

REUNION

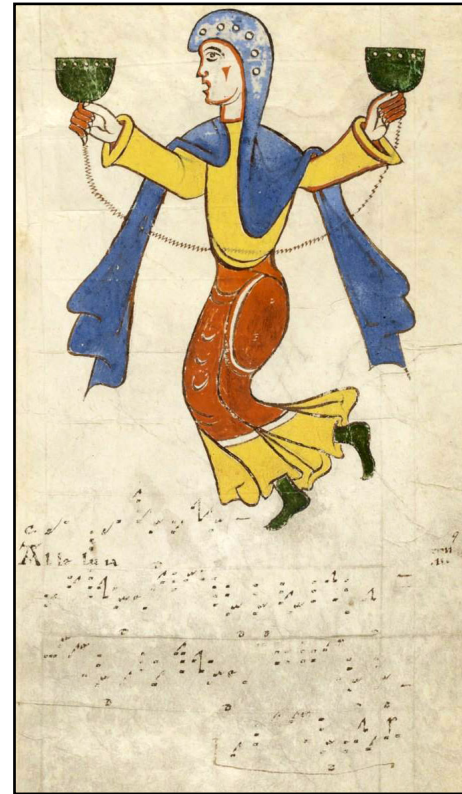
Vajra Voices

with Shira Kammen, vielle/harp & voice

in Concert

Sunday, July 2, 2023

3 o'clock



Episcopal Church of the Good Shepherd
1823 Ninth Street, Berkeley, CA 94710

REUNION

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Antiphon to the Virgin: O Frondens Virgo	Hildegard von Bingen (1098-1179)
Instrumental Kyrie	Arranged by Shira Kammen (b. 1961)
Antiphon to the Creator Spirit: O quam mirabilis est	
Antiphon to the Virgin: Quia Ergo Femina	
Lament: Ar ne kuth	Anonymous (c. 1250)
Instrumental Ar ne kuth	Arr. by Margriet Tindemans (1951-2014)
Conductus: Mundo salus	St. Martial Ms. (c.1150)
Reverdie: Voulez vous que je vous chant	Anon. (c. 1300)
Instrumental: Nouvelle Amour	
Bien doit chanter	Guillaume le Vinier (1190-1245)
Chanterai pour mon coraige	Guiot de Dijon (13th c.)
—Brief Interval—	
Antiphon to Divine Wisdom: O Virtus Sapientiae	Hildegard von Bingen
Dedication Antiphon: O coruscans lux stellarum	
Instrumental: <i>Ispariz</i>	Shira Kammen
Hymn to the Virgin: Ave Generosa	
Motet: Quant en moy/Amour et biauté/Amara valde	Guillaume de Machaut (1300-1376)
Liement me deport	(Arr. S. Kammen)
Virelai: Je vivroie liement	

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<https://www.sfems.org/donate>

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The texts of the 12th century abbess—writer, composer, healer, theologian, and visionary— Hildegard von Bingen’s musical compositions are in a style known as *Kunstprosa*— free verse intended for oration. An expansive vocal range results from Hildegard’s effusive phraseology, often reaching two octaves within a single piece. Since rhythm (as far as is known) does not seem to be indicated, the declamation of the text is the overall organizing principle. In Hildegard’s songs, the more transcendent and celestial the words, the more elaborate, florid, and wide-ranging is her music. Though Hildegard’s music uses the Gregorian, or church modes, her music is an amalgam of liturgical chant and rhapsodic song. Hildegard felt the very essence of her faith to be embodied in music: “...and so the words symbolize the body, and the jubilant music indicates the spirit, and the celestial harmony shows the Divinity, and the words the humanity of the Son of God.” (Scivias, Book III, vision 13) Thus, the human embodiment of song and prayer are a communing with the Divine.

The Saint Martial School of composition refers to a collection of 9th - 12th century manuscripts found at the Abbey near Limoges, France. It is thought that this style of florid organum— also called Aquitanian Polyphony— is the western world’s first documented polyphonic (more than one voice) singing. *Mundo salus* is characteristic of the occurrences of intense dissonant intervals resolving to perfectly tuned fifths and unisons.

