



A CARAVAN OF SONG

Saturday, March 18th, at 8:00 pm
Lindsey Chapel/Emmanuel Church, Boston

Sunday, March 19th, at 4:00 pm
Eliot Church of Newton, Newton Corner

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Amelia LeClair, Director **CLAUSURA**

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CAPPELLA CLAUSURA

Amelia LeClair, Director

A CARAVAN OF SONG

Chanterai por mon corage A vos vieg, chevalier sire Un petit davant lou jor	Guiot de Dijon, chansons de croisade/rotrouenge Anon, motet Duchesse de Lorraine*, chanson de malmariée/aube
Cil bruns ne me meine Dame, merci	Anon, motet Blanche de Castille/Thibaut de Champagne*, tenson
Biaus douz amis Je vous pri, Dame Maroie	Anon, motet Maroie de Diergnau, jeu-parti
A tort sui d'amours blasmee Mout m'abelist / estampie (LeClair)	Anon, motet Maroie de Diergnau*, chanson d'amour
Je sui jonete et jolie A Chantar	Anon, motet Comtessa de Dia, canso d'amor

I N T E R M I S S I O N

Troubadours' lives and music - introduction by Laura Zoll, medieval scholar

Amours, u trop / salterello 24 Nus ne mi pourroit S'ie.us quier conseil	Blanche de Castille*, chanson a la vierge/rotrouenge Anon, motet Guiraut de Bornelh & Alamanda*, tenso
Qu'ai je forfait? L'on dit / estampie (LeClair)	Anon, motet Anon, chanson d'ami
Diex! de chanter maintenant Je ne quier mais Soufrés, mari / estampie (LeClair)	Anon, motet Anon, motet Anon, rondeau malmariée
Joliement en douce desirée	Anon, motet
From Behind the Caravan I. we have come (from #366) II. suffer no grief (from #255) III. closer to the fire (from #184) IV. boatpeople(from#5) V. we have come (reprise)	Abbie Betinis (b. 1980) on poems by Hâfez (14th.c)

**music attributed*

*Scarves created and donated by Cheryl Hayden
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Amelia LeClair is a resident scholar at the Women's Studies Research Center of Brandeis University

PROGRAM NOTES

Join us on a journey of linked but distinct repertoires: troubadour and *trouvère* songs in the two vernacular languages of medieval France; motets that usher in polyphony to western music; and a modern setting of 14th century pilgrims. Numerous genres and styles were utilized in the 12th and 13th centuries. The *canso* dominated with its single voice tracing a first person narrative. Other popular genres include the *tenso* (argument or discussion), *jeu parti* (singing duel as a proposition is debated), and *chanson de croisade* (literally “song of the crusade”). These compositions display linguistic mastery and emotional depth. Often the words take on hidden or double meanings imbued with humor and frequently ribald wit. Above all, troubadour and *trouvère* songs are about love and the attending joy and heartbreak.

Of the thousands of troubadour texts, only about 200 melodies have survived. Of this group, only one is composed solely by a named woman: *A chantar* by the Comtessa de Dia. This 12th century song is thus a precious gift from the past as well as a worthy framework for modern interpretation. The troubadours were of the royal and noble classes who performed their own compositions for courtly society. This rich melodic and emotional tapestry was sung in Old Occitan – the everyday language of the people. Troubadours described their adventures, hopes, fears, excesses, fantasies, and complaints. The melodies are beautiful and the texts are equally fascinating. To our ears, the words of these long-ago composers are often strangely modern. They discuss their life, their loves, their sexuality. They boast and they complain. They seek advice and camaraderie. The two troubadour songs you will hear, *A chantar* and *S’ie.us quier conseil*, are among the earliest narratives expressing medieval women’s experience. Listen as the Comtessa de Dia struggles to maintain her dignity (“I comfort myself because never was I at fault... My worth and my nobility, my beauty and my faithful heart should help me”) in the face of her lover’s betrayal. The duet between Guiraut and Alamanda reveals an intriguing relationship between a man in love and a woman who is not his love interest but an adviser on how to woo. Alamanda is thus a medieval Dear Abby!

