

CAPPELLA Twelve Centuries of New Music  
Amelia LeClair, Director CLAUSURA

Cappella Clausura Presents

# TROUBADOURS 2021

November 13th at Eliot Church at 8 PM

November 14th at Emmanuel Church at 4 PM

CHRYSLIS



Join Us for the Rest of Our  
2021-2022 Season!

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CHRYSALIS



# WELCOME TO CHRYSALIS

It has been 21 months since our last in-person concert, so I've had a lot of time to think about what our re-emergence would look like. Cappella Clausura has always been dedicated to uplifting marginalized members of the musical world, but the past two years have given us a renewed sense of urgency, as well as the time and space necessary to determine how we can do more.

With CHRYSALIS, we are set to emerge from our cocoon of purely virtual and pre-recorded programming. As we enter this new phase of our ensemble, we rededicate ourselves to our mission and challenge ourselves to take an intersectional approach to our work. By partnering with new and existing members of our community and making space for conversation and collaboration, we are confident that our ensemble will come back bigger, bolder, and more beautiful than ever before.

We're so glad to be sharing this work with you.  
Thank you, and enjoy the concert!

**-Amelia LeClair, Artistic Director**

# PROGRAM

## **"Estampie #1"**

Composed by Amelia LeClair

Flute: Na'ama Lion | Harp: Nancy Hurrell | Perc.: Mike Williams

## **"A Vos Vieg"**

Trouvères motet for two voices

(12th-14th c.)

Francesco Logozzo & Anthony Garza

## **"Na Carenza"**

Lyrics by Alais, Iselda, and Carenza (13th c.)

Composed by Amelia LeClair

## **"Je Ne Quier"**

Trouvères motet for three voices

(12th-14th c.)

Shannon Larkin, Janet Stone, & Anthony Garza

## **"En Greu Esmai"**

Lyrics by Clara d'Anduza (13th c.)

Composed by Patricia Van Ness

Soloist: Janet Stone

## **"Diex! De Chanter Maintenant"**

Trouvères motet for three voices

(12th-14th c.)

Shannon Larkin, Lisa Hadley, & Frankie Campofelice

## **"Qu'ai Je Forfait"**

Trouvères motet for three voices

(12th-14th c.)

Francesco Logozzo, Lisa Bloom, & Frankie Campofelice

# PROGRAM CONT.

## **"Par Deu"**

Lyrics by Gertrude, Duchesse de Lorraine (12th c.)

Composed by Elena Ruehr

Soloist: Janet Stone

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## **Intermission**

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## **"Estampie #2"**

Composed by Amelia LeClair

Flute: Na'ama Lion | Harp: Nancy Hurrell | Perc.: Mike Williams

## **"Biaus Douz Amis"**

Trouvères motet for two voices  
(12th-14th c.)

Janet Stone & Craig Juricka

## **"Now We Are Come"**

Lyrics by Azalais de Porcairages (12th c.)

Composed by Tal Shalom-Kobi

Soloist: Lisa Hadley

## **"Je Suis Jonette et Jolie"**

Trouvères motet for three voices  
(12th-14th c.)

Janet Stone, Lisa Bloom, & Lisa Hadley

## **"Nus Ne Me Pourroit"**

Trouvères motet for three voices  
(12th-14th c.)

Shannon Larkin, Lisa Bloom, & Lisa Hadley

# PROGRAM CONT.

## "Amics"

Lyrics by Castelozza (12th c.)

Composed by Be Steadwell

Soloist: Lisa Bloom | Beatboxing: Lisa Hadley

## "Joliment En Dous Desiree"

Trouvères motet for four voices

(12th-14th c.)

Francesco Logozzo, Frankie Campofelice, Anthony Garza,  
& Craig Juricka

## "Ab Joi et Ab Joven" / "Bhalobashi, Bhalobashi" (Sunday Only)

Lyrics by Contessa Beatrice de Dia (12th c.)

Composed by Amelia LeClair

Interpreted by Maitreyee Chakraborty

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## Land Acknowledgement

All of Cappella Clausura's work and performances take place on Indigenous Lands. As an ensemble based in the Greater Boston area, we are on the traditional and ancestral homeland of the Massachusett, Pawtucket, Pokanoket, and Wampanoag Nations. We make this acknowledgement to offer recognition and respect to the original inhabitants of this place and to their descendants today, especially since the Indigenous history of this area has been erased for four hundred years. We ask our audiences to join us as we continue to learn about the history of this land and provide support for Indigenous communities.