Devotion and noble love are expounded upon in the medieval French repertoire. The reverdie – or Spring song – *Voulez vous que je vous chant*, tells of a dreamy admirer who regrets his unworthiness since the fair damsel is born of the noblest French lineage. In the chanson d’amour of GUILLAUME LE VINIER (c. 1190-1245), *Bien doit Chanter*, the poet lectures on the joy of loving well, and laments that modern day lovers are like unskilled players of the vielle! In *Chanterai por mon corage*, the Burgundian Trouvère, GUIOT DE DIJON (fl. 1215-1225) composes a lament in the voice of a young girl whose lover is fighting in the Crusades. She prays for his delivery from the hands of the Saracens.

Polyphonic song in the 13th and 14th is distinguished by the *motet*. The term motet comes from the French *mot* meaning word. This compositional structure— considered highly intellectual— is built over a preexisting melodic fragment (often from Gregorian chant) called the *tenor*. Each upper part — called *triplum* and *motetus* — are composed in relation to the tenor. Yet, the upper parts are independent of one another and have completely different texts. For instance, in *Quant en moy/Amour et biauté/Amara valde* the upper voices sing about romantic love while the tenor is drawn from a preexisting song about “bitter love”.

The French cleric Guillaume de Machaut was admired as a poet by his 14th century British contemporary, Geoffrey Chaucer (1343 -1400). Themes of chivalric love are prominent throughout Machaut’s secular works, which predominately use the so-called *formes fixes* – structured poetic patterns turned into musical forms of virelai (*Je vivoie liement*), ballade, rondeau.

Antiphon to the Virgin: **O Frondens Virga**

O frondens virga,
in tua nobilitate stans
sicut aurora procedit:
nunc gaude et letare
et nos debiles dignare
a mala consuetudine liberare
atque manum tuam porrigere
ad erigendum nos.

O blooming branch,
you stand upright in your nobility,
as breaks the dawn on high:
Rejoice now and be glad,
and deign to free us, frail and
weakened,
from the wicked habits of our age;
stretch forth your hand
to lift us up aright.

Antiphon to the Creator: **O Quam Mirabilis Est**

O quam mirabilis est
prescientia divini pectoris
que prescivit omnem creaturam.
Nam cum Deus inspexit faciem
hominis
quem formavit,
omnia opera sua in eadem forma
hominis integra aspexit.
O quam mirabilis est inspiratio
que hominem sic suscitavit.

How wonderful it is,
that the foreknowing heart divine
has first known everything created!
For when God looked upon the
human face
that he had formed,
he gazed upon his ev'ry work,
reflected whole within that human
form.
How wondrous is that breath
that roused humanity to life!

Antiphon to the Virgin: **Quia Ergo Femina**

Quia ergo femina mortem instruxit,
clara virgo illam inateremit,
et ideo est summa benedictio
in feminea forma
pre omni creatura,
quia Deus factus est homo
in dulcissima et beata virgine.

For since a woman drew up death,
a virgin gleaming dashed it down,
and therefore is the highest blessing
found in woman's form
before all other creatures.
For God was made a human
in the blessed Virgin sweet.

Multi-instrumentalist and occasional vocalist **Shira Kammen** has spent well over half her life exploring the worlds of early and traditional music. A member for many years of the early music Ensembles Alcatraz and Project Ars Nova, and Medieval Strings, she has also worked with Sequentia, Hesperion XX, the Boston Camerata, the Balkan group Kitka, the King's Noyse, the Newberry and Folger Consorts, the Oregon, California and San Francisco Shakespeare Festivals, and is the founder of Class V Music, an ensemble dedicated to providing music on river rafting trips. She has performed and taught in the United States, Canada, Mexico, Europe, Israel, Morocco, Latvia, Russia and Japan, and on the Colorado, Rogue, Green, Grande Ronde, East Carson and Klamath Rivers.

Shira happily collaborated with singer/storyteller John Fleagle for fifteen years, and performs now with several groups: a medieval ensemble, Fortune's Wheel: a new music group, Ephemeros; an eclectic ethnic band, Panacea; an English Country Dance band, Roguery, the early music ensembles Cañoniér and In Bocca al Lupo, as well as frequent collaborations with performers such as storyteller/harpist Patrick Ball, medieval music experts Margriet Tindemans and Anne Azema, and in many theatrical and dance productions. She has worked with students in many different settings, among them teaching summer music workshops in the woods, coaching students of early music at Yale University, Case Western, the University of Oregon at Eugene, and working at specialized seminars at the Fondazione Cini in Venice, Italy and the Scuola Cantorum Basiliensis in Switzerland.

