

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,
Empeint le ben, par grant vertut le sunet.
Halt sunt li pui e la voiz est mult lunge,
Granz XXX liwes l'oirent il respundre.
Karles l'oit et ses compaignes tutes.
Ço dist li reis: "Bataille funt nostre hume!"
E Guenelun li respundit encuntre:
"S'altre le desist ja semblast grant mencunge"

...

Halt sunt li pui e tenebrus e grant,
Li val parfunt e les ewes curant.
Sunent cil graisle e derere e devant
E tuit rachatent encuntre l'olifant.

Roland has put the horn to his mouth,
He adjusts it and sounds it with great power.
High are the mountains, the sound is very long,
From thirty leagues away they heard its call.
Charles heard it, so did all his companions
The king said: "Our men are fighting a battle!"
But Ganelon answered defiantly:
"If anyone else said so, it would sound like a lie"

High are the mountains, dark and vast,
The valleys are deep and the rivers run fast.
Trumpets are sounding all around
And all reply to the call of Roland's horn.

Li empereres chevalchet ireement
E li Franceis, curuços e dolent,
N'i a cei 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.

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.)

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.
Lors me trais vers li,
De fine amour la pri.

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.
Then I went toward her,
And asked for her love in courtly fashion.

Ele me respondi:

"A moi n'atoucheres vos ja
Qar j'ai mignot ami."

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: Angélique Po; bowed vielle: Pat Unruh)

Triplum:

Vilene gent,
Ja ne lairons a amer loiaument
Por vos mesdis, por vos agaitemens.
Tot autretant com amor mi destraint,
Voz viegne ades gries maus et gries tormens
Hastivement, vileine gent, fausse gent!
Nos amerons, et moi et m'amie, jolietement.

Villainous people,
Never shall we stop loving loyally
Because of your lies and conflicts.
While love makes me suffer,
May you know great pain and great torment
Immediately, villainous, false people!
My beloved and I will love each other happily.

Motetus:

Honte et dolor et ennui et haschie
Puisent avoir toute vileine gent!
Tout autretant, comme amor me mestrie
Leur viegne adès griez maus et gries tormens!
Ne sentent pas les maux que pour m'amie
Mi tienent sovent.
Vileine gent, voz ne les sentés mie,
Les doz maus que je sent.

May shame, suffering, annoyance and distress
Come to all villainous people!
While love dictates my actions,
May they know great pain and great torment!
They do not feel the pain that often grabs me
Because of my beloved.
Villainous people, you do not feel at all
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, Angélique Po, Jennine Punzalan, Chloe Sargent, Pat Unruh; bowed vielle: Pat Unruh.)

Entre II monz en une plaigine,
Tot droit au pié d'une montaigne,
Desor une riviere a destre,
La vit Renart, un mout bel estre.

....

Li fromages li gist devant;
Il leva sus en sozlevent,
Le pié tant avant dont il cloche
Et la pel qui entor li loche:
Bien veut que Tiecelein le voie.
"Et Diez! fait il, con poi de joie
M'a Diex doné en ceste vie!
Mais je ne sais que je an die.
Cist fromages me pust si fort
Et flaire que ja m'avra mort
Si ai tel chose qui m'esmaie,
Que fromages n'est preuz a plaie.
Ha! Tieceleins, car descendez
Et de cest mal me delivrez.
Certes ja ne vos en priasse,
Mais l'autrier oi la genbe qasse
En un broion par mescheance;
La m'avint ceste mesestance."
Tiecelein quide que voir die
Por ce que en plorent li prie;
Il descent jus, a terre saut;
Miauz li vausist estre en haut,
Se dant Renart le puet tenir.
N'ose encor pas avant venir;
Il va traiant le cul arriere:
Mout doute que Renart nel fiere.

Between two peaks, on a plain,
Close to the foot of a mountain,
By a river on his right,
There he saw Renart, a beautiful beast.

The cheese is in front of him;
With difficulty Renart lifts up
The sore leg that makes him limp
And the loose skin that hangs from it:
He really wants Tiecelein to see him.
"My God! he says, how little joy
God has given me in this life!
I don't know what to say about it.
This cheese stinks so much
That the smell will kill me,
Truly I am convinced
That cheese is not good for a wound.
Ah, Tiecelein, do come down
And deliver me from this evil.
I would never ask this of you
But the other day I broke my leg,
Caught in a trap, by a stroke of bad luck;
That is how it happened."
Tiecelein believes Renart
Because his tears flow as he begs;
So the crow comes down from the tree;
He would have been safer high up,
Where Renart could not catch him.
However he keeps his distance;
He drags himself slowly along,
Very afraid that Renart might attack.

"Por Dieu," fait il, "ça vos traiez!
 Quel mal vos puet faire uns plaiez?
 Conpere, traiez vos en ça!"
 Li foux, qui trop se devala,
 Ainz n'en sot mot que il sailli;
 Panre le cuide, si failli,
 Mais ne por qant IIII. des panes
 Li remestrent entre les genbes.
 Or est Tieceleins mout plains d'ire;
 Renart s'en ofre a escondire,
 Mais n'est jornez de plait
 A Tieceleins, qui est mesfait:
 "Amis, li fromaches soit voustre!
 Hui mes n'averez point dou nostre
 Ge fis que fous qui vos crooie
 Qant desoz l'ante vos veoie."
 Tieceleins parla et grondi,
 Renart I mot ne respondi;
 Souef en a le duel vangié,
 Que le fromage a tot mengié;
 N'en plaint for la male foison
 Cist cous le vaut une poison.
 Qant il se fu desjeunez
 Si dist, des l'eure qu'i fu nez,
 Ne menja de si bon fromage,
 Ce dist en terre que il sache
 Onques sa plaie n'en fu pire.
 A tant s'en va, n'en vost plus dire
 Fuiant s'en va les sauz menuz:
 Ses anemis a confonduz.

"By God," says the fox, "come this way!
 I am injured, how can I hurt you?
 Do come here, my friend!"
 The fool then came closer
 And Renart pounced on him,
 Thought he had him, but not quite:
 He only caught four feathers
 That remained in-between his legs.
 Now Tieceleins is full of anger;
 Renart offers a word of apology
 But the fight is not adjourned
 For Tieceleins has been wronged:
 "My friend, let this cheese be yours!
 But today you will not have my flesh.
 I was a fool to believe you
 When I saw you under the bushes."
 Tieceleins spoke and growled,
 Renart did not say a word;
 However, to get his revenge,
 He ate all of the cheese;
 No complaints, except he wanted more;
 This was barely more than a drink.
 When Renart had finished eating,
 He thought that, since the hour of his birth,
 He'd never tasted such good cheese,
 And he said to himself that nowhere on this earth
 Had a wound ever hurt more than this one.
 So off he goes, saying no more,
 Fleeing in small steps:
 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: Angélique 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:

5-string vielle by Lyn Elder

Organetto by Roger Jones

Alto recorder by Hopf

Sopranino recorder by Moeck

Camcorder operator: Dorian Simonneaux

Poster design: Jennine Punzalan