

*Silver Crescent for Cateline la Broderesse for East Kingdom 12<sup>th</sup> Night*

A tous nobles oyant ces direz issant de l'humble serviteur de leurs majestés Kenric et Avelina y voit grande joie.

Chanson m'estuet chanteir de la meilleur qui onques fust ne qui jaimais sera. Huimais ne dot mie que n'aie boen jour car sa grant dosour n'est nuns qui vois die. Mout a en li cortoise et valour bien et bonte et charitei I a.

Qui est cette dame? Car celle l'ot fait, qui bien euvre de fil de soie et de fil d'or, c'est Cateline la Broderesse belle au chief noir.

Bele Cateline, a la fenestre au jor, sor ses genolz tient paile de color, a un fil I fet coustres beles, cost un fil d'or, l'autre de soie.

D'un boen samiz une robe cosoit; a son ami tramettre la ami, en sospirant, ceste chançon chantoit: "Sainte Clare, tant es douz li nons d'amors! Ja n'en cuidai sentir joie!" Tard la nuit travaille,. Telle la lune dans le ciel, un croissant d'argent.

"Et Deus il voile merir toz les biens k'elle m'anvoie. Car se je mualz estoie ce diroie ju ensi, "dame, grant merci."

Car temps est dores en avant de recorder des bons le bein, por animer celi qui a present sont adonnez a toute arte et service, tout bien et honneur.

Pour que soient reconnues ses nombreuses heures de service, qu'elle puisse joindre, telle broderie au tissu, l'ordre du Croissant d'Argent.

Mandé de par Kenric et Avelina, suzerains des Terres de l'Est, en l'occasion de la Fête des Rois dans leur fief d'Anglespur ce sixiesme jour du Janvier, anno sociatis XLVIII.

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*Words by Aneleda Falconbridge with translation assistance from Baron Pellandres dit le Frere.*

To all a nobles who will take my recommendation as herald of Their Majesties Kenric and Avelina, I give joyous tidings.

I must sing a song about the best woman who ever was or will ever be. Henceforth I am not afraid of not having a good day, for her great sweetness, is greater than anyone can say. She is filled with courteousness and virtue, with goodness and kindness and charity.

Who is this lady? She who worked well in gold and silver thread and made it, beautiful dark haired Cateline la Broderesse.

Lovely Cateline, at the window in the light, has on her knees a cloth of bright color which she stitched beautifully with thread. She sews with one golden thread, another of silk.

She was sewing a robe of fine silk. She meant to send it to her friend, sighing all the while she was singing this song: St. Clare, how sweet is the name of love! I never thought it would bring me such joy!" She works through the night. The moon shines down, a silver crescent in the sky.

May it please God to reward her for all the good things she sends me. For even if I were mute I would say this, "Many thanks my lady"

For now it is time to recall the good qualities of a worthy woman in order to inspire those who are presently devoted to art and service, goodness and honor.

To reward her long hours of service she is joined as silver threads to cloth to the Order of the Silver Crescent.

At the command of King Kenric and Queen Avenlina, Monarchs of the Eastern Realm, at the celebration of Feast of the Three Magi on Twelfth Night, in the Shire of Anglespur this Sixth Day of the New Year, anno sociatis XLVIII.

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The words of this piece come largely from early French working songs which women would sing called “Chansons de Toile” from the late 12<sup>th</sup> and early 13<sup>th</sup> century. Many of these song-stories talk about a woman sewing or embroidering cloth for her beloved, they are about love lost and found, bad happenings and good ones. They nearly all tell a story of a lover of some kind. They were sung while working, it is proposed. Many have a small chorus and a beautiful end rhyming scheme for which French is perfect. Because this is a more utilitarian thing, I did not try to make it poetic in that way. Also, its calligraphy destination is as prose, so it seemed like it was better to just make it beautiful prose.

The following pieces were used in the creation of this one:

Original text translated by Baron Pellendres dit la Frere.

