



GOTHIC VOICES

Mary Star Of The Sea

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Total Running Time: 74 minutes

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Mary Star Of The Sea

For centuries the figure of Mary has deeply fascinated the devotees of European religious culture. The canonic bible seems to make up only a small proportion of what has been related on this subject amongst the proliferation of myths, legends, poetry and universal lore it has infused, and the culture and mentality it has permeated. Such a central subject of devotion will of course have provided much opportunity and inspiration for artists – not least composers of music – and the programme sequence here celebrates the biblical matriarch in the various images that have grown up around this continuous fascination: guiding light, mediator, caring mother and virgin lover to name a few. Ancient liturgical texts and poems explore her various mythical and human aspects and are set to music by masters of medieval England, offset by contemporary responses to these themes.

Part I of the programme focuses on the mythical and religious qualities of Mary. It is structured around music by the American composer Joanne Metcalf (b.1958), who wrote a setting of excerpts of Canto XXIII from *Paradiso* by Dante (c.1265–1321), calling it *Il nome del bel fior* (1998). Dante shares his vision of Mary the virgin as a 'fair rose through whom the divine word was made flesh', as the 'jewel of heaven' and 'the brightest of all stars' (recalling the familiar metaphor of Mary as star of the sea, *stella maris*). The poetry circles around that 'fair rose' and *Il nome del bel fior* matches and captures Dante's 'circling, soaring melodies of poetry', revolving around the name Maria. Three of the cycle's ten movements are heard here, the first of which opens the procedure with an ethereal solo-voice meditation on the single word 'Maria'. The second,

placed at the midpoint of Part I also sets this single word, with an increase of the texture to four voices, but the third of these concludes it with a powerfully effervescent display of Dante's poetry, with its strong image of 'per entro il cielo scese una facella / formata in cerchio a guisa di corona / e cinsela e girossi intorno ad ella' (out of the heavens a flaming band dropped / formed in a circle like a crown / that girdled and encompassed her).

The ideas surrounding the mystical aspects of Mary are progressively given more musical substance as texture and 'plot' gradually thicken, the non-contemporary Marian hymns, antiphons and sacred poetry settings advancing from the thirteenth to the fifteenth century. They are set in their respective genres of conductus – homorhythmic with no notated rhythm, thus performed in free rhythm or in rhythmic modes, often characterized by a longish melisma on the last or penultimate syllable of a verse; cantilena – a distinctly English form of mellifluous polyphony with the voices largely in parallel motion; English discant – in which the voices move in contrary motion and a cantus firmus chant is sung in the middle voice; and carol – a fifteenth-century song in English or Latin, with much of the same parallel motion as in cantilena, but usually for two voices, with a third joining them for the recurring refrain, or burden.

Whilst upholding the mystical Marian imagery, Part II deals more directly with the human Mary figure. It is dominated by a dialogue of devotion, agony, faith and promise between Mary and Jesus in the thirteenth-century Middle English poem 'Stond wel, Moder, under rode'. The scene is set with the two-voice 'Dou way, Robyn / Sancta mater gratiae', one voice indirectly telling of a mother caring for her young child, above which another voice expresses

various illustrations of her sanctity. Then, in each of the three following sections, all primed with fifteenth-century three-voice settings of prayers of Marian devotion, the great poem, 'Stond wel, Moder, under rode', appears in varying forms and concludes each mini-sequence with renewed focus on the human aspect of Mary, first in its original thirteenth-century monophonic form, then in two separate movements by the second contemporary composer featured on this recording, English born Andrew Smith (b.1970). Speaking about his inspiration for the piece, he writes: 'In the story of Jesus' persecution, suffering and death, there is perhaps no more poignant moment than the helplessness and desperation his mother must have felt witnessing her son's death, as is most beautifully expressed in this English medieval poem. I have always been particularly attracted to the texts and music of Passiontide and Holy Week since they address such a mysterious yet inevitable aspect of human existence.'

