

## OLD PROVENÇAL AND OLD FRENCH

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Discoveries made over a decade and a half ago have shown that we must revise our old notions of the place of Provençal lyrics in European literature: we can no longer hail the earliest poets of the southern half of France as the creators of the lyrical poetry of Western Europe.<sup>1</sup> But it is still true to say that among the literatures of mediaeval Europe, Provençal occupies a place of immense importance, not only because of its early date, but also because of its prestige and influence in non-Provençal lands, because of its high technical achievement and, sometimes, because of its literary merit. Before speaking about the Provençal dawn songs, it may be useful to some readers to recall here the cardinal facts about the Provençal lyric in general.<sup>2</sup> The earliest lyrics that we have are those of Guillaume IX, count of Poitiers and duke of Aquitaine, who lived from 1071-1127. It is true that we have only eleven poems of his and no others of the same date, but from about 1140 onwards, for over a century, we have hundreds of examples. By 1300 there is a marked decline, both in originality and in quantity, and though poems in Provençal have never ceased to be written, even down to the present day, Provençal literature has never regained the European importance it had in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

On the whole, Provençal poetry in its heyday was an aristocratic art. Of course, not all the troubadours were of such high rank as Guillaume IX, and there were professionals as well as amateurs; but as far as we can tell it was in the courts that the lyric flourished and it was the upper classes whose point of view it expressed. The poems consist of rhymed stanzas, and their structure is often extremely complicated; the melodies, generally composed by the writers themselves, have in a good many cases been preserved. A large proportion of Provençal lyrical poetry is love poetry, and the authors (besides saying things which could be said at almost any time and place) frequently insist on ideas that loomed large in their minds but which were probably new to many of the audience: the great humility felt by a man in love, for instance, and the good effects that being in love can have on one's character. Such ideas, and the spirit which prompted them, as well as the technique used to express

<sup>1</sup> See the Introduction to the Iberian section, Mozarabic (a) and (b), above, pp. 299ff.

<sup>2</sup> The best short account of Provençal poetry is A. Jeanroy's *Histoire Sommaire de la poésie occitane* (Toulouse-Paris, 1945). The standard large-scale work on the lyric is the same author's *La Poésie lyrique des Troubadours*, 2 vols. (Toulouse-Paris, 1934) (I shall refer to this work as Jeanroy, *Troubadours*).

them, spread far and wide from the south of France in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. In the Spanish peninsula and in Italy, poets wrote their lyrics in Provençal; in the north of France and in Germany, they imitated Provençal in their own vernacular. The influence was deep and lasting as well as wide, and it is probable that most readers of this book have something in their mental or emotional make-up that goes back to the twelfth-century courts of the south of France.

It is not to be expected that any society will produce, in the course of a century, hundreds of poets all writing the same kind of poetry and all producing works of value, and it is not surprising if nowadays most Provençal lyrics seem unpleasantly stereotyped; but there is a minority of works (including one or two dawn songs) which still charm us by their combination of poetic quality and technical skill.

To turn now to the dawn songs themselves.<sup>3</sup> To Saintsbury, they were, with the *sirventes*, 'perhaps the most famous, peculiar and representative of Provençal forms';<sup>4</sup> Jeanroy, more harshly and with more truth, places the *alba* amongst the minor genres, mostly cultivated by second-rate poets, and considers that only two among those preserved have real value.<sup>5</sup> It is certainly true that, although *albas* are of great interest for the purposes of the present study, they are far from being one of the main types of Provençal literature.

It is difficult to choose a definition of the Provençal dawn song, because the genre shades off into other genres, and critics do not always agree which poems are *albas* and which are not. Jeanroy lists sixteen poems, but goes on to say that he has included some that are not genuine *albas*.<sup>6</sup> The nine poems that most fully deserve the title *alba* have the following five features in common:

1. They describe the feelings of lovers who, after a night spent together, must separate at dawn because it would be dangerous for them to be found together.
2. Besides the two lovers, they have a third character, a watchman who announces the coming of dawn.
3. All except one have a refrain containing the word *alba* ('dawn'). As early as the 13th century, this convention was well enough recognised for the poems themselves to be referred to as *albas*.
4. Most of them contain a certain amount of dialogue, or a combination of narrative with direct speech (for this reason they are classified as 'dramatic' or 'objective' poems, in distinction to most Provençal lyrics, in which the poet expresses his own love).

<sup>3</sup> The most complete account of the Provençal dawn song is in Jeanroy, *Troubadours*, II, 292-7 and 339-41; an earlier account in which the same author deals with both French and Provençal, is in *Les Origines de la poésie lyrique en France*, 3rd. ed. (Paris, 1925), p. 61ff.

<sup>4</sup> *The Flourishing of Romance and the Rise of Chivalry* (*Periods of European Literature*, II) (Edinburgh, 1907), p. 366.

<sup>5</sup> Jeanroy, *Troubadours*, passim, especially p. 296 "parmi toutes ces pièces, deux seulement méritent de retenir l'attention."

<sup>6</sup> *Troubadours*, p. 339. Since the publication of Jeanroy's book, another *alba* has been discovered, which we print below as No. 9. There is also another poem to be added to his list of religious imitations of the *alba* (*Alxi com cel c'anan erra la vla*, by Cerveri de Girona; see J. Massó Torrents, "Cerveri de Girona" in *Repertori de l'Antiga Literatura Catalana, La Poesia*, I).

5. All seem to have been written either in the late twelfth century or in the thirteenth (few if any being of the *late* thirteenth).<sup>7</sup>

I shall consider these nine poems, all of which are published below (Nos. 1-9), as 'albas properly so-called' and the others listed by Jeanroy as derivatives of the main genre. Before discussing the problems raised by the existence of our nine albas, it will be convenient to say something about the few dawn songs that have come down to us from the northern half of France (Nos. 10-14).

Old French lyrical poetry is on the whole very like that of Provence, and is sometimes in fact simply an imitation of it, in subject-matter and in technique. How far this was the case with the Old French dawn song it is difficult to say, since the examples of the genre in Old French are so few. Though there are pretty clear signs that a French dawn song convention existed in the 13th century and that it was more or less like the Provençal convention, there is no homogeneous group of poems to point to, and indeed it is difficult to draw the boundaries between dawn songs and other poems. After considerable hesitation, I have included in my edition five works whose common denominator is that they are concerned, in one way or another, with the parting of lovers at dawn. Two of them have not been classed as *aubes* before (they are *motets*); on the other hand, I have rejected a poem which Jeanroy lists as an *aube*.<sup>8</sup>

In spite of the differences between the French *aube* and the Provençal *alba*, many of the problems they raise are the same, and I shall now deal with the two literatures together. I shall first try to define the character of the poems that have been preserved and then touch on the problem of their origins, before dealing briefly with the more modern traces of the dawn song in France.

How were *albas* and *aubes* performed? They were no doubt sung, not recited: the music of three is given in the manuscripts and there is no reason to suppose that the others are an exception to the mediaeval practice of singing lyrical poetry. Indeed a thirteenth-century book of rules for various types of poetry says of the *alba* 'it must have a new tune',<sup>9</sup> and we have a *pastorale* (again of the XIIIth century) which tells how the poet found a shepherdess singing the words:

Deus! tant mal mi fait la guaitte,  
Ki dist: Sus! or sus, or sus,  
Ainz que jor soit venuz.<sup>10</sup>

God, what ill the watchman does to me when he calls 'Up, arise, arise' before the day has come.

<sup>7</sup> A characteristic of five out of the nine poems is that the lovers are in danger from "the jealous one" or "the husband".

<sup>8</sup> On this poem, which begins '*Un petit devant le jor*', see below, p. 349. There is no example of the word *aube* used in Old French to mean a poem. The word in this sense is a convenient coining of modern scholars, although Jeanroy considers it must have existed in the Middle Ages (*Origines*, p. 61 n.). The word *aubade* is sometimes used of French dawn songs, but it has other meanings as well.

<sup>9</sup> The work is the *Doctrina de comprendre dictats*. By saying a 'new tune' the author means that the words of dawn songs must not be fitted to already existing tunes, as was sometimes done for other genres. For the text and a translation of this passage see p. 379, below.

<sup>10</sup> Bartsch, *Altfranzösische Romanzen und Pastourellen* (Leipzig, 1870), p. 301 (variant p. 391, *cor* must be a misprint for *jor*).

Now in mediaeval France, singing and dancing often went together, and it seems probable that some of the extant dawn songs were danced or acted and that more than one performer took part in them. One of our poems in fact cannot be understood at all unless we imagine a certain amount of movement and at least three singers (watchman, lover and lover's friend, or alternatively two watchmen and lover) although the scribe of the unique manuscript copied the poem as though it were an ordinary solo, as indeed is the case for all our poems.<sup>11</sup> Nor is this poem an isolated piece of evidence: some of the metres used suggest a link between *albas* and dancing,<sup>12</sup> and moreover we have two *pastorales* which refer to dances or games in which someone acts the part of the watcher or watchman. These references are sufficiently important to be quoted in full:

L'autre jour par un matin  
Sous une espinete,  
Trovai quatre pastorins:  
Chascuns ot muzete,  
Pipe, flajot et fretel.  
La muse au grant challeme  
A li uns fors trete;  
Por comeneier le rivet  
Contrefist la guete.  
Et an chantant s'escria  
'si jolis, si mignos  
Com je sui n'iert nus ja.'<sup>13</sup>

The other day in the morning I saw four shepherds under a thornbush; each had a musette or a pipe or a flageolet or a *fretel* [another wind instrument]. One of them brought out his bagpipes and began the revels by imitating the watch; he sang aloud 'Never was anyone so handsome and fine as I'.

De Pascour un jor erroic;  
Joste un bos, lés un larris,  
Trais pastoreaus aatis;  
Dient k'il feront grant joie,  
Et si averont frestel,  
Pipe et muse et chalemel,  
S'amie chascuns amis,  
Et si iert la gaitte Guis,  
Notant de la lupinelle:  
Do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do,  
Do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do, dodelle.<sup>14</sup>

<sup>11</sup> No. 12. For details see notes to text. This is one of the dawn songs whose melodies have been preserved. Bédier goes so far as to call this work 'un menu spectacle dramatique, une pièce de ballet', *Rev. des Deux Mondes* (Jan. 1906), p. 419.

<sup>12</sup> See below the notes to Nos. 1, 2, 7, 8, 12.

<sup>13</sup> Bartsch, *op. cit.*, p. 147.

<sup>14</sup> Bartsch, *op. cit.*, p. 259. The line 'Et si iert la gaitte Guis' occurs again in the second stanza, and the phrase *la gaitte Guis* in 1.41. The *lupinelle* was 'probablement un petit air populaire'; T. Gérold, *La musique au moyen âge* (= *Classiques fr. du moyen âge*, no. 73) (Paris, 1932), p. 300.

As I was journeying one day at Easter-time, I found three lively shepherd boys near a wood beside a moor. They said they were going to make merry with pipe, bagpipe and shawm; and every lover should have his lass, and Guy should be the watchman, playing the *lupinelle*: do, do, do etc.

It seems very likely then that in thirteenth-century France, dawn songs were sometimes danced, acted or mimed. But it would be rash to imagine that this was the only way in which they were performed: not all contain dialogue, not all suggest action, and it may well be that some (Nos. 5 and 11, for instance) were straightforward solos. It is significant that the *Doctrina de comprendre dictats*, from which I have already quoted, though it mentions music, says nothing about action or even about dialogue.<sup>15</sup>

The Old French poems I have printed as Nos. 13 and 14 were almost certainly performed differently from all my other examples; they are the remains of compositions known as motets, polyphonic vocal pieces in which two, three or even four voices sang different words; there was often no connection between the different sets of words and one could be in Latin when the others were in French. It is true that our two motets are copied without music as straightforward French poems, but the evidence of other ms. collections suggests that such poems, which have well-marked metrical peculiarities, were written specially to form part of polyphonic compositions. We must therefore think of Nos. 13 and 14 as being sung by one musician in an ensemble of two, three or four. The scribe of our ms., however, presumably thought the French words worth copying for their own sake, and we may well agree with him. I shall refer to these poems again in connection with their so-called refrains.<sup>16</sup>

What sort of people performed *albas* and *aubes*? The upper classes did certainly. There can be no doubt that the poems printed below, like the vast majority of Provençal and Old French lyrics, represent the taste of educated people; the evidence assembled by various scholars is overwhelming, and I need not repeat it. But we have just met a shepherdess singing a fragment of a dawn song, and seen shepherds playing a game which involves a watchman. It looks then as if this type of poetry belonged to both upper and lower classes. We have however no complete text of a shepherd's *aube* or *alba*, and the only thing we can guess about them is that, if such things existed, they were probably different from the aristocratic variety, since the upper classes in mediaeval France were unlikely to enjoy a dance that was danced in exactly the same way by shepherds. The three dawn song tunes that have been preserved are incidentally very far removed from popular art.<sup>17</sup>

Is it possible to trace any evolution of the dawn song among the examples that have survived? I do not think it is, although scholars have sometimes tried to do so. To begin with, it is not possible from external evidence to place the poems in chron-

<sup>15</sup> For information on dancing in twelfth and thirteenth-century France, especially in connection with singing, see Bédier, "Les plus anciennes danses françaises", *Rev. Deux Mondes* (Jan. 1906), p. 398 ff.

<sup>16</sup> On motets, see Gérold, *La musique au moyen âge* (= *Les Classiques Français du moyen âge*, no. 73) (Paris, 1932), p. 246 ff.

<sup>17</sup> See the Notes to Nos. 2, 3, 12.

ological order. It is true that Jeanroy's list of the Provençal examples is intended to be chronological, but it contains many doubtful and approximate datings. Of our fourteen French and Provençal poems, nine are anonymous, and all we can say about the date of these is that they probably come somewhere between the late 12th and the early 14th century; one other is either by Gaucelm Faidit, who flourished about 1185-1220 or by Bertran d'Alamanon who flourished about fifty years later. Three *albas* only (Nos. 2, 3 and 8) can be placed in chronological order, and then only approximately;<sup>18</sup> no doubt most modern readers will agree that the earliest of these is also the finest, but it is not necessarily finer because it is earlier.

The question of evolution can, however, be approached from a different angle: using internal evidence, one can arrange the poems in chronological order by deciding which are the most primitive or archaic in style; but this is a circular argument, because we do not know what is primitive, nor do we know how much allowance to make for the individual taste of the various poets. Hence it is not surprising if the attempt made to classify existing *albas* and *aubes* in this way and then to study the evolution of the genre have yielded unsatisfactory and controversial results.<sup>19</sup>

A little light on the status of our poems in the 12th and 13th centuries can be gained from the study of the poems derived or imitated from the dawn song. We possess about a dozen of these, and their existence suggests that the dawn song itself was better-known and more widely recognised than one might otherwise think.

