

## Golden Gate Nuns: a celebration of 17<sup>th</sup>-century nun composers of Northern Italy

featuring  
Kelly Savage, *harpsichord*  
Anneke Schaul-Yoder, *baroque cello*  
Brett Umlauf, *soprano*

### Program:

Lucrezia Orsina Vizzana (1590–1662)  
*Sonet vox tua*

Isabella Leonarda (1620–1704)  
*Surge! O felix anima*

Rosa Giacinta Badalla (ca. 1660–ca. 1715)  
*Pane angelico*

Isabella Leonarda (1620–1704)  
*Spes mundane*

Alba Tressina (ca. 1590–after 1638)  
*Vulnerasti cor meum*

Rosa Giacinta Badalla (ca. 1660–ca. 1715)  
*Non plangete*

Claudia Sessa (1570–1613/9)  
*Occhi io vissi di voi*

Chiara Margarita Cozzolani (1602–ca. 1677)  
*Quis mihi det*

Bianca Maria Meda (ca. 1665–after 1700)  
*Cari musici*

## Program Notes:

Women religious composers and musicians, who brought great fame and honor to their convents, their bishops and their entire region with their works and performances, often walked a tight rope in a climate where they were both celebrated and censored. For many centuries, silence in women—especially cloistered, contemplative monastic women—was synonymous with chastity. Recent scholarship and research acts in performance are ensuring a lively space where nun composers' contributions can be heard, studied, contextualized and enjoyed. With this concert of virtuosic solo repertory by 17<sup>th</sup>-century nun composers of Northern Italy, we aim to (re)sound their voices over the convent and academic canon walls, and bring more attention to their vibrant works.

That a nun would concern herself with rhetorical pursuits was a “dangerous” idea. Nevertheless, in our opening piece, *Sonet vox tua*, the singer and organist **Lucrezia Orsina Vizzana** (1590–1662) writes: “and my eloquence [will be] sweeter than honey” (et eloquium meum dulce super mel). The piece is one of 20 motets from Vizzana’s collection *Componimenti musicali de motetti concertatii* (1623), the sole publication of any musical nun’s work from Bologna. The year of publication in itself suggests a determined, even defiant musician: it appears not long after the archbishop’s ban of all music but plainchant in her convent. In this self-referential, meta-musical text, Vizzana plays on the homophony of the word mellis (honey) and melos (song). The motet suggests a justification of the singer’s (and the composer’s) voice and her audacity to “truly sing” (tunc enim cantabo) by locating the voice of the Savior himself within her heart: “Let your voice sound in the ears of my heart” (Sonet vox tua in auribus cordis mei). Like a heralding trumpet, evoked in the whole notes of the opening measure, Vizzana is merely a vessel through which someone else—that is, Christ—puts breath.

The prolific composer **Isabella Leonarda** (1620–1704) authored nearly 200 works during her tenure at the Collegio di Sant’Orsola in Novara and is the first woman composer known to have published instrumental sonatas. Leonarda specified organ continuo to accompany the voice for *Surge! O felix anima*, but the adaptability of the piece to our harpsichord and cello team speaks to the flexibility of her compositions. Like many of the nun composers, she was aware of convents’ varied resources, and her robust works suggest a practical approach to the ever-fluctuating voices and instruments available or permitted at a religious house. Her *Surge! O felix anima*, likely performed for extra-liturgical events at the convent, expresses an intense, personal devotion. Full of word painting, it is a joyful plea to forsake worldly delights and aim instead for the happy kingdom above. The very first word, Surge! (Rise up!), does just that, climbing directly up out the middle voice and repeating five times contiguously to drive home the imperative. She juxtaposes a florid gesture of ascent with one that is flatted and sustained to communicate how “deepest joy overtakes weeping” (extrema gaudii occupat fletus).

Though we know little of the composer **Rosa Giacinta Badalla’s** (ca. 1660–ca. 1715) life, her motet collection *Motetti a voce sola* (1684) depicts an artist who challenged conventions. The publication is inherently provocative given the prohibition of polyphonic music in effect at her convent at the time. Additionally, Badalla’s style includes some unusual elements. In *Pane angelico*, likely performed in a liturgical context, for the Elevation of the Host at Mass, notice the striking alternation between major and minor in the triple-meter aria “Tanto prodigio.” The gesture that stands out most of all, however, is the ascending passage in the recitativo arioso

Fortunati mortales (Lucky mortals). The voice climbs to a soprano's high C on the phrase: "rejoice in singing!" (cantando jubilate!) This extreme extension of the vocal compass is rare for convent music of the time, demanding the singer show off her virtuosity to express the intensity of devotion to Christ's suffering body.

