

## Schola Cantorum Basiliensis

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# Werkstatt «Emotionen in der Praxis» mit Studierenden und Dozierenden der Schola Cantorum Basiliensis

im Rahmen des internationalen Symposiums  
der Schola Cantorum Basiliensis

**Authentisch? Zum Umgang mit Emotionen in der Alten Musik**  
23.–25. November 2023

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Samstag, 24. November 2023, 14.00 –16.00 Uhr

Neuer Saal, Musik-Akademie Basel, Leonhardsstrasse 6, 4051 Basel

Eintritt frei

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1. Gampen-Consort der SCB: Juliette Guichard, Feliks Antipov, Tirza Albach, Victor Mériaux, Louison Saille (Betreuung: Rebeka Rusó)  
**Semper Dowland semper dolens (John Dowland, 1563–1626)**
2. Annelise Ellars  
**Video: “Alas, alas” (Walter Frye ?–before 1475)**
3. Karin Weston und Elizabeth Sommers  
**Lanquand li jorn (Jaufre Rudel, fl. 1125–1148), F-Pn Fr. 20050, fol. 81v**
4. Mélina Perlein-Féliers  
**Ancidetemi pur, per l’Arpa, aus: Secondo Libro de Ricercate, & altri varij Capricci, Napoli 1615 (Giovanni Maria Trabaci, 1575–1647)**
5. Studierende der Violinklassen der SCB: Violine: Noam Lelior Gal, Priscila Rodrigues Santo da Silva, Irene Callieri, Jaume Guri Battle, Marguerite Wassermann, Oliver Clayton, Sepideh Nikoukar, Loïc Simonet; Viola: Charlotte Höhler, Anne Sophie van Riel; Cello: Alina Mayer Whitla; Cembalo: Zuguang Xiao (Betreuung: Amandine Beyer)  
**Streichersinfonie in C-Dur, Wq 182/3 (Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach, 1714–1788)**

### 2. Walter Frye: Alas, alas is my chief song (Modern English)

Alas, alas, alas is my chief song: For pain and woe none other can I sing.

Instead of rest, a sad tale I will tell again, searching for my unease and death.

The cause of my woe is separation. The longer it lasts, the more biting the pain. Like the true turtledove, all change forswearing, “Welcome my death”, “Welcome my certain death” I sing and lament.

### 3. Jaufre Rudel: Lanquand li jorn

Four coblas and translation from the edition *The Songs of the Troubadours and Trouvères: An Anthology of Poems and Melodies*, eds. Samuel Rosenberg, Margaret Switten, and Gerard Le Vot, 2013, 56–57.

Lanquand li jorn son lonc en mai  
M'es bels douz chans d'auzels de loing,  
E quand me sui partitz de lai  
Remembra.m d'un'amor de loing;  
Vauc de talan enbroncs e clis,  
Si que chans ni flors d'albispis  
No.m platz plus que l'inverns gelatz.

Ja mais d'amor no.m gauzirai  
Si no.m gau d'est'amor de loing,  
Qe gensor ni meillor non sia  
Vas nuilla part nip res ni loing.  
Tant es sos pretz verais e fis  
Qe lai el renc dels Sarrazis  
Fos eu per lieis chaitius clamatz.

Be.m parra jois qan li qerrai  
Per amor Dieu l'amor de loing.  
E s'a lieis plai, albergarai  
Pres de lieis, si be.m sui de loing.  
Adoncs parra.l parlamens fis  
Qand drutz loindas er tant vezis  
C'ab bels digz jauzirai solatz.

Ben tenc lo seignor per verai  
Per q'ieu veirai l'amor de loing,  
Mas per un ben que m'en eschai  
N'ai dos mals, car tant m'es de loing.  
Ai! Car me fos lai peleris  
Si que mos fustz e mos tapis  
Fos pelz sieus bels huolls remiratz!

Assatz i a portz e camis,  
E per aisso no.n sui devis,  
Mas tot sia cum a Dieu platz!

When the days are long in May,  
I like the sweet song of birds from afar,  
And when I have departed from there,  
I remember a love from afar;  
I go sad and bowed with desire  
So that neither song nor hawthorn flower  
pleases me more than icy winter.

Never in love shall I rejoice  
Unless I enjoy this love from afar,  
For nobler or better I do not know  
In any direction, near or far,  
Her worth is so true and perfect  
That there in the kingdom of the Saracens  
I would, for her, be proclaimed captive.

Joy will surely appear to me when I seek from her,  
For the love of God, this love from afar.  
And if it pleases her, I shall lodge near her,  
Though I am from afar.  
Then will appear fine discourse,  
When, distant lover, I shall be so close  
That with charming words I shall take delight in  
conversation.

I consider that Lord as the true one  
Through whom I shall see this love from afar;  
But for one good that befalls me from it,  
I have two ills, because she is so far.  
Ah! Would that I might be a pilgrim there,  
So that my staff and my cloak  
Might be seen by her beautiful eyes.

Many are the ports and roads,  
And so I cannot prophesy,  
But may all be as it pleases God!

### 4. Ancidetemi pur (from: J. Arcadelt, Primo libro de madrigali a 4 voci, 1558; first ed.: 1539)

Ancidetemi pur grievi martiri  
Che 'l viver m'è sì a noia  
Che 'l morir mi fia gioia  
Ma lassat'ir gli estremi miei sospiri  
A trovar quella ch'è cagion ch'io muoia  
E dir a l'empia e fera  
Ch'onor non gl'è che per amarl'io pera.

Kill me then, o grievous tortures,  
For my life is so wretched  
That death will be a joy for me.  
But let my last sighs fly free  
To find her who is the cause of my death;  
Let them say to the wretched beast  
That there is no honour in my death for her.