Songs from Proença

Be. m pac d'ivern
Na Audiart
Alba (En un vergier sotz fuella d'albespi)
Estat ai en greu cossirier
L'aura amara
Near Perigord

on poems by Ezra Pound and the 12th-century troubadours
version for female voice and piano

by Kyle Gann
2015/16
Songs from Proença (2016)

Sir Bertans de Born started it. Around 1182 or earlier he wrote a striking poem, "Dompna, puois de me no.us chal," addressed to a lady, named Maent (in Pound, though the original was Maeut, cognate with Maud), who had withheld her affections from him. In it, Bertrans (pictured at war on right) says that since Maeut scorns him, he will make up an imaginary perfect lady by picking the best qualities of all the other ladies in surrounding castles: Bels Cembalins's complexion, Midon Aelis's cunning speech, the supple body of Miels-de-Ben, and so on. The poet Ezra Pound (1885-1972), one of the great early scholars of troubadour poetry, formed a theory (based on local geography, misinformation, false chronology, and sheer imagination) that "Dompna Puois" was a hidden political allegory; that Bertrans's castle was surrounded by enemies all connected to the family of Tairiran (later Talleyrand), and that by praising these ladies he was seeking to form political alliances, and to set the castles against each other. However misplaced Pound's speculations, Bertrans did take sides with Henry II in revolution against his father, for which Dante (1265-1321) placed him in the eighth circle of hell in his Inferno, as a "stirrer up of strife."

His imagination sparked by the figure of Sir Bertran(s), Pound wrote not only a translation of "Dompna puois" but two poems heavily alluding to that poem, Na Audiart (1908) and Near Perigord (1915). Musical settings of these two poems form the frame of my song cycle Proença. I became rather obsessed with Pound in college, and with medieval music as well, resulting in a lifelong fascination with the troubadours, the singer-songwriters of 12th- and 13th-century Provence. The troubadours and Pound both fascinate me, but what I find most intriguing is the idiosyncratic view we get of the troubadours through Pound's eyes. For some reason I had never thought about setting Pound before, but the idea took root quickly, as though it had been long overdue. I went rather overboard, envisioning Na Audiart as a kind of dark jazz ballad by a scorned lover, and then adding more and more songs as each poem led to another. (The range of the cycle is almost two octaves Ab to G, but the tessitura resides in the octave above middle C, and there are more extended passages below that than above it.)

A perhaps obligatory note: I mentioned to a famous poet that I was writing a song cycle on Ezra Pound, and she shouted, “That bastard!” I know. I have long felt that there is no point in blaming the art for the personal faults of the artist. For the record, I have neither interest in nor sympathy for the “man-of-action” theories that led Pound (relegated in recent decades to his own eighth circle of hell) to first champion de Born and later Mussolini for similar reasons. The texts I’ve used, all 1917 or earlier, predate the disillusionment that followed World War I and Pound’s turn toward unpalatable views of society – views that he himself renounced late in life. The poetry is wonderful and, I think, innocent.

Proença comprises two troubadour songs (nos. 1 and 4) in the original Provencal (one with the original tunes); two translations of troubadour poems by Ezra Pound (nos. 3 and
5); and the above-mentioned two poems by Pound about Bertrans de Born (nos. 2 and 6). This is one of several levels of symmetry noticeable in the following chart:

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<td>Pound poem</td>
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<tr>
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<td>No central tonality</td>
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<td>Key: C</td>
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<td>Troubadour melody</td>
<td>Root mvmt. variable</td>
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In addition, the 1st, 3rd, and 5th songs are set in a single, unchanging tonality; the 2nd, 4th, and 6th have no central key. Songs 3 and 4 are characterized by neo-Riemannian chord progressions (closely chromatic voice-leading), one in the context of a stable tonality, the other in a kind of free-floating (though consonant) atonality. Song 2 uses more of a jazz sense of progression; Song 5 has jazz elements in the harmony as well, though it doesn't change key. In Song 4 the root movement is mostly by major 3rds, in Song 6 it is mostly by minor 3rds. Actual troubadour melodies are quoted only in Songs 1 and 6, foregrounded in the former and backgrounded in the latter. Songs 1 and 3 both follow a kind of additive process, 1 and 4 share an articulated steady pulse, 1 and 5 share a pointillistic texture. Songs 1, 3, 4, and 5 are stanzaic, and I handled stanzaic form four different ways:

