

Hortus Conclusus: songs from the *Song of Songs*

This programme is without an interval and lasts approximately 75 minutes.

Hortus conclusus - Ceballos

Nigra sum - Peñalosa

Vox dilecti - Rivaflecha

Veni electa mea - chant

Canticum canticorum 1 - Ivan Moody

Revertere Sunamitis - chant

Descendi in hortum meum - Plummer

Qualis est dilectus - Forest

Tota pulchra es - Plummer

Anima mea liquefacta est - Dufay

Tota pulchra es - Isaac

Quam pulchra es - anon C16

Quam pulchri sunt - Victoria

Das erst und andere Kapitel des Hohenliedes Salomonis - Lechner

Er küsse mich

Ich bin schwarz

Ich gleiche dich

Siehe mein Freundin

Ich bin ein Blumen

Fahet uns die Füchse

Texts

Hortus conclusus

Hortus conclusus soror mea, sponsa mea, et fons signatus. Aperi mihi, O soror mea, amica mea, columba mea, immaculata mea. Surge propera amica mea et veni. Veni speciosa mea, ostende mihi, faciem tua. Favus distillans labia tus, mel et lac sub lingua tua. Veni, sponsa mea, veni coronaberis.

A garden enclosed is my sister, my bride, and a sealed fountain. Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled. Arise my love and come. Come my fair one, let me see your face. Your lips distil nectar, honey and milk are under your tongue. Come my bride, and you shall be crowned.

Nigra sum

Nigra sum sed formosa, filiae Ierusalem; ideo dilexit me rex et introduxit me in cubiculum suum.

I am black, but beautiful, O daughters of Jerusalem; wherefore the king delighted in me and led me to his bedchamber.

Vox dilecti

Vox dilecti mei pulsantis en dilectus meus loquitur mihi; aperi mihi soror mea. Expoliavi me tunica mea, quomodo induar illa? Lavi pedes meos, quomodo inquinabo illos? Surge propera, amica mea. Surrexi ut aperirem dilecto meo. Pessulum ostii mei aperui dilecto meo. At ille declinaverat atque transierat.

Anima mea liquefacta est, ut dilectus locutus est. Quaesivi et non inveni illum, vocavi et non respondit mihi. Adiuro vos, filiae Ierusalem, si inveneritis dilectum meum, ut nuntietis ei quia amore langueo.

The voice of my beloved is knocking: open to me my sister, my friend. I have taken off my garment: how should I put it on again? I have washed my feet: how should I soil them? Arise, my friend. I arose to open to my beloved. I opened the bolt of the door to my love. But he had turned away and gone.

My soul melted as he spoke. I sought him and I did not find him; I called and he did not

answer. I adjure you, daughters of Jerusalem: if you find my beloved, tell him I languish for love.

Veni electa mea

Veni electa mea, et ponam in te thronum meum; quia concupivit rex speciem tuam.

Come, choose me and place me on your throne, as husband of the king.

Surge propera (Canticum Canticorum 1)

Surge propera amica mea, formosa mea et veni. Iam hiems transiit, imber abiit et recessit. Flores apparuerunt in terra, tempus putationis advenit; vox turturis audita est in terra nostra; ficus protulit grossos suos; vine florentes, dederunt odorem suum.

Arise swiftly my friend, my beautiful one, and come, for now the winter has passed, the rain is over and gone; flowers appear on the earth, pruning time has come; the voice of the turtle dove is heard in our land; the fig tree has put out its thick shoots, the flowering vines give off their smell.

Descendi in hortum meum (Canticum Canticorum 1)

Descendi in hortum meum ut viderem poma convalium et inspicerem si floruisset vinea et germinassent mala punica. Revertere Sunamitis, revertere ut intueamur te.

I went down into my garden to see the apples of the valley, to see if the vineyards had flowered and the pomegranates had budded. Return, Sunamite, return so that we may behold you.

Ego dilecto (Canticum Canticorum 1)

Ego dilecto meo et ad me conversio eius, veni dilecte mi, egrediamur in agrum, commoremur in villis; mane surgamus ad vineas, videamus si floruit vineas.

I am my beloved's and to me his turning, come my beloved, let us go into the field, let us linger in the villages. Tomorrow let us go up to the vineyards and see if the vines are flowering.

Revertere Sunamitis

Revertere Sunamitis; revertere ut inteamur te.

