Murmur Mori, Mirko Volpe: Volez vous que je vous chant (Anon. 13th century)

Sources:

Recueil de chansons du XIIIe Thibaut IV | MS 5198 folio 314 - 315

Musical Instruments:

Gittern, Frame Drum, Flute, Chant

## Notes:

This anonymous 13th century melody comes from northern France and is one of the most beautiful songs to have survived the centuries both melodically and lyrically.

The composition opens with a gentle invitation to listen: "Do you want me to sing you a love song?". The suggestive images evoked by the following verses seem to lay the foundations of that Middle Ages fantasy loved by all: we are in the shade of an olive tree together with a knight and his friend, when a lady comes from the woods, perhaps a fairy judging by her clothes and bearing. In fact, she wears a linen shirt, adorned with an ermine fur and there are hanging flowers on her; her shoes are of May flowers, very well woven. She has a belt of green leaves that changes color when the weather turns cloudy and her mount is a mule with a gold and silver saddle, from which roses grow to shade the lady as she travels.

Once she reaches the meadow, the knights greet her courteously and ask her who she is. She replies that she is French, and of very high lineage. In fact, her father is the nightingale who sings in the deep forest, while her mother is the mermaid who sings in the depths of the sea.

The fascinated knights then reply that she truly has a lineage of great value and that they would really like to be able to have such an honorable lady as their wife.

The melody is extremely close to modern taste as often happens with the compositions of the trouvères from northern France who, unlike the troubadours, have always been fascinated by popular music, giving life to catchier melodies and often without the obsessive search for virtuosity melodic.

## Lyrics:

Volez vous que je vous chant Un son d'amors avenant? Vilain ne·l fist mie, Ainz le fist un chevalier Souz l'onbre d'un olivier Entre les braz s'amie.

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

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

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

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

- « Li rosignous est mon pere Qui chante seur la ramee El plus haut boscage ; La seraine, ele est ma mere Qui chante en la mer salee El plus haut rivage. »
- « Bele, bon fussiez vous nee, Bien estes enparentee Et de haut parage ; Pleüst a Dieu nostre pere Que vous me fussiez donee A fame espousade. »

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bau lont saluade. bele com estes nous nee de siance sin la loce. du plus haut purage. Un volignor est mon pere qui chante sour la came ele est mamere qui chante en lamer salce el plo haut rurage. Pele bon sussie uous nee bien estes enparente et de haut purage, pleust adreu nie pere que uous me sussie conce a same espousade.

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