Song 1: Static accompaniment, three different melodies
Song 3: Melody becomes more developed with each repetition; final *envoi* switching to a slower tempo
Song 4: Through-composed, no repetition
Song 5: Repetition of both melody and accompaniment; final *envoi* switching to a homophonic texture

There are other, smaller ways in which the songs echo each other. I planned out none of this structure in advance, but kept adding new poems as I instinctively felt gaps in the overall conception. There is no particular narrative arch to *Proenca*, but this is typical of how I tend to create variety in a multimovement piece, mixing and matching an array of qualities from movement to movement for a gradually shaded set of perspectives on similar material.
The original version of Proença was written in 2015 for female voice with flute, vibraphone, electric piano, and electric bass. This version for voice and piano was prepared somewhat later.

1. Be.m pac d'ivern – Peire Vidal's "Be.m pac d'ivern," written before 1180, has long struck me as the most fascinating troubadour melody, for its large range (an octave plus a minor seventh), its rising pentatonic motives, and its fluid mix of syllabic and melismatic writing. It's kind of a textual nightmare, though, because it appears very differently in the three manuscripts in which it survives: Paris, Biblioteque Nationale f.frcs. 22543 (called manuscript R, pictured), Paris, Biblioteque Nationale f.frcs. 20050 (manuscript X), and Milano, Biblioteca Ambrosiana, R71 sup. (manuscript G). Rather than create an ideal melody by mixing and matching phrases, as some performers have, I decided to set all three manuscripts in sequence, in the order X, R, G. The X and G versions have similar contours; R has a narrower range and less florid ornamentation, and thus my setting has something of an ABA form. Thanks to Carson Cooman for help with research.

2. Na Audiart (1908) – This sardonic Pound poem, with allusions to de Born's "Dompna, puois," is addressed to Lady Audiart of Malemort castle, whose slender form the protagonist praises despite knowing that she wishes him ill.

3. Alba (En un vergier sotz fuella d'albespi) - I wanted to include an alba, one of the most common troubadour types, a formulaic medieval song form warning two lovers who shouldn't be found sleeping together that the dawn is imminent. Pound claims that the best one ever written is the anonymous "En un vergier sotz fuella d'albespi," and so I chose his 1909 translation of that.

4. Estat ai en greu cossirier – Also, since this cycle was written for female voice, I wanted one poem written by a woman. The Comtessa de Dia (late 12th-century) is the most famous woman troubadour, and while the lovely tune of her "A chantar" is preserved and widely performed, I wanted to write an original without being conscious of the pre-existing tune, so I chose her "Estat ai en greu cossirier," for which no melody survives. In it she mournfully cajoles a lover who had given up on her. It is sung in the original Provençal.

5. L'aura amara – Pound's idiosyncratic 1917 translation of "L'aura amara" by Arnaut Daniel - a troubadour mentioned and used as a character in Near Perigord - has always thrilled me with its near-incomprehensible attempt to turn Arnaut's complicated rhyme scheme into prickly vorticist modernism. I created for it a melodic form that works against the fragmentation of the lines, and that I hope makes the poetic form audible.

6. Near Perigord – The culmination of the cycle is Pound's magnificent Near Perigord (1915), his musing on Bertrans's motivations and actions, with a climax quoting Dante's picture in the Inferno. The entire poem would take a half hour to sing, so (as Pound himself greatly abbreviated Dante's lines) I cut down its 1500 words to about half of that, fashioning a libretto for a kind of historical tableaux - regretfully omitting...
Pound's redundancies, asides, and more circuitous descriptions. Quotations in the poem are set off as speech-rhythmed unisons in the music, partly as a reference to the fact that all we know of troubadour melody is its pitches, and the rhythms are alway conjectural. Two troubadour melodies are quoted in the flute, one near the beginning -"Tres enemies e dos mals segnors ai" by Uc de St. Circ, who is mentioned in the poem for having written Bertrans' vida - and in the middle and near the end, "Rassa tan creis" by Bertrans himself.

I began the chamber version of *Proença* on March 30, 2015, and completed final revisions by June 27. The piano version was completed by December of 2016.

**Texts:**

**Peire Vidal: "Be.m pac d'ivern"** (before 1180)

Be.m pac d'ivern e d'estiu  
E de fregz e de calors,  
Et am neus aitan cum flors  
E pro mort mais qu'avol viu,  
Qu'enaissi.m ten esforsiu  
E gai Jovens et Valors,  
E quar am domna novella,  
Sobravinen e plus bella,  
Paro.m rozas entre gel  
E clar temps ab trebol cel.

