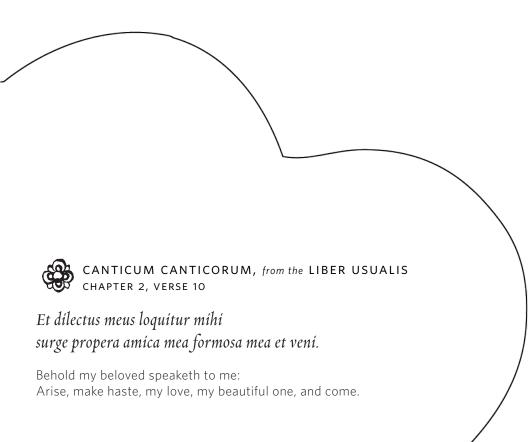


# Leaviform

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 ALLISON MONDEL soprano, director KRISTEN DUBENION-SMITH mezzo-soprano





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



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

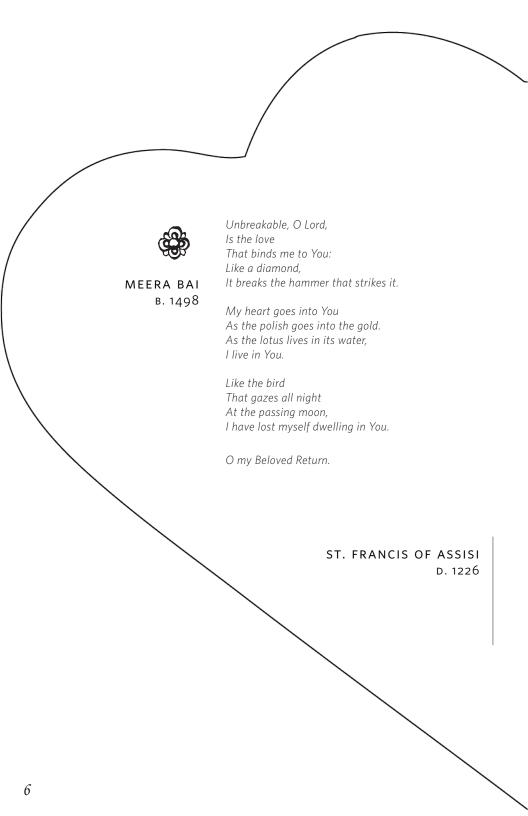
Tu sei madona l'amate mia: Già da gran tempo, dolce perla bella, Per te languisco e languiria.

lo sono un piccioli to servitore, Ma tu sei degna, a mio parere, D'altro gran'regno e gran' signore. My dear pearl, oh sweet love, you are fairer than I can say, only queen of my heart.

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

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.





Quant du dire adieu me souvient, Et que departir me convient Du regart de vous, ma maistresse, Helas! et quel despaisir 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'aultre que de vous ne tient: Jamais ne quiert aultre 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 despaisir est ce? 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.

Dear God, please reveal to us your sublime beauty that is everywhere, everywhere, so that we will never again feel frightened.

My divine love, my love, please let us touch your face.



## 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.

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?



GOD SPEAKS TO THE SOUL

And where the desires of two come together

I desired you before the world began.

And God said to the soul:

I desire you now

As you desire me.

There love is perfected.

# 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 faulsement s'est vers moy gouverné Comme ung home du tout desordonné: Certes nul jour bien je ne luy feroye.

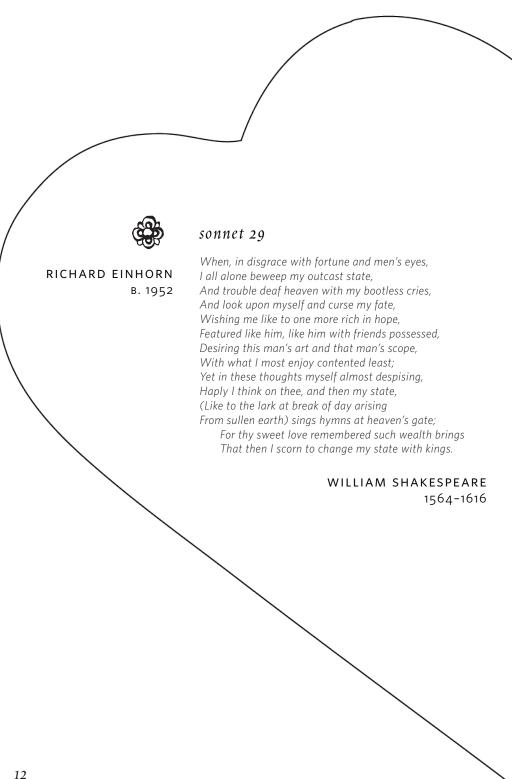
Vray dieu d'amours qui vrais amans resjoye, Je vous require qu'il me soit pardonné Se j'ay celuy du tout habandonné Que tant ou plus que moy amer souloie.

