

PROGRAM TRANSLATIONS

Chanterai por mon corage - chansons de croisade, rotrouenge

ENSEMBLE

Chanterai por mon corage
que je vueill reconforter,
car avec mon grant damage
ne vueill 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, aidiez au pelerin
por qui sui espöentee.
Car felon sunt Sarrazin.

Souffrerai en tel estage
tant que.l voie rapasser.
Il est en pelerinage,
don't Deus 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,"
Sire, aidiez au pelerin
por qui sui espöentee.
Car felon sunt Sarrazin].

De ce sui au cuer dolente
que cil n'est en cest país
qui si sovent me torment;
je n'en ai gieu ne ris.
Il est biaux et je sui gente.
Sire Deus, por que.l feis?
Quant l'une a l'autre atalente.
Por coi nos as departis?
Deus, [quant crieront "Outree," Sire,
aidiez au pelerin
por qui sui espöentee.
Car felon sunt Sarrazin].
De ce sui en bone atente
que je son homage pris;
et quant la douce ore vente
qui vient de cel douz país
ou cil est qui m'atalente,
volentiers i tor mon vis:
adont m'est vis que je.l sente
par desoz mon mantel gris.
Deus, [quant crieront "Outree,"
Sire, aidiez au pelerin
por qui sui espöentee.
Car felon sunt Sarrazin].

I will sing for the sake of my heart,
which I wish to comfort;
in the face of my great suffering
I wish to neither die nor go mad,
when I see no one return
from that barbarian land
where he is, the one who calms
my heart whenever I hear his name spoken.
God, when they shout "Charge!"
Lord please help the pilgrim:
I am terrified for him,
for ruthless are the Saracens.

I will suffer in this state
until I see him come back.
He is on a pilgrimage,
God grant that he return.
Despite my whole family
I do not wish to have grounds
to marry another man;
anyone I hear suggest it is a fool.
God, when they shout "Charge!"
Lord please help the pilgrim:
I am terrified for him,
for ruthless are the Saracens.

What pains my heart
is that he is not in this land.
The one for whom I am in anguish;
I have neither pleasure nor mirth.
He is handsome and I am lovely.
Lord God, why have you done this?
When we desire each other,
why have you parted us?
God, when they shout "Charge!"
Lord please help the pilgrim:
I am terrified for him,
for ruthless are the Saracens.
What gives me hope
is that I received his homage;
and when the sweet breeze blows
from that sweet land
where he is, the one I desire,
gladly do I turn my face to it;
then I seem to feel him
under my gray cloak.
God, when they shout "Charge!"
Lord please help the pilgrim:
I am terrified for him,
for ruthless are the Saracens.

De ce fui mout deceüe
que ne fui au convoier.
Sa chemise qu'ot vestue
m'envoia por embracier.
La nuit, quant s'amore m'argüe,
la met delez moi coucher,
toute nuit a ma char nue,
por mes malz assoagier.
Deus, [quant crieront "Outree,"
Sire, aidiez au pelerin
por qui sui espöentee.
Car felon sunt Sarrazin].

A vos vieg, chevalier sire – motet for 2 voices

A vos vieg, chevalier sire,
del pié me traiez l'espine;
el sentier d'amors l'ai prise:
s'en sui malade.
S'on ne la me trait, ja morrai, lasse.

Par maintes fois – plainte by the Duchesse de Lorraine.

READING - AMY LECLAIR

Par maintes fois avrai esteit requise
C'ains ne chantai ansi con je soloie;
Car je suix si aloingnie de joie
Que j'en devroie estre plus antreprise,
Et a mien veil moroie an iteil guise
Con celle fist cui je sanbler voroie:
Didol, qui fut por Eneas ocise.

Ahi, amins! Tout a vostre devise
Que ne fis jeu tant con je vos veoie?
Jant vilainne cui je tant redotoie
M'ont si greveit et si ariere mise
C'asin ne vos pou merir vostre servise.
S'estre poioint, plus m'an repantiroie
C'Adans ne fist de la pome c'ot prise.

Ains por Forcon ne fist tant Afelisse
Con je por vos, amins, s'or vos ravoie;
Mais ce n'iert jai, se premiers ne moroie.
Mais je ne puis morir an iteil guise,
C'ancor me rait Amors joie promise.
Si vuel doloir an leu de mener joie:
Poinne et travail, ceu est ma rante
assise.

Par Deu, amins, en grant dolour m'a

What disappointed me greatly
was that I was not present to escort
him out.
The tunic he had worn
he sent for me to embrace.
At night, when his love spurs me,
I lay it down beside me,
all night, against my naked skin,
to soothe my pain.
God, when they shout "Charge!"
Lord please help the pilgrim:
I am terrified for him,
for ruthless are the Saracens.

I come to you, sir knight,
remove the thorn from my foot.
I was pricked by it in the path of love;
I am ailing from it.
If someone does not remove it, I will
soon die.

Many a time I have been asked
Why I no longer sing as I used to;
In truth, I am so removed from joy That
I ought to be deterred from it even
further,
And if I could have my wish I would die in
the same way
As the woman I would like to emulate:
Dido, who for Aeneas was slain

Oh, my love! Why did I not comply fully
With your wishes while I could still see
you?
Vile people, whom I greatly feared,
So tormented and restrained me
That I could never reward your service.
If it were possible, I would repent more
Than Adam did for taking the apple.

Never for Fouque did Anfelise do so
much
As I would for you, my love, if I had you
back.
But that will never be, unless first I die.
But I cannot die in this way,
For Love has again promised me joy.
Yet I wish to grieve rather than act joyful:
Pain and torment, such is the penalty
imposed on me.

By God, my love, into deep sorrow I

mise
Mors vilainne, qui tout lou mont gerroie.
Vos m'at tolut, la riens que tant amioie!
Or seu Fenis, lasse, soule et eschise.
Dont il n'est c'uns, so con an le devise.
Mais a poinnes m'en reconfortiroie
Se por ceu non, c'Amors m'at an justice.

