



Ors entray ens lans dire mot
Par lins que oyleuse ouuert mot

A ubergier : et quant ie fus ens
J e fus lies et moult ioians
E t saches que ie cuiday estre
T out droit en paradis terrestre
T ant estoit le lieu delectables
Q uil sembloit estre espietables
C ar si come il m'estoit aduis
J l ne fait en nul paradis
S i bon estre come il faisoit
A ubergier qui tant me plaisoit
D oyleaux chantans auoit asses
P ar my le iardin amasses
E n vng lieu auoit Roussignaus
D aultre part grans et estourneaus

The Yale Collegium Musicum
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INVENTING THE PAST:
MUSIC OF THE TROUVÈRES

THE YALE COLLEGIUM MUSICUM

Robert Mealy, *director*

Richard Lalli, *vocal director*

featuring students of

MUSIC 223: THE PERFORMANCE OF EARLY MUSIC

and special guests

Shira Kammen

Michael Rigsby

Ian Howell

October 25, 2006

Beinecke Rare Book & Manuscript Library

Lecture/Demonstration by Robert Mealy and Shira Kammen – 4:30 PM

Concert – 5:15 PM

INTRODUCTION

Since this school year began, students in the undergraduate seminar The Performance of Early Music (MUS 223) have been exploring some of the earliest secular song repertoire in the Western tradition: the musical world of France in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, a period when the Northern French poet/composers were creating the rich repertoire of vernacular lyric that we know today as the music of the trouvères. Together, we assembled our own chansonnier of songs and dances, working from facsimiles of the beautifully-illuminated original sources, to present in performance for you today. In the process, students made their own transcriptions of the melodies, figured out how best to set the text to these tunes, took on the challenge of delivering several stanzas of medieval French, and explored various ways of accompanying their songs, following the few (and frequently cryptic) discussions of this repertoire from the period.

Bringing this music, and this poetry, from the page to performance is a process of invention and reconstruction: there are no manuals as to how these songs should be sung, what instruments accompanied them, what on earth those instruments did, or even whether there were instruments in performance at all! The word trouver, like its Southern cousin trobar, means “to find”—and our work towards this performance has been a journey of “finding” the most vivid and eloquent ways of bringing this distant repertoire to life again.

The only original instrument heard onstage today is that most ancient of instruments, the human voice; the rest of our instrumentarium are modern reconstructions based on illuminations, statuary, and contemporary description. The vielle, or medieval fiddle, is the ancestor of every modern bowed string instrument; it could be played on the arm, as with the modern violin, or between the knees, as with a cello or viola da gamba. It was considered by one source, writing in Paris around 1300, to be “most suitable for accompanying every kind of music.” Its cousin, the smaller rebec, generally had three strings, and was associated with dance music. The medieval harp is single-strung, of light and simple construction, tuned according to the mode of the song; it was a noble instrument, and one that every gentleman was expected to play. Lastly, the early recorder is perhaps the one instrument to survive into the present day largely unchanged by technology.

In bringing this music to life before you, we have tried as much as possible to follow Guillaume de Machaut’s wise words: “music is that science/which makes us laugh, and dance, and sing.”

PROGRAM

You are kindly requested to hold your applause until the completion of each part of the program.

I LOVE OF THE CRUSADERS

Chanterai por mon corage
Ja nus hons pris

Guiot de Dijon (*fl* c1215–1225)
Richard Cœur-de-Lion (1157–1199)

II HIGH LOVE

Rondeau: Tant con je vivrai
Volez-vous que je vous chant
Motet: Ja n'amerai autrui que cele
Motet: Trois serors sor rive mer
Aussi conme unicorne sui

Adam de la Halle (*fl* c1245–1300)
anon.
anon.
anon.
Thibaut de Champagne (1201–1253)

III COUNTRY LOVE

Lai de la pastourelle
En avril au tems pascour
Estampie
En mai, quant li rossignolet
Rondeau: Or est baiars

anon.
anon.
anon.
Colin Muset (*fl* c1200–1250)
Adam de la Halle

IV COMIC LOVE

L'autrier par la matinee
Rondeau: Bonne amourette
Haute chose/Trop est mes maris jalos

Souffres, maris

Thibaut de Champagne
Adam de la Halle
Gillebert de Berneville (*fl* c1250–1280)
Etienne de Meaux (*fl* c1280–1300)
anon.

V ABANDONED LOVE

Dites, seignor
L'on dit qu'amours est dolce chose
Bele Doette

anon.
anon.
anon.

VI LOVE ON THE DANCEFLOOR

Estampie: Souvent souspire
Three caroles
Ce fu en mai

anon.
anon.
Moniot d'Arras (*fl* c1250–1275)

PROGRAM NOTES

by Robert Mealy

The figure of the *troubadour* is a familiar one to the modern imagination, from Verdi on down to Saarahiro's wonderful recent opera *L'Amor de loin*. But the great explosion of lyric in the southern France in the early twelfth century that produced the famed *troubadours* had its mirror to the north, a century later, in the poets who took the same word — from the root “to find” — translated into their language: they were the *trouvères*. These Northern French poets took over many of the forms that their Provençal counterparts had invented, but they also infused a new, lighter vein into the great lyric tradition. The combination produced a memorably tuneful body of music, in which “high art” songs of courtly love jostle shoulders with ribald tales of sex in the woods, and where eloquent monodies share the same page with infectiously rhythmic dance-tunes. Today's program is a portrait of the *trouvères*, our own report on what we have found in this distant but eloquent art.

Our theme, like that of the *trouvères* themselves, is that of love, in all its various forms. We open with some of the earliest songs in this repertoire, born out of the various pilgrimages and crusades of the later twelfth centuries. (Indeed, one of these — the notorious Albigensian “crusade” — was what had effectively destroyed *troubadour* culture by the mid-century.) The first voice you will hear is that of women, left behind as their men disappear into the Mideast; their anxiety is not so removed from our own today. It is answered by a song by one of the most famous of the *trouvères*, Richard the Lionhearted, who (after the captivity he bewails in this song) went on to rule England as Richard I.

This royal composer was not the only noble to write or sing; the *chansonniers* in which this repertoire has come down to us are arranged in order of rank, from kings like Richard and Thibaut de Champagne, King of Navarre, all the way down to commoners like Adam de la Halle, known as *le bossu* — the hunchback. Despite the social hierarchy enforced in these anthologies, it was talent that mattered, and virtuosity in spinning the various generic conventions and rhyme-schemes into something fresh and new, much like rap or country music today. Adam de la Halle, indeed, enjoyed the honor of being the only *trouvère* to have a *chansonnier* devoted solely to his works. He is represented in our program

by a sampling of his tiny, jewel-like polyphonic *rondeaux*, scattered through the concert; he was the only *trouvère* to experiment widely with the new technology of polyphony.

