

Songs from Proença

Be.m pac d'ivern

Na Audiart

Alba (En un vergier sutz 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, Bertrams (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 Bertrams'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, Bertrams 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. In March 2015 the singer Michelle McIntire asked me to write her something; she has a wide range but a low tessitura, and her sultry register brought the troubadours to mind. 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 Bertrams de Born (nos. 2 and 6). This is one of several levels of symmetry noticeable in the following chart:

Song 1	Song 2	Song 3	Song 4	Song 5	Song 6
Provençal poem			Provençal poem		
	Pound poem				Pound poem
		Pound translation		Pound translation	
Key: Db	No central tonality	Key: Bb	No central tonality	Key: C	(Recurring key: A)
Static diatonic harmony	Jazz progressions	Neo-Riemannian progressions	Neo-Riemannian progressions	Quasi-jazz elements	Quasi-neo-Riemannian
	Root mvmt. variable		Root mvmt. by major 3rds		Root mvmt. by minor 3rds
Troubadour melody					Quotation of troubadour melodies

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 *Proença*, 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, Bibliothèque Nationale f.frms. 22543 (called manuscript R, pictured), Paris, Bibliothèque Nationale f.frms. 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 Bertrams'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 always 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 Bertrams' vida - and in the middle and near the end, "Rassa tan creis" by Bertrams 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 establít 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'aissi cum de recaliu
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 sutz 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 warder 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 cosseillier;
car plus m'en sui abellida
no fetz Floris de Blanchaflor:

ieu l'autrei mon cor e m'amor
mon sen, mos huouillis 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 apertly
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 secrecies 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 Miral'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 Bertrands 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 Bertrands' 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 Bertrands, 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 Bertrands 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 Bertrands?

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

♩ = 84

Alto Solo

Piano

X
p

Be.m

8

pac d'i vern e d'es ti - u E de fregz a de ca -

13

lors, Et am ai - tan neus cum flors E pro mort mais qu'a

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Be.m pac d'ivern

19

vol__ viu, __ Qu'en-ais-si.m ten es - for - siu E gai Jo-vens et__ Va

25

lors. ____ E quar am dom-na__ no-vel-la ____ So-bra-vi - nen e plus bel -

31

-la ____ Pa - ro.m_ ro - zas_ en - tre gel ____ E ____ clar ____

37

temps ab__ tre - bol__ cel. ____

42

R

3

Ma don' a pretz so - lo - ri - u De-nant mil

47

com-ba- te dors, E con- tra. ls fals fen - he - dors Ten

52

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

58

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

63

E quan res - pon ni a - pel - la — Siei dig an sa - bor de mel —

68

Don sem-bla Sant Ga - bri el.

73

G

Per zo.m ten morn e pes - si - u

78

Ai-tant quant es-tauc al- hors! Pueis creis m'en gauz e dous -

83

- sors_ Quan del sieu bel cors m'ai ziu. Qu'ais-si cum de

89

re - ca - li - u_ Ar m'en ven_cautz, ar fre - - dors_

94

E quar es gai'et is_nel- la_ E de tozt mals_ aips piu -

99

cel - la, Am_ la mais per San_ Ra - phel, Que_ Ja - cobs

104

no. fetz Ra -

107

chel.

Na Audiart

Ezra Pound
1908

Kyle Gann
2015

$\text{♩} = 50$

Piano

p
Pizz.
p

6 3

12

Though thou

17

well dost wish_ me ill Au-di-art, Au-di-art, Where the

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Na Audiart

21

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

25

cre-vi-ces, Au-di-art, Au-di-art,

29

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

32

Au-di-art, Au-di-art, Prai-ses meet un-to thy fa-shion?

Here a word kiss...

Pass I on un - to La - dy Miels - de - Ben, Hav - ing

praised thy gir - dle's scope How the stays ply back from it

I breathe no hope that thou should'st Nay, no whit, Be - speak thy

54

self for a-ny-thing, Just for a word in thy praise, girl,

58

Just for the swirl Thy sa-tins make u-pon the stair

62

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

67

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

Or when the min-strel, tale half told, Shallburst to lil-ting-

at the praise, Au-di-art, Au-di-art, Ber-trans, mas-ter

of his lays, Ber-trans of Aul-ta - fort thy praise Sets forth

and though thou hate me well Yea, though thou wish me ill Au-di

88

art, Au-di art, Thy love-li-ness is here writ till,

pp

93

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

p

98

wrink-led, in a form_____ That hath no per-fect lim-ning, when the warm Youth dew

103

_____ is cold_____ u-pon thy hands_____ and thy old soul

p

107

13

Scorn-ing a new, wry'd case-ment, Chur - lish at seemed

111

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

116

As now seems it sweet.