She has played on several television and movie soundtracks, including 'O', a modern high school-setting of Othello and "The Nativity Story", and has accompanied many diverse artists in recording projects, among them singers Azam Ali and Joanna Newsom. Some of her original music can be heard in an independent film about fans of the work of JRR Tolkien. The strangest place Shira has played is in the elephant pit of the Jerusalem Zoo. She has recently taken courses in Taiko drumming and voiceover acting.

Vajra Voices: Singing with Body and Soul

In 2010, director Karen R. Clark (contralto) founded Vajra Voices to develop a deeply embodied approach to ensemble singing, with a particular focus on the works of Hildegard von Bingen. Each member - Allison Zelles Lloyd, Amy Stuart Hunn, Phoebe Jevtovic Rosquist, and Celeste Winant - contributes an extraordinary level of vocal artistry as well as individual areas of expertise in conducting, education, comparative literature, vocal pedagogy, physics, and historically informed performance practice. Together, these musicians form a "robust, heartfelt and elegant ensemble" (San Francisco Chronicle).

The group's repertoire has expanded since its first performance at the Berkeley Early Music Festival in 2010. Its early music repertory now includes the florid chant of Hildegard von Bingen, early polyphony from the St. Martial de Limoges, and Las Huelgas manuscripts; songs of the troubadours and trouvères; and motets, formes fixes, and lais of Guillaume de Machaut. The ensemble's 2016 recording with multi-instrumentalist Shira Kammen, *O Eterne Deus: Music of Hildegard von Bingen* (Music & Arts) is acclaimed worldwide. The U.K.'s Choir & Organ hailed the CD as "the most convincing Hildegard disc yet from the USA". A concert review in 2018, hailed an ensemble that "moves, breathes and sings as one, with a striking level of vocal artistry, unbelievable accuracy and precision, and...obvious delight" (San Francisco Classical Voice).

Vajra Voices expanded its ambit into new music in 2018 with the development and premiere of Theresa Wong's improvisatory composition *To Burst To Bloom*, a collection of six songs setting the poems on inner alchemy of the 12th Century Chinese Taoist Immortal, Sun Bu'er. After months of collaborative rehearsals between composer and ensemble, the full work was premiered in January, 2019 at "The Eve of the March," a Vajra Voices-produced concert at San Francisco's Grace Cathedral, held the night before the 2019 national Women's March. The event featured Vajra Voices, the Kitka Women's Vocal Ensemble, and composer/instrumentalists Shira Kammen and Theresa Wong, performing medieval and new works celebrating the divine feminine aspects of spirituality.

Vajra Voices has partnered with numerous Bay Area organizations to present creative, collaborative, and meaningful performances, including Garrett-Moulton Productions, the Oakland Ballet, the San Francisco Early Music Society, the Santa Cruz Baroque Festival, and the Berkeley Art Museum and Pacific Film Archive.

Vajra Voices is sincerely grateful for the support we've received over the years from:
The San Francisco Early Music Society
The California Arts Council
The InterMusic San Francisco Musical Grant Program (MGP)
And, our generous individual contributors.

www.vajravoices.com

Vajra Voices is recorded on the Music & Arts Label, Berkeley, CA. Our recording, *O Eterne Deus: Music of Hildegard von Bingen* is available online.

