



The Nightingale

A Medieval Tale of Love and Loss

Collegium Musicum with Trobár

7:30 p.m.

Friday, January 17, 2025

Florence Harkness Memorial Chapel

11118 Bellflower Road Cleveland, OH



Welcome to

Florence Harkness Memorial Chapel

Florence Harkness Memorial Chapel (est. 1902) is known for its Tiffany stained-glass windows, soaring arches, and beautiful woodwork. The neo-Gothic structure, located in Mather Quad, commemorates the brief life of Florence Harkness Severance (Louis Henry Severance), the only daughter of Stephen V. Harkness and his second wife, Anna M. Richardson Harkness. This beautiful venue features a warm, intimate, and acoustically resonant space for Department of Music performances and events.

Arrival and Seating

- Please arrive early to find your seats before the performance begins. Late arrivals may not be seated until an appropriate break in the performance.
- Follow the instructions of our ushers and staff when entering and exiting the venue.

Accessibility

- We are committed to providing accessible facilities for all audience members. Please inform our staff
 if you require assistance or special accommodations.
- Accessible seating is available and can be arranged through our music office in advance.

Noise and Disruptions

- Silence all mobile phones, electronic devices, and alarms during the performance.
- Please refrain from talking, whispering, or making noise that could distract performers or other audience members.

Photography and Recording

- Photography, video recording, and audio recording are strictly prohibited during performances, unless
 explicitly authorized by the event organizers.
- You are welcome to take photos before and after the performance.

Food and Beverages

- Outside food and beverages are not permitted inside the performance space.
- Receptions may take place after an event, and consumption should be confined to designated areas.

Restroom Locations

· Restrooms are located in the main lobby.

Emergency Procedures

- Familiarize yourself with the nearest exits upon arrival. In the event of an emergency, please remain calm and follow the instructions provided by staff.
- Please alert staff if you require medical attention.
- Campus Security Emergency Line: 216-368-3333.

Lost and Found

 Items left behind after the performance will be collected and stored in our Lost and Found. Please contact the music office to inquire about lost items.

Respect for the Venue

- Please respect the facility, instruments, and the property of others. Any damage to the venue or its
 contents may result in financial responsibility for repairs.
- Help us maintain a clean and welcoming environment by disposing of waste properly.

Florence Harkness Memorial Chapel

@harknesschapel | 11200 Bellflower Road Cleveland, OH 44106



PROGRAM

Par maintes foys Jehan Vaillant (fl? c. 1360-90)

Or sus, vous dormés trop Anonymous, Faenza Codex

(c. 1420)

Ma belle dame souveraine Guillaume Dufay (1397-1474)

LAÜSTIC. or THE NIGHTINGALE.

by Marie de France translated by Dorothy Gilbert Elena Mullins Bailey, narrator

Rose, liz, printemps, verdure Guillaume de Machaut

(c. 1300-1377)

Quand'amor Giovanni da Firenze

(fl. 1340-50)

Ce rondelet / Le dieu d'amours Johannes Reson

(fl. c. 1425-35)

Donnes l'assault a la fortresse Guillaume Dufay

Amoroso Giovanni Ebreo da Pesaro

(c. 1420-c. 1484)

Che cosa è quest'amor Francesco Landini

(c. 1325-1397)

J'aime la biauté Anonymous, Faenza Codex

Qui n'a le cuer Anonymous, Manuscript Torino

(c. 1413-20)

O perlaro gentile Giovanni da Firenze

Ma tre dol rosignol joly / Aluette cryante /

Borlet (fl? c. 1397-1409)

