

MEDIEVAL ROMANCE POETRY

A Survey of Medieval Romance Literatures by Dr. Mario Pei

Read in the original languages and in English verse translation:

Old French / Old Spanish / Basque / Provençal / Old Italian / Old Portuguese

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FL 9578



PN
688
P37
1962

MUSIC LP

PN 688 P37 1962
PEI MARIO 1901-
MIEVEAL ROMANCE POETRY SOUND
RECORDING
A1 40111517 MUSIC LP



000034877076

SIDE I

EPIC POETRY-I

- Band 1: INTRODUCTION
- Band 2: SONG OF ROLAND (Old French)
Background and History
- Band 3: SONG OF ROLAND—Part 1
- Band 4: SONG OF ROLAND—Part 2
- Band 5: SONG OF ROLAND—Part 3

SIDE II

EPIC POETRY-II

- Band 1: SONG OF ROLAND
Its Influence on Other National Epics
- Band 2: CANTAR DE MYO CID (Old Spanish)
- Band 3: BERNALDO DEL CARPIO (Old Spanish)
- Band 4: ALTABISKARCO CANTUA (Basque)

SIDE III

LYRIC POETRY-I

- Band 1: PROVENÇAL POETRY
- Band 2: RAMBAUT DE VAQUEIRAS-I
(Provençal, Italian, French, Gascon, Spanish)
- Band 3: RAMBAUT DE VAQUEIRAS-II
(Provençal and Genoese Italian)

SIDE IV

LYRIC POETRY-II

- Band 1: CIELO D'ALCAMO (Sicilian)
- Band 2: CANTICO DELLE CREATURE (Old Italian)
St. Francis of Assisi
- Band 3: CANTIGA DE AMIGO (Old Portuguese)
Martin Codax
- Band 4: SONG OF LOVE (Old Portuguese)
King Sancho
- Band 5: CAMOES (Old Portuguese)
- Band 6: CONCLUSION

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

MIEVEAL ROMANCE POETRY

MEDIEVAL ROMANCE POETRY

A SURVEY OF ROMANCE MEDIEVAL LITERATURES BY

Dr. Mario Pei

Read in the original and in English verse translation

FOREWORD

In addition to teaching a graduate course in Early Romance Literatures at Columbia University, Professor Pei is the author of "French Precursors of the *Chanson de Roland*" (Columbia University Press, 1948), in which he traces the relationship between the earlier Old French religious poetry and the later *Chansons de Geste*. In 1953 he published a historical novel, "*Swords of Anjou*" (John Day; paperback by Graphic Publications, under the new title "*Swords for Charlemagne*", 1955). This book was widely hailed by the reviewers as a literary masterpiece, and nearly a quarter of a million copies were sold. In "*Swords of Anjou*", Professor Pei, using the almost forgotten technique of the medieval writers of *Chansons de Geste*, builds up around the framework of the *Roland* legend a new *chanson de geste* in which the events of the *Roncevaux* massacre are viewed through the eyes of Thierry of Anjou, Charlemagne's champion against Ganelon in the original epic. Into this modern version of the medieval epic are woven episodes from both the French and the Spanish cycles of Charlemagne, Huon de Bordeaux and Bernaldo del Carpio.

Concerning this venture into the literature of the Middle Ages, "Stirring...intensely readable" was the verdict of the *Saturday Review*; "Different... exciting" said the *Philadelphia Inquirer*; "Unusually good" said the *New York Times*; "The season's most exciting - and most novel - historical novel" added the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*. The *New Yorker* called it "fascinating". "It has the pulse of something alive" said the *St. Louis Post Dispatch*. "As exciting a piece of historical fiction as memory retains" said the *Montgomery Advertiser*. And the *Boston Globe* added: "History, legend, and the most beguiling of romances blend in exquisite harmony, and action pulsates from the very first pages."

Mr. Pei now offers an entrancing survey of the entire field of medieval Romance literatures, with selected excerpts accompanied by his own translations in English verse that retain the rhythm and meter of the French, Spanish, Provençal, Italian and Portuguese originals.

SIDE I, Band 1: MEDIEVAL ROMANCE POETRY

Medieval Romance poetry has its roots deep in the literature of an earlier period, the centuries that intervened between the fall of the Roman Empire and the rise of the new western European empire of Charlemagne. These were centuries of profound religious feeling, characterized by works that dealt largely with the lives of Christian saints and martyrs. Hence it is not surprising that when the new vernaculars first appeared in literary form,

they should bear the stamp of the older Christian tradition and relate the tales, mostly of suffering and violent death, of the same saints and martyrs.

In northern France, at the close of the ninth century, we get the brief, episodic *Séquence* or *Cantilène* of Saint Eulalia, who was martyred for her faith by the Roman emperor Maximian. This is followed at a distance by the *Song of Saint Leger*, a politically inclined saint who was prime minister of some of the Merovingian kings of early France and also underwent martyrdom, and the *Passion of Christ*, taken straight from the Biblical account. Then there is the ancient Syrian legend of Saint Alexis, who was not martyred, but lived and died in the service of God.

In Spain, the most ancient literary document, from the early part of the twelfth century, is the account of the visit to the court of King Herod of the Magian Kings. In southern France, literature opens with the story and maxims of Boethius, while in Italy it is another version of the legend of Alexis, along with a mysterious poem from Cassino which some have interpreted as a piece of heretical Albigensian propaganda, cleverly disguised as a seemingly harmless account of the meeting of two wise men seeking the truth.

But new forms, new ideas were in the making. By the eleventh century, the era of Christian mysticism was over. Northern France and Spain were aroused by a warrior spirit fostered by the Moorish invasions and the Crusades, and in these countries there was a flowering of songs of war and liberation, in the earliest of which the old religious spirit still ran strong, but which soon turned into military epics pure and simple. In the south of France, inspired perhaps by songs of veneration for Our Lady, perhaps by Moorish songs of earthly love, it was the lyric strain that prevailed, the song of worship for one's lady, carried by the troubadours through the Mediterranean lands and spreading to Italy and Portugal. The early literature of the Romance countries, stemming from a seemingly universal religious base, thus branches out into two different and opposite directions. On the one hand, we have the French *Chansons de Geste* and the Spanish *Cantares*, tales of doughty deeds of arms; on the other, the love lays of Provence, Sicily and Portugal, glorifying sometimes tender, chivalric love, sometimes the raw passions of the flesh. Here and there, as in the *Canticles of Saint Francis of Assisi*, the old religious spirit raises its head, almost submerged by the twin terrestrial wave that describes the deeds of man in a material existence compounded of lust of battle and lust of sex.

SIDE I, Band 2:

First and greatest among the war epics of northern France is the Song of Roland, composed toward the end of the eleventh century by Turolodus, a Norman abbot, whose purpose it probably was to arouse enthusiasm for the freeing of the Holy Land from the Saracens, a process then barely beginning.

The abbot wanted to depict the infidel Moslems as the enemies of Christendom, make them living, breathing characters who would inspire a hatred born of fear in the masses destined to march to the liberation of Christ's Sepulcher.

