



CWRU FACULTY CONCERT

Monday, October 10TH, 2024 / 4:00 PM / MIXON HALL - CIM

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

“Can vei la lauzeta mover” Bernart de Ventadorn (1135-1194). Translation by W.D. Snodgrass

Now when I see the skylark lift
His wings for joy in dawn's first ray
Then let himself, oblivious, drift
For all his heart is glad and gay,
Ay! such great envies seize my thought
To see the rapture others find,
I marvel that desire does not
Consume away this heart of mine.

Alas, I thought I'd grown so wise;
In love I had so much to learn:
I can't control this heart that flies
To her who pays love no return.
Ay! Now she steals, through love's sweet theft,
My heart, my self, my world entire;
She steals herself and I am left
Only this longing and desire.

Losing control, I've lost all right
To rule my life; my life's her prize
Since first she showed me true delight
In those bright mirrors, her two eyes.
Ay! once I'd caught myself inside
Her glances, I've been drowned in sighs,
Dying as fair Narcissus died
In streams that mirror captive skies.

Deep in despair, I'll place no trust
In women though I did before;
I've been their champion so it's just
That I renounce them evermore;
When none will lift me from my fall

When she has cast me down in shame,
Now I distrust them, one and all,
I've learned too well they're all the same.

She acts as any woman would -
No wonder I'm dissatisfied;
She'll never do the things she should;
She only wants all that's denied
Ay! now I fall in deep disgrace,
A fool upon love's bridge am I;
No one knows how that could take place
Unless I dared to climb too high.

All mercy's gone, all pity lost -
Though at the best I still knew none -
Since she who should yield mercy most
Shows me the least of anyone.
Wrongful it seems, now, in my view,
To see a creature love's betrayed
Who'd seek no other good but you,
Then let him die without your aid.

Since she, my Lady, shows no care
To earn my thanks, nor pays Love's rights
Since she'll not hear my constant prayer
And my love yields her no delights,
I say no more; I silent go;
She gives me death; let death reply.
My lady won't embrace me so
I leave, exiled to pain for aye.

Mater Hierusalem civitas

Mater sancta Dei carissima te amat cor meum
pulcritudinem tuam nimium desiderat mens mea.
O quam decora quam generosa tu es et macula
non est in te in quibus iucundum.
Alleluia, sine intermissione concinitur. Alleluia.

Beati qui habitant in domo tua domine,
laudabunt te in saecula saeculorum, Alleluia

Hier, in meines Vaters Stätte,
Findt mich ein betrübter Geist.
Da kannst du mich sicher finden
Und dein Herz mit mir verbinden,
Weil dies meine Wohnung heißt.

Come rosa in su la spina
presto viene e presto va,
tal con fuga repentina
passa il fior della beltà.

Mother Jerusalem, city

Holy Mother of God, my dearest heart loves you,
my mind greatly desires your beauty.
Oh, how beautiful, how noble you are, and there
is no blemish in you, in whom there is joy.
Alleluia, it is sung without ceasing. Alleluia.

Blessed are those who dwell in your house,
Lord, they will praise you forever and ever,

Alleluia Here, in my Father's place

A distressed spirit finds me.
Here you can certainly find me
And unite your heart with me,
Since this is called my dwelling.

As the rose upon the thorn

Arrives quickly and quickly goes;
Thus with hasty flight
The flower of beauty fades.