It is convenient to divide these derivative poems into two groups, the secular and the religious. To take the secular first: in two Provençal poems, whose first strophes I print below as Nos. 1 and 2 of the Appendix, the lover tells how, when he is forced to spend the night alone, he longs for the coming of dawn, and the link with tradition is made clear, thanks to the refrain which contains the word *alba*. Guiraut Riquier, author of one of these, also wrote a love-poem with a refrain containing the word *ser* ('evening'), saying how he is impatiently waiting for nightfall and a meeting with his mistress.<sup>20</sup> In *un petit devant le jor*, a French song that seems to have been rather popular in the 13th century, the anonymous poet rings the changes on the traditional theme by making the lovers converse through a window, the lady having been shut up in a tower.<sup>21</sup> Here the link with dawn songs lies chiefly in the fact that the lover has to leave at dawn because of the danger of their being seen talking together, and it may seem surprising that Jeanroy lists the poem as an *aube*. The situation is rather reminiscent of that in *Aucassin et Nicolette* when the lovers carry on a conversation through a hole in the prison wall and are warned of their danger by a kindly watch-

<sup>18</sup> For details, see Notes to the poems.

<sup>19</sup> E.g. Stengel, "Der Entwicklungsgang der provenzalischen Alba", in *Zeitschrift für rom. Philologie*, IX, 407-12, and to some extent Jeanroy and G. Paris. I shall return later to the question of the origin of *albas* and *aubes*.

<sup>20</sup> As Jeanroy points out (*Troubadours*, II, 295 n. 5) the existence of this poem does not mean that there was a Provençal genre called *serena* or 'evening-song' balancing the *alba*.

<sup>21</sup> The poem can be read in H. Spanke, *Eine altfrz. Liedersammlung* (= *Romanische Bibl.*, XXII), p. 35, in K. Bartsch, *Altfrz. Romanzen u. Pastourellen* (Leipzig, 1870), p. 35 and in the same editor's *Chrestomathie de l'ancien français*, 12th ed. (Leipzig, 1927), p. 218.

man who, as in certain *albas*, sings a song that has a special message for some of his hearers. This character must surely be derived from the dawn song convention, and a curious ramification of our tradition is to be seen in a later story based on *Aucassin*, the *chanson de geste* of *Clarisse et Florent*. Here the watchman's role is expanded so that he helps Aucassin to escape from prison and thereafter becomes his constant companion.<sup>22</sup>

A more distant imitation of the dawn song, but one which clearly suggests that it had a considerable vogue, is the satirical poem which Philippe de Novare wrote in 1229-30 while laying siege to a castle in Cyprus; one night he overheard some of the defenders lamenting their lot, and the result was a mock dawn song beginning:

L'autrier gaitay une nuit jusqu'au jour,  
Bien pres des murs, tout soul, sans autres gens

The other night I watched till daybreak, close beside the walls, all alone, with no one else.

and repeating some of the things he had heard. There are seven stanzas, each with a refrain ending with 'aube'.<sup>23</sup>

In Old French literature, it was quite frequent for the author of a romance or a song to quote from another poem, and it is to this habit that we owe several fragments which strengthen the impression that the dawn song theme had a considerable vogue in France in the 13th century and perhaps earlier.

I have already quoted the lines which the author of a *pastorale* puts in the mouth of a shepherdess. The next example comes from a song in which each stanza ends with a quotation from an earlier poem; in stanza 2 the quotation is:

Il n'est mie jor,  
Savoreuse plesant,  
Si me conseut Dex,  
L'aloete nos ment.<sup>24</sup>

It is not day yet, my sweet and pleasant one; so help me God, the lark is lying to us.

Almost exactly the same words form lines 9-11 of my No. 10:

Il n'est mie jours,  
Saverouze au cors gent,  
Si m'aït amors,  
L'alowette nos ment.

<sup>22</sup> *Aucassin et Nicolette*, ed. M. Roques (= *Les Classiques français du moyen âge*, no. 41) (Paris, 1936), pp. 14-17. For *Clarisse et Florent*, see pp. xvi-xvii of M. Roques' edition.

<sup>23</sup> The poem is published in Ph. de Novare, *Mémoires*, ed. Ch. Kohler (= *Les Classiques français du moyen âge*, no. 10) (Paris, 1913), p. 40. Curiously enough, this is the only French poem that has the word *aube* in its refrain; G. Paris suggested that it was based on a Provençal poem that is now lost, *Mélanges de littérature française du moyen âge* (Paris, 1912), p. 464.

<sup>24</sup> Published by H. Spanke, *Eine altfranzösische Liedersammlung* (= *Romanische Bibliothek*, XXII) (1925), p. 34.

and we can imagine either that one of these authors was quoting from the other, or that both were exploiting a third work, now lost, as Jeanroy and Gaston Paris supposed.<sup>25</sup>

The words used for motets frequently contain passages taken from earlier songs, so that it is natural to suspect their presence even if the earlier work has been lost. The following motet is an example of this:

Li jors m'a trové  
Hé! es jolis braz m'amie;  
Il s'i fait bon entroblier.  
Il n'i ot parlé  
Hé! mot de vilenie —  
Li jors m'a trové —  
Fors de bien amer,  
Hé! et de cortoisie  
Et de baisier et d'acoler.  
Li jors m'a trové  
Hé! es jolis bras m'amie.<sup>26</sup>

Oh! daylight has found me in my love's pretty arms. How good it is to rest and slumber there. No uncourtly word was said, (daylight has found me) but all our talk was of true love and courtesy and kisses and embraces.

Jeanroy claims that the first two lines of this poem, forming a kind of refrain, are a fragment of a lost *aube*, and he may well be right; it is certain that writers of motets did often put their own words between tags from older songs, in a kind of sandwich. The mediaeval name for these sandwiches was 'grafted motets' (*motets entés*). The songs I give below as Nos. 13 and 14 are in fact found in a collection of *motets entés*, so that it seems likely that they too contain quotations from earlier works. It is impossible to prove this, but Jeanroy attempted to remove quotations from these poems. Thus, putting together lines 1 and 9 of the motet we have printed below as No. 13, he gets:

Est il jors? — Nenil ancores;  
Deus! Keil parleir d'amours fait ores!

Is it day? No, not yet; oh! God! how sweet it is now to talk of love.

Similarly, lines 1 and 14 of our No. 14 give us:

L'abe c'apiert au jor,  
Ki moi et vous depart, dous amins.

The dawn, heralding the day, separates you and me, sweet love.

<sup>25</sup> Jeanroy, *Origines*, p. 68; G. Paris, *Les Origines de la Poésie lyrique en France*, reprinted in *Mélanges de littérature du moyen âge* (Paris, 1912), p. 582.

<sup>26</sup> Raynaud et Lavoix, *Recueil de Motets français* (Paris, 1881-3), II, 106.

Jeanroy's claim that these are fragments of dawn songs since lost may well be true, in spite of a syntactical difficulty in No. 14.<sup>27</sup> In the next example, however, though the presence of a quotation is certain, the connection with dawn songs, or at least with extant *albas* and *aubes*, is slight. The poem in question, entitled *Salus d'Amours*, consists of a long series of stanzas in which a lover tries to soften his lady's heart; each stanza ends with a quotation, and in the last two lines of the stanza which I am about to quote Jeanroy would see a fragment of a lost *aube*:

Bele tres douce amie, il m'avient bien sovent  
 Quant je gis en mon lit, endroit l'ajornement,  
 Et j'oi ces oiseillons chanter si doucement,  
 Por lor douz chans oïr me lieve isnelement  
 Et di par remembrance d'amor qui me sorprennt:  
 'Hé oisillon du bois leens  
 Pour Dieu resveille moi souvent.'<sup>28</sup>

My fair sweet love, it often happens when I am lying in my bed that just at dawn I hear the little birds singing so sweetly that I rise quickly in order to hear their sweet song; and as remembrance of love comes upon me, I say 'Oh little bird in the wood, for God's sake, wake me often.'

The existence in Old French of large numbers of such quotations (which are often referred to as *refrains* although they are not refrains in the usual sense of the word) raises another problem. Not all scholars agree with Jeanroy in considering them to be parts of longer poems; it is sometimes claimed that refrains are complete in themselves and are simply the words of dancing songs. We must reckon with the possibility that such a text as

Est il jors? — Nenil ancores.  
 Deus! Keil parler d'amours fait ores.

is a complete text, as far as the words are concerned, and that what is missing is the action and music that made up a dance or a game. Once again, then, we find a possible link between dawn songs and dancing, although in the present state of knowledge it is not more than a possibility.<sup>29</sup>

The religious imitations of the *alba*<sup>30</sup> are too far removed from the secular dawn

<sup>27</sup> It is not easy to read line 1 in such a way that it will fit both the last line of the poem and also line 2. G. Paris takes *c'apiert* as a spelling of *s'apiert*, which helps one context but not the other (G. Paris, *op. cit.*, p. 581).

<sup>28</sup> Published by A. Jubinal in his *Nouveau Recueil* (Paris, 1839-42), II, 240 (not p. 249 as in Jeanroy).

<sup>29</sup> Jeanroy devotes a chapter of his *Origines* to the *refrains* (pp. 102-26). For other points of view, see Faral in Bédier and Hazard, *Littérature française*, nouv. éd. (Paris, 1948), I, 66, Bédier, *Revue des Deux Mondes* (Jan. 1906), p. 406 and F. Gennrich, *Zeitschrift für romanische Philologie*, LXXXI (1955), 365-90. Most critics seem agreed in connecting 'refrains' with dancing.

<sup>30</sup> See Jeanroy, *Troubadours*, II, 313, 340 and P. A. Becker, *Vom geistlichen Tagelied*, in *Volkstum u. Kultur der Romanen*, II (1929), 293-302. Some scholars would hardly accept the expression 'religious imitations of the *alba*' since they consider that the genre was essentially religious in its origin; see below, p. 354.

songs to interest us directly, but their existence confirms the popularity of the genre, and one of them is interesting because of its date: this is the poem by Folquet de Marseille, who ended his poetic career in 1195 on entering the Church. If his *alba* is what it appears to be, the adaptation of a secular form, then it entitles us to say that the secular *alba* existed in the 12th century. Unfortunately, however, all critics do not accept the attribution to Folquet and the poem may be later.<sup>31</sup> Stronger evidence comes from a song written to gain support for the third crusade (1189) which begins:

Vos ki ameïs de vraie amor,  
 esveilliez vos, ne dormeis mais!  
 L'aluete nos trait lou jor,  
 et si nos dist an ces refrais  
 ke venus est li jors de pais  
 que Deus, per sa tres grant dousor,  
 donrait a ceals ki por s'amor  
 panront la creux...<sup>32</sup>

You lovers who love truly, awake, sleep no more; the lark is announcing the dawn and telling us in its refrains that to-day is a day of peace, the peace which God, in his great mercy, will give to those who for his sake take the cross.

Some scholars consider the opening lines of this poem to be adapted from an actual dawn song,<sup>33</sup> though Jeanroy is content to say that the poem could only be understood by an audience familiar with the genre.<sup>34</sup> However we interpret the passage, it certainly suggests that the dawn song was a recognised form in France as early as 1189.

If such texts have to be interpreted with caution, we must be still more cautious when it comes to attempting to reconstruct the stages through which *albas* and *aubes* had passed before our extant examples were written.

It is clear that the Provençal and French texts that I have described reveal to us – very incompletely – the later stages of a tradition that was geographically widespread and may well have had a history extending over several centuries. Can we find this tradition in its early stages and trace its evolution throughout its course? Several scholars have tried to do so.

The materials that we can use for such an investigation are described in various sections of this book. Apart from the material from France itself, we can collect evidence from the other Romance literatures and from Middle High German; we have also Latin hymns sung at dawn or during vigils, and two Latin texts of particular importance, the 'Song of the Modena Watch' (9th century) and the poem usually called the 'bilingual dawn-song' (10th century ms., in Latin with a Romance refrain

<sup>31</sup> Some mss. give Folquet de Marseille as author, others Falquet de Romans. Jeanroy gives the poem to the former, but Stronski to the latter, who flourished 1220-26. (Stronski, *Le troubadour F. de M.*, Cracow, 1910, p. 135\*).

<sup>32</sup> Bédier, *Les Chansons de Croisade* (Paris, 1909), p. 19 ff.

<sup>33</sup> G. Paris and Bédier, see Bédier, *op. cit.*, 23.

<sup>34</sup> *Origines*, p. 69. These lines also suggest to Jeanroy an early stage of development in which a lark rather than a watchman announced the dawn.

(No. [194]). We have of course too, such collateral evidence as may come from the history of literatures unconnected with French and from ethnography and folklore.

In my opinion this material is not enough for us to be able to build up a story in which we can feel any confidence. Thanks to Roncaglia, the character of the Modena poem now seems to be established,<sup>35</sup> but the bilingual poem remains a mystery: we cannot understand its refrain and we are not even sure to what Romance dialect it belongs.<sup>36</sup> And even if the significance of this essential text were clear to us, there would still be great gaps in our knowledge of the cultural history of the 10th and 11th centuries. The recently-discovered Spanish lyrical fragments, while throwing some light on this dark period, also serve to remind us of our ignorance.

In the present state of knowledge it is possible to construct a number of hypotheses that will explain the existence of the extant songs; but what sort of hypotheses we construct ourselves or accept from others is likely to depend largely on our conscious or unconscious assumptions about cultural history in general. A plausible theory was put forward by G. Paris, who saw the dawn song as the combination of two currents; on the one hand, folk-songs expressing a woman's grief at separating from her lover, the coming of morning being announced by a bird or by daylight itself, and on the other hand, watchman's songs unconnected with the feelings of lovers.<sup>37</sup> Recent objections to this come from S. Ruggieri, who lays more stress on the religious elements found at various stages from the Modena poem to the 13th century *albas*; he claims the liturgy as the essential element and especially the liturgy of the Spanish Peninsula.<sup>38</sup> Other hypotheses exist, but none in my opinion carries conviction.

The latest date that we can assign for the composition of an *alba* or an *aube* is the end of the 13th century or the beginning of the 14th century (No. 9), but it does not seem as if interest in such poems was dying out at that time. Apparently during the 14th century they were often thought to be worth transcribing, in fact that is the period when most of our extant mss. were copied, and two of our copies may even be of the 15th century (mss. *T* and *v*, see below in the Notes to the *Albas*). When we reach the end of the Middle Ages, however, it looks at first sight as if the story is closed.

But literary traditions die hard, and it is by no means impossible to suspect traces of the dawn songs in later French literature. Songs about the dawn there certainly are at most periods in French literature, as is only natural, human nature being what it is and dawn being what it is, but it would be rash to suggest that there is any historical connection between the *albas* and, say, Ronsard's famous sonnet beginning

<sup>35</sup> A. Roncaglia, "Il 'canto delle scolte modanesi'", in *Cultura neolatina*, VIII, 5-46. He shows that the combination of classical, Christian and military elements was not an unnatural phenomenon in 9th century Modena.