Guillaume de Machaut

Comment qu'a moy lonteinne

Rousignolin

PROGRAM NOTES

Because there are so few primary sources which describe the medieval sound world in an actionable way, recreating music from the period poses a unique challenge to the modern musician. We will never know for sure exactly how this music would have sounded in the past. Yet this lack of concrete information also offers us great freedom to experiment with different approaches to the music we do have from so long ago. While we may not fully know the soundscape, there is a lot we can deduce about the medieval mindset. One aspect of their literary and musical world which naturally becomes part of its modern revival is the simultaneous presence of a written and oral tradition. Since music and stories were transmitted both through writing and performance, the medieval concept of authorship was flexible and involved collaboration. What one person composed was recreated from memory and perhaps embellished or altered by the next performer, and scribes likely copied music and text based on remembered performances when they did not have access to a written exemplar. Stories, songs, and ideas were constantly being referenced and recontextualized in new creative works, bringing about connections that spanned space and time in fascinating ways.

One of the strengths Trobár brings to the performance of medieval music is a knack for creating interesting narratives for their concerts. In the spirit of medieval tradition, they often bring together stories and songs from a variety of different places, times, and perspectives to foster a deeper understanding of medieval culture. When the Collegium was planning this project, we knew we wanted to learn from Trobár's creative approach. We have created a program around a 12th-century narrative poem which thematically fits with and expands on the repertoire we prepared last semester. In doing so we are interacting with the medieval concept of authorship by recontextualizing 14th- and 15th-century French and Italian music with an older tale which was probably written in Great Britain. In period, this might not have been something that would have happened in exactly this way, but it creates a product reminiscent of a verse romance with lyric insertions. One of the most popular forms for medieval fiction, these narratives would incorporate lyrics in the form of contrafacts (new texts to existing music and vice versa), fragments such as refrains, and whole verses of independently existing songs. In a similar way, we have interpolated music with lyrics that echo the major beats of our story.

The story we are presenting, Laüstic, was written by the first woman known to have written poetry in French, Marie de France. While we do not know much about Marie's life, we can date her work to the last part of the 12th century, and we know her name because she self-identifies within the epilogue of another work that appears alongside her collection of lais. That she wrote prolifically indicates that she was well educated and thus a member of the noble class. The poem Laüstic appears in a single manuscript compiled in Britain containing the most complete collection of the author's work, and is in a form known as the Breton Lai, which uses rhyming couplets with eight syllables per line, a characteristic you will hear reflected in Dorothy Gilbert's English translation. In the introductory section, Marie de France claims to be recording in her own French dialect a story that had already been passed around in the Breton oral tradition, but we can assume that she was adding her own perspective to the work based on our knowledge of medieval oral/written tradition. Based on other sources, including a description in Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, we assume that lais such as this were performed by a singer, perhaps with instrumental accompaniment, but there is no music remaining to suggest what type of tunes might have belonged with her poetry, so a recitation will have to do.

Laüstic presents an adulterous relationship in a sympathetic light, something neither ubiquitous nor out of place in medieval love stories, casting the jealous husband as the antagonist. Ultimately, though, the story conforms to a more conservative ethic where the affair is ended and the lady, albeit under duress, remains faithful to her husband. The central thematic image is that of a nightingale, which frequently appears in medieval stories as a symbol of love. We frame our tale with music that incorporates onomatopoetic nightingale birdsong, as well as lyrics that demonstrate the sometimes painful realities of unrealized romantic love. The climactic event of our story tonight is the murder of the innocent songbird, representing the death of the love affair between the lady and the knight. But the final vignette shows us the knight carrying around the nightingale as a memento to the love he lost, showing us that his love remains even if he cannot act on it. So we end the concert with a piece that is more hopeful, inviting you to imagine a potential resolution beyond the end of the story.

Program notes by Naomi McMahon

ABOUT TROBÁR

Trobár is a small medieval band of voices and instruments led by co-directors Allison Monroe (strings, voice) and Elena Mullins Bailey (voice). The word trobar, meaning "to find, to create, to compose" in the language Occitan, encapsulates the spirit of discovery and invention that we bring to the musical texts of the Middle Ages. We welcome guest artists into our musical explorations, frequently including Karin Weston (voice, flute; founding member), Allen Otte (percussion), Rosemary Heredos (voice, chant specialist), Nathan Dougherty (voice), Nadia Tarnawsky (voice), Sian Ricketts (winds, voice), and Debra Nagy (winds, voice), among others.

