



eya

ensemble for
medieval music

Heartform

*There are one hundred ways
to kneel and kiss the ground.*

RUMI

ABOUT EYA

Eya is an award-winning vocal ensemble based in Washington, DC specializing in the interpretation of medieval music for women's voices. Directed by medieval specialist Allison Mondel, Eya has established its place in the early music community as an ensemble of impeccable vocal quality and deep, creative spirit.

Eya is the proud recipient of the 2013 Greater DC Choral Excellence Award for *Best Specialty Group: Early Music* and a 2015 nominee for *Most Creative Programming*.

Eya (pronounced "EH-yah") is a Latin exclamation of joy.

Learn more at www.eyaensemble.com.

CROSSLEY HAWN
soprano

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CANTICUM CANTICORUM, *from the* LIBER USUALIS
CHAPTER 2, VERSE 10

*Et dilectus meus loquitur mihi
surge propera amica mea formosa mea et veni.*

Behold my beloved speaketh to me:
Arise, make haste, my love, my beautiful one, and come.



THIS SYMBOL INDICATES A
PERFORMED WORK.



HILDEGARD VON BINGEN

1098-1179

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

Charity
abounds toward all,
most exalted from the depths
above the stars,
and most loving
toward all,
for she has given the High King
the kiss of peace.

SRI RAMAKRISHNA

1836-1886



CHANSONNIER CORDIFORME
ANONYMOUS, 15TH-CENTURY

*Perla mia cara, O dolce amore,
Tu sei più bella che dir non so,
Sola regina del mio core.*

My dear pearl, oh sweet love,
you are fairer than I can say,
only queen of my heart.

*Tu sei madona l'amate mia:
Già da gran tempo, dolce perla bella,
Per te languisco e languiria.*

You, lady, are my love;
for a long time, my fair pearl,
I have languished and shall continue to do so.

*Io sono un piccioli to servitore,
Ma tu sei degna, a mio parere,
D'altro gran' regno e gran' signore.*

I am the least of your servants,
but you are worthy, in my opinion,
of another kingdom and a greater lord.

*There are pearls in the deep sea, but one
must hazard all to find them. If diving
once does not bring you pearls, you need
not therefore conclude that the sea is
without them. Dive again and again. You
are sure to be rewarded in the end. So is it
with the finding of the Lord in this world.
If your first attempt proves fruitless, do
not lose heart. Persevere in your efforts.
You are sure to realise Him at last.*



MEERA BAI
B. 1498

*Unbreakable, O Lord,
Is the love
That binds me to You:
Like a diamond,
It breaks the hammer that strikes it.*

*My heart goes into You
As the polish goes into the gold.
As the lotus lives in its water,
I live in You.*

*Like the bird
That gazes all night
At the passing moon,
I have lost myself dwelling in You.*

O my Beloved Return.

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI
D. 1226



CHANSONNIER CORDIFORME
ANONYMOUS, 15TH-CENTURY

*Quant du dire adieu me souvient,
Et que departir me convient
Du regart de vous, ma maistresse,
Helas! et quel desespoir est ce?*

*Mon cuer, certes, point n'y viendra,
Il demourra, je le scé bien:
Jamais de vous ne partira;
Il sera plus vostre que mien.*

*Car de vous tout le bien luy vient
Ne d'aulture que de vous ne tient:
Jamais ne quiert aulture richesse
Mais le partment trop me blesse.*

*Quant du dire adieu me souvient,
Et que departir me convient
Du regart de vous, ma maistresse,
Helas! et quel desespoir est ce?*

*Dear God, please reveal to us
your sublime beauty
that is everywhere, everywhere, everywhere,
so that we will never again
feel frightened.
My divine love, my love,
please let us touch
your face.*

When I think of saying farewell
and having to depart
from your sight, my lady
alas, what displeasure it is.

My heart will certainly not come away:
it will remain, I know well:
it will never leave you;
it will belong more to you than to me.

For so much good comes to it from you
such as it does not receive from elsewhere:
it will never desire other riches,
but the parting deeply wounds me.

When I think of saying farewell
and having to depart
from your sight, my lady
alas, what displeasure it is.