<sup>36</sup> See pages 77 and 272, above.

<sup>37</sup> G. Paris, *Les Origines de la Poésie lyrique en France*, reprinted in *Mélanges de littérature du moyen âge* (Paris, 1912), p. 579ff. These pages are largely a restatement of the theory given by Jeanroy, whose *Origines* G. Paris is here reviewing; Jeanroy himself later accepted G. Paris' statement of the theory (*Troubadours*, II, 292).

<sup>38</sup> J. M. Scudieri Ruggieri, in *Cultura neolatina*, III, 191-202. For examples of the Mozarabic liturgy see p. 279, above, and the discussion on p. 94.



Mignonne, levés-vous, vous estes paresseuse.<sup>39</sup>

And the same is true of various other French poems, individual reactions to various situations, one element in which is the coming of daylight. Rather closer to our mediaeval theme, and possibly written in imitation of it, is the third stanza of the following poem, published in 1805, the work of a versifier called Etienne:

LE POINT DU JOUR

Le point du jour

A nos bosquets rend toute leur parure;  
Flore est plus belle à son retour;  
L'oiseau reprend doux chant d'amour:  
Tout célèbre dans la nature  
Le point du jour.

Au point du jour

Désir plus vif est toujours près d'éclorre;  
Jeune et sensible troubadour,  
Quand vient la nuit, chante l'amour:  
Mais il chante bien mieux encore  
Au point du jour.

Le point du jour

Cause parfois, cause douleur extrême.  
Que l'espace des nuits est court  
Pour le berger brûlant d'amour,  
Forcé de quitter ce qu'il aime  
Au point du jour.

But it is in French popular poetry and folk-song that we find themes which clearly suggest a persistence of the old tradition. There is a fifteenth-century song that runs as follows:

Trop penser me font amours, dormir ne puis  
Si je ne voy mes amours toutes les nuytz.

'Comment parleray je a vous, fin franc cueur doulx?'  
"Vous y parlerez assés, mon amy doulx:  
Vous viendrez a la fenestre a la minuyt;  
Quant mon pere dormira j'ouvriray l'uys."  
Trop pincer me font amours, dormir ne puis  
Si je ne voy mes amours toutes les nuyts.

Le gallant n'oblia pas ce qu'on luy dist,  
De venir a la fenestre a la minuyt;  
La fille ne dormoit pas, tantoust l'oyst:  
Toute nue en sa chemise el luy ouvrit.  
Trop penser me font amours, dormir ne puis  
Si je ne voy mes amours toutes les nuytz.

<sup>39</sup> *Les Amours de Marie*, Sonnet xxv (earlier numbering xxiii).

“Mon amy, la nuit s'en va et le jour vient:  
 Despartir de noz amours il nous convient;  
 Baisons nous, acollons nous, mon amy gent,  
 Comme font vrays amoureux secretement.”  
 Trop pencer me font amours, dormir ne puis  
 Si je ne voy mes amours toutes les nuyts.<sup>40</sup>

This charming poem can certainly be called a dawn song if by the term we mean a song that deals with the parting at dawn of lovers who have spent the night together, and to anyone familiar with earlier French poetry it will certainly recall *albas* and *aubes*. But we cannot be certain that it springs from the same tradition, and in one way it is different from all the earlier poems that have come down to us: the lovers' enemy is here the girl's father, not a husband or some vaguely-defined *losengiers*.

We know only one copy of this song, but if we turn our attention to later folk-songs, we find, collected in the 19th century, several versions, sung in widely-separated parts of France, of a song called 'La chanson du rendez-vous' or the 'Chanson du Jardinier'. It tells how a lover who had been unfaithful was pardoned by his mistress, and then:

Le beau galant n'a pas manqué  
 à la heure que la belle lui a dit;  
 'eh! dormez-vous, sommeillez-vous,  
 mon coeur joyeux,  
 à la porte il est arrivé,  
 votre amoureux.'

'Non, je ne dors pas de sommeil,  
 toute la nuit je pense à vous;  
 marchez tout doux, parlez tout bas,  
 mon bon ami,  
 car si mon papa vous entend  
 morte je suis.'

Ils n'étaient pas deux heures ensemble  
 quand le coq chantait le jour;  
 'tais-toi, tais-toi, mon ami coq,  
 tu as menti,  
 toi qui chantes le point du jour,  
 il n'est que minuit.'

Ils n'étaient pas trois heures ensemble  
 quand l'alouette marquait le jour;  
 'belle alouette, belle alouette  
 tu as menti  
 toi qui marques le point du jour,  
 il n'est que minuit.'<sup>41</sup>

<sup>40</sup> *Chansons du xve. siècle*, ed. G. Paris (Société des Anciens Textes, 1875), p. 33 (no. xxx).

<sup>41</sup> Published in *Mélusine* (1878), p. 285-7, collected at Lorient in Brittany. Other versions are: from the Canton de Vaud (ed. J. Olivier in *le Canton de Vaud*, vol. II, Lausanne, 1837); from Argonne

Although once again the lovers' enemy is here the father, there is a striking resemblance between the last lines, where the lark is accused of lying about the dawn, and the refrain of an *aube* which dates from the 13th or perhaps the 12th century:

Il n'est mie jours,  
 Saverouze au cors gent,  
 Si m'aït amors,  
 L'alowette nos ment.<sup>42</sup>

In the Old French poem itself, as we have seen, these lines may well be a traditional refrain going back farther still. Can we then assume an unbroken line of singers handing on this poetic idea for something like a thousand years, or is it simply a case of similar situations provoking a similar poetic reaction in imaginative minds of different ages? We cannot be sure which it is, but it is a touching example of permanency.

(ed. Theuriet in *Rev. des Deux Mondes*, 15 Nov., 1876, p. 289ff.); from Berry (ed. Rathery, *Rev. des Deux Mondes*, 15 March, 1862, p. 353); from the Pyrenees (ed. Poueigh, *Chansons pop. des Pyrénées françaises*, Paris, 1926, I, 318). See also Jeanroy, *Origines*, p. 69 n. 2. There are other French folk-songs with a much slighter resemblance to dawn-songs, like the *Sonneur de cloches* mentioned by Jeanroy, in the same note, and *Il est jour, dit l'alouette*, *ib.*, p. 68n.

<sup>42</sup> Printed below in No. 10; the resemblance to the modern folk-song has long been known to scholars.



Anonymous

No. 1 *Provençal*

12th or 13th century

- I En un vergier sotz fuella d'albespi  
Tenc la dompna son amic costa si,  
Tro la gayta crida que l'alba vi.  
Oy Dieus, oy Dieus, de l'alba! tan tost ve.
- II "Plagues a Dieu ja la nueitz non falhis 5  
Ni-l mieus amicx lonc de mi no-s partis  
Ni la gayta jorn ni alba no vis!  
Oy Dieus, oy Dieus, de l'alba! tan tost ve.
- III "Bels dous amicx, baizem nos yeu e vos 10  
Aval els pratz, on chanto·ls auzellos,  
Tot o fassam en despieg del gilos.  
Oy Dieus, oy Dieus, de l'alba! tan tost ve."
- IV "Bels dous amicx, fassam un joc novel 15  
Yns el jardi, on chanton li auzel,  
Tro la gaita toque son caramelh.  
Oy Dieus, oy Dieus, de l'alba! tan tost ve."
- \*  
\* \*
- V "Per la doss'aura qu'es venguda de lay,  
Del mieu amic belh e cortes e gay,  
Del sieu alen ai begut un dous ray.  
Oy Dieus, oy Dieus, de l'alba! tan tost ve." 20
- VI La dompna es agradans e plazens,  
Per sa beutat la gardon mantas gens,  
Et a son cor en amar leyalmens.  
Oy Dieus, oy Dieus, de l'alba! tan tost ve.<sup>1</sup> 24

[237] In an orchard, under a leafy hawthorn, the lady holds her lover near her, until the watchman cries that he has seen the dawn. Oh God! Oh God! The dawn, how soon it comes! // "Would to God that the night might never end, my lover never leave me and the watchman never see either dawn or day. Oh God! Oh God! The dawn, how soon it comes! // Fair sweet friend, let us kiss, you and I, down in the meadows where the little birds are singing, and all despite the jealous one. Oh God! Oh God! The dawn, how soon it comes! // Fair sweet friend, let us seek new delights, within the garden where the birds sing, until the watchman plays upon his pipe. Oh God! Oh God! The dawn, how soon it comes!" // [The lover goes away] "In the soft breezes coming from yonder, from my fair friend, the

<sup>1</sup> Paris, Bibl. nat., fonds français 856, fol. 383.

courteous and gay, I have drunk a sweet draught of his breath. Oh God! Oh God! The dawn, how soon it comes!" // The lady is gracious and charming, and many look upon her for her beauty, and her heart is set upon true love. Oh God! Oh God! The dawn, how soon it comes!

Guiraut de Borneilh

No. 2 *Provençal*

c. 1165-1200

- I "Reis glorios, verais lums e clartz,  
Deus poderos, Senher, si a vos platz,  
Al meu companh siatz fizels ajuda;  
Qu'eu non lo vi, pos la nochs fo venguda,  
Et ades sera l'alba. 5
- II "Bel companho, si dormetz o velhatz,  
No dormatz plus, suau vos rssidatz;  
Qu'en orien vei l'estela creguda  
C'amena-l jorn, qu'eu l'ai be conoguda,  
Et ades sera l'alba. 10
- III "Bel companho, en chantan vos apel;  
No dormatz plus, qu'eu auch cantar l'auzel  
Que vai queren lo jorn per lo boschatge  
Et ai paor que'l gilos vos assatge,  
Et ades sera l'alba. 15
- IV "Bel companho, issetz al fenestrel  
E regardatz las estelas del cel!  
Conoisseretz si-us sui fizels messatge;  
Si non o faitz, vostres n'er lo damnatge,  
Et ades sera l'alba. 20
- V "Bel companho, pos me parti de vos,  
Eu no-m dormi ni-m moc de genolhos,  
Ans preiei Deu, lo filh Santa Maria,  
Que-us me rendes per leial companhia,  
Et ades sera l'alba. 25
- VI "Bel companho, la foras als peiros  
Me preiavatz qu'eu no fos dormilhos,  
Enans velhes tota noch tro al dia.  
Era no-us platz mos chans ni ma paria,  
Et ades sera l'alba."<sup>2</sup> 30

<sup>2</sup> A. Kolsen, *Sämtliche Lieder des Trobadors Guiraut de Borneilh*, I (Berlin, 1910), 342.

Anonymus

No. 1 *Provençal*

12th or 13th century

- I En un vergier sutz fuella d'albespi  
Tenc la dompna son amic costa si,  
Tro la gayta crida que l'alba vi.  
Oy Dieus, oy Dieus, de l'alba! tan tost ve.
- II "Plagues a Dieu ja la nueitz non falhis 5  
Ni-l mieus amicx lonc de mi no-s partis  
Ni la gayta jorn ni alba no vis!  
Oy Dieus, oy Dieus, de l'alba! tan tost ve.
- III "Bels dous amicx, baizem nos yeu e vos 10  
Aval els pratz, on chanto·ls auzellos,  
Tot o fassam en despieg del gilos.  
Oy Dieus, oy Dieus, de l'alba! tan tost ve."
- IV "Bels dous amicx, fassam un joc novel 15  
Yns el jardí, on chanton li auzel,  
Tro la gaita toque son caramelh.  
Oy Dieus, oy Dieus, de l'alba! tan tost ve."
- \*  
\* \*
- V "Per la doss'aura qu'es venguda de lay,  
Del mieu amic belh e cortes e gay,  
Del sicu alen ai begut un dous ray.  
Oy Dieus, oy Dieus, de l'alba! tan tost ve." 20
- VI La dompna es agradans e plazens,  
Per sa beutat la gardon mantas gens,  
Et a son cor en amar leyalmens.  
Oy Dieus, oy Dieus, de l'alba! tan tost ve.<sup>1</sup> 24

[237] In an orchard, under a leafy hawthorn, the lady holds her lover near her, until the watchman cries that he has seen the dawn. Oh God! Oh God! The dawn, how soon it comes! // "Would to God that the night might never end, my lover never leave me and the watchman never see either dawn or day. Oh God! Oh God! The dawn, how soon it comes! // Fair sweet friend, let us kiss, you and I, down in the meadows where the little birds are singing, and all despite the jealous one. Oh God! Oh God! The dawn, how soon it comes! // Fair sweet friend, let us seek new delights, within the garden where the birds sing, until the watchman plays upon his pipe. Oh God! Oh God! The dawn, how soon it comes!" // [The lover goes away] "In the soft breezes coming from yonder, from my fair friend, the

<sup>1</sup> Paris, Bibl. nat., fonds français 856, fol. 383.

courteous and gay, I have drunk a sweet draught of his breath. Oh God! Oh God! The dawn, how soon it comes!" // The lady is gracious and charming, and many look upon her for her beauty, and her heart is set upon true love. Oh God! Oh God! The dawn, how soon it comes!

Guiraut de Borneilh

No. 2 *Provençal*

c. 1165-1200

- I "Reis glorios, verais lums e clartatz,  
Deus poderos, Senher, si a vos platz,  
Al meu companh siatz fizels ajuda;  
Qu'eu non lo vi, pos la nochs fo venguda,  
Et ades sera l'alba. 5
- II "Bel companho, si dormetz o velhatz,  
No dormatz plus, suau vos ressidatz;  
Qu'en orien vei l'estela creguda  
C'amena-l jorn, qu'eu l'ai be conoguda,  
Et ades sera l'alba. 10
- III "Bel companho, en chantan vos apel;  
No dormatz plus, qu'eu auch cantar l'auzel  
Que vai queren lo jorn per lo boschatge  
Et ai paor que'l gilos vos assatge,  
Et ades sera l'alba. 15
- IV "Bel companho, issetz al fenestrel  
E regardatz las estelas del cel!  
Conoisseretz si-us sui fizels messatge;  
Si non o faitz, vostres n'er lo damnatge,  
Et ades sera l'alba. 20
- V "Bel companho, pos me parti de vos,  
Eu no-m dormi ni-m moc de genolhos,  
Ans preiei Deu, lo filh Santa Maria,  
Que-us me rendes per leial companhia,  
Et ades sera l'alba. 25
- VI "Bel companho, la foras als peiros  
Me preiavatz qu'eu no fos dormilhos,  
Enans velhes tota noch tro al dia.  
Era no-us platz mos chans ni ma paria,  
Et ades sera l'alba."<sup>2</sup> 30

<sup>2</sup> A. Kolsen, *Sämtliche Lieder des Trobadors Guiraut de Borneilh*, I (Berlin, 1910), 342.

