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Zefiro Torna - Frank Vaganée Trio SCATTERED RHYMES

- a tribute to Francesco Petrarca -



homerecords

SCATTERED RHYMES

a tribute to Francesco Petrarca

1. Voi ch'ascoltate in rime sparse - Sigismondo d'India (c.1582-1629)*
2. Mille piagge - Els Van Laethem (°1973)*
3. Vergine bella - Guillaume Du Fay (c.1397-1474)*
4. Io canterei d'amor - Cipriano de Rore (1515/16-1565)*
5. Una candida cerva - Els Van Laethem*
6. La gola - Els Van Laethem*
7. Pace non trovo - Frans Liszt (1811-1886)*
8. Non al suo amante - Jacopo da Bologna (fl. 1340-c.1360)*
9. Zefiro torna - Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)*
10. Vago augelletto - Claudio Monteverdi*
11. Een jonge vrouw - Jurgen De bruyn (°1971)**

**arrangement Frank Vaganée*

*** arrangement ensemble*



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6 april 1327. In een kerkje nabij Avignon deed een blik op een vrouw, genaamd Laura de Noves, een blijvende passie ontstaan bij de renaissance-dichter en -humanist Francesco Petrarca. Zijn *rime sparse* of uitgestrooide verzen krijgen vorm in 366 sonnetten, later de 'Canzoniere' genoemd. Dit songbook staat vol met platonische liefdesbetuigingen en cryptische verwijzingen naar zijn onbereikbare schone en leest als Petrarca's eigen psychoanalytische notitieboekje.

De sonnetten vormen al eeuwenlang een inspiratiebron voor talrijke dichters en werden op muziek gezet door magistrale componisten als da Bologna, de Rore, Lassus, Monteverdi en Liszt. Zefiro Torna trekt samen met de jazzformatie Frank Vaganée Trio de tijdlijn door. Ze bewerken madrigalen uit de middeleeuwen, renaissance en barok, romantische liederen en avant-gardemuziek. Bovendien schrijven ze nieuwe songs op Petrarca's onsterfelijke verzen. Polyfone weefsels, obsessieve cadansen, klankchemie, pijnlijke uithalen, woordeloze *scatting* en zalvende harmonieën vormen de elementen van een tijdloze *tribute*.





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Le 6 avril 1327. Pétrarque s'enflamme d'une passion durable pour Laura de Noves, qu'il avait aperçue dans une petite église près d'Avignon. Ses *rime sparse* ou vers épandus formeraient 366 sonnets, connus plus tard sous le nom de 'Canzoniere'. Ce *songbook* est traversé de multiples preuves d'un amour platonique et renvoie de manière cryptée à la belle inaccessible. On dirait le carnet psychanalytique de Pétrarque.

Au cours des siècles, ces sonnets n'ont cessé d'inspirer nombre de poètes et de compositeurs de premier ordre, comme da Bologna, de Rore, Lassus, Monteverdi et Liszt. L'ensemble de musique ancienne Zefiro Torna et le Frank Vaganée Trio de jazz se sont également laissés séduire dans un projet comprenant des arrangements des compositeurs cités et des nouveaux songs sur les poèmes immortels de Pétrarque. Tissages polyphoniques, cadences obsessives, chimie sonore, douleur sur le vif, *scatting* sans paroles et douces harmonies sont au menu de cet hommage atemporel.



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a tribute to Francesco Petrarca
Zefiro Torna - Frank Vaganée Trio

6 April 1327. In a small church nearby Avignon, a glimpse of a woman named Laura de Noves ignited a lingering passion in the renaissance poet and humanist Francesco Petrarca. His *rime sparse* or scattered verses took the form of 366 sonnets that later would be called 'Canzoniere'. This songbook is full of platonic love declarations and cryptic references to his unattainable beauty. It almost reads as Petrarca's own psychoanalytical notepad.

For centuries these sonnets have formed an inspiration for numerous poets. They were set to music by excellent composers such as da Bologna, de Rore, Lassus, Monteverdi or Liszt. The early music ensemble Zefiro Torna and the Frank Vaganée Jazz Trio continue this tradition. They edit the music of medieval, renaissance and baroque madrigals, romantic songs and avant-garde music. Above that they wrote new songs on Petrarca's immortal verses. Polyphonic tissues, obsessive rhythms, sound chemistry, painful punches, wordless *scatting* and healing harmonies form the elements of a timeless tribute.