121

125

129

Be - ing so

134

young and fair_ As then on-ly in dreams Be-ing then young and

138

wry'd Bro-ken_ of an-cient pride Thou shalt then

143

p

15

sof - ten_ Know - ing, I know not how Thou wert once

147

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

151

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

pp *intensely*

155

be.m vols mal.

p

Na Audiart

160

Musical score for measures 160-163. The piece is in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat major). Measure 160 features a treble clef with a series of eighth notes and a bass clef with a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Measures 161-163 contain triplets in the treble clef, while the bass clef continues with eighth notes.

164

Musical score for measures 164-168. The key signature changes to two flats (B-flat major). Measure 164 has a treble clef with eighth notes and a bass clef with eighth notes. Measures 165-168 feature triplets in the treble clef and eighth notes in the bass clef.

169

Musical score for measures 169-173. The key signature changes to three flats (B-flat major). Measure 169 has a treble clef with eighth notes and a bass clef with eighth notes. Measures 170-173 feature eighth notes in the treble clef and eighth notes in the bass clef.

174

Musical score for measures 174-178. The key signature changes to three sharps (F major). Measure 174 has a treble clef with eighth notes and a bass clef with eighth notes. Measures 175-178 feature triplets in the treble clef and eighth notes in the bass clef.

179

Musical score for measures 179-182. The key signature changes to two flats (B-flat major). Measure 179 has a treble clef with a triplet of eighth notes and a bass clef with eighth notes. Measures 180-182 feature eighth notes in the treble clef and eighth notes in the bass clef.

183

rit.

Musical score for measures 183-187. The key signature changes to three sharps (F major). Measure 183 has a treble clef with a half note and a bass clef with a half note. Measures 184-187 feature a half note in the treble clef and eighth notes in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Alba

(En un vergier sotz fuella d'albespi)

Anonymous
Translated by Ezra Pound

Kyle Gann
2015

$\text{♩} = 160$

Piano

Measures 1-9: The right hand plays a melodic line with eighth notes and slurs. The left hand has a simple bass line. A piano (*p*) dynamic marking is present.

10

Measures 10-15: The right hand continues the melodic line with eighth notes and slurs. The left hand has a simple bass line with some accidentals.

16

Measures 16-21: The right hand continues the melodic line with eighth notes and slurs. The left hand has a simple bass line with some accidentals.

22

Measures 22-26: The right hand continues the melodic line with eighth notes and slurs. The left hand has a simple bass line with some accidentals and a triplet marking.

27

Measures 27-30: The right hand continues the melodic line with eighth notes and slurs. The left hand has a simple bass line with some accidentals.

31

In a gar - den where the white - thorn spreads her

34

leaves My la - dy hath her love lain close be -

38

side her, — Till the war - der cries the dawn

42

Ah dawn that grieves! Ah God! — Ah

45

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

48

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

52

\flat

56

Please God that night, dear night should ne-ver cease,
*gradual general
 crescendo to m. 121*

59

Nor that my love should par-ted 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

73

dawn should come so soon!

77

mp
Fair friend and sweet, thy lips! Our

mp mp

b

81

lips a - gain! Lo, in the meadow

85

there the birds give song! Ours be the

b

Alba (En un vergier sotz fuella d'albespi)

89

love and Jealousy's the pain! Ah God! That

93

dawn should come so soon!

mf

97

Sweet friend and fair, take we our joy again

mf

101

Down in the garden, where the birds are loud,

105

Till the war - der's reed a - strain _____ Cry God! _____ Ah

109

God! _____ That dawn should come so soon!

113

Of that sweet wind that

117

comes from Far - A - way _____ Have I drunk deep _____

120

of my Be - lo - ved's breath, Yea! of my

124

love's that is so dear and gay. Ah God! Ah

128

God! That dawn should come so soon! Ah

softer

mp

131

God! Ah God! That dawn should come so

Suddenly slower and more still

134

$\text{♩} = 90$

p

soon! Fair is this dam - sel

139

and right cour-te-ous, — And ma - ny watch her beau-ty's gra-cious

144

way. — Her heart toward love is no wise trai-to - rous. —

Alba (En un vergier sotz fuella d'albespi)

149

O God! O God! That Dawn should come so soon! O

154

God! O God! That Dawn should come so soon!

