

Arkora Ensemble: Resounding Hildegard

JULY 26 JUILLET 19:00

Arkora Ensemble : Hildegard retentissante

Carmina Chromatico

ORLANDE DE LASSUS (1532 – 1594)

Temper Temper

TOVA KARDONNE

Nunc Gaudeant

HILDEGARD VON BINGEN (1098 – 1179)

Carits abundat in omnia

HILDEGARD VON BINGEN (1098 – 1179), ARR. ALLAN

Range of Light

BENTON ROARK

In pace in idipsum

ORLANDE DE LASSUS (1532 – 1594)

Shantaleela Namostute

CURTIS ANDREWS (B. 1977)

Blue

DOROTHY CHANG

Viderunt Omnes I

PÉROTIN (1160 – 1230)

Viderunt Omnes II

PÉROTIN (1160 – 1230)

Within a Tender Garder

JONATHAN WILD

O Virtus Sapientiae

HILDEGARD VON BINGEN (1098 – 1179), ARR. ALLAN

Dolce mio ben

NICOLA VICENTINO (1511– 1576)

Where Endless Ages Roll

BENTON ROARK

Arkora

ensemble / ensemble

Arkora Ensemble: Resounding Hildegard

JULY 26 JUILLET 19:00

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Carmina chromatico, from Prophetiae Sibyllarum

ORLANDE DE LASSUS

Carmina chromatico quae audis modulata tenore,

Haec sunt illa quibus nostrae olim arcana salutis
Bis senae intrepido cecinerunt ore Sibylla.

The modulating songs with a chromatic tenor
which you hear,

these are the ones in which the twice-six Sibyls
sang the secrets of salvation with intrepid mouth.

Nunc Gaudeant

HILDEGARD VON BINGEN

Nunc gaudeant materna viscera
Ecclesie,
quia in superna
simphonia filii eius
in sinum suum collocati sunt.
Unde, o turpissime
serpens, confusus es, quoniam
quos tua estimatio in visceribus
suis habuit
nunc fulgent in sanguine Filii Dei,
et ideo laus tibi sit, Rex altissime.
Alleluia.

Now let the Church's mother womb
rejoice!
For in the heavens'
symphony her children
are gathered to her bosom.
O vile snake,
you are confounded,
for those your hollow reckoning had thought
it clutched within its guts
now sparkle in the blood of God's Son—
praise be to you, the King most high!
Alleluia!

The Range of Light

BENTON ROARK

Looking eastward from the summit of Pacheco Pass one shining morning, a landscape was displayed that after all my wanderings still appears as the most beautiful I have ever beheld. At my feet lay the Great Central Valley of California, level and flowery, like a lake of pure sunshine, forty or fifty miles wide, five hundred miles long, one rich furred garden of yellow Compositae. And from the eastern boundary of this vast golden flower-bed rose the mighty Sierra, miles in height, and so gloriously colored and so radiant, it seemed not clothed with light but wholly composed of it, like the wall of some celestial city.... Then it seemed to me that the Sierra should be called, not the Nevada or Snowy Range, but the Range of Light. And after ten years of wandering and wondering in the heart of it, rejoicing in its glorious floods of light, the white beams of the morning streaming through the passes, the noonday radiance on the crystal rocks, the flush of the alpenglow, and the irised spray of countless waterfalls, it still seems above all others the Range of Light.

– John Muir, from The Yosemite (1912)

Shantaleela Namostute

CURTIS ANDREWS

Maa Saraswathi Namostute,
Namo Deviyai, Maha Deviyai, Namo

Shantaleela Namostute,
Namo Nama, Namo Nama, Nama

Mother Saraswati I bow to you.
Salutations to the Goddess, the great Goddess,
salutations.

Shantaleela I bow to you.
Salutations and salutations.

Viderunt Omnes I PÉROTIN

I. Viderunt omnes fines terræ
salutare Dei nostri.
Jubilate Deo, omnis terra.

All the ends of the earth have seen
the salvation of our God.
Rejoice in the Lord, all lands.

– from Psalm 98

within a tender garden JONATHAN WILD

My love dwells within a tender garden
Where roses and hollyhocks climb
Alongside lilies of the valley.

This garden so sweet and ripe in flow'r
Is guarded by two lovers
All day and all night.

And there is no sweeter thing
Than the sweet nightingale
Who sings here at dawn and at dusk
Until he tires and rests.