The Holy Land was far away, and its Saracen occupants remote and unknown. But there were other Moslems closer at hand, the Moors of Spain, who three centuries before had overrun the Iberian peninsula and stormed at the very heart of France. They had been routed in the bloody battle of Tours in 732 A.D. by Charles Martel, leader of the Franks who had been the ancestors of the eleventh-century Frenchmen. Half a century later, Charlemagne, mightiest of medieval emperors, had led an expedition into Spain with the half-avowed purpose of hurling the Moors back across the Strait of Gibraltar into Africa. His campaign was indecisive, but around it legends sprang up, one, in particular, about the last stand made by Charlemagne's nephew Roland in the Pyrenean passes, protecting the army's retreat. The treachery of Roland's own stepfather, Ganelon, had been the cause of Roland's death, for which the Emperor had exacted a terrible vengeance.

Actually, the historical details were different. Charlemagne's rearguard had been attacked not by the Moslems, but by the Christian Basques, who from the cliff-tops had rolled down huge stones on the heavily armored Franks in the pass below. The rearguard had been utterly destroyed. Egginhard, friend and chronicler of Charlemagne, mentions among the fallen one Count Roland, Prefect of the Breton March, an important leader, but apparently not related to the Emperor. Charlemagne, on hearing of the massacre, turned back with his army, but on arriving at the scene he found that the Basques, having plundered the baggage-train, had fled into their mountain fastnesses. Nothing was left for him to do but bury the fallen and return to France.

For three centuries, popular but unwritten songs and dirges about the slaughter of Roncevaux continued to be recited and embellished, until Turolodus, a full three hundred years later, wove them into a single epic, much as Homer is said to have pieced together the Iliad out of earlier brief epic fragments dealing with the fall of Troy. The Anglo-Norman poet Wace, who accompanied William the Conqueror at the Battle of Hastings, tells us that the Song of Roland was sung by William's men as they joined battle with Harold's Saxons in 1066. If this is true, it must have been an earlier, briefer version, for the full version of the Chanson de Roland that has come down to us is over four thousand lines long and is approximately dated in 1075.

SIDE I, Band 3:

At any rate, Turolodus' version of the Roland story is vastly different from Egginhard's earlier and sober account. It is picturesque, heroic, historically inaccurate, but highly stirring and imaginative.

In Turolodus' poem, Roland is the nephew of Charlemagne. He is attended by his comrade and future brother-in-law, Oliver, by his twelve peers, and by a fighting bishop, Turpin. But he has a deadly enemy in the person of Count Ganelon, his own stepfather, who resents the prestige Roland enjoys in the Frankish host.

As the story opens, Charlemagne has conquered all of Spain except the city of Zaragoza, where the Moslem king Marsile still holds out:

Charles li reis, nostre emperedre magnes,
Set ans toz pleins at estet en Espagne;
Tres qu'en la mer conquist la tere altaigne.
Chastel n'i at ki devant lui remaignet,
Murs ne citet n'i est remes a fraindre
Fors Sarragoce-qu'est en une montaigne;
Li reis Marsilies la tient, ki Deu nen aimet,
Mahomet sert ed Apollin reclaimet:
Nes poet garder que mals ne l'i ataignet!

Our ancient lord and leader Charlemagne
In seven years had conquered all of Spain.
From sea to sea he won that haughty land.
His catapults no castle could withstand.
Before his onset yielded every town
Save Zaragoza, whence Marsile looked down
Upon a land, ravaged and torn by war,
That hated Christ, and Allah did adore.
Mohammed's aid he sought, to vent his hate,
But no wise could escape impending fate.

Marsile is sorely troubled, and calls a council of his emirs. His counsellor Blancandrin advises that a peace embassy be sent to Charlemagne, with an offer of submission. If Charlemagne departs from Spain, Marsile will follow him to his capital city of Aix, in France, take the oath of fealty, and be converted to Christianity. Once the Frankish host is out of Spain, says Blancandrin, it will never return. True, the hostages they must give to Charlemagne as pledges of their good faith will die. But better that than utter defeat and ruin. The embassy starts on its journey, with cunning Blancandrin at its head:

Enz en lor mains portent branches d'olive;
Vindrent a Charle, ki France at en baillie,
Nes poet garder qued alques nel engignent.

Green olive-branches bore they in their hands;
So came to Charles, who rules all Frankish lands,
Yet cannot root out treason from his bands!

Charlemagne, having listened to the peace offer, calls a meeting of his barons. Roland, the firebrand, at once urges rejection of the peace overtures:

"Faites la guerre com vos l'avez enprise!
En Sarragoce menez vostre ost banide!
Metez lo siege a tote vostre vide!"

"Finish what you've begun! Such be your boast!
To Zaragoza lead your might host!
Fight on till Spain is yours, from coast to coast!"

But Ganelon rises to voice his opposition. He points out that the army is weary, and the offer undoubtedly sincere. His counsel prevails. Now a Frankish ambassador must be sent back with Blancandrin to Marsile's court. Who shall be appointed? The mission is a dangerous one. On a previous occasion, Marsile has slain Frankish envoys sent to him in good faith by Charlemagne. Roland, Oliver, Turpin, the Emperor's chief counsellor, Duke Naimon, offer themselves in turn. Charlemagne shakes his head. He can-

not spare them. Then Roland suggests the name of Ganelon, the man who has urged appeasement. Ganelon is incensed. Why should Roland, of all men, pick him out for the thankless task, thereby marking him as expendable? But the council approves the choice. Ganelon accepts, but in the presence of the Emperor and all the barons he swears vengeance against Roland and his supporters.

As they ride toward Zaragoza, Blancandrin persuades Ganelon, who does not require much persuasion, to betray the Christian cause:

Tant chevalchierent Guenles e Blancandrins
Que l'uns al altre la soe feit plevit
Qued il querreient que Rodlanz fust ocis.

The Moor and Ganelon rode side by side.
Each promised by his pledges to abide
Until together they crushed Roland's pride.

When they arrive before Marsile, Ganelon tells the Moors how Roland, Charlemagne's good right arm, may be destroyed. Marsile demands an oath, which Ganelon gives:

Sor les reliques de s'espede Murglais
La tradison jurat, si s'est forsaiz.

On his sword's relics did he swear his shame;
An outcast and a traitor he became.

SIDE I, Band 4:

Riding back to Charlemagne, Ganelon informs his liege lord that all conditions have been accepted. The Franks joyfully prepare to leave Spain. But as they approach the mountain passes of the Pyrenees, the choice of a commander for the rearguard becomes imperative. If the Moslems are inclined to treachery, the rearguard will bear the brunt of their attack. Now Ganelon triumphantly suggests Roland for the post. Roland feels honored, and proudly accepts. Charlemagne is worried, and offers him additional forces. These Roland haughtily rejects:

"Deus me confondet se la geste en desment!
xx. milie Frans retendrai, bien vaillanz.
Passez les porz trestot seurement!
Ja mar crendrez nul home a mon vivant!"

