

The Dance is the Song...the Song is the Dance: Texts and Translations

A note on the dances:

All of the pieces on this afternoon's program are in some way connected with dance. For some, dance and song were clearly meant to go together; for others, the connection is more haphazard: a newly-made dance that uses the music of an existing song tune, or a new text set to a well-known dance tune. In some cases it's impossible to know which came first, the song or the dance. Here's some of what we do know:

The pavane "Belle qui tiens" was published, along with a description of the steps for a generic pavane, in Thoinot Arbeau's *Orchesographie* (1589). Arbeau also published the branle "Cassandra," without any text; there are at least three different texts set to the tune, including "Vive Henri IV", which is presumably by Eustache du Caurroy (ca. 1600). The dance "So ben mi chi ha buon tempo," published by Cesare Negri (1602), uses music of the Vecchi piece of the same title. The text for "You London Dames" was to be sung to the tune of the Black Almain, an English dance that apparently became popular around 1570. (Only the dance will be performed this afternoon.) The dance "The Prince of Wales," by Anthony L'Abbé (1727), is set to the music of Handel's "Non è si vago e bello." In the dance notation, the music is titled simply "A Song" — an indication of how well known the tune was. (Only the song will be performed this afternoon.) The contredanse "La Matelotte," to music from *Alcione*, is by Raoul Auger (Anger) Feuillet (1706). The music was also used for at least two dance duos and a solo.

Thoinot Arbeau - Orchesographie

Belle qui tiens ma vie

Captive dans tes yeux,
Qui m'as l'âme ravie
D'un souris gracieux,
Viens tôt me secourir
Ou me faudra mourir.

Pourquoi fuis tu, mignarde,
Si je suis près de toi?
Quand tes yeux je regarde
Je me perds dedans moi,
Car tes perfections
Changent mes actions.

Tes beautés et ta grace,
et tes divins propos
Ont échauffé la glace
Qui me gelait les os,
et ont rempli le coeur
d'une amoureuse ardeur.

Mon âme voulait être
libre de passion;
Mais l'amour s'est fait maître
de mes affections
et a mis sous la loi
et mon coeur et ma foi.

Approche donc ma belle,
Approche toi mon bien,
Ne me sois plus rebelle
Puisque mon coeur est tien,
Pour mon mal appaiser
Donne moi un baiser.

My beauty, who holds my life

Captive in your eyes,
Who has ravished my soul
With a gracious smile.
Come quickly to help me
Or I must die.

Why do you flee, dainty one,
If I am near you?
When I behold your eyes
I am lost inside myself
Because your perfections
so affect my behavior.

Your beauties and your grace,
and your divine sentiments
have melted the ice
that had frozen my bones,
and have filled my heart
with an amorous passion.

My soul wished to be
free of passion;
but love has made himself master
of my affections
and has placed under his law
both my heart and my devotion.

Come near, my lovely one,
Come near, my dear one,
Do not resist me further
For my heart is yours,
To relieve my ills
Give me a kiss.

Cassandre - Bransle (Anonymous)

Vive Henri Quatre

Vive ce roi vaillant
ce diable à quatre
A le triple talent:
de boire et de battre,
et d'etre un vert galant.

Au diable guerres,
Rancunes et partis!
Comme nos pères
chantons en vrais amis,
Au choc des verres,
des roses et des lys.

Vive la France!
Vive Roi Henri!
Qu'à Reims on danse,
En disant comme Paris:
Vive la France!
Vive Roi Henri!

Long live Henry IV

Long live this valiant king
This fourfold devil
Of three talents:
Of drinking, fighting
And womanising.

To hell with wars,
Grudges and partisanship!
Like our fathers
Let us sing as true friends,
Clink the glasses,
The roses and the lilies.

Long live France!
Long live king Henry!
To Reims we dance
Singing as they do in Paris:
Long live France!
Long live king Henry!

Orazio Vecchi

So ben mi ch'ha bon tempo,

Al so, ma basta mo!
fa la la.

So ben ch'è favorito
Ahimè! no'l posso dir.
fa la la.

La ti darà martello,
Per farti disperar.
fa la la.

I know who's having a good time,

I know, but that's enough!
fa la la.

I know who's favored,
Alas! I can't say.
fa la la.

There they will beat you,
to make you despair.
fa la la.

Nicolaus Rosthius: German Galliard Songs

Mancher sich sehr wundern thut,

deß er doch nicht darff
Wie daß weder Gelt noch Gut
Sey bey Künsten scharff.
Wunder dich nicht gar zu sehr.
Nimm zu Herten diese Lehr:
Gelt ist der Kunst nicht werth.

