

A MEDIEVAL CHRISTMAS

HODIE
CHRISTUS NATUS
EST

THE BOSTON CAMERATA . ANNE AZÉMA

A MEDIEVAL CHRISTMAS

HODIE!

1	Hodie Christus natus est	AA, CP, DRM	01'05
2	Uterus hodie Virginis floruit (anonymous Aquitania, 12th c.)	ALL VOICES, SK	03'19

SPONSUS

(excerpts from the *Sponsus* miracle play, Aquitania, c. 1050-1060)

3	Adest Sponsus	CP & TUTTI	02'35
4	Oiet virgines (Gabriel)	AA & INSTRUMENTS	03'27
5	Nos virgines (Song of the Foolish Virgins)	CP, AA	03'07
6	Amen dico (Christ's reply to the Foolish Virgins)	DRM	01'14

LUX!

7	Verbum Patris humanatur, O! (anonymous Aquitania, 12th c.)	ALL VOICES	02'19
8	Judea et Jerusalem	DRM & ALL VOICES	00'39
9	Dominus veniet	DRM & ALL VOICES	01'01
10	Lux refulget (anonymous Aquitania, 12th c.)	CP, AA, DRM	03'07

FLUR DE VIRGINITÉ

11	Clara sonent organa (anonymous Aquitania, 12th c.)	INSTRUMENTS	04'13
12	Gedeonis area (anonymous France, 13th from a text by Philp the Chancellor)	ALL VOICES	01'43
13	Flur de virginité, sur le chant d'Aélis (anonymous France, 13th c.)	AA, SK	03'23
14	Veine pleine de duçur (anonymous England, 13th c.)	ALL VOICES	02'36
15	Edi be thu hevене quene (anonymous England, 13th c.)	TUTTI	02'26

NOLITE TIMERE

16	Angelus ad Virginem (anonymous England, 13th c.)	INSTRUMENTS	01'31
17	Dal ciel venne messo novello (anonymous Italy, 14th c.)	DRM & TUTTI	05'58
18	Nolite timere	CP	01'29
19	English Dance (anonymous England, 13th c.)	SK	02'14
20	Quem vidistis Pastores?	ALL VOICES	00'45
21	Sancta Mater graciae - Dou way, Robin (anonymous England, 14th c.)	CP, DRM	01'48
22	Campanis cum cymbalis/Honoremus Dominam (anonymous England, 14th c.)	CP, DRM, AA	01'02

BENEDICAT DOMINO

23	Por nos Virgen madre (attributed to Alfonso X of Castille, el Sabio, 1221-1284)	AA & ChP	02'46
24	Gregis pastor (anonymous Aquitania, 12th c.)	TUTTI	04'16

Tracks 1, 8, 9, 18 and 20 are Gregorian Chants.

The Boston Camerata

Anne Azéma (AA), *voice, hurdy-gurdy, bells, direction*

Camila Parias (CP), *voice*

Deborah Rentz-Moore (DRM), *voice*

Christa Patton (ChP), *harp, winds*

Shira Kammen (SK), *vielle, rebec, harp*

Un album de Noël médiévaux

Moment traditionnellement joyeux de l'année. La fête de Noël s'est peu à peu muée en une période de réjouissances obligées dans notre siècle de consommation exacerbée et de liesse forcée. Sans tomber dans un passivisme stérile, on peut cependant constater que ce temps de l'année liturgique chrétienne de l'Europe de l'Ouest avait autrefois une tout autre signification. Noël était baigné d'incertitude. La figure médiévale du Christ en époux, juge suprême arrivant sans prévenir, afin de choisir les élues et rejeter celles qui ne sont pas prêtes à le suivre, est plutôt sinistre ! ("Amen dico"). Il est d'ailleurs fortement conseillé de rester sur ses gardes, *de ne pas s'endormir*, dit l'ange Gabriel ("Oïet virgines"). Cette veille est symbolisée dans un jeu en musique ("Sponsus"), où interprètes et spectateurs de ce théâtre musical paraliturgique entendent bien ce qui est en question : le salut de l'âme – ou sa chute éternelle.

Ce temps a aussi été joyeux, baigné de l'espoir de délivrance et de paix éternelle ("Dominus veniet"), du désir de lumière ("Lux refulget"). Surtout, il a été bercé par cette figure féminine, amante spirituelle, mère et intercédante, Marie. Laissons d'autres discuter de sa virginité. Pour nous musiciens, il reste que cette figure féminine a généré artistiquement, poétiquement et musicalement, dès le XII^e siècle, tant d'espoir humain qu'elle ne peut être ignorée dans un programme construit autour des répertoires de Noël médiévaux.

Les musiques que nous présentons ici proviennent de sources variées, géographiquement et stylistiquement. Cette sélection constitue une possibilité parmi d'autres, issue d'un répertoire foisonnant. À Noël, les styles s'embrassent, les langues se délient – beaucoup de nos morceaux sont rédigés en langue vernaculaire, parfois macaronique – latin et provençal médiévaux par exemple. Les narrations s'épanouissent et parfois se mettent en scène, littéralement ou figurativement – "Sponsus", "Dal ciel vene messo novello".

Le chant de l'église fournit la source première d'où vont découler d'autres styles ("Hodie Christus natus est"). Ces chants en latin, même variés selon les régions, restent la colonne vertébrale mélodique et grammaticale de nos musiques médiévales. Progressivement, ils vont se faire le tremplin d'ajouts, commentaires et créations, donnant ainsi naissance à d'autres formes, d'autres manières de discourir en musique.

