

Gotham Early Music Scene (GEMS) presents



# MIDTOWN CONCERTS

Thursday, September 19, 2024 1:15 pm  
St. Malachy's Church – The Actors' Chapel in New York City  
Live Streamed to [midtownconcerts.org](https://www.midtownconcerts.org) and [YouTube](https://www.youtube.com)

## Concordian Dawn *Le Roman de Fauvel*

*Amber Evans ~ soprano & percussion Thomas McCargar ~ baritone*  
*Niccolo Seligmann ~ vielle & percussion Christopher Preston Thompson ~ director, tenor & harp*

### Selections from *Le Roman de Fauvel*, F-Pn fonds fr. 146, 1r-45r:

Favellandi vicium ~ Heu quo progreditur ~  
In mari miserie / Manere ~ Ad solitum vomitum / Regnat ~  
Clavus pungens acumine ~ Porchier mieus estre ameroie ~  
Je voi douleur / Fauvel nous a fait present / Fauvel: autant m'est si poise ~  
Veritas arpie / Johanne ~  
Conditio nature defuit / O Nacio nephandi generis / Mane prima sabbati ~  
Douce dame debonaire ~ Ay, Amours! tant me dure  
Je qui poair seule ai de conforter ~  
Inter amenitatis tripudia / O livor anxie / Reverenti ~  
Vade retro, Sathana ~ Gaudet Favellus nimium ~  
Estote fortes in bello ~  
Tribum que non abhorruit / Quoniam secta latronum / Merito hec patimur ~  
Bon vin doit / Quant je le voi ou voirre cler

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Live stream video crew: Gene Murrow, Murat Eyuboglu, Dennis Cembalo, Christina Britton Conroy & Make-up Artist  
Naomi Morse, Director of Marketing John Thiessen, Executive Director



[www.gemsny.org](https://www.gemsny.org)

## ABOUT THE PROGRAM

The redacted/adapted “script” for this performance contains musical transcriptions and translations of poetry from Chaillou de Pesstain’s “edition” of Gervais du Bus’ *Roman de Fauvel*, found in F-Pn fonds fr. 146. The manuscript represents not only an interdisciplinary collection of poetry, music, and art, but also an important historical document rife with political and social commentary. It tells the story of an orange-hued half-donkey/half-human, named Fauvel, whose contentious rise to power unsettles a nation, serving as an allegory for the volatile reign of Philippe IV (1285–1314) and his two sons, Louis X (1315–16) and Philippe V (1317–22). The name Fauvel, itself, has many interesting connotations. Along with evocations of an orange-tan color that, according to the text, signals vanity, it can be interpreted to mean “false veil” and is an acrostic for Flaterie, Avarice, Vilanie, Variété (fickleness), Envie, and Lacheté (cowardice). Parallels to modern times are apparent, and the manuscript has occupied scholars for nearly two centuries. Performances of the *roman* are somewhat rare, however, perhaps due to the magnitude and complexity of the manuscript. It is a multi-media work that includes 169 musical items (34 polyphonic and 135 monophonic songs) that span centuries of compositional style. Pesstain and his collaborators put a fourteenth-century spin on a preexistent tale, using musical insertions (some new compositions, some borrowed, and some “fauvelized” to enhance intertextuality) and artistic depictions for comment and to supplement the story. Our adaptation of the *roman* includes 18 musical selections from the manuscript connected by idiomatic/modernized English translations of the original poetry in an effort to bring a 21<sup>st</sup>-century sensibility to the original music and text.

