

The Early Romance Studies Research Cluster presents:

# ROLLANT and RENART

A Musical Exploration of Medieval French Narrative

with UBC's Medieval French Literature class

and students from the School of the Music,

Concept and arrangements: Chantal Phan, Pat Unruh.

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\*Welcome! Please turn off your cell phone, and refrain from talking during the performance. If you wish to applaud, please do so at the end of Part I and the end of Part II. Thank you.  
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## PART I - The Battle of Roncevaux

(Chanters/speakers: Maegen Andolfatto, Kevin Dickie, John Inglis, Colin Jones, Line Lavoie, Maria Marion, Chantal Phan, Angelique Po, Jennine Punzalan, Chloe Sargent, Pat Unruh; bowed vielle: Pat Unruh; triangle: Line Lavoie.)

### 1. Stanzas 133 and 138, from *The Song of Roland*

(Anglo-Norman French, 11th c.; version of Oxford manuscript, 12th c.):

Rollant ad mis l'olifan a sa buche,	Roland has put the horn to his mouth,
Empeint le ben, par grant vertut le sunet.	He adjusts it and sounds it with great power.
Halt sunt li pui e la voiz est mult lunge,	High are the mountains, the sound is very long,
Granz XXX liwes l'oient il respundre.	From thirty leagues away they heard its call.
Karles l'oit et ses compaignes tutes.	Charles heard it, so did all his companions
Ço dist li reis: "Bataille funt nostre hume!"	The king said: "Our men are fighting a battle!"
E Guenelun li respundit encuntre:	But Ganelon answered defiantly:
"S'altre le desist ja semblast grant mencunge"	"If anyone else said so, it would sound like a lie"

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Halt sunt li pui e tenebrus e grant,	High are the mountains, dark and vast,
Li val parfunt e les ewes curant.	The valleys are deep and the rivers run fast.

Sunent cil graisle e derere e devant  
E tuit rachatent encuntre l'olifant.  
Li empereres chevalchet ireement  
E li Franceis, curuços e dolent,  
N'i a celei n'i plurt e se dement,  
E prient Deu qu'il guarisset Rollant  
Josque il vengent el camp cumunement;  
Ensembl'od lui i ferrunt veirement.  
De ço qui calt? car ne lur valt nient.  
Demurent trop, n'i poedent estre a tens.

Trumpets are sounding all around  
And all reply to the call of Roland's horn.  
The emperor rides in distress and anger  
And the Franks are furious and sad:  
Each is weeping and lamenting,  
And asking God to watch over Roland  
Until together they can find revenge, on the field,  
And alongside him bravely wield their swords.  
What good is that? They cannot help him now.  
They waited too long and will not arrive in time.

2. Planctus, lament for the dead (Fleury playbook, late 12th-early 13th c.)  
(*singer: Colin Jones*)

In lamentum et merorem versa est leticia  
quam prebebat olim nobis rerum habundancia:  
O rerum inopia! Heu, heu, perierunt huius vite gaudia.

(The gladness which gave us an abundance of wealth has now turned into lament and sorrow. Oh poverty! Alas, alas, the joys of this life have passed away.)

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## PART II - Villains of various kinds...

1. Motet: *Huic main - Haec dies*

Northern France, 13th c.; found in the Montpellier Codex, 13th c.

(*Singers: Colin Jones, Chantal Phan*)

Motetus:

Huic main au doz mois de mai,  
Desouz le solau levant,  
En un vergier m'en entrai.  
Desous un pin verdoiant,  
Une pucele i trovai,  
Roses coillant.

This morning, in the sweet month of May,  
As the sun was rising,  
I entered an orchard.  
Under a green pine,  
I found a maiden,  
Who was gathering roses.

Lors me trais vers li,  
De fine amour la pri.  
Ele me respondit:  
"A moi n'atoucheres vos ja  
Qar j'ai mignot ami."

Then I went toward her,  
And asked for her love in courtly fashion.  
But she answered:  
"You will never touch me  
Because I have a handsome lover."

Tenor: Haec dies (Gregorian chant,  
Easter Sunday introit)

This day

## 2. Motet: *Vilene gent - Honte et dolor - Haec dies*

Northern France, 13th c.; found in the Montpellier Codex, 13th c.

(Singers: Colin Jones, Chantal Phan; recorder: Angelique Po; bowed vielle: Pat Unruh)

Triplum:

Vilene gent,	Villainous people,
Ja ne lairons a amer loiaument	Never shall we stop loving loyally
Por vos mesdis, por vos agaitemens.	Because of your lies and conflicts.
Tot autretant com amor mi destraint,	While love makes me suffer,
Voz viegne ades gries maus et gries tormens	May you know great pain and great torment
Hastivement, vileine gent, fausse gent!	Immediately, villainous, false people!
Nos amerons, et moi et m'amie, jolietement.	My beloved and I will love each other happily.

Motetus:

Honte et dolor et ennui et haschie	May shame, suffering, annoyance and distress
Puisent avoir toute vileine gent!	Come to all villainous people!
Tout autretant, comme amor me mestrie	While love dictates my actions,
Leur viegne adès griez maus et gries tormens!	May they know great pain and great torment!
Ne sentent pas les maux que pour m'amie	They do not feel the pain that often grabs me
Mi tienent sovent.	Because of my beloved.
Vileine gent, voz ne les sentés mie,	Villainous people, you do not feel at all
Les doz maus que je sent.	The sweet pain that I feel.

