

This section contains pieces relevant to the “Origins of Western Music 450 – 1300” class, available at: <http://stdionysius.sca.org.nz/collegeprojects/westernmusic.html>. Feel free to study and/or sing through them as your mood takes you.

[illegible]

DE PASSIONE DOMINI

Y. Tu au-tem in sanc-to há-bi-tas;  
laus Is-ra-el, in te spe-ravé-runt pa-tres no-strí: e-os, Y. Ad te cla-mavé-runt, et lí-be-rá-si-ti e-unt: in te

Y. Ego, au-tem sum vernis, et non ho-mo: oppróbri-um hó-mi-num, et abjécti-o ple-bis. Y. Omnes qui vi-dét

I, however, am a worm, and no man, the butt of men, laughing stock of the people."



DOMINICA IN PALMIS

bant me, aspernabân-tur me: Iô-câ-ti sunt lâ-bi-is et mō-vē-runt cā-put.  
Y. Spe-rāvit in Dō-mī-nō, e-ri-pi-at e-um: sal-vum fā-ci-at e-um, quō-ni-am vult e-um.  
Y. Ipsi ve-ro con-si-de-rā-vē-runt, et cō-spexē-runt me: dī-vi-sē-runt si-bi vestimenta me-a, et super vestem me-am mī-sē-runt sortem. Y. Lī-be-rā me de o-re lē-gi-ō-nis.

DE PASSIONE DOMINI

mis-er-er-e mē, et a cōr-ni-bus u-ni-cō-rum hūmī-li-ā-tā-tem mē-ā-m. Y. Qui tīmē-tis Dōmī-nū, laudā-tē e-um: u-ni-vēr-sūm sē-mēn lā-cōb, magni-fi-cā-tē e-um. Y. Annūn-ti-ā-bi-tur Dōmī-nō gē-ne-rā-ti-ō vēr-tū-ti-ra: et annūn-ti-ā-būnt cāe-li iu-s-ti-ti-ā-m e-ius. Y. Pō-pu-lu-s qui nā-scē-tur, quem fē-cit Dō-mi-nus.

Fig. 9b: Tract for Palm Sunday, "Deus, Deus Meus" continued

"All who see me deride me: they curl their lips, they toss their heads.

'He trusted in the Lord, let Him save him: let Him release him if this is His friend.'

These people stare at me and gloat: they divide my clothing among them, they cast lots for my robe.

Save my life from the jaws of these lions: my lowly being from the horns of these oxen.

You who fear the Lord, give Him praise: all children of Jacob, give Him glory.

They shall tell of the Lord to generations yet to come: the heavens will declare His faithfulness.

They will declare to peoples yet unborn: 'These things the Lord has done!'

1 Sanc- ti spi- ri- tus as- sit no- bis gra- ti- a,

2 quae cor- da no- stra si- bi fa- ci- at ha- bi- ta- cu- lum,  
Ex- pul- sis in- de cunc- tis vi- ti- is spi- ri- ta- li- bus.

3 Spi- ri- tus al- me, il- lu- stra- tor ho- mi- num;  
Hor- ri- das no- strae men- tis pur- ga- te- ne- bras.

4 A- ma- tor sanc- te sen- sa- to- rum, sem- per co- gi- ta- tu- um;  
In- fun- de unc- ti- o- nem tu- am, cle- mens no- stri sen- si- bus.

5 Tu pu- ri- fi- ca- tor om- ni- um lar- gi- ti- o- rum, spi- ri- tus,  
Pu- ri- fi- ca no- stri o- cu- lum in- te- ri- o- ris ho- mi- nis,

6 Ut vi- de- ri su- pre- mus ge- ni- tor pos- sit a no- bis,  
Mun- di cor- dis quem so- li cer- ne- re pos- sunt o- cu- li.

7 Pro- phe- tas tu in- spi- ra- sti, ut prae- co- ni- a Chri- sti prae- ci- nu- is- sent in- cli- ta:  
A- po- sto- los con- for- ta- sti, u- ti tro- phe- um Chri- sti prae- to- tum mun- di ve- he- rent.

8 Quan- do mach- i- nam per- ver- bum su- um fe- cit de- us cae- li ter- rae ma- ri- um,  
Tu su- per a- quas fo- tu- rus e- as nu- men tu- um ex- pan- di- sti, spi- ri- tus.

9 Tu a- ni- ma- bus vi- vi- fi- can- dis a- quas foe- cun- das;  
Tu a- spi- ran- do das spi- ri- ta- les es- se ho- mi- nes.

Fig. 10a: Sequence by Notker Balbulus, "Sancti Spiritus Assit Nobis Gratia"

"May the grace of the Holy Spirit be with us,  
And make our hearts its dwelling place,  
Having driven out all spiritual vices from them.  
Life-giving Spirit, enlightener of men,  
Purge the fearful shadows of our minds.  
Holy lover of thoughts that are always intelligent,  
Pour, merciful one, thine unction into our minds.  
Thou purifier of all crimes, O Spirit,  
Purify the eye of our inner man,  
That the Father on high may be seen by us,  
Whom only the eyes of the pure heart may see.  
Thou didst inspire the prophets to proclaim their glorious foretellings of Christ;  
Thou didst strengthen the Apostles to convey Christ's trophy throughout the world.  
When God by His Word made the fabric of heaven, earth and seas,  
Thou didst spread thy Godhead over the waters to quicken them, O Spirit.  
Thou makest the waters pregnant to give life to souls;  
Thou makest man spiritual by breathing on them."