Return, Sunamite; return that we may behold you.

Descendi in hortum meum

Descendi in hortum meum ut viderem poma convalium et inspicerem si floruisset vinea et germinassent mala punica. Revertere Sunamitis, revertere ut intueamur te.

I went down into my garden to see the apples of the valley, to see if the vineyards had flowered and the pomegranates had budded. Return, Sunamite, return so that we may behold you.

Qualis est dilectus

Qualis est dilectus tuus ex dilectis, O pulcherrima mulierum. Amicus meus candidus et rubicundus electus ex milibus. Leva eius sub capite meo et dextra illius amplexabitur me.

What sort of beloved is your beloved, O fairest of women? My friend is white and ruddy, chosen from thousands. His left arm is under my head, and his right arm will embrace me.

Tota pulchra es (Plummer)

Tota pulchra es amica mea mea, et macula non est in te, favus distillans labia tua, mel et lac sub lingua tua, odor unguentorum tuorum super omnia aromata. Iam enim hiems transiit, imber abiit et recessit; flores apparuerunt, vineae florentes odorem dederunt et vox turturis audita est in terra nostra. Surge propera amica mea, veni de Libano, veni coronaberis.

You are wholly beautiful, my friend, and there is no blemish in you; your lips drip honeycomb; honey and milk under your tongue, and the smell of your fragrance perfumes everything. Now the winter has passed, the rain is over and gone; flowers appear on the earth, pruning time has come; the voice of the turtle dove is heard in our land; Arise my

friend, come from Lebanon, come and you will be crowned.

Anima mea

Anima mea liquefacta est, ut dilectus locutus est. Quaesivi et non inveni illum, vocavi et non respondit mihi. Invenerunt me custodes civitatis percusserunt me et vulneraverunt me; tulerunt pallium meum custodes murorum, filiae Ierusalem, nuntiate dilecto quia amore languedo.

My soul melted as he spoke. I sought him and I did not find him; I called and he did not answer. The watchmen found me who go about the city; they beat me and wounded me. The guardians of the walls took my cloak from me. I adjure you, daughters of Jerusalem: if you find my beloved, tell him I languish for love.

Tota pulchra es (Isaac)

Tota pulchra es amica mea mea, et macula non est in te, favus distillans labia tua, mel et lac sub lingua tua, odor unguentorum tuorum super omnia aromata. Iam enim hiems transiit, imber abiit et recessit; flores apparuerunt, vineae florentes odorem dederunt et vox turturis audita est in terra nostra. Surge propera amica mea, veni de Libano, veni coronaberis.

You are wholly beautiful, my friend, and there is no blemish in you; your lips drip honeycomb; honey and milk under your tongue, and the smell of your fragrance perfumes everything. Now the winter has passed, the rain is over and gone; flowers appear on the earth, pruning time has come; the voice of the turtle dove is heard in our land; Arise my friend, come from Lebanon, come and you will be crowned.

Quam pulchra es

Quam pulchra es amica mea, oculi tui columbarum absque eo quod intrinsecus latet. Tota pulchra es amica mea et macula non est in te.

How fair you are my friend, your eyes are like doves beside that which lies within. You are wholly beautiful my friend, and there is no blemish in you.

Quam pulchri sunt

Quam pulchri sunt gressus tui filiae principis. Collum tuum sicut turris eburnea. Oculi tui divini et comae capitis tui sicut purpura regis. Quam pulchra es et quam decora carissima. Alleluia!

How fair are your steps, O daughter of princes. Your neck is like a tower of ivory. Your eyes are divine and the hair of your head like the purple of a king. How fair you are, and the fairest of delights. Alleluia!

Das erst und andere Kapitel des Hohenliedes Salomonis

Er küsse mich mit dem Kuss seines Mundes, denn deine Brüste sind lieblicher denn Wein, dass man dein gute Salbe rieche. Dein Nam ist einausgeschütete Salben; darum lieben dich die Mägd. Zeuch mich dir nach, so laufen wir. Der König führet mich in seine Kammer. Wir freuen uns, und sind fröhlich über dir; wir gedenken an deine Brüste mehr denn an den Wein. Die Frommen lieben dich.

He kisses with the kiss of his mouth for your breast are better than wine, fragrant with the best ointments. Your name is oil poured out, so the young girls love you. Draw me forth, we will run after you. The king led me into his chamber. We rejoice in you; we thank your breasts better than wine. The upright love you.