The *trouvère* songs move us later in time and away from Occitan. Here the vernacular is Old French. The unknown woman in *Chanterai por mon corage* aches with the loss of her lover who has gone away on crusade. That personal longing shares the same melodic motifs as the refrain which calls upon God to keep him safe. Her plaintive cry and brave prayer are hauntingly beautiful. The debate between Dame Margot and Dame Maroie, *Je vous pri, Dame Maroie*, is an excellent example of a *jeu parti*. The two ladies argue over whether to play by The Rules (a very modern concept!) and wait for a man to declare himself, or whether it is permissible (desirable?) for the woman to speak of love first. The debate spirals into the madness brought about by lovesickness, with Dame Maroie declaring that “Madness is necessary to preserve good love if one wants to enjoy its pleasures.”

The late 13th century saw a great musical innovation as monophonic song gave way to the multi-voiced motet. This experiment in harmony developed from church chant. For centuries unison singing of the Latin liturgy was the way

to worship God. The two composers most associated with the early development of the motet are Léonin and Pérotin. Working at Notre Dame Cathedral these men enlarged chant to include interludes of harmony over the slowly sung chant. The voice part that held the chant melody (*tenere* in Latin means “to hold”) became known as the Tenor. Against that Tenor chant was added a harmonizing new melody with newly written words. Sometimes these added words were in Latin, and sometimes they were in the local language. As the motet became popular two and even three voices were added to a pre-existing chant or secular melody, thus creating the foundation for the harmony of the Renaissance and beyond. To enable the singers to know when to change their notes and keep all the parts aligned, musical notation was developed to reflect rhythms and durations. As you can see, the motet is the key to our modern world of music.

The polytextuality of motets is fascinating. Multiple voices singing different texts sometimes in different languages! We don’t know how the medieval audience could follow and understand all this. Perhaps each line was sung alone and then the parts were all combined? Perhaps the audience allowed the various words to wash over them and just enjoyed the pure musical enchantment of these complex and intriguing songs? A famous medieval musicologist, Johannes de Grocheo, opined that the motet was “not to be celebrated in the presence of common people, because they do not notice its subtlety, nor are they delighted in hearing it, but in the presence of the educated and of those who are seeking out subtleties in the arts.” You be the judge. ~ Laura Zoll, medieval scholar

It is elucidating to peek into the lives of those who opened their mouths and spoke, or sang; who, despite both the eastern and western church’s strict edicts against women opening their mouths, let their voices ring out, perhaps faintly, but ringing nonetheless. I am so grateful to the scholars whose work we use here: that their work has enabled us to sing this beautiful repertoire.

As you can see from the 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! Finally getting to pronounce all of these letters is a little like eating all the candies in the box.

When I chose to program Abbie Betinis’s *From Behind the Caravan*, it was because of the connection between a 14th c. Sufi poet and our medieval women, all of whom speak from a deep, human longing. I had no idea then what resonance the words of Hâfêz would have for us now as we struggle to find ways to keep compassion in our lives, both public and private. Hâfêz speaks of love’s journey, but it could be any journey, any ill-fortune; “We to this door, seeking neither pride nor glory...we have come. For shelter from ill-fortune...”

Of her inspiration for the piece Betinis writes: “Goethe once wrote: ‘Only with you, Hafez, do I wish to compete, for the older you get the younger you become...and religion is no obstacle, for if the word ‘Islam’ means to submit to God, we all live and die in Islam.’ I was drawn to these four *ghazals* particularly because of the elegant way in which they depict longing...longing for Truth, longing for Reason, longing for Kindness, Love, and always, longing for the Beloved.” ~ Amelia LeClair

TEXTS / TRANSLATIONS

Chanterai por mon corage

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 retorner
ou cil est qui m'assoage
le cuer quant j'en oi parler.
Deus, quant crieront "Outree,"
sire, aidez au pelerin
por qui sui espöentee.
Car felon sunt Sarrazin.

*chansons de croisade,
routrouenge
- Guiot de Dijon*

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.