Our second selection by **Leonarda** is another testament to her affinity for word painting. Reminiscent of Badalla's opening aria in *Pane angelico*—a call to angelic choirs to "come quickly on wings" (venite volate) —Leonarda's ***Spes Mondane*** begins with swift, undulating illustrations of the words "fly away" (volate abite), imploring the worldly sirens (mundanae sirenae) to leave us, so that we may triumphantly stand steadfast in the Lord (in Domino sto) by the end of the piece. In the only tempo marking in *Spes Mondane*, Leonarda indicates a poignant adagio over the word amarum (bitter), where the continuo and voice both deliberate on the ultimate bitterness of the sirens' pleasures and charms. Note the very active basso continuo line in the final section, reflecting the singer's determination to trade mortal pleasures for joy in the Lord.

From Leonarda's very active text and music, we move to the more interior contemplation in **Alba Tressina's** (ca. 1590–after 1638) setting of just 2 verses from chapter 4 of Song of Songs: ***Vulnerasti cor meum***. Like all four of her extant works, it was originally scored for alto voice. We are playing it transposed up a fourth, as we were determined to include a piece by this rarely performed composer. Tressina, whose devotion saw her promoted to abbess at her monastery in Vicenza, repeats nine times the phrase "You have ravished my heart" (Vulnerasti cor meum). She extends the length of the emphasized syllable "ra" of "vulnerasti" first by three, then four, and eventually five long beats, lingering on the ecstasy of this action on the heart. Her sparse use of melisma focusses entirely on the corporeal: the breasts (mammae) and neck (colli) of the beloved. The composer herself probably performed this piece, self-accompanied, to great effect, as her teacher Leoni praised her "exceedingly sweet accents" and "lovely singing and playing" that "breathes celestial harmony" into the music.

The second **Badalla** motet on the program, ***Non plangete***, maintains her reputation for melodic inventiveness. Like in Leonarda's *Spes Mondane*, the text of this motet for the Nativity of the Virgin beseeches the worldly sirens to back off the devout. Badalla evokes the struggle of "shaking off" (conquassatae) the sirens' worldly chains in arpeggiated leaps that sound more instrumental than vocal. Regard the feminine ending of "sum beata" (I am happy), which adds a personal fervor to Badalla's composition.

The earliest composer on our program, **Claudia Sessa** (1570–1613/9) is known to have published just two works. ***Occhi io vissi di voi***, along with her other composition, is a setting of the poet Angelo Grillo's text, a meditation on a part of the dead Christ's body. In this case, the focus is on Christ's eyes (occhi), through which the singer gains life and nourishment. It is exciting to imagine Sessa's own performance, especially of the poem's final line "in order to bring living death to my martyrdom" (per far vivace morte al mio martire). The composer, renowned for her trilli and accenti, writes an arresting series of descending trilli over a pedal point in the bass to illustrate the satisfaction of sacrifice.

**Chiara Margarita Cozzolani** (1602–ca. 1677), who preceded Badalla at the convent of Santa Radegonda, boasts the largest musical output of any Milanese nun composer. While many of her

works are gaining popularity in concert programming, the missing basso continuo part for her *Quis mihi det* has hindered performance. The part was very recently reconstructed in a COVID-19 lockdown project by lutenist Lucas Harris. Harris based his reconstruction on a 1688 arrangement of the motet for 5-part string accompaniment by the composer Daniel Speer. Cozzolani sets the text's dramatic imagery, the singer's ever more extreme and creative pleas for self-immolation, with explosive gestures and frequent changes in meter. She brings to life a litany of specific, violent ways to imitate Christ's suffering as if the ideas are occurring in real time in the singer's imagination. Just as with Sessa's piece above, *Quis mihi det* reaches the conclusion of grateful martyrdom: "O sweet pains, honeyed torments, happy wounds, blessed death" (O dulcis penae, tormenta mellea, felicia vulnera, beata mors), but instead of the more typical Alleluia finale, we are treated to repetitions of contentedness "in eternity and beyond," (in aeternum et ultra).

**Bianca Maria Meda's** (ca. 1665–after 1700) extended motet, *Cari musici* was the opening piece to her 1691 collection *Mottetti a uno, due, tre, quattro voci con violini*. This primary position is fitting as it is a work about music itself, a topic of special concern for nun composers who frequently suffered the church fathers' constraints and even silencing of nuns' musical expression. Meda begins the motet, seemingly aligned with patristic "ideals," conflating chastity with silence, as the singer implores her fellow musicians to hush and choose contemplation of Christ's love over singing. By the end, however, she has turned a corner, shouting: "Oh, do not be silent, no, o melodious voices!" (non tacete o voces canore!)