Ma don'a pretz soloriu  
Denant mil combatedors,  
E contra.ls fals fenhedors  
Ten establit Montesquiu:  
Per qu'el seu ric senhoriu  
Lauzengiers non pot far cors,  
Que sens e pretz la capdella!  
E quan respon ni apella  
Siei dig an sabor de mel,  
Don sembla Sant Gabriel...

Per zo.m ten morn e pessiu,  
aitant quant estauc alhors;  
pueis creis m'en gaugz e doussors,  
quan del sieu bel cors m'aiziu.  
Qu'aiissi cum de recaiu  
ar m'en ven cautz, ar fredors;  
e quar es gai'et isnella  
e de totz mals aips piucella,
am la mais per San Raphel,  
que Jacobs no fetz Rachel...

Translation by Linda M. Paterson:

I. I am happy with winter and summer and cold and heat, and I like snow as much as flowers and a dead hero more than a live villain, for this is how youth and worth keep me keen and joyful. And because I love a fresh young lady, supremely delightful and most beautiful, I see roses in the ice and fine weather in cloudy sky.

II. My lady has unique merit in the face of a thousand assailants, and she holds Montesquieu fortified against the false hypocrites: so a slanderer can make no inroad into her noble realm, for wisdom and merit guide her; and when she responds or calls her words taste of honey, which makes her seem like St Gabriel.

V. Whenever I am away from her she keeps me sad and pensive; then when I draw near to her lovely person I am filled with joy and sweetness. Like a man in a fever I go hot and cold by turns; and since she is merry and vivacious and pure of all bad qualities I love her more, by St Raphael, than Jacob did Rachel.

Ezra Pound (1885-1972): *Na Audiart* (1908)

Though thou well dost wish me ill  
Audiart, Audiart,  
Where thy bodice laces start  
As ivy fingers clutching through  
Its crevices,  
Audiart, Audiart,  
Stately, tall and lovely tender  
Who shall render  
Audiart, Audiart,  
Praises meet unto thy fashion?  
Here a word kiss!  
Pass I on  
Unto Lady 'Miels-de-Ben',  
Having praised thy girdle's scope  
How the stays ply back from it;  
I breathe no hope  
That thou shouldst . . .  
Nay no whit  
Bespeak thyself for anything.  
Just a word in thy praise, girl,  
Just for the swirl  
Thy satins make upon the stair,
'Cause never a flaw was there  
Where thy torse and limbs are met  
Though thou hate me, read it set  
In rose and gold.  
Or when the minstrel, tale half told,  
Shall burst to liling at the praise  
"Audiart, Audiart" . .  
Bertrans, master of his lays,  
Bertrans of Aultaforte thy praise  
Sets forth, and though thou hate me well,  
Yea though thou wish me ill,  
Audiart, Audiart.  
Thy loveliness is here writ till,  
Audiart,  
Oh, till thou come again.  
And being bent and wrinkled, in a form  
That hath no perfect limning, when the warm  
Youth dew is cold  
Upon thy hands, and thy old soul  
Scorning a new, wry'd casement,  
Churlish at seemed misplacement,  
Finds the earth as bitter  
As now seems it sweet,  
Being so young and fair  
As then only in dreams,  
Being then young and wry'd,  
Broken of ancient pride,  
Thou shalt then soften,  
Knowing, I know not how,  
Thou wert once she  
Audiart, Audiart  
For whose fairness one forgave  
Audiart,  
Audiart  
Que be-m vols mal.

**En un vergier sotz fuella d'albespi**  
Ezra Pound translation, 1909

In a garden where the whitethorn spreads her leaves  
My lady hath her love lain close beside her,  
Till the warden cries the dawn - Ah dawn that grieves!  
Ah God! Ah God! That dawn should come so soon!
"Please God that night, dear night should never cease, 
Nor that my love should parted be from me, 
Nor watch cry 'Dawn' - Ah dawn that slayeth peace! 
Ah God! Ah God! That dawn should come so soon!

"Fair friend and sweet, thy lips! Our lips again! 
Lo, in the meadow there the birds give song! 
Ours be the love and Jealousy's the pain! 
Ah God! Ah God! That dawn should come so soon!

"Sweet friend and fair take we our joy again 
Down in the garden, where the birds are loud, 
Till the warder's reed astrain 
Cry God! Ah God! That dawn should come so soon!