Our program continues with a section devoted to *fins amors*, or courtly love: the most stylized of the generic conventions in *trouvère* music, and the one which called forth the most eloquent rhyme-schemes and metaphors from its practitioners. One of these songs, Thibaud's *Ausi comme l'unicorne*, was praised by the contemporary theoretician Johannes de Grocheo as a *cantus coronatus*, or “crowned song.” Another, the anonymous *Volez-vous que je vous chante*, is in the genre known as a *reverdie* or spring-song: an almost hallucinatory vision of love in the springtime, with an intoxicating mélange of images set to a voluptuous melody. We also include in this set two anonymous examples of the multi-texted motet that was becoming amazingly popular around the turn of the thirteenth century. One, *Ja n'amerai*, takes a pre-existing three-voice hocket (a cut-up texture in which the various voices break off, or ‘hiccup’) and grafts onto it an elaborate love-song as a new *triplum*. The other, *Trois serors*, sets three rather different versions of love — low, middle, and high — simultaneously, as the interior monologue of three sisters. Both of these are constructed over a “sample” of chant which serves as the base-track on which everything else is layered.

We next move to the countryside, a subject which grew in interest as urban centers became more and more prominent (Paris, after all, was the biggest city in Europe — that is, in the world, for the medieval mind — almost as big as New London today). The fantasies of arcadian life ranged from the visionary, as with the anonymous *reverdie En Avril*, to the earthier pleasures celebrated by Conon de Muset in *En Mai*. Country life is also a rich source of comedy, as knights go in search of amorous adventures which often end up (as in Thibaud's *L'autrier par la matinee*) in sheer embarrassment for the knight. Comedy could also work by re-writing: Gilbert de Berneville's high-art *Haute chose* exists in a wonderful parody by Etienne de Meaux, who takes Gilbert's tune and turns it into something very different.

One of the astonishing riches of *trouvère* song is the number of profoundly moving works cast in a woman's voice, and our meditation on abandoned

love includes several impressive examples. The anonymous *L'on dit qu'amours* is a song of betrayal set to a haunting melody. Equally powerful is the great *chanson de toile* or "weaving-song" about *Bele Doette*. Opening with the subject alone, reading a book (an interesting glimpse of the new literacy among the nobility), the story rapidly turns to tragedy, as Doette hears the terrible news of the death of her beloved.

And what was Doette reading? She might well have been engrossed in one of the popular romances of the time. One of these, the *Roman de la Rose*, is represented by a spectacularly-illuminated copy here in the Beinecke. This best-selling novel frequently mentions music, and many of its great scenes are set at outdoor dance-parties. Though the names of the dance-songs are mentioned, the tunes are not recorded; thanks to some detective work on the part of a Yale doctoral student (Maria Coldwell, now president of Early Music America), we know that many of these dance-songs turn up as quotations in motets. We have taken several of these tune-fragments mentioned in the *Roman de la Rose* to form a call-and-response suite of *caroles*, those immensely popular round-dances that were one of the few moments in which young men and women could actually have some degree of physical contact in public. We also include one of the more virtuosic sung

estampies, a dance-form that Grocheo recommended because it's complicated to learn and hence keeps young people from thinking of less uplifting things.

Although we have a huge repertoire of songs from this period, we have almost no instrumental music to speak of. One *estampie* in our program is drawn from the *Chansonnier du Roi*, in which a few instrumental dances appear; the hocket under *Ja n'amerai* appears in one manuscript next to a similar untexted hocket called "In seculum viellatoris," suggesting that (at least sometimes) these non-texted lines were fair game for instrumentalists. Certainly the contemporary theorist Johannes de Grocheo thought so, even going as far as recommending that vielles play two-part conductus. Of course, an enormous amount of the medieval instrumental repertoire was conveyed by oral tradition, relying on improvisation and memory. The only way to reinvent an improvised tradition is through improvisation, using the musical language of the time. Our accompaniments tonight for these songs are unwritten, at most loosely sketched out in advance; they are responses to the particular moment, the particular singer, this particular performance.

It's been a great joy to work on this repertoire with the students of Music 223: I hope you find as much joy and pleasure in this music as we have had in preparing this program!

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

CHANTERAI POUR 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
Ou cil est qui m'assoage
Le cuer quant j'en oi parler.
Deus, quant crieront "Outree"
Sire, aidiez au pelerin
Por qui sui espöentee,
Car felon sunt Sarrazin.

Souffrerai en tel estage
Tant que.l voie rapasser.
Il est en pelerinage,
Dont Deus le lait retourner.
Et maugré tot mon lignage
Ne quier ochoison trover
D'autre face mariage;
Folz est qui j'en oi parler.
Deus...

De ce fui mout deceüe
Que ne fui au convoier.
Sa chemise qu'ot vestue
M'envoia por embracier.
La nuit, quant s'amor m'argüe,
La met delez moi couchier,
Toute nuit a ma char nue,
Por mes malz assoagier.
Deus...
— Guiot de Dijon

JA NUS HONS PRIS NE DIRA SA RAISON
Adroitement, se dolantement non;
Mais par effort puet il fere chançon.
Mout ai amis, mais povre sont li don;
Honte i avront, se por ma reançon
Sui ça deus yvers pris.
Or sai je bien de voir certainement
Que je ne pris ne ami ne parent,
Quant hon me faut por or ne por argent.
Moult m'est de moi, mès plus m'est de ma gent,
Qu'apres ma mort avront reprochement,
Se longuement sui pris.

I WILL SING FOR THE SAKE OF MY HEART
that I want to comfort,
for with my great suffering
I don't want to die or to go mad,
when out of that wild country
I don't see anyone return
from where he is, the one who comforts
my heart when I hear him spoken of!
My God, when they cry "Charge!"
O Lord, preserve the pilgrim:
I am terrified for him,
because the Saracens are ruthless.

I'll suffer in this state
until I see him return.
He's on a pilgrimage;
God grant that he come back.
Despite my whole family
I don't want any reason
to marry another man;
anyone who suggests that is a fool.
O Lord...

What disappointed me the most
was that I wasn't there to see him leave.
The tunic he'd worn
he sent for me to embrace.
At night, when his love spurs me,
I lay it down beside me,
all night, against my naked skin,
to soothe my pain.
O Lord...

NO PRISONER WILL EVER SPEAK HIS MIND
truly, except when he speaks in grief.
But he can make a song out of his struggle.
I have many friends, but their gifts are poor.
It'll be their shame if, for lack of ransom,
I stay a prisoner here for these two winters.
Now I know for sure
I should cherish neither friend nor family
because they leave me here for gold and silver.
That's my problem, but it's also my people's:
when I'm dead they'll be blamed
if I die a prisoner.

