
MAKE LOVE NOT CRUSADES
MURMUR MORI
CRUSADE SONGS FOR LOVERS
DEPARTING TO THE HOLY LAND

Crusades is a modern term used to indicate the wars promoted by the Christian Latin Church, starting from the 11th century, with the intent of conquering Jerusalem which was governed by the Muslims. At that time the terms used for such military campaigns were *iter*, *peregrinatio*, *passagium*, having a meaning of pilgrimage "overseas", namely towards the Holy Land where the Christians conquered dominions.
These journeys were many and although they always had short-lived success the desire to see the mysterious and fascinating Orient, the faith and the promise of salvation of the soul, the opportunity of visiting the mystical places mentioned in the Bible, the stories of the pilgrims who returned and the letters of those who remained there because they had made their fortune, made this call to arms and pilgrimage irresistible. A call loudly promoted by prominent figures such as Bernard of Clairvaux, extolled in excited and convincing sermons.
The spoils hidden behind these holy wars were decidedly tempting and rich, the political-economic interests that arose from them were decisive in the course of European history. The Italian Maritime Republics, for example, became incredibly wealthy thanks to these expeditions and many European nobles saw and found opportunities for conquest that were unthinkable anywhere besides in the lands of the Muslims. In the world of art then, many were the troubadours of every social class who composed songs to encourage kings and princes to take the cross.
Beautiful lyrics and melodies were composed and handed down to posterity, and they are well known nowadays, as wonderful interpretations of all sorts have been made and recorded of such songs.
However, there were also critical voices towards these overseas expeditions: women's laments and poets who complained about a forced departure that would have irremediably compromised their love relationships. Our work is focused on these lyrics and music sources in which the pain caused by armed conflict is expressed.
The title "Make love, not crusades" is a reference to the famous peace motto of the 1960s, sadly still relevant today in this perpetually war-torn society, and this slogan is very close to the words <<amas e chantas soven>> that Peirol wrote in his composition "Qant Amors trobet partit" in which he exchanges rhymes with Love and he is given the advice to love and sing often instead of going to war.
Make love, not crusades was presented live for the first time in August 2024 at the splendid Wrocław Town Hall, on the occasion of the prestigious Forum Musicum festival. Artistic director Tomasz Dobrzański commissioned Murmur Mori a program focused on the theme of the crusades and, thanks to meticulous research by Silvia Kuro on the musical and literary sources of the 12th and 13th centuries, Murmur Mori selected the compositions presented here to offer a different point of view to the better known "Deus lo vult".

INTRODUCTION TO LISTENING

"Nu alrest leb ich mir werde" by the *minnesänger* Walther von der Vogelweide opens the album: a real call to arms which is immediately echoed by the "Lamento della sposa padovana" (Lament of the Paduan bride), where in the first part of the anonymous verses, a wife laments the departure of her husband to the Holy Land, stating that she can't do anything but look at the sea's horizon hoping to see her lover coming back home. These verses are among the oldest testimonies of the Venetian language and are taken from the Papafava fragment dated 1277. The two excerpts presented are both accompanied by the melody of the chant "Nomen a solemnibus", preserved in 13th century manuscripts and connected to the Siege of Jerusalem of 15 July 1099.

The following track is "A la fontana del vergier" an interesting lyric by Marcabru in which, at the fountain of an orchard, our troubadour tries in vain to console a noble woman who is crying and cursing King Louis for having ordered the call to arms, and subsequently also directs her invectives against God saying: <<He (God), is taking away from me the one person who gave me joy...>>.
This composition dates back to 1147 and it refers to the "second crusade", the one in which King Louis VII of France and Eleanor of Aquitaine with all her ladies participated, where according to the 12th century historian ʿImād al-Dīn: <<Among the Franks were women knights, with armour and helmets, dressed like men, who distinguished themselves in the thick of battle and did acts of intelligent men while being gentlewomen. [...] they were not known to be women until they were stripped of their arms and undressed.>> The metre of this original composition matches the more famous pastorela "L'autrier jost'una sebissa" written by Marcabru too and handed down with music notation, hence the idea of creating a credible and plausible contrafactum, thus filling the gap left by the lack of notation in "A la fontana del vergier". It is very interesting as it is considered one of the oldest texts of the poetic genre *pastorela*, but it presents some anomalies, first and foremost the

presence of a noble lady, daughter of a castellan, instead of a shepherdess (*pastorela* in Italian and Provençal). Moreover, the setting is not the typical bucolic landscape, but a "vergier", a garden that is one of the characteristic places for chivalric love adventures. Finally, there is no attempt at seduction by the poet or knight, but a sincere effort to try and console the desperate lady. We believe the genre of the *pastorela* at the time of this composition was not yet fully developed and it is of note that Marcabru, who was extremely avant-garde, in addition to laying the foundations of this poetic genre also inserted nuances of the nascent *chanson de toile*, another poetic genre that in those years was beginning to sprout in the North of France through the verses of trouvères.