"Of that sweet wind that comes from Far-Away 
Have I drunk deep of my Beloved's breath, 
Yea! of my Love's that is so dear and gay. 
Ah God! Ah God! That dawn should come so soon!"

Envoi

Fair is this damsel and right courteous, 
And many watch her beauty's gracious way. 
Her heart toward love is no wise traitorous. 
Ah God! Ah God! That dawn should come so soon!

Comtessa de Dia: "Estat ai en greu cossirier"

Estat ai en greu cossirier 
per un cavalier qu'ai agut, 
e vuoil sia totz temps saubut 
cum ieu l'ai amat a sobrier; 
ara vei qu'ieu sui trahida 
car ieu non li donei m'amor 
don ai estat en gran error 
en lieig e quand sui vestida.

Ben volria mon cavallier 
tener un ser en mos bratz nut, 
qu'el s'en tengra per ereubut 
sol qu'a lui fezes cossellier; 
car plus m'en sui abellida 
no fetz Floris de Blancaflor:
ieu l'autrei mon cor e m'amor
mon sen, mos huoillis e ma vida.

Bels amics avinens e bos,
cora.us tenrai en mon poder?
e que jagues ab vos un ser
e qu'ie.us des un bais amoros;
sapchatz, gran talen n'auria
qu'ie.us tengues en luoc del marit,
ab so que m'aguessetz plevit
de far tot so qu qu'ieu volria.

Translation by Meg Bogin (The Women Troubadours, W.W. Norton, 1980, pp. 89-91):

I've lately been in great distress
over a knight who once was mine,
and I want it known for all eternity
how I loved him to excess.
Now I see I've been betrayed
because I wouldn't sleep with him;
night and day my mind won't rest
to think of the mistake I made.

How I wish just once I could caress
that chevalier with my bare arms,
for he would be in ecstasy
if I'd just let him lean my hand against his breast.
I'm sure I'm happier with him
than Blancaflor with Floris.
My heart and love I offer him,
my mind, my eyes, my life.

Handsome friend, charming and kind,
when shall I have you in my power?
If only I could lie beside you for an hour
and embrace you lovingly -
know this, that I'd give almost anything
to have you in my husband's place,
but only under the condition
that you swear to do my bidding.
Arnaut Daniel: "L'aura amara"
Translation by Ezra Pound (1917)

The bitter air
Strips panoply
From trees
Where softer winds set leaves,
And glad,
Beaks
Now in brakes are coy,
Scarce peep that wee
Mates
And un-mates.
   What gaud's the work?
   What good the glees?
What curse I strive to shake!
Me hath she cast from high,
In fell disease I lie, and deathly fearing.

So clear the flare
That first lit me
To seize
Her whom my soul believes;
If cad
Sneaks,
Blabs, slanders, my joy
Counts little fee
Baits
And their hates.
   I scorn their perk
   And preen, at ease.
Disburse
Can she, and wake
Such firm delights,
That I
Am hers, froth, lees
Bigod! from toe to earring.

Amor, look yare!
Know certainly
The keys:
How she thy suit receives;
No add Piques.
'Twere folly to annoy I'm true, so dree
Fates;
No debates
Shake me, nor jerk,
My verities
Turn terse,
And yet I ache;
Her lips, not snows that fly
Have potencies
To slake, to cool my searing.

Behold my prayer,
(Or company
Of these)
Seeks whom such height achieves;
Well clad
Seeks
Her, and would not cloy.
Heart aperely
States
Thought. Hope waits
'Gainst death to irk:
False brevities
And worse!
To her I raik,
Sole her; all others' dry
Felicities
I count not worth the leering.

Ah, fair face, where,
Each quality
But frees
One pride-shaft more, that cleaves
Me; mad frieks
(O' thy beck) destroy,
And mockery
Baits
Me, and rates.
Yet I not shirk
Thy velleities,
Averse
Me not, nor slake
Desire.
God draws not nigh
To Dome, with pleas
Wherein's so little veering.

Now chant prepare,
And melody
To please
The king, who'll judge thy sheaves.
Worth, sad,
Sneaks
Here; double employ
Hath there.
Get thee
Plates
Full, and cates,
    Gifts, go! Nor lurk
    Here till decrees
Reverse,
And ring thou take
Straight t' Arago I'd ply
Cross the wide seas
But 'Rome' disturbs my hearing.

