

HIRUNDO MARIS

Looking for New Horizons
Book I

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SEYİR  MUZİK

Looking For New Horizons

BRIDGING WORLDS, FROM NORDIC SAGAS TO EASTERN MYSTICISM

Since time immemorial, music and poetry have been the bridge between cultures, a universal language that transcends borders and unites hearts. *Looking for New Horizons* is a musical journey spanning from the rugged fjords of Norway to the mystical lands of the Ottoman Empire—a journey through time and sound, echoing the steps of medieval travelers, pilgrims, poets, and minstrels who once wandered these paths.

At the heart of this odyssey stand Arianna Savall, with her celestial soprano voice, harp, and lyre, Petter Udland Johansen, whose tenor voice, traditional violin, Hardanger fiddle, gitterne, and lyra embody the spirit of the Norsemen and Tristan Driessens whose musicianship has profound ability to build bridges between musical genres. Together with Derya Türkan's haunting kemeçe, they embark on a journey that transcends boundaries and eras.

In an age when a voyage from Scandinavia to the eastern Mediterranean could take months, even years, there was time to listen, to learn, to absorb the melodies and stories of the lands along the way. Each stop along this journey brings with it a new landscape, a new









soundscape—a tapestry woven from the traditions of the North, the Flemish lands, the courts of France, the bustling streets of Spain, the poetic heart of Italy, and the mesmerizing shores of the Mediterranean. These lands, though diverse, share a deep-rooted connection: an artistic expression that speaks to the human spirit, an unspoken dialogue carried by the winds of time.

Throughout history, music has been more than mere entertainment; it has been a vessel of storytelling, a bridge between the earthly and the divine. In this program, we travel not only through geographical spaces but also through the realms of the sacred and the profane. The legendary *Rolandskvadet* recounts the heroism and sacrifice of medieval Norway, while the refined elegance of *Je ne cuit pas* by Guillaume de Machaut encapsulates the delicate interplay between longing and devotion. The yearning of the troubadour Jaufré Rudel's *Lanquan li jorn son lonc e* may speaks of distant love, just as the mystical poetry of Rûmî, set to music in *La mer et la pierre*, invites us to immerse ourselves in divine love and transformation.

Intertwined with these narratives are the evocative instrumental pieces from the Ottoman tradition, such as *Kurdi Pesrevî*, *Rast Pesrevî*, and *Nivahend & Rast Murassa*. These compositions serve as portals into the rich

musical heritage of the East, where melody and rhythm unfold like an intricate mosaic. Alongside them, the medieval ballads *På Dovrefjell* and *Het regent zeer* preserve the echoes of past voices, while *Quando i oselli* and *La bionda trecca* transport us to the lyrical beauty of Italy's early polyphony.

This album is a testament to the timeless interplay between cultures—between Orient and Occident, between the mystical landscapes of the North and the shimmering courts of the East. It recalls the wonder of *A Thousand and One Nights*, where each tale reveals another world, another horizon to be explored. It reminds us that art, like magic, has the power to shift our consciousness, to guide us toward new perspectives and deeper understandings. Through this journey, we invite you to listen not only with...

May this music be a passage to new horizons — both within and beyond.

17 March 2025,
*Arianna Savall, Petter Udland Johansen
and Tristan Driessens*



Looking For New Horizons

ENTRE ORIENT ET OCCIDENT, UN PONT ENTRE LES MONDES, DES SAGAS
NORDIQUES AU MYSTICISME ORIENTAL

Depuis des temps immémoriaux, la musique et la poésie constituent un pont entre les cultures, un langage universel qui transcende les frontières et unit les cœurs. *Looking for New Horizons* est un voyage musical qui s'étend des fjords sauvages de Norvège aux terres mystiques de l'Empire ottoman. Un voyage à travers le temps et les sons, qui fait écho aux pas des voyageurs médiévaux, des pèlerins, des poètes et des ménestrels qui ont jadis parcouru ces chemins.

Au cœur de cette odyssée se trouvent Arianna Savall, avec sa voix de soprano céleste, sa harpe et sa lyre, Petter Udland Johansen, dont la voix de ténor, le violon traditionnel, la vièle *hardanger*, la guiterne et la lyre incarnent l'esprit des Norvégiens, et Tristan Driessens, dont la musicalité a la capacité profonde de jeter des ponts entre les genres musicaux. Avec le kemençe envoûtant de Derya Türkan, ils s'embarquent pour un voyage qui transcende les frontières et les époques.