Souffrirai en tel estage
tant que.l voie rapasser.
Il est en pelerinage,
don't Deus le lait retorner.
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, aidez au pelerin
por qui sui espöentee.
Car felon sunt Sarrazin.

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.

De ce sui au cuer dolente
que cil n'est en cest pais
qui si sovent me torment;
je n'en ai gieu ne ris.
Il est biaus et je sui gente.
Sire Deus, por que.l feïs?
Quant l'une a l'autre
atalente.
Por coi nos as departis?
Deus, [quant crieront "Out-
ree," Sire, aidez au pelerin
por qui sui espöentee.
Car felon sunt Sarrazin.

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.

De ce sui en bone atente
que je son homage pris;
et quant la douce ore vente
qui vient de cel douz pais
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, aidez au pelerin
por qui sui espöentee.
Car felon sunt Sarrazin.
De ce fui mout deceüe

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.
What disappointed me greatly
was that I was not present to

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 couchier,
toute nuit a ma char nue,
por mes malz assoagier.
Deus, [quant crieront
"Outree,"
sire, aidez au pelerin
por qui sui espöentee.
Car felon sunt Sarrazin.

**A vos vieg,
chevalier sire
ADRIANA, WILL**

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.

Un petit devant lou jor

LISA: STORYTELLER
ADRIANA: LADY
WILL: KNIGHT

Un petit devant lou jor
me levai l'autrier,
sospris de nouvelle amor
ke me fait vellier.
Por oblieir mes dolors
et por aligier,
m'en alai coilir la flor
dejoste 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 douls 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 ploireir.
Pués ait dit en sospirant:
"mar vi enserreir,
dame, vostre cors lou geht
ke doie tant ameir!

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.

motet for 2 voices

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.

Chanson malmariée/ aube - Duchesse de Lorraine

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,

Or m'en covient durement
les dous biens compaireir
ke volentiers et sovent
me soliefs 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;
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 soiiefs 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 fauceteit.
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 povreleit!
Maix jeu ai moult boen espoir
k'encor me puet bien valoir.
Et Deus le me doinst encore
avoir:
dros est ke ke lou die:
se deu plaist, li jalous morait,
si raverai m'amie."

"Amins, se vos desireis
la mort a jalous,

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,
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,

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 grandre bonteis
c'est de ceu k'il est cous.
Amins, mar fu mes cors neis
quant por vos est enserreis,
et aîtres en ait
ses volenteis;
dros est ke je m'en plain:
Comant guerirait dame sens
amin
cui amors mehaigne."

"Biaus amins, vos en ireis,
car je voi le jor.
Des ore maix i pöeis
faire lonc sejour.
Vostre fin cuer me laireis;
n'aiés paour,
c'aveuc vos enportereis
la plux fine amor.
Des ke vos ne me pöeis
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 part.
A Deu comans je mes amors
K'i les me gairt."

Cil bruns ne me meine

LISA, FAUSTO

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

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.
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."

motet for 2 voices

This dark-haired man is not
leading me off to enter a con-
vent, 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.

Dame, merci
FAUSTO: TIEBAUT
JEN: BLANCHE

Dame, merci, une riens vous demant:
dites me voir, se diex vous beneie,
quant vous morrez et je — mes c'iert avant,
quar aprez vous ne viveraï 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 escliant,
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 emplie.

— Dame, certes, ne devez pas cuidier,
mes bien savoir que moult vous ai amee.
De la joie m'en aim miex et tieng chier
et pour ce ai ma grace recouvree;
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 commencier
raison qui soit de tous biens desreee.
Vous le dites pour moi amoioier
encontre vous, que tant avez guile.
Je ne di pas, certes, que je vous hee,
mes se d'Amours me couvenoit jugier,
elle seroit servie et honnoree.
— Dame, Diex doint que bien

tenson – by Blanche de Castille and Tiebaut de Champagne

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 not 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, Tiebaut, 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 consummate.

— Lady, surely, you must not think that;
rather, know full well that I have loved you deeply.
From this joy I love and esteem myself more
and for this reason I have recovered 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.