Cil bruns ne me meine mie - motet for 2 voices

Cil bruns ne me meine mie por rendre
en .i. abaïe,
mes poir mener bone vie, que que l'en
die.
Pour folie en ont envie mesdisant;
que qu'il en voisent disant, bien voi
et bien aperçoi qu'il ne m'a mie ravie
por fere nounain de moi.

Dame, merci – tenson – by Blanche de Castille and Thibaut de Champagne

LAURA BETINIS: THIBAUT
KIMBERLY SIZER: BLANCHE
JANNA FRELICH, HARP
JOSH SHREIBER SHALEM, VIELLE
JAY ROSENBERG, PERCUSSION

Dame, merci, une riens vous demant:
dites me voir, se diex vous beneïe,
quant vous morrez et je — mes c'iert
avant,
quar aprez vous ne viverai je mie —
que devendra amours, cele esbahie?
Qui tant avez sens, valour, et j'aim tant
que je croi bien qu'aprez nous iert faillie.

— Par Dieu, Tiebaut, selone mon
esciant,
amours n'iert ja pour nulle mort perie,
ne je ne sai se vous m'alez gabant,
que trop maigres n'estes encore mie.
Quant nous morrons—Diex nous doint
bone vie! —

Bien croi qu'Amours damage y avra
grant, mes tous jors iert valours
d'Amour emple.

—Dame, certes, ne devez pas cuidier,
mes bien savoir que moult vous ai amee.

would have been plunged
By vile death, which wars against
everyone.
It has robbed me of you, the one I loved
so much!
Now I am a Phoenix — weary, alone, and
bereft —
Although only one exists, so people say.
But with difficulty I might yet find comfort
Were it not for this, that Love has me in
its power.

This dark-haired man is not leading me
off to enter a convent, but to lead a
good life,
whatever people may say. In their
madness
slanderers are spreading rumors;
whatever they are saying about it,
I see clearly and fully realize
that he has not ravished me
to make me a nun.

Lady, I beg you, I ask you one thing:
tell me truthfully, may God bless you,
when you and I die—but I shall die first,
for after your death I could survive —
what will become of Love, in such grief?
For you have so much good sense and
worth, and I love you so
that I do believe Love will end after we
pass on.

—By God, Thibaut, in my judgment,
love will never perish for anyone's death,
nor do I know if you are trying to dupe
me.
For you are hardly scrawny yet.
When we die — God grant us long
life! —

I do believe Love will suffer great harm,
but Love's worth will always be consum-
mate.

—Lady, surely, you must not think that;
rather, know full well that I have loved

De la joie m'en aim miex et tieng chier
et pour ce ai ma grace recouree;
onc Diex ne fist si tres bele riens nee
que vous, mes ce me fait trop esmaier,
quant nous morrons, qu'Amours sera
finee.

—Tiebaut, taisiez! Ne devez com-
mencier
raison qui soit de tous biens desreee.
Vous le dites pour moi amoloier
encontre vous, que tant avez guile.
Je ne di pas, certes, que je vous hee,
mes se d'Amours me couvenoît jugier,
elle seroit servie et honnoree.

—Dame, Diex doint que bien jugiez a
droit et connoiddiez les mauz qui me
font plaindre;
mes je sai bien, quex le jugement soit,
se je y muir, Amours couvendra fraindre,
se vous, Dame, ne le faites remaindre
dedens son leu arriere ou elle estoit;
quar vostre sens ne porroit nulz
ataindre.

—Tiebault, s'Amours cous fait pour moi
destraindre.
Ne vous grief pas, quar s'amer
m'estouvoit,
j'ai bien un cuer qui ne se saroit faindre.

Biaus douz amis – motet for 2 voices

Biaus douz amis, or ne vouz anuit mie
se d'estre ensamble fasons tel
demouree,
car on dit: "Qui bien aime a tart oublie."
Pour ce n'iert ja nostre amor desevree,
ne n'ai aillors ne desir ne pensee
fors seulement qu'sensamble estre
puissomes!
Hé, biau cuers doz, je voz aim seur tous
homes;
aiez pitié de vo loial amie,
et si pensés que par tans i soiomes,
pour mener joie, com amans a celee.
Diex! quar noz herberjomes.

Je vous pri, Dame Maroie – jeu- parti – by Maroie de Diergnau

SUDIE MARCUSE, DAME MARGOT,
TERI KOWIAK: DAME MAROIE

Je vous pri, dame Maroie,
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you deeply.
From this joy I love and esteem myself
more and for this reason I have recov-
ered my elegance;
for never did God create anything as
lovely,
as you, but it greatly troubles me that
when we die Love will cease to exist.

—Thibaut, be silent! You should not
utter
words so devoid of sense.
You are saying that to soften me t
oward you, you who have beguiled
me so.
I am not saying, of course, that I hate you;
but, if I had to pass judgment on Love,
she would be served and honored.

—Lady, God grant that you judge rightly
and know the pains that make me la-
ment; but I know well, regardless of the
judgment,
that if I die, Love will have to falter,
unless you, lady, make her remain
where she used to be in the past;
for no one could approach your wisdom.

—Thibaut, if Love makes you suffer for
my sake
do not let it grieve you, for if I were
obliged to love,
I have a heart that could not be false.

Dear sweet friend, do not be distressed
if we delay so long together,
for is said: "He who loves well does not
soon forget."
So never will our love be severed,
and I have no desire or thought
save that we may be together!
Oh, fair, sweet heart, I love you above
all men;
take pity on your faithful friend,
and think that in time we will be together,
having joy, as secret lovers.
God! Let us find shelter.