Having reached the plateau of fifteenth-century compositional writing by the end of Part I we stay in this era for the non-contemporary polyphonic pieces in Part II, written in the English discant and carol style, before a summarizing votive plainchant prayer takes us back to the thirteenth century. In a conductus-related rondellus, a style characterized by so-called voice-exchange, in which the phrases of the three individual voices are repeatedly alternated between them, the programme's high-spirited finale 'Alleluia psallat' fuses earthly praise – as it were to the sound of harps and drums – with the mystical, though triumphant joy of the flowering of Jesse's lineage in the solo plainchant verse 'Virga Jesse'.

It has been an interesting project to combine the contemporary works presented here with medieval music. Many musicians agree that compositions of these widely spaced periods can often be compatible with one another, usually when the contemporary pieces are based on a 'polyphonic logic' and when tonal writing is combined with the 'horizontal' dominating the 'vertical', i.e. the harsh dissonances between voices caused by the uncompromising intrinsic logic of voice-leading making (retrospective) sense to the ear because of the harmonic resolutions the part-writing leads to – Stravinsky is possibly one of the first composers of the recent age to have written with this concept in mind. The works of the two contemporary composers featured here are most definitely tonal, treating the relationships between 'melody' and 'harmony', dissonance and consonance, tension and resolution with devices related to those of composers living 600 plus years before. The works by Metcalf relate further to the medieval items by her control and clarity of intricate and extravagant rhythmic patterns, her manner of word-setting being aptly described as 'at once rugged and elegant'. By contrast, Smith's response to the original 'Stond well, Moder, under rode' has his four homophonic voices emulating the same kind of 'psalmodic' rhythm as in a chant, or even as in a conductus when performed with free rhythm. Its tonality hinges on the phrygian mode, being tonally centred on E; and, steering the final phrase of each verse of poetry towards this implied target, it too recreates the same sense of resolution found in medieval writing, even at cadences where his resolutions retain attractive dissonances.

Transcending time, age and compositional era, whatever meaning the age-old fascination with the Mary figure may have for each of us, the art inspired by it presents a dazzling kaleidoscope of imagery and myth: glorious, painful, erotic and healing, to which the music on this recording, in its many facets, bears witness.

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Texts and Translations

Part I

1. Joanne Metcalf

Il nome del bel fior – Part I: Maria I

Maria.

Mary.

2. Anonymous

Stillat in stellam radium

Stillat in stellam radium,
caeleste stillicidium,
mel stillans quo nil melius,
virginale praecordium
praeter naturae studium
dum replet Dei filius.

Infusing into the star a ray,
is heavenly precipitation,
is honey, dripping, of which there is none better,
the virginal womb,
beyond nature's study,
therefore fills God's son.

Gaudet virgo quae filium
patrem parit humilium,
praeter quem non est alius.
In luctum vertit gaudium
crucis sustinens tedium
stella praesente radius.

The virgin rejoices, who to a son
gives birth, the father of all the humble,
besides him there is none other.
Into mourning joy is turned –
suffering the distress of the cross,
the star present – by the ray.

Maternum cor fit anxium
dum videt quod supplicium
filius sentit anxius.
Nam propitiatorium
sacri cordis sacrarium
pertrusit ipse gladius.

O viginale lilium
rosa per hoc martirium
donum nacta beatius.
Ora patrem pia pium
post huius vite stadium
ut sit nobis propitius.
Amen.

3. *Joanne Metcalf*

Music for the star of the sea

O... a...
Ave maris stella.

4. *Anonymous*

Stella maris illustrans omnia

Stella maris illustrans omnia,
signis claris ostende praevia
quo tendamus.

De fundente fluente veniae,
de torrente misericordiae,
gaudeamus.

The maternal heart becomes anguished
as it sees what torture
the anguished son feels.
For the propitiatory shrine
of the sacred heart
is pierced by the sword itself.