At midnight mirk
In seccries I nurse
My served make
In heart; nor try
My melodies
At other's door not mearing.

Ezra Pound: *Near Perigord* (1915) (excerpted)

I

You'd have men's hearts up from the dust
And tell their secrets, Messire Cino,
Right enough? Then read between the lines of Uc St. Circ,
Solve me the riddle, for you know the tale.

Bertrans, En Bertrans, left a fine canzone:
"Maent, I love you, you have turned me out.
The voice at Montfort, Lady Agnes' hair,
Bel Mira's stature, the vicountess' throat,
Set all together, are not worthy of you..."
And all the while you sing out that canzone,
Think you that Maent lived at Montaignac,
One at Chalais, another at Malemort...
for every lady a castle,
Each place strong[....]
Tairiran held hall in Montaignac,  
His brother-in-law was all there was of power  
In Perigord[...]
And our En Bertrans was in Altafort,  
Hub of the wheel, the stirrer-up of strife,  
As caught by Dante in the last wallow of hell –[...]

How would you live, with neighbors set about you –[...]
What could he do but play the desperate chess,  
And stir old grudges?[...]

Take the whole man, and ravel out the story.  
He loved this lady in castle Montaignac?  
The castle flanked him - he had need of it[...]
And Maent failed him? Or saw through the scheme?

"Papiol,  
Go forthright singing[...]
There is a throat; ah, there are two white hands;  
There is a trellis full of early roses,  
And all my heart is bound about with love[...]'"  

Is it a love poem? Did he sing of war?  
Is it an intrigue to run subtly out,  
Born of a jongleur's tongue, freely to pass  
Up and about and in and out the land,  
Mark him a craftsman and a strategist?[...]

Oh, there is precedent, legal tradition,  
To sing one thing when your song means another,  
"Et albirar ab lor bordon -"[...]  
What is Sir Bertrans' singing?

Maent, Maent, and yet again Maent,  
Or war and broken heaumes and politics?

II

End fact. Try fiction. Let us say we see  
En Bertrans, a tower-room at Hautefort,  
Sunset, the ribbon-like road lies, in red cross-light,  
South toward Montaignac, and he bends at a table  
Scribbling, swearing between his teeth, by his left hand  
Lie little strips of parchment covered over,  
Scratched and erased with al and ochaisos[...]
We come to Ventadour
In the mid love court, he sings out the canzon,
No one hears save Arrimon Luc D'Esparo -
No one hears aught save the gracious sound of compliments.
Sir Arrimon counts on his fingers, Montfort,
Rochecouart, Chalais, the rest, the tactic,
Malemort, guesses beneath, sends word to Coeur de Lion:

The compact, de Born smoked out, trees felled
About his castle, cattle driven out!
Or no one sees it, and En Bertrans prospered?[

Plantagenet puts the riddle: "Did he love her?"
And Arnaut parries: "Did he love your sister?
True, he has praised her, but in some opinion
He wrote that praise only to show he had
The favor of your party, had been well received."[

"Say that he saw the castles, say that he loved Maent!"
"Say that he loved her, does it solve the riddle?"[

And we can leave the talk till Dante writes:
Surely I saw, and still before my eyes
Goes on that headless trunk, that bears for light
Its own head swinging, gripped by the dead hair,
And like a swinging lamp that says, "Ah me!
I severed men, my head and heart
Ye see here severed, my life's counterpart."

Or take En Bertrans?

III

I loved a woman. The stars fell from heaven.
And always our two natures were in strife[...]*

And great wings beat above us in the twilight,
And the great wheels in heaven
Bore us together... surging... and apart...
Believing we should meet with lips and hands.

High, high and sure... and then the counterthrust:
"Why do you love me? Will you always love me?
But I am like the grass, I can not love you."
Or, "Love, and I love and love you,
And hate your mind, not you, your soul, your hands."[...]
There shut up in his castle, Tairiran's,
She who had nor ears nor tongue save in her hands,
Gone - ah, gone - untouched, unreachable!
She who could never live save through one person,
She who could never speak save to one person,
And all the rest of her a shifting change,
A broken bundle of mirrors...!

[* These two lines Pound excised from the text in later editions, but I found them musically attractive. Ellipses in brackets indicate passages I omitted, but those not in brackets are in Pound’s original.]