I entreat you, Lady Maroie,

ke respondés contre moi.
Une dame simple et choie
Est bien amee de foi,
et ele aime bien ausi,
ce saciés vous tout de fi;
mais cil est de tel maniere
ki l'aime ke sa proiere
n'ose pas gehir,
et si puet avenir
ke ja li faice savoir.
S'or me voliés dire voir,
s'en doit ele deschovrir,
uele s'en doit tasir?

— Dame Margot, bien vaurioe
droit gugier sans estreloi.
Puis k'Amours si les maistroie
k'il aiment bien ambedo
de chuer loiaument, je di:
se cil n'a le cuer hardi
de dire ke il l'ait ciere,
pas ne doit cele stre fiere,
ains doit obeir
son cuer et sa bouce ouvrir
pour l'amour faire aparoir.
Puis ke cil n'en a pooir,
ele le doit parfurnir,
se de l'amor veut joir.

— Vous n'alés pas droite voie,
Dame Marote, je croi.
Trop mesprenent dame ki proie
son ami avant. Pour koi
s'aveilleroit elle si?
Se cil a le cuer falli,
ne di jou pas k'il afiere
por ce k'ele le reqiere,
ains s'en doit chovrir
et las fais d'Amours souffrir
sans ja faire percevoir;
kar feme doit tant valoir
que n'en doit parole issir
ki son pris puist amenir.

— Dame Margot, bien quidoie
miex entendisiés .i. poi
en amours; je vous avoie
le droit jugé, mais bien voi
ke vous estes contre mi
a vo tort. Je vous afi:
boine amour n'ert ja entiere
q'aucune folours n'i fiere.
Nus n'en puet partir
sans falour, dont face oïr
cele a celui son voloir.
Folie convient avoir
a boine amour maintenir
ki en veult les biens sentir.

to debate against me.
A woman, innocent and tranquil,
is loved dearly and faithfully,
and loves dearly in return,
this you should know with certainty;
but the one who loves her is such
that his desire
he dares not avow,
thus it can never come to pass
that he will ever admit it to her.
Now, please answer me truthfully,
should she reveal her feelings
or should she remain silent?

— Lady Margot, it is well worth
judging the truth fairly.
Since Love governs them to such an
extent
that they dearly love each other,
each with a loyal heart, I say
that if he does not have the courage
to tell her he holds her dear,
she should not be proud,
rather, she should obey
her heart and speak
to let love appear
since he is incapable of it,
she should accomplish it,
if she wants love's joys.

— You are going astray,
Lady Marote, I believe.
A grave mistake a lady makes who
courts
her beloved first. Why
should she demean herself thus?
If he lacks courage,
I do not think it proper
that she should then solicit his love,
rather, she should conceal her feelings
and suffer Love's pains
without ever disclosing them
for a woman should have such a high
merit that no word should come from her
that could diminish her worth.

— Lady Margot, I really thought
you understood something
of love; I had
rendered a judgment to you, but I see
clearly
that you argue against me
wrongly. I promise you this:
true love will never be perfect
unless struck by a little madness.
No one can partake of it
without madness, so she should make
known
her desire to him.
Madness is necessary

— Dame Marote, i foloie
ki veur; mais mien n'otroi
ke d'Amours puist avoir joie
fol ne fole, ki n'ont loi.
Ne soustenés mais ensi k
e dame prit son ami;
ke, s'ele en est coustumiere,
ele se met tant ariere
c'on l'en doit hair.
Autrement s'en doit couvrir:
kere doit par son savoir
ke le puist souvent veoir,
parler et les lui seïr;
bien s'en doéit a tant tenir.

— D'Amours ne savés .i. troie,
Dame Margot, tres bien voi.
Cele est fole ki monoie
prent pour faire a li dannoï,
kar point n'a d'amour en li;
mais qant doi cuer sont saisi
d'amours ki n'est losengiere,
bien est cose droituriere
dire son plaisir
a son ami par desir,
ains c'on kiece en desespoir
miex vient en joie manoir
par proier q'adés langir
par trop taire et puis morir.

A tort sui d'amours blasmee – motet for 2 voices

A tortsui d'amours blasmee:
hé, Diex! si n'ai point d'amï!
Pour ce me sui ge a celle donee
qui mere est celui
qui por noz en la crois mort souffri:
de touz doit estre henouree.
Si li cri
merci
a jointes mains, et pri
qu'el ne me mete en oubli,
si qu'a s'amour n'aie failli.

Mout m'abelist – chanson – by Maroie de Diergnau

ENSEMBLE
Mout m'abelist quant je voi revenir
Yver, gresill et gelee aparoir
car en toz tans se doit bien resjoïr
bele pucele, et joli cuer avoir.
Si chanterai d'amourous desir
ne mi fait pas ma grant joie failir.

to preserve good love
if one wants to enjoy its pleasures.

— Lady Marote, one is free to act the
fool; but I cannot concede
that any lunatic, man or woman,
devoid of reason, can possess Love's
joy.
Uphold no longer, as you have,
that a lady should entreat her beloved;
because, if that is her habit,
she does herself such a disservice
that one must hate her because of it.
She should endeavor through her
knowledge
to be able frequently to see him;
speak to him, and sit by him;
better that she limit herself to that.

— You know little about love,
Lady Margot, from what I see.
A woman is mad who grants her favors
in exchange for money,
because there is no love in her;
but when two hearts are seized
by a love that is not deceitful,
it is perfectly right
to express one's desire
to one's beloved out of longing,
lest one fall into despair.
Better it is to live in joy
for having been silent and then die.

Wrongly am I blamed for loving:
Oh, God! I have no lover!
So I have given myself
to the mother of Him
who for us suffered death on the Cross;
she should be honored above all others.
So I cry out to her
for mercy
with hands joined, and pray
that she not forget me,
for I have not failed in my love for her.