FRANK VAGANÉE

Alto saxophonist Frank Vaganée studied jazz at the Antwerp Conservatory and the Jazz Studio (under John Ruocco). In the mid-eighties he began his career as a professional musician working with various jazz ensembles, although at the time not billed in his own name.

Alongside other musicians he founded the Brussels Jazz Orchestra (BJO) in 1993 and holds the position of lead alto saxophonist as well as artistic director. With the BJO, Frank has put together projects achieving international fame for both himself and the orchestra, touring Europe and the USA and collaborating with the greatest international jazz artists. In 2014 BJO received two Grammy Award nominations.

Frank Vaganée is increasingly sought after as guest soloist with various (international) ensembles and has thus performed in Europe, Japan and Russia. In addition to his work as a musician and composer / arranger, Frank has been teaching at the School of Science and Art Department of the Lemmens Institute in Leuven. Frank Vaganée was appointed 'City Artist of Mechelen' for the period 2011-2013.

The Frank Vaganée Trio consists of Jos Machtel (double bass) and Lionel Beuvers (drums).





ZEFIRO TORNA

The vocal-instrumental ensemble Zefiro Torna brings to life the cultural heritage from the middle ages, renaissance and baroque in a unique way. This manifests itself in their choice for authentic instruments and historic sing, play and improvisation techniques that are based on historical research (HIP).

The ensemble does not limit itself to a merely historical approach but combines it with current art expressions. Starting out from disciplines such as traditional, (non-) occidental, jazz and contemporary classical music, as well as literature, contemporary fine arts, science, philosophy and dance, collaborations are set up with individual scientists, artists or companies to work around a variety of symbolic or allegorical themes. This results in fascinating pieces of 'Gesamtkunst'.

Through this approach, Zefiro Torna has gained international renown. The ensemble is a welcomed guest in prestigious concert venues and art and music festivals. Their creations are regularly awarded and several of them have been released on the labels Et'Cetera, Warner Classics and homerecords.be.

For more information, visit www.zefirotorna.be





Voi ch'ascoltate in rime sparse

Voi ch'ascoltate in rime sparse il suono
di quei sospiri ond'io nutriva 'l core
in sul mio primo giovanile errore
quand'era in parte altr'uom da quel ch'ì sono,

del vario stile in ch'io piango et ragiono
fra le vane speranze e 'l van dolore,
ove sia chi per prova intenda amore,
spero trovar pietà, nonché perdono.

Ma ben veggio or si come al popol tutto
favola fui gran tempo, onde sovente
di me medesimo meco mi vergogno;

et del mio vaneggiar vergogna è 'l frutto,
e 'l pentersi, e 'l conoscer chiaramente
che quanto piace al mondo è breve sogno.

You who hear the sound, in scattered rhymes,
of those sighs on which I fed my heart,
in my first vagrant youthfulness,
when I was partly other than I am,

I hope to find pity, and forgiveness,
for all the modes in which I talk and weep,
between vain hope and vain sadness,
in those who understand love through its trials.

Yet I see clearly now I have become
an old tale amongst all these people, so that
it often makes me ashamed of myself;

and shame is the fruit of my vanities,
and remorse, and the clearest knowledge
of how the world's delight is a brief dream.

Mille piagge

Mille piagge in un giorno et mille rivi
mostrato m'à per la famosa Ardena
Amor, ch'a' suoi le piante e i cori impenna
per fargli al terzo ciel volando ir vivi..

Love has shown me a thousand hills and streams
in the famed Ardennes, in a single day:
he who sends winged feet and hearts
flying, still living, up to the third heaven.

Dolce m'è sol senz'arme esser stato ivi,
dove armato fier Marte, et non acenna,
quasi senza governo et senza antenna
legni in mar, pien di penser' gravi et schivi.

Pur giunto al fin de la giornata oscura,
rimembrando ond'io vegno, et con quai piume,
sento di troppo ardir nascer paura.

Ma l' bel paese e l' difectoso fiume
con serena accoglienza rassicura
il cor già vòlto ov'abita il suo lume.

It was sweet to me to be alone and unarmed there
where bold Mars takes up arms without warning,
a ship at sea with barely a mast and rudder,
filled with serious and diffident thought.

Reaching the end of this dark day, remembering
where I have been, and on what wings,
I feel fear born of too great a daring.

