



Sunday 24 October, 7.30pm
St Martin's Church

FIVE MARIAN LEGENDS

Joglaresa

Belinda Sykes *director*

Victoria Couper *voice*

Jeremy Avis *voice*

May Robertson *fidel, voice*

Jordan Murray *percussion, dulcimer, voice*

Louise Anna Duggan *percussion, harp, voice*

Elsa Bradley *percussion, dulcimer, voice*

joined by BREMF Community Choir

Andrew Robinson *director*

This concert is dedicated to the memory of Lisette Petrie, Harriet Topping and Stone Adams

The music

In honour of Alfonso el Sabio's 800th birthday this November, we have assembled a programme of some of the *Cantigas de Santa Maria*'s most charming folk tales of Virgin Mary legends.

Santa Maria strela do dia	Cantiga de Santa Maria, C13th Spain
Cuncti simus concanentes	Llibre Vermell de Montserrat, C14th Catalonia
Sempr'acha Santa Maria (The Knight who Got Castrated)	Cantiga de Santa Maria, C13th Spain
U alguen a Jesucristo (The Knight who Became the Devil's Vassal)	C13th Spain
Durme mi linda doncella	Traditional Judeo-Spanish, Sarajevo
'Ana wallahi 'asluhu li-lmaali	Text: Wallada of Cordoba d. 1091 / Music: B Sykes
Quen Bona Dona	Cantiga de Santa Maria, C13th Spain
Ave Gloriosa	Anonymous, C13th France
Bailemos!	Text: Airas Nunes c. 1230-1293 / Music: B Sykes (with a nod to R Temperton)

short interval

Bailava en Tetuán	Traditional Arabic/Judeo-Spanish, Morocco
Ali u a pēedença (The Thieving Knight)	Cantiga de Santa Maria, C13th Spain
Se ome fezer de grado (The Merciful Knight)	Cantiga de Santa Maria, C13th Spain
A Virgen que de Deus Madre (The 'Killer Rabbit' instrumental)	Cantiga de Santa Maria, C13th Spain
De muitas guisas (The Imprisoned Knight)	Cantiga de Santa Maria, C13th Spain
Esta muntanya d'enfrente	Traditional Judeo-Spanish, Turkey
Douce dame jolie	Guillaume de Machaut 1300–1377

The 420 Cantigas de Santa Maria, composed and set to music at the court of King Alfonso X of Castile in the second half of the 13th century, and collected in four richly decorated manuscripts, are songs in praise and celebration of the Virgin Mary, composed in the Galician language which at the time was the main Iberian medium for courtly poetry. The Cantigas de Santa Maria were a work dear to the King's heart, an exemplary act of devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary in which he was personally involved (though perhaps not as directly as is often assumed), and which formed part of his own search for salvation.

The Cantigas are divided into *loores* (hymns and songs in praise of the Virgin) and *miragres* (narratives of her miracles). The distinction between the two types of composition is reflected in the architecture of all of the Cantigas manuscripts, which are built around rosary-like sequences of nine *miragres* followed by a *lor*. Both types of Cantiga are represented in tonight's programme. While many of the stories retold in the *miragres* are drawn from well-known international sources, others are unique to this collection, and reveal an energetic search for Spanish and Portuguese miracles, particularly from Southern shrines.

Stephen Parkinson Director of Oxford University's Centre for the Study of the Cantigas de Santa Maria

The performers

For 25 years Joglearesa has followed the flow of modal music through time and across continents, from the 'Dark' Ages to the present day. It can be tempting to think of music's journey through time and space in terms of an unquestioned, and limited, search for 'differences' or 'progress'. However, in comparison the connections and continuities are much stronger, infinitely more human, and more completely linked to other aspects of life and living. Bringing alive these connections, joining hands with musicians through time and space, is at the centre of Joglearesa's music-making. Our modern-but-modal arrangements are the essence of our singing and playing, making '*all time ... eternally present*'. We want fellow minstrels from across time to step out of the history books and join us in our concerts and recordings right here and now.

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The texts

Santa Maria, Strela do dia

Holy Mary,
Star of the day
show us the way to God
and guide us.

Cuncti simus concanentes

Let us all sing together: Ave Maria!

When the Virgin was alone an angel appeared.
He was named Gabriel,
sent from heaven. His face was radiant
and he said to her 'Ave Maria'

His face was radiant and he said to her
(Listen my friends)
'Thou shalt be a mother, Mary: Ave Maria'

'Thou shalt be a mother, Mary
(Listen my friends)
And thou shalt bring forth a son: Ave Maria'

'And thou shalt bring forth a son
(Listen my friends)
And thou shalt name him Jesus: Ave Maria'

Sempr'acha Santa Maria

Holy Mary will always find good reason
to guard those she loves from evil ways.

And she made sure that he did not lose his eyes,
his feet or his hands
nor any other part of his body,
all remaining unharmed
but if the devil put licentious thoughts of sin
in his mind, that he could not join that sport

And for all that he was eager to seek pleasure
in no way could he do anything about it.
This is what the Blessed Virgin did to keep him
for herself
for she knows very well how to save those who
are hers.

U alguen a Jesucristo

When someone through his sins denies Jesus Christ,
if he firmly trusts in His Mother, She will have him
pardoned.

[Devil:] 'If you do my bidding, I shall restore all your
wealth to you.'

The man replied: 'Tell me what I may do for you,
and I shall do it at once.'