"Seigneur sachiez qui or ne sen ira" is the melody of a song of invitation to departure, rising majestic and deaf to the laments of the previous lyrics. Thibaut de Champagne (King of Navarre) composed this song for the "fourth crusade" of 1202 in which he was placed at the head of. The king of Navarre was more famous as a troubadour than as a leader, in fact his successes were more artistic than military. His passage to the Holy Land was a failure and 27 years later, in 1229, we find him in Paris, among the compilers of the treaty that put an end to the terrible Albigensian crusade.

"Già mai non mi conforto" lyrics are by Rinaldo d'Aquino, an important exponent of the Sicilian School, poet at the court of Frederick II of Swabia. He rhymes the laments of a woman who sees the ships that will take her beloved to the mysterious lands overseas set sail.

But not solely the voices of women rise up against the pain caused by these wars: "Ja nuns hons pris", a wonderful composition attributed to the famous King Richard I of England, better known as the Lionheart, reminds us that during war people stand at the side of the winner just to abandon him in times of need. Richard departs for the third crusade in the year 1190 and in the year 1192 becomes prisoner of the duke of Austria Leopold V under various charges, including that of having perpetrated the murder of Conrad of Montferrat. In 1193 he was brought to the Emperor Henry VI of Swabia in Speyer, who, regardless of the Pope's excommunications against him and Leopold V for having imprisoned a crusader commander, asked for a very high ransom, which was paid thanks to the intervention of Eleanor of Aquitaine, Richard's mother.
Peirol d'Auvergne as well writes of the Marquis Conrad of Montferrat, claiming that the marquis needs more men overseas, in his poem "Qant Amors trobet partit". Composed around 1187, it is an imaginary poetic tenso between Peirol and Love, which blames Peirol of being too distracted worrying about the wars overseas instead of serving Love completely. Love gives to Peirol this wise advice: <<love and sing often>> explaining that this would be better for him because Saladin's troops will never give ground to the Christians even under their attacks, and also that because of the war <<many lovers will depart, weeping, from their ladies who would stay here and be joyful [...] >>. It seems that Peirol indeed did not participated to the Third Crusade, the one that the tenso refers to, but he will later go to Jerusalem in the beginning of the 13th century.

From the North of France comes the chant of the trouvère Chardon de Croisilles with "Li departirs de la douce contree", in which he sings the pain of having to abandon his sweet land and his beloved lady. Chardon de Croisilles was at the court of Thibaut de Champagne; he celebrated the beauty of Margaret of Bourbon, Thibaut's wife, and he probably left with him during the crusade of 1202. Although in four out of five testimonies that have come down to us the composition is attributed to Chardon, the one in the manuscript "T" asserts it to be by Robert de Blois, reason why its attribution has recently been called into question.

"Suspirava una pulcela" is another anonymous lyric, one of the earliest in an Italian vernacular from Mantua, giving voice to the lament of a woman for the departure of her beloved to the Holy Land. The manuscript containing the chivalric romance "Partenopeus de Blois" from the Gonzaga library (now preserved at the Bibliothèque nationale de France) testifies in the last pages lyrics of ballate and songs such as this one, where a woman, despairing because her beloved has undertaken the journey to Syria, warns other ladies that Love can make them suffer: <<God, what will I do, for he who is handsome is going to Syria undertaking that journey? How will I do, miserable, since my heart's with him because I gave it to him?>>.

The album closes with "Chanterai por mon corage", a composition attributed to the trouvère Guiot de Dijon in the manuscript we have chosen, and attributed instead to the legendary Dame Dou Fael in the manuscript "C"; in other sources the composition is anonymous. In this song a woman is torn apart by her sentimental situation as her beloved is on a pilgrimage in the "wild lands" and if he won't come back from the crusade she will end up being married to another man, by her family's will. She often turns her gaze towards the east, and every time the warm wind brushes her face she thinks of her beloved, of whom she now possesses only a garment that she tightens on her naked body, during the night, when desire is felt the most.

I. Walther von der Vogelweide - Nu alrest leb ich mir werde
(13th century) - 4.40 min

II. Anonymous - Lamento della sposa padovana (extract I)
(year 1277) - 3.21 min

III. Marcabru - A la fontana del vergier
(12th century) - 4.18 min

IV. Thibaut de Champagne - Seigneur sachiez qui or ne sen ira (Instr.)
(13th century) - 2.38 min

V. Rinaldo d'Aquino - Già mai non mi conforto
(13th century) - 8.48 min

VI. Anonymous - Lamento della sposa padovana (extract II)
(year 1277) - 2.26 min

VII. Anonymous - Suspirava una pulcela
(13th century) - 2.33 min

VIII. (Attributed) Richard the Lionheart - Ja nuns hons pris
(13th century) - 5.08 min

IX. Peirol d'Auvergne - Qant Amors trobet partit
(12th century) - 5.30 min

X. Chardon de Croisilles - Li departirs de la douce contree
(13th century) 4.46 min

XI. Guiot de Dijon - Chanterai por mon corage
(13th century) - 4.27 min

TOT: 48.39 min

MURMUR MORI, Forum Musicum - 10.08.2024
Town Hall, Wrocław
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I. Walther von der Vogelweide - Nu alrest leb ich mir werde (extract)
(13th century)
Music: Münster, Landesarchiv Nordrhein-Westfalen / Staatsarchiv, Msc. VII, 51 (Umfeld Jenaer Liederhandschrift) / Recited verses: München, Bayerischen Staatsbibliothek, Carmina Burana - BSB Clm 4660, 92v
◇ *This melody, also known as "Palästinalied", was handed down to us by a fragment from 14th century, while the lyrics are older and dated to the 1270s.*

