Mur maun...
 So stand together,
 let it ring out
 as if there were two.
 Gling glang...
 Hans, start also.
 Now it sounds find and just right.
 There, there, my boy.
 Mur maun...
 Now, ring together
 in God's name.
 Whoever is coming will come.
 Hans, work hard
 so the bell will boom,
 and see to it
 that the rope does not break.
 Mur maun...

We be three poor mariners Thomas Ravenscroft (c.1590 - c.1633)
 - from Deuteromelia, 1609

We be three poor mariners, newly come from the seas.
 We spend our lives in jeopardy, while others live at ease.
 Shall we go dance the round, the round, the round?
 And he that is a bully-boy, come, pledge me on this ground!

We care not for these martial men, that do our states disdain,
 But we care for those Merchant men, which do our states maintain
 To them we dance this round, the round, the round.
 And he that is a bully-boy, come, pledge me on this ground!