"If I should fail you, God confuse my hand!
I'll keep the twenty thousand of my band.
Go through the pass without regret or fear!
No living man can harm you while I'm here!"

The bulk of the army begins its long march across the pass. Meanwhile, Marsile, in accordance with the plan conceived by Ganelon, gathers all his forces to fall upon the Frankish rearguard:

Marsilies mandet d'Espagne les barons,
Contes, vezcontes, e dux e almaçors,
Les amirafles e les filz as contors:
.iiii.c. milie ajostet en .iii. jorz.
En Sarragoce fait soner ses tabors...
Puis si chevalchent par molt grant contençon
Tere Certaine e les vals e les monz:
De cels de France vidrent les gonfanons.

Marsile has scoured the country far and wide
And gathered all his Moslems by his side.
Emirs and sheiks, sheriffs and almaçors,
And veterans from Islam's holy wars.
Four hundred thousand gather in one day
While Zaragoza's drums pound for the fray...
Out of the town they ride, o'er hill and dale,

The forces of the Christians to assail.
Across Cerdana's valley they advance
Until they see the gonfalons of France.

The battle is joined at the pass, but not until Oliver has repeatedly voiced his plea to Roland to sound his horn, so that Charlemagne, hearing it, may be warned of the danger and lead back the main body of the host to rescue his rearguard. Foolhardy Roland contemptuously dismisses this plea. "We alone suffice to take care of all the Moslems!" he boasts. "Never, by God, or His Saints, or His Angels, shall my clan be disgraced because I called for help!"

In the series of bloody encounters that follow, Roland's twenty thousand Franks perform prodigies of valor, but they are finally overwhelmed by the vastly superior Moslem forces. Roland sounds the horn at last:

Li quenz Rodlanz at la boche sanglente.
De son cervel rompuz en est li temples.
L'olifant sonet a dolor ed a peine.
Charles l'odit, e si Franceis l'entendent.

Count Roland's giant frame with pain is racked.
The very temples of his brain are cracked.
Yet on his horn he sounds a mighty blast
That reaches Charlemagne's great host at last.

The Emperor turns back and rides at full speed to the aid of his nephew. But it is too late for Charlemagne to save the men of his rearguard. He can only avenge them:

Li emperedre chevalche iriedement,
E li Franceis corçoçs e dolent,
Neh i at cel n'i plort e se dement,
E prient Deu qu'il guarisset Rodlant
Josqued il veignent el champ comunement;
Ensembl'od lui i ferront veirement.
De ço qui chalt? car ne lor valt nient:
Demorent trop, n'i poedent estre a tens!

Through mountain pass and gorge they ride
That they may be by Roland's side
Before the savage battle ends
And death embraces all their friends.
And as they spur, to God they pray
That there be time to save the day.
To what avail, since brave Roland
No more shall see his native land?

On the battlefield, Roland dies, after vainly trying to destroy his sword so it shall not fall into enemy hands:

"E! Durendal, bone si mare fustes!
Quant jo mei pert, de vos nen ai mais cure!"

"Good Durendal, of what avail to me?
Since I must die, it's time to set you free!"

Charlemagne arrives on the scene, pursues the fleeing Moslems, destroys them, takes Zaragoza, and then returns to the field of slaughter to mourn his dead:

"Amis Rodlanz, jo m'en irai en France:
Com jo serai a Lodon en ma chambre,
De plusor regnes vendront li home estrange.
Demanderont: 'O est li quens chataignes?'
Jo lor dirai qu'il est morz en Espagne.
A grant dolor tendrai puis mon reialme,
Jamais n'iert jorz que ne plor ne nem plaigne!"

"My nephew fair, when I return to France
Reproachful eyes will meet my every glance.

Strange men will come to me from far-off lands
And ask upon what foreign, doleful strands
I left my best and doughtiest captain.
I shall reply that you lie dead in Spain!
My kingdom I shall hold with bitter grief.
May life for me be mercifully brief!"

SIDE I, Band 5:

The conquest of Spain is completed, and Charlemagne at last returns to his capital. There Aude, sister of Oliver and Roland's betrothed, meets him and inquires what fate has befallen her dear ones. Charlemagne replies that they are dead. He offers her the hand of his own son as compensation for the man she has lost. Aude proudly rejects the offer:

"Cist moz mei est estranges!
Ne placet Deu ne ses sainz ne ses angeles
Après Rodlant que jo vive remaigne!"

"This thought is strange to me!
Almighty God, Who holds the world in fee,
With Roland dead, grant welcome death to me!"

She falls dead at the Emperor's feet. Now Charlemagne brings up Ganelon for trial. But though the Count's guilt is apparent, he has found a champion in the person of one of his kinsmen, Pinabel:

Dist Pinabels: "Vos sereiz guariz sempres!
Franceis n'i at ki vos juget a pendre.
O l'emperedre les noz cors en asemblet
Al brant d'acier que jo nel en desmente!"

Says Pinabel: "Your safety leave to me!
No Frank shall your dismemberment decree!
If any dare to vote your shame and death,
My sword's keen point shall rob him of his breath!"

But the Emperor has also found a champion in Thierry of Anjou. In single combat, Thierry slays Pinabel, and Ganelon is condemned to die, drawn apart by four swift steeds, like the traitor he is:

Hom ki traist altre, n'en est dreiz qu'il s'en vant!

He who betrays another may not boast!

SIDE II, Band 1:

This highly dramatic tale fired the imagination of the medieval world, which was ripe for this type of writing after the Great Penance of the early Middle Ages. The song of Roland became the prototype of the historical novel as we know it today. It spread like wildfire from France to Spain, Italy, Germany, England, Scandinavia, in almost literal translations or in widely diverging versions. The story was told and retold. For three centuries France was flooded with epic poems stemming directly or indirectly from the Song of Roland. The *Chansons de Gests*, or tales of doughty deeds, became the universal fare of king, knight, cleric, retainer, artisan, merchant and serf. In some of these imitations the original heroes became the villains and vice-versa. Each of Roland's twelve peers was written about in his own epic.

In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries especially, the story of Roland pervaded the scene of world literature, sweeping far beyond national borders to all the countries of western Europe. There were Provençal, Dutch, German, Norse, Spanish and even Welsh versions. The first Italian version gave rise to one of the earliest cases on record of a deliberately constructed international language, the Franco-Italian

or Franco-Venetian whose purpose it was to permit a French *jongleur* to recount his story to an Italian audience in a tongue close enough to his own to permit the full retention of the original rhythm and assonance, yet near enough to that of his audience to allow them to grasp his utterances. The Italian fourteenth, fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries are dominated by the Roland legend, with such writers as Barberino, Pulci, Boiardo, Berni, Ariosto and Tasso vying with one another to produce new, highly distorted, highly imaginative versions of the original.