II. Anonymous - Lamento della sposa padovana (extract I)
(year 1277)
Lyrics: Biblioteca Civica di Padova, Frammento Papafava / Music: "Nomen a solemnibus", Paris, BnF, Latin 3549, 164rv
◇ *Woman's lament for her husband's departure on crusade. Excerpt of one of the earliest writings in Venetian language.*

III. Marcabru - A la fontana del vergier
(12th century)
Lyrics: Paris, BnF, Français 856, 173v / Music: Marcabru, "Lautrier iustuna sebissa", Paris, BnF, fr. 22543, 5r (Contrafactum)
◇ *By the orchard's fountain a woman is crying, our troubadour tries to comfort her with his words but she curses King Louis who orders the call to arms and addresses her words even to God: <<He (God), is taking away from me the one person who gave me joy...>>.*

IV. Thibaud de Champagne - Seigneur sachiez qui or ne sen ira (Instrumental)
(13th century)
Music: Paris, Bnf, Ms-5198, 1
◇ *Thibaut I de Navarre was of a melancholic nature, more suited to poetry than to the art of government, and it was no coincidence that he was nicknamed "The Troubadour". He was among the authors of the end of the Albigensian Crusade. When, years later, he left for the Holy Land, he lost a battle and signed a peace treaty with the Muslims after which he hastily returned to his kingdom, dedicating himself to good government until the end of his days.*

V. Rinaldo d'Aquino - Gia' mai non mi conforto
(13th century)
Lyrics: BAV, Vat. Lat. 3793, fol. 8v / Music: Mirko Volpe, Silvia Kuro
◇ *"Gjamai non mi comfortto", a lyric in which a woman asks to Rinaldo d'Aquino, one of the greatest poets of the Sicilian School flourishing at the court of Frederick II, to write verses that could reach for her lover overseas.*

VI. Anonymous - Lamento della sposa padovana (extract II)
(year 1277)
Lyrics: Biblioteca Civica di Padova, Frammento Papafava / Music: "Nomen a solemnibus", Paris, BnF, Latin 3549, 164rv
◇ *Woman's lament for her husband's departure on crusade. Excerpt of one of the earliest writings in Venetian language.*

VII. Anonymous - Suspirava una pulcela
(13th century)
Lyrics: Paris, BnF, Na 7516, f. 145v - Music: Silvia Kuro
◇ *<<How will I do, miserable, since my heart is with him, for I gave it to him?>>. The manuscript containing the chivalric romance "Partenopeus de Blois" from the Gonzaga library preserves in the last pages lyrics of ballate and songs in Italian vernacular such as this one, where a woman, despairing because her beloved has undertaken the journey to Syria, warns other ladies that Love can make them suffer.*

VIII. (Attributed) Richard the Lionheart - Ja nuns hons pris
(13th century)
Lyrics and Music: Paris, BnF, ms. français 846, 62v
◇ *Song attributed to Richard the Lionheart. Richard departs for the third crusade in the year 1190 and in the year 1192 becomes prisoner of the duke of Austria Leopold V, under the accusation of perpetrating the murder of his cousin Conrad of Montferrat.*

IX. Peirol d'Auvergne - Qant Amors trobet partit
(12th century)
Lyrics and Music: Biblioteca Ambrosiana, Ms. R71 sup., 48v-49r
◇ *Peirol sings about that time when Love engaged a tenso with him to ask the troubadour to stop dedicating energies to war and start thinking again of Love instead.*

X. Chardon de Croisilles - Li departirs de la douce contree
(13th century)
Lyrics and Music: Paris, Bnf, Ms-5198, 253
◇ *Chardon probably departed with Thibaud de Champagne for the Holy Land. At the departure the poet feels like belonging to Love entirely and wishes not to go. He sings: <<Love, this is too hard a parting, when I am forced to leave the best lady who ever existed or who was ever born>>.*

XI. Guiot de Dijon - Chanterai por mon corage
(13th century)
Lyrics and Music: Paris, BnF, Français 844, f. 174v
◇ *<<Lord, why did you do this? If each of the two loves the other, why did you separate us?>> The trouvère gives voice to a woman worried for her lover who took the cross, and she regrets not being there when he sailed.*




MURMUR MORI, Forum Musicum - 10.08.2024 Town Hall, Wrocław - © Karol Adam Sokołowski / NFM

LYRICS

Walther von der Vogelweide - Nu alrest leb ich mir werde (exctract)

Nu lebe ich mir alrest werde
Sit min sundeg ouge sihet
Daz schöne lant und ouch die erde
Der man vil der eren gihet.
Nu ist geschehen, des ich da bat
Ich bin komen an die stat
Da Got meneschlichen trat.