Many people are quite puzzled

that it doesn't seem
that any wealth or good
is created with art.
Do not wonder too much.
Take this lesson to heart:
Art is not worth any money.

John Dowland: dance-songs

Awake, sweet loue, thou art returnd,

My hart, which long in absence mournd,
Liues now in perfect ioy.
Let loue, which never absent dies,
Now liue for ever in her eyes,
Whence came my first annoy.
Only herselfe hath seemed faire,
She only I could loue,
She only draue me to despaire,
When she vnkind did proue.
Despaire did make me wish to die;
That I my ioyes might end:
She only, which did make me flie,
My state may now amend.

If she esteeme thee, now aught worth,
She will not grieue thy loue henceforth,
Which so despaire hath proued.
Despaire hath proued now in mee,
That love will not vnconstant be,
Though long in vaine I loued.
If shee at last reward thy loue,
And all thy harmes repaire,
Thy happinesse will sweeter proue,
Raisd vp from deep despaire.
And if that now thou welcom be
When thou with her doest meet,
She all this while, but playde with thee,
To make thy ioyes more sweete.

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,
 thou 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 live thus still tormented:
 dear, but remember it was I
 who for thy sake did die contented.

Michel L'Affilard: dance-songs**SARABANDE TENDRE****Goûtons les doux plaisirs**

qu'un tendre amour inspire,
 aimons ses noeuds, ne les brisons jamais:
 Ah! cher Tircis (cher Iris), ton coeur soupire!
 Du Dieu d'amour, épuyons tous les traits;
 aimons ses noeuds, ne les brisons jamais.

Let us taste the sweet pleasures

that a tender love inspires,
 let us love his bonds, and never break them:
 Ah! dear Tircis (dear Iris), your heart sighs!
 Let us exhaust all the arrows of the God of Love;
 let us love his bonds, and never break them.

BOURREE**L'Amour fait répandre des larmes,**

mais ses biens en ont-ils moins de charmes?
 Gardon-nous d'éviter les peines
 que l'on souffre en portant ses chaînes;
 sur le nombre de nos soupirs,
 il mesure nos plaisirs.

Love makes tears flow,

but do its benefits have fewer charms?
 Be careful to avoid the pains
 one suffers in carrying his chains;
 by the number of our sighs,
 he measures our joys.

GIGUE**Quand l'Amour nous présente ses chaînes,**

D'un sort heureux il flate nos vœux;
 Mais bientôt les chagrins, et le peines,
 de ce vainqueur font sentir la rigueur:
 Evitons les Bergères cruelles;
 jusqu'à leur jeux, tout est dangereux;
 N'aimons point, on n'aimons que des belles,
 Dont la douceur fasse nôtre bonheur.

When Love offers us his chains,

he flatters our wishes for a happy fate;
 but soon the disappointments and pains,
 the cruelties of this conqueror are palpable:
 Let us avoid the cruel shepherdesses;
 everything is dangerous, even their games;
 we won't love at all; one should only love the beauties
 whose sweetness makes us happy.

COURANTE**Non, non, je n'aimerai jamais,**

un coeur trop tendre
 ne peut vivre en paix.
 L'Amour pour me surprendre,
 n'a que de vains attraits:
 plaignons le sort de tant d'Amants
 qui tous les jours éprouvent ses tourments,
 goûtons les fruits de nôtre indifférence;
 Ah! qu'elle a d'appas!
 On est cent fois plus heureux qu'on ne pense,
 quand on n'aime pas.

No, no, I will never love,

a heart too tender
 cannot live in peace.
 To overcome me, Love
 has nothing but impotent attractions:
 let us lament the fate of so many lovers
 who every day experience his torments,
 let us enjoy the fruits of our indifference;
 Ah! how satisfying they are!
 We are a hundred times happier when we realize
 that we are not in love.

André Campra: Le Ballet des Fragments - Menuet**Un jeune coeur ne peut trop tost se rendre,**

Suivez l'Amour et goûtez ses attraits!
 Si la raison nous deffend de nous rendre,
 N'écoutons rien que nos tendres desirs:
 C'est un plaisir de ressentir ses traits,
 C'est un tourment de s'en deffendre.
 Elle nous doit inviter aux plaisirs,
 quand elle veut se faire entendre.

A youthful heart cannot yield itself too soon,

follow Love and taste his appeal!
 If reason prevents us from giving in,
 let's listen to nothing except our tender desires:
 it is a pleasure to experience his darts,
 it is a torment to resist them.
 Reason herself must invite us to pleasures,
 when she is rightly understood.