À une époque où un voyage de la Scandinavie à la Méditerranée orientale pouvait prendre des mois, voire des années, on avait le temps d'écouter, d'apprendre, d'absorber les mélodies et les histoires des pays qui se trouvaient sur le chemin. Chaque étape de ce voyage apporte un nouveau







paysage, un nouveau paysage sonore - une tapisserie tissée à partir des traditions du Nord, des terres flamandes, des cours de France, des rues animées d'Espagne, du cœur poétique de l'Italie et des rivages envoûtants de la Méditerranée. Ces pays, bien que différents, partagent un lien profond : une expression artistique qui parle à l'esprit humain, un dialogue tacite porté par les vents du temps.

Tout au long de l'histoire, la musique a été plus qu'un simple divertissement ; elle a été un vecteur de narration, un pont entre le terrestre et le divin. Dans ce programme, nous voyageons non seulement à travers des espaces géographiques, mais aussi à travers les domaines du sacré et du profane. Le légendaire *Rolandskvadet* raconte l'héroïsme et le sacrifice de la Norvège médiévale, tandis que l'élégance raffinée de *Je ne cuit pas* de Guillaume de Machaut résume l'interaction délicate entre désir et dévotion. La nostalgie du troubadour Jaufre Rudel dans *Lanquan li jorn son lonc e may* parle d'amour lointain, tout comme la poésie mystique de Rûmî, mise en musique dans *La mer et la pierre*, nous invite à nous immerger dans l'amour et la transformation divins.

Les pièces instrumentales évocatrices de la tradition ottomane, telles que *Kurdi Pesrevi*, *Rast Pesrevi* et *Nivahend & Rast Murassa*, s'entremêlent à ces récits. Ces compositions sont autant de portes d'entrée dans le riche patrimoine

musical de l'Orient, où la mélodie et le rythme se déploient comme une mosaïque complexe. Parallèlement, les balades médiévales *På Dovrefjell* et *Het regent zeer* préservent les échos des voix du passé, tandis que *Quando i oselli* et *La bionda trecca* nous transportent dans la beauté lyrique des premières polyphonies italiennes.

Le programme de **Looking for New Horizons** a fait l'objet d'un album réparti en deux volumes, ayant comme objectif de constituer un témoignage de l'interaction intertemporelle entre les cultures - entre l'Orient et l'Occident, entre les paysages mystiques du Nord et les cours chatoyantes de l'Orient. Il rappelle l'émerveillement *des Mille et Une Nuits*, où chaque conte révèle un autre monde, un autre horizon à explorer. Il nous rappelle que l'art, comme la magie, a le pouvoir de nous faire rêver. Il nous rappelle que l'art, comme la magie, a le pouvoir de modifier notre conscience, de nous guider vers de nouvelles perspectives et une compréhension plus profonde. Tout au long de ce voyage, nous vous invitons à écouter non seulement avec...

Que cette musique soit un passage vers de nouveaux horizons, à l'intérieur comme à l'extérieur.

17 mars 2025,

*Arianna Savall, Petter Udland Johansen
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Looking for New Horizons HIRUNDO MARIS

Book I

1. Rolandskvadet 06:36
Norwegian medievalballad, arr. Petter U. Johansen
2. Je ne cuit pas 05:21
Guillaume de Machaut, c. 1300-1370
3. Lanquan li jorn son lonc e may 10:48
Jaufre Rudel, XII^e s, arr. Arianna Savall
4. Kürdi Peşrev 04:54
Ermeni Murad Çelebi, XVI^e siècle, arr. Tristan Driessens
5. Chanterai por mon corage 08:32
Chanson de Femme - Guiot de Dijon, XIII^e siècle
6. Quando i oselli canta 05:44
madrigal anonyme, Codex Rossi, XIV^e siècle
7. O Maria stella Maris 06:27
Anonyme (XIII^e siècle), Florence
8. Rast Peşrev 'Murassa' 06:18
Meçhul, XVI^e siècle
9. På Dovrefjell 07:57
Norwegian medievalballad, arr. Petter U. Johansen
10. Nihavend-i Kebir Kâr 04:31
Abdülkadir Meragî, 1353-1435, arr. Tristan Driessens
11. La mer et la pierre 04:19
Rumi, 1207-1273 / Arianna Savall
12. La bionda treçça 02:01
Francesco Landini, c. 1325 ou 1335-1397
13. Het Regent Zeer 05:36
Complainte traditionnelle flamande,
XIV^e siècle, arr. Tristan Driessens