[238] "King of glory, thou true light and brightness, mighty God, Lord, if it be thy will, grant constant aid to my companion; for I have not seen him since nightfall, and soon it will be dawn. // Fair comrade, whether you are sleeping or waking, sleep no longer, waken gently, for in the East I see the brightening star that brings the day, for I have recognised it, and soon it will be dawn. // Fair comrade, I call to you in song, sleep no more, for I hear the bird singing as it goes about the woodland looking for the day and I fear lest the jealous one may surprise you; and soon it will be dawn. // Fair comrade, come to the window, and look at the stars of heaven: you will see whether I am a trusty messenger. If you do not do so, it will be the worse for you; and soon it will be dawn. // Fair comrade, since you left me, I have not slept nor risen from my knees, but prayed to God, the Son of Holy Mary, to give you back to me in true comradeship. And soon it will be dawn. // Fair comrade, out there on the steps, you begged me not to slumber, but to watch all night until the day. Now you care nothing for my song or for my friendship; and soon it will be dawn."

Cadenet

No. 3 Provençal

first half of 13th century  
(probably bef. 1239)

- I "S'anc fui belha ni prezada,  
ar sui d'aut en bas tornada,  
qu'a un vilan sui donada  
tot per sa gran manentia;  
e murria 5  
s'ieu fin amic non avia  
cuy disses mo marrimen  
e guaita plazen  
que mi fes son d'alba."
- II "Eu sui tan corteza guaita 10  
que no vuelh sia desfaita  
leials amors a dreit feita,  
per que'm don guarda del dia,  
si venria,  
e drutz que jai ab s'amia 15  
prenda comjat francamen,  
baizan e tenen,  
qu'ieu crit, quan vei l'alba.
- III "S'ieu e nulh castelh guaitava 20  
ni fals' amors y renhava,  
fals si' ieu, si no celava  
lo jorn aitan quan poiria;  
car volria  
partir falsa drudaria,

- et entre la leial gen 25  
guait ieu leialmen  
e crit, quan vei l'alba.
- IV "Be-m plai longua nueg escura  
el temps d'ivern, on plus dura,  
e no-m lais ges per freidura 30  
qu'ieu leials guaita no sia  
tota via,  
per tal que segurs estia  
fins drutz, quan pren jauzimen  
de domna valen, 35  
et crit quan vei l'alba."
- V "Ja per guap ni per menassa  
que mos mals maritz me fassa,  
no mudarai qu'ieu non jassa 40  
ab mon amic tro al dia,  
quar seria  
desconoissens vilania  
qui partia malamen  
son amic valen  
de si, tro en l'alba." 45
- VI "Anc no vi jauzen  
drut que'l plagues l'alba.
- VII "Per so no m'es gen  
ni-m plai quan vei l'alba."<sup>3</sup>

[239] "If I was ever beautiful or famed, now I have fallen from the heights to the depths, for I am given to a boor, because of his great wealth, and I should die if I had not a courteous lover to whom I can tell my sorrows, and a friendly watchman to give me warning of the dawn." // "I am such a courteous watchman that I could not desire the undoing of a true, well-founded love. Therefore I am watchful for the coming of the day, so that the true lover in his lady's arms may take due leave with kisses and embraces, for I call out when I see the dawn. // If I were watching in a castle where false love reigned, may I be accursed if I would not hide the coming of day as much as I could, for I should wish to separate false lovers, but for true lovers I watch loyally, and call out when I see the dawn. // I like the long dark nights and the winter season when they are longest, and not for cold will I neglect to be always a loyal watchman, so that the true lover may safely take his pleasure with his gentle lady; and I cry out when I see the dawn." // "Neither taunt nor threat of my wicked husband shall keep me from lying by my love till daylight, for it would be a graceless wrong and discourtesy to banish one's true love before the dawn." // "I never yet saw a happy lover to whom the dawn was welcome. // And therefore it is no joy nor pleasure to me to see the dawn".

<sup>3</sup> C. Appel, *Der Trobador Cadenet* (Halle, 1920), 80-81.

*Bertran d'Alamanon*  
or *Gaucelm Faidit?*

No. 4 *Provençal* late 12th, or 13th century

- I Us cavaliers si jazia  
Ab la re que plus volia;  
Soven baizan li dizia:  
'Doussa res, ieu que farai?  
Que'l jorns ve e la nueytz vai.  
Ay!  
Qu'ieu aug que li gaita cria:  
"Via!  
Sus! qu'ieu vey lo jorn venir  
Apres l'alba." 10
- II 'Doussa res, s'esser podia  
Que ja mais alba ni dia  
No fos, grans merces seria,  
Al meyns al luec on estai  
Fis amicx ab so que'l plai.  
Ay!  
Qu'ieu aug que li gaita cria:  
"Via!  
Sus! qu'ieu vey lo jorn venir  
Apres l'alba." 20
- III 'Doussa res, que qu'om vos dia,  
No cre que tals dolors sia  
Cum qui part amic d'amia,  
Qu'ieu per me mezeys o sai,  
Aylas! quan pauca nueyt fai!  
Ay!  
Qu'ieu aug que li gaita cria:  
"Via!  
Sus! qu'ieu vey lo jorn venir  
Apres l'alba." 30
- IV 'Doussa res, ieu tenc ma via,  
Vostres suy, on que ieu sia.  
Per Dieu, no m'oblidetz mia,  
Que'l cor del cors reman sai,  
Ni de vos mais no'm partrai.  
Ay!  
Qu'ieu aug que li gaita cria:  
"Via!

- Sus! qu'ieu vey lo jorn venir  
Apres l'alba." 40
- V 'Doussa res, s'ieu no-us vezia,  
Breumens crezatz que morria,  
Que'l grans dezirs m'auciria;  
Per qu'ieu tost retornarai,  
Que ses vos vida non ai.  
Ay!  
Qu'ieu aug que li gaita cria:  
"Via!  
Sus! qu'ieu vey lo jorn venir  
Apres l'alba." 50

[240] A knight was lying with her he loved the best; with many a kiss he said to her 'My sweet, what shall I do? For day is coming and the night is almost gone. Alas! I hear the watchman cry "Away! Rise! for I see the daylight following the dawn." // Sweet one, what a boon it would be if neither dawn nor day should ever come, at least to any place where a true lover is with his beloved. Alas! I hear the watchman cry "Away! Rise! for I see the daylight following the dawn." // Sweet one, whatever they tell you, do not believe that there is any grief like the parting of lovers, for I myself have proved it: alas! how short it makes the night. Alas! I hear the watchman cry "Away! Rise! for I see the daylight following the dawn." // Sweet one, now I go on my way. Wherever I am, I am yours. For God's sake, do not forget me, for the heart of my body remains here, and I will never forsake you. Alas! I hear the watchman cry "Away! Rise! for I see the daylight following the dawn." // Sweet one, if I could not see you, believe me, I should soon die, for my great desire would kill me. Therefore I shall quickly come back, for without you I have no life. Alas! I hear the watchman cry "Away! Rise! for I see the daylight following the dawn."'

*Anonymous*

No. 5 *Provençal*

13th century ?

- I 'Ab la gensor que sia  
Et ab la mielhs aibia  
Mi colgei l'autre dia  
Tan solamen;  
Jogan rizen, 5  
M'adormi tro al dia
- II 'Mentre qu'ieu mi jazia  
E'n sobinas dormia,  
Un dous bais mi tendia  
Tan plazenmen, 10  
Qu'enquer lo'm sen  
E farai a ma via.

<sup>4</sup> C. Appel, *Provenzalische Chrestomathie*, 6th edn. (Leipzig, 1930), 91.

- III 'Gaita, s'ieu ti tenia,  
De mas mas t'auciria,  
Ja res pro no't tenria, 15  
    Aur ni argen  
    Ni hom viven  
Ni res que e-l mon sia.
- IV 'Gaita, dieus ti maldia  
Lo filhs Sancta Maria, 20  
Quar tant cochas lo dia;  
    Gran paor ai  
    E gran esmai  
Que no'i perdes m'amia.'
- V "Amicx N Esteves, via, 25  
Qu'ieu remanh vostr'amia,  
Que si-l gilos venia,  
    Gran paor ai  
    E gran esmai  
Que'ns fezes vilania."<sup>5</sup> 30

[241] 'Alone with the fairest and most perfect lady in the world, I lay the other day; playing and laughing I fell asleep until daybreak. // While I lay asleep on my back, she gave me a sweet kiss, so graciously that I can feel it still, and shall do so until I die. // Watchman, if I could get hold of you, I would kill you with my hands. Nothing would save you, neither gold nor silver, not any man alive, nor anything in all the world. // Watchman, may God the son of St. Mary curse you, for you so hasten on the day. I am in great fear and dread lest you lose me my love.' // "Sir Stephen, my love, away, for I will still be your lady. But if the jealous one should come, I am in great fear and dread lest he should do us some evil."

*Anonymous*

No. 6 *Provençal*

*13th century?*

'Quan lo rossinhols escria  
Ab sa par la nueg e-l dia,  
Yeu suy ab ma bell'amia  
    Jos la flor,  
Tro la gaita de la tor 5  
Escria: "'drutz, al levar!  
Qu'ieu vey l'alba e-l jorn clar.'"<sup>6</sup>

[242] 'Night and day the nightingale sings beside his mate, while I stay with my fair love under the blossom until the watchman on the tower calls "'Lovers, arise! for I see dawn and the clear light of day.'"<sup>7</sup>

*Raimbaut de Vaqueiras (?)*

No. 7 *Provençal*

*late 12th or early 13th c. (?)*

- I 'Gaita bc,  
Gaiteta del chastel,  
    Quan la re  
Que plus m'es bon e bel  
    Ai a me 5  
    Trosqu'a l'alba,  
    E-l jorns ve  
    E non l'apel.  
Joc novel  
Mi tol l'alba, l'alba, oc l'alba! 10
- II 'Gait', amics,  
E veilha e crida e bray,  
    Qu'eu suy rics  
E so qu'eu plus voilh ai,  
    Mays enics 15  
    Sui de l'alba  
    E-l destrics  
Que'l jorn nos fai  
    Mi desplai  
Plus que l'alba, l'alba, oc l'alba! 20
- III 'Gaitaz vos,  
Gaiteta de la tor,  
    Del gelos,  
Vostre malvays seynor,  
    Enuios 25  
    Plus que l'alba,  
    Que za jos  
    Parlam d'amor.  
    Mas paor  
Nos fai l'alba, l'alba, oc l'alba! 30
- IV 'Domn' a Deu!  
Que non puis mais estar:  
    Mal grat meu  
M'en coven ad anar;

<sup>5</sup> K. Bartsch, *Provenzalisches Lesebuch* (Elberfeld, 1855), 102.

<sup>6</sup> Appel, *Provenzalische Chrestomathie*, 6th ed., 90.

Mais tan greu 35  
 M'es de l'alba  
 Que tan leu  
 La vei levar.  
 Enganar  
 Nos vol l'alba, l'alba, oc l'alba!<sup>7</sup> 40

[243] 'Watch well, little watchman of the castle, while the fairest and most precious thing to me is mine until the dawn. Day comes, but not to my calling. The dawn steals my new delight, the dawn, yes, the dawn. // Watch, my friend, sleep not, but call and cry the hours. For all is well with me, and I have what I most desire. But the thought of the dawn is grievous to me, and the sorrow that daytime brings grieves me still more than the dawn, the dawn, yes the dawn. // Watch, oh little watchman of the tower, for the jealous one, your evil lord, whom I hate worse than the dawn itself, for down here we speak of love; but we dread the dawn, the dawn, yes the dawn. // Farewell, lady, for I can stay no longer. Against my will I must leave you. But how I hate to see day break so soon. The dawn would fain deceive us, the dawn, yes the dawn.'

Raimon de las Salas

No. 8 Provençal

c. 1215-30

I "Dieus, aidatz  
 S'a vos platz,  
 Senher cars,  
 (E) dous e verais,  
 E vulhatz 5  
 Que ab patz  
 Lo jorns clars  
 E bels c'ades nais  
 Nos abratz,  
 Car solatz 10  
 E chantars  
 E voutas e lais  
 Ai auzitz  
 D'auzels petitz  
 Pels plaissaditz. 15  
 L'alb' e-l jorns  
 Clars et adorns  
 Ven, Dieus aidatz!  
 L'alba par  
 E-l jorn vei clar 20  
 De lonc la mar  
 E l'alb' e-l jorns par.

II Sus levatz,  
 Drutz c'amatz,  
 Que ses pars 25  
 Er bels jorns e gais,  
 E-l comjatz  
 Sia datz  
 Ab dous fars  
 Et ab plazens bais, 30  
 E celatz  
 E privatz,  
 Car l'estars  
 Non es bos hucimais,  
 Que ls maritz 35  
 Ai vistz vestitz  
 E ben guarnitz.  
 L'alb' e-l jorns  
 Clars et adorns  
 Ven, Dieus aidatz! 40  
 L'alba par  
 E-l jorn vei clar  
 De lonc la mar  
 E l'alb' e-l jorns par."''

III "Be velhatz 45  
 E gaitatz,  
 Gait', encars  
 No ns ve nuls esmais,  
 Non crezatz  
 Per armatz 50  
 Que jogars  
 De mon amic lais,  
 Qu'e mon bratz  
 Jauzen jatz;  
 Mas l'afars 55  
 No us iesca del cais:  
 S'autr'o ditz,  
 Faitz n'esconditz  
 Soven plevitz.  
 L'alb' e-l jorns 60  
 Clars et adorns  
 Ven, Dieus aidatz!  
 L'alba par  
 E-l jorn vei clar

<sup>7</sup> Audiau et Lavaud, *Nouvelle Anthologie des Troubadours* (Paris, 1928), 255-6.

De lonc la mar 65  
E l'alb' e-l jorns par."<sup>8</sup>

[244] [*Watchman*] "“Lord God, help us, if it please you, and grant, dear Lord sweet and true, that the day which now dawns may enfold us with peace; for I have heard solace and singing and trilling and tunes of little birds in the hedges. // Dawn and daylight come clear and fair. Help us, oh Lord. The dawn appears and I see the light of day along the sea; dawn and daylight appear. // Arise, true lovers, for the day will be peerless, bright and gay; let your leave-taking be done with sweet embraces and loving kisses, secretly and privately, for it is no longer safe for you to stay, for I have seen the husbands dressed and armed. / Dawn and daylight come clear and fair. Help us, oh Lord. The dawn appears and I see the light of day along the sea; dawn and daylight appear.” // [*The Lady*] “Watch well, keep guard, see that no harm comes to us yet. Do not think that for fear of armed men I shall leave my love’s embraces, when he is happy in my arms; but let not the matter come out of your mouth, and, if another speak of it, make denials often sworn. / Dawn and daylight come clear and fair. Help us, oh Lord. The dawn appears and I see the light of day along the sea; dawn and daylight appear.”

*Anonymous* No. 9 *Provençal* late 13th or early 14th c.