ST. THÉRÈSE DE LISIEUX
1873-1897

Pendant le nuit, elle composa ce couplet pour se préparer à la Communion:
(During the night, she composed this poem in preparation for Holy Communion:)

*Toi qui connais ma petitesse extrême,
Tu ne crains pas de t'abaisser vers moi!
Viens en mon coeur, ô blanche Hostie que j'aime,
Viens en mon coeur, il aspire vers toi!
Ah! je voudrais que ta bonté me laisse
Mourir d'amour après cette faveur.
Jésus! entends le cri de ma tendresse
Viens en mon coeur!*

You who know my extreme smallness,
You are not afraid to lower yourself to me!
Come into my heart, O white Host that I love,
Come into my heart, it longs for you!
Ah! I wish that your goodness would let me
Die of love after this favor.
Jesus! Hear the cry of my tenderness.
Come into my heart!

RICHARD ROLLE

C. 1290-1349

O honeyed flame, sweeter than all sweet, delightful beyond all creation!
My God, my Love, surge over me, pierce me by your love, wound me with your beauty.
Surge over me, I say, who am longing for your comfort.
Reveal your healing medicine to your poor lover.
See, my desire is for you; it is you my heart is seeking.
My soul pants for you, my whole being is athirst for you.

PSALM 42

Quemadmodum

Like as the hart desireth the water-brooks,
so longeth my soul after thee, O God.
My soul is athirst for God, yea, even for the living God:
when shall I come to appear before the presence of God?



CHANSONNIER CORDIFORME
ANONYMOUS, 15TH-CENTURY

*Vray dieu d'amours qui vrais amans resjoye,
Je vous require qu'il me soit pardonné
Se j'ay celuy du tout habandonné
Que tant ou plus que moy amer souloie.*

*J'ay veu le temps que tres fort je l'amoye
Et que mon cuer je lui avoie donné.
Vray dieu d'amours qui vrais amans resjoye,
Je vous require qu'il me soit pardonné.*

*Or desormais amer ne le pourroye
Car fausement s'est vers moy gouverné
Comme ung home du tout desordonné:
Certes nul jour bien je ne luy feroye.*

*Vray dieu d'amours qui vrais amans resjoye,
Je vous require qu'il me soit pardonné
Se j'ay celuy du tout habandonné
Que tant ou plus que moy amer souloie.*

GOD SPEAKS TO THE SOUL

*And God said to the soul:
I desired you before the world began.
I desire you now
As you desire me.
And where the desires of two come together
There love is perfected.*

HOW THE SOUL SPEAKS TO GOD

*Lord, you are my lover,
My longing,
My flowing stream,
My sun,
And I am your reflection.*

True god of love who gladdens true lovers,
I beg you to pardon me
if I have entirely abandoned him
whom I used to love as much as myself or more.

There was a time when I loved him deeply
and gave him my heart.
True god of love who gladdens true lovers,
I beg you to pardon me.

Henceforth I can no longer love him
for he has been false with me
like a totally unprincipled man:
certainly I shall never do good for him.

True god of love who gladdens true lovers,
I beg you to pardon me
if I have entirely abandoned him
whom I used to love as much as myself or more.

MECHTHILD OF MAGDEBURG
1210-1285

HOW GOD ANSWERS THE SOUL

*It is my nature that makes me love you often,
For I am love itself.
It is my longing that makes me love you intensely,
For I yearn to be loved from the heart.
It is my eternity that makes me love you long,
For I have no end.*



RICHARD EINHORN
B. 1952

sonnet 29

*When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweepe my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
1564-1616

FROM *the fire of love*

My love, my honey, my harp,
my psalter and song the whole day long!
When are you going to heal my grief?
You, the root of my heart,
when are you coming to receive my spirit
which is always looking for you?
I am wounded to the quick by your fair beauty.
My longing knows no respite,
but builds up more and more.

RICHARD ROLLE
c. 1290-1349

You left me - Sire - two Legacies -
A Legacy of Love
A Heavenly Father would suffice
Had He the offer of -

You left me Boundaries of Pain -
Capacious as the Sea -
Between Eternity and Time -
Your Consciousness - and me -

EMILY DICKINSON
1830-1886



FRANCIS POULENC
1899-1963

*Ave verum corpus Christi,
natum ex Maria Virgine
vere possum immolatum
in cruce pro homine.*

Hail the true body of Christ,
born of the Virgin Mary,
truly sacrificed upon the cross
for all the world.