For the very first I am alive to myself,
since my sinful eye beholds
the noble land, and also that earth
to which so much honour is given.
That has come to pass for which I have ever prayed:
I have come to the place
where God walked in human form.

Lamento della sposa padovana - extract I

Responder voi' a dona Frixa,
ke me colnlseja en la soa guisa
e dis k'eo lasse ogna grameça,
veandome sença alegreça,
ké me' mario se n'è andao,
ke 'l me' cor cun lui à portao.
Et eo cum' me dô confortare
fin k'el starà de là da mare?
çamai no 'l ver... del vegnire,
né ai paura d'envegclire:
ké la speranza me mantene
del me' segnor, ke me sovene.
En lui è tuto el me' conforto:
çamai no voi altro deporto,
ké de lui sol çoia me nasce,
ke 'l me' cor ten, noriga e passce.
El no me par k'el sia luitano,
tanto m'è el so amor prusimano.
Eo sto en la çambra, plango e pluro,
per tema k'el no sia seguro,
ké d'altro mai no ai paura;
e la sperança m'asegura
k'e l dé vegnir en questo logo.
Tuto el me' planto torna en çogo
e i me' sospiri ven en canto
membrandome del ben cotanto.

To the lady Frixa I'd like to reply,
since she suggests in her manners,
saying that I have to leave my sadness behind,
because she sees I'm unhappy,
for my husband is gone,
and he brought my heart with him.
And me, how can I feel comforted?
Now that I cannot see him,
and I am afraid I will grow old,
only hope can keep me alive
of my lord, that helps me.
My only consolation is him,
never I will find another one,
that everything joyful comes from him,
he keeps my heart, nourishing it.
I feel like he is not far from me,
because our love is stronger.
I stay in my room all day crying,
because I'm afraid he's not safe,
this is the only thing that scares me,
only hope can comfort me,
thinking that surely he will come back.
So all my tears turn into laughters
and my sighs turn into chant
when I remember the love we have.

Marcabru - A la fontana del vergier

I. A la fontana del vergier,
on l'erb'es vertz josta·l gravier,
a l'ombra d'un fust domesgier,
en aiziment de blancas flors
e de novelh chant costumier,
trobey sola, ses companhier,
selha que no vol mon solatz.

By the orchard's spring, where the grass is green beside the bank, in the shade of a fruit tree, with its pretty white flowers and the usual spring birdsong, I came across that young woman who, alone and without companion, does not want my company.

II. So fon donzelh'ab son cors belh,
filha d'un senhor de castelh;
e quant ieu cugey que l'auzelh
li fesson joy e la verdors
e, pel dous termini novelh,
qu'ela entendes mon favelh,
tost li fon sos afars camjatz.

She was a beautiful young lady, the daughter of the lord of a castle; and just when I thought that the greenery and the birds would delight her and that, on account of the sweet springtime, she would have listened to my proposal, her preoccupations suddenly changed.

III. Dels huelhs ploret josta la fon
e del cor sospiret preon.
«Jhesus», dis elha, «reys del mon,
per vos mi creys ma gran dolors,
quar vostra anta mi cofon,
quar li mellor de tot est mon
vos van servir, mas a vos platz.

Beside the spring she wept and sighed from the bottom of her heart; 'Jesus', she said, 'king of the world, because of you my great sorrow is increasing, for your shame is my undoing: the best of all this world are going to serve you, since it is your will.

IV. Ab vos s'en vai lo mieus amicx,
lo belhs e·l gens e·l pros e·l ricx;
sai m'en reman lo grans destrix,
lo deziriers soven e·ls plors.
Ay! mala fos reys Lozoïcx,
que fai los mans e los prezicx
per que·l dols m'es el cor intratz!»

My love, the handsome, courtly, brave and noble, departs with you; great distress, frequent longing and tears stay here with me. Oh! Cursed be King Louis, who orders the call to arms and the preaching which are the cause of this grief entering my heart!'

V. Quant ieu l'auzi desconortar,
ves lieys vengui josta·l riu clar:
«Belha», fi·m ieu, «per trop plorar
afolha cara e colors;
e no vos qual dezesperar,
que selh qui fai lo bosc fulhar
vos pot donar de joy assatz».

When I heard her lamenting, I went up to her by the clear stream. 'Pretty lady,' I said, 'too much crying spoils the looks and complexion, and you don't need to despair, for He who makes the woods come into leaf can give you much joy.'

VI. «Senher», dis elha, «ben o crey
que Dieus aya de mi mercey
en l'autre segle per jassey,
quon assatz d'autres peccadors;
mas say mi tolh aquelha rey
don joy mi crec; mas pauc mi tey,
que trop s'es de mi alonhatz»

Sir', she said, 'I do believe that God will have mercy on me forever in the next world, as He will on many other sinners; but here He is taking away from me the one person who gave me joy (through whom my joy increased), but he thinks little of me, for he has gone so far away from me.'

Rinaldo d'Aquino - Già mai non mi conforto

I. Gjamai nonmi comfortto. Nemivolglio ralegrare. Lenavi sono giute alportto evolgliono colare.
Vassene lapiu giente. Jntera doltramare. Edio oimelassadolenta. Como degio fare.