O virginal lily,
rose, who through this martyrdom
a gift has obtained which is yet more blessed.
Beseech the father most merciful
after this life's course,
that he to us be kind.
Amen.

Hail, star of the sea.

Star of the sea, illuminating all things,
with bright signs show us the way
we should go.

In the flowing stream of forgiveness,
in the torrent of mercy,
let us rejoice.

Fer non frustra stellae vocabulum,
cor illustra, clarum fac oculum
nostri cordis.

Ut versutus quisque se retrahat
et ablutus ultra non contrahat
quicquam sordis.

Sit cor mite, munda sit actio,
detur rite consideratio
verbis oris.

Apes illa quae mel dat omnibus,
dulce stilla nostris peccatoribus
mel amoris.

Vitam redit per te flos saeculi,
tibi cedit mortis et zabuli
fremens furor.

Fac urticas anelli Veneris,
ut non dicas de nobis miseris:
'ab hiis uror'.

Do not bear the term 'star' in vain,
enlighten the heart, and make bright the eye
of our heart.

So that any cunning person may draw himself
back and, cleansed, no longer engage
in any kind of evil.

May the heart be mild, the action clean,
let consideration be rightly given
to the words of our mouth.

O bee that gives honey to all,
distil for our sinners
the sweet honey of love.

Life returns through you, flower of the world,
to you yield of death and devil
the raging fury.

Grant for the stinging nettles of the little rings of
Venus that you do not say of us wretches:
'I am stung by them'.

5. *Joanne Metcalf*

Il nome del bel fior – Part V: Maria III

Maria.

Mary.

6. *Anonymous*

Laetetur caeli curia

Laetetur caeli curia
laudetur virgo regia,
regina regis omnium,
templum, thronus, triclinium.

Te, felix auctor saeculi,
ut esses salus populi
elegit puram virginem,
de qua se fecit hominem.

lure summo contraria
rex caeli fecit paria,
immensum meta finiens,
Deum et virum uniens.

O inaudita novitas
Et infinita pietas
qua primus fit novissimus
et novus fit altissimus.

Lauderis ergo domina,
tu summi regis regia,
tu miseris solacium,
tu languidis remedium.

Sit honor sine termino
regnanti iam cum domino
quo, mater, nos per filium
ad caeli ducas premium.

Let the court of heaven rejoice,
praised be the royal virgin,
the queen of the king of all,
temple, throne and banqueting couch.

You the blessed creator of the world -
so that you might be the salvation of the people -
chose, a pure virgin,
in whom he made himself man.

By the highest decree, opposites
the king of heaven made equal,
marking the bounds of the boundless,
God and man uniting.

O novelty never heard of before,
and infinite mercy
by which the first thing is made the newest
and the new made the highest.

Be praised therefore, O lady,
you the palace of the king that is on high,
you the comfort of the wretched,
you the remedy for those who are infirm.

Let there be honour without end
to the one reigning now with the Lord,
by whom, O mother, us, by means of the son,
to the reward of heaven may you lead.

7. **Anonymous**

Tronus regis

Tronus regis instauratur
hodie puella,
terra caelo federatur
caeli fundunt mella,
mella quibus irrigatur
virginalis cella.
Novus liquor eliquatur
de vite novella.
Nardus odorifera
stillat arce supera
per quam fit puerpera.
Ave, maris stella.

The king's throne is set up
today as a maiden,
earth is linked to heaven,
the heavens pour down honey,
honey with which is bedewed
the virgin chamber.
A new liquid strained
from the new vine.
A sweet-smelling ointment
drops from the citadel on high,
by which she is made a child-bearer.
Hail, star of the sea.

8. **John Dunstaple**

Beata mater

Beata mater et innupta virgo,
gloriosa regina mundi,
intercede pro nobis ad dominum.

Blessed mother and unmarried virgin,
glorious queen of the world,
intercede for us to the Lord.

9. **Richard Smert**

Ave, decus saeculi

Ave, decus saeculi,
salus totius populi.