Spain was influenced in its epic output, from the *Cantar de myo Cid* through Fernán González and the ballads of Bernaldo del Carpio, down to Cervantes and his *Don Quixote*. In England we have not only Wace, but also the fifteenth-century *Rowlandes Song*, Caxton's *Life of Charles the Great*, and even a remote influence that appears in some of Shakespeare's plays. The memory of Roland lingers on today in the puppet shows of Italy and the painted wine-carts of Sicily, where the exploits of Roland, Oliver and Charlemagne, of Ganelon and his evil men of Mayence, of the Paladins of France, are still acted and depicted. The vogue enjoyed by my *Swords of Anjou* and *Swords for Charlemagne* in present-day America shows that the historical novel based on the Roland story still has the power to fire the popular imagination.

SIDE II, Band 2:

Turning our attention to the epic output of Spain, we find that the Spaniards, after an early translation of the French version, of which only about a hundred lines have come down to us, decided to bring forth their own national epics. The first and best of these is the *Cantar de myo Cid*, a semi-historical account of the exploits of Rodrigo Díaz of Bivar, the medieval *caudillo* who, having been banished from his own lands because of the machinations of his enemies, nevertheless retook Valencia from the Moors. The 4000-line poem goes on to relate how he regained the king's favor, and how his two daughters were married to the Infantes of Carrión, who treated their brides in shameful fashion. But the Cid proved through his champion that the unworthy husbands, in name only, were in the wrong, and the girls were rewed to better men. The following passage tells of the Cid's original unjust exile:

Delos sos oios tan fuerte mientras lorando
Tornaua la cabeça & estaua los catando.
Vio puertas abiertas & vços sin cañados,
Alcandaras uazias sin pieles & sin mantos,
E sin falcones & sin adtores mudados.
Sospiro myo Çid, ca mucho auie grandes cuydados.
Fablo myo Çid bien & tan mesurado:
"Grado ati, señor padre, que estas en alto!
Esto me an buelto myos enemigos malos."
Alli pienssan de aguiiar, alli sueltan las riendas.
Ala exida de Birar ouieron la corneia diestra,
E entrando a Burgos ouieron la siniestra.
Mecio myo Çid los ombros & en grameo la tiesta:
"Albrigja, Albarffanez, ca echados somos de tierra!"
Myo Çid Ruy Diaz por Burgos en traua,
En su conpañã .Lx. pendones leuaua; exien lo uer
mugieres & uarones.
Burgesses & Burgeses por las finiestras son,
Plorando de los oios, tanto auyen el dolor.
Delas sus bocas todos dizian una razon:
"Dios, que buen vassalo, si ouiesse buen señor!"

His sad eyes peered about him, and his cheeks were
wet with tears;
His head he kept on turning, in his heart were
bitter fears.

The doors he saw were open, and the shutters had
no locks.
The houses bare and empty, and the fields without
their flocks.
No hunting-hawks or falcons graced the stands that
once were filled.
The Chieftain sighed with sorrow, for his fondest
hopes were killed.
He spoke in measured accents low and sadly
raised his eyes:
"I thank You, Father, Lord of all, Who art up in
the skies!
My evil foes have conquered me, and this Thou
hast allowed!"
And now his faithful men ride on, with heads
and shoulders bowed.
As from Bivar they sped their way, they heard
the raven's caw.
Again they heard it on their left as Burgos' gates
they saw.
The Chieftain lifted up his arm and raised his
haughty head,
"Rejoice, Alvar Fanez!" he said, "We're banished,
but not dead!"
My Chieftain entered Burgos with his sixty lances
bold,
And men and women to their doors came running to
behold.
At doorways and at windows wide the townsmen
stood in awe,
And burning tears ran down their cheeks because
of what they saw.
Their hearts and minds and lips were moved to
say with one accord:
"God, what a noble vassal, if he had a noble lord!"

Another brief passage describes the Cid's departure
for the campaign against the Moors, and his leave-
taking from his beloved wife:

La oración fecha, la missa acabada la an.
Salieron de la iglesia, ya quieren cabalgar.
El Cid a dona Ximena yva la abrazar.
Dona Ximena al Cid la manol va besar,
Lorando de los oios, que non sabe que se far.

The prayer is completed, and the final Mass is said.
They're ready for the battle, and are willing to be
led.
The Chieftain takes Ximena in his strong and proud
embrace.
She lays her lips upon his hand, while tears run
down her face.
The tears of bitter parting, for who knows what
lies ahead?
Will God restore her lord to her victorious or dead?

SIDE II, Band 3:

The poem of the Cid and other native Spanish epics
were undoubtedly more historically accurate than
the Song of Roland. But they lacked the powerful
dramatic appeal of the French epic, and the
Spaniards turned again to the original source of in-
spiration, giving it a new, nationalistic twist. They
devised a character, Bernaldo del Carpio, who in
numerous ballads is described as rebelling against
his uncle Alfonso of the Asturias, who had invited
Charlemagne into Spain to fight the Moors. But
Alfonso had also granted the French emperor over-
lordship over the Spanish realm, without consulting
his barons. Bernaldo was incensed at this. But
he was even more incensed at the death of his father,
who had been imprisoned by Alfonso at the time of
Bernaldo's birth because he had secretly wed the
king's sister. So Bernaldo joined with his rebel
bands the Moslem forces of Marsile in order to drive
the Franks from Spain. In a new version of the

battle of Roncevaux, Bernaldo slays Roland with his
own hand, and forces Charlemagne to withdraw into
France. Typical of the many ballads of Bernaldo
del Carpio composed by anonymous authors is this
passage:

"El francés ha por ventura
Esta tierra conquistado?
Victoria sin sangre quiere?
¡No, mientras tengamos manos!"

"Did the mighty king of France
Conquer Spain, by any chance?
Does he want to rule these lands?
Not while we have arms and hands!"

From the Siete Infantes de Lara, another native
Spanish epic, comes a passage that is reminiscent
of Charlemagne's lament over the body of Roland:

"¿Qué nuevas irán a ella
Que a vos más que a todos ama?
¡Tan apuesto de persona,
Decidor bueno entre damas,
Repartidor de su haber,
Aventajado en la lanza!
¡Mejor fuera la mi muerte
Que ver tan triste jornada!"

"What sad tidings shall I bear
To the one who loved you dearly?
Ever prompt to do and dare,
Ever ready to speak clearly,
Generous with friend and foe,
Riding at your army's head!
Rather to my death I'd go
Then to see you lying dead!"

SIDE II, Band 4:

The Basques, who historically were the true victors
at the pass, also decided to get into the literary
picture. There is a brief Basque epic, the
Altabiskarco Cantua, or Song of Altabiskar, the pre-
cise date of which is uncertain, that tells the story
from the Basque viewpoint, and in highly accurate
fashion. Here is a full translation, preceded by the
first stanza in the original Basque:

Oyhu batditua izan da
Escualdunen mendien artetic,
Eta etheco-jaunac, bere athearen aiteinean chutic
Ideki tu bearriac, eta erran du: Nor da hor?
Cer nahi dautet
Eta chacurra, bere nausiaren oinetan lo zaguena,
Alchatu da, eta karrasiz Altabiscarren inguruac:
bethe ditu.

From far away, amid the mountain vales,
A cry is heard, that echoes to the plains;
Echeco-jauna stands before his gate,
Hearkens, and says: "What seek these people
strange?"

