

**Antiphon to the Virgin Mary:  
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 leafy branch,  
standing in your nobility  
as the dawn breaks:  
Now rejoice and be glad,  
and deign to set us frail ones free  
from our bad habits,  
and stretch forth your hand  
to raise us up.

**Gregorian Chant: Lucis Creator**

1. Lucis creator optime,  
lucem die rum proferens,  
primordiis lucis novae,  
mundi parans originem.

O blessed Creator of light,  
bringing forth the light of the ages,  
and laying the foundation of the world  
in the origins of that new light;

2. Qui mane junctum vesperi,  
diem vocari praecipis,  
illabitur tetrum chaos,  
audi preces cum fletibus.

You decreed the union  
of morning and evening be called  
day;  
The chaos of darkness sinks down;  
Hear our tearful prayers.

3. Ne mens gravata crimine,  
vitae sit exsul munere,  
dum nil perenne cogitat,  
seseque culpae illigat.

May our minds, weighed down by  
grievous accusations,  
not wander from the reward of life,  
while thinking of nothing eternal  
and attaching themselves to faults.

4. Caeleste pulset ostium,  
vitale tollat praemium,  
vitae omne noxium,  
purgemus omne pessimum.

May they knock on the innermost  
gate of heaven,  
May they take up the reward of life;  
Let us shun everything harmful,  
let us purify ourselves of everything  
evil.

5. Praesta Pater piissime,  
Patrique compar unice,  
cum Spiritu paraclito,  
regnans per omne saeculum.

Grant this, most tender Father,  
Through your Only Son, equal to you,  
Ruling with the Holy Spirit  
through every age. Amen.

**Antiphon to the Creator Spirit:  
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.

O how marvelous is  
the foreknowledge of the heart of  
God,  
that foreknew all creation.  
For when God looked on the face of  
the man  
he had formed,  
he saw all his works whole  
in the form of that man.  
O how marvelous is the breath of the  
Spirit  
that roused man to life!

**Antiphon: 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.

Because a woman constructed death,  
a bright virgin demolished it.  
Therefore the supreme blessing  
comes in the form of a woman  
beyond all creation:  
for God became man in the most  
sweet and blessed Virgin.

**Conductus: Mundo salus gratie**

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.

**Antiphon: Cum erubuerint**

Cum erubuerint infelices  
in progenie sua,  
procedentes in peregrinatione casus,  
tunc tu clamas clara voce,  
hoc modo homines elevans  
de isto malicioso casu.

While downcast parents blushed,  
ashamed to see their offspring  
wand'ring off into the fallen exile's  
pilgrimage,  
you cried aloud with crystal voice,  
to lift up humankind  
from that malicious fall.

### Ar Ne Kuth Ich Sorghe Non

Ar ne kuth ich sorghe non,  
nu ich moot imane 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 muchele 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, F.L.I. Harrison,  
Cambridge University Press

### O Coruscans Lux Stellarum

O choruscans  
lux stellarum,  
o splendidissima specialis forma  
regalium nuptiarum,  
o fulgens  
gemma, tu es ornata  
in alta persona  
que non habet maculatam rugam.  
Tu es etiam socia angelorum  
et civis sanctorum.  
Fuge, fuge speluncam  
antiqui perditoris,  
et veniens veni in palatium regis.

### Hymn to the Virgin: Ave Generosa

Ave generosa gloriosa et intacta  
puella, tu pupilla castitatis, tu materia  
sanctitatis, que Deo placuit.

Nam hec superna infusio in te fuit,  
quod supernum Verbum in te carnem  
induit.

Tu candidum lilium quod Deus  
ante omnem creaturam inspexit.

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.

Venter enim tuus gaudium habuit  
cum omnis celestis symphonia de te  
sonuit, quia virgo Filium Dei portasti,  
ubi castitas tua in Deo claruit.

Viscera tua gaudium habuerunt  
sicut gramen super quod ros cadit  
cum ei viriditatem infundit, ut et in te  
factum est,  
O mater omnis gaudii.

Nunc omnis ecclesia in gaudio  
rutilat ac in symphonia sonet propter  
dulcissimam Virginem  
et laudabilem Mariam, Dei  
Genitricem. Amen.