Great is the pleasure I take upon the
return
of winter, when hail and frost appear,
for in every season a lovely maiden
must indeed rejoice and have a cheerful
heart,
I will sing of love to increase my ardor,

for my true heart full of amorous desire
will not let my great joy falter.

INTERMISSION

Je ne quier mais – motet for 3 voices

TRIPLUM: KIMBERLY SIZER

Je ne quier mais a ma vie
soulete le bois passer.
Car mes amis n'i est mie,
qui tant mi souloit amer
et servir et honorer;
Dieus! si n'i pourroie mie
longuement sans li durer.
Eimi, Dius, lassel!
De li me vient trop grief pansé,
si ai tres bien esprové
que la riens qui plus m e grieve,
c'est li mal d'amer.

MOTETUS: TERI KOWIAK

Dieus! trop mal mi pert que j'aie amé,
quant parmi le bois ramé
mon ami n'ai enconré
qui m'avoit ci ajourné.
Eynmi, Dieus! li mals d'amer
peinne mi fait endurer
ci tout droit
la ou je tieng mon doit;
lassel de li mi vient
trop grief pansser;
bien me doit peser
quant ol mi couvient
soulete le bois passer.

TENOR: LAURA BETINIS

Amours, u trop tart – chanson a la vierge – rotrouenge - Blanche de Castille

ENSEMBLE

Amours, u trop tart me sui pris,
m'a par sa signourie apris,
douce dame de paradys,
ke de vous voeill un cant canter:
pour la joie ki puet durer
vous doit on servir et amer.

Virge roïnem flours de lis,
com li hom a de sers delis
ki de vous amer est espris,
nus hom ne.l saroit reconter:

Never again do I wish
to walk through the woods all alone,
for my lover is not there.
He who one so loved
and served and honored me;
God! I could not
survive for long without him.
Alas, God, wretched me!
He is the source of such bitter sadness;
indeed, I know full well
that what torments me most
is the pain of love.

God! I have loved so foolishly, it seems
to me,
since in the lush woods
I have not met with my lover,
who had summoned me here.
Alas, God! The pain of love
makes me suffer anguish
right here,
where I am pointing my finger.
Alas! He is the source
of such bitter sadness;
it should indeed distress me
that I must walk through the woods all
alone.

Love, to which I have been drawn so
late, has instructed me by its nobility,
dear lady of paradise,
to wish to sing a song for you:
for everlasting joy
it is you one should serve and love.

For there is no one who has erred
Toward your son, howver greatly, in word
or deed –
Provided he has turned to serving you –

pour le joie ki puet durer
[vous doit on server et amer].

Mout fu li vaissiaus bien eslis,
douce dame, u Sains Espris
fu .ix. mois tous entiers nouris:
ce fu vos cuers, dame sans per;
pour la joie ki puet durer
vous doit on server et amer.

Nus ne mi pourroit - motet for 3 voices

TRIPLUM: SUDIE MARCUSE,
KIMBERLY SIZER

Nus ne mi pourroit contorter
ne donner joie et soulas,
se la bele non au vis cler,
qui m'a dou tout mis en ses las.
Ayml! que ferai je, las!
Quant merci trouver ne puis?
Hé! trop mi va de mal en pis!
Que, s'osasse plaïdier
et mon droit derraisnier,
lors fusse garis;
mais riens ne mi puet aidier
fors mercis.

MOTETUS: TERI KOWIAK,
LAURA BETINIS

Nonne sui, nonne, laissés m'aler,
je n'i [puis plus arester,
ne ja n'i voudrai] vos matines sonner,
qui sovent mi font peinne et mal endurer.
De froit trembler, tart couchier, main
lever
m'estuet sovent, qui mi fait mont grever;
de riens ne mi plaist tel vie a demener;
ces hores avec qu'il m'estuet recorder
trop d'ennoi mi fonnent,
et quant mi doi reposer,
matines sonnent.

TENOR: DEBRA ANDERSON,
MARTHA HEDDON, AMY LECLAIR

Christ the King of Glory - Kassia

LAURA BETINIS, ALTO

Whom you would not reconcile with Him:
it is you one shoule serve and love.

Virgin queen, lily flower,
the great delight one feels
when enflamed with love for you,
no one could recount:
for everlasting joy
it is you one should serve and love.

No one could ever comfort me
or bring me joy and pleasure
save the beauty with the radiant face,
who has completely ensnared me.
Wretched me! What will I do, alas!
Since I can find no mercy?
Oh! It is going from bad to worse!
For, if I dared plead
and defend my right,
then I would be cured;
but nothing can help me now
except mercy.

I am a nun, a nun, let me go.
I can stay here no longer
nor do I ever wish to ring your matins,
which often make me suffer pain and
misery.
Often I must — and it really annoys
me — shiver from the cold, retire late,
rise early;
I find nothing pleasing in such a life;
these hours that I must repeat
are so aggravating,
and when I ought to be resting,
matins ring.

Christ, the King of Glory, fascinated by
your maiden beauty, joined you to Him as
an unblemished bride in pure union. And
because He willed it, He provided strength
along with your beauty that proved
unconquerable against both enemies and
passions. It remained from under bitter
assaults and the most savage tortures.

Je sui jonete et jolie – motet for 3 voices

TRIPLUM:
SUDIE MARCUSE, KIMBERLY SIZER

Je suit jonete et jolie:
s'ai un cuer enamoré
qui tant mi semont et prie
d'amer par jolieté
que tuit i sunt mi pensé.
Mes mon mari ne set mie
a qui j'ai mon cuer doné:
par les sains que l'en deprise,
il morroit de jalousie,
s'il savoit la verité.
Mes, foi que je doi a Dé,
j'amerai!
Ja our mari ne lairé:
Quant il fait tout a son gré
Et de mon cors sa volenté
Del plus mon plesir feiré.