Hail, grace of the world,
salvation of all people.

Ave, decus saeculi,
salus totius populi.

Hail, grace of the world,
salvation of all people.

Ex Maria virgine,

From Mary the virgin,

sine viri contagio,
processit sol iustitiae,
tamquam sponsus de talamo.

Ave, decus saeculi,
salus totius populi.

Hec Maria nobis
caelorum regem genuit,
et, mater tante subolis,
integritatem tenuit.

Ave, decus saeculi,
salus totius populi.

Nos matris cum filio
deposcamus suffragia,
ut cum ipsis in gaudio
complaudamus per secula.

Ave, decus saeculi,
salus totius populi.

without being touched by a man,
goes forth the sun of justice,
just as the groom from the bed.

Hail, grace of the world,
salvation of all people.

This our Mary
begot the king of the heavens,
and, mother of such a race,
kept her chastity.

Hail, grace of the world,
salvation of all people.

We of the mother with the son
seek approval,
that with them in happiness
we may applaud forever.

Hail, grace of the world,
salvation of all people.

10. John Dunstaple
Ave maris stella

Ave maris stella,
Dei mater alma,
atque semper virgo,
felix caeli porta.

Hail, star of the sea,
loving mother of God,
and ever a virgin,
blessed gate of heaven.

Sumens illud Ave
Gabrielis ore,
funda nos in pace,
mutans Evae nomen.

Solve vincla reis,
profer lumen caecis,
mala nostra pelle,
bona cuncta posce.

Monstra te esse matrem,
sumat per te preces,
qui pro nobis natus,
tulit esse tuus.

Virgo singularis,
inter omnes mitis,
nos culpis solutos,
mites fac ut castos.

Vitam praesta puram,
iter para tutum,
ut videntes Iesum,
semper collemur.

Sit laus Deo patri,
summo Christo decus,
spiritui sancto,
tribus honor unus. Amen.

You who received the Ave
from the mouth of Gabriel,
establish us in peace,
changing back the name of Eva.

Remove the chains of sinners,
give light to the blind,
drive far all ills,
ask every blessing for us.

Show yourself as a mother,
may he receive our prayers through you,
who was born for us,
who deigns to be your son.

Virgin unique,
gentle above all others,
dissolve our sins,
make us gentle and pure.

Help us to a pure life,
prepare for us a safe journey,
so that, when we see Jesus,
we may rejoice together for evermore.

Praise be to God the Father
to Christ most high honour,
to the Holy Spirit,
to the three honour as one. Amen.

11. Joanne Metcalf

Il nome del bel fior – Part IV: Il nome del bel fior

Dante Alighieri, from *Paradiso*, Canto 23

Il nome del bel fior ch'io sempre invoco
e mane e sera, tutto mi ristrinse
l'animo ad avvisar lo maggior foco,
e come ambo le luci mi dipinse
il quale e il quanto de la viva stella
che là sù vince come qua giù vinse,
per entro il cielo scese una facella,
formata in cerchio a guisa di corona,
e cinsela e girossi intorno ad ella.
Qualunque melodia più dolce suona
qua giù e più a sé l'anima tira,
parebbe nube che squarciata tona,
comparata al sonar di quella lira
onde si coronava il bel zaffiro
del quale il ciel più chiaro s'inzaffira.

The name of the fair flower that I always invoke
both morning and evening, fully impelled
my spirit to gaze on the greatest fire,
and as both my eyes displayed to me
the nature and boundlessness of the bright star
that conquers there above as it did triumph here below,
out of the heavens a flaming band dropped,
formed in a circle, like a crown,
that girdled and encompassed her.
However sweet a melody as may sound
here below, and however much to itself it draws the soul,
it would seem but a cloud, roaring with thunder,
compared to the playing of that lyre
to which was crowned the beautiful sapphire
which the heavens make most bright.

Part II

12. Anonymous

Dou way, Robyn / Sancta mater gratiae

VOICE 1 (TENOR)

Dou way, Robyn, the child wile weepe,
dou way Robyn.