- I Eras diray ço que-us dey dir,  
e ben lieu pora-m tal ausir  
que valgre mays [e]stes susaus;  
mas ges per ço no dey felhir 5  
a celh qui-m fe mon Dieu plavir  
la nuyt preyan dins mon hostau[s]  
qu'ieu en xantes  
qu'eperagues  
l'alb'e-[l] jorn clar, 10  
per qu'yeu posques  
mils e saubes  
son joy celar;  
qu'aysi s'escay  
que del fortfayt 15  
se guard d'uymay,  
si no, diray:  
Via sus, cavalhiers  
guerrers, que lausangiers  
no-us assauton en l'alba!
- II Vos, cavalhiers qui-m [e]scoltats, 20  
a tuyt dich e prech que diats  
que ver es ço qu'yeu dich xentan;  
que, sitot gayta s'es reptats  
que ço que dits no es vertats,

<sup>8</sup> K. Bartsch, *Provenzalisches Lesebuch*, 101.

ges per ço [no] anets dubtan 25  
de tost levar  
e de mandar  
cest scudier,  
car qui vol far  
ar m'es compar; 30  
ja del port[i]er  
no-l cal temer,  
car clau ne fer  
no-l destreny re;  
enans dich be 35  
que-s gart tot cavalhier  
anans ez apres l'alba.

- III A tuyt ho dich cominalmen,  
mays un me'n mou major conten  
que-l valgre mays qu'axis primer; 40  
pauch li valdra son ardimen  
si trop li dura son poch sen  
.....  
be-l tench per fat  
si del comjat 45  
no-s es cuchos...  
A tort reptat  
l'ay, car muntat  
lo vey lay jos  
en son ferran 50  
garnit, frepan,  
gent arrean  
en aut crian:  
“Nostr'es lo gan,  
d'autruy lo dan!” – 55  
D'eres anan  
sonech un corn en l'a[l]ba.<sup>9</sup>

[245] “Now I will say what I have to say, [although] someone may hear me who will make me regret that I have not kept silent; nevertheless, I must not fail him who last night, in my dwelling, begged me to promise in the name of my God that I would sing when dawn and bright daylight appeared, so that I might the better hide his joy. He must now beware of violence, otherwise I shall say ‘Up and away, warrior knight, lest evil men attack you at dawn.’ // You knights who hear my song, I beg and pray you all to say that my words are true. Although a watchman is [sometimes] accused of lying, you should not for that reason

<sup>9</sup> Martín de Riquer, *Revista de Filología española*, XXXIV (1950), 151-165.

fail to rise quickly and send for this squire, for the enterprising lover is my friend. Let him not fear the porter, for neither key nor bar shall stop him. But I say this: 'Let every knight beware before and after dawn.' // I am speaking to all and sundry, but there is one who gives me most concern. It would be best for him to rise first; his courage will avail him little if his rashness continues for long. I consider him a fool if he does not hasten his leave-taking ... [But] I was wrong to blame him, for I see him down there fully armed, riding away on his grey steed and as he nobly rides away he calls aloud 'We win! Another suffers!'" And thereupon [the watchman] sounded his horn in the dawn.

| <i>Anonymous</i> | No. 10 <i>Old French</i>  | <i>13th century?</i> |
|------------------|---|----------------------|
| I                | "Entre moi et mon amin,<br>En un boix k'est leis Betune,<br>Alainmes juwant mairdi<br>Toute lai nuit a la lune,<br>Tant k'il ajornait<br>E ke l'alowé chantait<br>Ke dit: "'Amins, alons an;'"<br>Et il respont doucement:<br>'Il n'est mie jours.<br>Saverouze au cors gent,<br>Si m'aît amors,<br>L'alowette nos mant.'"                                | 6                    |
| II               | "Adont ce trait pres de mi,<br>Et je ne fu pas anfruite;<br>Bien trois fois me baixait il,<br>Ainsi fix je lui plus d'une,<br>K'ainz ne m'anoiait.<br>Adonc vocexiens nous lai<br>Ke celle nut durest sant,<br>Mais ke plus n'alest dixant:<br>'Il n'est mie jours.<br>Saverouze au cors gent,<br>Si m'aît amors,<br>L'alowette nos mant.'" <sup>10</sup> | 18                   |
|                  |   | 24                   |

[246] "All alone my love and I, in a wood beside Béthune, sported together all Tuesday's moonlit night, until day broke and till the lark rose singing. "'Beloved we must go,'" he sang; and my love answered softly 'Day is not come, my sweet, my beautiful; so Love be my help, the lark is lying to us.' // Then he drew closer to me, and I did not turn from him. Three times and more he kissed me, and I him more than once, for that was no sorrow to me.

<sup>10</sup> K. Bartsch, *Altfranzösische Romanzen und Pastouellen* (Leipzig, 1870), p. 27, incorporating rejected ms. readings from p. 341.

Ah! then how glad we should have been if that night could have been a hundred nights, with never a need to say 'Day is not come, my sweet, my beautiful; so Love be my help, the lark is lying to us.'"

| <i>Gace Brulé (?)</i> | No. 11 <i>Old French</i>  | <i>c. 1179-1212 (?)</i> |
|-----------------------|---|-------------------------|
| I                     | "Cant voi l'aube dou jor venir,<br>Nulle rien ne doi tant haïr,<br>K'elle fait de moi departir<br>Mon amin cui j'ain per amors.<br>Or ne hais riens tant com le jour,<br>Amins, ke me depairt de vos.               | 6                       |
| II                    | "Je ne vos puis de jor veoir,<br>Car trop redout l'apercevoir,<br>Et se vos di trestout por voir<br>K'en agait sont li envious.<br>Or ne hais riens tant com le jour,<br>Amins, ke me depairt de vos.               | 12                      |
| III                   | "Quant je me gix dedens mon lit<br>Et je resgairde encoste mi,<br>Je n'i truis poent de mon amin,<br>Se m'en plaing a fins amerous.<br>Or ne hais riens tant com le jour,<br>Amins, ke me depairt de vos.           | 18                      |
| IV                    | "Biaus dous amis, vos en ireis:<br>A Deu soit vos cors comandeis.<br>Por Deu vos pri, ne m'oblieis:<br>Je n'ain nulle rien tant com vos.<br>Or ne hais riens tant com le jour,<br>Amins, ke me depairt de vos.      | 24                      |
| V                     | "Or pri a tous les vrais amans<br>Ceste chanson voixent chantant<br>Ens en despit des medixans<br>Et des mavais maris jalous.<br>Or ne hais riens tant com lou jour,<br>Amins, ke me depairt de vos." <sup>11</sup> | 30                      |

<sup>11</sup> P. H. Dyggve, *Gace Brulé* (= *Mémoires de la Société Néophilologique de Helsinki*, XVI) (Helsinki, 1951), 441. I have modified Dyggve's punctuation in some lines.



[247] "Nothing is more hateful to me than to see the dawn appear, for dawn snatches my true love from my side. How I hate the break of day which parts me, dear, from you! // All day long I dare not see you, for fear our love should be discovered. And indeed I tell you truly that envious ones are on the watch for us. How I hate the break of day which parts me, dear, from you. // When I lie in my bed and look beside me and cannot find my dear one, then I make my plaint to all true lovers. How I hate the break of day which parts me, dear, from you! // Fair sweet friend, you must go; God have you in his keeping; and I beg of you in God's name, do not forget me, for I love you above all things. How I hate the break of day which parts me, dear, from you! // Now I pray all true lovers that they will sing this song, despite all slanderers and wicked jealous husbands. How I hate the break of day which parts me, dear, from you!"

Anonymous

No. 12 *Old French*

13th century (?)

- I "Gaité de la tor,  
Gardez entor  
Les murs, se Deus vos voie!  
C'or sont a sejour  
Dame et seignor,  
Et larron vont en proie."  
"Hu et hu et hu et hu!  
Je l'ai veü  
La jus soz la coudroie.  
Hu et hu et hu et hu!  
A bien pres l'ocirroie." 11
- II "D'un douz lai d'amor  
De Blancheflor,  
Compains, vos chanterroie,  
Ne fust la poor  
Del traïtor  
Cui je redotterroie."  
"Hu et hu [et hu et hu!  
Je l'ai veü  
La jus soz la coudroie  
Hu et hu et hu et hu!  
A bien pres l'ocirroie.]" 22
- III "Compainz, en error  
Sui, k'a cest tor  
Volentiers dormiroie.  
N'aiez pas paor!  
Voist a loisor,  
Qui aler vuet par voie."

- "Hu et hu et hu et hu!  
Or soit teü,  
Compainz, a ceste voie.  
Hu et hu! bien ai seü  
Que nous en avrons joie." 33
- IV "Ne sont pas plusor  
Li robeör;  
N'i a c'un, que je voie,  
Qui gist en la flor  
Soz covertor,  
Cui nomer n'oseroie."  
"Hu [et hu et hu et hu!  
Or soit teü,  
Compainz, a ceste voie.  
Hu et hu! bien ai seü  
Que nous en avrons joie.]" 44
- V "Cortois ameor,  
Qui a sejour  
Giscz en chambre coie,  
N'aiez pas freor,  
Que tresq'a jor  
Poëz demener joie."  
"Hu [et hu et hu et hu!  
Or soit teü,  
Compainz, a ceste voie.  
Hu et hu! bien ai seü  
Que nous en avrons joie.]" 55
- VI 'Gaité de la tor,  
Vez mon retor  
De la ou vos oöic;  
D'amic et d'amor  
A cestui tor  
Ai ceu que plus amoie.'  
"Hu et hu et hu et hu!"  
'Pou ai geü  
En la chambre de joie.'  
"Hu et hu!" 'Trop m'a neü  
L'aube qui me guerroie." 66
- VII 'Se salve l'onor  
Au criator  
Estoit, tot tens voudroie

Nuit feïst del jor;  
 Ja mais dolor  
 Ne pesance n'avroie.'  
 "'Hu et hu et hu et hu!'"  
 'Bien ai veü  
 De biauté la monjoie.'  
 "'Hu et hu.'" 'C'est bien seü.  
 Gaité, a Deu tote voie.'<sup>12</sup>

77

[248] [*1st Watchman*] Watchman of the tower, look all around the walls, as God sees you, for now lord and lady are taking their ease, and robbers seek their prey. / [*2nd Watchman*] Hu! hu! hu! hu!<sup>13</sup> I have seen him down there amongst the hazels. Hu! hu! hu! hu! I am half inclined to kill him. // [*1st W.*] Friend, I would sing you a sweet love tale of Blancheflor, were I not afraid of the traitor whose wrath I should dread. / [*2nd W.*] Hu! hu! hu! hu! I have seen him down there amongst the hazels. Hu! hu! hu! hu! I am half inclined to kill him. // [*1st W.*] Friend, I am troubled, for this time I would gladly fall asleep. Be not afraid! Let all who wish pass safely on the way. / [*2nd W.*] Hu! hu! hu! hu! Let the horn (?) be silent this time. Hu! hu! I knew well that we should have joy. // [*1st W.*] There are not many robbers; there is only one as far as I can see; he is lying hid among the flowers and I dare not speak his name. / [*2nd W.*] Hu! hu! hu! hu! Let there be silence, my friend, this time. Hu! hu! I knew well that we should have joy. // [*1st W.*] Courteous lovers, who lie at rest in the quiet room, be not afraid, for you can take your pleasure until the dawn. / [*2nd W.*] Hu! hu! hu! hu! Let here be silence, my friend, this time. Hu! hu! I knew well that we should have joy. // [*The Lover*] Watchman of the tower, behold me now returned from the place where I heard you. This time I have the lady and the love that I adore above all. / [*2nd W.*] Hu! hu! hu! hu! [*The Lover*] Too short my time in that room of joy. / [*2nd W.*] Hu! hu! [*The Lover*] How ill I have been used by my enemy the dawn! // If only it might please the Lord God, how gladly would I see him turn day into night. Nevermore should I have grief or sorrow. / [*2nd W.*] Hu! hu! hu! hu! // [*The Lover*] I have seen the very sum of beauty. / [*2nd W.*] Hu! hu! // [*The Lover*] It is well known. Watchman, farewell.

Anonymous

No. 13 *Old French*

13th century (?)

'Est il jors? – Nenil ancores;  
 Vos lou hasteis trop:  
 Bien m'avroit navreit a mort  
 Ke si tost l'amoinroit ores.  
 Je ne m'an vuel mie aleir,  
 Car m'amiete m'acolle.  
 Faixons mesdixans crever,  
 E gixons un poc ancores:  
 Deus! keil parleir d'amours fait ores!<sup>14</sup>

<sup>13</sup> Paris, Bibl. nat., fonds français 20050, fol. 83.<sup>12</sup> Imitation of the sound of the watchman's horn.<sup>14</sup> G. Raynaud, *Motets*, II, 4.

[249] 'Is it day? No, not yet! You are hastening the dawn; it would kill me if anyone announced the dawn as soon as this. I will not go away, for I am in my darling's arms. Let us forget the slanderers and lie a little longer. Oh God! how sweet it is now to talk of love.'

Anonymous

No. 14 *Old French*

13th century (?)

"L'abe c'apiert au jor,  
 Ki la nuit depairt,  
 Mi fait soffrir grant dollor,  
 Can cilz de moi se depairt  
 Cui je tant amaixe. 5  
 Pleüst ore a saint Jaike  
 Ke nuns ne nos puist veoir ne reprandre  
 Et la nuit durast trante,  
 S'avroit chascuns son desir!  
 Ne puet estre ke partir 10  
 Vos coviene, amins, de moi;  
 Et sachiés en bone foi,  
 Ke malz nos fait, Dex li dont pix,  
 Ki moi et vous depairt, dous amins!"<sup>15</sup>

[250] "The dawn, heralding the day and scattering darkness, brings me great grief, for it is at dawn that he whom I love so much parts from me. I would that it were pleasing to St. James that no one should see us or blame us, and that the night should last thirty nights and that each one of us should have his desire. It cannot be that you must leave me, my love. Know truly that he does us wrong (and may God send him worse) whoever parts you and me, sweet love."

## APPENDIX

Poems which are not dawn songs in the narrow sense, but which are related to the poems printed above.

*Uc de la Bacalaria*

No. 1

early 13th century

Per grazir la bon'estrena  
 D'Amor que'm ten en capdelh,  
 E per aleujar ma pena,  
 Vuelh far alb'ab son novelh.  
 La nuech vey clar' e serena  
 Et aug lo chan d'un auzelh  
 En que mos mals se refrena,

<sup>15</sup> *Ibid.*

Don quier lo jorn et apelh!  
 Dieus, qual enueg,  
 Mi fay la nueg!  
 Per qu'ieu dczir l'alba...<sup>16</sup>

[251] In gratitude for the goodness shown to me by Love, under whose rule I live, and in order to lessen my sorrow, I will write an alba with a new tunc. I see the night clear and calm, and I hear a bird's song which soothes my pain; I seek the daylight and call upon it. Oh God! how the night grieves me and how I long for dawn!.....