O glittering starlight,  
O most splendid and special form  
of regal marriage,  
O shining gem:  
you are adorned like a noble lady  
who has no blemish.  
And you are a companion of angels  
and a citizen among the saints.  
Flee, O flee the cave  
of the old betrayer  
and come,  
O come into the King's palace.

Hail, nobly born, hail, honored and  
inviolate, you Maiden are the piercing  
gaze of chastity, you the material of  
holiness—the one who pleased God.

For heaven's flood poured into you  
as heaven's Word was clothed in  
flesh in you.

You are the lily, gleaming white,  
upon which God has fixed his gaze  
before all else created.

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.

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.

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! 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.

**Reverdie: 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'onbre d'un olivier  
Entre les braz s'amie.

Chemisete avoit de lin  
Et blanc pelicon hermin  
Et bliaut de soie,  
Chauces ot de jagloui  
Et sollers de flors de mai,  
Estroitement chauçade.

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.

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.

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"

"Li rosignous est mon père  
Qui chante seur la ramee  
El plus haut bosçage,  
La seraine, ele est ma mere ,  
Qui chante en la mer salee  
El plus haut rivage."

"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!"

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.

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

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.

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

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"

"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."

"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!"

**Canço: A Chantar m'er**

A chantar m'er de so qu'eu no volria,  
tant me rancur de lui cui sui amia;  
car eu l'am mais que nuilla ren que sia:  
vas lui no.m val merces ni cortezia  
ni ma beltatz ni mos pretz ni mos sens;  
c'atressi.m sui enganad' e trahia  
Com degr' esser, s'eu fos dezavinens.

Meraveill me cum vostre cors s'orgoilla,  
amics, vas me, per qu'ai razon queu.m  
doilla;  
non es ges dreitz c'autr' amors vos mi  
toilla,  
per nuilla ren que.us diga ni acoilla.  
E membre vos cals fo.l comensamens  
de nostr'amor! Ja Dompneus non voilla  
qu'en ma colpa sia.l departimens.

Proesa grans qu'el vostre cors s'aizina  
E lo rics pretz qu'avetz m'en ataina,  
C'una non sai, loindana ni vezina,  
Si vol amar, vas vos non si' aclina;  
Mas vos, amics, etz ben tant conoissens  
Que ben devetz conoisser la plus fina,  
E membre vos de nostres covinens.

Valer me deu mos pretz e mos paratges  
E ma beltatz e plus mos fis coratges,  
Per qu'ieu vos man lai on es vostr'  
estatges  
Esta chansson que me sia messatges:  
leu vuouill saber, lo mieu bels amics  
gens,  
Per que vos m'etz tant fers ni tant  
salvatges,  
Non sai, si s'es orguouills o mal talens.

Mas aitan plus voill queus diga'l messatges  
Qu'en trop d'orguouill ant gran dan maintas  
gens.

I must sing of what I'd rather not  
So bitter am I over the one whose love I  
am, For I love him more than anything;  
With him mercy and courtliness are of no  
avail,  
Not my beauty, nor my merit, nor my good  
sense, For I am deceived and betrayed  
Exactly as I should be, if I were ugly.

I am astonished at how you become  
haughty,  
Friend, towards me, and I have reason to  
grieve;  
It is not right that another love take you  
from me  
On account of anything said or granted to  
you.  
I recall to you how it was at the beginning  
Of our love! May God never wish  
That my guilt be the cause of separation.

The great valor which dwells in you  
And your noble worth retain me,  
For I know of no woman, far or near,  
Who, if she wishes to love, would not  
incline toward you;  
But you, friend, are so discerning  
That you certainly must discern the finest,  
And I remind you of our agreement.

My worth and my nobility,  
My beauty and my faithful heart should  
help me;  
That is why I send there to your dwelling  
This song, that it may be my messenger.  
I want to know, my fine and noble friend,  
Why you are so cruel and harsh to me;  
I don't know if it is haughtiness or ill will.

But I especially want the messenger to  
tell you  
That many people are harmed by excess  
pride.

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 piëc 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 -  
Quel joie est d'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-  
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.