Ce sevent bien Angevin et Torain,
Cil bacheler qui or sont riche et sain,
Qu'enconbrez sui loing d'aus en autrui main.
Forment m'aïdissent, mais or n'en oient grain
De beles armes sont ore vuit et plain,
Por ce que je sui pris.

Contesse suer, vostre pris souverain
Vos saut et gart cil a cui je m'en clain;
Et por ce suis je pris
Je ne di mie a cele de Chartrain, La mere Loëys.
— *Richard Cœur de Lion*

TANT CON JE VIVRAI
N'amerai autrui que vous;
Ja n'en partirai
Tant con je vivrai,
Ains vous servirai:
Loiaument mis m'i sui tous.
Tant con je vivrai
N'amerai autrui que vous.
— *Adam de la Halle*

VOLEZ VOUS QUE JE VOUS CHANT
Un son d'amors avenant?
Vilain ne.l fist mie,
Ainz le fist un chevalier
Souz l'ombre d'un olivier
Entre les braz s'amie.

Chemisete avoit de lin
Et blanc peliçon hermin
Et bliäut de soie,
Chauces ot de jaglölai
Et sollers de flors de mai,
Estroitement chauçade.

Çainturete avoit de fueille
Qui verdist quant li tens mueille;
D'or ert boutonade.
L'aumosniere estoit d'amor;
Li pendant furent de flor,
Par amors fu donade.

Si chevauchoit une mule;
D'argent ert la ferreüre,
La sele ert dorade;
Seur la crope par derrier
Avoit planté trois rosiers
Por fere li honbrage.

They know well, those men of Anjou and Touraine,
those young men, now so magnificent and safe,
that I've been arrested, far from them, in another's hands.
They might help me greatly, but they don't care at all.
The battlefields are barren of noble deeds
since I've become a prisoner.

Countess, sister, may your sovereign worth
be watched and defended by the one I invoke,
for whose sake I'm a prisoner
I say not a word to the one in Chartres, the mother of Louis.

AS LONG AS I LIVE,
I shall not love another other than you.
I shall not leave
as long as I live;
rather I shall serve you.
Loyally I have given myself wholly to you.
As long as I live,
I shall not love another other than you.

WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO SING YOU
a charming love song?
It isn't made by a peasant.
It was written by a knight
in the shade of an olive tree
in the arms of his beloved.

She wore a linen skirt,
a white ermine cloak,
and a tunic of silk.
Stockings of gladiolus
and shoes of May flowers
snugly fit her feet.

She wore a girdle of leaves
that grew green when the weather changed;
it had a golden buckle.
Her purse was made of love;
the pendants were of flowers,
given out of true love.

She rode mounted on a mule
with silver horseshoes
and a golden saddle;
on the crupper behind her
she had planted three rosebushes
to give her shade.

Si s'en vet aval la pree;
Chevaliers l'ont encontree,
Biau l'ont saluade:
"Bele, dont estes vous nee?"
"De France sui, la lœe,
Du plus haut parage.

"Li rosignous est mon pere
Qui chante seur la ramee
El plus haut boschage;
La seraine, ele est ma mere
Qui chante en la mer salee
El plus haut rivage."

"Bele, bon fussiez vous nee,
Bien estes enparentee
Et de haut parage;
Pleüst a Dieu nostre pere
Que vous me fussiez donee
A fame espousade."

JA N'AMERAI AUTRE QUE CELE, QUE J'AI
De fin cuer amee.
Je li ai m'amour dounee
Ne ja ne m'en quier partir
De li pour noif ne pour gelee.
*Dieus, que li dirai,
la bele qui a mon cuer et m'amour?*
Pour li sui en grant dolour
N'i ai repos ne nuit ne jour,
Quant je remir sa bouchete,
Sa tres frechete coulour.
Ses atours n'est pas vilains,
Mes plains est de douçour,
De courtoisie et d'ounour.
Hé, douce amie! Trop main dure vie,
En plour Tous jours
Pour vous sui:
Alegiés moi mes grans dolours!

[tenor: IN SECULUM]

TROIS SERORS SOR RIVE MER
Chantent cler.
La jonete Fu brunete
De brun ami s'ahati:
"Je suis brume, s'avrai brun ami ausi."

Trois serors sor rive mer
Chantent cler.
La moiene a apelé Robin, son ami:
"Prise m'avés el bois ramé, reportés m'i!"

As she went along the meadow,
she met some knights
who courteously greeted her:
"Fair one, where were you born?"
"I am from France, the celebrated country,
of noblest lineage.

"The nightingale is my father
who sings on a branch
in the highest forest.
The siren is my mother
who sings in the salty sea
and dwells on the highest bank."

"Fair one, your rich parentage
is the source of your charmed birth,
and noble lineage.
Were to God, our Father,
that you had been given me
as a wedded wife."

NEVER WILL I LOVE ANYONE BUT HER, WHOM
I have loved with a true heart.
To her I have given my love
and neither ice nor snow
will ever make me want to part from her.
*God, what will I say to her,
The fair one who has my heart and my love?*
On her account I suffer greatly,
I can rest neither day nor night
when I remember her little mouth,
her really fresh color!
Her character isn't common,
no, it's full of gentleness,
of courtesy and honor.
Oh, my sweet beloved! I live such a hard life;
I am always in tears the whole day
because of you:
Lighten my great sorrow!

THREE SISTERS AT THE SEASHORE
are singing clearly.
The youngest, a brunette,
is looking for a dark-haired sweetheart:
"Since I'm a brunette, I'll have a dark-haired sweetheart too."

Three sisters at the seashore
are singing clearly.
The middle one called to Robin, her sweetheart:
"You took me first in the woods, now take me back there!"

Trois serors sor rive mer
Chantent cler.
L'aisnee dist a:
*"On doit bien bele dame amer
et s'amour garder, cil qui l'a."*

[tenor: PERLUSTRAVIT]

AUSI CONME UNICORNE SUI
Qui s'esbahit en regardant
Quant la pucele va mirant.
Tant est liee de son ennui,
Pasmee chiet en son giron;
Lors l'ocit on en traïson.
Et moi ont mort d'autel senblant
Amors et ma dame, por voir;
Mon cuer ont, n'en puis point ravoïr.

Dame, quant je devant vos fui
Et je vos vi premierement,
Mes cuers aloit si tresailant
Qu'il vos remest quant je m'en mui.
Lors fu menés sanz raençon
En la douce chartre en prison,
Dont li piler sont de talent
Et le huis sont de biau veoir
Et li anel de bon espoir.