Lament: **Ar ne kuth ich sorghe non**

Ar ne kuth ich sorghe non,
nu ich moot inane mi mon; karful, wel sor
ich siche. Geltles, tholich muchel schame;
help, God, for thi sweete name, king of
hevene riche.
Jesu Crist, sooth God, sooth man, loverd, thu
rew upon me!
Of prisun that ich in am
bring me ut and make free.
Ich and mine feeren sume (God wot ich ne
lyghe noht) for othre han misnume
been in thys prisun ibroht.
Almihti,
that wel lihtli
(bales hal and boote, hevenking)
of this woning
ut us bringe moote. Foryef hem,
the wikke men,
yet it is thi wille,
for wos gelt
we been ipelt
in this prisun ille.
Hope non to this live,
heer ne mai he bilive;
heeghe theh he astighe,
deth him felleth to grunde. Nu hath man wele
and blisse, rath he shal tharof misse; worldes
wele, mid wisse,
ne lasteth but on stunde.
Maiden that bar the hevenking, biseech thi
sune, sweete thing, that he habbe of us
rewsing and us bring of this woning
for his mucele milse.
He us bring ut of this wo and us tache
werchen swo in this lif, go wusit go, that we
mooten ey and o habben the eeche blisse.

Formerly I knew no sorrow
now I must give voice to my grief; full of care,
I sigh in great distress. Guiltless, I suffer great
shame; Help, God, for thy sweet name, rich
king of heaven.
Jesus Christ, true God, true man, Lord have
pity on me:
From the prison that I am in, bring me out
and meake me free. I and some of my
companions (God know I do not lie)
for the misdeeds of others
have been cast into this prison.
Almighty,
who very easily
(remedy and cure of pain, King of heaven),
out of this misery
may you bring us. Forgive them,
the wicked men,
if it is thy will
for whose guilt
we are thrust
into this evil prison.
Let none trust in this life.
Here he cannot remain;
high though he ascend,
death fells him to the ground. Now man has
prosperity and bliss, soon he shall lose them;
worldly prosperity, for certain, lasts only for
an hour.
Maiden who bore the King of heaven, beseech
thy son, sweet thing,
that he have pity on us
and bring us from this misery,
of his great mercy.
May he bring us from this woe and teach us so
to act
in this life, however things may go, that we
may for ever and ever have eternal bliss.

—Medieval English Songs, E.J. Dobson and
F.L. Harrison, Cambridge University Press,
New York, 1979.

Conductus: **Mundo salus gratie**
Reparatur Hodie,
Natus est de virgine.
Deus sine semine,
Ergo nostra concio.
Benedicat Domino

The world's saving grace
is restored today.
God is born of a maiden
without human seed.
Therefore, let our assembly
Bless the Lord

Voulez Vous Que Je Vous Chant

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

Would you like me to sing
A charming song of love?
No rustic composed it,
But rather a knight
Under the shade of an olive tree
In the arms of his sweetheart.

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

She wore a linen shift
A white ermine wrap
And tunic of silk
Stockings of iris
And shoes of May flowers,
Fitting just right.

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

She wore a sash of leaves
That turned green in the rain;
It was buttoned with gold.
Her purse was of love
And had pendants of flowers;
It was a love gift.

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.

She rode a mule;
Its shoes were of silver,
Its saddle of gold.
On the cropper behind her,
Three rosebushes grew
To provide her with shade

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"

So she went down through a field:
Some knights encountered her,
And greeted her nicely:
"Lady, where were you born?"
"From France I am, the renowned,
Of the highest birth"

"Li rosignous est mon père
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."

"The nightingale is my father
Who sings in the branches
High up in the woods,
The siren is my mother,
Who sings up high
on the shore of the salt sea."

"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!"

"Lady, such birth bodes well!
You are of fine parentage
And high birth;
Would that God our father
Would give you to me
As my wedded wife!"

Virelai: **Je vivoie liement,**
Douce creature,
Se vous saviés vraiment
Qu'en vous fust parfaitement
Ma cure.

Dame de meinteing joli,
Plaisant, nette et pure,
Souvent me fait dire: "aymi"
Li maus que j'endure
Pour vous servir loyaument.
Et soiés seüre
Que je ne puis nullement
Vivre ainsi, se longuement
Me dure.

Je vivoie liement,
Douce creature,
Se vous saviés vraiment
Qu'en vous fust parfaitement
Ma cure.

Car vous m'estes sans mercy
Et sans pité dure,
Et s'avés le cuer de mi
Mis en tel ardure
Qu'il morra certainement
De mort trop obscure,
Se pour son aligement
Merci n'est procheinement
Meüre.

Je vivoie liement,
Douce creature,
Se vous saviés vraiment
Qu'en vous fust parfaitement
Ma cure.

I would live happily,
Sweet creature,
If you truly believed
That in you was summed up
All my care.