Guiraut Riquier

No. 2

1257

Ab plazen  
 Pessamen  
 Amoros  
 Ai cozen  
 Mal talen  
 Cossiros,  
 Tant quel ser no puesc durmir,  
 Ans torney e vüelf e vir  
 E dezir  
 Vezcr l'alba...<sup>17</sup>

[252] In pleasant amorous grief I suffer such anxious pain and sorrow that at night I cannot sleep, but keep tossing and turning in my bed, and long to see the dawn...

No. 3

Drutç qui vol dreitament amar  
 Deu regnar ab cortesia  
 E's deu de lausengier gardar  
 Ab sen et ab maïstria  
 Que son joi saubutz non sia,  
 E's deu enan lo jorn levar,  
 Cum al venir ni a l'anar  
 No'l ve on can ve ni vai.  
 Que de fin amator s'eschai  
 Que's leu enan l'alba.<sup>18</sup>

[253] The lover who would love truly must live courteously and use skill and cunning to avoid evil-speakers, so that his joy may remain unknown. And he should rise before daylight appears, so that he may not be seen as he comes and goes. For it is fitting that the true lover should rise before dawn.

<sup>16</sup> Pillet-Karstens, no. 449.3. See above, p. 349.

<sup>17</sup> Pillet-Karstens, no. 248.3. See above, p. 349. Guiraut Riquier wrote in the second half of the 13th century, when the traditional aristocratic lyric was in its decline. He tried to keep alive forms and styles which were really out-of-date in the society in which he lived, and critics do not rate his works very highly. An account of his career can be found in Jeanroy, *Troubadours*, I (1934), 290-7.

<sup>18</sup> Pillet-Karstens no. 461.99.a (the ms. is now No. 819 of the Pierpont Morgan Library). This single strophe, found only in one ms., may have formed part of an *alba*. Jeanroy calls it a 'fragment d'un caractère didactique, où le mot *alba* est amené d'une façon très forcée'.

No. 4

I

Vcrs Dieus, el vostre nom et de Sancta Maria  
 M'esvelharai hucymais, pus l'estela del dia  
 Ven daus Jerusalem, que m'ensenha qu'ieu dia:  
 Estatz sus e levatz,  
 Senhor que Dieu amatz, 5  
 Que'l jorns es aprosmatz  
 E la nuech ten sa via;  
 E sia'n Dieus lauzatz  
 Per nos et adoratz;  
 E'l pregucm que'ns don patz 10  
 A tota nostra via.  
 La nuech vai e'l jorns ve  
 Ab clar cel e sere  
 E l'alba no's rete  
 Ans ven bel'e complia. 15

II

Senher Dieus que nasques de la Verge Maria  
 Per nos guerir de mort e per restaurar via,  
 E per destruir Enferm que Diables tenia,  
 E fos en crotz levatz,  
 D'espinas coronatz, 20  
 E de fel abeuratz,  
 Senher, merce vos cria  
 Aquest pobles onratz;  
 Que'lh vostra pietatz  
 Lor perdon lor peccatz. 25  
 Amen, Dieus, aissi sia.  
 La nuech vai e'l jorns ve  
 Ab clar cel e sere  
 E l'alba no's rete,  
 Ans ven bel'e complia. 30

III

Qui no sap Dicu pregar obs es que o aprenda  
 E auja qu'ieu dirai et escout et entenda:  
 Dieus, que comensamens es de tota fazenda,  
 Laus vos ren e merce  
 Del amor e del be 35  
 Que m'avetz fach anse:  
 E prec, Senher, que'us prenda  
 Grans pietatz de me  
 Que no'm truep ni malme,  
 Ni m'enganc de re 40  
 Diables ni'm surprenda.  
 La nuech vai e'l jorns ve  
 Ab clar cel e sere  
 A l'alba no's rete  
 Ans ven bel'e complia. 45

- IV Dicus, donatz mi saber et sen ab qu'ieu aprenda  
 Vostres sanhs mandamens e'ls auja e'ls entenda,  
 E vostra pietatz que'm gueris que'm defenda  
 D'aquest segle terre  
 Que no'm trabuc ab se; 50  
 Quar ie-us ador e-us cre,  
 Senher, e-us fauc ufrenda  
 De me e de ma fe,  
 Qu'aissi's tanh e's cove;  
 Per so vos erit merce 55  
 E de mos tortz esmenda.  
 La nuech vai e'l jorns ve  
 Ab clar cel e sere,  
 E l'alba no's rete  
 Ans ven bel'e complia. 60
- V Aquel glorios Dicus que son cors det a venda  
 Per totz nos a salvar prec qu'entre nos estenda  
 Lo sieu Sant Esperit, que de mal nos defenda  
 E d'aitan nos estre  
 Josta los sieus nos me 65  
 Lai sus on se capte  
 E'ns meta dins sa tenda.  
 La nuech vai e'l jorns ve  
 Ab clar cel e sere  
 E l'alba no's rete 70  
 Ans ven bel'e complia.<sup>19</sup>

[254] True God, I will awake in Thy name and in the name of St. Mary, since the daystar rises towards Jerusalem, teaching me to say "Arise, my lords, you who love God, for day is near and night departs. Let us praise God and adore him, and pray that He may give us peace all our lives." / Night departs and day comes with a clear, calm sky; now dawn delays no longer, but comes full and fair. // Lord Jesus, Thou who wast born of the Virgin Mary to save us from death and to bring back life and to destroy Hell which was the kingdom of the Devil, Thou who wast raised on the cross, crowned with thorns and given gall to drink, Lord, this noble people begs Thee for mercy, that in Thy pity Thou wilt forgive our sins. / Night departs etc. // He who does not know how to praise God must learn what I am about to say; he must listen and hear it and understand it: "Lord, the beginning of all things, I give Thee praise and thanks for the love and the goodness that Thou hast shown me hitherto, and I pray Thee, Lord, have pity on me, lest the Devil find me or harm me or deceive me in any way." / Night departs etc. // Oh God, grant me knowledge and understanding that I may learn Thy holy commands, that I may hear them and understand them; and may Thy pity protect me and save me, lest I be ruined with wordly things. For I adore Thee, Lord, and believe in Thee, and I offer to Thee myself and my faith as is right and proper.

<sup>19</sup> Pillet-Karstens, No. 156.15. I have printed here an example of what Jeanroy calls the religious *alba*, that is, the poem in which the structure and the refrain suggest the *alba*, but in which the sentiments are Christian and there is no question of lovers.

The connection sometimes seems slight, as it does here, but it does not look fortuitous, and scholars usually take these poems to be religious imitations of a secular genre. Ruggieri claims, however, that they are rather survivals of the original character of the dawn-song (*Cultura Neolatina*, III, 191-202). Six Provençal poems of this kind have come down to us; five of them are listed by Jeanroy, *Troubadours*, II, 340-1; for the sixth, see p. 345, Note 6, of my introduction.

I beg Thee mercy and forgiveness of my sins. / Night departs etc. // I pray to the God of glory who gave his body to save us that He may spread His Holy Spirit among us, that He may save us from evil, and moreover that He may put us among His elect in His dwelling where He rules on high./ Nights departs etc.

No. 5

13th century

Extracts from *De Doctrina de comprendre dictats*.

[§ 10] Si vols far alba, parla d'amor plazentment; e atressi lauzar la dona on vas o de que la faras; e bendi l'alba si acabes lo plazer per lo qual ames a ta dona. E si no l'acabes, fes l'alba blasman la dona e l'alba on anaves. E potz hi fer ayntantes cobles com te vulles, e deus hi fer so novell. [§ 11] Si vols fer gayta, deus parlar d'amor o de ta dona, desigan e semblan que la gayta te pusca noure o valer ab ta dona, e ab lo dia qui sera avenir, e deus la far on pus avinentment pugues, preyan totavia la gayta ab ta dona que t'ajut; e potz hi far ayntantes cobles com te vulles; e deu haver so novell. [§ 26] Alba es dita per ço alba car pren nom lo cantar de la ora a que hom lo fa, e per ço cor se deu pus dir en l'alba que de dia. [§ 27] Gayta es dita per ço gayta cor es pus covinent a fer de nuyt que de dia, per que pren nom de la hora que hom la fa.<sup>20</sup>

[255] § 10. If you wish to write an *alba*, speak pleasantly of love, and moreover [you must] praise the lady about whom you write; and bless the dawn if you have obtained the pleasure for which you went to your lady. And if you have not obtained it, write the *alba* blaming the lady and the dawn. And you can write as many stanzas as you like, and you must write a new tune for the poem. / § 11. If you wish to write a *gayta*, you must speak of love or of your lady, feigning that the watchman can harm you or help you towards your lady when daylight comes. And you must write the poem as well as you can, begging the watchman to help you towards your lady. And you can write as many stanzas as you like, and the poem must have a new tune. / § 26. An *alba* is so called because the song takes its name from the hour at which it is sung and because the *alba* is better sung at dawn than during the day. / § 27. A *gayta* is so called because it is more suitable to be sung by night than by day, so that it takes its name from the hour at which it is sung.

<sup>20</sup> Ed. by P. Meyer, *Romania* VI, 353ff. There exist several mediaeval works dealing with Provençal grammar and poetics, but the *De doctrina* is the only one that mentions dawn songs, and it does so in a most tantalising way. The author distinguishes two types of poem, the *alba* and the *gayta*, and makes the surprising suggestion that in the *alba* the successful lover should bless the dawn and that the unsuccessful lover should do the opposite; on the other hand, he makes no mention of a refrain or of the use of the word 'dawn'.

Was the author acquainted with a literary tradition since lost, was he an ignorant teacher trying to hide his ignorance, or has he been betrayed by his scribe? Scribal inaccuracy is certainly evident in the only known ms., which is an 18th century transcription of a mediaeval copy: the title of the work itself seems to be corrupt and *comprendre dictats* should read *compondre dictats* 'to compose poems'. The emendation is that of P. Meyer. The same author also suggests that *ames* of § 10, line 2, should be *antest*, puts a question-mark after *desigan* (§ 11, line 1), and suspects a lacuna after *avenir* (§ 11, line 2), since 'les idées se suivent mal'. But we can hardly blame the scribe for all the differences between the rules given here and the practice of Provençal poets as we observe it, and the text is a sharp reminder of the fragmentary nature of our knowledge of mediaeval literature.

The authorship and date of the *Doctrina* are a matter of disagreement among scholars; it has been attributed to Raimon Vidal, a Catalan poet and grammarian living in the first quarter of the 13th century; P. Meyer, however, found strong reasons for rejecting this and for dating the work in the late 13th century (see Pillet-Karstens, p. 377). Its Catalan origin has never been doubted.

## NOTES ON THE PROVENÇAL ALBAS

The order in which I have placed the poems differs from that of Jeanroy's list (*Troubadours*, II, 340), since he divides the *albas* into two series, the anonymous and those attributed to particular authors; within each series he attempts chronological arrangement. I have combined the two series, and again attempted a very rough chronological order, while putting together poems of similar character (e.g. my numbers 7-8) when there were no chronological reasons against this. I include one song not known to Jeanroy (No. 9) but omit three items from his list which are not *albas* in the narrow sense of the term (these are in my Appendix, Nos. 1-3). As regards the religious imitations of the *alba*, of which Jeanroy lists 5 examples, I have printed one specimen only (Appendix No. 4).

The following notes on the individual poems give first a reference to A. Pillet and H. Karstens, *Bibliographie der Troubadours* (Halle, 1933). In this work, which is essential for the serious study of Provençal, will be found details of editions and mss. I have not therefore thought it necessary to list all the former editions of the poems, though I have dealt briefly in each case with the manuscript tradition.

The *albas* are preserved in fourteen different mss., of which I give details here; I shall refer to them in my Notes by their sigla.<sup>43</sup>

| Siglum          | Library and catalogue no.               | Date                     | Albas <sup>44</sup> |
|-----------------|---|--------------------------|---------------------|
| A               | Rome, Vatican, lat. 5232                | XIIIth cent.             | No. 3               |
| C               | Paris, Bibl. nat., français 856         | XIVth cent.              | Nos. 1-6, 8         |
| D               | Modena, Bibl. Estense, R. 4,4.          | XIIIth cent.             | No. 3               |
| E               | Paris, Bibl. nat., français 1749        | XIVth cent.              | Nos. 2, 3, 8        |
| G               | Milan, Bibl. Ambrosiana, R 71 sup.      | XIVth cent.              | No. 3               |
| I               | Paris, Bibl. nat., français 854         | late XIIIth cent.        | No. 3               |
| K               | Paris, Bibl. nat., français 12473       | XIIIth cent.             | No. 3               |
| Mü              | Munich, Staatsbibliothek, cod. lat. 759 | XIVth cent.              | No. 2               |
| P               | Florence, Bibl. Laurenziana, XLI, 42    | finished in 1310         | Nos. 2, 3           |
| R               | Paris, Bibl. nat., français 22543       | early XIVth cent.        | Nos. 2, 3, 8        |
| Sg              | Barcelona, Bibl. de Catalunya, no. 146  | XIVth cent.              | Nos. 2, 3, 7        |
| T               | Paris, Bibl. nat., français 15211       | XVth cent.               | No. 2               |
| j <sup>45</sup> | Copenhagen, Royal Library, no. 48       | XIVth cent.              | No. 4               |
| v               | Barcelona, Bibl. de Catalunya, no. 7    | XVth cent. <sup>46</sup> | No. 9               |

From this table it can be seen that five of our texts (Nos. 1, 5, 6, 7, 9) are preserved today in one ms. only, and that only two (Nos. 2 and 3) were sufficiently well-known in the Middle Ages for more than three copies to have come down to us. These two poems are also, as it happens, the only *albas* whose melodies have been preserved.

Alba No. 1: *En un vergier sotz fuella d'albespi* (No. 1 in Jeanroy's list; Pillet-Karstens no. 461.113).

This is one of the most beautiful of all the French and Provençal examples and Jeanroy rightly calls it 'une des perles de la littérature provençale', going on to praise 'le tour naïf et passionné, la fraîcheur et l'originalité des images' (*Troubadours*, II, 296-7). The con-

<sup>43</sup> These sigla are the traditional ones used by most Provençal specialists. For fuller details of the mss., see Pillet-Karstens, p. vii ff. or A. Jeanroy, *Bibliographie sommaire des chansonniers provençaux* (Paris, 1916) (*Les Classiques français du moyen âge*, no. 16).

<sup>44</sup> Numbered as in my edition.

<sup>45</sup> Also called Kp.

<sup>46</sup> Jeanroy's 'XVIe siècle' is presumably a misprint.

struction (four stanzas from one of the lovers framed by single stanzas from the author) is neater than in some of our examples, and the refrain, touching in its simplicity, adapts itself perfectly to each stanza in turn. Although there is nothing in the ms. to separate lines 17-25 from the rest, it seems necessary to assume a pause or break; this helps to give the dramatic quality which is a characteristic of the genre.