Away with you, Robin, the child will weep,
away with you, Robin.

VOICE 2

Sancta mater gratiae,
stella claritatis
visita nos hodie
plena pietatis.

Veni, vena veniae
mox incarcerationis,
solamen angustiae,
fons suavitatis.

Recordare, mater Christi,
quam amare tu flevisti,
iuxta crucem tu stetisti,
suspirando viso tristi.

O, Maria, flos regalis,
inter omnes nulla talis,
tuo nato specialis
nostrae carnis parce malis.

O, quam corde supplicis locuta fuisti,
Gabrielis nuncii cum verba cepisti.

'En ancilla domini', propere dixisti,
vernum vivi gaudii post hoc perperisti.

Gaude, digna, tam benigna caeli solio,
tuos natos, morbo stratos, redde filio.

Holy mother of grace,
star of brightness,
visit us today,
full of compassion.

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

Remember, mother of Christ,
how bitterly you wept,
how you stood beside the cross,
sighing at the sad sight.

O Mary, royal flower,
amongst all women is no other so great,
by your unique son,
forgive the sins of our flesh.

O, with how humble a heart you spoke,
when from Gabriel the messenger the words you received.

'Behold the handmaid of the Lord', you quickly said, the
springtime of living joy you bore thereafter.

Rejoice, worthy lady, so gracious, in the throne of heaven,
your children, by grief stricken, restore to the son.

13. Godric of Finchale

Crist and Sainte Marie

Words by Godric of Finchale, after hearing them spoken by his sister on her deathbed

Kyrie eleison.
Christe eleison.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

Crist and Sainte Marie
swa on scamel me iledde,
that ich on this erthe ne silde
with mine bare footen itredde.

Christ and Saint Mary
thus brought me to the table [altar],
that I should not, on this earth,
with my bare feet tread.

14. Anonymous

Sancta Maria virgo

Sancta Maria virgo,
intercede pro toto mundo,
quia genuisti regem orbis.

Holy mother virgin
intercede for the whole world,
given you begot the king of the earth.

15. Anonymous

Stond wel, Moder, under rode

Anonymous English poem, c.1250, after Stabat iuxta Christi crucem

‘Stond wel, Moder, under rode,
bihold thi child with glade mode,
blithe moder mittu be.’

‘Sune, hu mai blithe stonden?
Hi se thin fet, hi se thin honden,
nailed to the harde tre.’

‘Stand well, mother under the cross,
behold your child with glad spirit,
a happy mother may you be.’

‘Son, how can I stand happily?
I see your feet, I see your hands
nailed to the hard tree.’

'Moder, do wey thi wepinge,
hi thole this ded for mannes thinge,
for owen gilte tholi non.'

'Sune, hi fele the dede stunde
the swerd is at min herte grunde
that me behitte Simeon.'

'Moder, reu upon thi ber'n!
Thu wasse away tho blodi teren
it don me werse than mi ded.'

'Sune, hu mitti teres wernen?
Hi se tho blodi flodes hernen
huth of thin herte to min fet.'

'Moder, nu hi mai the seye,
betere is that ich one deye
than al mankind to helle go.'

'Sune, hi se thi bodi swungen,
thi brest, thin hond, thi fot thurstungen,
no selli thu me be wo.'

'Moder, if hi dar the telle.
if hi ne deye, thu gost to helle,
hi thole this ded for thine sake.'

'Sune, thu best me so minde,
ne with me nout, it is mi kinde
that I for the sorwe make.'

'Mother, put away your weeping,
I suffer this death for man's sake,
for my own guilt I suffer none.'

'Son, I feel the pangs of death;
the sword is at the bottom of my heart
that which Simeon promised me.'

'Mother, have pity on your child!
Wash away those bloody tears,
which trouble me worse than my death.'

'Son, how could I refrain from tears?
I see those streams of blood run out
of your heart to my feet.'