I can't take comfort, nor I don't want to feel happiness, the ships now gathered into port will hoist their sails again. Most of the people go to lands overseas and I, alas, so deeply versed in woe, how will I do?

II. Vassene jnaltra contrata. Enolo mi manda adire. Edio rimangno jnganata. Tanti
sono li sospire. Chemifanno grande guerra lanotte coladia. Nencielo nedinterra. Nonmipare chio sia.

They are going to other countries yet he didn't tell me a word, so I remain cheated, too many are my sighs moving war against me night and day, nor to heaven nor to earth I feel that I belong.

III. Santus santus deo. Chenelavergine venisti tusalva eguarda lamor meo. Poi che dame lo dipartisti
Oitalta potestade. Temuta edotata. Il dolze mia more tisia racomandata.

Sanctus, sanctus Deus whom came here in the Virgin, protect and guard my love since you made him depart from me. O high and mighty potentate, whom all revere and fear, I entrust you the sweet love of mine.

IV. La crocie salva la giente. Emefacie disviare. La crocie mi fa dolente eno mivale dio pregare. Oime
crocie pellegrina. Perchemai cosi distrutta. Oime lassa tapina. Chiardo enciendo tuta.

The cross saves the people, and it's misleading me. The cross is making me feel sorrowful, and it's not worth for me to pray God. Alas, O pilgrim cross why did you devastate me? Alas, I'm miserable I'm burning with passion, completely in flames.

V. Loinperadore compacie. Tuttol mondo mantene edame guera facie. Chema tolta lamia spene. Oitalta
potestate. Temuta edottata. Lomio dolze amore. Visia racomandata.

The Emperor with peace reigns and the whole world sustains, but against me moves war since he took away my hope. O high and mighty potentate, whom all revere and fear, the sweet love of mine may be entrusted to you.

VI. Quando lacrocie pilgliao. Ciertto nolo mi penssai. Quelli che tanto mamao. Edillui tanto amai.
Chinefui batuta. Emessa jnpresgionia. Edincielata tenuta. Per lavita mia.

When he took up the cross I wouldn't ever think, he, who really loved me and I loved for real, that I would be hit and thrown into prison, and hold in a cell for the rest of my days.

VII. Lenavi sone alecolle. Jmbonora possanandare. Elo mio amore conelle. Elagiente che va andare.
Padre criatore. Asanto portto leconducie. Chevanno aservidore de lassanta crocie.

The ships are ready to depart, may they have a safe journey, and my beloved with them, together with all the people that must go. Father, Creator is leading them to a holy port because they are sailing to serve the holy cross.

VIII. Pero tipriego dolcietto. Chessai lapenamia. Cheme ne facie unsonetto. Emandilo jn Soria? Chio nomposso abentare. Notte nedia. Jntera doltremare. Ista lavita mia.

However, Dolcietto (the poet), please since you know my pain can you do a sonnet of it and send it to the Syrian land? Because I can't find rest nor night nor day, in overseas lands, my life lies there.

Lamento della sposa padovana - extract II

Veder mia faça eo mai no quero
en spleco, k'el no fa mestero,
ké non ai curacuro d'eser bela.
Eo me 'n sto sola en camarela
e an' talora en mei' la sala;
no ai que far ço de la scala
né a balcon né a fenestra,
ké tropo m'è luitan la festa
ke plu desiro a celebrare.
Eo guardo en ça deverso el mare,
sì prego Deo ke guarda sia
del me' segnor en Pagania,
e faça sì ke 'l mario meo alegro
e san se 'n torne endreo,
e done vencea ai cristiani,
ke tuti vegn' alegri e sani.
E quando ai fato questo prego,
tuto el me' cor roman entrego,
sì k'el m'è viso ke sia degna
ke'l me' segnor tosto se'n vegna.
Eo no crerave altro consejo:
el vostro è bon, mai questo è mejo,
e questo me par de tegnire;
nexun me 'n porave departire.

I don't like to see my face,
in the mirror I look miserable,
because I don't care being beautiful now.
I stay in my room alone,
and sometimes in the middle of the living room,
I have nothing to do down the stairs,
nothing to do at the balcony or at the window, the feast
I'd like to celebrate is too far from me.
I keep on looking at the sea, and I ask God for help,
to look after my dear in pagan's land,
and that he can make my husband
happy and healthy coming back,
and may he give the christians victory,
making each of them coming back happy and healthy.
And after my prayer is sent,
all my heart feels safe,
for this I feel my words are worthy,
and my man soon will come back home.
I wouldn't follow any other advice,
yours (Lady Frixa) is good, but mine is better,
and I will stand up for that,
no one can change my mind.

Suspirava una pulcela

I. Suspirava una pulcela,
Tuto lo giorno plançea:
«Deo, ke feraio,
De que lu, com' persona bela,
Van' in terra de Soria,
En quelo viaglilo?
Komo faraio, tapinella,
Ka i' lo meo cor in bailia
Dato li aio?
Donka pensare me convene
Mesc[h]ina, lo core m'arde!
Ka, si me falla la speme,
Ogna pulcela se garde d'amore.

