

Tuesday, July 14, 2015 at 7pm
Washington National Cathedral

Luminous Matter

SONGS AND PRAYERS FOR SOPRANO AND ORGAN

Allison Mondel, *soprano*
Benjamin Straley, *organ and piano*

PROGRAM ORDER

O virga ac diadema	Hildegard von Bingen (1098-1179)
Pie Jesu	Lili Boulanger (1893-1918)
Veni Creator Spiritus Choral varié sur le thème du 'Veni Creator', Op. 4	Plainchant Maurice Duruflé (1902-1986)
O splendidissima gemma	Hildegard von Bingen
"Lord Jesus Christ!" from <i>Prayers of Kierkegaard</i> , Op. 30	Samuel Barber (1910-1981)
<i>Les Angélus</i> , Op. 57	Louis Vierne (1870-1937)
I. Au matin	
II. A midi	
III. Au soir	

ABOUT THE ARTISTS

Lauded by *The Washington Post* for her "ethereal soprano" and "spare, otherworldly radiance," **ALLISON MONDEL** is a highly versatile performing artist and teacher. An early music specialist, she received her M.M. in Early Music Vocal Performance from the Longy School of Music. She has led teaching and coaching sessions on the interpretation of early music at the Peabody Conservatory, Williams College, Georgetown University, and the Washington Early Music Festival, among many others. Allison is also the director of Eya, an award-winning women's vocal ensemble specializing in medieval music.

She has appeared as a soloist or ensemble singer at the Boston Early Music Festival, Washington National Cathedral, the Bach Sinfonia, the Cathedral Choral Society (special appearance, Einhorn Voices of Light), the Maryland Choral Society (soloist, Mozart Mass in C Minor and Requiem), the Folger Consort, Dumbarton Oaks, Georgetown University (soloist, Handel Messiah and Mozart Requiem), American University (soloist, Mozart, Mass in C Minor), and Cathedra (soloist, Stravinsky Mass). She is a professional chorister at historic Christ Church Georgetown.

Allison takes the utmost joy in teaching, especially in helping young singers discover their inner artist. She teaches voice in the National Cathedral's prestigious chorister program, as well as at Georgetown University and her own private studio. Learn more at www.allisonmondel.com.

BENJAMIN STRALEY is Organist and Associate Director of Music at Washington National Cathedral. Prior to this appointment, he was Organ Scholar at Trinity Church (Episcopal), New Haven as well as Director of Music for the Episcopal Church at Yale.

Upon the completion of his undergraduate studies with Marilyn Keiser at Indiana University, he entered the Yale Institute of Sacred Music in 2008, where he studied with Martin Jean and Jeffrey Brillhart. In 2010, he became one of the few Americans in the history of the Haarlem Organ Festival invited to compete in its world-renowned contest in improvisation. More recently, he was featured as one of the "Top 20 under 30" in the May 2015 issue of *The Diapason* magazine. He holds both Masters in Music and Divinity from Yale, as well as a Certificate in Anglican Studies from Berkeley Divinity School, and is a Postulant for Holy Orders in the Episcopal Church.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

O VIRGA AC DIADEMA

*O virga ac diadema
purpure regis,
que es in clausura tua
sicut lorica:*

*Tu frondens flouisti
in alia vicissitudine
quam Adam omne genus humanum
produceret.*

*Ave, ave, de tuo ventre
alia vita processit
qua Adam filios suos
denudaverat.*

*O flos, tu non germinasti de rore
nec de guttis pluvie,
nec aer desuper te volavit,
sed divina claritas
in nobilissima virga te produxit.*

*O virga, floriditatem tuam
Deus in prima die
creature sue previderat.*

O branch and royal diadem
of royal purple,
you stand fast in your cloister
like a breastplate.

Unfolding your leaves, you blossomed
in another way
than Adam brought forth
the whole human race.

Hail, hail! From your womb
came another life,
the life that Adam
stripped from his children.

O flower, you did not spring from the dew,
nor from the drops of rain,
nor did an airy wind fly over you,
but the divine radiance
brought you forth on the noblest bough.

O branch, God foresaw
your blossoming
on the first day of his creation.

Hildegard translations by Barbara Newman

PIE JESU

*Pie Jesu Domine,
Dona eis requiem.*

*Pie Jesu Domine,
Dona eis requiem sempiternam.*

Holy Lord Jesus,
Give them rest.

Holy Lord Jesus,
Grant them eternal rest.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS

*Veni Creator spiritus,
Mentes tuorum visita:
Imple superna gratia
Quae tu creasti pectora.*

*Qui diceris Paraclitus,
Altissimi donum Dei,
Fons vivus, ignis, caritas,
Et spiritalis unctio.*

*Accende lumen sensibus,
Infunde amorem cordibus,
Infirma nostri corporis
Virtute firmans perpeti.*

*Per te sciamus da Patrem,
Noscamus atque Filium,
Teque utrique Spiritum
Credamus omni tempore.*

Come Creator Spirit,
visit the souls of thy people,
fill with grace from on high
the hearts which thou hast created.

Thou who art called the Comforter,
gift of the most high God,
living fount, fire, love,
and unction of souls.

Inflame our senses with thy light,
pour thy love into our hearts,
strengthen our weak bodies
with lasting power.