Les polyphonies aquitaines ("Verbum Patris humanatur") sont un exemple de ces nouveaux développements. Ces pièces pleines d'énergie, d'une simplicité apparente, s'avèrent très novatrices. "Lux refulget", où la soliste commente et dialogue avec la ligne de teneur, relève d'un style virtuose, vigoureux et évocateur – Emmanuel. D'autres morceaux, dont les joyeuses images poétiques rappellent les jeunes Christs bergers et imberbes des fresques de la chrétienté naissante ("Gregis pastor"), relèvent des processions, à la fois entraînants et ornements. La polyphonie qui nous est transmise ainsi se présente comme un rappel noté d'une pratique improvisatrice. Nous sommes loin du Christ juge impartial et terrifiant !

D'autres polyphonies de ce programme, plus contenues, sont adoucies par la présence de tierces, fort aimées de l'autre côté de la Manche ("Veine pleine de duçur"). Certaines sont gracieuses et en même temps puissantes, grâce aux images bibliques qu'elles contiennent ("Gedeonis area" : "L'eau jaillira du rocher", Exode 17:6). Plusieurs autres exemples pointent le doigt vers une pratique musicale dont nous savons peu, mais que nous appellerons popularisante, telle "Edi be thu hevene quene", pièce largement mélodique sur une teneur simple, qui rappelle plutôt des danses hors l'église que des méditations monastiques pour les complies.

"Flur de Virginité", à la louange de Marie, offre un autre exemple de ces développements et mélanges de styles. Composé sur un chant antérieur et séculier, *Cantus domina* "Aaliz/Alice", il nous est transmis dans deux versions mariales, l'une en latin, l'autre en français. Pas de strophes ici : chaque groupement de vers est mis en musique spécifiquement, avec des motifs simples qui soutiennent une déclamation dramatique du poème en musique. De la péninsule ibérique et la cour d'Alfonse X dit *Le Sage*, nous vient une large collection de chants de louanges à la Vierge. La mélodie de "Por nos Virgen madre" provient d'un chant d'amour séculier gallego-portugais ; cette *cantiga* (cantiqne) décline les liens amoureux entre la Vierge, son Fils et son Père. Par des répétitions et modifications infimes des phrases se crée une prière éloquente.

Les narrations en musique de l'histoire de Noël s'épanouissent ici sur des mélodies simples, strophiques, avec refrains – à l'instar de la visitation italienne "Dal ciel venne messo novello", exemple efficace de ce style. Une soliste déroule la narration, le refrain entraîne d'autres autour d'elle : il s'agit bien d'un processional, non liturgique, qui invite à la participation.

En ce qui concerne la collaboration des instruments à ces répertoires vocaux, nous savons à la fois peu et beaucoup : de sources littéraires ou visuelles parallèles à notre musique, nous pouvons déduire que certains chants étaient prélués, accompagnés, soutenus et commentés par des instruments dont le préféré était sans aucun doute la vielle, la harpe suivant de près. En revanche, tout reste à imaginer pour ce qui concerne les rares pièces purement instrumentales qui nous sont parvenues d'une si longue période... hormis leur structure.

Nous connaissons le métier, amplement décrit, qui était attendu des musiciens professionnels : jouer d'un instrument, mais aussi chanter le contre-chant, composer, narrer les grandes histoires (Tristan, Arthur, etc.) – bref, être à la fois efficace et distraire ! À chaque style, à chaque langue s'attachent des couleurs vocales, puis instrumentales qui donneront naissance à des commentaires musicaux spécifiques. La polyphonie vocale naissante pointe elle aussi vers une pratique d'accompagnement. La chanteuse et l'instrumentiste créent ensemble ce qui a pu être. Une pratique maintenant bien éprouvée, toujours changeante, et marquée de notre époque, bien entendu. Nous ne sommes que les enfants de notre siècle, bien sûr ; mais en embrassant les siècles passés, et particulièrement la fraîcheur et l'énergie de leur musique et de leur poésie, nous découvrons avec vous les constantes des émotions humaines, leur force, une nouvelle joie, "Nova gaudia". Joyeux Noël !

ANNE AZÉMA

Notre programme

"A Medieval Christmas" : un premier enregistrement portant ce titre avait été réalisé en 1974-75 par la Boston Camerata et son directeur (à présent directeur émérite) Joel Cohen. Ce disque vinyle paru chez Nonesuch devint un best-seller et confirmait rapidement la prééminence de l'ensemble dans le monde de la musique ancienne. Son programme a longtemps figuré à notre répertoire, tournant abondamment sur plusieurs continents... jusqu'à un petit festival du Languedoc, où il a conquis Anne Azema, alors jeune étudiante tombée tout particulièrement sous le charme des polyphonies aquitaines ! En tant qu'interprète de la Camerata et avant d'en devenir la nouvelle directrice, elle a participé à de nombreux concerts autour de ce programme qui, au fil des ans, a sans cesse été repensé, augmenté, réévalué.

La version de ce *Medieval Christmas* que nous avons choisi de présenter dans ce nouvel enregistrement s'avère assez différente de la première, mais elle en garde l'esprit par sa pluridisciplinarité et la diversité des sources qui le composent. Trois chanteuses et deux instrumentistes de la Boston Camerata ont apporté au service de ces Noël leur expertise acquise dans l'exploration des répertoires médiévaux depuis de longues années. Cet enregistrement fait suite à une série de concerts effectuée sur les côtes Est et Ouest des États-Unis et du Canada.

A Medieval Christmas: Hodie Natus Est

Christmas was and is a joyful holiday. But in modern times, regrettably, the social pressures around the season, made ever more intense by the strictures of the consumer society, can lead to a sense of forced and inauthentic celebration. Without falling into a sterile nostalgia, we do observe that in the past this liturgical season in the Western Church once had a more organic, and a less stressful tonality.