## **Collaborator Notes:**

We three musicians have been cloistered in our own way during the COVID-19 pandemic, and found in each other reliable weekly collaborators to explore this music from three different places in the country, over a fairly stable connection achieved through a program called Jamulus. We hope you will forgive the make-up of our complement, which at times might more perfectly have served this music with organ and theorbo or just voice and plucked instrument. Despite the fact that our final piece calls for two violins, we decided to include it and adapt the treble voices' ritornellos and dialogues to the cello and harpsichord. Our reasoning was twofold. First, the text of this piece is unparalleled for its direct engagement with the idea of music and music-making in the convents. The struggle for autonomy and the effort to publish amidst restrictions, controls, and outright bans on musical expression in many of the cloistered communities was a stress under which nun composers labored in 17<sup>th</sup>-century Italy. Second, the nuns also worked with limited resources that depended on the shifting population of musicians within their walls, the available or permissible instruments, and the prohibitions or allowances of current church authorities. The nun composers' practicality inspired us to make do with the resources at hand, and continue our work despite circumstances that were not ideal.

Two pieces, the Sessa and Leonarda's *Surge! O felix anima*, were chosen because I was fortunate enough to have pre-pandemic coachings on them with Professor North and Professor Marsh, respectively. Most of the selections are discoveries from the survey I made of this repertory in Spring, 2021 in place of in-person ensemble work. My instructor, Judith Malafronte, coached the selections over Zoom, and I presented elements, especially textual analyses, to the masterclass for input. I brought those insights to my weekend meetings with Schaul-Yoder and Savage, whose current biographical statements are included below, followed by texts and translations for the program.

**Anneke Schaul-Yoder** studied with Julia Lichten and Marcy Rosen at Yale University, the SUNY Purchase Conservatory of Music, and the Mannes College of Music. Anneke performs in both period and modern styles with a variety of chamber ensembles at Carnegie Hall, Lincoln Center, the Brooklyn Academy of Music, the 92nd Street Y, and other venues in New York and beyond.

Anneke is co-artistic director and solo continuo cellist for SIREN Baroque, the internationally acclaimed all-female early music ensemble. With pianist Derin Öge and flutist Alice Jones, Anneke presents eclectic programs of chamber music for flute, cello, and piano. She is a member of the Piano Music & Song Trio, a trumpet/cello/piano trio that reorchestrates and improvises over art songs; Skid Rococo, a group with soprano and lute that performs the derelict but touching songs of 18th-century Sweden and France; and the Queens Consort, the borough of Queens's first early music ensemble. She performs as solo continuo cellist with the Atlanta Baroque Orchestra, Morningside Opera Company, BalletNext, and other ensembles, and as principal cellist with the Northern Dutchess Symphony Orchestra. Her performances of the Bach Solo Suites have been featured at the Bronxville Bach Festival and the Music on Market Series.

Anneke has recordings on the System Dialing, Island, Naxos, Bridge, and 3rd Generation labels; she has recorded with the Lumineers, the Sway Machinery, and members of Arcade Fire, TV on the Radio, and Antibalas, as well as singer/songwriters such as Jade Bird and Donna Lewis. With

the Britten Centenary Quartet, Anneke presented all of Benjamin Britten's string quartets at Lincoln Center throughout 2013, culminating in a marathon concert of his complete quartet works. She has been a featured guest on *A Prairie Home Companion*, broadcast live from Town Hall in New York, and has appeared on Lincoln Center's "American Songbook" series, televised on PBS's *Live from Lincoln Center*. In 2009, Anneke was granted a fellowship for a four-month intensive study of Bach and Britten solo suites at the Banff Centre.

Anneke lives on a farmstead in the Catskill Mountains with her partner Alexander and their two children. She plays on a French cello from 1713 by Jacques Boquay.

**Kelly Savage** is on the faculty at the San Francisco Conservatory of Music, where she teaches theory, musicianship, keyboard harmony, score reading, and a survey course on Baroque keyboard literature. She founded and directs the Stanford Community Chorus and is the music director at Noe Valley Ministry in San Francisco. She performs frequently on harpsichord as a continuo player and chamber musician.