77:03 Total time



Rolanskvadet

Seks mine sveinar heime vera og gøyme det gullet balde
Dei andre seks på heidningslando gøyme dei jarni kalde
Rida dei ut or Franklandet med dyre dros i sadel
Blæs i luren Olifant på Ronsarvollen

Slogest dei ut på ronsarvollen i dagane tvo og trio
Då fekk 'kje soli skine bjart for røykjen av manneblodet
Rida dei ut or Franklandet med dyre dros i sadel
Blæs i luren Olifant på Ronsarvollen

Roland hoggje trea Hoggje, ville han lift sine Drengirn
saa hoggje han sonde Sværi sit, som han ha bure saa Længje
Rida dei ut or Franklandet med dyre dros i sadel
Blæs i luren Olifant på Ronsarvollen

Roland sette luren for blodiga mundi blæs han i med vreide
Då rivna jord og jardarstein i trio døger av leide
Rida dei ut or Franklandet med dyre dros i sadel
Blæs i luren Olifant på Ronsarvollen

Fram saa gjænge Magnus Kongjen mæ saa stor ei Træga,
Roland rætte Svære fraa sæg som han ville Kongjen dæ gjæva.
Rida dei ut or Franklandet med dyre dros i sadel
Blæs i luren Olifant på Ronsarvollen







The Song of Roland

Six of my men at home shall stay, to guard the gold so bright,
The other six in heathen lands keep steel in bitter night.
They rode away from Frankish fields, in saddles rich and grand,
The Oliphant resounded loud o'er Roncesvalles' strand.

They battled there on Roncesvaux, for two long days and three,
The sun shone not, its golden beams lost in the blood-red sea.
They rode away from Frankish fields, in saddles rich and grand,
The Oliphant resounded loud o'er Roncesvalles' strand.

Roland swung his mighty sword, his comrades' fate to spare,
But blade and steel that served him long, he broke in his despair.
They rode away from Frankish fields, in saddles rich and grand,
The Oliphant resounded loud o'er Roncesvalles' strand.

He pressed the horn to bloodied lips and blew with wrath and woe,
The earth was torn, the mountains cracked, for three long days in sorrow.
They rode away from Frankish fields, in saddles rich and grand,
The Oliphant resounded loud o'er Roncesvalles' strand.

Then mighty Magnus, grieving came, with heavy heart and hand,
And Roland stretched his broken sword, to gift it to his land.
They rode away from Frankish fields, in saddles rich and grand,
The Oliphant resounded loud o'er Roncesvalles' strand.

Lanquan li jorn son lonc e may

Lanquan li jorn son lonc e may
M'es belhs dous chans d'auzelhs de lonh,
E quan mi suy partitz de lay,
Remembra-m d'un' amor de lonh.
Vau de talan embroncx e clis
Si que chans ni flors d'albepis
No-m valon plus que l'yverns gelatz.

Be tenc lo Senhor per veray
Per que formet sest' amor de lonh,
Mas per un ben que m'en eschay
N'ai dos mals, quar tant suy de lonh.
A! quar no fuy lai pelegris,
Si que mos fustz e mos tapis
Fos pels sieus belhs huelhs remiratz!

Be-m parra joys quan li querray,
Per amor Dieu, l'ostal de lonh,
E, s'a lieys platz, alberguari
Pres de lieys, si be-m suy de lonh,
Qu'aissi es lo parlamens fis
Quan drutz lonhdas et tan vezis
Qu'ab cortes ginh jauzis solatz.

Iratz e dolens me-n partray,
S'ieu no vey sest' amor de lonh.
No-m sai quora mais la veyrai,
que tan son nostras terras lonh.
Assatz hi a pas e camis,

e per aisso no-n suy devis.
Mas tot sia cum a lieys platz.

Jamai d'amor no-m jauziray
Si no-m jau d'est' amor de lonh,
que mielher ni gensor no-n sai
ves nulha part, ni pres ni lonh.
Tant es sos pretz rix e sobris
Que lai el reng dels Sarrasis
fos hieu per lieys chaitius clamatz.

Dieus que fetz tot quant ve ni vay
E formet sest'amor de lonh
Mi don poder, que cor be n'ai,
Qu'ieu vey sest'amor de lonh,
Verayamen en luec aizis,
Si que las cambras e-ls jardins
Mi recemblo novels palatz.

