

# Norrskensbardstäblingen

## November AS 51



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Fyra tablingsbidrag

# Tourdion

Pierre Attaignant, 1530

S  
1. Quand je bois du vin clai - ret, a - mi tout tour - ne, tour - ne, tour - ne, tour - ne,

A  
1. Le bon vin nous a ren - du - gais,

T  
1. Bu - - vons bien, là bu - - vons donc a

B  
1. Bu - - vons bien, bu - vons mes a - mis a

5  
aus - si dè - sor - mais je bois An - jou ou Ar - bois.

chan - - tons, oub - li - ons nos pie - nes, chan - - tons.

8  
ce fla - con fai - sons la guer - re.

ce fla - con fai - sons la guer - re.

9  
Chan - tons et bu - vons, à ce fla - con fai - sons la guer - - re,

En man - geant d'un gras jam - bon, à

8  
En man - geant d'un gras jam - bon, à

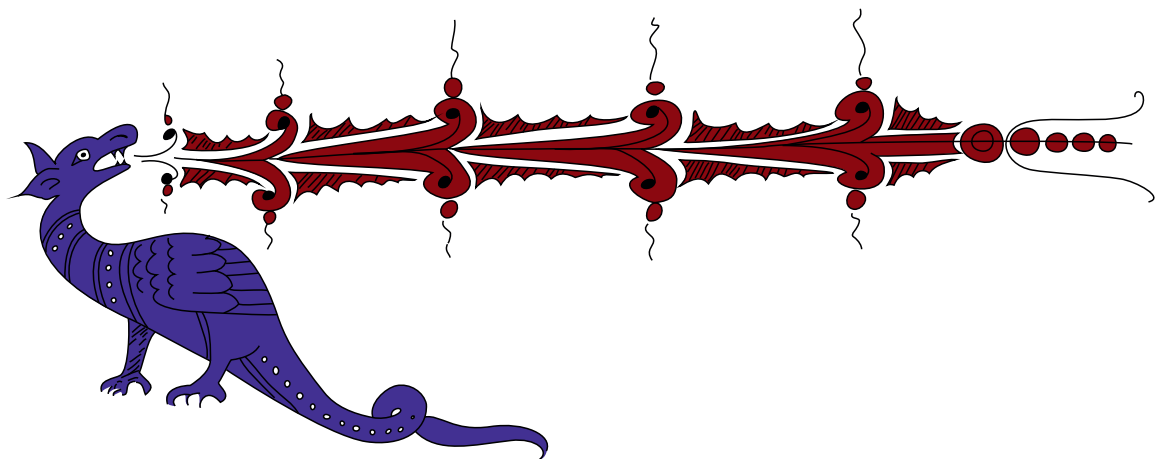
En man - geant d'un gras jam - bon, à

13  
chan - tons et bu - vons, mes a - mis, bu - - vons donc!

ce fla - con fai - sons la guer - re!

8  
ce fla - con fai - sons la guer - re!

ce fla - con fai - sons la guer - re!



# Round 1: Period Piece

For my Period piece I have chosen to play the Tourdion called "*Quand je bois du vin claret*" ("When I drink a claret wine"), which was published by Pierre Attaignant in 1530. A Tourdion is a dance type, popular in the 1500's. It is lively, yet smoother than the Galliard to which is otherwise similar.

I was unable to find an image of the original 1530 publication of this tune, so instead share an arrangement popular in Drachenwald, transcribed by Náttfari Garðarsson.



## Round 2: Piece in a Period Style

For my Piece in a Period Style I have taken as inspiration the Prologue to the Canterbury Tales, written by Geoffrey Chaucer in the late 1380's. This poem is written iambic pentameter (a line of verse with five metrical feet, each consisting of one short (or unstressed) syllable followed by one long (or stressed) syllable). This verse describes the changes in the world that happen in the spring, how nice these changes are, and how, taken together, they to inspire people to go on pilgrimage during that time of the year, especially to Canterbury, where there are important relics of a saint.

Therefore, when writing my verse I have chosen to both use the meter and rhyme pattern (rhyming couplets) of the original, and to also present my story with the same approach. First describing the season of spring (as experienced here in Nordmark) and what happens during that time of the year, and then revealing where (and why) we are inspired to go each spring.

