

be his equal or lord. 145  
 without any partner,  
 owed.  
 who was a stranger to the land,  
 depart . . .  
 perils 150  
 come . . .  
 gain, St. James [at Compostela],  
 hunger;  
 had been well supplied. 155  
 ther,  
 l, and send him to the schools. 160  
 rance.  
 ht be.  
 ved it was I, and I said,  
 at of our mother. 165  
 is his only daughter.  
 ok him to heaven.  
 ed Sybil.  
 er.  
 ven's delights; 170  
 l the two of us wept.  
 aned as I spoke.  
 he world;  
 nun. 175  
 y life,  
 nun.

*e have survived in the narrative?  
 erusalem limited by her sex? How  
 ret's religious views (as presented  
 eived those events? How does the  
 s in the Middle East at this time?*

56. CRUSADING SONGS

*Crusading was a pervasive theme in medieval song, both religious and secular, because it inspired kings and peasants alike, it separated lovers, and it brought exotic new locales to the attention of Europeans. The first song below, written in French, exhorts knights to accompany Louis VII on the Second Crusade. The second song was written about the same time in Provençal, the language of southern France, by the noted musician Marcabrun. One of the best-known crusading songs, it tells of crusading opportunities in both the Middle East and Spain. The third song, written by the Italian nobleman Rinaldo d'Aquino in the mid-thirteenth century, adopts the voice of a woman left behind by her crusader lover.*

Sources: "Chevalier, Mult Es Guariz": trans. E. Amt from text ed. N. Clare, liner notes, *Music of the Crusades* (New York: London Records, 1971); other songs: trans. J.J. Wilhelm, *Medieval Song: An Anthology of Hymns and Lyrics* (New York: E.P. Dutton & Co., 1971), pp. 123-25, 205-7.

***Chevalier, Mult Es Guariz*  
 [Knights, Much is Promised]**

Knights, your salvation is assured  
 Since God has made appeal to you  
 Against Almoravids and Turks,  
 Who to our Lord dishonor do.  
 Against all right, they've seized his fiefs.  
 At this we suffer in accord,  
 For it was there that God was first  
 Obeyed and recognized as Lord.

*Refrain:*  
 Who goes along with King Louis  
 Will never be afraid of hell,  
 His soul will go to paradise,  
 Where angels of the Lord do dwell.

Rohais [that is, Edessa] is taken, as you know,  
 And Christians troubled sore and long.  
 The churches there are empty now,  
 And masses are no longer sung.  
 O knights, you should consider this,  
 You who in arms are so renowned,  
 And then present your bodies to  
 One who for you with thorns was crowned.

*Refrain*

Let us go conquer Moses there  
 Who stands upon Mount Sinai's heights;  
 Let's take him from the Saracens,  
 And so the staff with which he strikes  
 The Red Sea waters and they part  
 When Israel's host did with him go;  
 And Pharaoh followed in their wake,  
 and drowned with all his men below.

*Refrain*

*Pax in Nomine Domini*  
 [Peace in the Name of the Lord]

*Pax in Nomine Domini!*

Marcabrun made the words and the song:  
 Hear what he says.  
 The most gracious Lord of Heaven  
 Out of his sweetness has fashioned  
 For our use here a washing tub,  
 Unlike any other (except the one  
 Overseas in the vale of Josephat).  
 But to this one I summon you.

For the Lord who knows all that is  
 And all that will be, and all that was  
 Has promised us  
 Honor in the name of the emperor.  
 And the beauty to come—do you know?—  
 For those who will go to the tub:  
 More than the star of morning joy,  
 If only they'll avenge the wrongs  
 To God, here and in Damascus.