To learn more about our commitment to equity, diversity, and inclusion, please visit [www.Clausura.org/Outreach](http://www.Clausura.org/Outreach)

# CAPPELLA CLAUSURA

## Performers

### **Sopranos**

Janet Stone  
Shannon Larkin

### **Altos**

Lisa Bloom  
Lisa Hadley

### **Tenors**

Frankie Campofelice  
Francesco Logozzo

### **Bass**

Craig Juricka  
Anthony Garza

### **Instrumentalists**

Na'ama Lion: flute  
Tara Novak: violin  
Nancy Hurrell: harp  
Mike Williams: perc.  
Tal Shalom-Kobi: bass

**Sunday Spotlight Artists:** Maitreyee Chakraborty;  
Hirak Modi: harmonium; and Koushik Chakrabarty: tabla

## Staff & Board

### **Artistic Director**

Amelia LeClair

### **Executive Director**

Abby Lass

### **Photographer**

Sam Brewer

### **Graphic Design Consultant**

Garrow Throop

### **Chorus Manager**

Anthony Garza

### **Board of Directors**

Robin Stein, President  
Martha Bancroft, Vice President  
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Amelia LeClair  
John Wolff

# Notes from the Conductor

I've long had a desire to diversify the composers with whom we work. This past spring, thanks to a series of COVID-relief grants and a limited schedule of programming, it was suddenly possible for us to commission new music. I reached out to five composers: Be Steadwell, Maitreyee Chakraborty, Tal Shalom-Kobi, Patricia Van Ness, and Elena Ruehr. Each agreed to participate in this new project. Together, they formed TROUBADOURS 2021, a program that spans Black LGBTQ hip-hop, Eastern Indian classical music, Jewish jazz, and European classical music.

To create their pieces, each composer chose a selection of medieval poetry from the works of 12th-14th century female troubadours (known as *trobairitz* in Occitan) from southern France and *trouvères* from northern France. Female troubadours were most likely affluent ladies who spent much of their lives confined within their homes. Although we know that these texts were sung and probably accompanied by a harp or lute, little of their musical notation survives and it is unlikely that they were ever played publicly.

By giving our contemporary composers the opportunity to set these ancient poems to music, we are dispelling the notion that women did not write music until recently. Equally as important, we are championing the concept of music as a truly universal language, alive in all souls regardless of race, creed, culture, or gender.

-Amelia LeClair

# TRANSLATIONS

Texts and translations are from *The Women Troubadours* by Meg Bogin, published W.W. Norton 1976 and *Songs of the Women Trouvères* by Eglal Doss-Quinby, Joan Tasker Grimbert, Wendy Pfeiffer, and Elizabeth Aubrey; Yale University Press December 31, 2001.

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We begin with a modern version of an ancient dance, a duet where a young girl asks her knight to please remove the thorn from her foot, and three women questioning marriage and pregnancy.

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## "A VOS VIEG"

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

## "NA CARENZA"

Lyrics by Alais, Iselda, and Carenza

Composed by Amelia LeClair

Na Carenza  
al bel cors avinen,  
donatz conseil a nos doas serors,  
e car sabetz meils  
triar lo meillors,  
conseillatz mi  
segon vostr' escien:  
penrai marit a  
nostra conoissenza?  
o starai mi pulcela?  
E si m'agensa,  
que far filhos  
no cug que sia bos;  
essem maritz mi  
par trop angoissos.

## "A VOS VIEG"

**Tenor:** 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.

**Bass:** La La La

## "NA CARENZA"

Lyrics by Alais, Iselda, and Carenza

Composed by Amelia LeClair

Lady Carenza  
of the lovely, gracious body  
give some advice to us two sisters,  
and since you know best  
how to tell what's best,  
counsel me according to  
your own experience.  
shall I marry someone  
we both know?  
or shall I stay unwed?  
That would please me,  
for making babies  
doesn't seem so good,  
and it's too anguishing  
to be a wife.

# TRANSLATIONS

## "NA CARENZA" CONT.

Na Carenza, penre  
marit m'agenza,  
mas far enfantz cug  
qu'es grans penedenza  
que las tetinhas pendon aval jos  
e.l ventrilhs es cargatz e enojos.