'Mother, now I can tell you,
it is better that I alone die
than that all mankind go to hell.'

'Son, I see your body beaten,
our breast, your hand, your foot pierced through,
it is no marvel if I am unhappy.'

'Mother, if I dare tell you,
if I do not die, you go to hell,
I suffer this death for your sake.'

'Son, you are so thoughtful for me;
do not blame me, it is my nature
that I show this sorrow for you.'

'Moder, merci, let me deyen
for Adam huth of helle bey'n
and al mankin that is forloren.'

'Sune, wat sal me to rede?
Thi pine pined me to dede,
let me dey'n the biforen.'

'Moder, mitarst thu mith leren
wat pine tholen that childre beren,
wat sorwe haven that child forgon.'

'Sune, hi wot, hi kan thee telle,
buten it be the pine of helle,
more sorwe ne woth hi non.'

'Moder, reu of moder kare,
nu thu wost of moder fare,
thou thu be clene maiden man.'

'Sune, help alle at nede
alle tho that to me grede,
maiden, wif and fol wimman.'

'Moder, hi mai no lenger duelle,
the time is cumen hi fare to helle,
the thridde day hi rise upon.'

'Sune, hi wille with the funden,
hi dey', hiwis, of thine wunden,
so reuful ded was never non.'

'Mother, thanks, let me die
in order to buy Adam out of hell,
and mankind that is lost.'

'Son, what am I to do?
Your torture tortures me to death,
let me die before you.'

'Mother, now for the first time you can learn
what pain they suffer who bear children,
what sorrow they have who lose a child.'

'Son, I know, I can tell you,
unless it be the pain of hell,
I know no greater sorrow.'

'Mother, have pity on the troubles of mothers,
now that you know about a mother's condition,
though you are a pure virgin-being.'

'Son, help in every need
all those who cry to me,
maiden and wife and foolish woman.'

'Mother, I can stay no longer,
the time has come that I go to hell,
I rise on the third day.'

'Son, I will journey with you.
I die, indeed, of your wounds,
there was never any death so pitiful.'

Wan he ros, than fel thi sorwe,
thi blisse sprong the thride morwe,
wen blisse moder wer thu tho.

Moder, for that ilke blisse,
bisech hure god hure sinnes lisse,
thu be hure chel ayen hure fo.

Blisced be thu, quen of hevene,
bring us huth of helle levene
thurth thi dere sunes mith.

Moder, for that hithe blode
that he sadde upon the rode
led us into hevene lith. Amen.

When he rose, then fell your sorrow,
your happiness sprang up on the third morning,
a happy mother indeed you were then.

Mother, for the sake of that same happiness,
beseech our God to remit our sins,
be our shield against our foe.

Blessed may you be, queen of heaven,
bring us out of the flame of hell
through your precious son's power.

Mother, for the sake of that noble blood
that he shed upon the cross,
lead us into the light of heaven. Amen.

16. Leonel Power

Beata progenies

Beata progenies,
unde Christus natus est,
quam gloriosa est virgo
quae caeli regem genuit.

O blessed birth,
whence Christ was born,
how glorious is the virgin
who begot the king of heaven.

17. Andrew Smith

Stond wel, Moder, under rode – Part I

'Stond wel, Moder, under rode,
bihold thi child with glade mode,
blithe moder mittu be.'

'Stand well, mother under the cross,
behold your child with glad spirit,
a happy mother may you be.'

'Sune, hu mai blithe stonden?
Hi se thin fet, hi se thin honden,
nailed to the harde tre.'

'Moder, do wey thi wepinge,
hi thole this ded for mannes thinge,
for owen gilte tholi non'

'Sune, hi fele the dede stunde
the swerd is at min herte grunde
that me behitte Simeon.'

'Moder, reu upon thi ber'n!
Thu wasse away tho blodi teren
it don me werse than mi ded.'

'Sune, hu mitti teres wernen?
Hi se tho blodi flodes hernen
huth of thin herte to min fet.'