II. Donne e donçelle, entendete:
Daime conselio e conforto,
Per vostro onore;
Voi ked amare sapete,
E dete s'eo n'aio torto,
K'amai lo flore;
La mia vita non sapete,
Lo meo cor qu'el à 'nporto
Infra lo so core.
Amor, a Deo t'acomando,
Quando me veng'a lo çire;
Mille salute ve mando
A çascun, mille sopire d'amore»

I. A maiden was lamenting,
all day long she cried:
<<God, what will I do
that he who's handsome
is going to Syria
undertaking that journey?
How will I do, miserable
since my heart's with him
because I gave him?
I need to think different,
how miserable, my heart burns,
I don't have to lose my hope,
you ladies all be careful and
guard yourselves from love>>

II. <<Ladies and damsels listen to me,
give me your advice and comfort,
for your honour,
you that know about love,
and tell me if I'm wrong,
that I loved the best flower,
my life, you know,
my heart, completely, he has taken
inside his own heart.
My beloved, may god help you,
when you'll have to sail,
I salute you a thousand times,
and I sigh for love a thousand times>>

(Attributed) Richard the Lionheart - Ja nuns hons pris

I. Ja nus hons pris ne dira sa raison
Adroitement, se dolantement non;
Mais par effort puet il faire chançon.
Mout ai amis, mais povre sont li don;
Honte i avront se por ma reançon
Sui ça deus yvers pris.

I. Never can a prisoner express his thoughts
With dexterity, if it is not also with suffering;
But to console himself he may compose a song.
Many friends have I, but poor are their/my gifts.
They will be ashamed if, for lack of my ransom,
I am for two winters a prisoner.

II. Ce sevent bien mi home et mi baron
Ynglois, Normant, Poitevin et Gascon
Que je n'ai nul si povre compaignon
Que je lessaisse por avoir en prison;
Je nou di mie por nule retraçon,
Mais encor sui [je] pris.

III. Or sai je bien de voir certeinnement
Que morz ne pris n'a ami ne parent,
Quant on me faut por or ne por argent.
Mout m'est de moi, mes plus m'est de ma gent,
Qu'aprés ma mort avront reprochement
Se longuement sui pris.

IV. N'est pas mervoille se j'ai le cuer dolant,
Quant mes sires met ma terre en torment.
S'il li membrast de nostre soirement
Quo nos feïsmes andui communement,
Je sai de voir que ja trop longuement
Ne seroie ça pris.

V. Ce sevent bien Angevin et Torain
Cil bacheler qui or sont riche et sain
Qu'encombrez sui loing d'aus en autre main.
Forment m'amoient, mais or ne m'ainment grain.
De beles armes sont ore vuit li plain,
Por ce que je sui pris

VI. Mes compaignons que j'amoie et que j'ain
Ces de Cahen et ces de Percherain
Di lor, chançon, qu'il ne sunt pas certain,
C'onques vers aus ne oi faus cuer ne vain;
S'il me guerroient, il feront que vilain
Tant con je serai pris.

VII. Contesse suer, vostre pris soverain
Vos saut et gart cil a cui je m'en clain
Et por cui je sui pris.

VIII. Je ne di mie a cele de Chartain,
La mere Loës.

II. My men and my barons know well
English, Normans, Poitevins, and Gascons
No companion of mine is such a poor one
That, for a matter of money, I would leave him in prison.
I am not saying this as a reproach:
But I am still a prisoner.

III. I know well, truly, and certainly now
That the dead and imprisoned have neither friends nor family,
Since I am abandoned, for a matter of gold and silver.
I feel sorry for myself, but more so for my people,
For after my death, it is they who will bear the brunt
If I am kept here for a long time, imprisoned.

IV. It is no wonder I have a sorrowful heart
For my lord rules my lands cruelly;
- my friend and torment[er] -
If he remembered the pledge
We made to each other, of one accord,
I know, well and truly, that I would never have been
kept for so long a prisoner.

V. Well do they know it - the Angevins and Tourains,
These young men who are rich and strong
That I am kept far from them in another's hands.
They used to love me dearly, but now they do not love me at all.
And so the plains are bereft of fine [feats of] arms
Since I have been a prisoner.

VI. To my companions whom I loved and [still] love
Those of Caen and those of the Perche
Tell them for me, o my song, that they are unfiable and unworthy
Though my heart was never false or flighty towards them;
They will be acting like scoundrels if they make war on me,
While I am imprisoned.

VII. Countess sister! Your sovereign fame
May he preserve whose help I claim,
Victim for whom am I!

VIII. I say not this of Chartres' dame,
Mother of Louis

Peirol d'Auvergne - Qant Amors trobet partit

I. Qan Amors trobet partit
mon cor de son pensamen,
d'una tenson m'asailhit
e podes auçir comen:

«Amics Peirols, malamen
vos anas de mi loinhan;
e pos en mi ni en chan
non es vostr'entençios,
digas pueis qe valres vos?»

II.«Amors, tan vos ai servit
e nulls peccatz no·s en pren,
e vos sabez qan petit
n'ai agut de jauzimen;
no·us uchaizon de nien,
sol qe·m fasas derenan
bona paz – als no·us deman,
qe nuls autres gizardos
no m'en pot esser tan bos.»