**Triplum:** Quant en moy vint premierement  
Amours, si tres doucement  
Me vost mon cuer enamourer  
Que d'un regart me fist present,  
Et tres amoureux sentement  
Me donna aveuc dous penser,  
Espoir/D'avoir  
Mercy sans refuser.  
Mais onques en tout mon vivant  
Hardement ne me vost donner;  
Et si me fait en desirant  
Penser si amoureuxment  
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 vuet nul prester,  
Qui en ses las si durement  
Me tient que n'en puis eschaper;  
Ne je ne vueil, qu'en atendant  
Sa grace je vueil humblement  
Toutes ces douleurs endurer.  
Et s'Amours loyal se consent  
Que ma douce dame au corps gent  
Me vueille son ami clamer,  
Je sçai/De vray  
Que j'arai, sans finer,  
Joie qu'Amour à fin amant  
Doit pour ses maus guerredonner.  
Mais elle atent trop longuement  
Et j'aime si folettement  
Que je n'ose merci rouver,  
Car j'aim miex vivre en esperant  
D'avoir merci procheinement  
Que refus me veingne tuer.  
Et pour ce di en souspirant:  
Grant folie est de tant amer  
Que de son dous face on amer.

**Motetus:**  
Amour et biauté parfaite  
Doubter, Celer  
Me font parfaitement  
Et vrais desirs, qui m'afaite  
De vous, Cuers dous,  
Amer sans finement.  
Et quant j'aim si finement,  
Merci Vous pri,  
Car elle me soit faite,  
Sans vostre honnour amenrir,  
Car j'aim miex eins languir  
Et morir, s'il vous agrée,  
Que par moy fust empirée  
Vostre honnour, que tant desir,  
Ne de fait ne de pensée.

**Tenor:** Amara valde.

When Amor did first approach me,  
Then he wished so very sweetly  
To render my heart well-caught,  
That he a fair glance did present,  
And most amorous sentiment,  
Leaving me with sweet thought,  
Hoping/ To win  
Mercy, refusing naught.  
And yet, in all my life, never  
Has he wished for boldness,  
And so, he brings me, ever,  
With amorous thought, distress,  
Thus, by force of longing, rather,  
Joy is but turned to joylessness,  
Since I do lack a bold address.  
Alas! And may not recover,  
For Love/Doth prove  
Unwilling to grant me succour,  
And holds me so very tightly,  
That I've no way of escaping,  
Yet nor would I so, since, rightly,  
Awaiting her grace most humbly,  
I would endure my suffering.  
And if Love consents, loyally,  
That my lady, so fair of body,  
Shows, of her friend, accepting,  
I know/Tis so  
That I'll own, endlessly,  
The joy Love doth owe the lover  
As reward for his misery.  
She waits for so long, however,  
And I love so foolishly, I never  
Dare of her to beg true mercy,  
Preferring to live in hope, rather,  
Than to see her mercy render  
And Refusal come to slay me.  
And so, I say with a sigh, ever:  
To love so's too great a folly  
If the sweet turns bitter wholly.

True Love and perfect beauty  
Make me Perfectly  
To doubt and hide my love,  
With true Desire, inspiring me  
With art, Sweet heart,  
Unending love to me,  
And since a pure love I would prove,  
Mercy I'd see,  
Which, in contenting me,  
Would lessen not your honour,  
For I would languish rather  
And so, die, if you but agree,  
Than harm what is all to me,  
All I desire, your honour,  
Either by thought or deed.

Full bitter, indeed.

**Triplum:**

Tous corps qui de bien amer  
 Vuet avoir la cure  
 Doit par raison encliner,  
 Et c'est sa droiture,  
 Là où son cuer esmouvoir  
 Se vuet, quant à bien avoir.  
 Pour ce li miens cure  
 Qui de Nature est formés,  
 Et obeissance assés  
 Vuet faire à Nature  
 Et à celle qui m'a point  
 De male pointure,  
 Puis que n'a de pité point  
 Dou mal que j'endure,  
 Qui me fait en desirant  
 Languir, quant vois remirant  
 La douce faiture  
 De son tres gracieus vis,  
 Par qui mes cuers est raviz  
 Et mis en ardure.  
 Et comment qu'Amours m'ait fait  
 Souffrir la morsure  
 De ses griés maus sans meffait  
 Et sans mespresure,  
 Ne lairay ja que secours  
 Ne quiere de mes dolours  
 A ma dame pure,  
 Car bien puis avoir merci  
 Selonc ce que j'ay servi;  
 A ce m'asseüre.  
 Et à ce qu'on dit, pour voir,  
 Miex vient en joie manoir  
 Par proier qu'adès languir  
 Par trop taire et puis morir.