MOTETUS: TERI KOWIAK,
DEBRA ANDERSON

Hé, Diex! Je n'ai pas mari
du tot a mon gré:
il n'a cortoisie en li
ne joliveté!
Jone dame est bien traïe,
par la foi que doi a Dé,
qui a villain est Baillie
pour laire sa volenté;
ce fu trop mal devise.
de mari sui mal païe;
d'ami m'en amenderai,
et se m'en savoit mal gré
mon mari, si face amie,
car, voelle ou non, j'amerai!

TENOR: LAURA BETINIS,
MARTHA HEDDON,
AMY LECLAIR

Hymn to the Pious Pelagia: Wherever Sin has Become Ex- cessive - Kassia

LAURA BETINIS: CHANT
DEBRA ANDERSON, MARTHA HED-
DON, AMY LECLAIR:
ORGANUM (ORGANUM
ARRNAGED IN THE AUTHENTIC STYLE
BY A.LECLAIR)

I am young and pretty
and have an enamored heart
that so bids and entreats me
to love ardently
that my thoughts are of love.
But my husband does not know
to whom I have given my heart.
By the saints who hear our prayers,
he would die of jealousy
if he knew the truth.
But by the faith I owe God,
I will love!
Never will I stop loving because of my
husband:
when he does all he wishes
and has his will with my body. All the
more will I do as I please.

Oh, God! I do not have a husband
at all to my liking:
there is no refinement in him
nor ardor!
A young woman is indeed betrayed,
by the faith I owe God,
when she is handed over to a boor
for him to do his will;
this was very ill devised.
I am poorly rewarded in my husband;
I will compensate for it with a lover,
Let him find a mistress;
for—whether he likes it or not—I will
love!

Wherever sin has become excessive,
grace has abounded even more, as the
Apostle teaches; for with and prayers,
Pelagia, you have dried up the vast sea
of sins, and through penitence brought
about the result acceptable to the Lord;
and now you intercede with him on
behalf of our souls.

Qu'ai je forfait? - motet for 3 voices

TRIPLUM: AMY LECLAIR

Qu'ai je forfait ne mespris,
Dame, envers voz?
Vostre amor mi destraint si
que je languis et muir toz.
Harol je voz pri merci,
biaus fins cuers doz.

MOTETUS: SUDIE MARCUSE

Bons amis, je vos rendrai
les deperz et les corros
que vos avés endurees
comme loiaus amorous:
si me rent et doins a voz.

TENOR: DEBRA ANDERSON

L'on dit - chanson d'ami

TERI KOWIAK, SOPRANO AND
ENSEMBLE

L'on dit q'amors est dolce chose,
mais je n'en conois la dolçor;
tote joie m'en est enclose,
n'ainz ne senti nul bien d'amor.
Lasse! mes mals ne se repose,
si m'en deplaign et faz clamor.
Mar est batuz qui plorer n'ose,
n'en plorant dire sa dolor.
Ses duels li part qui s'ose plaindre;
plus tost en puet son mal estaindre.

De ce me plaing qu'il m'a traie;
s'en ai trop grant duel acoilli,
quant je qui sui leals amie
ne truis amor en mon ami.
Je fui ainçois de lui baisie,
Si lo fis de m'amor saisi;
mais tels baise qui n'aime mie:
Baisier ont maint amant traï.
[Ses duels li part qui s'ose plaindre;
plus tost en puet son mal estaindre.]

Estre cuidai de lui amee
quant entres ses braz me tenoit;
cum plus iere d'amors grevee,
a son parler me refaisoit;
a sa voiz iere si sanee
cum Piramus quant il moroit;
navrez en son flanc de s'espee,
au nom Tisbé les iauz ovroit.
[Ses duels li part qui s'ose plaindre;
plus tost en puet son mal estaindre.]

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How have I wronged
or failed you, my lady?
Your love tortures me so
that I languish and am dying.
Help! Have mercy on me,
dear true, sweet heart.

Dear friend, I will compensate you
for the scorn and chagrin
you have endured
as a loyal lover:
I surrender and give myself to you.

They say that love is a sweet thing,
but I do not know its sweetness;
all its joy is barred to me,
nor have I ever felt any of its pleasures.
Alas, my pain never ceases,
so I lament and cry out.
She is woefully defeated who dares not we
and in weeping express her grief.
She who dares lament chases her sorrow
away;
she can sooner extinguish her pain.
My complaint is that he betrayed me;
and I have reaped such a great sorrow,
for I who am a faithful lover
find no love in my beloved.
Time was when I was kissed by him,
so I gave him possession of my love;
yet there are those who kiss but do not
love;
kisses have led many a lover astray.
She who dares lament chases her sorrow
away;
she can sooner extinguish her pain.

I thought I was loved by him
when he held me in his arms;
when I was most tormented by love,
he restored me with his words;
by his voice I was revived
like Pyramus when he lay dying:
pierced in the side by his sword,
on hearing Thisbe's name he opened his
eyes.

She who dares lament chases her sorrow
away;
she can sooner extinguish her pain.

Diex! de chanter maintenant - motet for 3 voices

TRIPLUM: SUDIE MARCUSE,
AMY LECLAIR

Diex! de chanter maintenant
por quoi m'est talant pris,
qu'au cuer ai un duel don't sui peris
se cele que j'aim ne me soit confortans?
Et quant je remir et pens
a sa simplece
et son semblant.
Son cler vis,
ses jeuz dous regardans,
il n'est mal qui me blece;
por ce l'amera
mes cuers, a son comant l'avra.
Or me doinst Diex que m'amor bien
emploie!
Cele part vois, car tart m'est que la voie.

Chant d'oisiaus et fuele et flors
et tans joli
mi font ramembrer d'amors,
si que je ne pens aillors
qu'a vos, amis.
Tant avés, ce m'est avis,
biauté et valour et pris
que vostre serai toudis
sans nule mesproison.
Que vostre serai toudis
Sans nule mesproison.
Qui donrai je mes amors,
dous amis,
s'a vos non?
Ja vers vos ne faussera
mes cuers qui a vos s'otroie;
por bien amer avrai joie
ou ja nule ne l'avra.

