

Idrîsî Ensemble

Cheltenham College Chapel
Mon 6 July

Dunja Botic *voice*
Elsa Hackett-Esteban *voice*
Henry Tozer *voice*
Irini Arabatzi *voice*
Kerttu Sormunen *voice*
Konstantinos Glynos *kanun*
Lucine Musaelian *vielle/voice*
Noémie Ducitmetière *voice*
Oliver Dover *clarinet/voice*
Thomas Fournil *artistic director*

Սիրտ իմ սասանի (Sirt im sasani)

Conductus “Congaudeant catholici”

Trois serors sor rive mer

O Crudel Donna

Kaik mie ilot unohin

E muntagne d’Orezza (paghjella)

Αλησμόνω και χαίρομαι (Alismono)

INTERVAL

Kyrie Eleison

Baladilla de los tres rios

Nuper rosarum flores

Dieus sal la terra (paghjella)

Si ay perdut

Tsopanakika

Mkhitar Ayrivanetsi (XIII)

Codex Calixtinus (XII)

Anon. (XII)

Anon., Rossi Codex (XIV)

Finnish traditional

Corsican traditional

Epirus traditional

Corsican traditional (Mass ordinary)

Flamenco traditional

Guillaume Du Fay (1436)

Thomas Fournil / Corsican traditional

Ponç d’Ortafà (XII)

Greek traditional

About the Programme

Sirt im sasani

Armenian

Սիրտ իմ սասանի, սարսափ զիս ունի
վասն Հուդայի:

Նա ոչ ամաչէ, և ոչ զարիուրի,

սիրողն արծաթի:

Փրկիչըն բազմի դասուք երջանկի ի յերեկոյի,

English

My heart trembles with fear;

I foresee the betrayal of Judas

He is neither ashamed nor afraid,
the lover of silver.

The Savior sits with the blessed disciples in the
evening; my Lord, make us worthy of Your bread,
the holy Supper.

Տէր իմ, արժանի արա զմեզ հացի քո
սուրբ եղանի:

Conductus “Congaudeant catholici”

Latin

Congaudeant catholici,
laetentur cives celici
die ista.
Clerus pulcris carminibus
studeat atque cantibus
die ista.
Vincens Herodis gladium
accepit vite bravium
die ista.
Magno patri familias
solvamus laudis gratias
die ista.

Trois serors sor rive mer

Old French

Duplum:

Trois serors sor rive mer chantent cler
La jonete fu brunete de brun ami s'ahati
“je suis brune s'avrai brun ami aussi”

Triplum:

Trois serors sor rive mer chantent cler
La moiene a apelé Robin son ami
“prise m'avés el bois ramé, reportées m'i”

Quadruplum:

Trois serors sor rive mer chantent cler
L'aisnée dit a “on doit bien bele dame amer
et s'amour garder, cil qui l'a”

O Crudel Donna

Italian

O crudel donna, o falsa mia serena,
i' mi fuziva et asugava il pianto
ch'amando te avea soferto tanto
quando tu me volzisti al dolce canto,
traendomi col so piacer adorno
come la donzella il leocorno.

E piu me doglio assay che del mio danno
che in vaga donna regna tanto inganno

Kaik mie ilot unohin

Finnish

Kaik mie ilot unohin
Kaik mie laulut lakkaelin
Oi kaik miä ilot unohin
Kaik mie laulut lakkaelin
Vaan en kolmea unoha
Yhtä synnykkisioa
Oi vaan en kolmea unoha
Yhtä synnykkisioa
Vaan en kolmea unoha
Toista kasvukallaistani
Oi vaan en kolmea unoha
Toista kasvukallaistani
Vaan en kolmea unoha
Kolmatta omaa emoani
Oi vaan en kolmea unoha
Kolmatta omaa emoani

E muntagne d'Orezza

Corsican

English

Let Christians rejoice,
let the citizens of heaven be glad
on this day.
Let the clergy devote themselves
to fine songs and singing
on this day.
Conquering Herod's sword,
he received the prize of life
on this day.
To the great Father of the household,
let us offer thanks and praise
on this day.

English

Three sisters on the sea-shore sing clear.
The youngest was a brunette and longed for a dark-haired lover:
“I am dark-haired – I will have a dark-haired lover too.”
Three sisters on the sea-shore sing clear.
The middle one has called Robin, her dear friend:
“You took me once in the leafy wood – take me back there again.”
Three sisters on the sea-shore sing clear.
The eldest says: “A fair lady truly ought to be loved,
and he who has her love should guard it well.”