N'Alais i na Iselda, ensenhamen,  
pretz e beltat, joven,  
frescas colors  
conosc qu'avetz, cortez' e valors  
sobre totas las  
autras conoissen;  
per qu'ie.us conseil  
per far bona semenza  
penre marit  
Coronat de Scienza,  
en cui faretz fruit  
de filh gloriös:  
retengud' es pulcel'  
a qui l'espos.

N'Alais i na Iselda,  
sovinenza  
ajatz de mi, i lumbra de ghirenza;  
quan i seretz,  
prejatz lo gloriös  
qu'al departir  
mi retenga pres vos.

## "NA CARENZA" CONT.

Lady Carenza, I'd like  
to have a husband,  
but making babies I think  
is a huge penitence:  
your breasts hang down  
and it's too anguishing to be a wife.

Lady Alais and Lady Iselda,  
you have learning, merit,  
beauty, youth, fresh color,  
courtly manners and distinction,  
more than all the other  
women that I know;  
I therefore advise you,  
if you want to plant a good seed,  
to take as a husband  
Coronat de Scienza,  
from whom you shall bear  
as fruit glorious sons:  
saved is the chastity  
of her who marries him.

Lady Alais and Lady Iselda,  
may memory  
of me shine as your protection;  
and when you get there,  
pray to the King of Glory  
that when I leave he places me  
by your side.

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Our next set includes two trios about love and a solo: Two lovers sing, "I am alone in the woods – where is my lover??" Van Ness sets a woman's angry defiance: "You have left me because you believed the liars, but I will always love you," and finally, two lovers again one singing, "God! Why am I seized by the desire to sing", the other that birds and flowers bring love to mind!

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# TRANSLATIONS

## "JE NE QUIER"

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 me grieve,  
c'est li mal d'amer.  
Dieus!  
trop mal mi pert que j'aie amé,  
quant parmi le bois  
ramé mon ami  
n'ai encontré  
qui m'avoit ci ajourné.  
Eynmi, 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.

## "EN GREU ESMAI"

**Lyrics by Clara d'Anduza**  
**Composed by Patricia Van Ness**

En greu esmai  
et en greu passamen  
an mes mon cor  
et en granda error

## "JE NE QUIER"

**Soprano 1:** 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;  
**Soprano 2:** 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.

**Bass:** Hey hey hey

## "EN GREU ESMAI"

**Lyrics by Clara d'Anduza**  
**Composed by Patricia Van Ness**

In grievous trouble  
and in grievous care  
they have plunged my heart  
in great upset.

# TRANSLATIONS

## "EN GREU ESMAI" CONT.

li lauzengier  
e'lh fals devinador  
abayssador de joy e de jovin  
quar vos, qu'ieu am  
mais que res qu'ei mon  
an fait de me  
departir e lonhar  
si qu'ieu no us puesc  
vezer ni remirar.  
Don muer de dol d'ira  
e de feunia.  
Cel que.m blasma vostr'  
amor ni.m defen  
Non pot en far en  
re mon cor meillor.  
Ni.l dous dezir  
qu'ieu ai de vos major.  
Ni l'enveja, ni.l dezir,  
ni.l talen;  
e non es om,  
tan mos enemics sia  
s.il n'aug dir ben,  
que non lo tenh'en car,  
e, si'n ditz mal,  
mais no.m pot dir ni far  
neguna re que a plazer me sia

## "DIEXI DE CHANTER MAINTENANT"

Diexi 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.

## "EN GREU ESMAI" CONT.

The liars  
and false assumptions  
depressers of joy and youth  
whereas you, whom I love  
more than anything,  
they have caused to leave  
and stay away from me  
so that I can  
no more gaze on thee.  
And thus I die of grief, of anger,  
and of rage.  
He who blames my  
love for you, or forbids it  
cannot cause my heart  
to improve in any way.  
Nor increase the sweet desire  
I have for you.  
Nor the longing, nor the desire,  
nor the liking;  
and there is no man,  
however much an enemy he may be,  
if he speak well of you,  
whom I do not hold dear,  
and if he speak ill of you,  
(he) can say or do to me  
nothing that will please me.

## "DIEXI DE CHANTER MAINTENANT"

**Soprano 1:** God! Why am I seized  
by the desire to sing now, when I  
feel in my heart an ache from which  
I will perish if the woman I love  
does not comfort me?  
And when I recall  
and reflect on her sincerity  
and her countenance,

# TRANSLATIONS

"DIEXI DE CHANTER MAINTENANT"  
CONT.

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  
ailors qu'a vos, amis.  
Tant avés, ce m'est avis,  
biauté et valour et pris  
que vostre serai toudis  
sans nule mesproison  
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.

