



Songs of the Trobairitz: Medieval Composer Girl-Power

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The Birth of Fin Amors



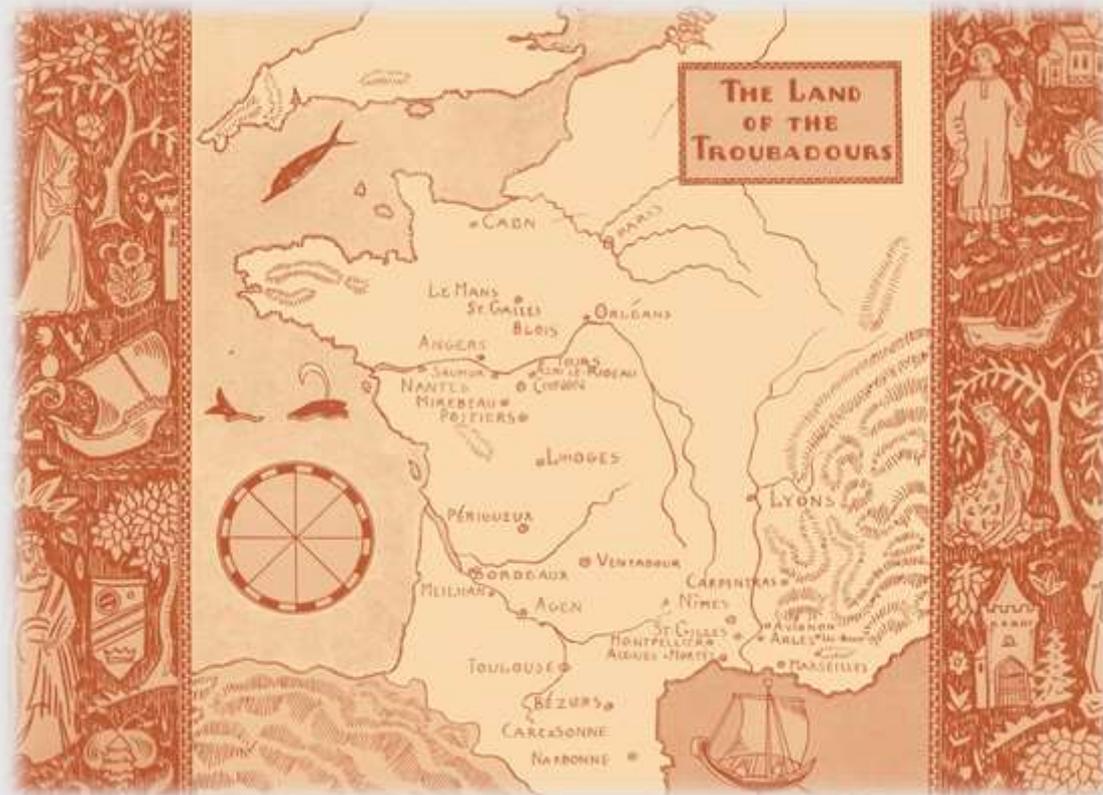
No man has never had the cunning to imagine
What it is like, he will not find it in will or desire
In thought or mediation.
Such joy you cannot find its like:
A man who tried to praise it justly
would not come to the end of his praise in a year

Every joy must abase itself
And every might obey
In the presence of Midons,
for the sweetness of her welcome
For her beautiful and gentle look
And a man who wins to the joy of her love
Will live a hundred years

The joy of her can make the sick man well again
and her wrath can make a well man die,
...the courtliest man can become a churl,
And any churl a courtly man...



The Birthplace of the Troubadour



Troubadours & Courtly Love

E, Dame Jolie
(ch. damma zho-lee-ay)

Trouvere song circa. 1200

Poetic rendering by Master Efenwealt Wytstle
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based on a literal translation from Historical Anthology of Music, vol 1

E, dame jolie
Mon cuer sans fauceir
Met en vostre bailie
Ke ne sai vo peir

So vant me voix conplaignant
Et an mon cuer dolosant
D'u ne ma laid die

Dont tous li mous an amant
Doit avoir le cuer joiant
Cui teilz malz maistrie

Si forment magrie
Li douls malz da meir
Ke par sa signorie
Me covient chanteir



Oh, dear lady, gentle and fair
Know my words are true
I leave my heart within your care
For none compare to you