The season undoubtedly contained, however, its own measure of anxiety. The medieval persona of Christ the Bridegroom, supreme Judge who will arrive at the moment known only to Him, selecting those chosen to receive salvation and rejecting those who are not ready to follow, is indeed sinister ('Amen dico'). As the angel Gabriel warns ('Oiet virgines') we need to remain vigilant, and we must not fall asleep. This waiting period is given musical and gestural form in the liturgical drama 'Sponsus.' Both performers and audience understand what is at stake: the salvation of the human soul, or its damnation. The season's joy flows from the hope of salvation and eternal peace ('Dominus veniet'), of desire for light ('Lux refulget'). Above all, it was nourished by the presence of Mary, the loving mother, the advocate next to God for suffering humanity, and even an object of amorous desire. Others may discuss and re-discuss the theological question of her virginity. We as musicians, however, are obliged to honor the unique and hopeful place she holds in twelfth and thirteenth century art, poetry, and song, as we construct this program of medieval music for Christmas.

These works are drawn from different sources, varied both in style and geographical origin. The plethora of available material means that this particular recorded program represents only one possibility, among a myriad of others. In any case, Christmas is a moment when different tastes and manners come together, and, when tongues loosen, so that different languages can be heard, macaronically, in the same piece (Latin and medieval Provençal, for example). The art of storytelling becomes important, staged in a real space (the 'Sponsus' play), or in the mind's eye and ear ('Dal ciel vene messo novello').

At the root of all this varied creation is the liturgical song of the Church, even though this body of song in Latin could and did vary from region to region. Liturgical chant provided the backbone and the musical grammar of medieval musical creation. Progressively, medieval music will take on other stylistic aspects, thus giving birth to other forms and other kinds of discourse.

The Aquitanian polyphonic works from the center of France ('Verbum Patris Humanatur') are prime examples of these new developments. These works, on the surface quite simple, are in fact full of energy, and very innovative. In 'Lux refulgent', a virtuosic and energetic composition, the upper soloistic part dialogues with the lower line, which in turn, becomes dynamic and active. Other pieces recall the beautiful visual images of primitive Christianity, in which Christ is portrayed as a beardless shepherd youth. The exuberant polyphony of the processional 'Gregis pastor' evokes a spontaneous improvisation, one that some scribe had thought good enough to be written down. With such happy song we are far from the severe and terrifying vision of Christ the Judge.

Other pastor polyphonic songs you will hear are soft and tender (via the sweetening presence of thirds, much appreciated in the British Isles: 'Veine pleine de duçur', an English piece despite its French text.) Some are subtle and gracious, thanks to the Biblical imagery of their texts; in 'Gedeonis area', life-giving water flows from the rock, as in Exodus, XVII:6. Some appear to invoke a different manner, one of which we know very little, that of medieval popular and folk music. When taken at a rapid clip, as we do, 'Edi be thu hevene quene,' a melodic tenor line with simple accompanying second part, appears to evoke a dance on the village square more than a monastic meditation of Complines.

Another example of style development and exchange can be found in 'Flur de virginité', a song of praise to Mary. Composed upon a pre-existing secular song, 'Cantus domina "Aaliz/Alice",' it has been handed down to us two ways, each with a Marial text; one is in Latin, the other in French. It is not arranged in strophes, but rather through-composed, as each verse segment receives its own, original melody, composed of simple motifs, sustaining the dramatic declamation of the poem via music.

From the Iberian peninsula, and the court of King Alfonso X, 'The Wise One', comes a large collection of sacred songs, all in honor of the Virgin. The *cantiga*, 'Por nos Virgen madre', whose melody is derived from a Galician/Portuguese love song, describes the bonds of love among the Virgin, her son, and his father. Through the repetitions and subtle modifications of the short phrases, we experience a moving moment of prayer.

Musical narrations of the Christmas story are often built on simple, strophic melodies with refrains. 'Dal ciel venne messo novello', an Italian-language recounting of the Visitation, provides a good example of this approach. A soloist tells the tale, and the refrain groups others around her. This is a processional song, non-liturgical, inviting the faithful to take part. These works come down to us with the singing lines notated. Concerning the participation of instruments in this repertoire, we know, simultaneously, quite a bit – and almost nothing. From medieval literary and visual sources we know that some singing was precluded, accompanied, sustained, and commented on by instrumental playing. The *vielle* or medieval fiddle was most often the accompanist of choice, followed by the harp. A handful of purely instrumental pieces have been preserved, but apart from their structure, almost everything needs to be imagined concerning their interpretation. Professional performers/minstrels in the secular world needed to acquire many skills: playing an instrument, but also improvising counter-melodies, composing, narrating the great legends (Tristan, Arthur, and others) – in short, acquiring all the wiles of entertainment. For the alert instrumentalist, each style, each language, calls forth certain skills – vocal colors, playing techniques – appropriate to the given music and situation. The instrumentalist also develops approaches to accompaniment by learning from the evolving practices of early vocal polyphony. Together, singer and instrumentalist of today imagine what might have been. We are, of course, products of our own time and place. But by embracing the eternal freshness and energy of these repertoires, so distant from us in time, we discover the constancy, across the centuries, of human emotion, and we re-experience, as new, a profound joy. *Nova gaudia*. Merry Christmas!