## ABOUT THE ARTISTS

**Concordian Dawn**, ensemble for Medieval music, specializes in 12th- through 14th-century vocal repertoire, drawing on primary source material and focusing on socio-philosophical similarities between texts from centuries ago and the mindset of modern society. In doing so, the ensemble produces a musical experience accessible to contemporary audiences, relating the human condition of the past to the familiar experiences of the present. Concordian Dawn was founded in 2012 and performs regularly on the east coast, annually with Gotham Early Music Scene in New York City, and at venues across the country. The ensemble’s “mesmerizing” (*Early Music America*) debut album, *Fortuna Antiqua et Ultra* (MSR Classics), was released in December of 2021 to critical acclaim. In July of 2022 Cornell University Press published a collaborative book-recording project between the ensemble and Medieval studies scholar, Sarah Kay, entitled *Medieval Song from Aristotle to Opera*, and the ensemble’s “palpably enchanting” and “unforgettable” (*Fanfare*) second album based on this collaboration was released by MSR Classics in October of 2023. Concordian Dawn made its west coast debut in 2022 with the Santa Cruz Baroque Festival and at UC-Berkeley and UC-Davis. The ensemble, which received a 2020 Ensemble Forward Award from Chamber Music America, and its director, Christopher Preston Thompson, have performed and led workshops and lectures for Princeton University, Stanford University, the San Francisco Conservatory of Music, New York University, the University of Pennsylvania, the Modern Language Association, the CUNY Graduate Center and the Medieval Academy of America, among others. Concordian Dawn is a fiscal project of Gotham Early Music Scene, Inc. and is grateful to the entire staff of GEMS for their continued support. For more information about the ensemble, please visit [www.concordiandawn.com](http://www.concordiandawn.com). Recordings below:



*Medieval Song from Aristotle to Opera*  
<https://cornellpress.manifoldapp.org/projects/medieval-song>  
[https://open.spotify.com/album/7EvgDFtH1OvLAFjQmjkcQ8?  
si=KW\\_T-dPeRhqv8jy3\\_3CVNQ](https://open.spotify.com/album/7EvgDFtH1OvLAFjQmjkcQ8?si=KW_T-dPeRhqv8jy3_3CVNQ)



*Fortuna Antiqua et Ultra*  
[https://open.spotify.com/album/5iwUhdnloQEQwOfkCRrK8?  
si=5ucrLX6DQI2JHHWBLEXsHw](https://open.spotify.com/album/5iwUhdnloQEQwOfkCRrK8?si=5ucrLX6DQI2JHHWBLEXsHw)

**Next Week: NEMA a4**  
*Death and the Maiden*

**TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS**  
**Selections from *Le Roman de Fauvel***  
**CONCORDIAN DAWN, Ensemble for Medieval Music**

**“Favellandi vicium”** (translated by C. P. Thompson)

Favellandi vicium	The vice of Fauvelling
et fex avaricie	and the weeds of greed
optinent nunc solium	now occupy the throne
summumque locum curie	and the highest positions in the court.
munus dat propicium	Bribery makes the judge
iudicem et pium	favorable and gentle.
lex subit elilium	Law fades into exile,
et prostat iudicium.	and judgement lies face-down on the ground.
O quale contagium	O what contagion,
quante pestilencie	how great the pestilence
lateri potencie	that plagues the likes of
herentes cotidie	the most powerful every day!
voces adullatorie	Flattering voices
scandunt ad dominium.	ascend to power.
Fraus imperat iusticie.	Fraudulent justice rules.
Deus misericordie	Merciful God,
adhibe hic consilium.	grant us help.

**“Heu quo progreditur”** (translated by Samuel N. Rosenberg)

Heu, quo progreditur prevaricacio!	Oh, how far transgression is spreading!
Virtus subtrahitur a sanctuario.	Virtue is dislodged from the sanctuary.
Iam novo trahitur Christus pretorio,	Now Christ is dragged to a new tribunal,
Cum Petrus utitur Pilati gladio.	with Peter using the sword of Pilate.
Fretus consilio Falvelli leditur;	Relying on the counsel of Fauvel, one comes to grief;
Superna legio iuste conqueritur.	the celestial legion justly complains.
Supplicat igitur Patri et Filio	Therefore, it begs the Father and the Son
Quod de remedio in hoc medio	that for a remedy for all this
E vestigio provideat Spiritus Almus.	immediately the fostering Spirit provide.

***In mari miserie / Manere*** (translated by C. P. Thompson)

In mari miserie, maris stella,	In the sea of misery, star of the sea,
errantes cotidie a procella	protect us as we wander daily
defende nos et precare dominum pie,	from the storm and pray to the Lord of piety
ut ad portas glorie nos trahat	to draw us to the gates of glory
per hoc mare nosque Fauvel faciat superare.	through this sea and make us overcome Fauvel.