III. «Peirol, metes en oblit
la bona donna valen
qe tan gen vos acuilhit
e tan amorosamen,
tot per mon comandamen?
Trop aves leugier talan,
e no·n era ges semblan,
tan gais e tan amoros
eras en vostras chansos.»

IV. «Amors, anc mais no·n failhit
mas ar failh forsadamen,
e prec Dieu Jesus qe·m git
e qe trameta brieumen
entre·ls reis acordamen,
qe·l socors vai trop tarzan
ez auria mestier gran
qe·l marqes onratz e pros
n'ages mais de compainhos.»

I. When Love found that
my heart had left off thinking about her,
she attacked me with a tenso,
and you can hear how:

«Friend Peirol, you are wrong
to distance yourself from me;
since you will not fix your mind on me
or on singing, tell me: what are you worth?»

II. «Love, I have served you for a long time
and you know how little joy I have had from it,
and yet that inspires no sympathy in you;
I will not make any accusation against you,
provided that from now on you grant me
some peace - I ask nothing else
of you, for no other reward
could please me so much.»

III. «Peirol, are you forgetting
all about the good and noble lady
who welcomed you so sweetly
and so lovingly
all at my command?
You are too fickle
and yet there was never any sign
of this because you were so happy
and loving in your songs.»

IV. «Love, I never failed in this before,
but I fail now against my will,
and I pray to God that Jesus should be
my guide and make peace quickly between
the kings, for help (for the Holy land) is too long in coming and
the brave and worthy marquess
has great need of more companions.»

V. «Peirol, Turc ni Arabit
ges per vostr'envazimen
no laisseran Tor Davit!
Bon conseilh vos don e gen:
amas e chantas soven.
Ires vos e · l rei no · i van?
Veias las gerras qe fan,
ez esgardas dels baros,
cossi trobon ochaizos.»

VI. «Amors, se li rei no · i van,
del Dalfin vos dic aitan:
qe per gerras ni per vos
no remanrra, tant es pros.»

VII. «Peirol, mant amic partran
de lurs amigas ploran
qe, si Saladis non fos,
sai remanseran joios.»

V. «Peirol, the Turks and Arabs will never leave the Tower of David on account of your attacks! I'm giving you good and sound advice: love and sing often. Will you go there when the kings [themselves] won't? Look at the wars they wage and see how the barons find pretexts (for not going).»

VI. «Love, the kings might not be going, but I'll tell you this much about Dalfi: he is so worthy that he won't remain here on account of wars or for your sake.»

VII. «Peirol, many lovers will depart, weeping, from their ladies who would stay here and be joyful if it were not for Saladin.»

Chardon de Croisilles - Li departirs de la douce contree

I. Li departirs de la douce contree
ou la bele est m'a mis en grant tristor;
lessier m'estuet la riens qu'ai plus amee
por Damledieu servir, mon criator,
et neporquant tot remaing a Amor,
car tot li lez mon cuer et ma pensee:
se mes cors va servir Nostre Seignor
por ce n'ai pas fine amor oubliee.

II. Amors, ci a trop dure desevree
quant il m'estuet partir de la meillor
qui onques fust ne qui jamés soit nee;
tote a en li et biauté et valor,
nus ne s'en doit merveillier se j'en plor;
quant mes cors va fere sa destinee,
et mes fins cuers s'est ja mis el retor,
qui sanz fauser pense a ma dame et bee.

I. Departure from the sweet land where lives my beauteous one has put me into great sadness; I am constrained to leave the one I have loved the most in order to serve the Lord God my creator, and yet I belong completely to Love, since I leave it all my heart and my thoughts: if my body goes to serve Our Lord, I have not forgotten true love on this account.

II. Love, this is too hard a parting, when I am forced to leave the best lady who ever existed or who was ever born; in her is all beauty and worth, and none should marvel if I weep at this; when my body goes to fulfil its destiny, see how my noble heart has already begun its return journey, musing and longing after my lady.

III. Dame, en qui est et ma mort et ma vie,
dolens me part de vos plus que ne di;
mon cuer avez pieça en vo baillie:
retenez le, ou vos m'avez traï.
Dex, ou irai? ferai je noise ou cri,
quant il m'estuet fere la departie
de mon fin cuer et lessier a celi
qui ainc du sien ne me lessa partie?

III. Lady, in whom is my death and my life, I depart from you more grief-stricken than I say; henceforth you have my heart in your power: keep it, or you have betrayed me. God, where shall I go? Shall I utter loud laments or cries when I am constrained to divide myself from my noble heart and leave it with the one who has never left me part of hers?

IV. Cil faus amant par droit Amors mercie
des biens q'il a, més je fail a merci;
en losengier et en fauser s'afie,
més je du tout en biau servir m'afi;
ma loiauté me tout, jel sai de fi,
la joie q'ai par reson deservie;
moult me poise que je onques la vi,
quant fine amor por li si me defie.