The dog, that at the feet of Juana lay,
Summons to arms the neighbors with his bay.

Upon the hills of Ibañeta sounds
A distant din of arms, that shakes the ground.
The tumult of the distant host grows loud.
From mountain-tops in answer horns resound
As Euskar warriors to their places mount,
And drums of war along the passes pound.

They come! They come! The Franks! A host
of spears!
And in their midst are flags of red and green
And all the rainbow's hues! Sparkling and
clear

From sarks and jewelled helms the sun's rays
gleam
Into our eyes! How many are their spears?
And who could count them? Equal to the tears
Ladies of France shall shed for France's
peers!

Quick, men of Euskar! Let us join our strength!
By force of sinew from their roots we'll rend
These mighty rocks! Adown into the dell
We'll hurl them swift along the mountain's length
So they will crash on the invaders' heads,
Crush them, destroy them, strike them unto death!

What seek amid our crags these northern men?
Why have they come down here, our peace to vex?
When God the lofty cliffs between us set
He wished them to be pathless to all men!
Down crash the rocks along the mountain's length!
The foreign troops are crushed, their ranks are
rent,
Their blood in torrents flows, their quivering flesh,
Their broken bones, beneath the mountain-crests
Beside the rushing streams fore'er shall rest!

They break! They flee! They, who had might and
steeds,

Desert their dead upon the gory field!
Flee, mighty king with cape of scarlet, flee!
Your noble nephew, brave Rolland, lies here,
Buried beneath a rock, under a tree!
Around in death's array, the dozen peers!
No doughty deeds could save their company!

Quick, Euskar men, these rocks we must now leave
To hurl our darts against the foe that flees!
They flee! They flee! Where is that host of spears,
Those gallant flags that recently did stream?
Covered with gore, no longer do they gleam!
How many left? To count them were folly!
No longer living Frank is to be seen!

The battle's done; gone from our land the foe!
Echeco-jauna, turn now to your home,
Embrace the ones you dearly love once more,
Your arrows clean, and in their quiver stow,
And lie you down to rest beside your bow.
Eagles will pick the carcass of the foe,
And here forever will bleach white their bones!

SIDE III, Band 1:

The other main branch of early Romance poetry
lies in the lyric field, and here it is southern
France that sets the pace. Earliest of the Provençal
troubadours was Guillem IX, count of Poitiers and
Duke of Aquitaine, who lived at the end of the eleventh
century and, in the words of one of his biogra-
phers, "roamed the land to deceive the ladies".
The Provençal love lyric dominated the twelfth
century, but came to a rather abrupt close at the
beginning of the thirteenth, when the crusade
against the Albigensian heresy turned southern
France into a waste-land.

Unlike the northern French jongleurs, who were pro-
fessional singers of the chansons de geste, the
Provençal troubadours were mostly men of noble
or semi-noble birth, who delighted in singing the
praises of fair ladies, many of them married to
other men. The nature of the love affairs they
describe is such that frequently the identity of the
lady to whom the poem is directed has to be con-
cealed. This in turn leads to a style which is often
obscure and strange, but which met with great
favor in Italy, Portugal, and even in northern
France, where it had to face the competition of the
native epic.

Not all Provençal poetry consists of songs of love.
There are also political diatribes, and some of the
earliest military epics appear in Provençal form.
We have at least one glorification of war from the
pen of Bertrand de Born, a Provençal poet who
lived at the court of King John in England. To him
is attributed also a brief epigram in verse directed
at the English barons who were trying to obtain
from the Crown some of the rights ultimately em-
bodied in the Magna Charta:

Engles, de flors faitz capelh, e de fuelha.
No us deitz trabalh, neis qui us asalh,
Tro qu'om tot os o tuelha!

English, of leaves make a hat, and of flowers.
Pay you no heed, whatever the need,
Till nothing is left but the showers!

There were even among the Provençal writers men
who hated womankind instead of enthroning and
worshipping it. Marcabru, inventor of the trobar
clus, or "hidden style", says, among other things:
"I never loved and was never loved". Worse yet,
he adds: "Famine, pestilence and war do less evil
upon earth than the love of woman."

But few of his contemporaries agreed with him. In
most of their writings, whether they be pastorelas
(shepherdess songs), albas (dawn songs), sirventes
(songs of flattery) or tenzós (songs in which two
characters, usually a man and a woman, sing
alternate stanzas), we find outright worship for the
object of the troubadour's love, or a brutal, frankly
expressed desire to possess it. Both are on occasion
shrouded by the mysterious trobar clus, or "closed
singing", in which the poet veils the lady of his heart
and the circumstances leading to their love affair
in words that are puzzling and bewildering.

Arnaut Daniel, a man whose fame spread far beyond
his own borders, to the point where his work was
extravagantly praised by Dante, gives us a sample
of this strange style, of which we quote the first two
stanzas. If the English translation is bewildering,
the Provençal original is no less so. What sort of
an adventure is the poet describing? The repeated
appearance of the word uncle in his poem has led
some to think that his love affair was with the young
wife of his own kinsman, real or imaginary. He
also speaks of a mysterious chamber, which no man
dares to enter, but where he has enjoyed and will
enjoy love's pleasures, and of the claw and beak of
a slanderer, possibly a courtier who knows of the
affair and is going to reveal it to the outraged hus-
band. Interestingly, even the music to which this
poem is set has come down to us:

Lo ferm voler qu'el cor m'intra
No'm pot jes becs escoissendre ni onglá
De lausengier, qui pert per mal dir s'arma;
E car non l'aus batr'ab ram ni ab verga,
Sivals a frau, lai ou non aurai oncle,
Jauzirai joi, en vergier o dinz cambra.

Firm and steadfast is my longing
For bridal room with heavy silken hanging
Where soft and low a nightingale is singing.
Nor beak nor claw to slanderer belonging
Can to that chamber keep my heart from winging,
Or love's sweet tribute to my lady bringing.

Quan mi soven de la cambra,
Ou a mon dan sai que nuills om non intra,
Anz me son tuich plus que fraire ni oncle,
Non ai membre no'm fremisca neis l'ongla,
Aissi cum fai l'efas devant la verga:
Tal paor ai qu'el sia trop de m'arma.

When my thoughts go to that chamber
Where love's delights awaited in great number.
No sorrows or remorse my soul encumber.
Though fear and peril great I well remember,
Yet once again with one I love to slumber
Makes longing keen, and every muscle limber.

SIDE III, Band 2:

One of the most typical of Provençal poets was Rambaut de Vaqueiras, a man who traveled widely and knew most of the tongues of southern Europe. He did not hesitate to put his polyglot accomplishments to good use in his poems, which describe personal experiences. In one of them, he uses no fewer than five languages, his own native Provençal, Italian, French, Gascon and Spanish (the last perhaps with some admixture of Portuguese). He claims that his unhappy love experience has thrown his tongues into confusion, so that he uses a different language in each stanza. Then, when he comes to the concluding stanza, he speaks two lines in each of the five tongues. This linguistic tour de force from the Middle Ages has led to the inclusion of his poem in practically all anthologies that deal with medieval languages:

Eras quan vey verdeyar
Pratz e vergiers e boscatges,
Vuelh un descort comensar
D'amor, per qu'ieu vauc'arates;
Qu'una domna'm sol amar,
Mas camjatz l'es sos coratges,
Per qu'ieu fauc dezacordar
Los motz e'ls sos e'ls lenguatges.