ANNE AZÉMA
Translation: Joel Cohen

About this program

The roots of this present recording go back to 1974-75, when the Boston Camerata and its director (now Director Emeritus) Joel Cohen performed in concert and then recorded, for the Nonesuch label, a new production entitled *A Medieval Christmas*. That vinyl LP quickly became a best seller, confirming Camerata's status as a leading ensemble in the early music world. In the years following, the program remained in Camerata's repertoire, touring extensively in North America and Europe, including one particular appearance at a festival in the Languedoc. There, Camerata's present director, Anne Azéma, then a student and aspiring professional, first succumbed as an audience member to the charm of the repertoire, and in particular of the Aquitanian polyphonic pieces! Later, as a Camerata singer, she performed this program many times, as, over the course of the years, it has been re-imagined, augmented, and re-evaluated.

We propose to you now a new version of *A Medieval Christmas*, quite different in many ways from the 1970s production, but, with its pluri-disciplinarity and diversity of sources, still close to the original in its underlying spirit. Three female voices and two instrumentalists, each with many years of experience performing medieval music, all at the peak of their art, place themselves at the service of these works. This five-person group has recently presented in concert the current, revised program on the East and West coasts of the United-States, and in Canada.

Today Christ is born

Today the Savior has appeared:
Today the Angels sing,
The Archangels rejoice:
Today the righteous rejoice, saying:
Glory to God in the highest, alleluia!

Today the belly of the Virgin has flourished,

She conceived and became a mother without lust,
She who refrained from knowing man by remaining
a virgin.
O wonderful birth.

From the root of Jesse a shoot has sprouted
And from that small shoot is born a flower, Christ,
Which prospers like a cedar in Lebanon.
O wonderful birth.

This flower, spoken of in the writings of David,
Is as a bridegroom coming out of the royal brain
stem
Anointing the world with heavenly balm.
O wonderful birth.

This lily-white flower is the flower of Zion, a rose
that does not fade,
Which illuminates Jerusalem,
And brings both natures on the Cross.
O wonderful birth.
(Translation: Anne Azéma)

The bridegroom is here. He is Christ.
Stay awake, you maidens!
Mankind rejoices,
And shall rejoice, at his coming.

He comes to free
The sources of nations,
Which the devils had enslaved
By our first mother.

He is the one whom the prophet
Calls the second Adam,
By whom the first Adam's crime
Is cleansed from us.

He hung on the cross
To return us to our heavenly home,
And to lead us away
Free from the faction of the adversary.

The bridegroom is coming
Who by death washed away
The penalty of our sins
And endured the cross.

(Translation by permission, Lawrence Rosenwald)

1 | **Hodie Christus natus est**
Hodie Salvator apparuit:
Hodie in terra canunt Angeli,
Lætantur Archangeli:
Hodie exsultant justi, dicentes:
Gloria in excelsis Deo, alleluia!

2 | **Uterus hodie Virginis floruit**
Nec matrem dum gignit libido torruit
Que virgo permanens virum aborruit.
O partus mirabilis.

De radice lesse virga progreditur
Et de virgule flos Christus exoritur
Cuius in Libano cedrus extollitur.
O partus mirabilis.

Hic flos davitico signatus calamo
Et sponsus regio procedens talamo
Celesti seculum perunxit balsamo.
O partus mirabilis.

Hic flos est in Syon rosa nec aruit
Et in Ierusalem liliū conduit
Utrisque genera cruce composuit.
O partus mirabilis.

3 | **Adest Sponsus** qui est Christus.
Vigilate, virgines!
Pro adventu cuius gaudent
Et gaudebunt homines.

Venit enim liberare
Gentium origines,
Quas per primam sibi matrem
Subjugarunt demones.

Hic est Adam qui secundus
Per prophetam dicitur,
Per quem scelus primi Ade
A nobis diluitur.

Hic pendit ut celesti
Patrie nos redderet
Ac de parte inimici
Liberos nos traheret.

Venit sponsus, qui nostrorum
Scelerum piacula
Morte lavit atque crucis
Sustulit patibula.

Listen, maidens, to what we shall tell you:
and do at once what I shall command you!
Wait for the bridegroom, Jesus the Saviour is his name.
Don't fall asleep!
The bridegroom whom you await is here!

He came on earth for your sins,
Was born of the Virgin in Bethlehem,
Was washed and baptized in the Jordan River.
Don't fall asleep!
The bridegroom whom you await is here!

He was beaten, mocked, abused,
Lifted up on the cross and crucified;
He was placed in the tomb.
Don't fall asleep!
[The bridegroom whom you await is here!]

And he rose – the scripture tells it!
I am Gabriel: he sent me here.
Wait for him: he shall come this way.
Don't fall asleep!
The bridegroom whom you await is here!
(Translation, by permission, Lawrence Rosenwald)

We maidens who are approaching you
Have spilt our oil carelessly:
Sisters, we want to appeal to you
As the ones in whom we trust -
We, wretched in our grief, have slept too long!

We are your companions on this journey
And sisters of the same blood;
Though things have turned out badly for us, pitiful,
You can restore us to the place on high!
We, wretched in our grief, have slept too long!

Share with us the light from your lamps,
Take pity on us – we have been foolish -
Lest we be driven from the gates
When the bridegroom calls you to your places.
We, wretched in our grief, have slept too long!
(Translation: Peter Dronke)

Amen I say, I know you not,
For you have no light:
Those who lose it must go far
From the threshold of this court.
Away with you, wretches!
Away with you, luckless ones!
For ever more suffering shall be your lot!
Into hell you shall now be led!
Wretches in your grief,
You have slept too long...
(Translation: Peter Dronke, Anne Azéma)

4 | **Oiet virgines,** also que vos dirum:
Aiseet presen que vos comandarum –
Attendet un espos, lesu salvaire a nom:
Gaire noi dormet!
Aisel espos que vos hor attendet!

Venit en terra per los vostres pechet,
De La Virgine en Betleem fo net,
E flum lorda lavet e bateet.
Gaire noi dormet!
Aisel espos que vos hor attendet!