De la chartre a la clef Amors,
Et si i a mis trois portiers;
Biau Semblant a non li premiers,
Et Biautez ceus en fait seignors;
Dangier a mis a l'uis devant,
Un ort felon, vilain puant,
Qui mult est maus et pautoniers.
Cist troi sont et viste et hardi;
Mult ont tost un home saisi.

Qui porroit souffrir la tristors
Et les assauz de ces huissiers?
Onques Rollanz ne Oliviers
Ne vainquirent si fors estors;
Il vainquirent en combatant,
Mès ceus vaint on humiliant.
Sousfrirs en est gonfanoniers;
En cest estor dont je vous di
N'a nul secors fors de merci.

Dame, quant je ne sai guiler,
Merciz seroit de saison mes
De soustenir si grevain fes.
— *Thibaut de Champagne*

Three sisters at the seashore
are singing clearly.
The eldest said:
*"One should indeed love a fair lady,
and he who has her love should keep it."*

I AM LIKE THE UNICORN
whom contemplation stuns
as he gazes at the maiden.
He is so elated and unnerved
that he falls fainting in her lap;
then he is traitorously slain.
I have been killed in the same way,
truly, by love and my lady;
they have my heart, and I can't have it back.

My lady, when I stood before you
and saw you for the first time,
my heart went leaping so
that it stayed with you when I took my leave.
Then it was led, an unransomed
captive, into the precious prison
whose columns are made of desire,
whose gates are of beautiful sight,
and whose chains are of good hope.

Love holds the key to this prison
and has posted three wardens there:
Attraction is the name of the first,
Beauty is master of the others;
and posted at the front gate is Rejection,
a filthy scoundrel, a stinking knave,
a thoroughly wicked wretch.
All three are fast and bold;
it takes no time for them to seize a man.

Who could withstand the beatings
and the assaults of such wardens?
Never did Roland or Olivier
win such ruthless battles;
they conquered by fighting,
but only humility can defeat these foes.
Suffering is their standard-bearer
in this assault I'm telling you of
and there's no rescue except through pity.

My lady, since I cannot lie,
it is surely time for mercy to reward me
for bearing such a heavy burden.

EN AVRIL AU TENS PASCOUR,
Que sur l'herbe naist la flour,
L'aloete au point du jour
chante par moult grant baudour,
 Pour la douçour du tems nouvel,
 Si me levai par un matin,
 S'oï chanter sur l'arbrissel
 Un oiselet en son latin.

Un petit me soulevai
Pour esgarder sa faiture;
N'en soi mot, que des oiseaux
Vi venir à desmesure.

 Je vis l'oriou,
 Et le rossignou,
 Si vi le pinçon
 Et l'esmerillon,
Dieu, et tant des autres oiseaux,
De quoi je ne sai pas les noms,
Qui sur cel arbre s'assistrent
Et commencent leur chançon.

Tuit chanterai a un tor,
N'i ot autre jougleor.
Je m'en alai sous la flour
Pour oïr joie d'amour.
 Tout belement par un prael
 Li dieus d'Amours vis chevauchier.
 Je m'en alai à son appel,
 De moi a fait son escuier.

Ses chevas fu de depors,
Sa selle de ses dangiers,
Ses escus fut de quartiers
De baisier et de sourire.
 Ses haubers estoit
 D'acoler estroit,
 Ses heaumes de flours
 De pluseurs colours.
Dieu, sa lance est de cortoisie,
Espee de flour de glai,
Ses chaucés de mignotie,
Esperons de bec de jai.

EN MAI, QUANT LI ROSSIGNOLET
Chante cler ou vert boissonet,
Lors m'estuet faire un flajolet,
Si le ferai d'un saucelet,
Qu'il m'estuet d'amors flajoler
Et chapelet de flor porter
Por moi deduire et deporter,
Qu'adès ne doit on pas muser.

IN APRIL AT EASTERTIDE
when flowers bloom in the grass
the lark at break of day
sings for true delight,
 with the sweetness of the new season,
 early one morning I arose,
 and heard a little bird on a tree
 singing his own song in his own language.

I lifted my head to spy
what sort of bird he might be:
in the twinkling of an eye
flocks of birds descend on me.

 I see orioles,
 and the nightingale,
 I see chaffinches,
 and the merlin too,
and God knows how many other birds,
whose names I do not know,
who roosted on the branches, there,
and began to sing their song.

They all sang a single song,
with never another musician.
I walked through that blossoming
listening to love's joy ring.
 Over the meadow, riding slow,
 I saw the God of Love pass by.
 At his summons I go to him
 and he makes of me his squire.

His horse was made of delight,
his saddle of Love's delays,
his shield was quartered by
Love's kisses and Love's sighs.
 His coat of mail
 was a close embrace,
 his helm of flowers
 was of many colors!
God, his lance was of courtesy,
his sword an iris blade,
his hose a caress, you see,
And his spurs were made of the beaks of jays.

IN MAY, WHEN THE LITTLE NIGHTINGALE
sings sweetly in the green grove,
then it's time for me to make a flajolet;
I'll make it from a willow shoot,
for I must play on the flajolet about love
and wear a garland of flowers
to distract and amuse myself
for then [in spring] you can't waste time.

La damoisele au chief blondet
Me tient tot gay et cointelet;
En tel joie le cuer me met
Qu'il ne me sovient de mon det.
Honiz soit qui por endeter
Laira bone vie a mener!
Adès les voit on schaper,
A quel chief qu'il doie torner.

L'en m'apele Colin Muset,
S'ai maingié maint bon chaponnet,
Mainte haste, maint gastelet
En vergier et en praelet,
Et quant je puis hoste trover
Qui vuet acroire et bien preter,
Adonc me preng a sejourner
Selon la blondete au vis cler.

N'ai cure de roncin lasser
Après mauvais seignor troter;
S'il heent bien mon demander,
Et je, cent tanz, lor refuser.
— *Colin Muset*

OR EST BAIARS EN LA PASTURE.
Hure!
Des deus piés defferrés.
Il porte souef l'ambléure;
Or est Baiars en la pasture.
Avoir li ferai couverturee,
Au repairier des prés.
Or est Baiars en la pasture...
— *Adam de la Halle*

L'AUTRIER PAR LA MATINEE
Entre un bois et un vergier,
Une pastore ai trovee
Chantant por soi envoisier,
Et disoit en son premier:
"Ci me tient li maus d'amours."
Tantost cele part me tor
Que je l'oï desresnier,
Si li dis sans delaier:
"Bele, Deus vos doint bon jor!"