TENOR: DEBRA ANDERSON,
MARTHA HEDDON, LAURA BETINIS

Soufrés maris - rondeau

ENSEMBLE

Soufrés, maris, et si ne vous anuit,
demain m'arés et mes amis anuit.

Je vous deffene k'un seul mot n'en
parlés. —Soufrés, maris, et si ne

God! Why am I seized
by the desire to sing now,
when I feel in my heart an ache from which
will perish
if the woman I love does not comfort me?
And when I recall and reflect
on her sincerity
and her countenance,
her bright face,
the tender gaze in her eyes,
no harm can injure me;
so my heart will love her
and be at her command.
May God grant that my love be well placed!
I am headed toward her, for I long to
see her.

Birdsong and foliage and flowers
and the joyful season
bring love to mind,
so that I think of nothing else
but you, beloved.
It seems to me, you have such
beauty and worth and merit
that I will always be yours,
rightfully.
To whom shall I give my love,
sweet friend,
if not to you?
Never will my hear be untrue,
for it is pledged to you;
from my loving well, I will have joy
or no woman ever will.

Be patient, husband, and may it not irk
you, tomorrow you will have me and my
lover will tonight.

I forbid you to speak one word of it.
— Be patient, husband, and not move.

vous mouvés. — La nuis est courte,
aparmains me rarés,
quant mes amis ara fait sen deduit.
Soufrés, maris, et si ne vous anuit,
demain m'arés et mes amis anuit.

U petit davant lou jor - Chanson de malmariée! aube - Duchesse de Lorraine

KIMBERLY SIZER, SOPRANO,
JAY ROSENBERG, LUTE

Un petit davant lou jor
me levai l'autrier,
sospris de nouvelle amor
ke me fait vellier.
Por oblieir mes dolors
et por aligier,
m'en alai coillir la flor
dejesto un vergier.
Lai dedans, en un destor,
d'i un chevalier,
desor lui, en haute tour,
dame ke moult l'ot chier.
Elle ot frexe la color
et chantoit per grant dousor
uns dous chans pitous melleit en plor.
Pués ait dit, com loiaux drue:
“amins, vos m'aveis perdue,
li jalous m'ait mis en mue.”

Quant li chevaliers entent
la dame a vis cleir,
de la grant dolor k'il sent
comance a ploreir.
Pués ait dit en sospirant:
“mar vi enserreir,
dame, vostre cors lou gent
ke doie tant ameir!
Or m'en covient durement
les dous biens compaireir
ke volentiers et sovent
me solliés doneir.
Lais! or me vait malement:
trop ait si aipre torment!
Et se ceu nos dure longuement,
tres dous deus, ke devanrons nos?
Je ne puis endureir sens vos,
et sens moy, comant dureis vos?”

Dist la belle: “boens amis,
amor me maintient;
aisseis est plux mors ke vis
ki dolor soustient.
Leis moi geist mes anemis,
faire le covient;

— The night is short, soon you will have
me again,
when my lover has had his pleasure.
Be patient, husband, and may it not irk
you, tomorrow you will have me and my
lover will tonight.

Just before daybreak
I rose the other day,
smitten by a new love
that has kept me awake.
To forget my sorrows
and soothe them,
I went off to gather flowers
near an orchard.
There, in a secluded spot,
I heard a knight,
and above him, in a high tower,
a lady who cherished him dearly.
She had a fresh complexion
and was singing so sweetly
a sweet, poignant song mingled with
tear.
Then she said, as a loyal lover:
“Beloved, you have lost me,
the jealous one has imprisoned me.”

When the knight heard
the lady with the radiant face,
from the great anguish he felt
he began to weep.
Then he said with a sigh:
“woe, lady, that I ever saw confined
your gracious body,
which I cannot help loving!
Now I must pay dearly
for the sweet favors
you so willingly and often
used to grant me.
Alas! Now I do not fare well:
it is such bitter torment!
If we must endure it for long,
dear God, what will become of us?
I cannot survive without you,
and you without me, how can you
survive?”

The lovely lady replied: “Dear friend,
love sustains me;
whoever suffers anguish
is far more dead than alive.
Beside me lies my enemy,
I have to comply;

et se n'ai joie me ris
se de vos ne vient.
J'ai si mon suer en vos mis
tout adés m'en sovient.
Se li cors vos est eschis,
li cuers a vos se tient,
si faitment l'ai empris.
Et de ceu soiés tous fis.
Ke sens repentir serai toudis
vostre loiaul amie.
Por ceu se je ne vos voi,
ne vos oblirai mie."

"Dame, je l'cuit bien savoir,
tant l'ai esprovei,
k'en vos ne poroit avoir
cuer de fauceitei.
Maix ceu me fait moult doloir
ke j'ai tant estei.
Dame de si grant voloir,
or ai tout panei:
deus m'ait mis en nonchailoir
et de tout oblieit
ke je ne puisse cheoir
en gringnor povreitei!
Maix jeu ai moult bien espoir
k'encor me puet bien valoir.
Et Deus le me doinst encore avoir:
drois est ke ke lou die:
se deu plaist, li jalous morait,
si raverai m'amie."

"Amins, se vos desireis
la mort a jalous,
si faic jeu, su m'ait Dés,
cent tens plux de vos!
Il est viels et rasoteis
et glous comme lous,
si est maigres et pailés,
et si ait la tous.
Putes taiches ait aisseis,
li deloiaus, li rous;
tote la graindre bonteis
c'est de ceu k'il est cous.
Amins, mar fu mes cors neis
quant por vos est ensereis,
et aïtres en ait ses volenteis;
drois est ke je m'en plaing:
Comant guerirait dame sens amin
cui amors mehaigne."