IV. Love justly thanks the false lover for the profit it receives from him, but I obtain no pity; it trusts the flatterer and the fraud, but I trust entirely to noble service; my loyalty, I know this well, deprives me of the joy which I have rightly deserved; it greatly grieves me that I ever set eyes on her, when on her account true love so defies me.

V. Douce dame, qui mes cuers pas n'oublie,
ne me vueilliez, por Dieu, metre en oubli!
Jamés nul jor ne ferai autre amie;
pour Dieu vos pri, ne faites autre ami!
Més se je sai que vos gabez de mi,
ma mort n'ert pas entiere més demie;
ne ja de moi ne ferez anemi,
se loiauté ne m'i est anemie.

V. Sweet lady, whom my heart does not forget, for God's sake please do not forget me! Never will I ever seek another love; for God's sake, I beseech you, do not seek another lover! But if I learn that you are mocking me, I shall not die entirely, but only half; however you will not make an enemy of me if loyalty is not my enemy.

VI. Au departir, douce dame, vos pri
que ja por riens que losengiers
vos die ne m'oubliez, et je tot autresi
jamés vers vos ne ferai vilanie.

VI. At the moment of departure, sweet lady, I beg you, whatever a flatterer may say to you, do not forget me, and towards you I in turn will never behave basely.

Guiot de Dijon - Chanterai por mon corage

I. Chanterai por mon corage
que je vueill reconforter
car avec mon grant damage
ne vueill morir n'afoler
quant de la terre sauvage
ne voi nului retorner
ou cil est qui m'assoage
le cuer, quant j'en oi parler.

Dex, quant crieront 'Outree!'
Sire, aidiés au pelerin
par cui sui espaventee
car felon sunt Sarazin.

II. Soufrerai en tel estage
tant quel voie rapasser.
Il est en pelerinage
dont Dex le lait retorner!
Et, maugré tot mon lignage
Ne quier ochoison trover
D'autre face mariage
Folz est qui j'en oi parler.

Dex, quant...

III. De ce sui au cuer dolente
que cil n'est en Biauvoisis
Qui si sovent me tormente
Or n'en ai ne gieu ne ris.
S'il est biaus et je sui gente
Sire Dex, por quel feïs?
Quant l'uns a l'autre atalente
por coi nos as departis?

Dex, quant...

IV. De ce sui en bone atente,
que je son homage pris.
et quant la douce ore vente,
qui vient de cel douz pais

I. I will sing to comfort my heart,
since I do not want to die or go out of my
mind in my great suffering: for I see none
returning from that wild country where is
the one who soothes my heart when I
hear him spoken of.

God, when they shout 'Outree', help, oh
Lord, that pilgrim for whom I am afraid,
for cruel are the Saracens.

II. I will patiently keep my present state
until I see him come back. he is on
pilgrimage: God grant he may return.
And in spite of all my kindred I do not
wish to seek occasion to marry any other;
He is a fool whom I hear speaking of it.

God, when...

III. What pains my heart
is that he is not here at home
for whom I ache so much;
I have no delight or laughter.
He is handsome and I, lovely.
Lord God, why have you done this?
With so much desire for each other,
why have you parted us?

God, when...

IV. What gives me hope
is that I received his homage;
and when the sweet breeze blows
from that sweet land

ou cil est qui m'atalente,
volentiers i tor mon vis:
adont m'est vis que jel sente
par desoz mon mantel gris.

Dex, quant...

V. De ce sui mout deceüe,
que ne fui au convoier
sa chemise qu'ot vestue
m'envoia por embracier.
La nuit, quant s'amors m'argue
la met delez moi couchier
Mout estroit a ma char nue
por mes malz assoagier.

Dex, quant...

where he is whom I desire,
I gladly turn to face it;
then I seem to feel his touch
under my grey cloak

God, when...

V. What leaves me disappointed
is that I was not there to escort him out.
The pilgrim's tunic that he wore
he then sent back for me to caress.
At night, harried with love for him,
I lay it out beside me
for the night, next to my naked flesh,
to soothe away my pain

God, when...

ENSEMBLE MURMUR MORI

What would probably scandalize the jongleurs, if they lived today, would not be seeing their lyrics performed, but witnessing a show without Love. This belief generates the original expressiveness that characterizes the engaging concerts of the Murmur Mori ensemble where the audience often finds itself having an active role during the performance. Inspired by the popular Muse and the realities in which she still survives, since 2015 Mirkò Virginio Volpe and Silvia Kuro have been investigating jongleurs poetry and music from the 9th to the 13th century, working directly on the original sources, bringing the earliest lyrics and melodies from Italy back to life.

MUSICIANS AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Mirkò Virginio Volpe: chant [3, 8, 9, 10], guiterne [1, 2, 3, 5, 9], frame drum [4, 5, 6, 8, 11], tambourine [10], bells [1]
Silvia Kuro: chant [3, 5, 7, 9, 11] voice [1, 2, 6], nakers [1], tambourine, sleigh bells [4, 10], church bells [1], bells [4]
Alessandra Lazzarini: transverse flutes [1, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11]
Matteo Brusa: citole [2, 4, 6, 8, 10], darbouka [5, 9, 11], frame drum [3], riqq [5], cymbals [1]

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