"DIEXI DE CHANTER MAINTENANT"  
CONT.

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.  
**Soprano 2:** 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 heart  
be untrue, for it is pledged to you;  
from my loving well, I will have joy  
or no woman ever will.  
**Tenor:** Hey hey hey

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Our third set is a trio for lovers who sorrow and make promises, and Elena Ruehr's gorgeous PAR DEU, written in memory of her mother: an excerpt from the Duchesse of Lorraine's long lyric of loss.

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# TRANSLATIONS

## "QU'AI JE FORFAIT"

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.

Bons amis,  
je vos rendrai  
Les deperz et les corros  
Que vos avés endurés  
Comme loiaus amorous:  
Si me rent et doins a voz.

## "PAR DEU"

**Lyrics by Gertrude,  
Duchesse de Lorraine  
Composed by Elena Ruehr**

Par Deu, amins,  
en rant dolour  
m'a mis.  
Mors vilainne qui tout  
lou mont gerroie  
vos m'at tolut,  
la riens que tant amoiei!  
Or seu Fenis,  
lasse, soule et eschise.  
Don't il n'est c'uns,  
so con an le devise  
mais a poinnes  
m'en reconfortioie.  
Se por ceu non,  
c'Amors m'at an justice.

## "QU'AI JE FORFAIT"

**Soprano 1:** 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.

**Soprano 2:** 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.

**Tenor:** La la la

## "PAR DEU"

**Lyrics by Gertrude,  
Duchesse de Lorraine  
Composed by Elena Ruehr**

By God, my love,  
into great sorrow  
I have been plunged.  
By vile death  
which wars against everyone  
it has robbed me of you,  
the one I love so much!  
Now I am a Phoenix,  
weary, alone and bereft.  
Although only one exists  
so they can say  
but with difficulty  
I might yet find comfort.  
Were it not for this:  
that Love has me in its power.

# TRANSLATIONS

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Our second half begins again with another dance modeled on the ancient estampies. Then you'll hear a woman promise her lover that they will be together soon. We end with Tal Shalom-Kobi's beautiful setting of a song about ice and snow and the pain of love lost.

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## "BIAUS DOUZ AMIS"

Biaus douz amis,  
or ne vous anuit mieze d'estre  
ensamble fasons tel demouree,  
car on dit:  
"Qui bien aime  
a tart oublie."  
Pour ce n'iert ja  
nostre amor desevee,  
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 pitiés de vo loial amie,  
et si pensés que par tans  
i soiomes, pour mener joie,  
com amans a celee.  
Diex! quar noz herberjomes.

## "BIAUS DOUZ AMIS"

**Soprano:** 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.  
**Bass:** Oh oh oh

## "Now We Are Come"

**Lyrics by Azalais de Porcairages | Composed by Tal Shalom-Kobi**

Now we are come to the cold time when the ice and the snow  
and the mud and the birds' beaks are mute (for not one inclines to sing);  
and the hedge-branches are dry; no leaf nor bud sprouts up,  
nor cries the nightingale whose song awakens me in May.  
And the hedge branches are dry; no leaf nor bud sprouts up,  
nor cries the nightingale whose song awakens me in May.  
My heart is so disordered that I'm rude to everyone;  
I know it's easier to lose than gain; still, though I be blamed  
I tell the truth: my pain comes from Orange.  
That's why I stand gaping, for I've lost the joy of solace.

# TRANSLATIONS

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In the next set you'll hear young women bemoan jealous and violent husbands, swear to find lovers anyway, wonder how they ended up in a convent when they should be enjoying love, and pray to be free. We end this set with Be Steadwell's remarkable macaronic – in two languages – setting of Castellozza's AMICS.

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## "JE SUIT JONETTE ET JOLIE"

Je suit jonete et jolie:  
s'ai un cuer enamoré  
qui tant mi semont  
et prie d'amer par joliveté  
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 de prie,  
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.

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

## "JE SUIT JONETTE ET JOLIE"

**Soprano:** 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.

**Alto 1:** 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.

# TRANSLATIONS

## "JE SUIT JONETTE ET JOLIE" CONT.

gré mon mari,  
si face amie, car,  
voelle ou non, j'amerais!