Ich bin schwarz aber gar lieblich. Ihr Töchter Ierusalem, wie die Hütten Kidar, wie die Teppiche Salomon, sehet mich nit an, dass ich so schwarz bin. Denn die Sonne hat mich verbrannt. Meiner Mutter Kinder zürnen mit mir. Man hat mich zur Hüterin der Weinberg gesetzt; aber meinen Weinberg, den ich hatte, hab ich nit behütet. Sage du mir an, den mein Seele liebet, wo du weidest, wo du ruhest um Mittag, dass ich nit hin und her gehen müsse bei den Herden deiner Gsellen. Kennest du dich nit, du schönste unter den Weibern? So geh hinaus auf die Fußstapfen der Schaf und weinde deine Böcke bei den Hirtenhäusern.

I am black but beautiful. O daughters of Jerusalem, like the tents of Kidar and the carpets of Solomon. Don't look at me because I am so dark: the sun has burned me. The sons of my mother fought against me. They have placed me as a guard in the vineyards, but my own vineyard I have not kept. Tell me, whom my soul loves, where you rest at noon lest I begin to wander after the flocks of your companions. Do you not know, O fairest of women? Go and follow the tracks of the flocks and pasture your kids by the tents of the

shepherds.

Ich gleiche dich meine Freundin, meinem reisigen Zeuge an dem Wagen Pharaos. Deine Backen stehn lieblich in den Spangen, und dein Hals in den Ketten. Wir wollen dir güldene Spangen machen mit silbernen Böcklein. Da der König sich herwandte gab mein Nardens sein Geruch. Mein Freund ist mir ein Büschel Myrrhen, das zwischen Brüsten hanget. Mein Freund ist mir ein Trauben Cophar in den Weingärten zu Engeddi.

I have likened you, my friend, to the my cavalry in Pharaoh's chariots. Your cheeks are fair like the turtle dove's, and your throat like necklaces. We will make you chains of gold inlaid with silver. While the king was on his couch my unguent gave out its fragrance. My beloved is a bundle of myrrh to me, hanging between my breasts. My friend is a cluster of cypress in the vineyards of Engeddi.

Siehe mein Freundin du bist schön, schön bist du: deine Augen sind wie Taubenaugen. Siehe mein Freund, du bist schön und lieblich. Unser Bett grünet, unser Hauser Balken sind Zedern, unser Latten sind Zypressen.

Behold you are fair, my love, your eyes are like doves. Behold, my friend, you are beautiful and lovely. Our bed is flowery, the beams of our house are of cedar, and our rafters are cypress.

Ich bin ein Blumen zu Saron und eine Rose im Tal. Wie eine Rose unter den Dornen, so ist mein Freundin unter den Töchtern. Wie ein Apfelbaum unter den wilden Bäumen, so ist mein Freund unter den Söhnen. Ich sitz unter dem Schatten des ich begehre, und seine Frucht ist meiner Kehlen süße. Er führet mich in den Weinkeller und die Liebe ist sein Panier über mir. Er erquicket mich mit Blumen und labet mich mit Äpfeln, denn ich bin krank vor Liebe. Seine Linke lieget unter meinem Haupt, und seine Rechte herzet mich.

I am the rose of Sharon and a lily of the valley. Like a rose among thorns, so is my friend among the daughters. Like an apple tree among the trees of the woods, so is my friend among the sons. I sit under the shadow of the one I love and his fruit is sweet to my throat. He brings me to the wine cellar and his love is dispensed to me. He supports me with flowers and surrounds me with apples, so that I am sick with love. His left arm is under my head, and his right arm embraces me.

Fachet uns die Füchse, die kleinen Füchlein die die Weinberg verderben: denn unsere

Weinberg haben Augen gewonnen. Mein Freund ist mein und ich bin sein, der unter den Rosen weidet bis der Tag kühl wird und der Schatten weicht. Kehre um, werde wie ein Reh, mein Freund, oder wie ein junger Hirsch auf den Scheidebergen

Catch for us the foxes, the little foxes who destroy the vineyards: for our vineyard is flourishing. my friend is mine and I am his, who pastures among the roses until the day cools and the shadows lengthen. Return like a deer my friend, or a young stag on the mountains of Bether.