— Tiebaut, be silent! You should not utter
words so devoid of sense.
You are saying that to soften me toward 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

jugiez a droit et connoidiez les maulz
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 nous fait pour moi destrairre.
Ne vous grief pas, quar s'amer m'estouvoit,
j'ai bien un cuer qui ne se saroit faindre.

Biaus douz amis
SIERRA, FAUSTO

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 ailors ne desir ne pensee
fors seulement qu'ensamble estre puissomes!
Hé, biau cuers doz, je voz aim seur tous homes;
aiez pitieés de vo loial amie,
et si pensés que par tans i soïomes,
pour mener joie, com amans a celee.
Diex! quar noz herberjomes.

Je vous pri, Dame Maroie
ADRIANA: DAME
MARGOT
SIERRA: DAME MAROIE

Je vous pri, dame 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 volieés dire voir,

judge rightly and know the pains that make me lament;
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.

— Tiebaut, 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.

motet for two voices

Dear sweet friend, do not be distressed
if we delay so long together,
for it 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.

jeu-parti – by Maroie de Diergnau

I entreat you, Lady Maroie, 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

s'en doit ele deschovrir,
uele s'en doit tasir?

— Dame Margot, bien vauroie droit gugier sans estreloie.
Puis k'Amours si les maistroie k'il aiment bien ambedoi 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 mesprent 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 amenrir.

— Dame Margot, bien quidoie miex entendisiés .i. poi en amours;
je 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 oir cele a celui son voloir.
Folie convient avoir a boine amour maintenir ki en veut les biens sentir.

— 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

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 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,

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 danoi, kar point n'a d'amour en li; mais quant 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
ADRIANA, LISA

A tort sui d'amours blasmee: hé, Diex! si n'ai point d'amil!
Pour ce me sui ge a celle donee qui mere est celui qui por noz en la crois mort souffri: de touz doit estre henoree.
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
LISA AND ENSEMBLE

Mout m'abelist quant je voi revenir
Yver, gresill et geelee apraroir
car en touz tans se doit bien resjoïr

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.

motet for two voices

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.

chanson d'amours – Maroie de Diergnau

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

bele pucele, et joli cuer avoir.
Si chanterai d'amourous desir
ne mi fait pas ma grant joie
faillir.

Je sui jonete et jolie SIERRA: TRIPLUM

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 deprime,
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.

JEN: MOTETUS

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, vuelle ou non, j'amerai!

FAUSTO: TENOR

A Chantar m'er de so qu'ieu non volria SOLOISTS: ADRIANA, LISA, JEN, SIERRA, WITH ENSEMBLE

A chanter m'er de so qu'ieu
non volria,
tant me rancur de lui cui sui
amia,
car ieu l'am mais que nulla
ren que sia;
vas lui no.m val merces ni
cortesia,
ni ma beltatz ni mos pretz ni
mos sens,

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.

motet for three voices

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!

canço d'amors - Contessa de Dia

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;

c'atressi.m sui enganad' e
trahia
com degra' esser, s'ieu fos
desavinens.

D'aisso.m conort car anc non
fi faillensa,
amies, vas vos per nulla
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 orguouill en ditz et en
parvenssa,
e si etz francs vas totas autras
gens.

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

Proesa grans qu'el vostre
cors s'aizina
e lo rics pretz qu' avetz m'en
ataïna,
c'una non sai, loindana ne
vezina,
si vol amar, vas vos non
si'acina;
mas vos, amics, etz ben tant
conoissens
que ben devez 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 vuoill saber, lo mieus bels
amics gens, per que vos m'etz

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 Valensa;
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 de-
meanour, 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 discern-
ing enough
to know who loves you most
truly;
and remember the agreement
we 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,
why you are so haughty and
disdainful towards me; I do
not know whether it is pride

tant fers ni tant salvatges;
non sai si s'es orguouills o mal
talens.

Mas aitan plus vuoill li digas,
messatges,
qu'en trop d'orguouill ant grant
dan maintas gens.