Eu fu batut, gablet e lapidet,
Sus e la crot pendut e claufiget.
Eu monumen desoentre pauset.
Gaire noi dormet!
[Aisel espos que vos hor attendet!]

E resors es! la scriptura o dii.
Gabriels soi, eu [m'a] trames aici;
Attendet lo, que ia venra praiçi!
Gaire noi dormet!
Aisel espos que vos hor attendet!

5 | **Nos virgines** que ad vos venimus
Negligenter oleum fudimus:
Ad vos orare, sorores, cupimus
Ut ad illas quibus nos credimus –
Dolentas, chaitivas, trop i aven dormit!

Nos comites huius itineris
Et sorores eiusdem generis;
Quamvis male contigit miseris
Potestis nos reddere superis!
Dolentas, chaitivas, trop i aven dormit!

Partimini lumen lampadibus,
Pie sitis insipientibus,
Pulse ne nos simus a foribus
Cum vos sponsus vocet in sedibus.
Dolentas, chaitivas, trop i aven dormit!

6 | **Amen dico** vos ignosco
Nam caretis lumine.
Quo qui pergunt procul pergunt
Hujus aule limine.
Alet chaitivas!
Alet malaureas!
A tot jorns mais vos so penas livreas!
En en enfer ora seret menais.
Dolentas, chaitivas!
Trop i avetz dormit...

The Word of the Father is made man,

While a maiden is greeted;
The greeted one is fruitful
Without knowledge of man.
Oh, new joys!

A new manner of birth,
But exceeding in power of nature,
When the creator of all things
Is made creature.
Oh, new joys!

Hear of a birth beyond precedent:
A virgin hath given birth to the savior,
The creature bears the Creator,
The daughter, the Father.
Oh, new joys!

In the savior's birth
There is no parent of our kind:
A maiden gives birth,
Nor do the lilies of her chastity wither.
Oh, new joys!

The God-Man is given us,
The given one is shown to us,
While peace is announced to the nations
And glory to the heavens.
Oh, new joys!

Judea and Jerusalem

Be not afraid:
Set out tomorrow and the Lord shall be with you,
Alleluia.
*Glory to the Father and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost
As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be,
World without end. Amen.*

The Lord will come,

Go to meet him, saying:
His kingdom is great and will never end.
He is God the Mighty One, the ruler,
The prince of Peace,
Alleluia, alleluia.

The light shines forth from above;

Here is the day that the prophets foretold.
Let the Church rejoice,
Singing forth humble entreaties,
Resounding out the brilliant birth.
Emmanuel, Emmanuel!
Whose name rings forth loudly in Israel.

The flower of Gideon

Is drenched with dew from heaven,
And the flames of the burning bush
Shines without heat.

7 | Verbum Patris humanatur, O, O!

Dum puella salutatur, O, O!
Salutata fecundatur
Viri nescia.
Eya, nova gaudia!

Novus modus geniture, O, O!
Sed excedens vim nature, O, O!
Dum unitor creature
Creans omnia.
Eya, nova gaudia!

Audi partem preter morem, O, O!
Virgo parit salvatorem, O, O!
Creatura creatorem,
Patrem filia.
Eya, nova gaudia!

In parente salvatoris, O, O!
Non est parens nostri moris, O, O!
Virgo parit, nec pudoris
Marcent lilia.
Eya, nova gaudia!

Homo Deus nobis datur, O, O!
Datus nobis demonstratur, O, O!
Dum pax terris nuntiatur,
Celis gloria.
Eya, nova gaudia!

8 | Judea et Jerusalem

Nolite timere:
Cras egrediemini, et Dominus erit vobiscum,
Alleluia
*Gloria Patri et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto.
Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper,
Et in sæcula sæculorum. Amen.*

9 | Dominus veniet,

Occurite illi, dicentes:
Magnum principium, et regni ejus non erit finis.
Deus, fortis, dominator,
Principes pacis,
Alleluia, alleluia.

10 | Lux refulget de supernis edita

Adest dies a prophetis edita
Gaudeat Ecclesia
Resonantes inclita preconia
Resonando clara natalicia
Emmanuel! Emmanuel!
Cuius nomen claruit in Israel.

12 | Gedeonis area

Celitus perfusa rore;
Flamma rubis ignea
Radiat absque calore.

The earthen vessel
Brings forth the seed from a seed,
The golden light!
The good grain comes out from the chaff,
The olive from the olive trees,
And the rock flows with water.

(Translation by permission, Lawrence Rosenwald)

Flower of virginity,

Palace of purity,
Mother of mercy,
God bows to thee,
Pure Virgin!
River of life,
Mother of God,
Who bore him,
Help,
Through your kindness,
You, who have so much of it,
And can,
Help,
Those who are in need!
Most beautiful rose,
Chaste flower of lily,
Virgin maiden,
You bore the son of God,
And nourished him from your breast.

Blessed,
Chosen,
You were blessed
When out of your own body
God came forth,
Without any wounds.
Flesh and priceless,
God Jesus Christ,
From you, pure Virgin,
God took human shape,
Whose ransom was
That he was put to bitter and painful death.
You are without peer,
Neither man nor woman
Of human nature.
We are, through you,
From all sickness
Made sane and whole.

Our hope, our refuge
From all sinners,
Our joy, Lady,
Comes from you.
Without you,
We have no joy, no talent.
All springs from you, Lady,
Who maintains and sustains us.
You are peace and comfort,
To those who are in need and at death,

Nucleum ex nuclea
Testa prodit lutea,
Lux aurea!
Granum exit palea,
Oleastris olea,
Liquitur petra liquore.