But the lovely land and the delightful river,
with their calm welcome, reassure
my heart, turning again to where it's light lives.

Vergine bella

Vergine bella, che di sol vestita,
coronata di stelle, al sommo Sole
piacesti sí, che 'n te Sua luce ascose,
amor mi spinge a dir di te parole:
ma non so 'ncominciar senza tu' aita,
et di Colui ch'amando in te si pose.
Invoco lei che ben sempre rispose,
chi la chiamò con fede:
Vergine, s'a mercede
miseria extrema de l'humane cose
già mai ti volse, al mio prego t'inchina,
soccorri a la mia guerra,
bench'ì sia terra, et Tu del ciel Regina.

Lovely Virgin, who, clothed in glory,
crowned with stars, so pleased
the high Sun, that he hid his light in You,
love urges me to speak of you:
but I cannot begin without your help,
and His, who lovingly was set in you.
I call on her who always replies truly
to those who call to her with faith:
Virgin, if the final
misery of human life can forever
turn to you for mercy, bow down to hear my prayer,
and help me in this, my war,
though I am earth, and You the Queen of heaven.

lo canterei d'amor

lo canterei d'amor si novamente
ch'al duro fianco il di mille sospiri
trarrei per forza, e mille alti desiri
raccenderei ne la gelata mente;

e 'l bel viso vedrei cangiar sovente,
e bagnar gli occhi, e più pietosi giri
far, come suol chi de gli altrui martiri
e del suo error quando non val si pente.

I would sing of love in so new a way
I would draw a thousand sighs
from that hard heart, and light a thousand
noble desires in that chill mind:

and I would see her often change expression,
and wet her eyes, and turn more pityingly,
like one who, when it's no use, repents
of other's suffering and her own error.

Una candida cerva

Una candida cerva sopra l'erba
verde m'apparve, con duo corna d'oro,
fra due riviere, all'ombra d'un alloro,
levando 'l sole a la stagione acerba.

Era sua vista sí dolce superba,
ch'i' lasciai per seguirla ogni lavoro:
come l'avarò che 'n cercar tesoro
con diletto l'affanno disacerba.

Nessun mi tocchi - al bel collo d'intorno
scritto avea di diamanti et di topazi:
libera farmi al mio Cesare parve .

A pure white hind appeared to me
with two gold horns, on green grass,
between two streams, in a laurel's shade,
at sunrise, in the unripe season.

Her aspect was so sweet and proud
I left all my labour to follow her:
as a miser, in search of treasure,
makes his toil lose its bitterness in delight.

'Touch me not,' in diamonds and topaz,
was written round about her lovely neck:
'it pleased my Lord to set me free.'

Et era 'l sol già vòlto al mezzo giorno,
gli occhi miei stanchi di mirar, non sazi,
quand'io caddi ne l'acqua, et ella sparve.

The sun had already mounted to mid-day,
my eyes were tired with gazing, but not sated,
when I fell into water, and she vanished.

La gola

La gola e 'l somno et l'otiose piume
ànno del mondo ogni virtù sbandita,
ond'è dal corso suo quasi smarrita
nostra natura vinta dal costume;

Greed and sleep and slothful beds
have banished every virtue from the world,
so that, overcome by habit,
our nature has almost lost its way.

Et è sí spento ogni benigno lume⁵
del ciel, per cui s'informa humana vita,
che per cosa mirabile s'addita
chi vòl far d'Elicon nascer fiume.

And all the benign lights of heaven,
that inform human life, are so spent,
that he who wishes to bring down a stream
from Helicon is pointed out as a wonder.

Qual vaghezza di lauro, qual di mirto?
Povera et nuda vai philosophia,
dice la turba al vil guadagno intesa.

Such desire for laurel, and for myrtle?
'Poor and naked goes philosophy',
says the crowd intent on base profit.

Pochi compagni avrai per l'altra via:
tanto ti prego piú, gentile spirito,
non lassar la magnanima tua impresa.

You'll have poor company on that other road:
So much the more I beg you, gentle spirit,
not to turn from your great undertaking.

Pace non trovo

Pace non trovo, e non ho da far guerra,
e temo, e spero, ed ardo, e son un ghiaccio:
e volo sopra 'l cielo, e giaccio in terra;
e nulla stringo, e tutto 'l mondo abbraccio.