## "NUS NE MI POURROIT"

Nus ne mi pourroit conforter  
Ne donner joie et soulas,  
Se la bele non au vis cler,  
Qui m'a dou tout mis en ses las.  
Aymi! que ferai je, las!  
Quant merci trouver ne puis?  
Hé! trop mi va de mal en pis!  
Que, s'osasse plaider  
Et mon droit derraisnier,  
Lors fusse garis;  
Mais riens ne mi puet aidier  
Fors mercis.

Nonne sui, nonne, laissiés 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 mon grever;  
De riens ne mi  
plaist tel vie a demener;  
Ces hores avec qu'il  
m'estuet recorder  
Trop d'ennoi mi donnent,  
Et quant mi doi reposer,  
Matines sonnet.

## "JE SUIT JONETTE ET JOLIE" CONT.

Let him find a mistress;  
for—whether he likes it  
or not— I will love!

**Alto 2:** Hey hey hey

## "NUS NE MI POURROIT"

**Soprano:** 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.

**Alto 1:** 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,  
matin rings.

**Alto 2:** Hey hey hey

# TRANSLATIONS

## "AMICS"

Lyrics by Castelozza

Composed by Be Steadwell

Amics, s'ie.us trobes avinen

Humil e franc e de

bona merce,

Be.us amera,

quan era m'en sove.

Que.us trob vas mi mal

e fellow e tric.

I don't know why you're always on my mind, while I still sing your praises far and wide. And if I die, you'll be the one to blame while I still go on loving you from my grave.

---

Our final piece of the evening is for four women, some of them nuns: We've asked our men to channel their inner 15 year-old girls to sing this one.

---

## "JOLIMENT EN DOUS DESIREE"

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.

## "JOLIMENT EN DOUS DESIREE"

**Bass 1:** 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.

# TRANSLATIONS

## "JOLIMENT EN DOUS DESIREE" CONT.

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.  
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;  
jolivement, coïtement, soutivement  
m'ont le cuer emblé  
et enamourétant doucement.  
Pour noient maintieg  
ceste abeïe:  
trop use ma vie  
en grief tourment;  
je ne vivrai mie longument.  
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.

## "JOLIMENT EN DOUS DESIREE" CONT.

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.  
**Tenor 1:** 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.  
I will not live long at all.  
**Tenor 2:** I am a 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.

# TRANSLATIONS

## "JOLIMENT EN DOUS DESIREE"

### CONT.

De diu ait maleï  
conqui m'i mist!  
Mal et vilanie et pechié  
fist de tel pucelete  
rendre en abiéte.  
Trop i me fist, par ma foi;  
en reigion vif a grant anoi—  
Diex! — car trop sui jonete.  
Je sent les doz  
maus ceinturete:  
honnis soit de Diu  
qui me fist nonnete!

## "JOLIMENT EN DOUS DESIREE"

### CONT.

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!

**Bass 2:** La la la

---

If you're joining us on Sunday, you will hear a very special treat indeed: Maitreyee Chakraborty, a champion of Tagore's music (he is the Shakespeare of Bengal), will sing LeClair's setting of a lyric by Beatriz de Dia, one of the few women who left behind musical notation. Chakraborty has inserted a piece by Tagore to, as she put it, "Indianize" the work.

---

## "AB JOI ET AB JOVEN"

**Lyrics by Contessa Beatrice de Dia**

**Composed by Amelia LeClair**

Ab joi et ab joven m'apais  
e jois e jovens m'apaia  
Que mos amics es lo plus gais  
per qu'ieu sui  
coindet' e guaia.  
E pois ieu li sui veraia  
beis taing qu'el me sia vrais.  
Qu'anc de lui amar  
non m'estrais  
Ni ai cor que  
m'en estraia

## "AB JOI ET AB JOVEN"

**Lyrics by Contessa Beatrice de Dia**

**Composed by Amelia LeClair**

I thrive on joy and youth,  
and joy and youth keep me alive  
for my love is the happiest  
which makes me playful  
and happy too.  
And since I'm true to him  
he should be true to me,  
for from him my love  
has never strayed.  
Nor is my heart  
the kind that would cheat.

# TRANSLATIONS

## "AB JOI ET AB JOVEN" CONT.

Mout mi plai,  
quar sai que val mais  
cel qu'ieu plus desir que m'aia  
E cel que primers lo m'aitrais  
Dieu prec que  
gran joi l'atraia

E qui que mal l'en retraia  
No.l creza,  
fors cels qui retrais  
C'om quoill maintas  
vetz los balais

Ab qu'el mezeis se balaia  
Dompna que en  
bon pretz s'enten  
deu ben pausar s'entendensa  
en un pro cavallier valen  
Pois qu'ill connois sa valenssa  
que l'aus anar a presenssa  
Que dompna,  
pois am'a presen  
Ja pois li pro ni li valen  
No.n dirant mas avinenssa.