"Biaus amins, vos en ireis,
car je voi le jor.
Des ore maix i pœis
faire lonc sejour.
Vostre fin cuer me laireis;
n'aiés paour,
c'aveuc vos enportereis
la plux fine amor.

and yet, I have no joy or pleasure
unless it comes from you.
I have my heart so placed in you
that you are always on my mind.
Even if my body is denied you,
my heart remains bound to you,
that is the commitment I have made.
You can be certain
that with no regret I will forever be
your loyal lover.
And so even if I do not see you,
I will certainly not forget you."

"Lady, I know full well,
so much have I seen proof of it,
that in you there could not be
a deceitful heart.
But it fills me with anguish
that I have lingered so long.
My very worthy lady,
now I have thought it through:
God has become indifferent to me
and has forgotten me so completely
that I could not fall
into greater misery!
Still I have a fond hope
that he can yet help me;
God grant that I may have you again.
Rightly do I say:
God willing, the jealous one will die,
and I will have my lover back."

"Beloved, if you desire
the death of the jealous one,
even more do I desire it, so help me
God,
a hundred times more than you!
He is old and besotted,
gluttonous as a wolf,
and scrawny and bald,
and he has a cough.
He has so many foul traits,
the perfidious redhead;
the greatest merit he has
is to be a cuckold.
Friend, alas that I was ever born,
when my body is captive because of you
and another has his will;
rightfully do I complain:
How can a lady without her lover heal
when love torments her."

"Fair friend, be on your way
for I see daylight.
From now on you could
be lingering too long.
Leave me your true heart;
have no fear,
since you will be taking with you
the most perfect love.

Des ke vos ne me pœis
geteir de ceste tor,
plux sovant la resgairdeis,
por moi, per grant dousor."
Et cil s'en part toz iriés
et dist: "Lais! Tant mar fu neiz,
quant mes cuers est ci sens moi remeis.
Dolans m'en pairt.
A Deu comans je mes amors
K'i les me gairt."

Joliement en douce desiree - motet for 4 voices

QUADRUPlum: KIMBERLY SIZER

Joliement en douce desiree
qui tant m'a souspris,
j'aim la blondete
doucete
de pris,
comme celi ou j'ai mis ma pensee.
Hél s'en chanterai doucement pour
s'amistié.
Acoler et baisier
m'a cousté et coustera.
Ja vilein part n'i avra:
nostra sunt sollempnia,
car trop biau deduit i a.
C'est trop douce vie
que que nus en die,
de baisier, d'acoler,
de rire et de jouer
a sa douce amie.
Trop fait a prosier
qui l'a sans dansgier,
mes l'amor devee
ait courte duree.
Mal ait amors out pitié
et douçor n'est trovee.

TRIPLUM: TERI KOWIAK

Quant voi florete
naistre en la pree,
et j'oi l'alöete
a la matinee
qui saut et halete,
forment m'agree!
S'en dirai chançonete:
amouretes,
amouretes
m'ont navré.
en non Dé,
li cuers mi halete
en joliveté:
s'ai trové
amouretes a mon gré;
jolvivement,
cointement,

Since you cannot
free me from this tower,
gaze at it all the more often,
for my sake, with much tenderness."
And so he departs full of ire
saying: "Alas that I was ever born!
Since my heart stays here without me.
Doleful I depart.
I commend my love to God,
may He protect it for me."

Gaily seized by sweet desire
that has stolen over me,
I am in love with the sweet
worthy
blond
who occupies my thoughts.
Ah! So I will wing sweetly for the sake of
her love.
Embracing and kissing
have and will cost me dearly.
Never too great take an interest in it:
nostra sunt sollempnia,
for there is such ardent pleasure in it.
It is such a sweet life —
whatever one may say —
kissing, embracing,
laughing and playing
with one's sweet beloved.
He sets too great store by it
who has it without resistance,
but may thwarted love
be short-lived.
Cursed be the love in which mercy
and sweetness are not found.

When I see the new flower
burgeon in the meadow,
and I hear the lark
in the morning
hopping and fluttering,
it pleases me greatly!
So I will sing a little song:
love,
love
has wounded me.
In the name of God,
my heart is pounding
with joy,
for I have found
a love to my liking.
Gaily,
gracefully,

soutivment
m'ont le cuer emblé
et enamouré
tant doucement.
Pour noient
maintieg ceste abeie:
trop use ma vie
en grief tourment;
je ne vivrai mie
longument.

MOTETUS: SUDIE MARCUSE

Je sui joliete,
sadete, pleisans
joine pucelete:
n'ai pas quinze ans,
point ma mamelete
selonc le tans:
si deüsse apprendre
d'amors et entendre
les samblans
deduisans;
mes je sui mise en prison.
De diu ait maleïçon
qui m'i mist!
Mal et vilanie et pechié fist
de tel pucelete
rendre en abiète.
Trop i mefist,
par ma foi;
en relegion vif a grant anoi —
Diex! — car trop sui jonete.
Je sent les doz maus ceinturete:
honnis soit de Diu qui me fist nonnete!

TENOR: AMY LeCLAIR

The Fallen Woman - Kassia

LAURA BETINIS, ALTO
w/ DEBRA ANDERSON, MARTHA
HEDDON, AMY LeCLAIR ON DRONE

Lord, the woman fallen into many sins,
recognizing your Divinity, rises to the
status of myrrh-bearer, and mourning
brings to you myrrh before your burial,
Woe to me, she says, for night holds for
me the ecstasy of intemperance gloomy
and moonless, a desire for sin.
Accept the springs of my tears, you
who with clouds spread out the water
of the sea:
Bend down to me to the lamentations
of my heart you who made the heavens
incline by your ineffable humiliation.
I will tenderly kiss your sacred feet, I
will wipe them again with the hair of
my head;
The feet whose sound Eve heard in
paradise in the afternoon, and hid in
fear,
Who can delineate the multitude of my
sins and the depths of your judgment,

**A Chantar m'er de so qu'ieu
non volria – canso by Comtessa
de Dia**

SOLOISTS: SUDIE MARCUSE, TERI
KOWIAK, KIMBERLY SIZER, LAURA
BETINIS, WITH ENSEMBLE

A chantar m'er de so qu'ieu non volria,
tant me rancur de lui cui sui amia,
car ieu l'am mais que nuilla ren que sia;
vas lui no.m val merces ni cortesia,
ni ma beltatz ni mos pretz ni mos sens,
c'atressi.m sui engrad' e trahia
com degr' esser, s'ieu fos desavinens.