Mon salu sanz demoree
Me rendi et sanz targier;
Mult ert fresche, coloree,
Si mi plot a acointier.
"bele, vostre amor vos quier,
S'avrez de moi riche ator."

The young girl with blond hair
keeps me happy and contented;
she puts my heart in such joy
that I hardly remember my debts!
Shame on him who, because of debts,
gives up the good life!
You'll see his goal escape him,
however it turns out.

They call me Colin Muset
and I've eaten many a good capon
and roasts and little cakes
in orchards and in meadows,
and when I can find a host
who wants to borrow or lend,
then I stick around
next to the pretty blonde.

I don't care to wear out my workhorse
trotting around after a bad lord;
if they hate my requests,
I hate their refusals a hundred times more.

HERE COMES BAIARS IN THE PASTURE.
Hure!
With two lame hooves,
He moves at an easy canter.
Here comes Baiars...
He will re-establish his old stomping-grounds
back in this neighborhood again!
Here comes Baiars...

THE OTHER DAY IN THE MORNING,
between the woods and an orchard,
I came across a shepherdess
singing for her own delight;
her first song went,
"I'm overcome by the pain of love."
At once I turned toward
where I heard her trilling,
and I said right away
"Have a nice day, sweetie!"

She returned my greeting
right away, without a pause:
she was fresh and glowing,
and I was very happy to meet her.
"Dear girl, I ask for your love,
and I'll give you something precious to wear."

Ele respont: "Tricheor
Sont mes trop li chevalier;
Melz aim Perrin mon bergier
Que riche honme menteor."

"Bele, ce ne dites mie.
Chevalier sont trop vaillant.
Qui set donc avoir amie
Ne servir a son talent
Fors chevalier et tel gent?
Mais l'amor d'un bergeron
Certes ne vaut un bouton.
Partez vos en a itant
Et m'amez; je vous creant,
De moi avrés riche don."

"Sire, par sainte Marie,
Vos en parlés por noient.
Mainte dame avront trichie
Cil chevalier soudoiant;
Trop sont faus et mal pensant,
Pis valent que Guenelon.
Je m'en revois en maison,
Car Perrinés qui m'atent
M'aime de cuer loiaument.
Abaissiés vostre raison."

G'entendi bien la bergiere,
Qu'ele me veut eschaper;
Mult li fis longue priere,
Mais n'i poi riens conquerer.
Lors la pris a acoler
Et ele gete un haut cri:
"Perrinet, traï! traï!"
Dou bois prenent a huper.
Je la lez sans demorer,
Seur mon cheval m'en parti.

Quant ele m'en vit aler,
Ele dist par ranponer:
"Chevaliers sont trop hardi!"
— *Thibaut de Champagne*

BONNE AMOURETE
Me tient gai;
Ma compaignete,
Bonne amourete,
Ma cançonnete
Vous dirai:
Bonne amourete
Me tient gai!
— *Adam de la Halle*

She answered, "Knights these days
are pretty tricky;
I'd rather have my shepherd Pete
than a rich guy who's a liar."

"Don't say that, dear girl.
Knights are awfully vigorous!
Who can offer his sweetheart
all the service she wants,
except a knight or that kind of fellow?
The love of a shepherd-boy, though,
isn't worth a button.
So ditch that guy
and love me; I promise you
you'll get a precious gift from me."

"By holy Mary, my lord,
you're wasting your words.
Many a lady has been tricked
by those knights out for hire;
they're false and evil-minded,
far worse than Ganelon.
I'm going back home;
my Pete, who's waiting there,
loves me with all his heart.
You might as well save your breath."

I realized that the shepherdess
wanted to get away from me;
I went on at length
but I didn't get anywhere with her.
Then I grabbed her,
and she let out a cry:
"Hey, Pete! help! help!"
Shouts came from the woods.
I left her right away
and rode away on my horse.

When she saw me go,
she yelled after me:
"Knights are awfully bold!"

MY LITTLE LOVE
Keeps me happy,
My little companion,
My little love,
My little song
I'll sing to you:
My little love
Keeps me happy!

HAUTE CHOSE A EN AMOR,
Bien la doit garder qui l'a.
N'a pas failli a honor
Fins cuers ou ele sera.
Qui plus ainme plus metra
Trestout son plaisir
En bons devenir.
Por valoir
Doit avoir
Chascuns bone amour
Sanz movoir.

Dame, par vostre valour
Mes fins cuers vos enama.
Car bien sai qu'il n'a moillor
Deça la mer, ne delà.
Amors pas ne m'oblia,
Quant me fist choisir
Tot a mon plaisir.
Por valoir...
— *Gillebert de Berneville*

TROP EST MES MARIS JALOS,
Sorcuidez, fel et estouz;
Mes il sera par tens cous,
Se je truis mon ami douz,
Si gentil, li saboros.
Mari ne pris rien,
Qu'il n'aiment nul bien.
Fel vos di:
Dire fi
Doit on du vilain,
Plain d'ennui.

Quant a la fenestre vois,
Il me guete trestoz jorz;
Sachiez qu'il vit seur mon pois,
Car por lui pert mes amors.
Il set bien que j'aime aillors;
Or se puet desver,
Car je vueil amer.
Fel vos di...

SOUFRÉS, MARIS, ET SI NE VOUS ANUIT,
Demain m'arés et mes amis anuit.
Je vous deffenc k'un seul mot n'en parlés.
Soufrés, maris, et si ne vous mouvés.
La nuis est courte, aparmains me rarés,
Quant mes amis ara fait sen deduit.
Soufrés, maris...

LOVE IS A GREAT POSSESSION;
whoever has it should guard it well.
A true heart where love is
has attained great honor.
The man who loves best
will take greatest pleasure
in becoming the best in everything.
To be great,
everyone should have
and preserve
true love.

Lady, for your great worth
my true heart loved you.
For I know that there's no one better
beyond the sea, or over here.
Love didn't ignore me
when he made me choose
a lady wholly pleasing to me.
To be great...

MY HUSBAND IS REALLY JEALOUS,
arrogant, evil, and proud;
but he'll be a cuckold soon
if I can find my sweetiepie,
so delightful, and so zesty!
I don't care at all for my husband:
husbands love nothing good.
I'm telling you:
you should despise
that peasant,
that boring guy.

Whenever I look out the window,
he always spies on me:
I can tell you, he's a real drag;
my love suffers because of him.
He definitely knows I love someone else;
but he can go crazy,
because I'm determined to be in love!
I'm telling you...

BE PATIENT, HUSBAND, AND DON'T LET IT GET TO YOU:
tomorrow you'll have me, and tonight my lover will.
I forbid you to speak one word of it!
Be patient, husband, and don't move;
The night is short, and soon you'll have me again,
when my lover has taken his pleasure.
Be patient, husband, and don't let it get to you...