– Kyle Gann
Proença

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Duration: 47 minutes total
Proença

Be.m pac d'ivern

Peire Vidal (late 12th century)  Still, morning-like

Kyle Gann 2015

Be.m pac d'ivern

Proença

Peire Vidal (late 12th century)  Still, morning-like

Kyle Gann 2015

Be.m pac d'ivern

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Be.m pac d'ivern
vol viu, Qu'en ais-si.m ten es - for - siu  E gai Jo-vens et_ Va
lors_ E quar am dom-na_no-vel-la_  So-bra-vi - nen e plus bel-
-la_ Pa - ro.m_ ro - zas_en - tre gel_ E_ clar_
temps ab_ tre - bol_ cel._  Be.m pac d'ivern
Ma don' a pretz solo ri De-nant mil com-bat dors, E contra ls fals fen he dors Ten

es-ta-blit Mon tes qui u Per qu'el seu ric sen ho ri u

Lau zen giers non pot far cors, Que sens e pretz la cap del la:

Be.m pac d'ivern
E quan respon ni a-pel-la, Siei digan sa-bor de mel.

Don sembla Sant Gabrie!

Per zomen morn e pes-iu

Ai-tant quant es-tauc al-hors! Pueis creis m’en gaugz e dous.
Quan del seu bel cors m'ai ziu, Qu'ais si cum de

Ar m'en cautz, ar fredors

E quar es gai' et is nel-la E de tozt mals aips piu-

Am la mais per San Ra-

Que Jacobs

Be.m pac d'ivern
Be.m pac d'ivern
Na Audiart

Ezra Pound
1908

Kyle Gann
2015

\[ \text{Na Audiart} \]

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Na Audiart
bo-dice la-ces start
As i-vy fin-gers clut-ching through Its

cre-vi-ces
Audi-art, Audi-art,

State-ly tall and love-ly ten-der Who shall ren-der,

Au-di-art, Audi-art,

Prai-ses meet un-to thy fa-shion?

Na Audiart
Here a word, kiss.

Pass I on unto Lady Miels de Ben, Having praised thy girdle's scope, How the stays ply back from it.

I breathe no hope that thou shouldst Nay, no whit, Be-speak thy—
self for any-thing,

Just for a word in thy praise, girl,

Just for the swirl Thy sa-tins make upon the stair

'Cause ne-ver a flaw was there, Where thy torse and limbs are met

Though thou hate me, read it set in rose and gold

Na Audiart
Or when the minstrel, tale half told, Shall burst to singing.

at the praise, Audiart, Audiart, Bertrans, master

of his lays, Bertrans of Aultafort thy praise Sets forth

and though thou hate me well_ Yea, though thou wish me ill_ Audi
art, Au-di art, Thy love-li-ness is here writ till,

Au-di-art, Oh, till thou come a-gain. And be-ing bent and

wrin-k-lerd, in a form_ That hath no per-fect lim-ning, when the warm Youth dew

is cold_ u-pon thy hands_ and thy old soul

Na Audiart
Scorning a new, wry'd case-ment, Churlish at seemed

mis-place-ment Finds the earth as bit-ter_

As now seems it sweet.

Na Audiart
Being so young and fair
As then only in dreams

Being then young and wry'd
Broken of ancient pride

Thou shalt then

Na Audiart
sof-ten-

Know-ing, I know not how
Thou wert once

she
Au-di-art,
Au-di-art,
For whose fairness one for-

intensely

gave
Au-di-art, Au-di-art,
Que pp

be.m vols mal.

Na Audiart
Alba
(En un vergier sotz fuella d'albespi)

Anonymous
Translated by Ezra Pound

Kyle Gann
2015

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Alba (En un vergier sotz fuella d'albespi)
In a garden where the white-thorn spreads her leaves

My lady hath her love lain close beside her,

Till the war-der cries the dawn

Ah dawn that grieves!

Ah God!
God! ______ That dawn should come so soon! Ah

God! ______ Ah God! ______ That dawn should come so soon!

Please God that night, dear night should never cease,

gradual general crescendo to m. 121

Alba (En un vergier sotz fuella d'albespi)
59 Nor that my love should parted be from me

63 Nor watch cry 'Dawn' Ah dawn that slay eth

66 peace! Ah God! Ah God! That dawn should come so

70 soon! Ah God! Ah God! That
dawn should come so soon!
Fair friend and sweet, thy lips!
Our lips again!
Lo, in the meadow there the birds give song!

Alba (En un vergier sotz fuella d'albespi)
love and Jealousy's the pain! Ah God! That

dawn should come so soon!