MANSUR AL-HALLAJ
858-922

*I do not cease swimming in the seas
of love, rising with the wave, then
descending; now the wave sustains
me, and then I sink beneath it; love
bears me away where there is no
longer any shore.*

In a dark night,
With longings fired in love
— O happy fate! —
I went unnoticed,
While my house was calm.

In darkness, certain,
By disguised and secret ladder
— O happy fate! —
In darkness, concealed,
While my house was calm.

In happy night,
In secret, that nobody saw me,
Nor I anything,
No light and guide
But what in my heart was burning.

It guided me
More surely than the midday light
To where he waited,
Who well I knew,
There where no one appeared.

O guiding night!
O night more kind than break of day!
O night that joined
Love with love,
Love in her lover transformed!

SAN JUAN DE LA CRUZ
1542-1591

On my flowering breast
All kept for him alone —
Left sleeping there —
And I gave myself,
And the cedars gave the air their smell.

The scent of his brow
When I spread his hair,
His calm hand
Hard on my neck,
And all my senses suspended.

I lost myself,
I lay my face against my love,
Everything stopped,
My cares were left
Between the lilies all forgotten.



ENGLISH CONDUCTUS
ANONYMOUS, 13TH-CENTURY

*Salve, rosa venustatis,
Flos immarcessibilis;
Salve, decus castitatis,
Lux inextinguibilis;
Salve, mater pietatis,
Vera vite via,
Gemitus humilium dilue,
Maria.*

Hail, rose of loveliness,
Flower never fading;
Hail, jewel of chastity,
Never failing light;
Hail mother of holiness,
True way of life,
Soften the groans of the humble,
O Mary.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE
1861-1941



CHANSONNIER CORDIFORME
ANONYMOUS, 15TH-CENTURY

*O pelegrina luce, o chiara stella,
O solo specchio in cui mia vita jace,
Vedi quest'al afflitta e tapinella
Che sol' per te languisse e se desface.
Porzime adiuto, o pelegrina bella:
Se non m'adiuto, io languisco e moro,
O caro tesoro.*

O wondrous light, O bright star,
O only model in whom my life lies,
look at this afflicted and miserable soul
that destroys itself languishing for you alone.
Grant me help, O strange beauty:
if you do not help me I shall languish and die,
O dear treasure.

intermission

My soul is alight with your infinitude of stars. Your world has broken upon me like a flood. The flowers of your garden blossom in my body. The joy of life that is everywhere burns like an incense in my heart. And the breath of all things plays on my life as on a pipe of reeds.



SONG OF SONGS
CHAPTER 5, VERSES 9-16

How is your lover different
from any other, O beautiful woman?
Who is your lover
that we must swear to you?

*My beloved is milk and wine,
he towers
above ten thousand.*

*His head is burnished gold,
the mane of his hair
black as the raven.*

*His eyes like doves
by the rivers
of milk and plenty.*

*His cheeks a bed of spices,
a treasure
of precious scents, his lips
red lilies wet with myrrh.*

*His arm a golden scepter with gems of topaz,
his loins the ivory of thrones
inlaid with sapphire,
his thighs like marble pillars
on pedestals of gold.*

*Tall as Mount Lebanon,
a man like cedar!*

His mouth is sweet wine, he is all delight.

*This is my beloved
and this is my friend,
O daughters of Jerusalem.*



CANTICUM CANTICORUM, *from the* LIBER USUALIS
CHAPTER 2, VERSES 8,9

*Vox dilecti mei ecce iste venit saliens in montibus transiliens colles:
similis est dilectus meus capreae hinculoque cervorum.*

The voice of my beloved, behold he cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping over the hills. My beloved is like a roe, or a young hart.



HILDEGARD VON BINGEN
SYMPHONY OF VIRGINS

1 *O dulcissime amator,
o dulcissime amplexator:
adiuva nos custodire
virginitatem nostram.*

*Nos sumus orte in pulvere,
heu, heu,
et in crimine Ade.
Valde durum est contradicere
quod habet gustus pomi.
Tu erige nos, Salvator Christe.*

*Nos desideramus ardentem te sequi.
O quam grave nobis miseris est
te immaculatum et innocentem
regem angelorum imitari.*

*Tamen confidimus in te,
quod tu desideres gemmam requirere
in putredine.*

*Nunc advocamus te,
sponsum et consolatorem,
qui nos redemisti
in cruce.*

O sweetest lover,
O giver of sweetest embraces,
help us keep
our virginity.