INTERMISSION

Amours, u trop tart ENSEMBLE

Amours, u trop tart me sui
pris,
m'a par sa signourie apris,
douce dame de paradys,
ke de vos 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:
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 TRIPLUM

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. Aymil que ferai je, las!
Quant merci trouver ne puis?
Hé! trop mi va de mal en pis!
Que, s'osasse plaidier
et mon droit derraisnier,
lors fusse garis;
mais riens ne mi puet aidier
fors mercis.

MOTETUS

Nonne sui, nonne, laissés
m'aler,
je n'i [puis plus arester,

or malice.

But most of all I want you
to tell him, messenger, that
excess of pride has been the
downfall of many.

chanson a la vierge / rotrouenge - Blanche de Castille

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,
however greatly, in word or
deed—Provided he has turned
to serving you—
Whom you would not reconcile
with Him: it is you one should
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.

motet for three voices

No one could ever comfort me
or bring me joy and pleasure
save the beauty with the radi-
ant 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

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 fon-
nent, et quant mi doi reposer,
matines sonnent.

S'ie.us quier conseil JEN: ALAMANDA WILL: GUIRAUT

S'ie.us quier conseil, bell' ami!
Alamanda, no.l me vedetz, qu'
om cochatz lo. us demanda,
que so m'a dich vostra
dopna truanda
que loing sui fors issitz de sa
comanda,
que so que.m det m'estrai er
e.m desmanda;
que.m cosseillatz?
qu'a pauc lo cors totz d'ira
no.m abranda,
tan fort en sui iratz.

Per Dieu, Guiraut, jes aissi tot
a randa
volers d'amics noi.s fai ni noi.s
garanda,
que, si l'uns failli, l' autre
coven que blanda,
que lor destrics noi.s cresca ni
s'espanda;
e s'ela.us ditz d'aut puoig que
sia landa,
vos la 'n crezatz,
e plassa vos lo bes e.l mals
qu'il manda,
qu' aissi seretz amatz.

Non puosc mudar que contr'
orguouill non gronda,
ja siatz vos donzella bell' e
blonda;
pauc d'ira.us notz e paucs jois
vos aonda,
mas jes non etz primieira ni
segonda.
leu que.m tern fort d'est ira
que.m confonda-
vos me lauzatz,
si.m sent perir, que.m tenga
plus vas l' onda:
mal ere que.m capdellatz.

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.

Tenso - Guiraut de Bornelh and Alamanda

If I seek your advice, pretty
friend Alamanda,
don't make things hard for me,
for I'm a banished man.
For that's what your deceitful
mistress told me,
that now I've been expelled
from her command:
and what she gave me she
retracts now and reclaims.
What should I do?
I'm so angry that my body's
all but bursting into flame.

In God's name, Guiraut, a
lover's wishes
count for nothing here, for if
one partner fails
the other should keep up
appearances
so that their trouble doesn't
spread or grow.
If she tells you that a high
peak is a plain,
believe her,
and accept the good and bad
she sends:
thus shall you be loved.

I can't keep from speaking out
against her pride,
even if you're young and
beautiful and blond.
The slightest pain hurts me,
the smallest joy overwhelms,
and still I'm not in first or
second place.
I'm worried that this anger will
destroy me:
you praise me,
but I can tell- I'm closer to
the waves and I think you're
leading me astray.

Si m'enqueretz d'aital razon prionda, per Dieu, Guiraut, non sai, com vos respond a; vos m'apellatz de leu cor jauzionda- mais vuoll pelar mon prat qu' autre .I mi tonda; que s'ie.us era del plaich far desironda, vos escercatz; com son bel cors vos esdui' e. us resconda, ben par com n 'etz cochatz.

Donzell', oimais non siatz tant parlieira, qu'il m'a mentit mais de cine vetz primeira; cujatz vos doncs qu'ieu totz temps lo sofeira? Semblaria qu'o fezes per nescieira. D'autr' amiatat ai talan qu'ie. us enqueira, si no.us calatz; meillor cosseil dava Na Berenguiera que vos non m'en donatz.