Dr. Savage is co-artistic director of the chamber group SIREN Baroque and a founding member of the New York opera company Opera Feroce. The *New York Times* praised Dr. Savage's "deft accompaniment" in the pasticcio opera *Amor & Psyche*, and highlighted her playing in Morningside Opera's production of *The Judgment of Paris*. She holds a doctorate from Stony Brook University, where she studied with Arthur Haas, and also holds graduate degrees from the Oberlin Conservatory and the University of Wisconsin—Madison. Dr. Savage is a co-creator of Partifi, an online tool for musicians.

Highlights of her 2020-21 season include several collaborations focusing on music of Baroque women composers. With Ars Minerva on their Cocktails & Chit-Chat series, Dr. Savage helped create a series of online lecture performances highlighting the work of Antonia Bembo, Elisabeth Jacquet de la Guerre, and Francesca Caccini. With the Cleveland-based Les Délices, Dr. Savage was part of SalonEra 13: Women in Music.

Dr. Savage can be reached via email at [ksavage@sfc.edu](mailto:ksavage@sfc.edu). Her curriculum vitae is available [here](#).

**Brett Umlauf** has been praised by the *New York Times* for her "pealing, focused sound" and "luminous yet earthy" performances. A founding member of the all-women ensemble SIREN Baroque and perennial principal at Morningside Opera (NYC) and Mercury Arts (Basel, Switzerland), she considers her favorite role to be Peitho in the world premiere of Kate Soper's *Here Be Sirens*, named by Alex Ross (*New Yorker*) as one of his Ten Notable Performances of the year. Umlauf is slated to play Lady Reason in Soper's new opera *The Romance of the Rose* in 2022.

The Swedish Institute, the American Scandinavian Society, and the Swedish Women's Educational Association have awarded Brett grants for her innovative performances of the works of "Sweden's Shakespeare," 18th-century troubadour Carl Michael Bellman, which she toured from Stockholm to Dalarna to NYC with her duo Bellman om Bellman and her quartet Skid Rococo. Brett was also a featured artist of the "exquisite...mesmerizing...deranged" (*New York Times*) baroque-burlesque Company XIV for nearly a decade, and held the position of soloist at Tenth Church of Christ, Scientist in Greenwich Village for 14 years before hanging up both her

sequin panties and her Sunday best to pursue graduate studies in historical performance with Judith Malafrente at the Jacobs School of Music in the Midwest.

Putting her cum laude Classics degree from Dartmouth College, as well as her M.L.I.S. degree from The Palmer School to good use, Brett is currently developing a multi-media performance and travel project about women religious composers and writers from 9th-century Byzantium to 12<sup>th</sup>-century Germany to 17th-century Peru and beyond. This slow-music pilgrimage, entitled *Hazelnut Road: Vows of Stability, Acts of Mobility*, spans continents and centuries to put their works into literal dialogue with one another. *Hazelnut Road* will yield a digital archive and open-access repository to promote these artists' vibrant contributions.

## **Texts and Translations:**

**Lucrezia Orsina Vizzana (1590–1662)**

***Sonet vox tua***

Sonet vox tua  
in auribus cordis mei,  
amabilissime Jesu,  
et abundantia plenitudinis gratiae tuae  
superet abundantiam peccatorum meorum.

Tunc enim cantabo,  
exultabo, jubilabo,  
et psalmum dicam jubilationis et laetitiae.

Et erit vox mea quasi cithare  
citharizantium  
et eloquium meum dulce super mel  
et favum.

Translation by Craig A. Monson

Let your voice sound  
in the ears of my heart,  
most beloved Jesus,  
and let the abundance of your grace  
overcome the abundance of my sins.

Then truly I will sing,  
I will exult, I will rejoice,  
I will recite a psalm of jubilation and rejoicing.

And my voice will be like the striking of the  
kithara  
and my speech sweeter than honey  
and the honeycomb.



**Isabella Leonarda (1620–1704)**  
***Surge! O felix anima***

Surge o felix Anima  
o Christi sponsa nobilis  
fuge terras Anima  
ad Cælum læta suscipe  
elevare ad Sidera

In hoc mundo rebelli  
immixte sunt veneno delitiae  
lux fugatur calligine  
in momento perit voluptas  
extrema gaudii occupat fletus

Ab hoc fuge ad Caelum aspira  
Ubi campis olympicis flores  
Semper rident  
et numquam tabescunt

Ad faelicia regna conspira  
Ubi gaudia ubi amores  
Indeficiens tribuit pax

O Syon beatissima  
O clara civitas  
Aeternae lucis  
Quis non desideret te  
Quis non properet  
Festino gressu ad te

Dum sola tu es  
Quae reples viscera  
Dulcedine

Non frustra laborat  
Qui fugit mundana  
Qui deserit vana  
Ut habeat te

In vanum non orat  
Qui quaerit tormenta  
ad Caeli contenta  
ut elevet se

Alleluia!