Since our founding in 2017, Trobár has created twelve original programs for our Cleveland audiences. Several of these programs have been featured on Early Music America's 2020 Emerging Artists Showcase, Les Délices' SalonEra, Cathedral Concert Series (Tucson), GEMS (NYC), the Catacoustic Consort (Cincinnati) series, Early Music at the Barn in Chicagoland, and in a live-televised concert at St. James Cathedral Basilica (Brooklyn). We also released our first album, Il Dit / Elle Dit, in November 2024.

Education is central to Trobár's mission. We host a podcast called Trobár Talks, as well as MuckAbouts – a series of public events oriented around history and the arts, experiential learning, and community building. We have held residencies at the University of Louisville (2019), Purdue University Fort Wayne (2022), and Case Western Reserve University (2025). A mini-grant from Early Music America (2022) helped us launch The Donkey Prince, an elementary-age introduction to medieval music and storytelling. We also taught weekly historical dance classes with live music for elementary school students at Garden Christian Academy during the 2022–23 season. In the 2024-25 season, Trobár is proud to offer our inaugural Apprenticeship Program, with singer Naomi McMahon as our first Apprentice.

TEXTS

Par maintes foys avoy recoillie
Du rossignol la douce melodie
Mais ne si veult le cucu a corder.
Ain veult chanter contre ly par envie,
Cucu, cucu, cucu toute sa vie
Car il veult bien a son chant descourder.

Et pourtant dit le reussignol et crie: Je vos comment quon le tue et ocie Tue tue tue tue Oci oci oci oci oci Fideli fideli fideli fi Fi du cucu qu d'amors veut parler.

Si vous suppli ma tres douce alouette, Que vous voules dire votre chanson; Lire lire lire liron Que dit Dieu, que te dit Dieu. Il est temps Que le reussignol die sa chansonnette; Oci oci oci oci seront Qui vos vont guerroyant.

Assembles vous; prenes la cardinette Faites chanter la calle et le sanson. Tues bates se cucu pile bisson. Il est pris, soit mis amort orrement. An joli ver vos queres culli la mosette, Ami ami ami ami tardis Seray le dieu d'amours priant.

How many times are the skies filled With the sweet song of the nightingale! But the cuckoo never joins in; He prefers to sing enviously 'Cuckoo, cuckoo' all his life. He wants his song to bring discord.

So the nightingale cries out:
'I command that you shall be killed.
Slain, slain,
Killed, killed,
Fie upon you, fie upon you,
Cuckoo who wants to speak of love.'

'I beg you, dear skylark, Thus to sing your son; Lire, lire, liron, As God tells you. It's time For the nightingale's little song; Killed, killed, they're killed, Those who wage war with you.'

'Flock together; bring the goldfinch And make him and the starling sing out. Kill the cuckoo and silence him. He is taken, let him be killed. In the lovely springtime praise the hawk, Our friend, our friend; And praise the god of love.'

Or sus, vous dormés trop (Instrumental)

Ma belle dame souverainne, Faites cesser ma grief dolour Que j'endure pour vostre amour Nuit et jour, dont j'ay tres grant painne.

Ou autrement, soiés certainne, Je finneray dedens brief jour. Ma belle dame souverainne, Faites cesser ma grief dolour

Il n'i a jour en la sepmainne Que je ne soye en grant tristour; Se me veulliés par vo doulcour Secourir, de volonté plaine.

Ma belle dame souverainne, Faites cesser ma grief dolour Que j'endure pour vostre amour Nuit et jour, dont j'ay tres grant painne. My beautiful sovereign lady, Make my deep grief stop Which I endure for your love Night and day, and which gives me very great pain.