**Motetus:**

De souspirant cuer dolent  
 Me pleing, et bien le doy faire,  
 Car, quant j'ay pris hardement  
 De ma grant douleur retraire,  
 Lors m'estuet il tout coy taire.  
 Si sui pris en regardant,  
 Et pour ce que je doubte tant  
 Refus, qui ne me doit plaire,  
 Et Dangier, mon adversaire,  
 Qui me livre estour si grant,  
 Que d'Amours m'estuet retraire,  
 Ou merci procheinement  
 De ma dame debonnaire,  
 Ou morir en languissant.

**Tenor:** Suspiro.

All those who would have a care  
 To their loving well  
 Must by reason tend to where –  
 The right way I tell –  
 Their heart would desire to dwell  
 If they'd in virtue excel.  
 This my heart would ensure,  
 By Nature formed, that would  
 Make obeissance as it should  
 To that same Nature,  
 And to the one who's stung me  
 Like some ill creature,  
 Since she shows me no pity  
 For all I endure,  
 Which sets me to languishing  
 With desire, upon seeing  
 Every sweet feature  
 Of her truly gracious face,  
 At which my heart doth race,  
 Set ablaze ever.  
 And though Amor has made me  
 Suffer the torture,  
 Of these great ills unfairly  
 Sans sin or error,  
 I'll not cease to seek for  
 Comfort for my dolour  
 From my lady pure,  
 And mercy I'll win by this  
 According to my service;  
 Of that I am sure.  
 And as, they say, truthfully,  
 Better by pleading joy to see,  
 Than in sad languor to lie  
 And long silence, and then die.

Of my sighing grieving heart, (Motetus)  
 As I ought to, I complain,  
 For, when bravely I do start  
 To speak of my deep pain,  
 Silence it demands again.  
 Thus, I am trapped in gazing,  
 And, so, I fear their coming,  
 Refusal, no friend to me,  
 Resistance, my enemy,  
 So violent, when attacking,  
 That from Love I can but flee:  
 Or mercy, swift advancing,  
 From my lady I might see,  
 Or die so, in languishing.

Thus, I sigh.

**Virelai: Je vivroie liement**

Je vivroie 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 vivroie 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 vivroie 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 be 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.

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 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 repertoire 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 has partnered with numerous Bay Area organizations in collaborative performance, to include 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.

Founder and director of Vajra Voice's, **Karen R. Clark** has performed and recorded with world renown ensembles, to include, Sequentia, Boston Camerata, Project Are Nova, Waverly Consort, New York Early Music, Pomerium Musices, and Joshua Rifkin's Bach Ensemble. Karen holds degrees from the Indiana University School of Music where she studied with the legendary artists Virginia Zeani, and Thomas Binkley. In new music, Karen has premiered works by Joseph Schwantner, Ben Johnston, Fred Frith, and Roy Whelden. Her recording with the Galax Quartet, *On Cold Mountain: Songs on Poems of Gary Snyder* (Innova) was the culmination of concerts with the Pulitzer Poet, Gary Snyder. Joshua Kosman (San Francisco Chronicle) wrote, "It's mesmerizing in it's unplaceable timelessness. Clark's majestic, throaty singing hints of modernist extravagance and medieval troubadours."

A devoted voice teacher and practitioner of the Feldenkrais Method®, Karen has developed a somatic approach to vocal instruction which she offers in classes and workshops, and, which she implements in her work with Vajra Voices. Karen R. Clark has served as private voice instructor and ensemble director in the music schools and departments of UC Berkeley, USC Thornton School of Music, Sonoma State University, Swarthmore College, and Princeton University. Karen's lecture/demonstrations, workshops and classes have been hosted by The Jung Institute, San Francisco; Chanticleer Workshops in Sonoma, Grace Cathedral Camerata Choir, The San Francisco Choral Society, San Francisco Early Music Society, The Madison Festival, Amherst Early Music, and Stanford University.