Lady of pretty appearance,
Pleasing, fair and pure,
The ills that I suffer
To serve you loyally
Often make me say 'alas'.
And you may eb sure
That I can in no way
Live like this, if for long
I must ensure it.

I would live happily,
Sweet creature,
If you truly believed
That in you was summed up
All my care.

For you are merciless to me
And harsh, without pity,
And so you have put my heart
Into such passion
That it will certainly die
A dark and dismal death,
If for its relief
Mercy is not very soon
Ripe.

I would live happily,
Sweet creature,
If you truly believed
That in you was summed up
All my care.

_____ Translation by David Wyatt

Motet: **Quant en moy/Amour et biauté/ Amara valde**

Triplum: Quant en moy vint premierement

Amours, si tres doucement
me vost mon cuer enamourer
que d'un resgart me fist present.
et tres amoures sentiment
me donna avec doulz penser
espoir d'avoir

Merci sans refuser.

Mais onques en tout mon vivant
Hardement ne me vost donner;
et si me fait en desirant
penser si amoureuement
que, par force de desirer.
ma joie convient en tourment
muer, se je n'ay hardement.
Las! et je n'en puis recouvrer.

qu'Amours secours
ne me wet nul prester.
qui en ses las si durement
me tient que n'en puis eschaper;
ne je ne weil, qu'en atendant
sa grace je weil humblement
toutes ces douleurs endurer.
Et s'Amours loyal se consent
que ma douce dame au corps gent
me veuille son ami clamer.

je scay, de vray
que aray, sans finer.
joie qu'Amours a fin amant
doit pour ses maus guerredonner.
Mais elle atent trop longuement

et j'aimme si follement
que je n'oze merci rouver.
car j'aim mieus vivre en esperant
d'avoir merci prochainement
que Refus me veingne tuer.
Et pour ce di en soupirant:
Grant folie est de tant amer
que de son doulz face on amer.

Motetus: Amour et biauete parfaite

Doubter, celer
Me font parfaitement
Et Vrais Desirs, qui m'afaite
De vous, duer dous,
Amer sans finement.
Et quant j'aim si finement,

Merci, vous pri
Car elle me soit faite.
Sans votre honneur amenrir,
Car j'aim mieus eins languir
Et morir, s'il vous agree,
Que par moy fut empiree
Vostre honneur, que tant desir,
Ne de fait ne de pensee.

Tenor: Amare Valde

Motet: **Quant en moy/Amour et biauté/Amara valde**

Triplum: When I was first visited by
Love, he so very sweetly
Enamored my heart;
A glance is what he gave as a gift,
And with amorous sentiments
He presented me with this delightful idea:

To hope, to have
Grace and no rejections.
But never in my whole life
Was boldness a gift he meant for me.
And if, in my passion,
He make me think so amorously
That thanks to desire
My joy turns into torment,
Must turn, since I am not bold.
Alas! I cannot save myself--
For love, no help
Will lend me.

Love, who hold me so tightly
In his grasp that I cannot escape.
Nor would I want to escape, as while waiting
Her Grace I want every pain
Most humbly to endure;
And if true love agrees
That my sweet lady, of such noble bearing
Should call me her friend
I know, In truth,
I shall have, without end
The joy with which love must reward
A perfect lover for his troubles.

But she is making the wait too long!
And I lover he so madly
That I dare not ask for mercy
As I should rather live in hope
Of receiving mercy by and by
Than be killed by refusal.
And that is why I say, as I sigh:
What great madness this love is
which turns a sweet song into a bitter one.

Motetus: Amour et biauté
Love and perfect beauty
Make me doubt and dissemble perfectly,
As does true Desire. who inspires me to love
you, Sweetheart, since I love so purely
I beg mercy from you,
If only it might be granted me
Without diminishing your honor,
For I'd prefer this kind of languishing
And dying as well, should it please you,
To harming in any way
Your honor, which I so highly esteem,
Either by deed or thought.

Tenor: Very bitter

Trouvère: **Bien doit chanter**

Bien doit chanter la qui chançon set plaire
En maniere d'amour et de bonté,
Je. l di pour moi qui tel fois ai chanté
Que aussi bien u mieux me venist taire.
Mais qui sert Sanz son service parfaire,
Vis m'est qu'en fouloir ait son tant usé,
Pour ce, et pluz pour ma grant volenté,
Servirai tant que je savrai partie
Quel joie est d'avoir amie.