I watched her gathering violets in a green meadow.
She appeared to me as white as milk
And soft as a lamb
And red as a rose.

– Anonymous, 15th century, trans. J. Wild

Dolce mio ben

NICOLA VICENTINO

Dolce mio ben, son quest'i dolci lumi
Che tanto dolcemente mi consumi...

My sweet delight, these are the sweet eyes
That so sweetly consume me...

Temper Temper

TOVA KARDONNE

You wear your scars a little too proudly
The look of healed flesh over sealed wounds
Quite the costume; love undoes the knitting
It strained from within 'gainst a pressure.
Fevered abscess gangrenous with
Poisoned hurt held in.

These ancient crimes, no criminals remaining.
They died long ago and were buried.
Haunting specters chased into concealment
Behind those fine scars. How effective-
ly you've channeled all those hidden
Perpetrators, wearing you thin.

Limping, preening: feathers on his crutches.
Temper, temper; falling as he clutches.
Your ghosts become my demons.

– Tova Kardonne

Caritas abundat in omnia HILDEGARD VON BINGEN

Caritas
habundat in omnia,
de imis excellentissima
super sidera
atque amantissima
in omnia,
quia summo regi osculum pacis
dedit.

Love
abounds in all,
from the depths exalted and excelling
over every star,
and most beloved
of all,
for to the highest King the kiss of peace
she gave.

In pace in idipsum ORLANDE DE LASSUS

In pace in idipsum dormiam, et requiescam;
quoniam tu, Domine, singulariter in spe constituisti me.

In peace and into the same I will sleep and rest,
for you alone, Lord, have established me in hope.

Blue

DOROTHY CHANG

Her robe is a cloud,
her face a flower.
Her bed, cool-matted, silvery,
But no dreams come.
She is beautiful, and how quiet she leans
You can see the tears bright on her cheek,
She has lost her love.

“You said you would come, but you left me with no
trace
But the moonlight on your tower.
I cry for you forever gone, I cannot waken yet
I try to read your hurried note; I find the ink too
pale.”

Blue burns your candle...

– Excerpted from Three Hundred Tang Poems

Fireflies

BENTON ROARK

Softly they begin to appear:
The fireflies of summer's gloaming.
Awake, child, from your slumber and hear
The wolves outside come a-roaming.

Around each embering eye, bright
Like the times you recall now and then,
A halo ripples in the night,
While deeper still grows the fountain.

Sweet illuminations of pale
White on your face are all I see.
Beyond, the blue woods enveil
The shape of truth in memory.

And lo, another brightens, and lo,
One more here in your jar to hide
Away. I'll keep them near, now go,
The wolves howl for your starry ride.

As the echo of that choir dies,
A lupine scent beckons me follow
It down for a glimpse of fireflies
In that country of long ago.

– Benton Roark

Viderunt Omnes II

PÉROTIN

II. Notum fecit Dominus salutare suum;
ante conspectum gentium
revelavit justitiam suam.

– from Psalm 98

The Lord has made known his salvation;
in the sight of the heathen
he has revealed his righteousness.

O virtus Sapientiae

HILDEGARD VON BINGEN

O virtus Sapientiae,
que circuiens circuisti,
comprehendendo omnia
in una via que habet vitam,
tres alas habens,
quarum una in altum volat
et altera de terra sudat
et tertia undique volat.
Laus tibi sit, sicut te decet, O Sapientia.

O Wisdom's energy!
Whirling, you encircle
and everything embrace
in the single way of life.
Three wings you have:
one soars above into the heights,
one from the earth exudes,
and all about now flies the third.
Praise be to you, as is your due, O Wisdom.

Where Endless Ages Roll

BENTON ROARK

My days, my weeks, my months, my years,
Fly rapid as the whirling spheres,
Around the steady pole;
Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,
And I must launch thro' endless deeps,
Where endless ages roll.

The grave is near the cradle seen,
How swift the moments pass between!
And whisper as they fly,
Unthinking man, remember this,
Though fond of sublunary bliss,
That you must groan and die.

My soul, attend the solemn call,
Thine earthly tent must shortly fall,
And thou must take thy flight
Beyond the vast expansive blue,
To sing above, as angels do,
Or sink in endless night.

– Anonymous, from The Sacred Harp, 266
("Kingwood")