Tenor:

Haec dies (played instrumentally)

This day

## 3. "The Crow and the Fox"

from *The Romance of Renart* , version of the Cangé Manuscript, Paris, late 13th c..  
(*Chanters/speakers: Maegen Andolfatto, Kevin Dickie, John Inglis, Colin Jones, Line Lavoie, Maria Marion, Chantal Phan, Angelique Po, Jennine Punzalan, Chloe Sargent, Pat Unruh; bowed vielle: Pat Unruh.*)

Entre II monz en une plaigne,	Between two peaks, on a plain,
Tot droit au pié d'une montaigne,	Close to the foot of a mountain,
Desor une riviere a destre,	By a river on his right,
La vit Renart, un mout bel estre.	There he saw Renart, a beautiful beast.

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Li fromages li gist devant;	The cheese is in front of him;
Il leva sus en sozlevent,	With difficulty Renart lifts up
Le pié tant avant dont il cloche	The sore leg that makes him limp
Et la pel qui entor li loche:	And the loose skin that hangs from it:
Bien veut que Tiecelein le voie.	He really wants Tiecelein to see him.
"Et Diez! fait il, con poi de joie	"My God! he says, how little joy
M'a Diex doné en ceste vie!	God has given me in this life!
Mais je ne sais que je an die.	I don't know what to say about it.
Cist fromages me pust si fort	This cheese stinks so much
Et flaire que ja m'avra mort	That the smell will kill me,
Si ai tel chose qui m'esmaie,	Truly I am convinced
Que fromages n'est preuz a plaie.	That cheese is not good for a wound.
Ha! Tieceelins, car descendez	Ah, Tiecelein, do come down
Et de cest mal me delivrez.	And deliver me from this evil.
Certes ja ne vos en priasse,	I would never ask this of you
Mais l'autrier oi la genbe qasse	But the other day I broke my leg,
En un broion par mescheance;	Caught in a trap, by a stroke of bad luck;
La m'avint ceste mesestance."	That is how it happened."
Tiecelein quide que voir die	Tiecelein believes Renart
Por ce que en plorent li prie;	Because his tears flow as he begs;
Il descent jus, a terre saut;	So the crow comes down from the tree;
Miauz li vausist estre en haut,	He would have been safer high up,
Se dant Renart le puet tenir.	Where Renart could not catch him.
N'ose encor pas avant venir;	However he keeps his distance;
Il va traiant le cul arriere:	He drags himself slowly along,
Mout doute que Renart nel fiere.	Very afraid that Renart might attack.
"Por Dieu," fait il, "ça vos traiez!	"By God," says the fox, "come this way!
Quel mal vos puet faire uns plaiez?	I am injured, how can I hurt you?

Conpere, traiez vos en ça!"	Do come here, my friend!"
Li foux, qui trop se devala,	The fool then came closer
Ainz n'en sot mot que il sailli;	Et Renart pounced on him,
Panre le cuide, si failli,	Thought he had him, but not quite:
Mais ne por qant IIII. des panes	He only caught four feathers
Li remestrent entre les genbes.	That remained in-between his legs.
Or est Tieceleins mout plains d'ire;	Now Tiecelelin is full of anger;
Renart s'en ofre a escondire,	Renart offers a word of apology
Mais n'est jornez de plait	But the fight is not adjourned
A Tiecelelin, qui est mesfait:	For Tiecelelin has been wronged:
"Amis, li fromaches soit voustre!	"My friend, let this cheese be yours!
Hui mes n'averez point dou nostre	But today you will not have my flesh.
Ge fis que fous qui vos crooie	I was a fool to believe you
Qant desoz l'ante vos veoie."	When I saw you under the bushes."
Tieceleins parla et grondi,	Tiecelelin spoke and growled,
Renart I mot ne respondi;	Renart did not say a word;
Souef en a le duel vangié,	However, to get his revenge,
Que le fromage a tot mengié;	He ate all of the cheese;
N'en plaint for la male foison	No complaints, except he wanted more;
Cist cous le vaut une poison.	This was barely more than a drink.
Qant il se fu desjeunez	When Renart had finished eating,
Si dist, des l'eure qu'i fu nez,	He thought that, since the hour of his birth,
Ne menja de si bon fromage,	He'd never tasted such good cheese,
Ce dist en terre que il sache	And he said to himself that nowhere on this earth
Onques sa plaie n'en fu pire.	Had a wound ever hurt more than this one.
A tant s'en va, n'en vost plus dire	So off he goes, saying no more,
Fuiant s'en va les sauz menuz:	Fleeing in small steps:
Ses anemis a confonduz.	His enemy has won.

4. Instrumental dance: melody and choreography by Pat Unruh, in the style of the medieval *estampie*. (Dancers: Maegen Andolfatto, Colin Jones, Line Lavoie, Jennine Punzalan; recorders: Angelique Po, Chantal Phan; bowed *vielle*: Pat Unruh; organetto: Chantal Phan; percussion: Kevin Dickie, John Inglis, Maria Marion, Chloe Sargent.)

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Editions used:

*La Chanson de Roland*, ed. G. Moignet (New York: Larousse & Co., 1969)

*Le Roman de Renart, Première Branche*, ed. M. Roques (Paris: Champion, 1957).

John Stevens, *Words and Music in the Middle Ages* (Cambridge University Press, 1986).

Sylvia Huot, *Allegorical Play in the Old French Motet* (Stanford University Press, 1997)

*Graduale Triplex* (Paris-Tournai: Abbaye Saint-Pierre de Solesmes, 1979).

Translations: Chantal Phan, 2013.

Instruments: Organetto by Roger Jones, 1980, alto recorder by soprano recorder by Moeck, c.1980.

Poster design: Jennine Punzalan