De bien amer avrai joie ue contraire,
Qu'ensi l'ai pieç a pramis et vöé,
Si com firent nostre ancissour ainsné
En qui cures of fine Amors son repaire,
Or voi ciascun l'amorous contrefaire
Sanz cure de desirrier entalenté,
Dont trop se tendraient pour engané,
S'il avoient seü une foïe
Quel joie est d'avoir amie.

La vïele et amours par essamplaire
Doivent entre d'un semblant comparé,
Car la vïele et amours sunt paré
De joie et de solace qui l'en set traire.
Mais cil qui ne set vïeler fait raire
La vïele, si li tolt sa bonté;
Ausi fait l'en amours par fausseté:
A soi la tolt ne ne set, que qu'il die,
Quel joie est d'avoir amie.

Li rubis a tesmoins del lapidaire
Est des pierres sires en dignité,
Et amours dame d ejoliveté,
Resjoissanz en fin cuer debonaire.
Mes cuers en li s'esjoist et resclairer.
Pieç'a l'a de moi parti et sevré,
Et s'il il plaist qu'ait le cors de bonté
Pour savourercuer et cors sanz partie -
Queljoie estd'avoir amie!

Sire frères, trop vous voi demoré,
Si cuit qu'avez seü et savouré
Quel joie est d'avoir amie.

He needs to sing, whose song can please
as love and virtue would have it.
I speak for myself, who have sometimes sung when
silence would have done as well.
But the servant of love who falls short of his goal
seems to me to have foolishly wasted his time.
Therefore, and even more because of my keen desire
I will serve until I somewhat know
what joy it is to have a lover.

Loving well will bring me joy or its opposite,
for so I vowed and swore some time ago,
just as our ancestors did
who had opened their hearts to true love.
Now I see everyone pretending to be in love
with a heart untouched by desire;
they would surely deem themselves deluded
if just once they had known
what joy it is to have a lover.

The vielle and love, for example,
Are in one respect to be compared:
The fiddle and love afford joy and pleasure
To the man who knows how to draw them forth;
but he who know not how to play makes
The vielle grate and robs it of its virtue.
Just so with love, when the lover is untrue:
In all he says, he robs himself and know not
what joy it is to have a lover.

The ruby, as the lapidary states,
is in its station the lord of gems,
and love is the lady of delight,
rejoicing in the pure and noble heart.
My heart finds its joy in her and glows.
Some time ago, love disjoined and parted it from me,
and if love cares, in its goodness, to have my body too
and savor heart and body undivided-
Oh, what joy to have a lover!

Brother, sir, I see that you are very quiet,
and I do believe that you have known and tasted
what joy it is to have a lover.

Chanterai por mon corage

Que je vueill reconforter,
Car avec mon grant damage
Ne quier morir n'afoler,
Quant de la terre sauvage
Ne voi nului retourner
Ou cil est qui m'assoage
Le cuer, quant j'en oi parler.

Deus, quant crieront Outree,
Sire, aidiés au pelerin
Por cui sui espoentee,
Car felon sunt Sarrazin.

Soferrai en tel estage
Tant quel voie rapasser.
Il est en pelerinage,
Dont Dex le lait retourner !
Et maugré tot mon lignage
Ne quier ochoison trover
D'autre face mariage ;
Folz est qui j'en oi parler !

Deus, quant crieront Outree...

De ce sui au cuer dolente
Que cil n'est en Biauvoisis
Qui si sovent me tormente :
Or n'en ai ne gieu ne ris.
S'il est biaux, et je sui gente.
Sire, Dex, por quel feïs ?
Quant l'uns a l'autre atalente,
Por coi nos as departis ?

Deus, quant crieront Outree...

De ce sui en bone atente
Que je son homage pris,
Et quant la douce ore vente
Que vient de cel douz païs
Ou cil est qui m'atalente,
Volontiers i tor mon vis :
Adont m'est vis que jel sente
Par desoz mon mantel gris.

Deus, quant crieront Outree...