Sweet friend and fair, take we our joy again

Down in the garden, where the birds are loud,

Alba (En un vergier sotz fuella d'albespi)
Till the wanderer's reed a strain

God! That dawn should come so soon!

Of that sweet wind that comes from far away

Have I drunk deep

Alba (En un vergier sotz fuella d'albespi)
of my Beloved's breath, Yea! of my
love's that is so dear and gay, Ah God! Ah
God! That dawn should come so soon! Ah
God! Ah God! That dawn should come so

Alba (En un vergier sotz fuella d'albespi)
soon!

Fair is this damsel

and right courteous,

and many watch her beauty's gracious

way.

Her heart toward love is no wise traitorous.

Alba (En un vergier sotz fuella d'albespi)
Alba (En un vergier sotz fuella d'albespi)

O God! O God! That Dawn should come so soon! O
Estat ai en greu cossirier

La Contessa de Dia
(born c. 1140)

Kyle Gann
2015

Piano

\( \text{Floating} \)

\( p \)

with pedal

5

Estat ai en greu cossirier

per un cavalié

9

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Estat ai en greu cossirier
qu'ai a gut e vuòl sia temps totz sau

but cum ieu l'ai amat a sobrier

Ara vei qu'ieu sui tra-

Estat ai en greu cossirier
hi-da
car ieu non li do-nei_
m’a-mor
don ai es-tat en gran er-ro_
en li-e-
gue
quand sui_ ves-ti-da

Estat ai en greu cossirier
Estat ai en greu cossirier
sol qu’a lui fezès cos-seil-li-er car

plus m’en sui a-bel-li-da no fetz Flo-ris de Plan-cha-flor,

ieu l’a-u-tre-i mon cor e m’a-mor mon

Estat ai en greu cossirier
sen, mos huillós a ma vida

Bels amics a-vi-nens de bos, co-ra-us ten-rai en mon, po-

Estat ai en greu cossirier
Estat ai en greu cossirier
Estat ai en greu cossirier
L'aura amara

Arnaut Daniel
Translated by Eza Pound

Translated by Eza Pound

Arnaut Daniel

Piano

{3

\[ j = 54 \]

With a gentle swinging motion

5

The bitter air Strips panoply

From trees

9

Where softer winds set leaves And glad Beaks

Now in brakes are coy

13

Scarce peep the wee Mates And un-mates

What gaud's the work?

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L'aura amara - voice

Kyle Gann
2015
What good the glees? What curse I strive to shake! Me hath she cast from high,
In fell disease I lie, and deathly fearing.

So clear the flare That first lit me To seize Her whom my soul be-

L'aura amara - voice
lieves If cad Sneaks Blabs, slan-ders my joy, Counts lit-tle fee,
And their hates. I scorn their perk,
I dis-burse! Can she, and wake Such firm de-lights
that I Am hers, froth, lees, Bi-god! From toe to ear-ring.

L'aura amara - voice
A-mor look

Know cer-tain-ly The keys: How she thy suit receives No add

Piques 'Twere fol-ly to an-noy I'm true so dree fates No de

L'aura amara - voice
Shake me, nor jerk

My varieties

Turn terse, and yet I ache

Her lips, not snows that fly

Have potential
to slake
to cool my searing.

Behold my prayer

(Or company

Of these)

L'aura amara - voice
Seeks whom such height achieves
Well clad seeks Her, and would not cloy

Heart a-pert-ly states Thought. Hope waits 'Gainst death to irk,

False bre-vi-ties And worse! To her I raik Sole her all o-

*L'aura amara - voice*
thers' dry _ Fe-li-ci-ties_ I count not worth the leer-ing__

Ah, fair face where, Each qua-li-ty_ But frees

One pride-shaft more, that cleaves Me; Mad frieks, (O’ thy

beck) des-troy_ And moc-ke-ry_ Baits, Me, and rates. Yet

L'aura amara - voice
I not shirk

Thy vel-lie-ties,

A-verse Me not, nor slake

Desire.

God draws not nigh

To Dome, with pleas where-in's so

lit-tle veer-ing.