13 | Flur de virginité

Chambre donestete,
De merci mere e de pite,
Deu wus saut,
Virgine pure,
Ki nature
Deu gendrure
E porteur,
Surmontez
Par vos bontez,
Dont tanz avez
Ki bien poez
Aider assez
As mesaissiez.
Rose très bele,
Flur de lis en chasteté,
Virgin pucele,
Enfantastes le fil(z) Dé,
De ta mamele doucement fut alaité.

Beneüree
Destinee,
Aviez a l'heure
Quant des toen cors
Eissi Deus fors
Sanz point de blesmure.
Char et sanc pris[!]
Duz Jesu Crist
De tei, Virge pure,
Dunt rançon fist
Pur nus se mist
A mort aspre et dure.
Vos n'avez p(i)er,
Hoem ne moiller
D'umain engendrure;
Car de tuz mals
Gariz et sal(f)s
Sumes par ta cure.

Nostre espeir, nostre refui
Estes en chascun ennui,
[E] nostre joie a estrus,
Dame, vient trestus de wus ;
Nus n'avon si par wus nun
Bien ne joie d'autre dun ;
Trestut, dame, de wus vient
Quaque nus en bien sustient.
Solaz estes e confort
Al besoieng e a la mort

To those who honor you,
And are your lovers.

O most pious Mary,
Full of godly grace,
Help and succor
Your vassals,
From our sins,
Please,
Deliver us,
And after
Our death,
Please lead us to your son.

Source full of sweetness,

True hope of life,
Beloved Mother of the Creator,
Filled with all good.
Gentle consolation
In pain and anguish,
Help for those in need,
True salvation for the sinner,
Who repents of his foolishness.
Hail Mary.

You bore Jesus Christ,
Virgin most pure,
The One Who made heaven and earth
And all creatures,
[became] Flesh and blood in Your body
Without any injury,
He Who was put on the cross for us
And died brutally and painfully.
Hail Mary.

Pray Your child for us,
Only Virgin Mother,
That He may be for us a true protector
Against the robber from hell.
That He may help and save us
At the bitter death,
And grant us the full joy
Of heavenly bliss, through Your prayer,
Hail Mary.

(Translation: Anne Azémo)

Blessed be thou, Queen of Heaven,

People's comfort and angels' bliss,
Maid unblemished, mother pure,
Such as no other is in the world.
In thee it is very evident
That of all women thou hast the highest place.
My sweet lady, hear my prayer
And show pity on me if it is thy will.

A ceaus ki honneur wus font,
E de quer amant wus sunt.

O tres pie Marie,
De deu grace pleine,
Securez et aidiez
A vos ser(f)s demaine,
De pechez
Nus facez
Quites de peines,
Et après
Nos decès,
A ton fil(z) nus meine.

14 | Veine pleine de duçur,

Veir espoir de vie
Chere mere al creatur
De tuz biens garnie.
Duz confort
En doel eplur,
Al besoigne aye,
Veir sucure al peccheur,
Ki laist sa folie.
Ave Maria.

Wus portastes Jhesu Crist,
Virgine entere pure.
Cil ki ciel e terre fist
E toute creature
Char e sanc dedenz vus prist
Sanz point de blesure,
K'il pur nous en la croiz mist
Amort aspre e dure.
Ave Maria.

Priez pur nus ton enfant,
Virgine sule mere,
Ki nus soit verray guarant
Vers l'enfernal lere.
Sucurables e aydant
A la mort amere
E nus doinst la joie grant
Du ciel par ta proiere,
Ave Maria

15 | Edi be thu hevene quene

Folk's froure and engles bliss,
Moder unwemmed and maiden clene,
Swich in world non other nis.
On thee hit is wel eth sene,
Of all wimmen thu havest thet pris;
Mi swete levedi, her mi bene
And reu of me yif thi wille is.

Blossom sprung from a single root,
The Holy Ghost rested upon thee;
That was for mankind's salvation,
And to free their souls in exchange for one.
Gentle lady, soft and sweet,
I beg forgiveness, I am thy man,
Both hand and foot,
In every way that I can be.

Thou art soil for good seed,
On thee the heavenly dew alighted;
From thee sprang that blessed fruit
The Holy Ghost sowed it in thee.
Bring us out of the misery and fear
That Eve bitterly brewed for us;
Thou shalt lead us into heaven -
Very sweet to us is that same dew.

Mother full of gracious virtues,
Maiden patient and well-instructed,
I am in the bonds of thy love
And all my attraction is towards thee.
Shield thou me, yes from the fiend,
As thou art generous and art willing and able,
And help me to my life's end
And reconcile [me] with thy son.

(Translation: E.J. Dobson)

From heaven came a new messenger

Which was the angel Gabriel,

To a city of Galilee
– Where lived Jewish folk
Speaking in the Hebrew tongue
In town and castle –

Which was called Nazareth,
Where the Virgin was born and lived;
She was promised to Joseph
According to the law, with a ring.

From heaven came a new messenger

Which was the angel Gabriel.

The angel was a messenger from God,
He started and finished his message well,
Wisely, flowingly,
He made his announcement:

“Hail Mary, full of grace!
God save you, star serene!
God is with you, leading
Into the beautiful Paradise.

From heaven came a new messenger

Which was the angel Gabriel.

Spronge blostme of one rote,
The Holi Gost thee reste upon;
Thet wes for monkunnes bote
And heore soule to alesen for on.
Levedi milde, softe and swote,
Ic crie thee merci, ic am thi mon,
Bothe to honde and to fote,
On alle wise that ic kon.