'Stond well, moder under rode.'

'Son, how can I stand happily?
I see your feet, I see your hands
nailed to the hard tree.'

'Mother, put away your weeping,
I suffer this death for man's sake,
for my own guilt I suffer none.'

'Son, I feel the pangs of death;
the sword is at the bottom of my heart
that which Simeon promised me.'

'Mother, have pity on your child!
Wash away those bloody tears,
which trouble me worse than my death.'

'Son, how could I refrain from tears?
I see those streams of blood run out
of your heart to my feet.'

'Stand well, mother under the cross.'

18. Anonymous

Iesu, fili virginis

Iesu, fili virginis,
miserere nobis.

Iesu, of a maide thou woldest be born,
to save mankind that was forlorn,
and all for oure miss,
miserere nobis.

*Jesus son of a virgin,
have pity on us.*

*forlorn = lost
miss = sin*

Iesu, fili virginis,
miserere nobis.

*Jesus son of a virgin,
have pity on us.*

Born thou were of Mary free,
and thou diedest upon the rode tree,
and all for oure miss,
miserere nobis.

Iesu, fili virginis,
miserere nobis.

*Jesus son of a virgin,
have pity on us.*

19. Anonymous

Pia mater salvatoris

Pia mater salvatoris,
te caelestis stella roris
plenam fecit gratia.

Holy mother of the redeemer,
you the heaven's star of the dawn
makes full of grace.

Nardus spirans flos pudoris,
tu es tui plasmatoris,
et mater et filia.

Breathing balm and sweet-scented flower,
you are of your creator
both mother and daughter.

Vas virtutum vas honoris,
tua nostri des doloris
levamen clementia.

Vessel of virtue, vessel of honour,
you would give us in our pain
your solace with mercy.

Iuxta crucem stans et plorans,
caelo sis pro nobis orans
et ferens subsidia.

Standing next to the cross, and weeping,
to heaven you would for us be praying,
and bringing relief to us.

Per te clemens sic laetemur,
ut a sordibus privemur
et hostis versutia.

Fac nos sic te venerari,
ut possimus collocari
in caelesti patria.

Through you, merciful one, thus we rejoice
that from squalor we are freed,
and from the enemys' cunning.

Grant therefore that we you honour,
that we may be assembled
in the heavenly country.

20. Andrew Smith

Stond wel, Moder, under rode – Part II

'Moder, if hi dar the telle,
if hi ne deye, thu gost to helle,
hi thole this ded for thine sake.'

'Sune, thu best me so minde,
ne with me nout, it is mi kinde
that I for the sorwe make.'

'Moder, mitarst thu mith leren
wat pine tholen that childre beren,
wat sorwe haven that child forgon.'

'Sune, hi wot, hi kan thee telle,
buten it be the pine of helle,
more sorwe ne woth hi non.'

'Moder, hi mai no lenger duelle,
the time is cumen hi fare to helle,
the thridde day hi rise upon.'

'Mother, if I dare tell you,
if I do not die, you go to hell,
I suffer this death for your sake.'

'Son, you are so thoughtful for me;
do not blame me, it is my nature
that I show this sorrow for you.'

'Mother, now for the first time you can learn
what pain they suffer who bear children,
what sorrow they have who lose a child.'

'Son, I know, I can tell you,
unless it be the pain of hell,
I know no greater sorrow.'

'Mother, I can stay no longer,
the time has come that I go to hell
I rise on the third day.'

'Sun, hi wille with the funden,
hi dey', hiwis, of thine wunden,
so reulful ded was never non.'

Wan he ros, than fel thi sorwe,
thi blisse sprong the thride morwe,
wen blisse moder wer thu tho.

Moder, for that ilke blisse,
bisech hure god hure sinnes lisse,
thu be hure chel ayen hure fo.
Amen.

'Son, I will journey with you.
I die, indeed, of your wounds,
there was never any death so pitiful.'