***Ad solitum vomitum / Regnat*** (translated by Joel Cohen)

Ad solitum vomitum ne redeas, paveas,	Do not come back to the customary vomit,
Interitum meritum, preteritum doleas,	be afraid of the deserved ruin, grieve over the past,
Propositum foveas.	foster the plan.
Ad ganeas nec eas, ne pereas per eas.	Do not eat in low eating-houses nor die because of them.
Provideas subitum exitum et caveas	Provide for a swift exit and beware of
Vetitum redditum,	the prohibition when issued.
Ad obitum sollicitum si oculum converteris	If you turn your eye to the disquieting destruction,
Oderis hoc seculum, in quo tenet baculum	you will hate this world in which Fauvel holds
Fauvellus et anulum.	the staff and the ring.

**“Clavus pungens acumine”** (translated by Samuel N. Rosenberg)

Clavus pungens acumine, Dum carnem Christi perforat, Ex vulnerum foramine Passionem commemorat; Cuius dum madet sanguine, Nos profundens dulcedine, Christo crucis ymagine Conformatos incorporat	As the nail, puncturing with its sharp point pierces the flesh of Christ, it commemorates the passion from the opening of the wounds. As it drips with his blood, pouring over us with sweetness, it embodies in Christ . those shaped in the image of the cross.
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O manuum confixio [et] pedum perforacio, Quibus Christus confoditur! Cuius dum caro scinditur et clavorum misterio Regnum celorum panditur, Celestis fabri studio Clavus in clavem verti[tur].	Oh, fixing of the hands and piercing of the feet, by which Christ is impaled! While his flesh is gashed and by the mystery of the nails the kingdom of heaven is opened, by the celestial craftsman’s zeal the nail is turned into a key.
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Vobis loquor, pastoribus, vobis qui claves geritis, Vobis qui vite luxibus claves Christi reicitis. Vos lupi facti gregibus, Membra Christi configitis Et abutentes clavibus claves in clavos veritis.	I speak to you, pastors, you who carry the keys, you who because of the luxuries of life reject the keys of Christ. Having become wolves to your flocks, you nail down the limbs of Christ and, misusing the keys, you turn the keys into nails.
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**“Porchier mieus estre ameroie”** (translated by Samuel N. Rosenberg)

Porchier mieus estre ameroie que Fauvel torchier. Escorchier ains me leroie. Porchier mieus estre ameroie. N'ai cure de sa monnoie ne n'ai son or chier. Porchier mieus estre ameroie que Fauvel torchier.	I would rather be a swineherd than curry Fauvel. I'd sooner let myself be flayed. I would rather be a swineherd. I have no interest in his money and do not prize his gold. I would rather be a swineherd than curry Fauvel.
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***Je voi douleur / Fauvel nous a fait present / Fauvel: autant m'est si poise*** (translated by Joel Cohen)

[triplum] Je voi douleur avenir, Car tout ce fait par contraire. Chemin ne voie tenir ne veut nul par quoi venire Puist a bien n'a raison faire.	I see pain approaching, for everything is being done in reverse. No one wishes to follow the path which may lead him to good or to act with reason.
[motetus] Fauvel nous a fait present du mestier de la civiere; N'est pas homs qui ce ne sent. Je voi tout quant a present aller ce devant derrier.	Fauvel has made us a gift of the trade of the litter; there is no man who does not feel this. I see everything these days going back to front.
[tenor] Fauvel: autant m'est si poise arriere comme avant.	It is all the same to me if it is displeasing behind and in front.