The devil said: 'Agree to be my vassal, and I shall
give you much more than you lost.'
And the man agreed to it.

Durme, durme mi linda doncella

Sleep, my beauty, sleep without worry or pain.
Here is your slave who ardently wants
to see your dreams.
For two years my soul has suffered
for you, my joy, my beauty.

'Ana wallahi 'asluhu li-Imaali

*Wallada bint al-Mustakfi (daughter of the Caliph
Mustakfi) was a beautiful and powerful 'influencer'
of her day. She had the text of this song
embroidered into her gown.*

I am, by Allah, fit for glory, and I go my way with
grace and pride! I could kiss anyone but reserve
my cheeks for my man.

Quen bona dona querra

He who would praise a good lady should praise Her
who has no equal. Holy Mary.
He will not find Her equal for She was the mother of
God. Holy Mary.
For She was the mother of God and was and will
ever be a virgin. Holy Mary.
And was and will ever be a virgin, and therefore sits
beside Him. Holy Mary.
Therefore she sits beside Him, where She will always
plead for us. Holy Mary.
She will always plead for us and will win pardon for
us. Holy Mary.
And will win pardon for us and will defeat the devil.
Holy Mary.
And will defeat the devil and raise us to be with Her.
Holy Mary.

Ave gloriosa

Hail, glorious queen of virgins.
Noble vine, medicine of life, balm of mercy.
Hail, copious pool of grace,
cleanse us from the polluted water of flesh.

Bailemos nos tres

*The Galician troubadour Airas Nunes was a poet
at the court of Sancho IV of Castile – the son of
Alfonso X of Castile. Alfonso was responsible for
commissioning the Cantigas de Santa Maria, so
Airas was probably aware of, and possibly helped
with, their compilation.*

Let's all three dance together, dear friends,
under the blossoming hazel trees,
and any girl as pretty as we, dear friends,
if she has a lover, will come to dance!

Bailava en Tetuán

I saw a Moorish girl dancing in Tetuán.
'Come with me pretty Moorish girl!
Come and dance in my castle!'

Ali u a penedença

We play this as an instrumental arranged by Elsa Bradley who starts with an improvisation on the dulcimer. However, if you want to know the story of The Thieving Knight, here is the synopsis:

A knight in Alexandria was a wicked robber. When he grew old, he acknowledged his sins and went to a holy man to confess them. The holy man told him to go on pilgrimage to the Holy Land, to fast or to give alms, but the knight refused. The hermit then asked him to fetch him a tankard full of water, to win pardon for his sins. The knight tried to fill the tankard, but he could not catch a drop. For two years he could not get any water, not even a sip to drink. He prayed to the Virgin, asking her to let him fill his tankard. As he said this, he wept and two tears landed in it and filled it immediately. He went to the hermit and told him how the Virgin had filled the whole tankard with two tears. When the hermit saw the miracle, he praised the Virgin.

Se ome fezér de grado

If anyone freely gives the Virgin a favour she will give him a sign that it pleases her.

On this I will tell a miracle which you will enjoy performed by Holy Mary with kindness and love for a very good knight, her willing servant who devoted his heart and his mind to her service.

He had a son whom he loved more than life itself but another knight killed him, and in his grief he captured him and was ready to kill him as he had killed his son, with no hope of reprieve

And as he led away his captive, he went into a church, and his prisoner followed him, without him noticing, but as soon as he saw the statue of the Virgin, he released him there and then and the statue bent its head and said 'I thank you'.

A Virgen que de Deus Madre (The 'Killer Rabbit' instrumental)

Brief synopsis: a man roasts a rabbit, chokes on its bones, but is saved by the Virgin Mary.

De muitas guisas los presos

The Glorious Blessed Virgin Mary has many ways to free prisoners, such is her power with God the Father.

On this theme I will tell you of a great miracle which

She performed for a knight renowned for his valour and his courtliness, and a faithful servant of the nobleman who was his master.

He was taken prisoner while in his service, and was thrown into a dark prison and put in chains, by greedy folk

who hoped to ransom him. But his lord and master had no thought for him and he called upon Holy Mary night and day in his great distress asking her to come to his aid as the merciful Lady she is and to rescue him from his dire imprisonment.

And as he lay in irons, with fetters on his wrists and a chain around his neck

Holy Mary, the mother of Jesus Christ, who breaks open prison cells, appeared to him and wasted no time in loosing his chains and said to him 'Arise and flee this foul dungeon'.

Esta muntanya

This mountain in front is on fire and burning.
There I sought my love: I sit down and weep.
Flowering tree that I keep in my garden
that I grew and nurtured others now enjoy you.
I would discover secrets, secrets of my life
I would have the sky for paper,
the sea I would have for ink.
The trees for pen to write of my ills.
No-one knows of my sorrow.
Neither strangers nor kin.

Douce dame jolie

Fair, sweet lady, for God's sake do not think that any woman has mastery over me, save you alone.

For always without deceit I have cherished you and humbly served you all the days of my life, without any base thought.
Alas! I am bereft of hope and help;
and so my joy is ended,
unless you take pity on me.

But your sweet dominion rules my heart so harshly as to torment and bind it with love, so that it desires nothing but to be in your power;
and yet your heart will grant it no relief.

And since my sickness can never be cured save by you, sweet enemy, who rejoice at my torment, with hands clasped I pray that your heart, since it neglects me, will kill me quickly, for I have languished too long.