Lora vei ieu, Guiraut, qu' ela. us o mieira, car l' apelletz camjairitz ni leugieira; pero cujatz que del plaich vos enqueira? leu non cuig jes qu'il sia tant mainieira: ans er oimais sa proeza derreira, que que. us digatz, si. s destrenh tant que contra vos sofeira trega ni fi ni patz.

Bella, per Dieu, non perga vostre' ajuda; ja sabetz vos com mi fo covenguda; s'ieu ai failit per l'ira qu'ai aguda, no.m tenga dan; s' anc sentitz com leu muda cors d'amador, bella, e s'anc foiz druda, del plaich pensatz! qu'ieu sui be mortz, s' enaissi l' ai perduda; mas no.lh o descobratz!

If you come to me with questions so profound, my God, Guiraut, I don't know what to say. You call to me with a joyful, easy heart, but I want to mow my field before someone else tries; if I wanted to arrange a peace I would have looked for you, but since she keeps her lovely body hidden so, I think you're right that you've been ditched.

Now don't start yakking, young girl, for she lied to me first, more than five times. Do you think I can put up with this much more? I'd be taken for an ignoramus. I have a mind to ask about another friendship if you don't shut up; I got much better counsel from Lady Berenguiera than I ever got from you.

Now I see, Guiraut, that she's capable of everything, since you call her fickle and unfaithful; still, do you think she wants to patch things up? I doubt she's that tame yet: from now on she'll keep courtesy in last place, no matter what you say. She's so angry with you that she'll suffer neither peace nor oath nor treaty.

Beauty, for God's sake, don't let me lose your aid. You already know how it was granted me. If I've done wrong in being so irate, don't hold it against me; and if you've ever felt how fast a lover's heart can change, or if you've ever loved, think of some way; for I'm as good as dead if I have lost her - but don't tell her that.

Senher amics, ja n'agr'ieu fin volguda, mas ella ditz qu'a dreg s'es yrascuda, c'atra'n pregetz, com fol, tota saupuda, que non la val ni vestida ni nuda, No fara doncs, so no.us giec que venguda s'aura'n pregat? Be.us en valray, si tot l'ay mantenguda, sol mays no.us i mesclatz.

Bella, per Dieu, si d'ela n'es crezuda, per mi lo.y afiatz.

Ben o faray, mays can vos er renduda s'amor no la.us tolatz!

Qu'ai je forfait?

FAUSTO: TRIPLUM

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

JEN: MOTETUS

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

LISA: TENOR

L'on dit

SIERRA 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. Lassel mes mals ne se repose, si m'en deplaing 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.

Seigneur friend, I didn't want your love to end, but she says she has a right to be enraged, because you're courting someone else in front of everyone who next to her is worth nothing, clothed or nude. If she didn't jilt you she'd be acting weak, since you're courting someone else. But I'll speak well of you to her - I always have - if you promise not to keep doing that.

Beauty, for God's sake, if she has your trust, promise her for me.

I'll gladly do so, but when she's given you her love again, don't take yours back!

motet for 3 voices

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.

chanson d'ami

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.

De ce me plaign qu'il m'a traïe; s'en ai trop grant duel acollï, 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 ...

Estre cuidai de lui amee quant entres ses braz me tenoit; cum plus iere d'amors grevee, a son parler me refaisoit; a sa voix iere si sanee cum Piramus quant il moroit; navrez en son flanc de s'espee, au nom Tisbé les iauz ovroit. Ses duels...

Diex! de chanter maintenant

TRIPLUM

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.

MOTETUS

Chant d'oïsaus et fuelle et flors et tans joli mi font ramembrer d'amors, si que je ne pens aïllors qu'a vos, amis. Tant avés, ce m'est avis, biauté et valour et pris que vostre serai toudis sans nule mesproison.

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...

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 ...

motet for three voices

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

Qui donrai je mes amors, douz 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.

Je ne quier mais

JEN: TRIPLUM

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, lasse! 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.

