

## 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.

### Jehan Chardavoine - Alta Morona

**Une jeune fillette de noble coeur,**  
Plaisante et joliette de grand valeur,  
Outre son gré on l'a rendu nonette,  
Cela point ne luy haicte,  
Dont vit en grand douleur.

**A young girl of noble heart,**  
pleasant and pretty, of great worth,  
was made a nun against her will,  
which did not suit her at all,  
and so she lived in great sadness.

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

One evening after compline, all alone,  
in great melancholy she tormented herself  
saying, Sweet virgin Mary,  
bring my life to an end, for I must die.

A Dieu vous dy les filles de mon pays,  
Puis qu'en ceste Abbaye me faut mourir,  
En attendant de mon Dieu la sentence,  
Je vy en esperance d'en avoir reconfort.

Adieu to you, daughters of my land,  
for in this Abbey I must die.  
Awaiting my God's judgment,  
I live in hope of receiving comfort from it.

(translation ©Scott Metcalfe)

### Jog On (from Shakespeare's *The Winter's Tale*, Act IV, sc. iii)

**Jog on,** jog on, the footpath way,  
and merrily hent the stile-a:  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

Cast care away, let sorrow cease,  
A fig for melancholy;  
Let's laugh and sing, or, if you please,  
We'll frolic with sweet Dolly.

Your paltry money-bags of gold,  
What need have we to stare for?  
When little or nothing soon is told,  
And we have the less to care for.

### Marin Marais: Alcione – La Matelotte

**Amans malheureux,**  
si mille ecueils fascheux  
troublé vos voeux,  
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?

**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?

## John Dowland and Thomas Campion: dance-songs

### **Now, O now I needs must part,**

parting though I absent mourn,  
absence can no joy impart,  
joy once fled cannot return.  
While I live I needs must love,  
love lives not when hope is gone,  
Now at last despair doth prove,  
love divided loveth none.  
Sad despair doth drive me hence,  
This despair unkindness sends.  
If this parting be offence,  
it is she which then offends.

**Flow my tears** fall from your springs,  
Exilde for ever let me mourne  
Where nights black bird hir sad infamy sings,  
There let mee live forlorne.

Downe vaine lights shine you no more,  
No nights are dark enough for those  
That in dispaire their lost fortune deplore,  
Light doth but shame disclose.

Never may my woes be relieved,  
Since pitie is fled,

**What if I never speed,** shall I straight yield to despair,  
And still on sorrow feed that can no loss repair:  
Or shall I change my love, for I find power to depart,  
And in my reason prove I can command my heart.  
But if she will pity my desire and my love requite,  
Then ever shall she live my dear delight.  
Come, come, come, while I have a heart to desire thee,  
Come, come, come, for either I will love or admire thee.

### **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.

### **My sweetest Lesbia,** let us live and love.

And, though the sager sort our deeds reprove,  
Let us not weigh them. Heav'n's great lamps  
do dive Into their west, and straight again revive.  
But soon as once set is our little light,  
Then must we sleep one ever-during night.

And teares, and sighes, and grones my wearie dayes,  
Of all joyes have deprived.

From the highest spire of contentment,  
My fortune is throwne,  
And feare, and griefe, and paine for my deserts,  
Are my hopes since hope is gone.

Harke you shadowes that in darknesse dwell,  
Learne to contemne light,  
Happie, happie they that in hell  
Feele not the worlds despite.

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

### 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.

### RIGAUDON

**Tu vantes en vain**  
Ton Iris et son tein  
Mois brillant que ce jus  
que fait couler Bacchus;  
C'est un Dieu toujours aimable,  
Il prodigue la liqueur  
Qui nous réjouit le coeur:  
Mais Iris est moins traitable,  
Mille Amants soupirée de ses feux;  
En est-il d'heureux?

**You boast in vain**  
of your Iris and her bosom;  
it sparkles less than that juice  
that Bacchus pours out;  
He's a very kind god,  
he offers the liquor  
which refreshes the heart:  
but Iris is less tractable,  
a thousand lovers sigh at her flames;  
and are they happy?

### 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 Bergeres 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.

## Jean-Philippe Rameau: Castor et Pollux, Act IV, "les Ombres heureuses"

### LOURE

**Ici se lève l'aurore**  
Qui brille et dure toujours;  
Les jours sereins, les beaux jours  
S'empresent ici d'éclorre.  
Heureux qui finit son cours,  
Pour voir naître ici l'aurore,  
Qui brille et dure toujours.

**Here the dawn rises**  
which shines and lasts forever;  
the serene days, the beautiful days  
hurry here to blossom.  
Happy are those who finish their course,  
to see the dawn rise here,  
which shines and lasts forever.

### **GAVOTTE**

#### **Sur les Ombres fugitives**

L'Amour lance encor des feux;  
Mais il ne fait sur ces rives  
Qu'un peuple d'amants heureux.  
Les plaisirs les plus aimables  
Naissent plutôt que leurs vœux,  
Ils sont purs, ils sont durables.

### **MENUET CHANTÉ**

#### **Dans ces doux aziles,**

Par nous soyez couronnez, venez,  
aux plaisirs tranquilles  
ces lieux charmants sont destinez.  
Ce fleuve enchanté, l'heureux Léthé  
coule ici parmi les fleurs,  
on ni voit ni douleurs,  
ni souci, ni langueurs, ni pleurs,  
L'oubli emporte avec lui  
Que les soins et l'ennui,  
Ce Dieu nous laisse sans cesse  
le souvenir du plaisir.

### **AIR**

#### **Autant d'amours que des fleurs,**

Autant d'amants que des belles,  
Des belles toujours fidèles,  
Des amants toujours vainqueurs,  
Et des fleurs toujours nouvelles!

#### **Upon the fleeting shades**

Cupid still shoots some fire;  
but on these banks he creates  
a populace of happy lovers alone.  
The most delightful pleasures  
are born sooner than wished-for;  
they are pure, they are lasting.

#### **In these sweet refuges,**

be crowned by us, come,  
for tranquil pleasures  
these charming spots are destined.  
This enchanted stream, happy Lethe,  
runs here among the flowers,  
One sees no sorrow, no cares,  
neither languors nor tears here;  
forgetfulness take away with it  
all the cares and tedium;  
this God leave with us, forever,  
the memory of pleasure.

#### **As many loves as there are flowers,**

as many lovers as there are beauties,  
beauties always faithful,  
lovers always successful,  
and flowers always fresh!

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