### The Prologue to Double Wars

*Come May, when snow has gone from Nordmark  
and day has banished months of cold and dark  
long hours of sun have worked their magic strong  
inspiring us to raise our voice in song  
for roads are clear and safe and dry again  
now pounding of the drums of war begin  
with every meal and breaking of the bread  
are families split and wish their siblings dead  
on this one point they never can agree:  
which side to spread their butter or their brie  
the flat or hole y side each will defend  
yet 'er they take up arms to rip and rend  
first must they clean their swords and polish maille  
sew banners bright and build a chest dove tail  
in every home across the northern land  
folk pack so much the horse can hardly stand  
they bring it all; their home away from home  
to Double Wars, the place to which we roam.*

### The first 16 lines of the prologue to the Canterbury Tales:

*Whan that Aprill with his shoures soote  
The droghte of March hath perced to the roote,  
And bathed every veyne in swich licour  
Of which vertu engendred is the flour,  
Whan Zephirus eek with his sweete breeth  
Inspired hath in every holt and heeth  
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne  
Hath in the Ram his halve cours yronne,  
And smale foweles maken melodye,*

*That slepen al the nyght with open ye  
(so priketh hem Nature in hir corages),  
Thanne longen folk to goon on pilgrimages,  
And palmeres for to seken straunge strondes,  
To ferne halwes, kowthe in sondry londes;  
And specially from every shires ende  
Of Engelond to Caunterbury they wende,  
The hooly blisful martir for to seke,  
That hem hath holpen whan that they were seeke.*

# Round 3: Written on the theme of Nature

For my piece written on the theme of nature I have expanded and modified my last year's piece in a period style, because it is a song in praise of my all-time favourite aspect of Nature: Winter! *Winter time, it has arrived*, was written to the tune of the 13<sup>th</sup> Century song *Sumer is icumen in*.

## Winter time it has arrived

Winter time it has arrived,  
gladly sing woohoo!  
Crystal trees  
and icy breeze  
and oh the sky so blue!  
Sing woohoo!  
Sliding down the hill so fast,  
it's what we love to do.  
Play in the snow,  
your face aglow,  
gaily sing woohoo!  
Woohoo, woohoo,  
snow-time brings us woohoo,  
the silver and the blue.

Winter time it has arrived,  
gladly sing woohoo!  
While inside,  
warm place to bide,  
and court a lover new!  
Sing woohoo!  
Stars all day, come out and play,  
the perfect time to woo.  
Time for dancing,  
while romancing,  
gaily do we woo!  
Woohoo, woohoo,  
snow-time brings us woohoo,  
the silver and the blue.

Winter time it has arrived,  
gladly sing woohoo!  
Fire in sky  
as angels fly  
'tis nature's gift to you.  
Sing woohoo!  
Snowflakes falling to the ground  
bring children joy so true!  
'tis cold outdoors  
so Troubadours  
gaily sing woohoo!  
Woohoo, woohoo,  
Snow-time brings us woohoo,  
the silver and the blue.

Original version:

### **Sumer is icumen in**

*Sumer is icumen in  
Lhude sing cuccu  
Groweþ sed  
and bloweþ med  
and springþ þe wde nu  
Sing cuccu  
Awe bleteþ after lomb  
lhoup after calue cu  
Bulluc sterteþ  
bucke uerteþ  
murie sing cuccu  
Cuccu cuccu  
Wel singes þu cuccu  
ne swik þu nauer nu*

## Round 4: Three Words out of a Hat

This space had been reserved for the piece that will be written on site using three words drawn out of a hat.

I had planned to write a song for my three words, and had selected *Bacce benne venies* as the tune. However, I drew "Baccus" as my first word, and thus just couldn't bring myself to use that tune. Yes, I could have kept the original chorus and done a new verse, but that would have felt like cheating, so instead I just wrote a poem in the same iambic pentameter I used for my piece in a period style. It was a short, very silly story, into which I squeezed as many odd words as possible to make it harder for the audience to guess which words were compulsory.

Sadly, I don't appear to have a copy of that poem on my computer (as of 2018-08-19, when I went looking for it)