D'aisso.m conort car anc non fi fail-
lenssa,
amies, vas vos per nuilla captenenssa,
anz vos am mais non fetz Seguis
Valenssa;
e platz me mout quez eu d'amar vos
venssa,
lo mieus amics, car etz lo plus valens;
mi faitz orguouil en ditz et en parvenssa,
e si etz francs vas totas autras gens.

Be.m meravill com vostre cors
s'orguouilla,
amies, vas me, per qu'ai razon qu'ieu.m
duouilla;
non es ges dreitz c'autr'amors vos mi
touilla
per nuilla ren que.us diga ni acuoilla;
e membre vos cals fo.l comenssamens
de nostr' amor! ja Domnedieus non
vuouilla
qu'en ma colpa sia.l departimens.

Proesa grans qu'el vostre cors s'azina
e lo rics pretz qu' avetz m'en ataina,
c'una non sai, loindana ne vezina,
si vol amar, vas vos non si'acina;
mas vos, amics, etz ben tant conoissens
que ben devetz conoisser la plus fina:
e membre vos de nostres covinens.

Valer mi deu mos pretz e mos paratges,
e ma beltatz e plus mos fis cortages,
per qu'ieu vos mand lai on es vostr'
estatges
esta chansson que me sia messatges;
ieu vuouil saber, lo mieus bels amics
gens,
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My Redeemer, savior of souls?
Do not disregard me, your servant, You,
whose mercy is infinite.

I must sing of that which I would rather
not,
so bitter I am towards him who is my love:
for I love him more than anyone;
my kindness and courtesy make no
impression on him,
nor my beauty, my virtue or my intelligence;
so I am deceived and betrayed,
as I should be if I were unattractive.

One thing consoles me: that I have never
wronged you,
my love, by my behaviour towards you;
indeed I love you more than Sequin loved
Valenssa;
and I am glad that my love is greater than
yours,
my love, since you are the more worthy;
you are haughty towards me in your words
and your demeanour, yet you are friendly
to everybody else.

I am amazed how disdainful you have
grown,
my love, towards me, which gives me good
reason to grieve;
it is not right that another love should take
you away from me;
whatever she may say to attract you;
and remember how our love began;
God forbid
that I should be to blame for our parting.

The great prowess which you have
and your fine reputation worry me,
for I know no woman, near or far,
who would not turn to you, if she were
inclined to love;
but you, my love, are discerning enough
to know who loves you most truly;
and remember the agreement wd made.

My reputation and my noble birth should
sway you,
and my beauty, and above all my faithful
heart;
therefore I send to you where you dwell
this song to be my messenger;
I want to know, my noble love,

per que vos m'etz tant fers ni tant
salvatges;
non sai si s'es orguouills o mal talens.
Mas aitan plus vuouil li digas, messatges,
qu'en trop d'orguouil ant grant dan
maintas gens.

why you are so haughty and disdainful
towards me; I do not know whether it is
pride or malice.
But most of all I want you to tell him,
messenger, that excess of pride has
been the downfall of many.

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Musica Sacra: www.musicasacra.org
Nashoba Valley Chorale, www.nashobachorale.org
Neponset Choral Society, Inc.: www.ncschorus.org
New England Classical Singers:
www.newenglandclassical.org
Newton Choral Society: www.newtonchoral.org
Newton Community Chorus:
www.NewtonCommunityChorus.org
The Oriana Consort: www.theorianaconsort.org
The Orpheus Singers: www.orpheussingers.org
PALS Childrens Chorus:
www.palschildrenschorus.org
The Paul Madore Chorale:
www.paulmadorechorale.org
Pilgrim Festival Chorus: www.pilgrimfestival.org
Polymnia Choral Society: www.polymnia.org
Reading Community Singers:
www.readingcommunitysingers.org
Saengerfest Men's Chorus: www.saengerfest.org
Seraphim Singers: www.seraphimsingers.org
Sharing A New Song: www.sharinganewsong.org
Somerville Community Chorus:
www.somervillechorus.com
Ståmbandet - The Scandinavian Vocal Ensemble:
www.stambandet.org
The Spectrum Singers: www.spectrumsingers.org
Stow Festival Chorus & Orchestra:
www.soundsofstow.org
Treble Chorus of New England:
www.treblechorus.com
Voices Rising: www.voicesrising.org
Wellesley Choral Society:
www.wellesleychoralsociety.org
Westford Chorus: www.westfordchorus.org
Youth pro Musica: www.youthpromusica.org
Zamir Chorale of Boston: www.zamir.org

PS: IT MAY BE GREEK, BUT IT'S SURE NOT FRENCH TO ME!

Because medieval Greek resembles modern more than ancient, we have chosen a modern pronunciation for Kassia. As you can see from these translations, the French texts are radically different from the French we now know. Be warned, so is the pronunciation. Both Occitan and Old French are pronounced pretty much phonetically – odd indeed in a language known for its silent letters! Although so much of what we see on the modern written page has ceased to be pronounced at all, and sometimes has been replaced (eg. an internal s becomes ^ over its preceding vowel) much of its old spelling is retained. Finally getting to pronounce all of these letters is a little like eating all the cookies.