***Veritas arpie / Johanne*** (translated by C. P. Thompson)

Veritas arpie, fex ypocrisie, turpis lepra symonie scandunt solium. Falsitatis vie movent omni die Christi veritate pie prelium. Comites Golie spernunt David prophetie verba testium perdunt premium filium Marie. Similes Urie hostis tingunt gladium.	The harp is true, hypocrisy is false, ugly lepors climb the throne. Every day they falsely advance Christ's truth at a pious price. As Goliath's companions spurn David, the words of the witnesses lose sight of Mary's son. Like Uriah's enemies, they dip their swords.
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*Conditio nature defuit / O Nacio nephandi generis / Mane prima sabbati* (translated by Norman Clare)

[triplum] Conditio nature defuit in filio quem virgo genuit. Contagio sola nam caruit quam vicio nemo defloruit. Et ideo partu non doluit. Hec actio parem non habuit; sed proprio dono promeruit ludibrio que non succubuit. Hic ratio mundi desipuit; hec questio scrutari renuit. Solutio Filio Dei sic placuit; devotio dubio finem proposuit. Redemptio saucio plus Ade profuit commisio quam Eve nocuit.	The normal condition of nature was lacking in that Son whom the Virgin bore. For she alone was free from contagion, she whom no one had deflowered with sin. And for that reason she did not grieve in giving birth. This event had no equal; but she was rewarded for her special gift, she who did not succumb to wantonness. At this the wisdom of the world was stupefied; this question denied investigation. Its solution thus pleased the Son of God; His devotion put an end to doubt. The redemption was of more benefit to fallen Adam than the Fall had been harmful to Eve.
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[motetus] O nacio nephandi generis, cur graciae donis abuteris? Multiplici reatu laberis Dum literam legis amplecteris Et litere medullam deseris. Gens perfida, cecata deperis! Si Moyssem consideraveris nec faciem videre poteris si mystice non intellexeris in facie cornuta falleris: considera misera quare dampnaberis— quam litteram propriam interpretaveris. Convertere propere: nam si convertereris per gratiam veniam culpe mereberis.	Oh nation of unspeakable kind, why do you abuse the gifts of God's grace? You fall through manifold guilt while you embrace the letter of the law and you neglect the essence of its meaning. Perfidious people, blinded you perish! If you have considered Moses and cannot see his face, if you misunderstood the mystical meaning of the letter and were deceived by his horned face: consider the lamentable deeds whereby you will be condemned— which particular letter you have interpreted. Hasten to convert: for if you convert through God's grace for your sin you will merit remission.
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[tenor] Mane prima sabbati Morning of the first sabbath

**“Douce dame debonaire”** (translated by Samuel N. Rosenberg)

“Douce dame debonaire!”	“Sweet, gracious lady!”
“Fauvel, que te faut?”	“What do you want, Fauvel?”
“Mon cuer vous doins sanz retraire.”	“I give you my heart forever.”
“Sen en toi default.”	“You have no sense.”
“Ne vous en chaut il?”	“Don't you care?”
“Fi, mauves outill!”	“Away, worthless thing!”
“Puis qu'ensi est, que ferai?”	“If that's the way it is, what shall I do?”
“Ja m'amour ne te lerai.”	“I will never give you my love.”
“J'ai grant desir de vous plaire.”	“I have a great desire to please you.”
“De ce ne me chaut.”	“That doesn't interest me.”
“Ne soiez a moi contraire!”	“Don't be an enemy to me!”
“Diva! Qui t'asaut?”	“Really! Who is attacking you?”
“Prendez m'a mari!”	“Take me as your husband!”
“Jol jo! sus! haril!”	“Enough! Go on! Away!”
“Douce dame, que ferai?”	“Sweet lady, what shall I do?”
“Ja m'amour ne te lerai.”	“I will never give you my love.”
“Ne sai que je puisse faire.”	“I don't know what I can do.”
“Fai donques un saut!”	“Take a jump, then!”
“Volentiers, vers vo viaire!”	“Gladly—toward your face!”
“Ne saut pas si haut!”	“Don't jump so high!”
“Las! Je vous ainz si.”	“Alas! I love you so.”
“Ne me plest ainsi.”	“I don't like that.”
“Las! Et que ferai?”	“Alas! What shall I do?”
“Ja m'amour ne te lerai.”	“I will never give you my love.”