When I see the grass grow greener
And the meadows are in flower,
Then my pangs of love grow keener
As I watch my lady's bower.
Once her love was all for me;
Now it's all snare and delusion,
And the spectacle I see
Throws my tongues into confusion!

Io son quel che ben non aio
Ni jamai non l'averò,
Ni per april ni per maio,
Si per madona non i'o.
Certo que en so lengaio
Sa gran beutà dir non so:
Chu fresca qe flor de glaio;
Per qe no me'n partirò.

I am one who knows no gladness,
And will never know it more,
For my mind was turned to madness
By the one that I adore.
In her Tuscan tongue so charming
How can I describe her charm?
But her attitude's alarming,
And my song is of alarm.

Belle douce dame chiere,
A vos mi doin e m'otroi;
Je n'avrai mes joi'entiere
Si je n'ai vos e vos moi.
Mot estes male guerriere
Si je muer par bone foi!
Mes ja par nulle maniere
No'm partrai de vostre loi!

Sweet and fair and dear I call you
In the noble tongue of France,
Hoping vainly to enthrall you
So you'll deign me with a glance.
Does the strategy of Cupid
Say that you must slay my love?

But that strategy is stupid!
Love, though slain, lives on above!

Dauna, io mi rent a bos,
Coar sotz la mes bon'e bera,
Qu'anc hos, e gaillard'e pros,
Ab que no'm hossetz tan hera,
Mout abetz beras haisos
E color hresqu'e noera.
Boste son, e si'bs agos
No'm destrengora hiera.

Shall I make act of submission
In the Gascon's harsher tongue?
Let my song go on its mission
Till the words to you are sung!
You are lovely and exciting!
You're the goal of my desire!
You are maddening, inviting!
You alone can quench my fire!

Mas tan temo vostro preito
Todo'n son escarmentado.
Por vos ei pen'e maltreito
E meo corpo lazerado.
La noit, can jac'en meu leito,
So mochas vetz resperado;
E car nonca m'aprofeito
Falid'ei en meu cuidado.

Now you hear me begging, pleading
In the haughty tongue of Spain.
Though I'm wounded, torn and bleeding,
Still I sing my love's refrain.
For my heart there is no resting;
When at night I seek my bed,
It goes wandering and questing,
Filled with longing and with dread.

Belhs cavaliers, tant es car
Lo vostr'onratz senhoratges
Que cada jorno m'esglaio.
Oi me lasso! Que farò
Si cele que j'ai plus chiere
Me tue, ne sai por quoi?
Ma dauna, he que dey bos
Ni peu cap Santa Quitera,
Mon corasso m'avetz treito
E, mot gen favlan, furtado.

Oh, if I again could hear you
Speak those words that fired my heart:
"I want only to be near you!
Noble knight, we'll never part!"
But instead you choose to slay me
And you do not tell me why!
You have chosen to betray me;
So my five tongues say: "Good-bye!"

SIDE III, Band 3:

In another of his poems, Rambaut uses the form variously known as tenzó (or tension), contrasto (this is rather the Italian term) and jeu parti (literally, "split game", because the utterances are split between the two participants; but since the outcome of the game lies in the balance till the very end, the term has given rise to the English word jeopardy, a situation of potential danger). In the variety of tenzó favored by Rambaut, a man urges a woman to yield herself to him, while she resists. Only the closing lines will tell whether he achieves his purpose or not. Here Rambaut uses a bilingual form. He speaks in Provençal, while the lady who is the goal of his desires replies in the Genoese dialect of Italian:

Domna, tant vos ai preiada,
Si'us plaz, q'amar me voillaz,
Q'eu sui vostr'endomenjaz,
Car es pros et enseignada,
E toz bos prez autreiz;
Per qe'm plai vostr'amistaz.
Car es en toz faiz cortesa,
S'es mos cors en vos fermaz
Plus q'en nulla genoesa;
Per q'er merces, si m'amaz;
E pois serai meilz pagaz.
Que s'era mia'ill ciutaz,
Ab l'aver, q'es ajostaz,
Dels Genoës.

Lady, much have I besought you
Your affection to concede.
At this moment still I plead,
And a true heart I have brought you.
For you are of noble breed
And of Genoa's best seed,
And to love you is a duty,
An obsession and a need.
Your refinement and your beauty
Won't permit me to recede
From my purpose; so pay heed
To the one who won't be freed
From your bonds.

Jujar, voi no se' corteso,
Qe me chaidejai de zò,
Qe niente no farò,
Ance fossi voi apeso!
Vostr'amia no serò!
Certo, ja ve scanerò,
Proenzal malaurao!
Tal enojo ve dirò:
Sozo, mozo, escalvao!
Ni za voi no amerò,
qe chu bello mari' o
Qe voi no se', ben lo so.
Andai via, frar', en tempo meillaurao!

You are utterly unpleasant,
My fine sir from foreign shore!
Get you back to your own chore,
For you're nothing but a peasant!
You annoy me and you bore,
And I'll show you to the door.
You are bald, and fresh, and dirty.
When you sing, it's like a roar.
You're too young! You're not yet thirty,
While my husband's thirty-four.
He will knock you to the floor
And your nose will run with gore
If he finds you!

Domna gent'et essernida,
Gaia e pros e conoissenz,
Valla'm vostr'ensegnamenz,
Car jois e jovenz vos gida,
Cortesia e prez e senz,
E toz bos captenemenz.
Per qe'us sui fidels amaire,
Senes toz retenemenz,
Francs, humils e merceiaire;
Tant fort me destreing e'm venz
Vostr'amors, qe m'es plasenz;
Per qe sera chausimenz,
S'eu sui vostre benvolenz
E vostr'amics.

Lady, pray, do not dismiss me
From your presence dear and fair;
If I go back to my lair
I am sure that you will miss me.
Listen rather to my prayer:
Let me kiss your lips and hair!

Wherefore, lady, must you chide me?
If my soul to you I bare,
I need one like you to guide me,
I need one like you to care.
Don't reject me, if I dare
Still to love you, lady fair,
And to hope!

Jujar, voi semellai mato,
Qe cotal razon tegnei!
Mal vignai e mal andei!
Non avei sen per un gato!
Per qe trop me deschasei,
Qe mala cosa parei.
Ne' no faria tal cosa
Si fossi fillo de rei.
Credi' voi'qu'e' sia mosa?
Mia fe, no m'averei!
Si per m'amor ve chevei,
Oguano morrei de frei.
Tropo son de mala lei
Li Proenzal!