Thu ert eorthe to gode sede;
On thee lighte the heovene deugh,
Of thee sprong theo edi blede
The Holi Gost hire on thee seugh.
Thu bring us ut of kare of drede
That Eve bitterliche us breugh.
Thu sschalt us into heovene lede;
Welle swete is the ilke deugh.

Moder, ful of thewes hende,
Maide dreigh and wel itaucht,
Ic em in thine love bende,
And to thee is al mi draucht.
Thu me sschildghe from the feonde,
Ase thu ert freo, and wilt and maucht;
Help me to mi lives ende,
And make me with thin sone isaught.

17 | Dal ciel venne messo novello

Ciò fo l'angel Gabriello,

Nella città di Galilea
– Là v'era la gente iudea;
Favellavano in lengua ebra
In città et in castello –

Ch'è chiamata Naçarèth(e),
Là la vergene nacque et stette.
Sponsata era a Iosephe
Secondo la legge, coll'anello.

Dal ciel venne messo novello

Ciò fo l'angel Gabriello.

L'angelo fo messo da Dio,
Ben començò et ben finio:
Saviamente, sença rio,
Annuntio lo suo libello:

“Ave Maria, gratia plena,
Dio ti salvì, stella serena!
Dio è con techo che ti mena
Enn-el paradiso bello.

Dal ciel venne messo novello

Ciò fo l'angel Gabriello.

'From your womb will come such fruit
Which will save the whole world;
The Devil will have reason to weep,
Yes, he shall be whipped smartly.'

'How could this be,
Rightly or wrongly,
I can rightfully doubt it,
As I do not know any man, young or old.'

*From heaven came a new messenger
Which was the angel Gabriel.*

The angel said: 'Do not be afraid,
You have pleased God,
He does not want any other mother,
Save you, with whom I speak.
Little Son of the Most High,
He will be called Jesus Christ,
Through him the world will be saved
And freed from the hand of the wicked.'

*From heaven came a new messenger
Which was the angel Gabriel.*

Then the bright star, answered:
'Here am I, Your handmaiden,
Let it be according to your word,
Since he called upon me.'

*From heaven came a new messenger
Which was the angel Gabriel.*

Fear not, for behold, I bring you good tidings
of great joy,
Which shall be to all people.
For unto you is born this day in the city of David
a Saviour,
Which is Christ the Lord.
And this shall be a sign unto you;
You shall find the babe wrapped
In swaddling clothes and lying in a manger.
Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace,
Good will toward men.

(Translation: King James Bible)

Whom did you see, shepherds, say,
Tell us who has appeared?
We saw the new-born child and choirs of angels
Praising the Lord, alleluia.

(Translation: Anne Azéma)

Del tuo ventre uscirà tal fructo
Ke salvirà lo mundo tutto
Unde 'l diavolo avirà corocto
Sì parrà grande 'l flagello'

"Come fie quel che tu ài decto?
Noi credo a torto nè a dritto,
E ben ne posso far disdetto:
Non cognosco hom, vecchio né fancello."

*Dal ciel venne messo novello
Ciò fo l'angel Gabriello.*

L'angelo disse: "Non temere,
Tu se' a Dio sì a piacere,
Altra madre non vole avere
Se non voi, con k'io favello.
Filiol di l'Altissimo fie chiamato,
Iesù Cristo in oni lato:
Per lui fi' 'l mondo salvato
Et tracto de le man del fello."

*Dal ciel venne messo novello
Ciò fo l'angel Gabriello.*

Respose la kiara stella:
"Io son qui ke so' su' ancella,
Sia secundo la sua favella:
Cusì mi chiamo et apello!"

*Dal ciel venne messo novello
Ciò fo l'angel Gabriello.*

18 | **Nolite timere**, ecce enim evangelizo vobis
Gaudium magnum quod erit omni populo
Quia natus est vobis hodie salvator
Qui est Christus Dominus in civitate David
Et hoc vobis signum invenietis infantem
Pannis involutum et positum in præsepio
Gloria in excelsis Deo et in terra pax
In hominibus bonæ voluntatis.

20 | **Quem vidistis, Pastores** dicite,
Annuntiate nobis in terris quis apparuit?
Natum vidimus et choros angelorum
Collaudantes Dominum. Alleluia.

Holy Mother of grace – Dou way, Robin

Duplum: Holy Mother of grace, star of brightness,
Visit us today, full of compassion.

Come soon, channel of pardon, to those in prison,
As a solace of misery, a source of sweetness.

Remember, mother of Christ, how bitterly thou didst
weep;
Thou didst stand beside the cross sighing at the
sad sight.

O Mary, royal flower, among all women nonesuch,
In thy son unequalled, forgive the sins of our flesh.

O, with how humble a heart thou didst speak
When thou didst receive the words of Gabriel the
messenger.

'Behold the handmaid of the Lord' thou didst
quickly say;
Thereafter thou didst bear the springtime of living joy.

Rejoice, worthy lady, so gracious, in the throne of
heaven;
Restore thy children, brought low by vice, to the Son.

Tenor: Stop it, Robin, the child will weep;
stop it Robin.

(Translation: E.J. Dobson)

With bells and cymbals,

Let the whole choir of mankind
Praise the Lord
With lyres and psalteries,
Let us praise the Lord of heaven
Let Him be praised joyfully
Each to their own ways of singing notes,
Praising for ever.

Duplum: Let us honour the Lady,

Worthy of the court of heaven,
Chosen to be the royal
Mother of the King's glory,
Let there be always jubilation
For the Mother after the son,
And devoted prayer
For those in weakness.

(Translation: Anne Azéma)

For us, Virgin Mother,

Pray to God your Father
And Son and friend,
Pray to God your Father
And Son and friend.