The metre contributes to the effect of neatness and simplicity: each stanza consists of three ten-syllable lines rhyming together, followed by the refrain, also of ten syllables: the simplest scheme of any extant *alba* and unusually simple for Provençal lyrics as a whole. Poems having this type of structure are sometimes called *ballades* and are thought to be closely connected with dancing, at any rate in their origins (see Jeanroy, *Troubadours*, II, 341ff.). *Albas* Nos. 1, 3, 4, 5, 6 all begin with three isometric lines rhyming together and some poets may have considered this to be one of the conventions of the genre; of the four exceptions to the rule, three (No. 7, 8, 9) belong to an entirely different metrical type (see Note to No. 7).

It is impossible to date this poem at all exactly; the unique ms. (C) is 14th century, but the poem is no doubt earlier, and may have been written in the 12th or early 13th century. Its simplicity suggests a relatively early date, but does not prove it, nor does the fact that it is the only Provençal dawn song (apart from the fragmentary No. 6) in which the lovers meet in the open air.

The ms. gives no music or author's name.

Alba No. 2: *Reis glorios, verais lums et clartatz*, by Guiraut de Borneilh (No. 6 in Jeanroy's list; Pillet-Karstens no. 242.64).

Critics rightly place this poem beside Alba 1 as showing real literary merit. It is original in that it is a friend of the lover who plays the part of the watchman; the whole song is put in his mouth (at least in the best mss.) and the beauty of the words lies largely in the touching way in which his anxiety is expressed.

The poem is comparable with No. 1 not only for literary merit, but also for its simple metrical structure; it is another *ballade* though of slightly more complicated form: four ten-syllable lines rhyming *aabb*, followed by a refrain which has only 6 syllables. Each set of rhymes is used in two successive stanzas, a common arrangement in Provençal poetry. The poem is almost certainly one of the earliest *albas* extant, since the period of Guiraut de Borneilh's activity is c. 1165 — c. 1200.

The resemblance to No. 1 ends when we turn to the ms. tradition: perhaps because it is the work of one of the most famous troubadours, No. 2 is preserved in no less than seven mss., one of which gives the music. The text has been thoroughly studied by A. Kolsen in his edition of the complete works of Guiraut<sup>47</sup> and it is his text, based on ms. C, which I have reproduced. The mss. differ not only in a number of details (for which the reader is referred to Kolsen's edition) but also in the number of stanzas they include and in the order in which they arrange them; thus

|      |              |   |
|------|--------------|---|
| C    | has stanzas  | 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 5 <sup>a</sup> , 6                     |
| T    | has stanzas  | 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 6 <sup>a</sup> , 6 <sup>b</sup> , 7 |
| R    | has stanzas  | 1, 2, 3, 5, 4, 6, 7                                   |
| EPSg | have stanzas | 1, 2, 3, 5, 4, 6                                      |
| Mü   | has stanzas  | 1, 3, 4, 5, 2, 2 <sup>a</sup>                         |

The stanzas rejected by Kolsen read as follows (I give them as printed in Kolsen's variants): Stanza 5<sup>a</sup> (ms. C only)

<sup>47</sup> *Sämtliche Lieder des Trobadors G. de B.*, 2 vols. (Berlin-Halle, 1910-35); the *alba* is in vol. I, p. 342, the notes in vol. II, p. 95-6.

Bel companho, quar es trop enueyos,  
 Que quant intrem pel portal ambedos,  
 Esgardetz sus, vis la gensor que sia;  
 De mius partitz, lai tenguetz vostra via,  
 Et ades sera l'alba.

Fair companion, how troublesome you are; for when we entered the gateway together, you looked up, you saw the most beautiful of women; you left me and went towards her. And soon it will be dawn.

Stanzas 6<sup>a</sup> and 6<sup>b</sup> (ms. *T* only)

Gloriosa ce tut lo mon capdella,  
 Merce de clam, c'en preant t'en apella.  
 Cel mien compagn prendas a gidagie  
 O si ce vos li trametas messagie,  
 Per c'ill conosca l'alba.

Bel doutç compagn, ai Dieus! non m'entendes.  
 Si vos amatz tant sela queus es pres  
 Con ieu fais vos, ce a nuoc no dormi,  
 Aiso vos pleu e vos gur e vos afi  
 C'ai gardada l'alba.

Glorious Lady, who rulest all the world, I beg Thee mercy, for he calls to Thee when he prays; take this companion of mine into Thy protection; ... send him a message so that he may know when it is dawn. // Fair sweet companion, ah! God! you have not heard me. If you love her who is near you as much as I love you, I who have not slept all night, I pledge you and swear to you and promise you that I have seen the dawn.

Stanza 7 (mss. *T* and *R*)

Bel dous companh, tan sui en ric sojorn  
 Qu'eu no volgra mais fos alba ni jorn,  
 Car la gensor que anc nasques de maire  
 Tenc e abras, per qu'eu non prezi gaire  
 Lo fol gilos ni l'alba.

Fair sweet comrade, I am so richly lodged that I never wish to see dawn or daylight again, for I hold in my arms the fairest ever born of mother, and that is why I do not greatly care about the jealous fool or the dawn.

Stanza 2<sup>a</sup> (ms. *Mü* only)

Bel dolz compan, ben auzi vostre cant,  
 Molt me pesa ke tu m trabalhas tant,  
 Car tu me trais del fon del paradis  
 Mon leit ai fah, combra me flor de lis,  
 E ades sera l'alba.

Fair sweet companion, I have heard your song well enough, and it grieves me greatly that you disturb me so, for you bring me back from the depth of Paradise, where I am lying on a bed of lilies; and soon it will be dawn.

Scholars do not agree about the genuineness or otherwise of these stanzas: although editors have mostly rejected 5<sup>a</sup>, 6<sup>a</sup>, 6<sup>b</sup> and 2<sup>a</sup>, each found in one ms. only, they have often accepted No. 7, found in *T* and *R*. These two mss. are not however particularly good on the whole, and Kolsen may well be nearer to Guiraut's own text in giving us the highest common factor of the extant mss., which is at the same time a simple monologue formed of three pairs of stanzas.

The melody, copied only in ms. *R*, has been published by T. Gérold.<sup>48</sup> It is elaborate and serious in tone, so serious in fact that the author of the 14th century Provençal play about the martyrdom of St. Agnes used it for a lament; his stage direction reads 'mater facit plantum in sonu albe REI GLORIOS, VERA LUMS E CLARDAT.'<sup>49</sup> The end of the melody is very similar to the end of Cadenet's melody for Alba 3, and it has been suggested that the notes used for the word *alba* when it occurred in the refrain were traditional.<sup>50</sup>

About 50 poems by Guiraut de Borneilh have come down to us. Many of them are written in the obscure style known as the *trobar clus*, and he loved metrical complications. Jeanroy judges him severely, and is at a loss to understand his great reputation, which lasted for centuries after his death.

If we were to judge Guiraut solely by his *alba*, we could well understand his reputation, but it is not typical of his extant songs. It is clear, simple eloquent, far removed from *trobar clus* or metrical intricacies.<sup>51</sup>

Alba No. 3: *S'anc fui belha ni prezada*, by Cadenet (No. 7 in Jeanroy's list; Pillet-Karstens no. 106.14).

It is very difficult to guess what the original form of this poem was, since the ten mss. which contain it, or parts of it, differ very widely, even more so than do those of Alba No. 2. I have here reprinted Appel's text;<sup>52</sup> the contents of the text in the various mss. can be set out as follows.<sup>53</sup>

mss. AD stanzas 2, 3, 4, 6, 7 (watchman only, although it may be thought that the last two lines are not very appropriate)  
 ms. C stanzas 1, 2, 4, 3, 5 (lady — watchman — lady)  
 mss. IK stanzas 2, 3, 5, 4, 6, 7 (watchman — lady — watchman)  
 ms. G stanzas 2-7 (watchman — lady — watchman)  
 ms. R stanzas 1, 5, 2, 4 (lady, then watchman)  
 ms. E stanzas 5, 2, 3, 4 (lady, then watchman)  
 ms. P stanza 5 only (lady only)

Thus in its simplest form the poem is a monologue by the watchman, who, as is normal in *albas*, is on the side of the lovers. Seven mss., however, introduce the lady, who in this case is a *mal-mariée*, that is, a courtly lady married to an uncourtly husband. The plight

<sup>48</sup> *Le Jeu de Ste Agnès*, éd. par A. Jeanroy, avec la transcription des mélodies par Th. Gérold (Paris, 1931) (*Les Classiques français du moyen âge*, no. 68), p. 61.

<sup>49</sup> *Le Jeu de Ste Agnès*, p. 16.

<sup>50</sup> Th. Gérold, *La musique française au moyen âge* (Paris, 1932) (= *Les Classiques français du moyen âge*, no. 73), p. 205.

<sup>51</sup> For full biographical details see Kolsen's ed., and Jeanroy, *Troubadours*, I, 384 and II, 51-8.

<sup>52</sup> C. Appel, *Der Trobador Cadenet* (Halle, 1920), pp. 80-81.

<sup>53</sup> I have unfortunately no information about the version of this poem to be found in *Sg*. I have to thank Miss R. Curtis for information about *CIK*, whose contents have not turned out to be what Appel supposed.

of the *mal-mariée* was a familiar literary theme in mediaeval France, and it was natural enough that a poet should treat this theme in a dawn song. Appel, in his edition, quoted above, makes out a fairly strong case for attributing both the watchman's and the lady's stanzas to Cadenet himself, and later scholars have accepted this;<sup>54</sup> Stengel had expressed the opposite point of view in the *Zeitschrift für romanische Philologie*, IX, 408. Whether the last four lines are by Cadenet is another matter, and here Appel himself felt some doubt.

Metrically, No. 3 is like Nos. 1, 4, 5, 6 in that the stanzas begin with three isometric lines rhyming together. The complete stanza is

a a a b b b c c d  
7 7 7 7 3 7 7 5 5

Rhymes *b* and *c* run through the whole poem.

In Stanzas 2, 3, 4, spoken by the watchman, the last line is identical; in the others it is not, but the last word is always *alba*.<sup>55</sup> The two short final stanzas are quite unparalleled in any extant *alba* or *aube*; such stanzas, known as *tornadas*, are sometimes found in *cansons* and are a feature of *tensons* and *partimens*, songs in which two poets join in a discussion, writing alternate stanzas; perhaps Cadenet or whoever wrote these lines thought of the dialogue of lady and watchman as being akin to a *tenson*.

The melody of this song, given by ms. *R*, has been published by J. Beck (*La musique des Troubadours*, Paris, n.d., p. 99); it is the only one of Cadenet's melodies that has come down to us and is similar in character to the melody of Alba No. 2 (see the Note to this poem).

Of Cadenet himself we know very little and the 25 poems of his that have survived are rather a mixed bag, of average merit. He was probably at least a generation later than Guiraut de Borneilh, as he was still alive in 1239. The *alba* must be earlier than 1254, the date of ms. *D*, and may very well be earlier than 1239, as at that date Cadenet was a member of a Templar community (Jeanroy, *Troubadours*, I, 128-9) and therefore perhaps unlikely to compose a song of this kind.

Alba No. 4: *Us cavaliers si jazia*, attributed to Bertran d'Alamanon and to Gaucelm Faidit (No. 8 in Jeanroy's list; Pillet-Karstens no. 76.23).

As in Alba No. 1, the author here sets the scene and then lets one of the lovers speak; this time it is the man, and, though he is eloquent, his words have not quite the same passionate ring as in the first Alba. His phrases about leaving his heart behind (line 34) and dying soon if he does not see his mistress (lines 41-2) are more conventional than anything in No. 1 (although no doubt such conventional things could be said in all sincerity by 13th century lovers, as they can today). The difference in style between the two poems is again illustrated in their second lines: where the better poet says simply *son amic*, the other says *la re que plus volia*. The watchman's words are neatly brought in by being quoted by the lover in the refrain.

Metrically, though not unlike No. 3, the song is rather more complex. The stanza itself is simple (rhymes a a a b b, seven-syllable lines) but the refrain is much less so  $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} b a a c d \\ 1 7 1 7 3 \end{array} \right\}$ .

The linking of the refrain to the stanza by means of rhyme, and the single-syllable lines echoing the longer ones produce a very musical effect; such technical tricks are common enough in Provençal, but they are here perhaps handled with more taste than usual. The same rhymes are used throughout the poem, again quite a common feature. Unfortunately, neither of the two mss. which contain this *alba* gives us the melody.

<sup>54</sup> Jeanroy, *Troubadours*, II, 296 and the reviewer in *Archiv*, CXL, 288 ff. Other reviewers make no mention of the *alba*.

<sup>55</sup> *Dia* rhymes with itself lines 14, 40 and so does *valen* lines 35, 44, where there is no question of refrain. This is a thing that most Provençal poets scrupulously avoided, but which Cadenet allowed himself to do fairly often, although he was not a careless writer.

In ms. *C*, the poem is attributed to Bertran d'Alamanon (fl. c. 1230-66), in ms. *i* to the earlier Gaucelm Faidit (fl. c. 1185-1220). There is no strong reason for accepting or rejecting either attribution, and Pillet-Karstens lists the poem as of uncertain authorship; Jeanroy, without stating a case, seems to prefer Bertran (*Troubadours*, II, 340), but Salverda de Grave rejects the poem from his edition of Bertran's poems (J. J. Salverda de Grave, *Le Troubadour B. d'A.*, Toulouse, 1912).

The texts given by the two mss. are very similar; the variants will be found in C. Appel's *Provenzalische Chrestomathie* (6th ed., Leipzig, 1930, p. 91), and it is Appel's text that I have reprinted.

Alba No. 5: *Ab la gensor que sia* (No. 2 in Jeanroy's list; Pillet-Karstens no. 461.3).

In spite of the absence of a refrain, and indeed of the word 'alba' itself, critics usually consider this poem as belonging to our genre (the chief exception being Stengel, see *Zeitschrift für rom. Phil.*, IX, 410 and X, 160n.). The poem does not possess much literary merit, perhaps, but it exploits the usual situation in a different way from the other extant examples, being in fact a narrative by the lover that grows into a dialogue.

The form of the stanza is not unlike that of Nos. 4 and 6, since it starts with the three isometric rhyming lines and then rings the changes on shorter ones  $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} a a a b b a \\ 6 6 6 4 4 6 \end{array} \right\}$  but the interrelations of the stanzas are interesting: rhyme *a* runs all through, while *b* runs for four stanzas and is then replaced, the lines with *b* rhymes being identical in the last two stanzas. This asymmetrical arrangement, like the absence of the refrain, may be regarded either as poetic originality or as scribal corruption.