De ce sui mout decüe
Que ne fui au convoier ;
Sa chemise qu'ot vestue
M'envoia por embracier :
La nuit, quant s'amor m'argue,
La met delez moi couchier
Mout estroit a ma char nue
Por mes malz assoagier

Deus, quant crieront Outree...

I will sing to keep my courage up

since I must comfort my heart
for in my great distress
I not to wish to die or go mad
when from the savage land
I see anybody return,
where he has gone who soothes
my heart when I hear him mentioned.

God, when they shout "Overseas!,"
O Lord, help the pilgrim
for whose sake I tremble
for treacherous are the Saracens.

I shall be waiting in anguish
until I see him come back.
He has gone off as a pilgrim.
In fear and trembling
I will wait for him to come back,
for in spite of my family
I have not intention of marrying any other.
He who suggests this is mad.

God, when they shout "Overseas!..."

That is why I grieve in my heart,
because he is not near at hand;
I have placed my hopes in him,
and now I get no pleasure or joy from it.
Since he is handsome and I am nobly born,
Dear Lord, why have you done this?
Seeing that we are in love with each other,
why do you keep us apart?

God, when they shout "Overseas!..."

This solace at least I have
seeing that I have accepted his pledge.
When the gentle wind blows which comes
from
a most fair land,
where the man I love so much is now,
I turn my face towards it;
I cannot resist feeling it
beneath my grey mantle.

God, when they shout "Overseas!..."

What grieves me is
that I did not go with him.
He sent me the shirt which he wore
for me to hold in my arms.
At night, when love of him torments me,
I take it to bed
and hold it to my naked body,
to ease my suffering.

God, when they shout "Overseas!..."

Antiphon for Divine Wisdom

O virtus Sapientie,
que circuiens circuisti,
comprehendendo omnia
in una via que habet vitam,
tres alas habens,
quarum una in altum volat
et altera de terra sudat
et tertia undique volat.
Laus tibi sit, sicut te decet, O
Sapientia.

Hymn to the Virgin

1. Ave generosa gloriosa et intacta
puella, tu pupilla castitatis, tu materia
sanctitatis,
que Deo placuit.
2. Nam hec superna infusio in te fuit,
quod supernum Verbum in te carnem
induit.
3. Tu candidum lilium quod Deus ante
omnem creaturam
inspexit.
4. O pulcherrima et dulcissima,
quam valde Deus in te delectabatur,
cum amplexionem caloris sui in te
posuit,
ita quod Filius eius de te lactatus est.
5. Venter enim tuus gaudium habuit
cum omnis celestis symphonia de te
sonuit,
quia virgo Filium Dei portasti,
ubi castitas tua in Deo claruit.
6. Viscera tua gaudium habuerunt
sicut gramen super quod ros cadit
cum ei viriditatem infundit, ut et in te
factum est,
O mater omnis gaudii.
7. Nunc omnis ecclesia in gaudio
rutilat ac in symphonia sonet
propter dulcissimam Virginem
et laudabilem Mariam,
Dei Genitricem. Amen.

O Wisdom's energy!
Whirling, you encircle
and everything embrace
in the single way of life.
Three wings you have:
one soars above into the heights,
one from the earth exudes,
and all about now flies the third.
Praise be to you, as is your due, O
Wisdom

1. Hail, nobly born, hail, honored and
inviolable, you Maiden are the piercing
gaze of chastity, you the material of
holiness—the one who pleased God.
2. For heaven's flood poured into you
as heaven's Word was clothed in flesh
in you.
3. You are the lily, gleaming white,
upon which God has fixed his gaze
before all else created.
4. O beautiful, O sweet! How deep is
that delight that God received in you,
when 'round you he enwrapped his
warm embrace, so that his Son was
suckled at your breast.
5. Your womb rejoiced as from you
sounded forth the whole celestial
symphony. For as a virgin you have
borne the Son of God—in God your
chastity shone bright.
6. Your flesh rejoiced just as a blade of
grass on which the dew has fall'n,
viridity within it to infuse—just so it
happened unto you, O mother of all
joy!
7. So now in joy gleams all the
Church like dawn, resounds in
symphony because of you, the Virgin
sweet and worthy of all praise, Maria,
God's mother. Amen.