## "BHALOBASHI, BHALOBASHI"

Ei surey kachey durey  
jol e stholey bajay  
bajay ba(n)shi  
bhalobashi, bhalobashi

## "AB JOI ET AB JOVEN" CONT.

It pleases me  
that this man who is so fine  
is also the most desirable  
and he who introduced us—  
well, I hope God grants him  
great joy in return.

If anyone says anything bad about us,  
Don't believe him for,  
as the saying goes,  
she who chooses the straw  
can make her own broom.

The lady who knows  
when a man is good  
can place her attention well  
in a knight who has such goodness.

For if she knows  
his worth enough,  
she can love him openly:  
of a lady who loves openly like this,  
indeed, any man of  
worth and courtesy  
would never speak ill.

## "BHALOBASHI, BHALOBASHI"

These words echo near and far  
play over water and land  
play the flute  
I am in love, I am in love

# MEET THE PERFORMERS

**Janet Stone,**  
soprano



**Shannon Larkin,**  
soprano



**Lisa Hadley,**  
alto



**Lisa Bloom,**  
alto



**Frankie Campofelice,**  
tenor



**Francesco Logozzo,**  
tenor



**Craig Juricka,**  
bass



**Anthony Garza,**  
bass



**Maitreyee Chakraborty,**  
soloist



# MEET THE PERFORMERS

**Tal  
Shalom-Kobi,**  
bass



**Nancy  
Hurrell,**  
harp



**Na'ama  
Lion,**  
flute



**Mike  
Williams,**  
percussion



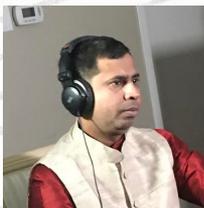
**Tara  
Novak,**  
violin



**Hirak  
Modi,**  
harmonium



**Koushik  
Chakrabarty,**  
tabla



## About the Director



**Amelia LeClair** is the Founding Director of Cappella Clausura and an Affiliated Scholar at the Brandeis University Women's Studies Research Center. Since receiving her Masters in Choral Conducting from New England Conservatory, LeClair has leveraged her talents in service of a variety of local arts institutions. For a complete biography, visit [www.Clausura.org/About-Us](http://www.Clausura.org/About-Us)

# ABOUT CAPPELLA CLAUSURA

Cappella Clausura's name was inspired by the many female composers imprisoned in the cloisters ("*in clausura*") of 17th century Italy. Our name continues to serve as a metaphor for the cultural obstacles faced by women composers throughout history, and still in the present day.

Over the past seventeen years, Cappella Clausura has performed an ever-widening repertoire for enthusiastic audiences in concert halls and churches, as well as academic and virtual settings. Our concerts have included music by Medieval, Renaissance, Baroque, Classical, Romantic, and Contemporary composers. We have also been privileged to have had compositions written especially for us by a growing number of living composers.

The core of our ensemble is eight-to-sixteen singers who perform a cappella, as well as with instruments appropriate to the repertoire. Both our singers and players are drawn from Boston's superb pool of freelancers; they are accomplished professionals who perform widely as soloists and ensemble musicians in Greater Boston and beyond.

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Cappella Clausura is one of a handful of ensembles worldwide dedicated to performing and recording the music of women composers. We can't do this work without you.

If you're able, **please consider making a donation of any amount that feels meaningful to you.** Your contribution will allow us to bring this extraordinary repertoire to an ever-widening audience and finally give these composers the attention they deserve.

Cappella Clausura is a registered 501(c)(3) charitable organization. All contributions are TAX DEDUCTIBLE and greatly appreciated.

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## Join Our Volunteer Corps!

Cappella Clausura is built on the foundation of our volunteers—without them, the magic of each concert could not happen.

Our volunteer corps supports our mission at every level: ushering, typing concert texts, stuffing mailings, videotaping concerts, hanging signs, and more. We're always glad to offer complimentary tickets as a thank you! **If you'd like to volunteer with us, please visit [www.Clausura.org/Support](http://www.Clausura.org/Support) and fill out the Volunteer Signup Form.**

**CAPPELLA** Twelve Centuries of New Music  
Amelia LeClair, Director **CLAUSURA**

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