10 Tu di- vi- sum per lin- quas mun- dum et ri- tus ad- u- na- sti, do- mi- ne,  
I- do- la- tras ad cul- tum de- i re- vo- cans, ma- gi- stro- rum op- ti- me.

11 Er- go nos sup- li- can- tes ti- bi ex- au- di pro- pi- ti- us, sanc- te spi- ri- tus,  
Si- ne quo pre- ces om- nes cas- sae cre- dun- tur et in- di- gnae de- i au- ri- bus.

12 Tu qui om- ni- um sae- cu- lo- rum sanc- tos  
Ip- se ho- di- e a- po- sto- los Chri- sti

13 Tu- i nu- mi- nis do- cu- i- sti in- stinc- tu am- plec- ten- do, spi- ri- tus,  
Do- nans nu- me- re in- so- li- to et cunc- tis in- au- di- to sae- cu- lis.

Hunc di- em glo- ri- o- sum fe- ci- sti.

Fig. 10b: Sequence by Notker Balbulus, "Sancti Spiritus Assit Nobis Gratia" continued  
 "Thou hast united the world divided by language and religion, O Lord,  
 Recalling the idolaters to the worship of God, best of teachers.  
 Therefore hear us favourably as we supplicate thee, Holy Spirit,  
 Without whom all prayers are believed to be in vain and unfit for God's ears.  
 Thou that hast taught the saints of all ages,  
 Embracing them with the inspiration of thy Godhead, O Spirit,  
 Thyself bestowing on Christ's Apostles  
 An uncommon gift and one unheard-of in all ages,  
 Hast made this day glorious."