**“Ay, Amours! Tant me dure”** (translated by Samuel N. Rosenberg)

Aÿ, amours, tante me dure Le mal que j'ai a porter Et me grieve outre mesure Sanz nesun confort trouver! Quant vous m'en pöez saner Et je de par vous l'endure, Pour quoi m'estes vous si dure?	Alas, love, the pain I have to bear lasts so long and that makes me suffer beyond measure, with no sign of any relief! Since you can cure me of it and I endure because of you, Why are you so cruel to me?
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Et vous, dame nete et pure, Qui n'avez ou monde per, Qui veez qu'en tele ardure M'estuet pour vous demourer, Dont autre desesperer Se pourroit par aventure, Pour quoi m'estes vous si dure?	And you, lady unsullied and pure, who have no peer in the world, who see that on your account I am bound to remain in such ardor as could surely make another man give up all hope, Why are you so cruel to me?
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L'en voit toute creature Naturellement encline Par reson et par droicture A tout ce qu'il aime amer. Et vous que je n'os nommer, Helas! De moi n'avez cure. Pour quoi m'estes vous si dure?	One sees every creature incline naturally by reason and by right to love whatever he loves. But you whom I dare not name alas, care nothing for me. Why are you so cruel to me?
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**“Je qui poair seule ai de conforter”** (translated by Samuel N. Rosenberg)

Je, qui poair seule ai de conforter Toute autre gent, forment desconfort De ce larron qu'ai tant fait deporter Et qui souz moi fait a si son nom fort;	I, who alone have power to comfort me all other people, am greatly discomforted by this scoundrel whom I have tolerated so long and who, though subject to me has been loud in his claims.
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Qui m'amour m'a demande! Certes, ce pas ne m'agree. Folement m'a envaÿe, M'onneur a amenuisie. Bien li doi guerredonner!	He has asked for my love! That certainly does not please me. He has been foolishly presumptuous toward me, he has belittled my honor. I must reward him well!
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Mes ains sa desconfiture Li mousterrai par mesure, Le despit et la lesdure Que fait m'a contre droicture.	But, first I'll let him taste his defeat appropriately, for the injury and insult that he has wrongfully caused me.
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Par quele presumpcion Emprist cil a ce venir Qu'ai en ma subjection Et que puis faire fenir?	With what presumptuousness did he undertake to reach this goal, he whom I hold subject and whom I can put to death?
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Nequetant, car humblement Vint Fauvel son errement	Nevertheless, since humbly Fauvel came to relate his ambition
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Conter, mon esmouvement Met en delai faintement.	humbly, I shall pretend to delay my reaction.
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Quant a present crualte Vueil bouter arriere,	Since for the moment I want to forswear cruelty,
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Fame plainne de biaute	I shall grant him a wife
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Et de grant maniere,	full of beauty and great style,
Dame de desloiaute, Jointe, cointe et fiere,	a lady of disloyalty, lively, teasing, and proud,
Li doin, sanz nulle egaute, Faitisse et legiere:	without fairness, superficial and fickle:
Vainne Gloire, la polie, Qui tant est bien afaitie	Vainglory, the suave, who is so well-bred
Maint hon ne la lesse mie. D'eus vendra male lignie!	that many a man cannot leave her. A bad lot will come from them!
Puis soit Fauvel a seür Que j'entendre A li honnir et destruire, Et de sa gent mainz pandre.	Then let Fauvel be assured that I shall make a point of disgracing and destroying him, And I shall hang many members of his household.

***Inter amenitatis tripudia / O livor anxie / Reverenti*** (translated by C. P. Thompson)

Inter amenitatis tripudia continuo virentis olida fece carnea durita zabulique dirupta seva machina livoris nuncii de gloria se refovent mutua per innumera militis in aula regie celestis agmina sic policlimata serena sacro iubilo renitent plena non ita sub aeris li mite vincitur nam alter alterius honore teritur libencius extraneo quam cusubditur et non advertitur quod divisum regnum desolabiur.	Between the pleasant dances, the hard, green flesh of Zabulica made a bad smell. The broken selfless machine of the bruised herald of glory is comforted by countless soldiers in the heavenly royal court. Thus, full of sacred jubilation, the political climate resists serenity. It is not thus conquered under the bounds of the air, and it is not argued that a divided kingdom will be desolate.
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**“Vade retro, sathana”** (translated by Samuel N. Rosenberg)