LISA: MOTETUS

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

WILL: TENOR

Soufrés, maris

WOMEN

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

my love, sweet friend, if not to you? Never will my heart be untrue, for it is pledged to you; from my loving well, I will have joy or no woman ever will.

motet for 3 voices

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.

rondeau malmariée

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. — The night is short, soon you will have me again, when my lover has had his pleasure. Be patient, husband, and may

anuit,
demain m'arés et mes amis
anuit.

Joliement en douce desirée

FAUSTO: QUADRUPLUM

Joliement en douce desirée
qui tant m'a souspris,
j'aim la blondete
doucete
de pris,
comme celi ou j'ai mis ma
pensee.
Hé! 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 dangsier,
mes l'amor devee
ait courte duree.
Mal ait amors out pitié
et douçor n'est trovee.

ADRIANA: TRIPLUM

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;
jollivement,
cointement,
soutivment
m'ont le cuer emblé
et enamouré
tant doucement.
Pour noient
maintieg ceste abeie:
trop use ma vie
en grief tourment;

it not irk you, tomorrow you
will have me and my lover will
tonight.

motet for four voices

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 sing sweetly for
the sake of her love.
Embracing and kissing
have and will cost me dearly.
Never will a rustic 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,
artfully,
it has stolen my heart away
and enraptured it
so sweetly.
For naught
does this nunnery confine me:
I am wasting my life
in bitter torment.

je ne vivrai mie
longument.

SIERRA: MOTETUS

Je sui jolïete,
sadete, pleisans
joine pucelete: n'ai pas quinze
ans,
point ma mamelete
selonc le tans:
si deïsse 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 abiete.
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
nonnetel!

WILL: TENOR

FROM BEHIND THE CARAVAN I. we have come (from #366)

Mâ, be-din dar, na pey-e
heshmato jâh... âmade-'im;
az-bad-e hâdese, 'injâ, be-
panâh, âmade-'im.
Rahro-e manzel-e 'eshqimo
ze sarhadde 'adam, tâ, be-
eqlim-e vojüd, in-hame râh...
âmade-'im.
Langar-e helm-e to,
ey kashti-ye tofiq , kojâst?
ke, dar in bahr-e karam,
qarq-e gonâh... âmade-'im.
Hâfez, in kherqe-ye pashmine
bi-yandâz , ke mâ az-pe-ye
qâfele, bâ-'âtash-e 'âh...
âmade-'im!

II. suffer no grief (from #255)

Yusof-e gom-gashte bâz-âyad
be Kan'ân.
Qam ma-khor. Kolbe-ye ahzân
shavad, ruzi, golestân.

I will not live long at all.

I am merry
gracious,
charming
young girl,
not yet fifteen.
My little breasts are swelling
with time.
I should be learning
about love and turning my
mind to its delightful ways;
but I have been put in prison.
May God curse
the one who put me here!
An evil, vile, and sinful thing
he did
sending such a young girl
to a nunnery.
He did a wicked thing,
by my faith;
in the convent I live in great
misery — God! — for I am
too young. I feel the sweet
pangs beneath my little girdle:
may God curse the one who
made me a nun!

We, to this door, seeking
neither pride nor glory... we
have come. For shelter from
ill-fortune, here... we have
come.
Traveling along love's journey,
from the borders of nothing-
ness, Now into states of being,
all this way... we have come.
O ship of grace, where is thy
anchor of forbearance?
For in this ocean of generosity,
immersed in sin... we have
come.
Hâfez, throw off your woolen
kherqe [Sufi cloak], for we,
from behind the caravan, with
the fire of sighing "ah!"... we
have come.

Joseph, forsaken,
shall return to Canaan.
Suffer no grief. From the
thorny stalks of family grief,

Qam ma-khor...
Dar-biâbân, gar, be-shoqe
Ka'be, khâhi zad qadam, sar-
zanesh-hâ, gar konad khâr-e
moqîlân,
Qam ma-khor...
Qam ma-khor, qam ma-khor,
ey del.
Suffer no grief, suffer no grief,
O heart.
Vin sar-e shuride bâz-âyad
be-sâmân.
Qam ma-khor...
O ey del, del-e qam-dide, ey!
ey! Qam ma-khor... Hich râhi
nist, ka-ân-râ nist pa-âyân.