Long the hours I grieve, complain
In my heart I know such pain
Though in truth I should delight

Any lover, any man
In my place would gladly stand
suff'ring from this tragic plight

Such the joy and gladness you bring
Grief shall I withstand
So I'll rejoice, yes I shall sing
At my heart's command

Dante's Poem for Beatrice: "I Feel My Heart Awaken"



*Io mi senti' svegliar dentro a lo core
Un spirito amoroso che dormia:
E poi vidi venir da lungi Amore
Allegro sì, che appena il conoscia,*

*Dicendo: "Or pensa pur di farmi onore";
E 'n ciascuna parola sua ridia.
E poco stando meco il mio signore,
Guardando in quella parte onde venia,*

*Io vidi monna Vanna e monna Bice
Venire inver lo loco là 'v'io era,
L'una appresso de l'altra miriviglia;*

*E sì come la mente mi ridice,
Amor mi disse: "Quell'è Primavera,
E quell'ha nome Amor, sì mi somiglia."*

I felt awoken in my heart
a loving spirit that was sleeping;
and then I saw Love coming from far away
so glad, I could just recognize.

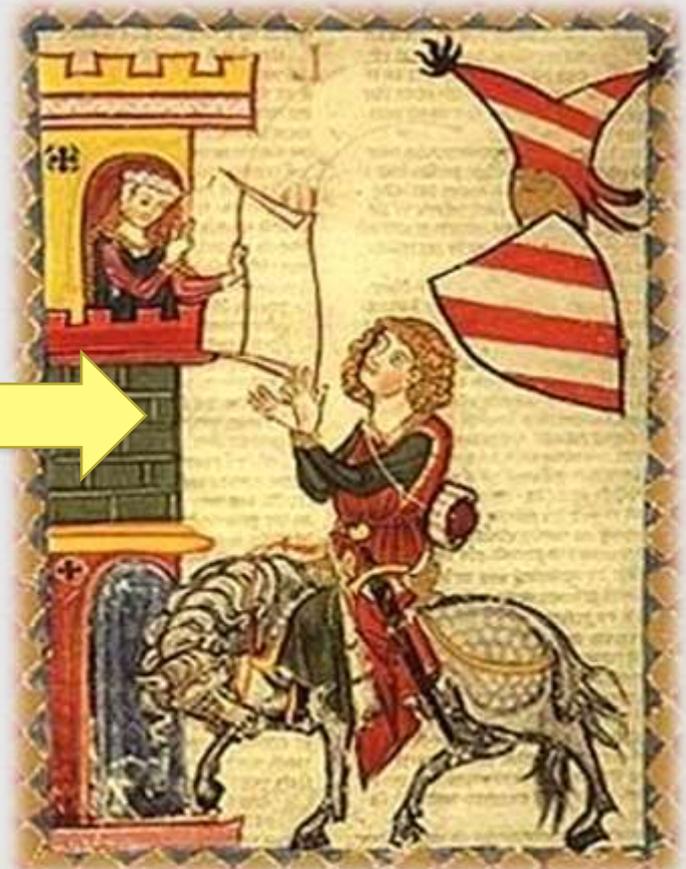
saying "you think you can honor me",
and with each word laughing.
And little being with me my lord,
watching the way it came from,

I saw lady Joan and lady Bice
coming towards the spot I was at,
one wonder past another wonder.

And as my mind keeps telling me,
Love said to me "She is Spring who springs first,
and that bears the name Love, who resembles me."

A Revolution of the Heart

∞



The Trobairitz' Find Their Voice



The Crusades

– Mixed Blessings



Troubadour Marcabru wrote was a male's rendition from a female perspective, a "transformation of the Pastorela, or shepherdess' song".

'Her eyes welled up beside the fountain,
And she sighed from the depths of her heart.
"Jesus," she said, "King of the world,
Because of You my grief increases,
I am undone by your humiliation,
For the best men of this whole world
Are going off to serve you, that is your pleasure.

....I do believe
That God may pity me
In this next world, time without end,
Like many other sinners, but here
He wrests from me the one thing
that made my joy increase, Nothing Matters now,
for he has gone so far away."