Vade retro, Sathana! Tuas tolle fabulas! Quicquid enim consulas Falsitatis organa. Voces adulantium Devoveo Nulliusque foveo Blandiendo vicium; Sed palponis nomen cavi, Cuius semper declinavi Fraudis artificium. Tuum factum noxium Nosce! Dic: erravi!	Get behind me, Satan! Away with your empty propositions! For whatever your recommendations [they are] songs of falsehood. I curse the voices of flatterers, and I do not encourage anyone's vice by offering flattery; rather have I avoided the name of flatterer, for I have always rejected cleverness and deceit. Recognize your sinful deed! Say: I have erred!
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**“Gaudet Favellus nimium”** (translated by Samuel N. Rosenberg)

Gaudet Favellus nimium Quia per infortunium Credit habere gratiam Fortune per licenciam Quam habuit redeundi. Omnis spiritus immundi Repletus immundicia Ducatur Vana Gloria.	Fauvel rejoices too much, because he unfortunately believes that he has the favor of Fortune and he has had the chance to return. May the whole spirit of the foul one, filled with corruption, be led to marriage by Vainglory.
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**“Estote fortes in bello”** (translated by C. P. Thompson)

Estote fortes in bello et pugnat cum antiquo serpent    Be strong in battle and fight with the ancient serpent and  
et accipietis regnum aeternum, alleluja.    you will receive the eternal kingdom, hallelujah.

***Tribum que non abhorruit / Quoniam secta latronum / Merito hec patimur*** (translated by C. P. Thompson)

[triplum] Tribum, que non abhorruit    For the tribe that did not abhor  
indecenter ascendere,    indecently ascending [to power],  
furibunda non metuit    furious Fortune did not fear  
Fortuna cito vertere,    to quickly turn against them,  
dum duci prefate tribus    as the leader of the tribe  
in sempiternum speculum    was made an eternal example  
parare palam omnibus    before all,  
non pepercit patibulum.    not spared from the gallows.  
Populus ergo venturus,    Therefore, generations to come,  
si trans metam ascenderit    if someone ascends through fear,  
quidam, forsitan casurus    they may fall  
cum tanta tribus ruerit,    as such a tribe has fallen.  
sciat eciam quis fructus    As for the one whose prosperity  
delabi sit in profundum:    has descended to the depths:  
post zephyros plus ledit    after Zephyros' warm west winds  
hyems, post gaudia luctus;    winter hurts all the more; after rejoicing, lamentation  
unde nichil melius    over how there is nothing better  
quam nil habuisse secundum.    than to have had no success.

[motetus] Quoniam secta latronum,    Seeing that the sect of thieves,  
spelunca vispilionum vulpes,    the den of deceitful foxes,  
que Galos roderat tempore    that gnawed at the cocks in the time  
quo regnaverat leo cecatus,    when the lion reigned blindly,  
subito suo ruere merito    has suddenly been hurled down by its own merit  
in mortem privatam bonis:    to death, deprived of property,  
concinat Gallus Nasonis    the cock recounts the sayings of Ovid,  
dicta, que dolum acuunt:    which sharpen the point:  
omnia sunt hominum    All humans  
tenui pendencia filo,    hang on a fine thread,  
et subito casu que valere ruunt.    and when it breaks suddenly, they collapse.

[tenor] Merito hec patimur.    We suffered this deservedly.

***Bon vin doit / Quant je le voi ou voirre cler*** (translated by C. P. Thompson)

[triplum] Quant ie le voi ou voirre cler,    When I see it all with clarity,  
volentiers, m'i vueil accorder,    willingly, one will agree with me,  
et puis si chante de cueur cler:    and then sing out with a clear heart:  
Cis chans veult boire.    this song needs to drink.

[motetus] Bon vin doit l'en a li tirer    Good wine must be drawn [to one's lips],  
et li mauves en sus bouter.    and purple wine, to boot.  
Puis doivent compagnons chanter:    Then the companions must sing:  
Cis chans veult boire    This song needs to drink.

[tenor] Cis chans veult boire.    This song needs to drink.