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LES VOIX HUMAINES

MUSICA ANTICA ROTHERHITHE

live from

SANDS FILMS STUDIOS

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

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**Me voila hors du naufrage**

De cet amour insensé  
Je veux devenir plus sage  
Et me rire du passé.

*Fasse amour ce qu'il voudra,  
Jamais ne me reprendra.*

La mer est calme et serene  
Quand nous commençons d'aimer  
Pour d'une espérance vaine  
Bientôt nous faire abîmer.

Comme une tapisserie  
Peinte de toutes couleurs  
La rive est toute fleurie  
De mille et diverses fleurs.

Pas un des vents on n'oït bruire  
À ce doux embarquement  
Fors le gracieux Zéphyr  
Qui nous souffle doucement

De tous costez la bonnace  
Promect nous rendre contents  
Le ciel point ne nous menace  
De pluie ou de mauvais temps.

Mais quand nous avons fait voile  
De ces flots pernicious  
Une tempête cruelle  
S'offre bientôt à nos yeux.

**L'auzel ques sul bouyssou,**

Digos uno cansou  
Alegro la mio vido :  
E bai ten tout d'un vol  
Veire la Margarido,  
Li raconta mon dol.

E digos li d'abort,  
Que yeu souy déjà mort  
Despey quieu nou ley visto,  
E qu'absent de son oel  
Yeu ey larmo tant tristo  
Quieu bouldrio' estre' al tombel.

**I am here, escaped from the shipwreck**

Of this senseless love  
I want to become wiser  
And to laugh about the past.

*Let love do as it will,  
Never shall it take me back.*

The sea is calm and serene  
When we begin to love  
For a hope in vain  
Soon to ruin us.

Like a tapestry  
Painted in all colours  
The shore is full of flowers  
Of a thousand and diverse types.

None of the winds are heard rustling  
At this pleasant boarding  
Save the gracious zephyr  
Which propels us gently

On all sides there is goodness  
Which promises to make us content  
The sky doesn't look threatening to us  
Of rain or stormy weather.

But once we have set sail  
On these pernicious waves  
A cruel tempest  
Comes suddenly before our eyes.

**Bird sitting on the bush,**

Sing a song  
About my life:  
Then fly away  
go see Marguerite,  
And tell her of my pain.

Tell her first  
That I am near death  
Since I saw her last,  
And that absent from her gaze  
I have such sad tears  
That I want to be already in the grave.

### **Yo soy la locura**

La que sola infundo placer  
Placer y dulzura  
Y contento el mundo

Sirven a mi nombre  
Todos, mucho o poco  
Y pero no hay hombre  
Que piense ser loco.

### **El baxel esta en la playa**

presto para navegar.  
Ay, quien se quiere embarcar.

Acudan a la marina  
Los que fueren del Amor,  
Para quitarles su ardor,  
Pues que la vela se tira  
Al son desta mi bozina  
Os quiero yo pregonar  
Ay, ay, ay...

En pagar el homenaje  
A los Dioses del Amor,  
A quien quiere navegar  
Si se le hara ultraje  
Solo tenga buen corage  
Quando sentira gridar  
Ay, ay, ay...

### **Di rigori armato il seno**

contro amor mi ribellai  
ma fui vinto in un baleno  
in mirar due vaghi rai.  
Ahi! che resiste puoco  
Cor di gelo a stral di fuoco

Ma si caro e'l mio tormento  
Dolce è si la piaga mia,  
Ch'il penare el mio contento,  
E'l sanarmi è tirannia.  
Ahi che più giova, e piace  
Quanto amor è più vivace.

### **I am the madness**

That instils pleasure  
Pleasure and sweetness  
And contentment into the world

All men serve my name,  
Completely, a lot or a little,  
And yet there is no man  
Who thinks himself to be mad

### **The boat is on the beach**

and is ready to sail.  
Alas, who wants to set sail?

Go to the marina  
Those who are driven by Love,  
To take away your burning,  
So what if the sail it torn  
To the sound of my horn (buzina)  
I want to proclaim  
Ay ay ay...

In paying tribute  
To the Gods of Love,  
Who wants to navigate  
If he will be outraged  
Just have good courage  
When you feel like screaming  
Ay ay ay...

### **With severity my breast was armed**

and I rebelled against love  
in a flash of lightning I was conquered  
on seeing two lovely eyes.  
Ah, how feebly  
an icy heart resists such fiery arrows.

But so dear is my torment  
So sweet is my pain,  
That pain is my contentment,  
And to heal me would be tyranny.  
Ah, how much better, and pleasing  
Tis when love is lively.

**Sans murmurer**

Laissez-moi soupirer,  
La faveur est légère;  
Sans y penser  
vos beaux yeux m'ont charmé,  
Sans y penser j'aimai,  
Amour fit cette affaire;  
Sans murmurer Laissez-le faire.

Je suis secret  
Amoureux et discret,  
Sans espoir je soupire,  
Et si jamais vous preniez de l'amour  
Si vous vouliez un jour,  
Partager mon martyre;  
Je suis secret  
Amoureux et discret.

**Sans frayeur dans ce bois,**

seule je suis venue.  
J'y vois Tircis sans être émue.  
Ah! N'ai-je rien à ménager?  
Qu'un jeune coeur insensible  
est à plaindre!  
Je ne cherche point le danger,  
mais du moins, je voudrais le craindre.

**Pourquoi, doux rossignol,**

dans ce sombre séjour  
M'éveillez-vous avant l'Aurore?

Venez-vous à mon coeur annoncer le retour  
Du charmant objet que j'adore ?

Mais si Climaine,  
à mon amour trop insensible encore,  
Abandonne mon coeur  
au feu qui le dévore ;

Pourquoi, doux rossignol,  
dans ce sombre séjour  
M'éveillez-vous avant l'Aurore?

**Without a murmur**

Let me sigh,  
Favour is light;  
Without a thought  
Your beautiful eyes charmed me,  
Without a thought I loved,  
Love made this liaison;  
Without a murmur, Let it happen.

I am secret,  
Amorous and discreet,  
Without any hope I sigh,  
And if ever you taste of love,  
If you wanted one day,  
Share my torment;  
I am secretive,  
Amorous and discreet.

**Without fear to these woods,**

Alone I came.  
There I saw Tircis without being moved.  
Ah! Have I nothing I can do?  
How a young unfeeling heart  
is to be pitied!  
I do not seek out danger,  
but at least I would like to fear it.

**Why, sweet nightingale**

in your gloomy sojourn  
do you awaken me before the dawn?

Are you come to tell my heart of the return  
Of the one that I love?

But, if Climaine  
to my love so insensitive remains,  
Give up my heart  
to the fire which consumes it

Why, sweet nightingale  
in your gloomy sojourn  
do you awaken me before the dawn?