

Traveling Songs (textes des chansons)

Ich stund an einem Morgen
(Ludwig Senfl)

Ich stund an einem Morgen
heimlich an einem Ort.
Da het ich mich verborgen,
ich höert klegliche Wort
von einem Frewlen hübsch und fein.
Sie sprach zu jrem Buelen,
es muß geschieden sein.

Can she excuse my wrongs
(John Dowland)

Can she excuse my wrongs with virtue's cloak?
Shall I call her good when she proves unkind?
Are those clear fires which vanish into smoke?
Must I praise the leaves where no fruit I find?

No, no : where shadows do for bodies stand,
That may'st be abus'd if thy sight be dim.
Cold love is like to words written on sand,
Or to bubbles which on the water swim.

Wilt thou be thus abused still,
Seeing that she will right thee never?
If thou canst not o'ercome her will,
Thy love will be thus fruitless ever.

Was I so base, that I might not aspire
Unto those high joys which she holds from me?
As they are high, so high is my desire,
If she this deny, what can granted be?

If she will yield to that which reason is,
It is reason's will that love should be just.
Dear, make me happy still by granting this,
Or cut off delays if that I die must.

Better a thousand times to die
Than for to love thus still tormented:
Dear, but remember it was I
Who for thy sake did die contented.

Fortuna desperata
(Antoine Busnois)

Fortuna desperata,
Iniqua e maledicta,
Che di tal dona electa
La fama ay denegata.

Flow my tears
(John Dowland)

Flow, my tears, fall from your springs!
Exiled for ever, let me mourn :
Where night's black bird her sad infamy sings,
There let me live forlorn.

Down vain lights, shine you no more,
No nights are dark enough for those
That in despair their last fortunes deplore,
Light doth but shame disclose.

Never may my woes be relieved,
Since pity is fled,
And tears, and sighs, and groans my weary days,
my weary days
Of all joys have deprived.

From the highest spire of contentment,
My fortune is thrown
And fear, and grief, and pain for my deserts,
for my deserts
Are my hopes, since hope is gone.

Hark! you shadows that in darkness dwell,
Learn to contemn light,
Happy, happy they that in hell
Feel not the world's despite.

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Learn to contemn light
Happy, happy they that in hell
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Traveling Songs (textes des chansons, suite)

Browning Madame (Thomas Ravenscroft)

Browning Madame, browning Madame,
Somerily wee sing Browning Madame,
The fayrest flower in garden greene,
is in my loues breast full comely scene,
And with all others compare she can,
therefore now let us sing Browning Madame.

Une jeune fillette (Jehan Chardavoine)

Une jeune fillette
de noble cœur,
Plaisante et joliette
de grand' valeur,
Outre son gré, on l'a rendue nonette,
Cela point ne lui haicte,
dont vit en grand' douleur.

Un soir après complie
seulette estoit,
En grand mélancolie
se tourmentoit,
Disant ainsi, douce vierge Marie
Abregez moy la vie,
puis que mourir je doy.

Mon pauvre cœur soupire
incessamment,
Aussi ma mort désire
journallement.
Qu'à mes parents ne puis mander n'escire,
Ma beauté fort empire,
je vis en grand tourment.

Que ne m'a t'on donnée
à mon loyal amy,
Qui tant m'a désirée
aussi ay-je moy luy,
Toute la nuit m'y tiendroit embrassée
Me disant sa pensée,
et moy la mienne à luy.

A Dieu vous dy mon père,
ma mère et mes parens,
Qui m'avez voulu faire
nonnette en ce couvent,
Ou il n'y a point de réjouissance,
Je vis en desplaisance,
je n'attens que la mort.

La mort est fort cruelle
à endurer,
Combien qu'il faut par elle
trestous passer.
Encor' est plus le grand mal que j'endure,
Et la peine plus dure
qu'il me faut supporter.

A Dieu vous dy les filles
de mon pays,
Puis qu'en c'est Abbaye
me faut mourir,
En attendant de mon Dieu la sentence,
Je vy en espérance
d'en avoir réconfort.