English

O cruel woman, O my false siren,
I was fleeing and drying my tears,
for loving you I had suffered so much,
when you turned me with your sweet song,
luring me with pleasure's allure,
as a maiden lures the unicorn.

And more than for my own hurt, I grieve
that so much deceit should dwell in a beautiful
woman.

English

I forgot all my joys,
I gave up all my songs.
Oh, I forgot all my joys,
I gave up all my songs.
But there are three I cannot forget:
one, my birthplace.
Oh, there are three I cannot forget:
one, my birthplace.
But there are three I cannot forget:
the other, my place of growing up.
Oh, there are three I cannot forget:
the other, my place of growing up.
But there are three I cannot forget:
the third, my own mother.
Oh, there are three I cannot forget:
the third, my own mother.

English

These are the mountains of Orezza
that have made me happy.

Sò le muntagne d'Orezza
Chì mi anu resu felice
U cantu di lu culombu
Cun quellu di a pernice
Chì ci teniamu caru
Tuttu lu mondu la dice

Αλησμόνω και χαίρομαι (Alismono)

Greek

Αλησμόνω και χαίρομαι, θυμούμαι και λυπούμαι
Θυμήθηκα την ξενιτιά και θέλω να πηγαίνω.
Σήκω, μάνα μ', και ζύμωσε καθάριο παξιμάδι
Με πόνους βάζει το νερό, με δάκρυα το ζυμώνει.

Kyrie Eleison

Greek

Κύριε, ἐλέησον. Χριστέ, ἐλέησον.
Κύριε, ἐλέησον.

Baladilla de los tres rios

Spanish

El río Guadalquivir
va entre naranjos y olivos.
Los dos ríos de Granada
bajan de la nieve al trigo.
¡Ay, amor
que se fue y no vino!
El río Guadalquivir
tiene las barbas granates.
Los dos ríos de Granada
uno llanto y otro sangre.
¡Ay, amor
que se fue y no vino!

Nuper rosarum flores

Latin

Nuper rosarum flores
Ex dono pontificis
Hieme licet horrida
Tibi, virgo coelica, Pie et sancte deditum
Grandis templum machinae
Condecorarunt perpetim.
Hodie vicarius Jesu Christi et Petri
Successor Eugenius
Hoc idem amplissimum
Sacris templum manibus
Sanctisque liquoribus
Consecrare dignatus est.

Dieus sal la terra

Old Occitan

Dieus sal la terra e.l pais
on vostre cors es ni estai,
on qu'eu sia, mos cors es lai
e sai no n'es om poderos;
aissi volgr'eu qe.l cors lai fos
qi qe sai s'en fezes parliers,
mais n'am un ioi qe fos entiers
q'el qe s'en fai tan enveios.

Si ay perdut

Old Occitan

Si ay perdut mon saber,
c'a penas say on m'estau,
ni say don ven ni on vau,
ni que'm fau le jorn ni-l ser;

The song of the dove,
together with that of the partridge.
Here, we are happy.
Everyone says so.

English

I forget and I rejoice, I remember and I grieve;
I remembered foreign lands, and now I wish to go.
Rise, my mother, and knead fine rusks, with pains
she pours the water in, with tears she kneads the
dough.

English

Lord, have mercy. Christ, have mercy.
Lord, have mercy.

English

The Guadalquivir river
runs between orange trees and olive groves.
The two rivers of Granada
flow down from snow to wheat.
Ah, love
that went away and did not return!
The Guadalquivir river
has garnet-coloured "beards".
The two rivers of Granada,
one is weeping and one is blood.
Ah, love
that went away and did not return!

English

Newly, rose-blossoms,
a gift from the pontiff,
despite the harsh winter,
have continually adorned for you, heavenly Virgin,
the great temple-structure,
piously and holily dedicated.
Today Eugenius, successor and vicar
of Jesus Christ and of Peter,
has deigned to consecrate
this same most magnificent temple
with sacred hands
and holy waters.

English (Tr. Thomas Fournil)

God save the land and the place
where your body is and stays;
wherever I may be, my heart is there,
and here no man has power over it.
Thus would I that my body were there,
whoever here might make gossip of it;
for I would rather have a joy that is whole
than him who is so covetous of it.