DITES, SEIGNOR, QUE DEVROIT ON JUGIER
D'un traïtour qui faisoit a entendre
Que il avoit m'amour sanz destorber?
Mais ce n'iert ja, Dex m'en puisse deffendre!
Prenez le moi, sou me faites lier
Et sor l'eschiele monter sanz lui descendre.
Que nul avoir
N'en porroie je prendre,
Ainz morra voir.

Dame, merci: confession requier.
De mes pechiez me vuil corpaubles rendre
Vers vos, dame, cui cuidioie engnien.
Li deables le me fist entreprendre.
Cuidiiez vos que deüsse endurer
Les maus d'amer? Nenil, mie le moindre;
Por vos avoir
Je.l vos faisoie entendre
Por decevoir.

Par Deu, ribauz, quant li autre savront,
Li tricheour, que tex est ma justice,
Que vos avroiz les ieuz sachiez dou front,
Ja mes par aux n'iert tel dame requise.
De la paour li autre s'en fuironz:
Lors verra l'en les lêaus sanz faintise
Apertement,
Quant la langue iert jus mise
Qui d'amors ment.

L'ON DIT QU'AMORS EST DOLCE CHOSE,
Mais je n'en conois la dolçor;
Tote joie m'en est enclose,
N'ainz ne senti nul bien d'amor.
Lasse! mes mals ne se repose,
Si n'en deplaing et faz clamor.
Mar est batuz qui plorer n'ose,
N'en plorant dire sa dolor.
*Ses duels li part qui s'ose plaindre;
Plus tost en puet son mal estaindre.*

De ce me plaing qu'il m'a traïe;
S'en ai trop grant duel acoilli,
Quant je qui sui leals amie
Ne truis amor en mon ami.
je fui ainçois de lui baisie,
Si lo fis de m'amor saisi;
Mais tels baise qui n'aime mie:
Baisier ont maint amant traï.
Ses duels...

TELL ME, MY LORD, HOW SHOULD ONE JUDGE
a traitor who claimed
he had won my love without any difficulty?
for this will never be, God forbid!
Take him and tie him up for me,
make him climb up to the pillory, don't take him down!
No ransom
could I take for him;
rather, he will truly die.

Lady, have mercy, I need to confess.
I wish to plead guilty for my sins
toward you, lady, whom I hoped to seduce.
The devil made me do it!
Did you think I wanted to suffer
the pains of love? No, not at all;
in order to get you
I did this to you
so I could trick you.

By God, you rake, when the others learn —
those cheats! — what my verdict is:
your eyes will be plucked out,
so no lady can be courted by them again.
In fear those others will flee;
then the loyal and the straightforward will be
revealed openly,
when the tongue that lies about love
is banished.

THEY SAY THAT LOVE IS A SWEET THING,
but I am a stranger to its sweetness;
all its joy is barred to me,
and I have never felt its pleasure.
Alas! my pain knows no pause
and so I lament and raise my cry.
You are woefully beaten if you dare not weep
or express your sorrow in tears.
*One who dares lament drives their sorrow away;
they can sooner put an end to their pain.*

My complaint is that he betrayed me;
and I have endured great sorrow,
since I who love loyally
find no love in my beloved.
I was once kissed by him,
and I made him master of my love;
but there are those who kiss without loving;
kisses have betrayed many a lover.
One who dares lament...

Estre cuidai de lui amee
Quant entre ses braz me tenoit;
Cum plus iere d'amors grevee
A son parler me refaisoit;
A sa voiz iere si sanee
Cum Piramus quant il moroit;
Navrez en son flanc de s'espee,
Au nom Tisbé les iauz ovoit.
Ses duels...

BELE DOETTE AS FENESTRES SE SIET.
Lit en un livre, mais au cuer ne l'en tient:
De son ami Doon li resovient,
Q'en autres terres est alez tornoier.
E, or en ai dol!

Uns escuiers as degrez de la sale
Est descenduz, s'est destrossé sa male.
Bele Doette les degrez en avale:
Ne cuide pas oïr novele male.
E, or en ai dol!

Bele Doette li prist a demander:
"Ou est mes sires, cui je doi tant amer?"
"En non Deu, dame, nel vos quier mais celer:
Morz est mes sires, ocis fu au joster."
E, or en ai dol!

Bele Doette a pris son duel a faire:
"Tant mar i fustes, cuens Do, frans debonaire!
Por vostre amor vestirai je la haire,
Ne sor mon cors n'avra pelice vaire."
E, or en ai dol!

"Por vos ferai une abbaïe tele:
Quant iert li jors que la feste iert nomeie,
Se nus i vient qui ait s'amor fauseie,
Ja del mostier ne savera l'entreie.
E, or en ai dol!
Por vos devenirai nonne a l'eglise saint Pol."

SOUVENT SOUSPIRE MON CUER PLAIN D'IRE
Pour la plus bele de l'empire;
Si me martire Que ne l'os dire,
Souvent mi fet plorer et rire;
Ele mi set bien escondire
Et moi seur touz autres despire.
Descrire En cire
Ne porroit nu son cors ne lire.
Ocire, Defrire
Mi fet, quant la remire.

I believed myself loved by him
when he held me in his arms;
when I was most oppressed by love,
his words gave me back my strength.
I was revived by his voice
like Pyramus dying;
wounded in the side by his sword,
at the name of Thisbe he opened his eyes.
One who dares lament...

LOVELY DOETTE IS SITTING BY THE WINDOWS
reading a book, but her heart is not in it;
she's thinking about her friend Doon,
who has gone tourneying in other lands.
Ah, how it grieves me!

A squire descended the hall stairs
and unfastened his bag.
Lovely Doette runs down the stairs,
not thinking she will hear bad news.
Ah, how it grieves me!

Lovely Doette began to ask him:
"Where is my lord whom I love so much?"
"In God's name, Lady, I can keep it from you no longer:
my lord is dead; he was killed jousting."
Ah, how it grieves me!

Lovely Doette began to mourn:
"How awful that you went there, noble Count Do!
For love of you I shall wear a hair-shirt;
no pelisse of fur will touch my body."
Ah, how it grieves me!

"For you I will build an abbey such that
on the day of this feast,
if anyone comes who has betrayed his love,
he will never be able to enter the church."
Ah, how it grieves me!
For you I shall become a nun in the Church of St. Paul.

OFTEN MY HEART SIGHS, FULL OF RAGE
for the most beautiful woman in the empire.
Although she martyrs me, more than I dare say,
often she makes me weep and laugh.
She knows well how to contradict me
and to insult me more than anyone else.
No one can read her heart,
or write it down in wax.
She makes me writhe and burn
whenever I look at her.