Or else, be certain,
I will die in only a few days.
My beautiful sovereign lady,
Make my deep grief stop

There is not one day in the week
When I am not in great sadness;
So please be willing, in your sweetness,
To help me, wholeheartedly.
My beautiful sovereign lady,
Make my deep grief stop
Which I endure for your love
Night and day, and which gives me very great pain.

LAÜSTIC, or THE NIGHTINGALE,

"an excellent lady, wise, courtly, elegant"

Rose, liz, printemps, verdure, Fleur, baume et tres douce odour, Bele, passés en doucour.

Et tous les biens de Nature, Avez dont je vous aour. Rose, liz, printemps, verdure, Fleur, baume et tres douce oudour.

Et quant toute creature
Seurmonte vostre valour,
Bien puis dire et par honnour:
Rose, liz, printemps, verdure,
Fleur, baume et tres douce oudour,
Bele, passés en doucour.

Rose, lily, springtime, greenery, flower, balm, and sweetest perfume: Beauty, you surpass them in sweetness.

And all the gifts of nature are yours, for which I adore you. Rose, lily, springtime, greenery, flower, balm, and sweetest perfume

And since your virtues surpass all living creatures, I must say in all honor: Rose, lily, springtime, greenery, flower, balm, and sweetest perfume: Beauty, you surpass them in sweetness.

"he loved his neighbor's wife ... she above all loved him ardently"

Quand' Amor gli occhi rilucenti e belli, Ch'àn d'alto foco la sembianza vera, Volge ne' mieie si dentro arder mi fanno,

Che per virtù d'amor vengo un di quelli Spirti che son nella celeste sfera, Ch'amor e gioia egual ment'in lor ànno. When Love turns those shining and beautiful eyes, Which truly resemble a high fire, Towards me, they make me burn so,

For, by the power of Love I come [to] one of those Spirits that dwell in the celestial sphere, That carry as much love as joy in themselves.

"they could toss tokens to each other, throw little gifts, lover to lover"

Ce rondolet je vous envoye Pour consolation de joye En esperance d'avoir mieulx C'en que vous desirés le mieulx.

Le dieu d'amours si vous l'otroye Et vous en doint parfaitte joye En accroissant de bien en mieux En ce mois present gracieux. I send to you this little roundel As a consolation for joy In hope of having more of What you desire the most.

May the god of Love grant it to you And give you complete joy from it By increasing [your fortune] from better to best In the present gracious month.

"her lord had his wife under close, strict guard"

Donnés l'assault a la fortresse De ma gratieuse maistresse, Hault dieu d'amors, je vous supplie; Boutés hors m'adverse partie Qui languir me fait en destresse.

C'est d'Anuy, qui par sa rudesse
De moy grever point ne se cesse
Envers ma dame gente et lye.
Donnés l'assault a la fortresse
De ma gratieuse maistresse,
Hault dieu d'amors, je vous supplie;

Sound the attack on the fortress Of my gracious mistress High god of love, I beg you; Boot out my enemy Who makes me disheartened in distress.

This comes from Annoyance, who by his harshness Never ceases to burden me Regarding my noble and glad lady. Sound the attack on the fortress Of my gracious mistress High god of love, I beg you Faictes venir tost en l'adresse
Au secours, par vostre noblesse,
pitié, Mercy et Courtoysie.
La belle soit par vous saisye,
Car le tarder trop si me blesse.
Donnés l'assault a la fortresse
De ma gratieuse maistresse,
Hault dieu d'amors, je vous supplie;
Boutés hors m'adverse partie
Qui languir me fait en destresse.

Do come soon to help me
In the attack, by your nobility
Pity, mercy and gallantry.
May the lovely lady be seized by you
For the delay wounds me too much.
Sound the attack on the fortress
Of my gracious mistress
High god of love, I beg you;
Boot out my enemy
Who makes me disheartened in distress.

"he whose desire for love is strong — no wonder that he heeds their song!"