# HOW THE SOUL SPEAKS TO GOD

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

10

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 MECHTHILD OF MAGDEBURG and gave him my heart. 1210-1285 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. 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.



# 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



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.



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



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 afficted 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.



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.

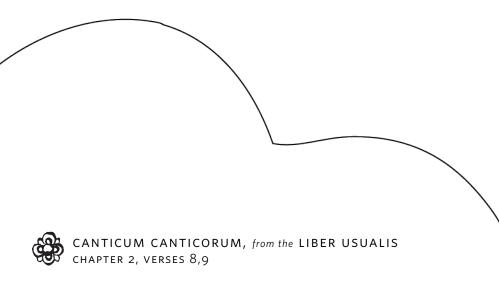
His cheeks a bed of spices, a treasure of precious scents, his lips red lilies wet with myrrh.

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.



Vox dilecti mei ecce iste venit saliens in montibus transiliens colles: similis est dilectus meus capreae hinuloque 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 ardenter te sequi. O quam grave nobis miseris est te immaculatum et innocentum 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, Filium 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. In your blood we were married to you with a pledge of betrothal, renouncing a husband and choosing you, the Son of God.

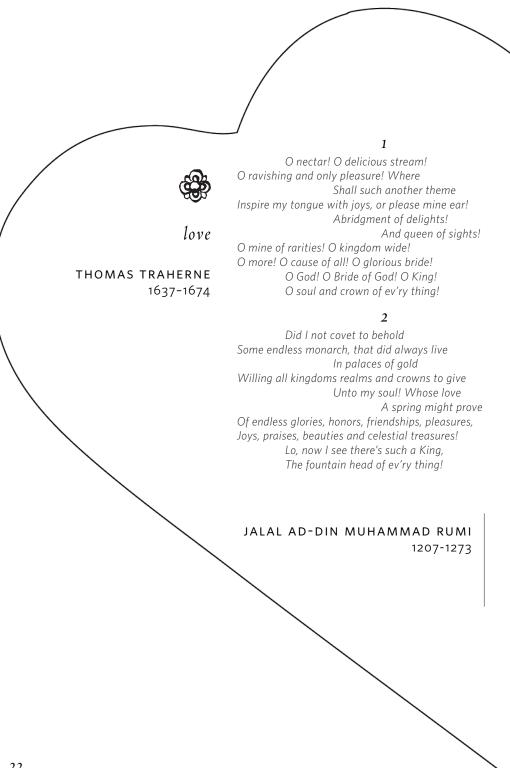
O fairest form,
O sweetest fragrance
of longed-for delights!
We sigh for you always
in tearful exile.
When may we see you
and remain with you?

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.

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.

2



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. 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.



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

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

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

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.

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

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?

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

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

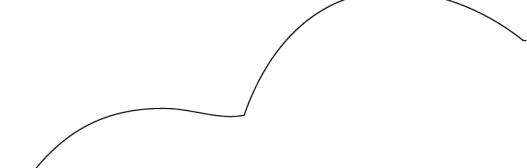
The light the heat
In your eyes
I am complete
In your eyes
I see the doorway to a thousand churches
In your eyes
The resolution of all the fruitless searches
In your eyes
I see the light and the heat
In your eyes
Oh, I want to be that complete
I want to touch the light
The heat I see in your eyes

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

PETER GABRIEL B. 1950

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 vour eves 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





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?



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 reçoy; 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.