158

161

Alba (En un vergier sotz fuella d'albespi)

Estat ai en greu cossirier

La Contessa de Dia
(born c. 1140)

Kyle Gann
2015

$\text{♩} = 44$
Floating

Piano *p*

with pedal

5

p

Es-

9

tat ai en greu cas - si-ri-er per un ca - val - lier

14

qu'ai a - gut e vuo - il sia temps totz sau

19

but cum ieu l'ai a - mat a sob - ri - er

24

A - ra vei qu'ie-u sui tra-

28

hi-da car ieu non li do - nei m'a-mor

33

don ai es - tat en gran er - ror en li - e - ig e

37

quand sui ves - ti - da

Estat ai en greu cossirier

41

Ben

45

vol-ri-a mon ca-val-li-er te - ner un ser en mos

49

bratz nut, qu'el s'en ten-gra per

53

e - re - u - but

57

sol qu'a lui fe-zes cos-seil-li-er car

61

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

65

ieu l'a-u-tre-i mon cor e m'a-mor mon

69

sen, mos huo - il - los a ma vi - da

73

77

81

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

85

der? e que ja-gues ab vos un ser e qu'ie - us des_ un

90

bais a-ma-ros; Sap-chatz, gran ta-

93

lan n'au-ri-a_ qu'ie-us ten-gues en lu-oc del ma - rit_

98

ab so que m'a-gues-setz ple - vit de far

102

tot so qu'ie-u vol - ri - a.

106

110

113

rit.

L'aura amara

Arnaut Daniel
Translated by Eza Pound

Kyle Gann
2015

$\text{♩} = 54$

With a gentle swinging motion

Piano

mp

5

3

The bit-ter air Strips pa-no-ply From trees

9

Where sof-ter winds setleaves And glad Beaks Now inbrakes are coy

13

Scarce peep the wee Mates And un-mates. What gaud's the work?

Detailed description: This block contains the piano introduction and the first four lines of the vocal score. It features a 4/4 time signature with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked as quarter note = 54. The instruction 'With a gentle swinging motion' is written above the first line. The piano part is marked *mp*. The vocal line begins at measure 5 with the lyrics 'The bit-ter air Strips pa-no-ply From trees'. There are triplets of eighth notes in measures 5, 9, and 13. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands.

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L'aura amara - voice

17

What good the glees? What curse I strive to shake! Me hath she cast

20

from high, In fell di-sease I lie, and death-ly fear-ing,

23

So clear the

26

flare That first lit me To sieze Her whom my soul be-

lies If cad Sneaks Blabs, slan-ders my joy, Counts lit-tle fee,

Baits, And their hates. I scorn their perk,

And preen, at ease Dis-burse! Can she, and wake Such firm de-lights

that I Am hers, froth, lees, Bi-god! From toe to ear-ring...

42

A - mor look

45

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

49

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

bates Shake me, nor jerk My ve-ri-ties_

Turn terse, and yet I ache Her lips, not snows_ that fly Have po-ten-

cies To slake To cool my sear-ing_

Be-hold my prayer (Or com-pa-ny_ Of these)

66

Seeks whom such height a-chieves Well clad seeks Her, and would not cloy_

70

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

74

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

77

thers' dry_ Fe-li-ci-ties_ I count not worth the leer-ing_

81

Ah, fair facewhere, Each qua-li-ty_ But frees

85

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

88

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

92

I not shirk Thy vel - lie - ties, A-verse Me not, nor slake

95

De - sire... God draws not nigh To Dome, with pleas where-in's so

98

lit-tle veer-ing... Now chant pre

102

pare And me-lo-dy To please The King, who'll judge thy

105

sheaves. Worth, sad, Sneaks Here; Doub-le em-ploy_

108

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

111

go! nor lurk Here till de-crees

113

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

116

— but 'Rome' dis-turbs my hear-ing

119

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

Coda

123

ser - ved make in heart; Nor try my me - lo - dies_ At o - ther's door not

127

mear - ing_

Near Perigord

Ezra Pound
1915

Stately, with dignity and determination

Kyle Gann
2015

$\text{♩} = 68$

Piano

5

8

12

mp

mf

mf

You'd have men's

hearts up from the dust And tell their sec-rets, Mes-sire Ci-no?_____

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Near Perigord

Right e-nough! Then read bet-ween the lines of Uc St. Ci re Solve me the rid-dle, for

you know the tale. Ber-trans, En— Ber-trans

Slightly faster

♩ = 80

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

♩ = 80

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

Near Perigord

Tempo I

♩ = 68

31

Set all to-ge-ther are not wor-thy of you..." And all the while you

34

sing out that can zo - ne, Think you that Ma-ent lived at Mon-taig-nac, One

37

at Cha-lais, A - no-ther at Ma-le-mort For ev' - ry

40

la - dy a cas-tle, each place strong.