Grant us by thee to know the Father
and to know the Son;
and thee, Spirit of both,
may we always believe.

*Deo Patri sit gloria,
Et Filio, qui a mortuis
Surrexit, ac Paraclito,
In saeculorum saecula. Amen.*

To God the Father be glory,
to the Son who rose from the dead
and to the Comforter,
for all ages. Amen.

Translation by Fr. Adrian Fortesque

O SPLENDIDISSIMA GEMMA

*O splendidissima gemma
et serenum decus solis
qui tibi infusus est,
fons saliens
de corde Patris,
quod est unicum Verbum suum,
per quod creavit
mundi primam materiam,
quam Eva turbavit.*

O resplendent jewel
and unclouded beauty of the sun
poured into you:
a fountain springing
from the Father's heart.
This is his only word,
by which he created
the primal matter of the world,
which Eve threw into chaos.

*Hoc Verbum effabricavit tibi
Pater hominem,
et ob hoc es tu illa lucida materia
per quam hoc ipsum Verbum expiravit
omnes virtutes,
ut eduxit in prima materia
omnes creaturas.*

For you, the Father fashioned
this Word into a man.
So you are that luminous matter
through which the Word breathed forth
all virtues,
as in the primal matter
he brought forth all creatures.

LORD JESUS CHRIST!

Lord Jesus Christ
Who suffered all life long
that I, too, might be saved,
and Whose suffering still knows no end,
this, too, wilt Thou endure;
saving and redeeming me,
this patient suffering of me
with whom Thou hast to do -
I, who so often go astray.
Lord Jesus Christ!
Lord Jesus Christ!

Text by Søren Kierkegaard (1813-1855)

LES ANGÉLUS

AU MATIN

*Sur ma ville endormie a sonné l'Angélus,
L'Angélus des clochers en hommage à Marie:
Vois comme fuit la nuit et comme le salut
De 'Archange est joyeux sur ma ville endormie.
Comme faon de la biche au revers des côteaux
Va bondir le soleil!*

*La maison pauvre ou riche
Les arbres, les jardins seront dorés tantôt
Et joueront les enfants comme faon de la biche.
Une journée encore apporte du bonheur
Ou du tourment au coeur!
Seigneur, je vous adore
Dans la sublimité des premières lueurs
Du jour et vous bénis une journée encore.*

À MIDI

*Au midi qui flamboie et rutil, voici
Sur le bruit des cités et des foules, la joie
D'un clair soleil!
Mon Dieu, clament notre merci
Les cloches d'Angélus au midi qui flamboie.
Au milieu de la route où nous pèlerions
Entre l'enfance aimée et la mort qu'on redoute.*

*Sainte Mère de Dieu, nous nous arrêterons
Pour implorer ton aide au milieu de la route.
Car la tâche est immense et lourde pour nos bras
tes maternelles mains apaisent nos souffrances
Du midi jusqu'au soir tombant, guide nos pas
Aux moissons de ton Fils ou la tâche est immense.*

AU SOIR

*Puisque la nuit remonte au ciel et dans nos coeurs,
Puisque l'heure est venue où chacun fait le compte
De ses travaux, de ses douleurs, de ses rancoeurs.
Nous te prions encor puisque la nuit remonte!*

*O Vierge, sois clémente au dernier Angélus
Qui berce le sommeil de la terre en tourmente!
Qu'aux misères du jour nous ne pensions plus!
A nos péchés humains, ô Vierge sois clémente!*

*Dans la vie éternelle où la nuit ne vient pas
Emportés par le vent que seules font les ailes
Des divins Angelots nos Ave Maria
Te chantent notre amour dans la vie éternelle.*

AT MORNING

Upon my sleeping town the Angelus has rung
The Angelus bells in honor of Mary:
See how the night is gone and how the call
Of the archangel is joyous upon my sleeping town.
Like the doe's fawn on the other side of the hill
bounding at the sun.

Whether they be rich or poor homes
The trees, the gardens will soon be gilded
And the children will play like the doe's fawn.
Another day brings happiness
Or a crisis of the heart.
O Lord, I adore you
In the sublimity of the early hours
Of day as you bless anew another day.

AT NOON

At noon, which is flamboyant and gleaming, behold
Over the noise of cities and crowds, the joy
Of a clear sunny day.
O God, crying out our thanks
The Angelus bells at noon blaze.
In the midst of our pilgrim way
Between a beloved childhood and a death which we dread.

Holy Mother of God, we halt
To implore your help amidst our journey.
For the labor is great and heavy for our arms
Your motherly hands have eased our suffering
From noon until the fall of evening, guide our step
At your Son's harvest where the task is immense.

IN THE EVENING

Since the night returns in the sky and in our hearts,
Since the hour has come when each one accounts
For their work, their sadness, and their bitterness.
We pray to you again since the night returns!

O Virgin, be merciful at this last Angelus
Which cradles the dreams of the world in torment!
Of the woes of day we will no longer pardon!
With our human sins, O Virgin, be merciful!

In eternal life when night no longer comes,
Brought by the wind made only by the wings
Of divine St. Michael (Angelots†), our Ave Maria
Will sing to you of our love into eternal life.

† Angelot is an old French gold coin which was stamped with St. Michael the Archangel. It is a bookend to the reference to an archangel in "Au matin."