Amoroso (Instrumental)

"her lover lived for her sight"

Che chos'è quest'amor che 'l ciel produce Per far più manifesta la tuo luce?

Ell'é tanto vezos' onest e vagha, legiadr' e gratios' adorn' e bella, ch'a chi la guarda, subito 'l cor piagha con gl'ochi bel che lucon più che stella.

E a cuj lice star fiso a vederla Tutta gioya e virtù in se conduce.

Che chos'è quest'amor che 'l ciel produce Per far più manifesta la tuo luce? What is this, Love, which heaven produces To make your light shine brighter?

She is so charming, fine, and pleasant, Graceful and fair, adorned and beautiful, That he who looks at her suddenly aches in his heart For her lovely eyes, which shine brighter than stars.

And whoever is allowed to fix his gaze on her Brings out all joy and virtue in himself

What is this, Love, which heaven produces To make your light shine brighter?

"he resolved that without fail he would entrap the nightingale"

J'aime la biauté (Instrumental)

"what joy was taken, wrenched away!"

Qui n'a le cuer rainpli de vraie joie Mallement peut gracious chans trover. Je le sai bien et si le peus prover, Mout me desplaist, mais ainsi faut que soie.

Pluiseurs en son ten ceste propre voie, Lesquels dire porroient sans fausser: Qui n'a le cuer rainpli de vraie joie Mallement peut gracious chans trover.

Autre ne sai, certes, que dire doie, Fors que Dieu tous tells cuers reconforter Veulle, qui peut toute grace donner, Car on peut bien dire si haut qu'on l'oie: The man whose heart is not filled with true joy Will have a hard time composing pleasing songs; This I know and can attest; It displeases me much, but that is the way it has to be.

There are many in this same situation
Who can say without falsehood:
The man whose heart is not filled with true joy
Will have a hard time composing pleasing songs

I know surely nothing else I should say But that may God comfort all such hearts, God who can give every grace; For we may well say, and loud enough to be heard: Qui n'a le cuer rainpli de vraie joie Mallement peut gracious chans trover. Je le sai bien et si le peus prover, Mout me desplaist, mais ainsi faut que soie. The man whose heart is not filled with true joy Will have a hard time composing pleasing songs; This I know and can attest; It displeases me much, but that is the way it has to be.

"the knight felt much sorrow"

O perlaro gentil, se dispogliato Se' per l'inverno ch'ogni fior nasconde, Nel tempo novo dolc' e 'nnamorato O gentle honeyberry tree, though you are undressed By the winter, which has hidden all your flowers, In the new season of sweetness and love

Ritorneranno li fiori e le fronde, Ma io dolente quanto più vo innanzo Nell' amor di costei più disavanzo. Your flowers and your leaves will return, But I am grieving because the more I go on In this woman's love, the more I lose ground.

Ahi, lasso a me, non vol più ANNAmorarmi La bianca man che pur solea toccarmi.

Alas! the white hand which used to touch me Is no longer willing to ANNimate me

THE END

Triplum:

Ma tre dol rosignol joly
Que dyt, oci, oci, oci,
Gie vous en preie,
Soies adouci,
Venes a moy, dama jolye.
La dia par mon fe fye
Si le oci oci oci oci oci ocie
Da mon cuer puret yre da m'amie.

My very sweet, pretty nightingale who sings osi, osi, osi I pray you be soft come to me, pretty lady

Aluete che va volant
Sy trops alte, sy clere cantant
Dolse ciançon:
Liry, liry, liry, liry, liry, liry, liry,
Tu va volant,
A ma dame gy mi erant.
A ley va da par moy disant
Dolsa ciançon:
Liry, liry, liry, liry, liry, liry,
Che mon cuer va saltant.