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 Cançonier 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.

For more biographical information on the performers, please visit:

[www.vajravoices.com](http://www.vajravoices.com)

[www.shirakammen.com](http://www.shirakammen.com)

[www.karenclark.studio](http://www.karenclark.studio)

Vajra Voices is an affiliate of the San Francisco Early Music Society.



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

Important: Be sure to indicate that your donation is to Vajra Voices.

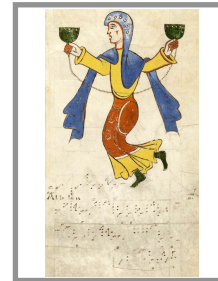
**Allison Zelles Lloyd** (soprano) has recorded and performed in the United States and Europe with Bimbeta [d'Note label], Medieval ensemble Altramar [Dorian], Paul Hillier's Theatre of Voices [Harmonia Mundi], Jeffrey Thomas' American Bach Soloists [Delos], and minimalist, Steve Reich [Nonesuch]. Allison can also be heard on several Indiana University Focus label recordings including the Hildegard The Lauds of St. Ursula, and the recent 2013 Naxos release of Bortniansky Hymns and Choral Concertos. Allison holds a Masters of Music degree from the Early Music Institute of Indiana University. She also utilizes her vocal, medieval harp skills in the music education of young children and has been teaching Music Together and Orff Schulwerk music programs in the SF Bay Area for the last fourteen years. Allison is a lecturer on Early Childhood Music Education at St. Mary's College for undergraduates and Montessori certificate candidates. She continues to sing locally with the ABS Choir, and Calextone.

**Amy Stuart Hunn** holds BA and MA degrees in Music from Stanford University, and a DMA in Choral Music from the University of Southern California. She is Emeritus Founding Artistic Director of the Collage Vocal Ensemble (Los Altos, CA), served as director of the Stanford Summer Chorus for eight seasons, and has guest-directed a number of CA Bay Area ensembles including the California Bach Society and the

Stanford Symphonic Chorus. In 2016, she relocated to Portland with her family, in search of rain and adventure - both of which she has found in abundance! She currently sings on staff at Trinity Episcopal Cathedral, and has appeared in concert with The Resonance Ensemble, 45th Parallel, In Mulieribus, and The Ensemble of Oregon. She also performs and records with the Oakland-based vocal ensemble, Vajra Voices.

Taiwanese American soprano **Caroline Jou Armitage** is known to Bay Area audiences for her "absolutely beautiful" performances sung with "pitch-perfect clarity and affecting intensity" (San Francisco Classical Voice). Last year, her dual roles in Rameau's opera *La Lyre Enchantée* with Harmonia Felice were "brilliantly sung...with amazing clarity and commitment" (Berkeley Planet). A multi-instrumentalist, she has performed on the harpsichord at the Berkeley Early Music Festival, on pipe organ at St. Stephen's, and on Baroque violin with the Albany Consort and the San Jose Symphonic Choir. This season, she sang with Boston Camerata on the East Coast, and was a featured soloist with Bay Choral Guild, the UC Alumni Chorus, and California Bach Society.

**Celeste Winant**, alto, enjoys singing Hildegard, Jefferson Airplane (last heard at a karaoke bar in Truckee, CA), and everything else that comes in between. She studies voice with Karen Clark and performs regularly with American Bach Soloists, AVE, Philharmonia Chorale and Volti. Last spring, she toured with San Francisco Lyric Opera's critically-acclaimed production of David Lang's Pulitzer Prize-winning the little match girl passion in Odense, Denmark. Among other hobbies, Celeste holds a PhD in Physics from UC Berkeley, and an S.B. in Physics from M.I.T. As a post doctoral fellow at Lawrence Livermore, Celeste worked on the development of nuclear physics instrumentation for dark matter and neutrino detection.



In Eastern spiritual traditions, the Sanskrit word *vajra* symbolizes the thunderbolt of clarity and the indestructible nature of the diamond which signify strength of spirit.

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