Only ms. *C* has this poem; I have reprinted Bartsch's text (*Provenzalisches Lesebuch*, Elberfeld, 1855, p. 102), rejecting as he does three ms. readings that spoil the metre (line 8 *mia dormia*; line 9 *baizar*; line 24 *non i*).

In line 25, the lover, who is also the poet himself, is addressed as Esteves (Stephen). Was this really the author's name? Most scholars list this *alba* as anonymous, although we possess one other poem by an 'Esteve' of whom nothing is known (Jeanroy, *Troubadours*, I, 365) and several by Joan (i.e. John) Esteve who wrote between 1270 and 1289 (*ib.*, p. 390). We have no means of dating the poem, except that ms. *C* was copied in the 14th century.

Alba No. 6: *Quan lo rossinhols escria* (No. 3 in Jeanroy's list; Pillet-Karstens no. 461.203).

This charming fragment forms a single stanza, no doubt part of an *alba* of which the rest has not come down to us. It is found only in ms. *C*, where it is copied without music or author's name.

Alba No. 7: *Gaita be*, attributed to Raimbaut de Vaqueiras (No. 5 in Jeanroy's list; Pillet-Karstens no. 392.16a).

In its subject-matter and phraseology, this poem is closely related to Nos. 1-6, but rhythmically it is very different, its long stanzas being composed almost entirely of very short lines (3, 4, 6 syllables, 8 in the refrain); Albas Nos. 8 and 9 are similar, and Jeanroy suggests, as with the *balada*, that such rhythms were originally connected with dancing (*Troubadours*, II, 296). We have no music for these three Albas.

To complete the analysis of No. 7, we must note that the rhyme-scheme is ababacbbc, the c-lines both ending with the word *alba* throughout the poem, and the first two syllables of the refrain being different in each stanza. Once again, we find considerable metrical ingenuity.

In the unique ms. (*Sg*), the poem is attributed to Raimbaut de Vaqueiras, a troubadour who was born about 1155 and died after 1205, and about 40 of whose songs have been preserved. Three editors (Massó y Torrents, Audiau and Anglade) accept this attribution,

but it was denied by de Bartholomaeis, who saw in the poem a popular dancing song, similar to the French *Gaite de la Tor*, and too popular in character to be the work of Raimbaut.<sup>56</sup> He dates it considerably later and claims to see Portuguese or Galician influence in it. Jeanroy, who was perhaps unduly impressed by these arguments, calls the attribution to Raimbaut very doubtful (*Troubadours*, II, 296, 340n.). Remembering how varied are the songs whose attribution to Raimbaut is unquestioned, it is best to suspend judgment about the authorship of this *alba*.

Alba No. 8: *Deus aidatz*, by Raimon de las Salas (No. 9 in Jeanroy's list; Pillet-Karstens no. 409.2).

Very similar to Alba No. 7, but here the stanzas have no less than 22 lines and the dancing jerky rhythm is even more marked. The long stanzas are very far from being shapeless; indicating number of syllables by figures and rhymes by letters, we can break up each stanza into a clear pattern:

|            |                                 |             |                    |
|------------|---------------------------------|-------------|--------------------|
| lines 1-4  | a a b <sup>7</sup> c<br>3 3 3 5 | lines 13-15 | d d d<br>3 4 4     |
| lines 5-8  | a a b c<br>3 3 3 5              | Refrain     | e e a<br>3 4 4     |
| lines 9-12 | a a b c<br>3 3 3 5              |             | f f f f<br>3 4 4 5 |

It must be pointed out, however, that the syntactical breaks in Stanza 1 clash with the pattern as I have set it out.

The same rhymes are used throughout, and in Stanza 1 the first line anticipates part of the refrain (line 18). In each stanza, the first line of the refrain, *l'alb' e'l jorns* is repeated as part of the last line *E l'alb' e'l jorns par*, which is at the same time an echo of the last but three *l'alba par*. The song is certainly an example of metrical ingenuity, far removed from Albas 1 and 2.

In mss. *C* and *R*, the song is attributed to Raimon de las Salas, and scholars are unanimous in accepting this and rejecting the attribution to Bernart Marti, found in *E*.<sup>57</sup> But very little is known of Raimon, and only 5 of his songs are extant; he was writing about 1215-30 (*Troubadours*, I, 422).

I have reprinted the text of *R*, given by Bartsch in his *Provenzalisches Lesebuch* (Elberfeld, 1855), p. 101; rejected ms. readings are as follows: line 25 *sem p.*; line 29 *faytz*; line 32 *puiatz*; line 52 *mos amiciz*.

Alba No. 9: *Eras diray co que'us dey dir* (Not given by Jeanroy or Pillet-Karstens, but edited and fully studied by Martín de Riquer in *Revista de Filología española*, XXXIV, 1950, 151-165).

A monologue by the watchman, similar to Nos. 7 and 8 in its use of long stanzas and short lines, but coming from a very different milieu. According to Riquer, it was written in the late 13th or early 14th century by a Catalan poet who was acquainted with both Provençal

<sup>56</sup> De Bartholomaeis' article is in *Studi Medievali*, N.S., IV (1931), 321ff. For *Gaite de la Tor*, see below (No. 12). Other scholars who have denied Raimbaut's authorship, though without convincing reasons, are C. Fassbinder and K. Lewent (see *Literaturblatt für germ. u. rom. Philologie*, 1931, col. 285).

<sup>57</sup> Pillet-Karstens *loc. cit.*, Jeanroy, *Troubadours*, II, 340; E. Hoepffner, in his edition of Bernart Marti (Paris, 1929) (*Les Classiques français du moyen âge*, no. 61).

and French. It is interesting as showing the range of influence of the Provençal *alba*. Riquer rates the writer highly, perhaps too highly, although it must be admitted that the watchman's feelings are vividly expressed and that the third stanza is particularly dramatic and lively.

The poem is found only in *Sg* and the scribe may be to blame for some of the metrical irregularities: the ends of the stanzas are different, and there seems to be a line missing in stanza 3. The editor however suggests that the absence of a refrain is a French feature.

My text is a reprint of Riquer's edition; he gives the following rejected ms. readings: line 2 *poran*; line 9 *l'alba jorn*; line 25 *per ayco anets*; line 43 no gap in ms.; line 44 *ben tench*; line 45 *camgat*, with *j* written later above the *g*; line 49 *lay sus*; line 54 *gany*; line 55 *lo don*.

#### NOTES ON THE FRENCH AUBES

Jeanroy (*Origines*, p. 77, no. 1) lists four Old French dawn songs; I have printed his Nos. 1, 2 and 4, giving them the numbers 10-12. The poems which I have numbered 13 and 14 were known to Jeanroy, but he did not consider them as dawn songs.

Each of my *aubes* is found in one ms. only; it is impossible to date any of them precisely or even to place them in chronological order, except that Nos. 13 and 14 are probably later than Nos. 10-12. In the notes below I have mentioned only the most important editions; further details of both mss. and editions will be found in H. Spanke, *G. Raynauds Bibliographie des altfrz. Lieder*, Pt. I (Leiden, 1955).

No. 10: *Entre moi et mon amin* (No. 1 in Jeanroy's list; Raynaud 1029)<sup>58</sup>

This charming song has something of the same freshness and deep feeling of the first *Alba*. It is simpler than most Provençal *albas*, as there is no watchman, but metrically it is similar. The two stanzas, fairly complex and very musical in form, are constructed on the same rhymes, and the metre is

a b a b c c d d e d e d  
7 7 7 7 5 7 7 7 5 6 5 6

In the unique ms., the poem is copied in the Eastern dialect, which obscures some of the rhymes. I have not, however, altered the dialect, as earlier editors did, e.g. Bartsch, *Altfranzösische Romanzen und Pastourellen* (Leipzig, 1870), 27 (No. 31), reprinted in C. C. Abbott, *Early Mediaeval French Lyrics* (London, 1932), p. 62 and in F. Brittain, *The Mediaeval Latin and Romance Lyric*, 2nd ed. (Cambridge, 1952), p. 150.

The ms., no. 389 of the Berne Municipal Library,<sup>59</sup> dates from the late 13th or early 14th century. There seems to be no means of discovering the date of composition of the poem itself, and I do not know on what grounds Brittain (*op. cit.*, p. 150) dates it 'late XIIth century'. For Aube No. 3 (*ib.*, p. 159) he gives the date "opening years of the thirteenth century"; perhaps he assumes that a poem in which all the words are spoken by a woman, and in which daylight is announced by a lark, must be earlier than one with two or three speakers and a watchman.

No. 11: *Cant voi l'aube dou jor venir* (No. 2 in Jeanroy's list; Raynaud 1481).

Jeanroy speaks of the 'touchante mélancolie' of this song, and it certainly is rather similar in tone to No. 10 and the first *alba*. Metrically, it is not very subtle, all the lines having

<sup>58</sup> Such numbers refer to Raynaud, *Bibliographie des Chansonniers français*, as revised by H. Spanke.

<sup>59</sup> Often referred to as *C*, but not the same ms. as the Provençal *C*, which contains seven of our *albas*.



eight syllables and the rhyme-scheme being simply *aaabcb*. The isometric *aaa* may show Provençal influence. There are signs of carelessness in the rhyming (lines 13-14, 22-24, and perhaps also 26). The most recent editor considers that *jour* is meant to rhyme with *vos* etc. (lines 5-6 etc.), so that the rhyme-scheme is simply *aaabbb* (H. P. Dyggve, in his edition of the *Chansons* of Gace Brulé, Helsinki, 1951, *Mémoires de la Société néo-philologique de Helsinki*, XVI p. 441).

In the unique ms. C (Berne Municipal Library no. 389) the poem is attributed to Gace Brulé, who flourished c. 1179-1212 and was one of the most famous song-writers in France at that time. The attributions of this ms. are not particularly reliable, and though Dyggve includes our *aube* in his edition he is not sure of its authenticity (cf. pp. 156, 441). Gace was very strongly influenced by the Troubadours; his versification is remarkable for its simplicity; he uses imperfect rhymes; he may have known Gaucelm Faidit, who may have written Alba No. 4.<sup>60</sup> These are reasons for accepting him as possible author, but of course they prove nothing. If the poem is not by Gace, we have no means of dating it except the fact that the ms. itself is late 13th or early 14th century.

No. 12: *Gaite de la Tor* (No. 4 in Jeanroy's list; Raynaud 2015).

The best-known of the French examples, the most elaborate and also the closest to Provençal, since it mentions the watchman. It is found only in ms. 20050 of the *fonds français* at the Bibliothèque nationale, which dates from the second half of the 13th century and is usually referred to by the siglum *U* (a facsimile of the ms. was published by P. Meyer and G. Raynaud in 1892 under the auspices of the Société des Anciens Textes français; our poem will be found on p. 83). It is copied, of course, without any indication of speakers or action, and has for a long time been a puzzle to scholars.

Jeanroy suggested that stanzas I-V are a dialogue between two watchmen (or between the watchman and the lover's companion) and that stanzas VI and VII are spoken by the lover, his words being interrupted by the watchman's horn; this interpretation has been accepted by later scholars, and I have followed it in my translation (though allowing the second watchman to do all the hornplaying). Some details remain obscure, however: Why for instance would the traitor object to the Lay of Blancheflor?

Bédier, accepting Jeanroy's distribution of speakers, suggested that the words might belong to a miniature ballet, perhaps with two principal actors and a chorus; this suggestion also has met with approval, but opinions differ about whether the chorus is the First Watchman or the Second, and the only detailed guess about the action that I have seen is that made by de Bartholomaeis. He imagines two actors miming a love-scene in the middle of a circle of dancers, the lover coming out of the circle to sing his words at the end.<sup>61</sup>

It seems very unlikely that we shall ever know exactly what mediaeval performers did with these words, and there is no agreement on whether *Gaite de la Tor* deserves the adjective 'popular'. We know nothing about its date, except that it was copied in the second half of the 13th century.

The metre is fairly complex, the form of the stanzas being

$$\begin{array}{c|c|c} a a b & a a b & c c b c b \\ 5 4 6 & 5 4 6 & 7 4 6 7 6 \end{array}$$

Although in some ways this is not unlike the metres used in other *aubes* and *albas*, it has the tripartite structure characteristic of the *canço*, the most highly-wrought and aristocratic of the lyrical genres (Jeanroy, *Troubadours*, II, 69ff). The use of the same rhymes throughout

<sup>60</sup> For these points, see Dyggve's edition, pp. 169-170, 182, 187-8.

<sup>61</sup> Jeanroy's article is in *Romania*, XXXIII, 615-6; Bédier, *Rev. des Deux Mondes* (1906), 420; Gérold, *La musique au moyen âge* (Paris, 1932) (= *Les Classiques français du moyen âge*, no. 73), p. 206; De Bartholomaeis, *Studi Medievali*, n.s., IV, 334.

the poem is another trait often found in the *canço*, but it can be paralleled in dawn songs (my Nos. 4, 5, 8 and 10) whereas tripartition can not.

I have transcribed the ms. text exactly, except for the following readings: line 15 *poors*; line 18-20 here and later, the words in square brackets are not found in the ms.; line 24 *tor* written twice, the first time crossed out; line 26 *aiez* appears to have been corrected from *aiet*; line 48 *paor* crossed out before *freor*.

The melody is published by Gérold (see Note 61, above).

No. 13: *Est il jors? Nenil ancores* and No. 14: *L'abe c'apiert au jor* (Not in Jeanroy's list or Raynaud's bibliography; being motets, they do not come within the scope of these works).

These two poems stand apart from my other texts and have not hitherto been classed as *aubes*. As I have noted in my Introduction, they are motets, that is, they formed part of polyphonic compositions of which the music has been lost, together with the words sung by the other voice or voices. As they stand, however, they are poems of considerable charm and feeling.

Unlike all the other poems I have printed, motets are not stanzaic and their metre does not seem to follow any pattern, being perhaps subordinated to the musical thought. The lines are of varying length, freely combined, with or without rhymes, but their rhythms are often pleasant, as is the case here.

Motets frequently incorporate fragments of earlier poems, although these are not always easy to detect, especially when, as here, we are dealing with *motets entés*, motets in which new words are sandwiched between lines from an older song (see Introduction p. 351). These texts thus represent an extremely complex form of art: each poem is a dawn song that apparently exploits an earlier dawn song and is itself part of an elaborate musical composition.

The ms. is Douce no. 308 of the Bodleian Library, variously known to scholars as *I*, *O*, and *D*. It dates from the early 14th century and the scribe who copied our poems wrote in the dialect of Eastern France. Nothing is known of the author or date, although the poems are not likely to be earlier than the 13th century.

I have followed the ms. exactly, except in No. 14, line 8, where I have corrected *durare* to *durast*.

The poems were published by Raynaud in Raynaud and Lavoix, *Recueil de Motets français*, 2 vols. (Paris, 1881-3), vol. II, pp. 4-5.