21 | **Sancta Mater gratiæ – Dou way, Robin**

Duplum: Sancta Mater gratiæ, stella claritatis
Visita nos hodie plena pietatis.

Veni, vena veniæ mox incarceratis,
Solamen angustia, fons suavitatis.

Recordare, mater Christi, quam amare tu
flevisti;
Juxta crucem tu stetisti, suspirando viso tristi

O, Maria, flos regalis, inter omnes nulla talis;
Tuo nato specialis nostræ carnis parce malis

O, quam corde supplicii locuta fuisti,
Gabrielis nunci i cum verba cepisti.

"En ancilla Domini", prope dixisti;
Vernum vivi gaudii post hoc perperisti.

Gaude, digna, tam benigna cæli solio;
Tuos natos, morbo stratos, redde filio.

Tenor: Dou way, Robyn, the child wile weepe;
dou way Robyn.

22 | **Campanis cum cymbalis**

Omnis chorus hominum
Liris et psalteriis
Laudent celi dominum
Organis ac singulis
Modis dando iubilum
Cum iocosis notulis
Laudetur per seculum.

Duplum: Honoremus Dominam

Dignam celi curie
Electam regiam
Matrem Regis glorie
Semper iubilatio
Sit matri post filium
Devota oratio
Pro statu fragilium.

23 | **Por nos Virgen madre**

Rog' a Deus teu Padre
Et Fill'e amigo.
Rog a Deus, teu Padre
Et Fill'e amigo.

Pray to God that he help us,
Pray to Him,
Since He is your Son and friend,
Pray to Him
Since He is your Son and friend.

Pray that he protect us
Because He is without fault
Your Son and friend,
Since he is without fault,
Your Son and friend.

For us, Virgin Mother,
Pray to God your Father
And Son and friend,
Pray to God your Father
And Son and friend.

(Translation: John Sidwick)

A deus que nos preste
Rogalle
Pois este Teu Fill'e amigo.
Rogalle
Pois este Teu Fill'e amigo.

Roga, que nos valla,
Pois el é sen falla
Teu Fill'e amigo.
[P]ois el é sen falla
Teu Fill'e amigo.

Por nos virgen madre
Rog' a Deus teu Padre
Et Fill'e amigo.
Rog a Deus, teu Padre
Et Fill'e amigo.

Tityrus, shepherd of the flock,
Herds asses too;
He is a shepherd and an ass himself.
Yo, ho, ho!
Tityrus has invited us
To a rich feast.

Crozier and officials and satyrs
Attend the feast given
In honour of Tityrus.
Yo, ho, ho...

Praises indeed to Tityrus
With melodies on instruments
And the resounding drum.
Yo, ho, ho...

We honour Tityrus
Who on account of his crook
Invites us to the banquet.
Yo, ho, ho...

With worthy and appropriate praise
O Tityrus lead us
To the sweet pastures.
Yo, ho, ho...

Now all of us
Give thanks to the shepherd Tityrus
And bless the Lord!
Yo, ho, ho...

(Translation: John Sidwick and Anne Azéma)

When translations are not credited: Anonymous

24 | **Gregis pastor** Tityrus
Asinorum Dominus
Pastor est et Asinus.
Eya, eya, eya,
Vocat nos ad varia
Titirus Cibaria [...]

Ad onorem Titiri
Festa colunt baculi
Satrape et satiri.
Eya...

Laudes demus Titiro
Cum melodis organo
Resonante timpano.
Eya...

Veneremus Titirum
Qui nos propter baculum
Invitat ad epulum.
Eya...

Digna laudes congrua
Deduc nos ad Pascua
Titire melliflua.
Eya...

De pastore Titiro
Gratulans hec concio
Benedicat domino!
Eya...



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With thanks to:

Boston Liturgical Dance Ensemble, Robert VerEecke, S.J.

Susan Carter, Lindsay Cavanagh, Joel Cohen, Brett & Priscilla Donham, Sheri Flagler, Hadwig Gofferje,
David & Harriet Griesinger, Annick Lapôtre, David Levine, Chris Matthias, Anne Miller, Carl and Lucile Oestreicher Foundation, James Shea, Kenneth C. Turino, David & Susan Wahr
and St Ignatius of Loyola Church, Rev. Joseph S. Constantino, S.J., Rev. Gerald F. Finnegan, S.J., Jamie Huggins, Carol Russo
Union Congregational Church, Amesbury, Carol Glenn and Church of our Saviour, Brookline, Rev Joel Ives

The instruments and their makers:

vielle, Karl Dennis

rebec, Kate Buehler-McWilliams

harps, Rainer Thureau, Lynne Lewandowski

hurdy-gurdy, Anonymous

bagpipes, Paul Beekhuizen, Joel Robison, Michael McHarg, Bodo Schultz

flutes, Friedrich von Huene, Patrick Olwell

bells, Michael Metzler



harmonia mundi musique s.a.s.

Médiapôle Saint-Césaire, Impasse de Mourgues, 13200 Arles © 2021

Recording: July 2021, St Ignatius of Loyola Church, 28 Commonwealth Avenue,
Chestnut Hill, MA 02467 Boston USA

Recording, editing and mastering : Brad Michel

Artistic Director: Anne Azéma

Session Producer: Brad Michel

Executive Producer: Annick Lapôtre

Management: The Boston Camerata

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Some musical editions and arrangements © by Margriet Tindemans; Joel Cohen, SACEM

Texts and translations © harmonia mundi & The Boston Camerata

Illustration: *Quatre anges*, Chapelle St Martial, Palais des Papes, Avignon, Vaucluse, France.

Photos: Dan Busler, Jeffrey Means © The Boston Camerata

Design: Atelier harmonia mundi