English

If I have lost my wits,
so that I scarcely know where I am,
nor know whence I come nor where I go,
nor what I am doing by day or by night;
and I am in such a state

e soy d'aytal captenensa
 que no velh ni puesc dormir,
 ni·m play vieure ni morir,
 ni mal ni ben no m'agensa.
 A per pauc no·m desesper,
 o no·m ren monge d'Aniau,
 o no·m met dins una frau
 on hom no·m pogues vezer.
 Quar trahitz soi en crezensa
 de cella qu'ieu plus dezir,
 que·m fa sospiran languir
 quar mi franh ma convinensa.
 Qu'ieu suy cel que non men tensa
 vas midons ni non m'azir,
 ni vueil de ren enardir
 mas de so c'a leys ajensa.

Tsopanakika

Greek

Τσοπανάκος ήμουνα,
 πρόβατα εφύλαγα.
 Όλο παίζω τη φλογέρα,
 πουρνό, βράδυ, νύχτα, μέρα.
 Μα μια όμορφη κοπέλα
 μου 'καμε να μου 'ρθει τρέλα.
 Τ' ήθελα 'γω ν' αγαπήσω,
 κι εν αδίκω πάω να ζήσω.
 Τσοπανά, μωρέ παιδιά,
 τσοπανάκος ήμουνα,
 προβατάκια φύλαγα.
 Είχα κάπα, μωρέ παιδιά,
 είχα κάπα, είχα γκλίτσα,
 μ' αγαπούσαν τα κορίτσια.
 Τη φλογέρα, μωρέ παιδιά,
 τη φλογέρα μου λάλαγα
 ως τα ξημερώματα.
 Αιντε ζούμπες, ζούμπες, ζούμπες, ζουμ μπες,
 στα τσαρούχια μ' είχα φούντες.
 Μου 'λεγε η μάνα μου:
 μάθε, γιε μου, γράμματα,
 γράμματα, σπουδάγματα,
 του Θεού τα πράγματα.
 Εγώ πήγα στο βουνό
 τη φλογέρα να λαλώ.
 Μ' άκουσε η βασίλισσα,
 μ' άκουσε η αρχόντισσα.

that I do not keep watch nor can I sleep,
 neither life nor death pleases me,
 and neither ill nor good suits me.
 I am all but in despair,
 and not even a monk of Aniane could help me,
 or put me in some ravine
 where no one could see me.
 For I am betrayed in the trust
 of her whom I most desire,
 who makes me languish with sighing,
 for she breaks the pledge between us.
 For I am the one who does not hold back
 toward my lady, nor am I angered with her,
 nor do I wish in anything to provoke her,
 except in what is fitting and pleasing to her.

English

I was a little shepherd,
 I guarded sheep.
 I was always playing the flute,
 morning, evening, night and day.
 But a beautiful girl
 made madness come over me.
 Why did I have to fall in love,
 and go on living in such sorrow?
 A shepherd, friends,
 I was a little shepherd,
 I guarded little sheep.
 I had a shepherd's cloak, friends,
 I had a cloak, I had a crook,
 and the girls loved me.
 The flute, friends,
 I played my flute
 until daybreak.
 Come now, "zoumbes, zoumbes, zoumbes,
 zoumbes",
 I had tassels on my tsarouchia.
 My mother used to tell me:
 learn your letters, my son,
 letters and studies,
 the things of God.
 I went up to the mountain
 to play the flute.
 The queen heard me,
 the noblewoman heard me.

Artist Biographies

Idrîsî Ensemble

Pioneering a fresh approach to historical performance, Idrîsî Ensemble performs medieval repertoire from period manuscripts alongside UNESCO-protected and endangered traditions. They sing the Mediterranean not as a border between fixed identities, but as a space of exchange, communion, and evolution. Grounded in research across medieval literature, music archaeology, and postcolonial historiography, their work complicates inherited ideas of identity and alterity - and asks what "early music" can sound like, and who it belongs to. As the only UK ensemble specialising in the performance practice of Old Roman chant, this practice roots them in the vocal traditions of late antiquity, and shapes how they sing early Mediterranean repertoire.

Thomas Fournil Composer

Dr. Thomas Fournil is a Corsican composer, researcher and performer based in London. He founded the Idrîsî Ensemble during his fellowship at the Guildhall School of Music & Drama, after completing the Guildhall Artist Masters course (distinction) under James Weeks. His doctoral research examined practical applications of postcolonial medievalism in music-making and pedagogy, with a distinctive conflation of spectral techniques and queer spectrality. Thomas specialises in early vocal techniques, as well as Old Roman, Occitan and Corsican heritage. He believes in the crucial role of medievalism in our structures of knowledge production and its potential for driving transformative change in contemporary investigations of identity, gender, class, ecology, pedagogy and history.