Ver ditz qui m'apella lechay
e deziros d'amor de lonh,
que nulhs autres joys tan no-m play
Cum jauzimen d'amor de lonh.
Mas so qu'ieu vuelh m'es tant ahis,
Qu'enaissi-m fadet mos pairis
Qu'ieu ames e nos fos amatz.

Mas so q'ieu vuoill m'es atahis.
Totz sia maudit lo pairis
Qe-m fadet q'ieu non fos amatz!

When Days Are Long in May

When days are long and touched by May,
Sweet is the song of birds afar,
But when from her I ride away,
I dream of love that dwells afar.
I go in grief, my heart held tight,
And neither song nor blossoms bright
Can warm me more than winter's chill.

I trust in God, who made my fate,
That formed this love so far from me,
Yet for each joy I celebrate,
Twice sorrowed for this love at sea.
Ah! Had I been a pilgrim there,
My cloak and staff, her eyes so fair,
Might once have known her tender gaze.

A joy it is when I shall stand,
And seek her home so far away,
And if she wills, within her land
I'll rest, though I am far away.
For sweetest words and truest bliss
Are when the distant lover is
So near and yet so lost in dream.

Yet, grief and sorrow walk with me,
If I may never see her face,
I know not when that day shall be,
Our lands lie far in time and space.
Too many seas and roads between,

And yet for this I do not wean,
Let all be as her heart decrees.

No joy in love can come my way,
Unless it be this love from far,
For none more pure, nor fair, I say,
Nor near, nor distant, shines as star.
Her worth so rich, her soul so bright,
That even in the Saracen's might
I'd gladly be her captive sworn.

O God, who made the world to move,
And shaped this love so far from sight,
Grant me the power, for I prove
My heart longs for this love in flight.
That I may see her, true and wise,
Where gardens bloom and halls arise,
As if they were a palace new.

True speaks the one who calls me lost,
A dreamer for a love so far,
For no delight, whate'er its cost,
Could bring me joy like love afar.
But what I seek is out of grasp,
For fate has sworn in cruel clasp,
That I must love and not be loved.

Ah, what I seek is turned to woe!
Curse the fate that wrought me so,
To love, and yet unloved rem

La Mer et la Pierre

Tout est un,
La vague et la perle,
La mer et la pierre.
Rien de ce qui existe en ce monde,
N'est en dehors de toi,
Cherche bien en toi-même
Ce que tu veux être,
Puisque tu es tout.
L'histoire entière du monde
Sommeille en chacun de nous.

O Maria stella maris

O Maria stella maris
Lux illustrans omnia
Que per stellam designaris
Super nos irradia
Sis in via previa
Ne sequamur de via
Via vite que vocaris
Aucta tolle noxia
Nec nos falli patiaris Ab hostis versutia
Salve virgo perpetua
Salutis nostre ianua

The Sea and the Stone

All is one—
The wave and the pearl,
The sea and the stone.
Nothing that exists in this world
Lies outside of you.
Look deep within yourself
For what you wish to be,
For you are all.
The whole story of the world
Slumbers within each of us.

O Mary, Star of the Sea

O Mary, star upon the sea,
Light that shines eternally,
Through the sign that names thee bright,
Shine on us with guiding light.
Be our path upon the way,
Lest our steps should go astray,
Thou, the road to life divine,
Cleanse our souls from stain and sign.
Let not guileful foes deceive,
Nor in shadows make us grieve.
Hail, O Virgin pure and bright,
Gate of hope and saving light.



På Dovrefjell i Norge

På Dovrefjell i Norge lå der kjemper
uten par,
dronning Ingeborgs brødre de alle var.
*Men hvem skal føre våre runer når vi selv
ei må?*

Den første kunn vende veiret med sin
hand,
den andre kunne stille det rinnende vann.
*Men hvem skal føre våre runer når vi selv
ei må?*

Den tredje han for under vannet som
en fisk,
den fjerde fattes aldri mat på disk.
*Men hvem skal føre våre runer når vi selv
ei må?*

Den femte han kunne gullharpa slå
så alle de dansede som hørte der på.
*Men hvem skal føre våre runer når vi selv
ei må?*

Den sjette han blåst i ein forgyllande lur,
så alle de det hørte måtte grues derfor.
*Men hvem skal føre våre runer når vi selv
ei må?*