All Provençal men are crazy;
No exception to the rule!
Why continue like a fool?
You are stupid, bad and lazy;
There you sit, and wait, and drool!
You remind me of a ghoul!
Were your race noble and royal
Still to you I'd be quite cool.
You're not honest, you're not loyal,
But you're stubborn as a mule!
And you'll wait from now till Yule!
Go, and jump in yonder pool!
That will fix you!

Domna, no siaz tant fera,
Que no's cove ni s'eschai;
Anz taing ben, si a vos plai,
Qe de mo sen vos enquera,
E qe'us am ab cor verai,
E vos qe'm gitez d'esmai;
Q'eu vos sui hom e servire,
Car vei e conosc e sai
Qant vostra beutat remire,
Fresca cum rosa en mai,
Q'el mont plus bella non sai;
Per qe'us am et amarai,
E si bona fez mi trai,
Sera pechaz!

Lady, don't be harsh and haughty!
You don't look or fit the part.
Take the offer of a heart
That's sincere, even though naughty.
You have struck me with love's dart,
And that love inspires my art.
Let me serve you with devotion.
Let affection make its start!
I regard you with emotion
That is violent, burning, tart.
You'll find nothing on love's mart
Or in Cupid's swan-drawn cart
Quite as faithful as the heart
I present you.

Jujar, to proenzalesco,
S'eu aja gauzo de mi,
Non prezo un genoi'.
No t'entend plui d'un toesco,
O sardo, o barbari';
Ni non o cura de ti.
Voi t'acaveilar co mego?
Si lo sa lo meu mari',
Mal plait averai con sego!
Bel messer, ver e' ve di':
Non vollo questo lati'!
Fraello, zo ve afi'.

Proenzal, va, mal vesti!!
Largaime star!

You're a foreigner, a stranger,
Whom I do not understand
More than one from German land
Or from distant isles of danger,
From Sardinia's far-off strand
Or Sahara's burning sand.
If my husband finds you near me
You will feel his heavy hand!
You had better learn to fear me!
Or he'll mark you with his brand
When he comes back with his band
Of armed men from Holy Land
Where the infidels withstand
Our armed might!

Domna, en estraing cossire
M'avez mes, et en esmai.
Mas enqera'us preierai
Qe voillaz q'eu vos essai
Si cum provenzals o fai
Qant es poiaz.

Lady, you do not alarm me
With your threats of sword and mace.
You but fascinate and charm me.
Let me show you how we race
One we hold in love's embrace
When we mount!

Jujar, no serò con tego,
Poss'asì te cal de mi.
Meill vara' per sant Marti'
S'andai a ser Opeti',
Que dar v'a fors'un ronci',
Car sei jujar!

I will never be your filly
Or submit to your embrace!
You will always find me chilly.
If a horse you want to race,
Buy one in the market-place,
Troubadour!

SIDE IV, Band 1:

The Provençal style spread to Italy, giving rise to the dolce stil nuovo of Cavalcanti and other precursors of Dante and Petrarch. But it found its most numerous imitators at the Sicilian court of Frederick II of Hohenstaufen, the German emperor who far preferred his southern realms to his native Germany, and who surrounded himself with poets from all parts of Italy and from foreign shores. One of the earliest writers of the Sicilian school was Cielo d'Alcamo, whose contrasto is an echo of that of Rambaut de Vaqueiras. Here a young stranger pleads for the love of a Sicilian girl, who at first rejects him. Unlike the participants in Rambaut's tenzò, both speak good medieval Italian, with perhaps a touch of Sicilian dialect:

Rosa fresca aulentissima - c'apar inver la state,
Le donne ti disiano - pulzell'e maritate.
Traimi d'este focora - se t'este a bolontate.
Per te non aio abento notte e dia,
Penzando pur di voi, madonna mia!

Rose that is most delectable - when summertime's
impending,
To maiden fair and married spouse - your charm
and beauty lending,
To draw me from the fires of love - upon you
I'm depending.

Because of you I rest not, night or day;
You've haunted me through April and through May.

Se di meve trabalgliti - follia lo ti fa fare.
Lo mar potresti arompere - a' venti asemenare,
L'abere d'esto seculo - tuto quanto asementrare,
Avereme non poteri a esto monno;
Avanti li cavelli m'aritonno.

If love of me has troubled you - the cause is your
own madness.
In love of me you'll never find - your happiness
and gladness.
Your love of me can only lead - to sorrow and
to sadness.

I'd rather join a nunnery than marry.
Within my father's house you need not tarry.

Se li cavelli artoniti - avanti foss'io morto!
Ca inaisi mi perdera - lo solaccio e lo diporto.
Quando ci passo e veioti - rosa fresca de l'orto,
Bono comfortto donimi tut'ore.
Poniamo che s'aiunga il nostro amore!

I know you seek a nunnery - but rather were I
dead,
For then my life and happiness - forever would
be fled!
For you I plan not convent cell - but ample
bridal bed.
I love you, and you'll mine forever be!
So leave your father's house and come with me!

Ke'l nostro amore aiungasi - nom boglio m'atalenti.
Se ci ti trova paremo - colgli altri miei parenti,
Guarda non t'arcolgano - questi forti corenti!
Como ti seppe bona la venuta,
Consiglio che ti guardi a la partuta!

Your song of love displeases me - With you I will
not flee,
And if my father's followers - should find you
here with me
Your body might be found tomorrow - floating
in the sea!
Good fortune showed her favor when you came.
Make sure that your departure be the same!

Se in tuoi parenti trovami - e che mi pozon fari?
Una difensa metoci - di duemili'agostari.
Non mi tocara padreto - per quanto avere a'
Bari!
Viva lo'mperadore, graz'a Deo!
Intendi, bella, quel che ti dico eo?

And if your kinsmen find me here - what are they
going to do?
I'll tell them with sincerity - I want to marry
you,
And if I meet rejection - your decision you will
rue.
My coffers burst with silver and with gold.
I want you, lady fair, to have and hold!

Tu me no lasci vivere - ne' sera ne' maitino!
Donna sono di perperi - d'auro massamotino.
Se tanto aver donassemmi - quanto a lo Saladino,
E per aiunta quant'a lo Soldano,
Tocaremi non poteri a la mano!

Neither by night nor morning - do you give me
any rest!
Yet you have never kindled - fire of love within
my breast.
If Saladin's possessions - in Arabia were the
test,
And to them you should add the Sultan's store,
I still would have to drive you from my door!

Laudato sie, mi Signore, cum tucte le tue creature:
Spetialmente messor lo frate Sole,
Lo quale è jorno, et allumini noi per loi;
Et ellu è bellu e radiante, cum grande splendore;
De te, Altissimo, porta significatione.

Praised be Thou, my Lord, with all Thy creatures:
Especially lord brother Sun,
Who is the day, and Thou givest us light through
him;
And he is beautiful and radiant, with great
splendor.
Of Thee, Most High, he bears the symbol.

Laudato si', mi Signore, per sora Luna e le Stelle,
In celu l'ai formate clarite et pretiose et belle.

Praised be Thou, my Lord, for sister Moon and
the Stars.
In heaven Thou hast formed them, clear, precious
and beautiful.