Tant ai servie Ma douce amie,
Bien croi que g'en perdrai la vie.
Quant je la prie, Elle me dit vie:
"Fui de ci, gars, je ne t'aim mie!"
Douz dex, s'amor mi contralie,
Laissez mi vivre, je vous prie!
N'est mie En vie,
Qui me poist donner aie.
M'amie, Ma vie,
De vous ai grant en vie!

Ele se paine De metre en paine
Moi toure longue la semaine;
Si me demaine Com sien demaine,
Plus est fiere que chastelaine.
Onques ne fu si bele Elaine,
Ne n'ost onques si douce alaine.
Estraine De paine
Mi fet neis au diemaine;
Vilaine, N'a vaine
Qui d'orgueil ne soit plaine.

MAIN SE LEVA, BELE AALIZ
Mignotement la voi venir
Biau se para, mieux se vesti desous le raim.
Mignotement la voi venir celi que j'aim.

La jus desouz l'olive
Ne vos repentez mie
Fontaine i sourt serie. Puceles, caroler!
Ne vos repentez mie, de loiaument amer.

C'est la gieus en mi les prez
J'ai amours a ma volente
Dames i ont bauz levez: gari m'ont mi oel.
J'ai amours a ma volente, tele com ge voel.

CE FU EN MAI
Au douz tens gai,
Que la saison est bele;
Main me levai,
Jöer m'alai
Lez une fontenele.
En un vergier
Clos d'esglentier
Oï une vïele;
La vi dancier
Un chevalier
Et une damoisele.

I've served my sweet beloved for so long,
I do believe I'll lose my life from it.
When I ask her she refuses me:
"Get out of here, boy, I don't love you at all!"
Sweet Lord, even though Love opposes me,
let me live, I beg you!
There's nothing for me in this life
that can help me.
My beloved, my life,
you've made my life a misery!

She takes pains to put me in pain
the whole week long.
If she dominates me like her own servants
she is more proud than any chatelaine.
Never was beautiful Helen as stunning,
nor did she ever have such sweet breath!
She even forces me
to clean house on Sundays,
the wench! There's not a vein in her body
that isn't full of pride.

SHE WAKES UP IN THE MORNING, BEAUTIFUL AALIZ
Gracefully I see her coming
She dresses herself so beautifully under the branches
Gracefully I see her coming, she whom I love.

Down there beneath the olive tree,
Don't repent...
A clear spring wells up. Dance, girls!
Don't repent of loving faithfully!

It's time for games in the meadows.
I have just the love I wish for...
Ladies have started dancing — the sight has perked me up!
I have just the love I wish for, exactly as I would like.

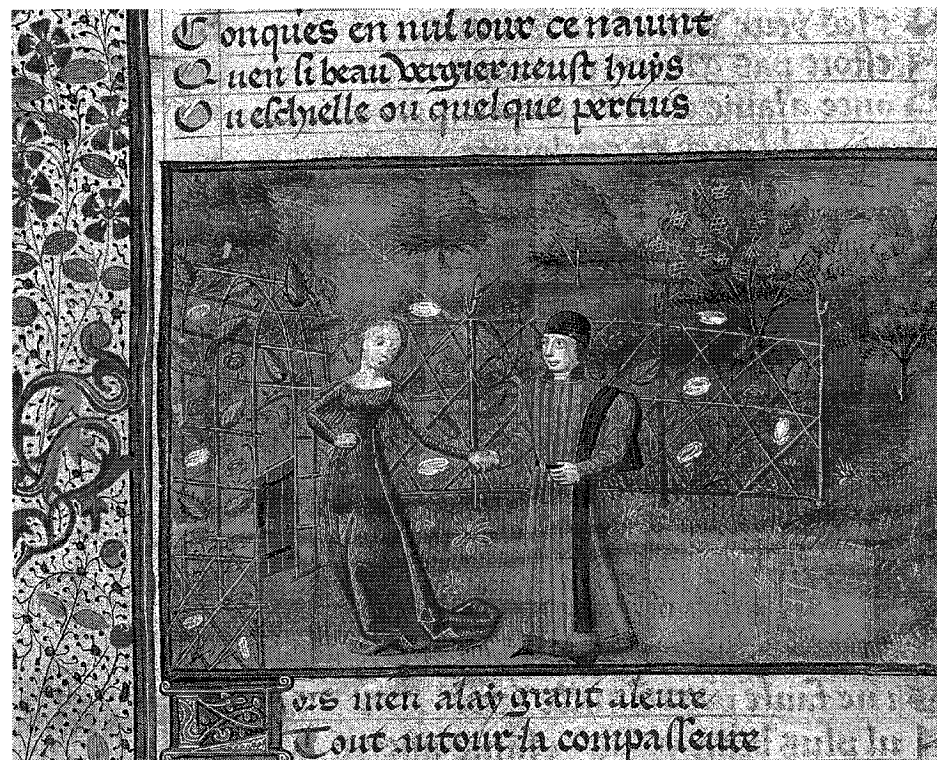
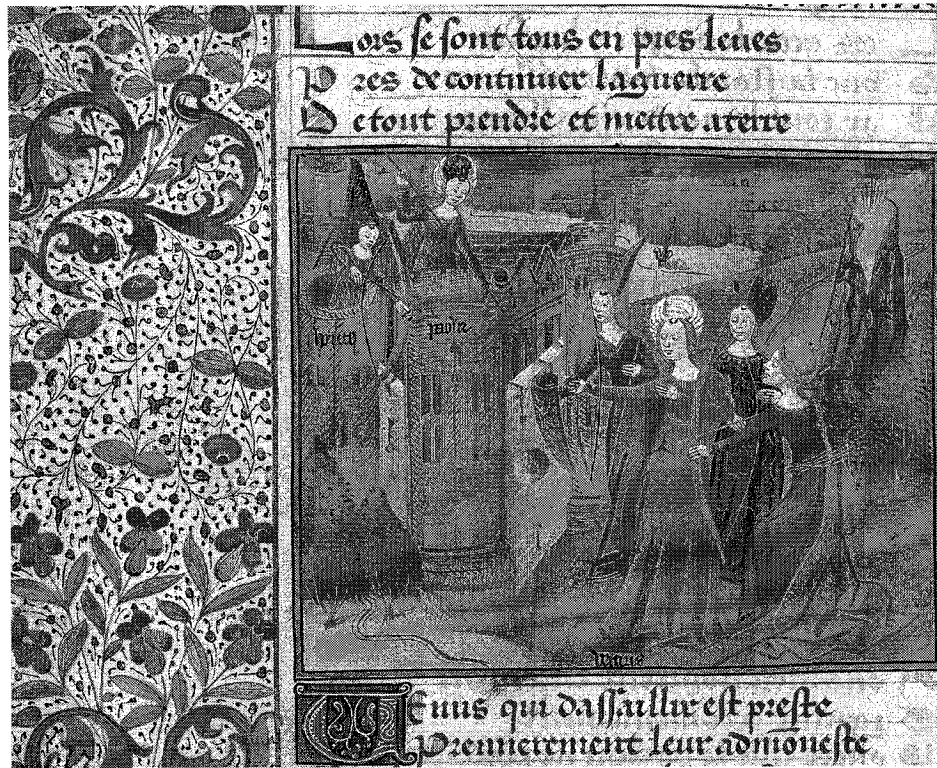
ONCE IN MAY
in the mild and merry season,
when the weather is fine;
I got up early one day
and went to hang out
by the bank of a stream.
In an orchard
surrounded by a wild rose hedge
I heard a fiddle
and saw there dancing
a knight
and a maiden.