In Spain, over here, Marquis Ramon  
 And those from the Temple of Solomon  
 Suffer the weight  
 And the pain of the [pagan] pride.  
 And so youth gets a vile report.  
 And the cry for this washing tub

Rolls over the ri  
 Who're feeble, fa  
 For they don't va

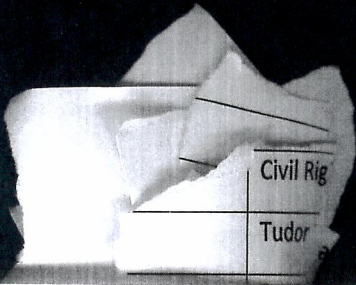
The Franks are a  
 If they say no to  
 That I command  
 Ah, Antioch! Virt  
 are mourned in (c  
 God our Lord, te  
 Bring the count?  
 And here guard l  
 O Lord who issu

*Giann*  
 [Never Again]

Never again that  
 Never that joyou  
 The ships down  
 Are straining to  
 Away all the peo  
 To lands across tl  
 But me—poor v  
 What shall beco

Away, away he'll  
 Fade quietly out  
 Leaving me here  
 All day, all the ni  
 Many will be th  
 That assail me ce  
 Not in heaven, r  
 Will life exist fo

O holy, holy Sav  
 Who from Mary  
 Watch, protect tl  
 Since you're taki  
 O revered an  
 Power from abo  
 In your hands I  
 My tender love.



READER

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it's heights;  
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FIVE: SETTING OUT AND RETURNING HOME

Rolls over the richest overlords  
Who're feeble, failing, bereft of nerve,  
For they don't value joy nor fun.

The Franks are all degenerates  
If they say no to the task of God  
That I command.  
Ah, Antioch! Virtue and valor  
are mourned in Guyenne and Poitou!  
God our Lord, to your washing tub  
Bring the count's soul in peace;  
And here guard Poitiers and Niort,  
O Lord who issued from the tomb!

*Giammi Non Mi Conforto*  
[Never Again That Comfort for Me]

Never again that comfort,  
Never that joyous heart.  
The ships down in the harbor  
Are straining to depart.  
Away all the people run  
To lands across the sea.  
But me—poor weeping thing—  
What shall become of me?

Away, away he'll run,  
Fade quietly out of sight,  
Leaving me here alone.  
All day, all the night  
Many will be the sighs  
That assail me constantly  
Not in heaven, nor on earth  
Will life exist for me.

O holy, holy Savior  
Who from Mary came our way!  
Watch, protect that lover,  
Since you're taking him away.  
O revered and feared  
Power from above!  
In your hands I place  
My tender love.

O cross that saves mankind,  
 You plummet me to error,  
 Twisting my grievous mind  
 Beyond all hope of prayer.  
 Why, O pilgrim cross,  
 Why this bitter turn?  
 Bowed beneath my loss,  
 I kindle; O I burn.

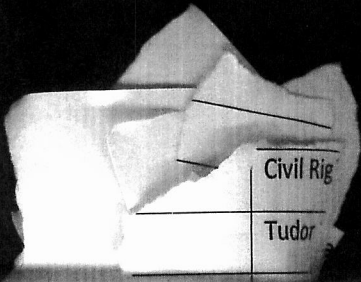
The Emperor who rules the world  
 In his peaceful sway  
 Ravages poor little me  
 By taking my hope away.  
 O revered and feared  
 Power from above!  
 In your hands I place  
 My tender love.

When he took up the cross,  
 I didn't know the end was this:  
 Whatever love he gave me  
 I repaid him kiss for kiss.  
 Now I'm thrust aside—  
 Yes, condemned to prison—  
 Now I'm forced to hide  
 In lifelong derision.

The ships are in their moorings.  
 Soon they'll depart.  
 With them and that rabble  
 Sails my heart.  
 O Father, O Creator,  
 Guide them to holy haven,  
 By your sacred cross  
 They're all enslaven.  
 And O darling, I beg you:

Take pity on m  
 Write me a litt  
 Send it to me f  
 Night and day  
 Only this bitter  
 In lands beyon  
 Lies my whole

*Questions: What do the songs reveal about the themes of the Crusades? In what ways are these themes common throughout? In what ways are they unique? Toward the holy war?*



READER

FIVE: SETTING OUT AND RETURNING HOME

Take pity on my hysteria.  
Write me a little sonnet.  
Send it to me from Syria!  
Night and day I'll know  
Only this bitter strife.  
In lands beyond the ocean  
Lies my whole life.

*Questions: What do the songs reveal about the emotional world of the crusaders? What themes are common throughout? In each song, what is the attitude of the speaker toward God? Toward the holy war?*

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