Power Influences Prose



Trobairitz' Call Balderdash



“He’s Dying
for Lack of
your Love...”

“...Well, Then
He Should
Apologize.”

[Lady-?] Almucs, with your permission
let me request that in place
of anger and bad grace
you show a kinder disposition
toward him who slowly dying lies
lamenting amidst moans and sighs
and humbly begs reprieve;
but if you want him dead let him receive
the sacraments, to guarantee
that he'll refrain from doing further injury.

Lady Iseut if he showed some contrition
he might be able to erase
the effects of his disgrace
and I might grant him some remission;
but I think I'd be unwise,
since by his silence he denies
the wrong he's done, to in any way relieve
a man who was so eager to deceive.
Still, if you can get him to repent his
perfidy
you'll have no trouble in converting me.

Glorified vs. Quantified



Our Secret Love

Bernart de Ventadorn
Fl. 1150-1180

I love Midons and cherish her so much
Fear her and attend to her so much
I have never dared to speak to her of myself
And I ask her for nothing, and I send her nothing.
But she knows my sorrow and my pain,
And when it pleases her, I make do with less
So that no blame should touch her.



Hey You! I Love You...

Isabella

Elias Cairel, I want to know
The truth about the love we two
Once had; so tell me, please
Why you've given it to someone else...

Trobairitz' & Troubadours

- Common Ground



Sweet handsome friend, I can tell you truly
that I've never been without desire
since it pleased you that I have you as my courtly lover;
nor did a time ever arrive, sweet handsome friend,
when I didn't want to see you often;
nor did I ever feel regret, nor did it ever come to pass, if
you went off angry,
that I felt joy until you had come back; nor . .

TIBORS

Troubadairitz: Suffering for Love



A cantar m'er de so qu'eu no volria (In Modern Notation)

A cantar m'er de so qu'ieu non volri - a, tant me ran-cur de lui cui sui a-mi - a,
car eu l'am mais que nuilla renquesi - a; vas lui no.m val mer-ces ni cor-tesi - a
ni ma beltatz ni mos pretz ni mossens, c'atressi.m sui en-ga-na-da et tra-hi - a
com de-gr'e - sser s'ieu fos de - sa - vi - nens.

The image shows a musical score for a troubadour song. It consists of four staves of music, each with a treble clef and a common time signature (C). The notes are written in a modern notation style, with stems and beams. The lyrics are written below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes. The lyrics are in Occitan and describe the suffering of a troubadour for love.

The Courtly Love Renaissance in Future Generations



Francesco Landini [1325-1397] | Angelica Bilta

Angelica biltà venut'è in terra:
Dunque ciascun c'ama veder belleçça
Virtù atti veçosi e legiadria.
Vengha veder costei che sol vagheça,
Arà di lei si com'à l'alma mia
Ma non credo con pace tanta guerra.
Angelica biltà venut'è in terra.

Angelic beauty has arrived on earth.
Therefore, anyone who loves to look upon
Beauty, virtue, charming and graceful gestures,
Should come to see her, for he will have from
her
Only loveliness, just as my own soul has.
But I do not believe warfare will bring peace.
Angelic beauty has arrived on earth.

Trying Your Hand at Trobairitz/Troubadour Song Writing



You say I am fair as the roses in spring
At the alter of beauty you pray

But beauty is fleeting, a bird on the wing,
Far fairer flowers bloom new every day
It seems your love is easy
And like a rose, may fade

If one were want to please me
I'd have surer proof of what thy love is made
And you've yet to win this maid

An Ode to “Awesome”



- ❧ Alais Iselda and Carena
- ❧ Alamanda de Castelnau
- ❧ Almucs de Castelnau and Iseut de Capiro
- ❧ Azalais d'Altier
- ❧ Azalais de Porcairagues
- ❧ Beatriz de Diá
- ❧ Beatritz de Romans
- ❧ Castelloza
- ❧ Clara d'Anduza
- ❧ Felipa
- ❧ Garsenda de Proença
- ❧ Gaudairença
- ❧ Gormonda de Monpeslier
- ❧ Guillelma de Rosers
- ❧ Domna H.
- ❧ Lambarda
- ❧ Maria de Ventadorn
- ❧ Tibors de Sarenom
- ❧ Ysabella
- ❧ Anonymous