III. closer to the fire (from #184)

Dush didam ke malâ-yek dar-
e mey-khâne za-dand; gel-e
âdam be-beresht-and-o be
peymâne za-dand.
Jang-e haftâd-o do mellat,
hame râ ozr be-neh; chon
nadid-and haqiqat, rah-e
âfsâne za-dand.
Âtash, Âtash! â! â!
Shokr-e izad ke miân-e man-o
u solh oftâd,
sufian raqs -konân, sâqar-e
shokrâne za-dand. Âtash,
Âtash! â! â!

one day, a rose garden.
Suffer no grief...
If you desire the Way and plant
your pilgrim foot in the desert,
then if the mighty Arabian
thorn makes reproofs,
Suffer no grief...
Suffer no grief, suffer no grief,
O heart.
Back to reason, comes this
distraught head.
Suffer no grief...
O heart, despairing heart,
O! O! Suffer no grief...
There is no road that has
no end.

Last night I saw the angels
beating at the door of the
tavern, The clay of Adam they
shaped, and into the mould
they cast it.
The churches war among
themselves, forgive them;
When they cannot see the
truth, the door of fable they
beat. Fire, Fire! Oh! Oh!
Thanks be to God, for between
me and Him, peace chanced,
Sufis, dancing, cast their cups
of thankfulness!
Fire, Fire! Oh! Oh!

IV. boatpeople(from#5)

Del miravad ze dastam,
sâheb-delân khodâ râ;
Dard-â ke râz-e penhân,
khâhad khiz âshkâ râ.
Bar-khiz, bar-khiz... ey
bâd-e...
Âsâyesh-e do giti tafsir-e in do
harf-ast:
Bâ dustân morov'at, bâ
doshman-ân modârâ.
Kashti-shekastegân-im, ey
bâd-e shorte bar-khiz Bâshad
ke bâz binam, didâr-e âsna râ.
Bengar...!

V. we have come (reprise)

Mâ, be-din dar, na pey-e
heshmato jâh... âmade-'im; az-
bad-e hâdese, 'injâ, be-panâh,
âmade-'im.
Hâfez, in kherqe-ye
pashmine bi-yandâz ,
ke mâ az-pe-ye qâfele,
bâ-'âtash-e 'âh...
âmade-'im!

My heart falls from grasp!
Come to my cry, for God's
sake; O the pain that Love's
hidden mystery should be
disclosed!
Arise, arise... O breeze...
To ease the pain of the world,
live by these words: With
friends, give kindness; with
enemies, courtesy.
Shipwrecked are we, O fair
breeze, arise!
So that, again, we may behold
the face of the Beloved.
Behold...!

We, to this door, seeking
neither pride nor glory... we
have come. For shelter from
ill-fortune, here... we have
come.
Hâfez, throw off your woolen
kherqe [Sufi cloak], for we,
from behind the caravan, with
the fire of sighing "ah!"... we
have come!



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Amelia LeClair,
Amelia LeClair, founding director of Cappella Clausura, is a Resident Scholar at the Brandeis University Women's Studies Research Center. LeClair was inspired and motivated by the work of musicologists in the 1970s who dedicated themselves to researching the history of women in classical music.



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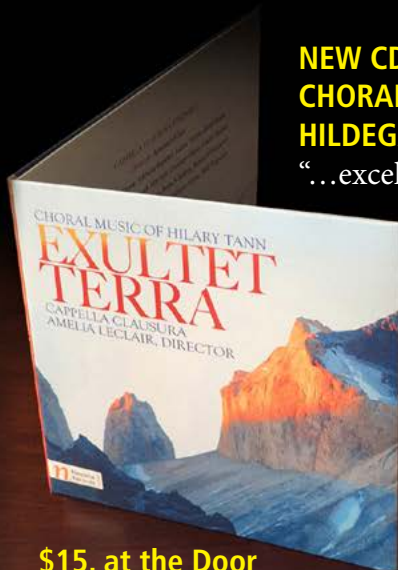
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