We were born in dust,
alas, alas!
and in the guilt of Adam.
It is very hard to resist
what tastes of the apple.
Lift us up, Savior Christ!

We long to ardently follow you.
O how hard it is for us wretches
to imitate you, the immaculate
and innocent King of angels.

Yet we trust in you,
that you long to seek your gem
in the slime.

Now we call on you,
our bridegroom and comforter,
you who redeemed us
on the Cross.

3 *Da nobis societam cum illa
et permanere in te,
o dulcissime sponse,
qui abstraxisti nos de faucibus diaboli,
primum parentem nostrum seducentis.*

*In tuo sanguine
copulate sumus tibi
com desponsatione,
repudiantes virum
et eligentes te,
Filiu Dei.*

*O pulcherrima forma,
o suavissime odor
desiderabilium deliciarum,
semper suspiramus post et
in lacrimabili exilio.
Quando te videamus
et tecum maneamus?*

*Nos sumus in mundo
et tu in mente nostra,
et amplectimus te in corde
quis habeamus te presentem.*

*Tu fortissimo leo
rupisti celum,
descendens in aulam Virginis,
et destruxisti mortem,
edificans vitam in aurea civitate.*

Grant us companionship with her
and let us abide in you,
O sweetest bridegroom,
you who snatched us from the devil's jaws,
from him who seduced our first parent.

In your blood
we were married to you
with a pledge of betrothal,
renouncing a husband
and choosing you,
the Son of God.

2

O fairest form,
O sweetest fragrance
of longed-for delights!
We sigh for you always
in tearful exile.
When may we see you
and remain with you?

We are in the world
and you in our mind:
we embrace you at heart
as if we held you present.

A mighty lion,
you burst through heaven,
coming down to th Virgin's palace,
and you destroyed death,
building up life in the golden city.



love

THOMAS TRAHERNE
1637-1674

1

*O nectar! O delicious stream!
O ravishing and only pleasure! Where
Shall such another theme
Inspire my tongue with joys, or please mine ear!
Abridgment of delights!
And queen of sights!
O mine of rarities! O kingdom wide!
O more! O cause of all! O glorious bride!
O God! O Bride of God! O King!
O soul and crown of ev'ry thing!*

2

*Did I not covet to behold
Some endless monarch, that did always live
In palaces of gold
Willing all kingdoms realms and crowns to give
Unto my soul! Whose love
A spring might prove
Of endless glories, honors, friendships, pleasures,
Joys, praises, beauties and celestial treasures!
Lo, now I see there's such a King,
The fountain head of ev'ry thing!*

JALAL AD-DIN MUHAMMAD RUMI
1207-1273

3

*Did my ambition ever dream
Of such a Lord, of such a love! Did I
Expect so sweet a stream
As this at any time! Could any eye
Believe it? Why all power
Is used here
Joys down from Heaven on my head to shower
And Jove beyond the fiction doth appear
Once more in golden rain to come
To Danae's pleasing fruitful womb.*

4

*His Ganimede! His life! His joy!
Or he comes down to me, or takes me up
That I might be his boy,
And fill, and taste, and give, and drink the cup.
But these (though great) are all
Too short and small,
Too weak and feeble pictures to express
The true mysterious depths of blessedness.
I am his image, and his friend.
His son, bride, glory, temple, end.*

*The minute I heard my first love story
I started looking for you, not knowing
how blind that was.*

*Lovers don't finally meet somewhere.
They're in each other all along.*



CHANSONNIER CORDIFORME
ANONYMOUS, 15TH-CENTURY

*J'ay pris amours de ma devise
Pour conquerir joyeuseté:
Eureux seray en ceste esté
Se puis venir a mon emprise.*

I have chosen 'Love' as my emblem
to win happiness:
I shall be happy this summer
if I can reach my goal.