Den sjuande kunn' under jorden gå,
den åttande kunne på bølgetoppen stå.
*Men hvem skal føre våre runer når vi selv
ei må?*

Den niande batt alle dyrene i skog,
den tiande kunn' aldri sønnen få.
*Men hvem skal føre våre runer når vi selv
ei må?*

Den ellefte batt lindormen i gresset
den lå,
og meget mere kunne den formå.
*Men hvem skal føre våre runer når vi selv
ei må?*

Den tolvte han var no så vis en mann,
han visste hva som hendte i fremmede
land.
*Men hvem skal føre våre runer når vi selv
ei må?*

Det siger jeg for visst og sant,
deres lige fantes ikke i Norges land.
*Men hvem skal føre våre runer når vi selv
ei må?*

On Dovrefjell in Norway

On Dovrefjell in Norway stood
Great champions without compare,
Queen Ingeborg's brothers, proud and strong—

*But who shall guard our runes when we
no longer can?*

The first could turn the winds at will,
The second bade the streams be still.
*But who shall guard our runes when we
no longer can?*

The third could dive like fish below,
The fourth would never hunger know.
*But who shall guard our runes when we
no longer can?*

The fifth could play the golden harp,
And all who heard would dance in mirth.
*But who shall guard our runes when we
no longer can?*

The sixth blew on a gilded horn,
And all who heard it shook with fear.
*But who shall guard our runes when we
no longer can?*

The seventh strode beneath the earth,
The eighth stood firm on the ocean's crest.
*But who shall guard our runes when we
no longer can?*

The ninth could tame the beasts of wood,
The tenth could never father a son.
*But who shall guard our runes when we
no longer can?*
The eleventh bound the lindworm down,
And much more skill did he command.
*But who shall guard our runes when we
no longer can?*

The twelfth was wise beyond all men,
He knew what lay in foreign lands.
*But who shall guard our runes when we
no longer can?*

I swear to you, both true and grand,
Their like was never seen in Norway's land.
*But who shall guard our runes when we
no longer can?*

Chanterai por mon corage, (Chanson de femme)

Chanterai por mon corage
Que je vueill reconforter;
Car avec mon grant damage
Ne vueill morir n'afoler,
Quant de la terre sauvage
Ne voi nului retourner,
Où cil est qui m'assoage
Le cuer quant j'en oi parler.

Dex ! quant crieront outrée,
Sire, aidiez au pelerin
Por qui sui espoentée,
Car felon sunt Sarrazin.

Je soufferrai mon damage
Tant que l'an verrai passer.
Il est en pelerinage
Dont Dex le lait retourner!
Et, maugré tot mon lignage,
Ne quier ochoison trover
D'autre face mariage:
Folz est qui j'en oi parler.

Dex ! quant crieront outrée...

De ce sui au cuer dolente
Que cil n'est en cest país
Qui si sovent me tormente;
Je n'en ai ne jeu ne ris.
Il est biaux et je suis gente.

Sire Dex ! por quel féis?
Quant l'uns à l'autre atalente
For coi nos as departis?

Dex ! quant crieront outrée...

De ce sui en bone atente
Que je son homage pris.
Et quant la douce ore vente
Qui vient de cel douz país
Où cil est qui m'atalente,
Volentiers i tor mon vis;
Adone m'est vis que j'el sente
Per desoz mon mantel gris.

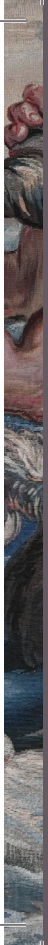
Dex ! quant crieront outrée...

De ce sui mout deçéue
Que je ne fui au convoier.
Sa chemise qu'ot vestue
M'envoie por embracier.
La nuit, quant s'amor m'argue,
La met delez moi couchier
Toute nuit à ma char nue
Por mes malz assoagier.

Dex ! quant crieront outrée,
Sire, aidiez au pelerin
Por qui sui espoentée,
Car felon sunt Sarrazin.







I Shall Sing for My Courage, (*Song of a Woman*)

I shall sing to bolster my heart,
That I might find renewed strength;
For though misfortune weighs me down,
I'll not perish in its length.
When from the wild earth's vast expanse
No solace dares return to me,
May one come ease this aching soul
That mourns lost love in memory.

Dex! When outraged voices cry,
"O Lord, assist this pilgrim fair,
For whom I place her hopeful trust,
While Saracens lie in deceit there."