Near Perigord

44 *mp* 49

Tai-ri-ran held hall in Mon-taig-nac His

48

bro-ther in-law was all there was of po-wer in Pe-ri-gord. And our En Ber -

51

trans was in Al-ta-fort, Hub of the wheel, the stir-rer-up of strife, As caught by

55

Dan-te in the last wal-low of hell... How would you live, with

58

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

mf

62

grad- ges? Take the whole man, and

p *mp*

65

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

mp

68

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

mp

72

♩ = 108

51

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

76

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

Faster than before

79

♩ = 78

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

82

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

85

free-ly to pass. Up and a-bout and in and out the land, Mark him a crafts-man_ and a

88

stra-te - gist?_ Oh, there is pre-ce- dent! Le-gal tra- di- tion, to sing

91

slightly faster

one thing_ when your song means a - no- ther... "Et al - bi - rar ab lor bor- don."

95

a tempo
mp

What is Sir Ber - trans sing- ing? Ma - ent, Ma-ent, and yet a-gain Ma-ent?

Or war_ and bro-kenheaumes and po-li- tics? End fact. Try fic- tion.

Let us say we see En Ber-trans

A to-wer room at Hau-te- fort. Sun - set the rib-bon-like road lies

in red cross-light South toward Mon-taig- nac, and he bends at a tab- le, Scrib- bling,

115

swear-ing bet-ween his teeth By his left hand lie litt-tle strips of parch-ment

119

co-vered o-ver Scratched and e-rased with *al* and *o-cha-i-sos*...

123

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

126

out the can-zon.

130 55

No one hears save Ar-ri-mon Luc d'As-pe-ro No one hears aught save the

134

gra-cious sound_ of com-pli-ments. Sir Ar-ri-mon counts on his fin-gers,

137

Mont- fort, Rou-che-cou- art, Cha- lais the rest, the

140

tac tic, Ma-le- mort, gues-ses be-neath, sends word to Coeur de Li on The

143

com-pact, De Born smoked out! trees felled a-bout his cas-tle cat-tle dri-ven out!

147

Or no one sees it and En Ber - trans_ prospered?

151

Plan - ta-ga-net puts the rid-dle: "Did he love_ her?" And

154

Ar - naut par-ries: Did he love_ your sis - ter?_ True, he has praised

156

57

— her, but in some o - pi - nion, He wrote that praise on - ly to show he had The

159

fa - vor of your par - ty, had been well re - ceived." Say that he saw the

161

cas - tles, say that he loved Ma - ent!" "Say that he loved her, does it solve the

163

rid - dle?" And we can leave the talk till Dan - te writes: Sure - ly I saw,

intense, broadened
f

166

and still be-fore my eyes— Goes on— that head-less trunk, that bears for light Its own

169

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

173 *ff*

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

176 *mp* *a tempo*

my life's coun-ter- part."

180

184

rit.

Or take En Ber- trans? rit.

188 *slow and steady*

$\text{♩} = 84$ *p*

I loved a wo-man. The stars fell from hea ven. And al-ways our two

$\text{♩} = 84$

p

193

na-tures were in strife. And great wings beat a - bove us in the twi - lght,

198

And the great wheels in hea-ven Bore us to - ge - ther... Sur-ging and a -

203

part... Be - liev-ing we should meet with lips___ and hands. High, high and

209

sure and then the coun-ter-thrust: Why do you love me? Will you al-ways

215

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

221

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

227

There shut up in his cas-tle, Tai-ri-ran's,

Near Perigord

232

She who had nor ears nor tongue save in her hands, Gone ah,

237

gone un - touched un-reach-a-ble! She who could ne-ver live save

242

through one per-son, She who could ne-ver speak save to one per-son,

247

And all the rest of her a shif-ting change, A bro-ken

251

bun - dle of mir - rors...! long

long