When he rose, then fell your sorrow,
your happiness sprang up on the third morning,
a happy mother indeed you were then.

Mother, for the sake of that same happiness,
beseech our God to remit our sins,
be our shield against our foe.
Amen.

21. Gregorian Chant

Gaude, Maria virgo

Gaude, Maria virgo,
cunctas hereses sola interemisti.
Quae Gabrielis archangeli dictis credidisti.

Dum virgo Deum et hominem genuisti.
Et post partum, virgo inviolata permansisti.

Gabrielem archangelum
scimus divinitus te esse affatum,
uterum tuum de spiritu sancto
credimus impregnatum,
erubescat Iudeus infelix qui dicit Christum
ex Ioseph semine esse natum.

Dum virgo...

Rejoice O virgin Mary,
you alone overcome all heresies.
For you believed the words of the archangel Gabriel.

Whilst a virgin you have borne God and man.
And afterwards, you remained an unblemished virgin.

The archangel Gabriel
we know to have divinely spoken to you,
your womb by the holy spirit
we believe to have been impregnated,
may the unhappy Jew blush who says that Christ
was born of the seed of Joseph.

Whilst a virgin...

22. Anonymous

Alleluia psallat / Alleluia concinat – Virga Jesse

1ST AND 2ND VOICES (TRIPLUM, DUPLUM)

Alleluia psallat haec familia.

Alleluia timpanizet.

Alleluia psallat laetus coitus cum armonia.

Alleluia psallat Deo laudum

et praeconia.

Alleluia.

Alleluia, let sing this congregation.

Alleluia, let the cymbals clash.

Alleluia, let sing the joyful throng in harmony.

Alleluia, let there be singing of praises to God and spreading of the word.

Alleluia.

3RD VOICE (TENOR)

Alleluia concinat haec familia.

Alleluia timpanizet.

Alleluia citharizet laetus coitus
cum armonia.

Alleluia concinat Deo laudum

et praeconia.

Alleluia.

Alleluia, let come together in song this congregation.

Alleluia, let the cymbals clash.

Alleluia, let harps be sounded by the joyful throng
in harmony.

Alleluia, let there be harmony of praises to God and spreading of the word.

Alleluia.

VERSUS

After Isaiah 11, Liturgical association with Alleluia above on Feast of the Annunciation

Virga Jesse floruit,
virgo Deum et hominem genuit,
pacem Deus reddidit,
in se reconcilians ima summis.

The rod of Jesse has flowered,
a virgin has brought forth God and man,
God has restored peace
in reconciling us to the utmost summit.



Gothic Voices

For more than thirty years Gothic Voices has been world-renowned for the excellence, refinement and spirituality of its performances of medieval music.

Originally founded in 1980 by the scholar and musician Christopher Page, Gothic Voices has gone on to record twenty-five albums, three of which won the coveted *Gramophone* Early Music Award. Its first recording *A feather on the breath of God - Sequences and Hymns by Saint Hildegard of Bingen* still remains one of the bestselling recordings of pre-Classical music ever made. *Mary Star Of The Sea* is their first release on Linn with a forthcoming second album: *The Dufay Spectacle*.

In the UK they have performed at the Aldeburgh and Chester Festivals, the York and Birmingham Early Music Festivals and at the International Festivals of Edinburgh and Cheltenham. They have toured widely throughout Europe, appearing at the Flanders, Utrecht and Stuttgart Early Music Festivals and the Vestfold Festival in Norway. They have also appeared in Israel and in the Americas.

Gothic Voices also enjoy performing contemporary music, particularly pieces with medieval associations. Many of today's composers are influenced by medieval repertoire and its often experimental nature. The group plans to give a renewed emphasis to the combination of old and new alongside its more traditional programmes.

Gothic Voices is committed to bringing medieval music into the mainstream. Their imaginative programmes aim to use their voices in varying combinations to produce performances of great beauty and thereby to continue to win the appreciation of audiences all over the world.

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