Lark, that goes flying so high, and singing so clearly a sweet song liri, liri... you go flying to my lady I ask you to her go tell her from me in sweet song liri, liri that my heart goes dancing

Cantus:

Aluette cryante appres li rysignol
Oci oci oci,
Che vos en preye
Por far un bon acor
Eintre moy e ma dame jolie.
E si lui prie
Da par le rosignol
Ch'e'a da moy merce merce,
Per Dy, merce merce merce merce,
G'il fara par ma fe,
Ma dame mye

The lark cries for the nightingale osi, osi, osi I pray you to do a good deed embrace me my pretty lady and so he begs through the nightingale that... from me mercy... by god mercy, mercy mercy... I by my faith my lady

Ma tredol rosignoly joly, Aluete che va volant E dicant Tantiny tantiny tantiny tan Liry, liry, liry, liry, Venis a moy a parlier

Tenor:

Rosignolin del bos jolin, Dones al vilain le mal maytin E poy le mort.

Comment qu'a moy lonteinne Soies, dame d'onnour, Si m'estes vous procheinne Par penser nuit et jour.

Car souvenir me meinne,
Si qu'ades sans sejour
Vo biaute souvereinne,
Vo gracious atour,
Vo manière certeinne,
Et vo fresche coulour
Qui n'est pale ne veinne,
Voy toudis sans sejour
Comment qu'a moy lonteinne...

Dame, de grace pleinne,
Mais vo haute valour,
Vo bonte souvereinne,
Et vo fine doucour
En vostre dous demeinne
M'ont si mis que m'amour,
Sans pensée vilainne,
Meint en vous que j'aour
Comment qu'a moy lonteinne...

Mais desirs qui se peinne
D'acroistre mon labour
Tenra mon cuer en peinne
Et de mort en paour,
Se Dieus l'eure n'ameinne
Qu'a vous, qui estes flour
De toute flour mondeinne,
Face tost mon retour
Comment qu'a moy lonteinne...

My very sweet, pretty nightingale lark that goes flying and saying tantiny, tantiny liri, liri come to me to speak

Pretty nightingale of the woods Give to the villain a bad morning and bring death

No matter how far from me You might be, honorable lady, You are near to me In my thoughts night and day.

For memory remains with me
So that now, without you here,
Your exceptional beauty
Your graceful attire
Your assured manner
And your fresh complexion,
Which is neither pale nor sickly,
I never cease to see.
No matter how far...

Lady, full of grace,
But your great worth,
Your surpassing goodness,
And your excellent sweetness
Under your tender dominion
Have placed me, so my love
Without a wicked thought
Remains with you, whom I adore
No matter how far...

But desire, which takes pains
To increase my labor
Keeps my heart in sorrow
And in fear of death.
If God does not bring me the hour
When to you, who are the flower
Of all flowers in this world,
I make my swift return.

No matter how far...

PERSONNEL

Trobár

Allison Monroe, vielle, rebec Elena Mullins Bailey, narrator, percussion

Collegium Musicum

Phaik-Tzhi Chua, vielle
Sophia Duray, voice, recorder
Mary Galvin, voice
Danur Kvilhaug, lute, voice
Alissa Magee, voice
Naomi McMahon, voice, psaltery
Krista Mitchell, voice, harp
Danny Shoskes, gittern
Anna Somerville, vielle



UPCOMING EVENTS

February 2, 2025, 4:00 p.m.

Baroque Orchestra, Chamber, and Vocal Ensembles Florence Harkness Memorial Chapel

February 5, 2025, 6:00 p.m.

Chamber Music in the Galleries Cleveland Museum of Art (217 Italian Baroque)

February 14, 2025, 7:30 p.m.

Historical Performance Valentine's Day Concert Cleveland Institute of Music (Mixon Hall)

March 5, 2025

Chamber Music in the Galleries Cleveland Museum of Art (217 Italian Baroque)

GIVING

Make an impact through giving!

Scan the QR CODE to explore how your support can enrich the CWRU Department of Music and inspire future musicians.



CONNECT



@cwrumusic @cwruhpp

Visit our website for a calendar of events and to join our newsletter!