Tal m'ha in prigion, che non m'apre, né serra,
né per suo mi ritien, né scioglie il laccio,
e non m'uccide Amor, e non mi sferra;
né mi vuol vivo, né mi trahe d'impaccio.

Veggio senz'occhi; e non ho lingua e grido;
e bramo di perir, e chieggo aita;
ed ho in odio me stesso, ed amo altrui:

Pascomi di dolor; piangendo rido;
egualmente mi spiace morte e vita.
in questo stato son, Donna, per Voi.

I find no peace, and yet I make no war:
and fear, and hope: and burn, and I am ice:
and fly above the sky, and fall to earth,
and clutch at nothing, and embrace the world.

One imprisons me, who neither frees nor jails me,
nor keeps me to herself nor slips the noose:
and Love does not destroy me, and does not lose
me,
wishes me not to live, but does not remove my bar.

I see without eyes, and have no tongue, but cry:
and long to perish, yet I beg for aid:
and hold myself in hate, and love another.

I feed on sadness, laughing weep:
death and life displease me equally:
and I am in this state, lady, because of you.

Non al suo amante

Non al suo amante piú Diana piacque,
quando per tal ventura tutta ignuda
la vide in mezzo de le gelide acque,

Diana was not more pleasing to her lover,
when by chance he saw her all naked
in the midst of icy waters,

ch'a me la pastorella alpestra et cruda
posta a bagnar un leggiadretto velo,
ch'a l'aura il vago et biondo capel chiuda,

tal che mi fece, or quand'egli arde 'l cielo,
tutto tremar d'un amoroso gielo.

than, to me, the fresh mountain shepherdess,
set there to wash a graceful veil,
that ties her vagrant blonde hair from the breeze,

so that she makes me, now that the heavens burn,
tremble, wholly, with the chill of love.

Zefiro torna

Zefiro torna e di soavi accenti
l'aer fa grato e'il pié discioglie a l'onde
e, mormoranda tra le verdi fronde,
fa danzar al bel suon su'l prato i fiori.

Inghirlandato il crin Fillide e Clori
note temprando lor care e gioconde;
e da monti e da valli ime e profond
raddoppian l'armonia gli antri canori.

Sorge più vaga in ciel l'aurora, e'l sole,
sparge più luci d'or; più puro argento
fregia di Teti il bel ceruleo manto.

Sol io, per selve abbandonate e sole,
l'ardor di due begli occhi e'l mio tormento,
come vuol mia ventura, hor piango hor canto.

Return O Zephyr, and with gentle motion
make pleasant the air and scatter the grasses in waves
and murmuring among the green branches
make the flowers in the field dance to your sweet sound

Crown with a garland the heads of Phylla and Chloris
with notes tempered by love and joy,
from mountains and valleys high and deep
and sonorous caves that echo in harmony.

The dawn rises eagerly into the heavens and the sun
scatters rays of gold, and of the purest silver,
like embroidery on the cerulean mantle of Thetis.

But I, in abandoned forests, am alone.
the ardour of two beautiful eyes is my torment;
as my Fate wills it, now I weep, now I sing.

Vago augelletto

Vago augelletto che cantando vai,
over piangendo, il tuo tempo passato,
vedendoti la notte e 'l verno a lato
e 'l di dopo le spalle e i mesi gai,

se, come i tuoi gravosi affanni sai,
così sapessi il mio simile stato,
verresti in grembo a questo sconsolato
a partir seco i dolorosi guai.

Little wandering bird that goes singing
your time gone by, with weeping notes,
seeing the night and the winter near,
and the day and all the joyful months behind,

if, knowing your own heavy sorrows,
you could know of my state like your own,
you would fly to this disconsolate breast
to share your grievous sadness with me.

Een jonge vrouw

Een jonge vrouw in 't groen van een laurier,
zag ik eens, blanker, koeler nog dan sneeuw,
nooit door de zon beroerd in vele jaren;
zoeer behaagden mij gezicht en haar
en spraak van haar dat ik haar steeds voor ogen
blijf zien, in bergland of aan koele rede.

Mijn denken vaart pas naar behouden rede
als geen groen blad meer groeit aan de laurier;
als 't hart rust vindt en droog blijven mijn ogen,
dan wordt het vuur tot ijs, dan gloeit de sneeuw
en ik tel minder haren in mijn haar
dan 't aantal tot die dag verstreken jaren.