Cors orent gent
Et avenant,
Et Deus! tant biau dançoient!
En acolant
Et en besant,
Mult biau se deduisoient.
En un destour,
Au chief du tor,
Dui et dui s'en aloient;
Desor la flor,
Le gieu d'amor
A lor plesir fesoient.

J'alai vers aus,
Dis lor mes maus;
Que une dame amoie
A qui loiaus,
Sanz estre faus,
Tout mon vivant seroie,
Por qui plus trai
Paine et esmai
Que dire ne porroie.
Las, or morrai,
Car bien le sai,
S'ele ne mi ravoie.
— *Moniot d'Arras*

Their bodies were graceful
and lovely
and, my God, how well they danced!
Embracing
and kissing,
they were having a lot of fun.
At the end of the dance
they went off
in pairs to a private spot;
on a bed of flowers
they played the game of love
to their hearts' content.

I went up to them
and told them my woes;
that I loved a lady
to whom I would be loyal
and never false
my whole life long;
for her I endure more
pain and suffering
than I could say.
Alas, I'll soon die
I have no doubt,
unless she saves me.



Guillaume de Lorris & Jean de Meun, *Le roman de la rose* (Normandy, c.1470).
 MS 418, Beinecke Library

THE YALE COLLEGIUM 223

Robert Mealy, *director*

Richard Lalli, *vocal director*

soprano

Stephanie Chan, sophomore in Yale College
Emma Clune, senior in Yale College
Rachel Cohen, sophomore in Yale College
Estelí Gomez, junior in Yale College
Nicole Rodriguez, senior in Yale College

alto

Alexandra Pulst-Korenberg, junior in Yale College
Annie Rosen, junior in Yale College

tenor

James Apgar, sophomore in Yale College
Turner Fishpaw, senior in Yale College
John Paredes, senior in Yale College
Joel Pattison, sophomore in Yale College
David Wagner, sophomore in Yale College

bass

Avi Feller, senior in Yale College
Brock Forsblom, senior in Yale College
Drew Levitt, junior in Yale College
Alan Morales, junior in Yale College

*vielle, rebec,
& harp*

Robert Mealy, lecturer in music
Shira Kammen, special guest
Daniel Lee, third-year violinist in the School of Music
Michael Rigsby, medical director of Yale Health Services
Ezra Seltzer, first-year cellist in the School of Music

recorder

Rachel Berkowitz, senior in Yale College

percussion

Ian Howell, Institute of Sacred Music and School of Music

Multi-instrumentalist and vocalist SHIRA KAMMEN has spent well over half her life exploring the worlds of early and traditional music. A member for many years of the early music Ensembles Alcatraz and Project Ars Nova and Medieval Strings, she has also worked with Sequentia, Hesperion XX, the Boston Camerata, the Balkan group Kitka, the Oregon, California, and San Francisco Shakespeare Festivals, and is the founder of Class V Music, an ensemble dedicated to performance on river rafting trips. She has performed and taught in the United States, Canada, Mexico, Europe, Israel, Morocco, and Japan, and on the Colorado, Rogue, and Klamath Rivers. Shira happily collaborated with singer/storyteller John Fleagle for fifteen years, and performs now with several new groups: a medieval ensemble, Fortune's Wheel: a new music group, Ephemeros; an eclectic ethnic band, Panacea; as well as frequent collaborations with performers such as storyteller/harpist Patrick Ball, sopranos Anne Azema and Susan Rode Morris, medieval music expert Margriet Tindemans, and in many theatrical and dance productions. She has played on several television and movie soundtracks, including 'O', a modern high school-setting of Othello. Some of her original music can be heard in an independent film about fans of the work of J.R.R. Tolkien. The strangest place Shira has played is in the elephant pit of the Jerusalem Zoo. She hopes to spend more time playing music of all kinds in the wilderness.

RICHARD LALLI is an Associate Professor (Adjunct) of Music at Yale University, where he has taught since 1982. In addition to his work at Yale, Mr. Lalli performs early and contemporary music around the world. He was featured in the one-man chamber opera *Cézanne's Doubt*, by Daniel Rothman, at Princeton, and also gave the American premiere of a new performance piece, *ME*, by Edmund Campion, at the Cal Performances Edge Festival in Berkeley. He recently premiered a dramatic song cycle for baritone and string quartet by Gary Fagin at the Concertgebouw in Amsterdam, and *Bus 66*, a cycle of eighteen songs by Francine Trester, at Weill Recital Hall. In March Professor Lalli and his students performed an evening of songs by Stephen Sondheim with the composer, and this fall he is presenting three programs of new commissions at Merkin Hall with the Mirror Visions Ensemble.

ROBERT MEALY is one of America's leading historical string players. He has recorded over 50 cds on most major labels, ranging from Hildegard of Bingen with Sequentia, to Renaissance consorts with the Boston Camerata, to Rameau operas with Les Arts Florissants. In New York he is a frequent leader and soloist with the New York Collegium, ARTEK, and Early Music New York. He also leads the distinguished Boston Early Music Festival Orchestra, and this season is appearing as guest concertmaster and director with the Phoenix Symphony. A devoted chamber musician, he is a member of the medieval ensemble Fortune's Wheel, the renaissance violin band The King's Noyse, and the 17c ensemble Spiritus. He was recently appointed Lecturer at Yale University, and also directs the Harvard Baroque Chamber Orchestra; in 2004 Mr. Mealy received Early Music America's Binkley Award for outstanding teaching at both institutions.

Guillaume de Lorris & Jean de Meun, *Le roman de la rose* (Normandy, c. 1470).
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