Laudato si', mi Signore, per frate Vento,
Et per Aere et Nubilo et Sereno et onne Tempo,
Per lo quale a le tue creature dai sustentamento.

Praised be Thou, my Lord, for brother Wind,
And for the Air, and the Clouds, and the Clear,
and all Weather,
Whereby Thou givest sustenance to Thy creatures.

Laudato si', mi Signore, per sor'Aqua,
La quale è multo utile et humile et pretiosa
et casta.

Praised be Thou, my Lord, for sister Water,
Who is very useful and humble and precious and
chaste.

Laudato si', mi Signore, per frate Focu,
Per lo quale enallumini la nocte,
Ed ello è bello et jocundo et robustoso et forte.

Praised be Thou, my Lord, for brother Fire,
Through whom Thou lightest up the night,
And he is beautiful and jolly and robust and strong.

Laudato si', mi Signore, per sora nostra madre
Terra,
La quale ne sustenta et governa,
Et produce diversi fructi con coloriti flori et herba.

Praised by Thou, my Lord, for our sister mother
Earth,
Who supports and governs us,
And produces varied fruits with colored flowers
and grass.

Laudato si', mi Signore, per quelli ke perdonano
per lo tuo amore,
Et sostengo infirmitate et tribulatione;
Beati quelli ke'l sosterrano in pace,
Ka da te, Altissimo, sirano incoronati.

Praised be Thou, my Lord, for those who forgive
for love of Thee,
And sustain illness and tribulation;
Blessed are those who sustain them in peace,
For by Thee, Most High, they will be crowned.

Laudato si', mi Signore, per sora nostra Morte
corporale,
Da la quale nullu homo vivente po skappare.
Guai a quelli ke morrano ne le peccata mortali;
Beati quelli ke trovarà ne le tue sanctissime
voluntati,
Ka la morte seconda nol farrà male.

Blessed be Thou, my Lord, for our sister bodily
Death,
From whom no living man can escape.
Woe unto those who die in mortal sin;
Blessed are those whom she finds in accord with
Thy holy will,
For the second death will do them no harm.

Laudate et benedicete mi Signore et reingratiare,
Et serviateli cum grande humilitate.
Praise and bless my Lord, and thank Him,
And serve Him with great humility.

SIDE IV, Band 3:

Spreading to Galicia and Portugal, the Provençal
love lyric encountered there a seemingly earlier,
native, popular strain, the song of love and long-
ing and the sea, in which a maiden expresses her
concern for her lover, who has gone far away.
This *Cantiga de Amigo*, which gathers in itself
the well-known Portuguese spirit of *saudades*, or
nostalgic longing, blends well with the new tone
that comes from southern France. It is exempli-
fied by some of the *cantigas* of Martin Codax, a
thirteenth-century Galician poet:

Ondas do mar de Vigo,
Se uistes meu amigo!
E, ay Deus, se uerrá cedo?

Ondas do mar levado,
Se uistes meu amado!
E, ay Deus, se uerrá cedo?

Se uistes meu amigo
O por que eu sospiro!
E, ay Deus, se uerrá cedo?

Se uistes meu amado
Por que ei gran coidado!
E, ay Deus, se uerrá cedo?

Waves of the stormy sea,
Bring my lover back to me!
When will he come back, my Lord?

Waves of the rocky coast,
Bring the one that I love most!
When will he come back, my Lord?

My lover back to me
From across the stormy sea!
When will he come back, my Lord?

The one that I love most
On the whole Galician coast!
When will he come back, my Lord?

SIDE IV, Band 4:

More tinged with the influence that stems from
Provence is this song of love, attributed to
King Sancho:

Se Deus me leixe de vos bem aver,
Senhor' fremosa, nunca vi prazer,
Des quando m'eu de vos parti.

E fez-me o vosso amor tão muito mal,
Que nunca vi prazer de mim, nem d'al,
Des quando m'eu de vos parti.

Ouve tal coita no meu coração
Que nunca vi prazer, se ora não,
Des quando m'eu de vos parti.

So grant me God your favor to enjoy,
My lovely lady, never saw I joy
Since from your side I did depart.

And so much hurt my love for you did bring
That no joy came to me from anything
Since from your side I did depart.

My heart was filled with such unending pain
That only now do I know joy again
Since from your side I did depart.

SIDE IV, Band 5:

With the dawn of the Renaissance, new influences come into Portuguese poetry, notably the Classical epic that is so well reflected in the Lusíadas of Camões. But Camões also wrote briefer works that reflect the earlier strain, like this lyric in which he bewails the untimely death of the woman he loved:

Alma minha gentil, que te partiste
Tão cedo desta vida descontente,
Repousa lá no céu eternamente,
E viva eu cá na terra, sempre triste.

Se lá no assento etéreo onde subiste
Memória desta vida se consente,
Não te esqueças daquele amor ardente
Que já nos olhos meus tão puro viste.

E se vires que pode merecer-te
Alguma coisa a dor que me ficou
Da mágoa, sem remédio, de perder-te,

Roga a Deus, que teus anos encurtou
Que tão cedo de cá me leve a ver-te
Quão cedo de meus olhos te' levou!

My gentle Darling, who so soon departed
From troubles that are life's too heavy price,

Repose forevermore in Paradise,
While I live on, alone and broken-hearted.

If God permits some measure of recalling
Of past events in Heaven's realms above,
Do not forget that ardent, burning love
That makes my present solitude so galling.

But if my sense of loss and bitter sadness
In any way can help improve your state,
Let everlasting sorrow be my fate,
Provided you may rest in peace and gladness!

SIDE IV, Band 6:

In one-sense, it may be said that the early Romance poetry we have surveyed is only a transitional form bridging the gap between the Classical literature of Greece and Rome and the new modern literary forms produced under the influence of the Renaissance which appear from the fourteenth century on.

But it may also be argued that the literature of the Middle Ages represents a more indigenous, spontaneous growth on Romance soil, something that is free from the artificiality of the intellect and stems more directly from the heart, something that is closer to the soul of the people. At any rate, we discover in it abundant proof that human nature does not change throughout the centuries, that the themes that pervade the literature of today were present then. War and violence, loyalty to an ideal or a person, refined and spiritual love between the sexes, love of a more earthy, material nature, the search for God, the manifestations of sorrow and bereavement, all deeply human qualities, equally characteristic of all ages, are well represented in the random sampling we have offered.

Other Recordings of Interest

FI9151 ONE LANGUAGE FOR THE WORLD by Dr. Mario Andrew Pei; Introduction, Greek, Latin, Basic English, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, German, Russian, Chinese, Finnish; Constructed Languages: Russell's Suma, Peano's Flexionless Latin, Interglossa, Cheshikhin's Nepo, Interlingua, Esperanto. With complete script.
1-12" 33-1/3 rpm longplay record..\$5.95

FL9587 LA CHANSON DE ROLAND performed in 12th Century French presented by "The Proscenium Studio" of Montreal under the direction of Madame Lucie de Vienne. Accompanying text includes complete script in 12th Century French, modern French, and English translation.
2-12" 33-1/3 rpm longplay records.\$11.90