I saw a girl under green laurel
colder and whiter than the snow
untouched by the sun for many years:
and her speech, her lovely face, her hair
so please me that she's before my eyes,
and will be always, wherever, on sea or shore.

My thoughts at last will come to shore,
when there are no green leaves on laurel:
when I've quieted my heart, dried my eyes,
we'll see freezing fire and burning snow:
and there's not as many strands in my hair
as the years I'd wait to see that, and years.

De tijd is snel en vluchtig gaan de jaren
die ons doen ijlen naar de laatste rede,
hetzij met sneeuwwit of nog donker haar;
dus volg ik 't lieve beeld van de laurier,
ook bij de felste zon en in de sneeuw,
totdat de dood een floers legt op mijn ogen.

Geen mens zag ooit zo luisterrijke ogen
in onze tijd of in vervlogen jaren,
waardoor ik smelt, zoals bij zon de sneeuw,
mijn tranenstroom zal Amor dan verbreden
tot onder die hardvochtige laurier
met diamanten takken, gouden haar.

Ik ben veranderd van gezicht en haar,
vrees ik, eer medelij spreekt uit de ogen
van mijn idool, gesneden uit laurier;
als ik mij niet vergis is 't zeven jaren
dat ik reeds smacht, waar ook mijn voeten treden,
bij nacht of dag, bij hitte of bij sneeuw.

Van binnen vuur, van buiten witte sneeuw,
zo richt ik (wenend en met grijzend haar,
alleen met die gedachten) nu mijn schreden;
misschien wek ik wel meelij in de ogen
van wie pas leven over duizend jaren,
als, goed verzorgd, zo lang leeft de laurier.

Topazen, goud, in zonlicht op de sneeuw,
zijn niets bij 't gouden haar dat, met haar ogen
mijn jaren meevoert naar hun laatste rede.


But since time flies and they vanish, those years,
so that death comes to us, and so sure
either with dark hair or with white hair
I'll follow the shadow of that sweet laurel,
through the brightest sun and through the snow,
until the last day closes my eyes.

Such lovely eyes were never seen
in our age or in earlier years,
that melt me as sun melts the snow:
from which proceeds a tear-drenched shore
a stream that Love leads under harsh laurel,
that has branches of steel, and golden hair.

I fear I'll be altered in face and hair
before I see real pity in her eyes,
my idol sculptured from living laurel:
if I've not miscounted it's seven years
today that I've sighed from shore to shore,
night and day, in heat and snow.

Fire inside, outside white snow
alone with these thoughts, with altered hair,
I'll walk weeping along every shore
so that pity perhaps will appear in eyes
not to be born for a thousand years,
if such is the span of cultured laurel.

The laurel, topaz in sun on snow,
is exceeded by blonde hair near the eyes
that bring my years so slowly to shore.

A woman with dark hair, wearing a dark grey long-sleeved shirt and a bright yellow skirt, is in a recording studio. She is wearing large black headphones and looking down at a music stand. A large, vintage-style microphone is positioned in front of her. The background consists of light-colored, vertical acoustic panels.

Zefiro Torna

Juliet Fraser soprano

Didier François nyckelharpa

Jurgen De bruyn archlute, lute, vocals

Els Van Laethem compositions

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Frank Vaganée Trio

Frank Vaganée soprano saxophone,

alto saxophone, arrangements

Jos Machtel double bass

Lionel Beuvens drums

•

Recording, Mixing Gyuri Spies

Mastering Michel Van Achter

•

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•

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Zefiro Torna
Juliet Fraser *soprano*
Didier François *nyckelharpa*
Jurgen De bruyn *archlute, lute, vocals*
Els Van Laethem *compositions*

Frank Vaganée Trio
Frank Vaganée *soprano saxophone,*
alto saxophone, arrangements
Jos Machtel *double bass*
Lionel Beuvens *drums*

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1. Voi ch'ascoltate in rime sparse - 3:19
2. Mille piagge - 6:34
3. Vergine bella - 7:18
4. Io canterei d'amor - 4:33
5. Una candida cerva - 5:44
6. La gola - 5:13
7. Pace non trovo - 6:26
8. Non al suo amante - 5:23
9. Zefiro torna - 6:28
10. Vago augelletto - 4:32
11. Een jonge vrouw - 3:47

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