*S'il est aulcun qui m'en desprise
Il me doit estre pardonné!
J'ay pris amours a ma devise
Pour conquerir joyeuseté.*

If anyone should value me less
for it I must be forgiven:
I have chosen 'Love' as my emblem
to win happiness.

*Il me semble que c'est la guise
Qui n'a rien, il est debouté
Et n'est de personne honoré.
N'est ce pas donc droit que je y vise?*

I think this is the way of things:
he who has no love is rejected
and is respected by nobody.
So is it not right that I strive for it?

*J'ay pris amours de ma devise
Pour conquerir joyeuseté:
Eureux seray en ceste esté
Se puis venir a mon emprise.*

I have chosen 'Love' as my emblem
to win happiness:
I shall be happy this summer
if I can reach my goal.

in your eyes

*Love I get so lost, sometimes
Days pass and this emptiness fills my heart
When I want to run away
I drive off in my car
But whichever way I go
I come back to the place you are*

*All my instincts, they return
And the grand facade, so soon will burn
Without a noise, without my pride
I reach out from the inside*

*In your eyes
The light the heat
In your eyes
I am complete
In your eyes
I see the doorway to a thousand churches
In your eyes
The resolution of all the fruitless searches
In your eyes
I see the light and the heat
In your eyes
Oh, I want to be that complete
I want to touch the light
The heat I see in your eyes*

*Love, I don't like to see so much pain
So much wasted and this moment keeps slipping away
I get so tired of working so hard for our survival
I look to the time with you to keep me awake and alive*

*And all my instincts, they return
And the grand facade, so soon will burn
Without a noise, without my pride
I reach out from the inside*

*In your eyes
The light the heat
In your eyes
I am complete
In your eyes
I see the doorway to a thousand churches
In your eyes
The resolution of all the fruitless searches
In your eyes
I see the light and the heat
In your eyes
Oh, I want to be that complete
I want to touch the light,
The heat I see in your eyes
In your eyes, in your eyes
In your eyes, in your eyes
In your eyes, in your eyes*

PETER GABRIEL

B. 1950



CANTICUM CANTICORUM, *from the* LIBER USUALIS
CHAPTER 5, VERSE 17

Quo abiit dilectus tuus, o pulcherrima mulierum?

Quo dilectus tuus declinavit?

Whither is thy beloved gone, O thou most beautiful among women?
whither is thy beloved turned aside?



CHANSONNIER CORDIFORME
ROBERT MORTON C. 1430-1476

*Le souvenir de vous me tue,
Mon seul bien, quant je ne vous voy,
Car je vous jure sus ma foy
Que sans vous ma joye est perdue.*

*Quant vous estes hors de me veue
Je me plaing et dis a par moy:
Le souvenir de vous me tue,
Mon seul bien, quant je ne vous voy.*

*Seulle demeure despourveue,
De nully confort ne reçoÿ;
Ce deul porte sans faire effroy
Jusques a vostre revenue.*

*Le souvenir de vous me tue,
Mon seul bien, quant je ne vous voy,
Car je vous jure sus ma foy
Que sans vous ma joye est perdue.*

The memory of you kills me,
my only joy, when I do not see you,
for I swear to you on my faith
that without you my happiness is lost.

When you are out of my sight
I weep and say to myself:
'The memory of you kills me,
my only joy, when I do not see you.'

I remain alone and deprived,
I receive comfort from nobody;
I bear this sadness quietly
until your return.

The memory of you kills me,
my only joy, when I do not see you,
for I swear to you on my faith
that without you my happiness is lost.



DOUGLAS BUCHANAN
B. 1984

holy sonnet XIV

*Batter my heart, three-person'd God; for, you
As yet but knocke, breathe, shine, and seeke to mend;
That I may rise, and stand, o'erthrow mee,' and bend
Your force to breake, blowe, burn and make me new.
I, like an usurpt towne, to'another due,
Labor to'admit you, but Oh, to no end,
Reason your viceroy in mee, mee should defend,
But is captiv'd, and proves weake or untrue.
Yet dearly I love you,' and would be loved faine,
But am betroth'd unto youremie:
Divorce mee,' untie, or breake that knot againe,
Take mee to you, imprison mee, for I
Except you'enthral me, never shall be free,
Nor ever chaste, except you ravish mee.*

JOHN DONNE
1572-1631