*Lines with lost citations are in italics.*

**“Galeran de Bretagne” – a poem by Renault**

**“Quant vient en mai que l’on dit as ions jors” - Chanson de toile**

**“Chans de singe ne poire mal pelee” - Sotte chanson**

**“The Lay of Pergamon” 197v-198r from the tales called “Perceforest”**

**“Chanson m’estuet chanteir de la meilleur” by Rutebeuf**

**“La Bele Aye” - Chanson de toile**

**“Bele Yolanz en ses chambres seoit” – Chanson de toile**

*\*changes to text to suit the scroll purpose*

*\*\* St. Clare of Assisi is the patron saint of embroiders.*

A tous nobles oyant ces direz issant de l’humble  
serviteur de leurs majestés Kenric et Avelina y voit  
grande joie.

**Chanson m’estuet chanteir de la meilleur**

**Qui onques fust ne qui j’aimais sera.**

**Huimais ne dot mie**

**Que n’aie boen jour**

**Car sa grant dosour**

**N’est nuns qui vois die.**

**Mout a en li cortoizie et valour**

**Bien et bonteit et chariteit I a.**

Qui est cette dame?

**Car celle l’ot fait, qui bien euvre**

**De fil de soie et de fil d’or -**

**C’est Cateline la Broderesse**

**la belle au chief noir.**

**Bele Cateline, a la fenestre au jor**

**Sor ses genolz tient paile de color,**

**A un fil I fet coustres beles**

To all a nobles who will take my  
recommendation as herald of Their Majesties  
Kenric and Avelina, I give joyous tidings.

**I must sing a song about the best woman**

**Who ever was or will ever be. Henceforth I am  
not afraid of not having a good day, for her great  
sweetness, is greater than anyone can say. She is  
filled with courteousness and virtue, with  
goodness and kindness and charity.**

Who is this lady?

**She who worked well in gold and silver thread  
and made it - beautiful dark haired Cateline  
la Broderesse**

**Lovely Cateline, at the window in the light, has  
on her knees a cloth of bright color. Which she  
stitched beautifully with thread. She sews with  
one golden thread, another of silk.**

**She was sewing a robe of fine silk**

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*Cost un fil d'or, l'autre de soie.*

**D'un boen samiz une robe cosoit;  
A son ami tramettre la ami.**

Tard la nuit travaille  
Telle la lune dans le ciel  
Un croissant d'argent

**En sospirant, ceste chan\*c\* on chantoit:  
Sainte Clare, tant es douz li nons d'amors!  
Ja n'en cuidai sentir joie.\***

**“Et Deus il voile merir  
Toz les biens k'elle m'anvoie,  
Car se je mualz estoie  
Ce diroie ju ensi  
“dame, grant merci”**

**Car temps est dores en avant de recorder des bons  
le bein, por animer celi\* qui a present sont adonnez  
a toute arte\* et servicee\*, tout bien et honneur.**

Pour que soient reconnues ses nombreuses heures  
de service, qu'elle puisse joindre, telle broderie au  
tissu, l'ordre du Croissant d'Argent.

Mandé de par Kenric et Avelina, suzerains des  
Terres de l'Est, en l'occasion de la Fête des Rois  
dans leur fief d'Anglespur ce sixiesme jour du  
Janier, AS XLVIII.

**She meant to send it to her (friend)**

She works through the night  
The moon shines down,  
a silver crescent in the sky.

**Sighing all the while she was singing this  
song: St. Clare\*\*, how sweet is the name of  
love! I never thought it would bring me such  
joy!\***

**May it please god to reward her  
For all the good things she sends me  
For even if I were mute  
I would say this,  
“Many thanks my lady”**

**For now it is time to recall the good qualities of  
a worthy woman\* in order to inspire those who  
are presently devoted to art\* and service\*,  
goodness and honor.**

To reward her long hours of service  
She is joined as silver threads to cloth  
To the Order of the Silver Crescent.

At the command of King Kenric and Queen  
Avelina, Monarchs of the Eastern Realm, at the  
celebration of Twelfth Night in the Shire of  
Anglespur this Sixth Day of the New Year, AS  
XLVIII. (48)