I'll bear my sorrow through the years
As time in measured course proceeds;
A pilgrim roams his fated road
Whom Dex restores in needed deeds.
And though my kin surround my life,
No other home may comfort be—
Marriage alone I do desire;
Foolish, who would speak unkindly.

Dex! When outraged voices cry...

With a heavy, grieving heart I roam,
For none in this wide country grants
A balm to soothe my frequent pain;
No joy nor laughter lights my chants.
He is so comely, I of noble line—

O Lord Dex! Why must we part?
When equal gifts could join our lives,
Why does fate keep us apart?

Dex! When outraged voices cry...

In steadfast hope I still attend,
Having sworn my homage true;
And when the gentle breeze of love
Drifts from that sweet and distant view—
Where he who so beguiles my soul
Draws near with tender, fated art—
Adonis seems to grace my mind
Beneath my somber, gray cloak's heart.

Dex! When outraged voices cry...

I grieve the loss of meeting there,
For I did not join the throng;
His once-worn shirt, a memory dear,
Calls me to a love once strong.
And when at night passion surrounds,
He bids me rest beside his side;
Through every hour of tender dark
To ease the wounds that ache inside.

Dex! When outraged voices cry,
"O Lord, assist this pilgrim fair,
For whom I place her hopeful trust,
While Saracens lie in deceit there."

Het Regent zeer

Het regent zeer en ik worde nat.
Bij mijn zoet lief slaap ik vannacht,
slaap ik vannacht.
Al bij mijn lief allene,
mocht ik altijd haar liefste zijn.

Hij klopte al aan heur vensterken.
'Staat op mijn lief en laat mij in
en laat mij in.
'k Heb hier zo lang staan wachten.
Me dunkt dat ik bevroren ben.'

Dat meiske deed aan een hemdeken.
Ze liet er binnen de ruiter fijn,
de ruiter fijn.
En in haar blanke armen
hiet zij de ruiter welkom zijn.

Maar 's nachts omtrent de middernacht,
toen gaf dat beddeken ene krak,
ja ene krak.
Ze weende toch zo zere,
ze droomde dat ze bedrogen was.

Gij belooft mij veel, gij houdt mij klein.
Gij schenkt mij niets dan zure wijn
en ik draag een kind,
een kindeke al zo klene
en ik weet voorwaar de vader niet.
Draagt gij een kind, zo kleine kind?

Zo ziet dat gij de vader vindt,
de vader vindt.
Of geef het aan mijn vrienden,
der zal wel één de vader zijn.

Dat meiske zwoer al bij Sint-Jan:
'Bij mij sliep nooit een ander man,
een ander man
dan gij, vals en bedrieger.
Ge staat zo vast in mijne zin.'

Hij die dit liedeken eerstmaals zong,
dat was een ruiter en hij was jong
en hij was jong.
Hij heeft er wel gezongen,
maar bij de liefste mocht hij niet zijn.

It Rains

*It is raining heavily and I am getting wet.
I will sleep tonight with my sweet love,
I will sleep tonight.
Alone with my love,
may I always be her dearest.*

*He was already knocking on her window.
'Get up, my love, and let me in
and let me in.
I have been waiting here for so long.
I think I am frozen.'*

*The girl put on a nightgown.
She let the horseman in,
the horseman.
And in her white arms
she welcomed the horseman.*

*But at midnight,
the bed gave a creak,
yes, a creak.
She wept so bitterly,
she dreamed that she had been deceived.*

*You promise me so much, you keep me small.
You give me nothing but sour wine
and I am carrying a child,
a little child so small
and I do not know who the father is.
Are you carrying a child, such a small child?*

*See that you find the father,
find the father.
Or give it to my friends,
one of them will be the father.*

*That girl swore at St. John's:
'No other man has ever slept with me,
no other man
but you, false deceiver.
You are so fixed in my mind.*

*He who first sang this song
was a horseman, and he was young
and he was young.
He sang it well,
but he was not allowed to be with his
beloved.*

ARIANNA SAVALL

soprano, romanesque harp,
gothic harp, kravik lyre

PETTER UDLAND JOHANSEN

tenor, viele, hardingfele, kravik lyre

TRISTAN DRIESSENS

oud, soprano oud, lavta

DERYA TÜRKAN

kemençe

EFREN LÓPEZ

wheel fiddle, oud, lavta,
medieval lute, Afghan rabab,
Cretan laouto, soprano oud

DAVID MAYORAL

percussion, bells, santur

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