Now chant pre

pare And me-lo-dy

To please

The King, who'll judge thy

L'aura amara - voice
sheaves. Worth, sad, Sneaks Here; Double em-ploy_

Hath there. Get thee plates, Full, and cates. Gifts

go! nor lurk Here till de-crees

L'aura amara - voice
Re-verse, And ring thou take, Straight t'A-ra-go I'd ply Cross the wide seas

but 'Rome' dis-turbs my hear-ing

At mid-night mirk In sec-re-cies I nurse my

Coda

L'aura amara - voice
served make in heart; Nor try my melodies, At other's door not
Near Perigord

Ezra Pound
1915
Stately, with dignity and determination
Kyle Gann
2015

You'd have men's hearts up from the dust
And tell their secrets, Messire Cino?
Right e-nough! Then read between the lines of Uc St. Ci re Solve me the riddle, for

you know the tale. Ber-trans, En_ Ber-trans

Slightly faster

Left a fine can-zo-ne: Ma-ent, Ma-ent, I love you, you have turned me out.

The voice at Mont-fort La-dy Ag-nes' hair, Bel Mi-ral's sta-ture, the vis-coun- tess' throat

Near Perigord
Tempo I

Set all together are not worthy of you... And all the while you

sing out that can zone, Think you that Maent lived at Mon-taig-nac, One

at Chalais, Another at Malemort For ev'ry

lady a castle, each place strong.

Near Perigord
Dan trans brother in-law was all there was of power in Perigord. And our En Ber-

Trans was in Al-ta-fort, Hub of the wheel, the stirrer-up of strife, As caught by

Dante in the last wallow of hell... How would you live, with

Near Perigord
neigh - bors set a-bout you, What could he do but play the desp' rate chess And stir old

grud- ges? Take the whole man, and

ra vel out the sto- ry. He loved this la - dy in cas-tle Mon-taig-nac?

The cas-tle flanked him, he had need of it. And Ma - ent failed him, or

Near Perigord
saw through the scheme? Pa-pi-ol, Go forth-right sing-ing, There is a throat;

ah, there are two white hands; There is a trel-lis full of ear-ly ro-ses, And all my

Faster than before

heart is bound a-bout with love." Is it a love poem? Did he

sing of war? Is it an in-trig-e to run sub-ty out? Born of a Jon-gleur's tongue,

Near Perigord
free-ly to pass. Up and a-bout and in and out the land, Mark him a crafts-man_ and a
strate-gist?_ Oh, there is pre-ce-dent! Le-gal tra-di-tion, to sing
slightly faster
one thing when your song means a-no-ther... "Et al-bi-rar ab lor bor-don."
Near Perigord
Or war and broken heames and polities? End fact. Try fiction.

Let us say we see En Ber-trans

A tower room at Hau-te-fort. Sunset the ribbon-like road lies

in red cross-light South toward Mon-taig-nac, and he bends at a tab-le, Scribbling,
swearing between his teeth  By his left hand lie little strips of parch-ment

covered over  Scratched and erased with al and o-cha-i-sos...

We come to Ven-ta-dour  in the mid love court  He sings

out the canzon.

Near Perigord
Near Perigord
compact, De Born smoked out! trees felled about his castle cattle driven out!

Or no one sees it and En Bertrans prospered?

Plan-ta-ganet puts the riddle: "Did he love her?" And

Ar-naut parries: Did he love your sister? True, he has praised

Near Perigord
her, but in some opinion, He wrote that praise only to show he had The favor of your party, had been well received."

Say that he saw the castles, say that he loved Mant!

"Say that he loved her, does it solve the intense, broadened riddle?"

And we can leave the talk till Dante writes: Surely I saw,

Near Perigord
and still be-fore my eyes _ Goes on_ that head-less trunk, that bears for light Its own

head swing-ing, _ gripped by the dead hair, And like a swing-ing lamp that says,

"Ah me! I se-vered men, my head and heart Ye see here se-vered,

my life's coun-ter-part."

Near Perigord
I loved a woman.

The stars fell from heaven.

And always our two

natures were in strife.

And great wings beat above us in the twilight,
And the great wheels in heaven Bore us together... Surging and a-

part... Believing we should meet with lips and hands. High, high and

sure and then the counter-thrust: Why do you love me? Will you al-

Near Perigord
love me?  But I am like the grass, I can not love you."

Or,

"Love, and I love and love you
And hate your mind not you,
your soul, your hands

Near Perigord
She who had nor ears nor tongue save in her hands,  Gone ah,
gone untouched unreach-able! She who could ne-ver live save

through one per-son, She who could ne-ver speak save to one per-son,
And all the rest of her a shifting change, A broken bundle of mirrors...!