Handel: Terpsichore (Passepied)

Hai tanto rapido, leggiero il piè,
Zeffiro appena potria il seguir.
Le Grazie invidiano i passi a te,
Amor li applaude, e sà gioir.
(*Terpsichore*)

You have such a quick, light foot,
that the west wind can scarcely follow it.
The Graces envy your steps,
Cupid applauds them, and takes delight.

Andre Campra: Hésione

Aymable vainqueur,
Cher Tyran d'un coeur,
Amour, dont l'empire,
Dont le martyre
sont pleins de douceur;
Joins mes charmes
L'effort de tes armes,
Hâte mon bonheur:
Tu peux, quand tu veux,
Nous bruler dans l'Onde,
Le flambeau du Monde
Brille de tes feux,
Tu sçais charmer,
Tu sçais désarmer
Le dieu de la Guerre,
Le dieu du Tonnerre,
Se laisse enflamer,
Dans les enfers,
Aux Cieux, sur la Terre,
Tout porte tes fers.
(*from Hésione - Campra*)

Adorable conqueror,
beloved tyrant of the heart,
Love, whose empire,
whose tortures
are full of sweetness;
Unite my delights,
with the efforts of your weapons,
hasten my happiness:
you can, when you wish,
make us boil in the waves,
the torch of the world
flames with your fire;
you know how to charm,
you know how to disarm
the god of war,
the god of thunder,
you allow them to burn
even in hell,
in the heaven, on the earth,
everyone carries your wounds.

A Song to Celia, who was forc'd to marry another - From Wit and Mirth, Thomas D'Urfey

Ah, tell me no more of your Duty or Vow,
That Change of Condition no Love can allow,
I still must Importune,
For what my curst Fortune,
Lost I know not how!
And since such ill chances have often been Common,
That Wealth or Women we're fated to lose;
'Tis fit we ourselves should mend such abuse;
And make with our fetters,
The best of bad matters;
In Wedlock's Trappan
by taking occasion,
To ease our wrong'd Passion
As well as we can.

Handel: Giulio Cesare

Non è sì vago e bello
il fior nel prato,
quant' è vago e gentile
il tuo bel volto.
D'un fiore il pregio a quello
solo vien dato,
mà tutto un vago Aprile
è in te raccolto.
(*Giulio Cesare*)

Not as charming and beautiful
is the flower in the meadow
as are the attractions and gentlnesses
of your lovely face.
A single prize can be given
to that flower,
but an entire dazzling April
is gathered up in you.

Jean-Baptiste Lully: Le Bougeois Gentilhomme Act 5 - Menuet

Ah! Qu'il fait beau dans ces bocages!

Ah! Que le Ciel donne un beau jour!
Le rossignol, sous ces tendres feuillages,
Chante aux échos son doux retour:
Ce beau séjour,
Ces doux ramages,
Ce beau séjour
Nous invite à l'amour.

Vois, ma Climène,
Vois sous ce chêne
S'entre-baiser ces oiseaux amoureux;
Ils n'ont rien dans leurs vœux
Qui les gêne;
De leurs doux feux
Leur âme est pleine.
Qu'ils sont heureux!
Nous pouvons tous deux,
Si tu le veux,
Être comme eux.

Amans malheureux,

si mille ecueils fascheux
troublé vos vœux,
le desespoir est les plus dangereux.
Quelque vent qui gronde,
l'amour calme l'onde,
peut-on perdre l'espoir
quand on connoist son pouvoir?
Pourquoy craignons-nous
qui l'amour ne nous engage,
si c'est un Orage
le calme est moins doux.
Suivons nos desirs
a pres quelque soupirs on arrive aux plaisirs.
Pourquoy perdre un jour,
Mettons a la voile,
nous avons pour étoile,
le flambeau de l'amour.

(Alcione: La Matelotte - Marais)

Ah! How lovely it is in these groves!

Ah, heaven has granted a beautiful day!
The nightingale, beneath these tender leaves,
sings to the echoes its sweet return:
this lovely place,
These sweet noises,
This lovely place
invites us to love.

See, my Climène,
see, beneath this bough
the loving birds kiss each other;
They have nothing in their vows
that annoy them;
Their sweet passion
fills their souls.
How happy they are!
We two, if you wish,
could be
just like them.

Marais: Alcione - La Matelotte

Unhappy lovers,

if a thousand obstructing shoals
disturb your desires,
despair is the most dangerous.
winds may howl,
love calms the waves,
how can you lose hope
when you know its power?
Why do we fear
for love to strike us;
even if it is a tempest
calm weather is less sweet.
Let us follow our desires;
righ after some sighs, one arrives at pleasures.
Why lose a single day;
let us set sail.
we will have as a guiding star
the flame of love.