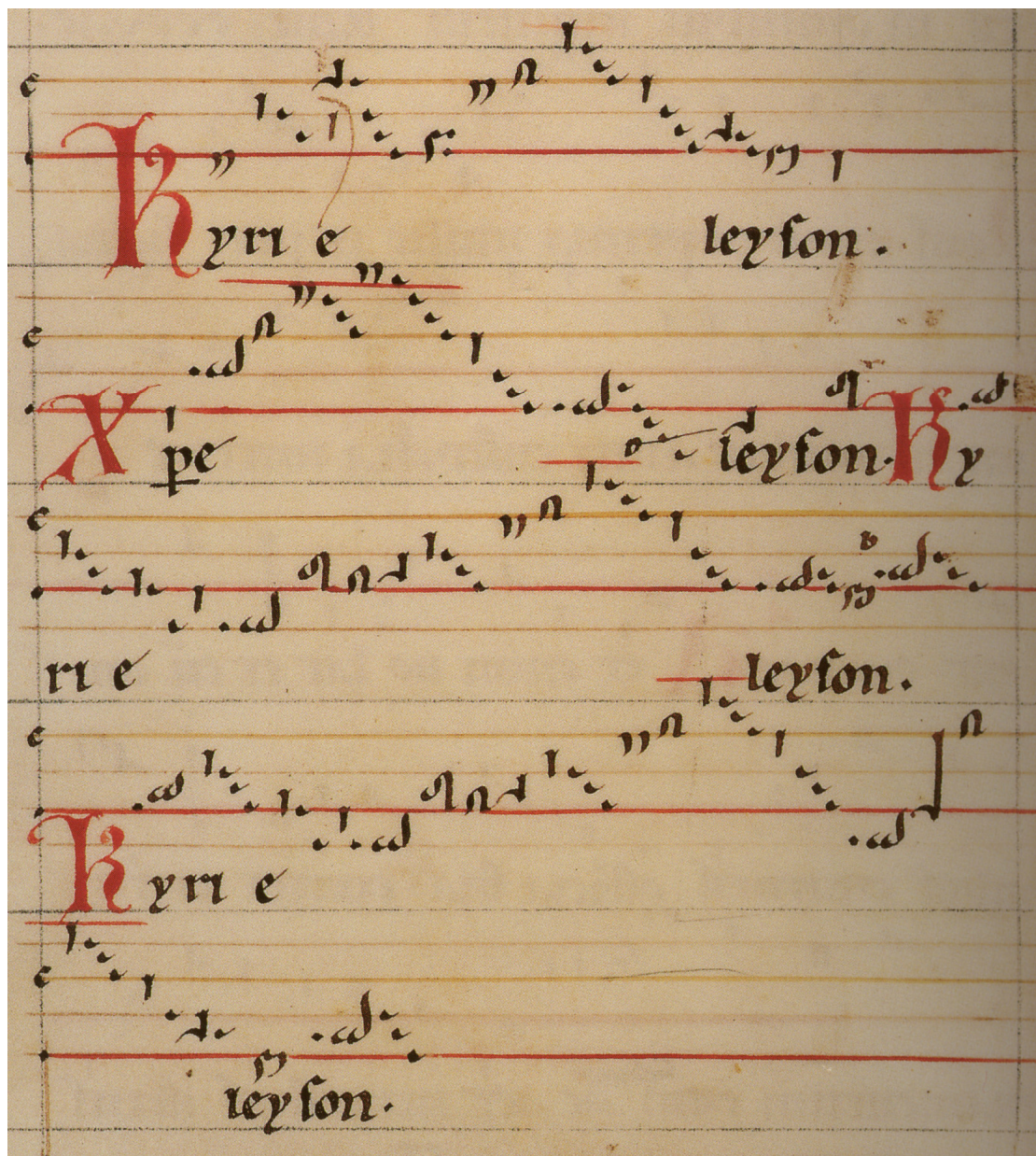


Fig. 11: Kyrie by Hildegard von Bingen  
 "Lord have mercy.  
 Christ have mercy.  
 Lord have mercy.  
 Lord have mercy."



Fig. 12: Quadruplum Organum by Pérotin, "Vide runt Omnes", first page only



Can vei la lauzeta mover  
De joi sas alas contralrai,  
Que s'oblida laissas chazer  
Per la dos sor c'al cor li vay,  
Ai las cal enveia m'en ve  
De qui q'eu ve ya jau zi on,  
Me ra vil las ai, car des se  
Lo cor de de si rer no m fon.

Fig. 13: Troubadour Song by Bernart de Ventadorn, "Can Vei la Lauzeta Mover", first verse only

"When I see the lark beating its wings  
With joy against the sun's rays,  
Which then swoons and swoops down  
Because of the joy in its heart,  
Alas! I feel such envy  
For all those who know love's joy  
That I am astonished that my heart  
Does not immediately melt with desire."

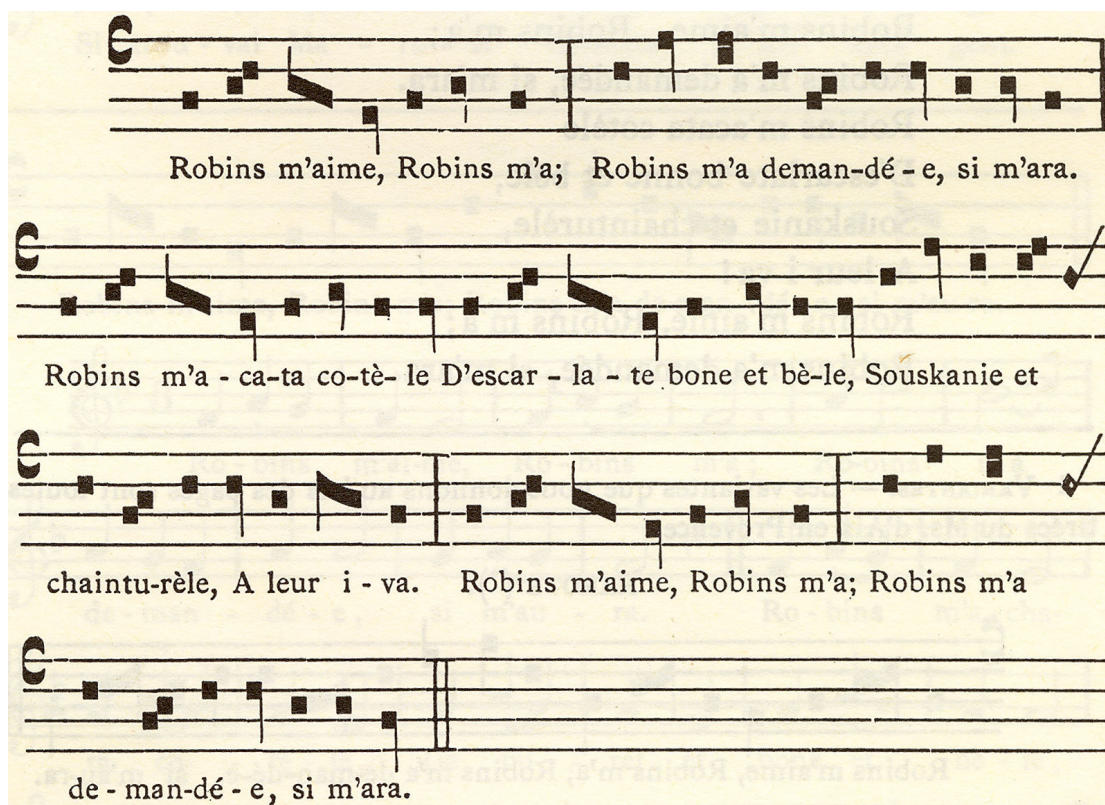


Fig. 14: Chanson by Adam de la Halle, "Robins m'aime", from the play "Le Jeu de Robin et Marion"

"Robin loves me; Robin has me;  
 Robin's asked for me, and he'll have me.  
 Robin bought me a little dress  
 Of fine and beautiful cloth,  
 A long robe and a little sash.  
 Aleuriva!  
 Robin loves me; Robin has me;  
 Robin's asked for me, and he'll have me."