Translation by Brett Umlauf

Rise up, blessed Soul,  
O noble bride of Christ!  
Flee the earth, Soul,  
to the heavens. Be glad, look up,  
lift up to the stars.

In this world of tumult,  
intermixed are poison delights.  
Light chases away and routs out darkness.  
In a moment, pleasure is wasted;  
Deepest joy overtakes weeping

Flee from this; to the heavens aspire  
Where blossoms in Olympic fields  
Are always laughing,  
and never are they wilting away

Aim toward the happy kingdom  
Where joy, where love-  
unfailing grants peace

O most beautiful Zion  
O bright city  
of eternal light  
Who does not desire you?  
Who does not hasten  
With hurried step toward you?

Since you alone  
replenish the innermost part  
With sweetness

They do not labor in vain,  
Who shun the things of this world  
Who forsake emptiness  
In order to know you.

Their praying is not for nothing,  
Who strive in torment  
for the heavens so that with satisfaction  
they may be lifted up.

Alleluia!

**Rosa Giacinta Badalla (ca. 1660–ca. 1715)**  
***Pane angelico***

Pane angelico et divino  
sacra mensa nostram famem satiat  
et nectare caelesti  
animam fidelem recreat

De caelo rapidi  
o chori angelici  
venite volate  
Et Dei benefici amore stupidi  
sic exclamate

O summi benefitii  
o admirandi prodigii  
ineffabilis excessus  
o incomparabilis divino amore  
fragili creaturae honor concessus

Tanto prodigio triumphat amor  
exulta in gaudio beatum cor

Fortunati mortales  
mensae Caelestis gustate delicias  
et angelico pane refecti  
cantando iubilare.

Alleluia

Translation by Robert L. Kendrick

With angelic and divine bread  
This sacred meal sates our hunger  
and with celestial nectar  
restores the faithful soul.

From heaven, quickly,  
o angelic choirs  
Come on wings  
And ecstatic with the love of God's goodness,  
cry out in this way.

O highest gift  
o marvelous prodigies,  
indescribable surfeit,  
o incomparable honor granted  
by divine love to a fragile creature

Love triumphs through such a marvel;  
a blessed heart exalts in joy.

O lucky mortals  
enjoy the delicacies of the heavenly supper  
and refreshed by angelic bread,  
rejoice in singing.

Alleluia

**Isabella Leonarda (1620–1704)**  
***Spes Mondane***

Spes mundane  
inside sirenes e volate abite veloces  
vestros cantus mortales voraces,  
hoc coesse abite crudeles.

Dulcissima esse dicitis mundi delicias voluptates  
amabilis,  
et leta voce desiderabiles  
canitis honores.

Et tamen nihil magis amarum anime meae dulcedine  
terrena nihil magis detestabile  
voluptate  
nihil honore magis periculosum.

Vos ergo non curo, non volo,  
non amo,  
nam vestri amores, nam vestri honores, sunt diri,  
sunt vani, sunt semper insani.

Sine vobis, inside sirenes,  
tuta leta in Domino sto.

**Alba Tressina (ca. 1590–after 1638)**  
***Vulnerasti cor meum (Songs 4:9-10)***

Vulnerasti cor meum,  
soror mea sponsa,  
in uno oculorum tuorum,  
et in uno crine colli tui,

Vulnerasti cor meum.  
Quam pulchrae sunt mammae tuae,  
Soror mea sponsa.  
Vulnerasti cor meum.

Translation by Stewart Arlen Carter

May it be the hope of the world  
that your swift sirens fly away  
with your ravenous cries, these cruel cries--Oh,  
hope of the world...

You say you are the sweetest delights in the world,  
loveable pleasures,  
and with joyous voice settle down like a plague and  
sign of your charms.

Yet there is nothing more bitter,  
nothing more loathsome on the sweet earth than  
the pleasure you offer,  
nothing more dangerous than your charm.

So I care not for you. I do not want you,  
I do not love you.  
For your charms, your offers of love are awful,  
are empty, and are always mad.

Without you, sirens,  
I stand safely and joyfully by the Lord.

Translation by Candace Smith

You have ravished my heart,  
my sister, my bride,  
with one look from your eyes,  
and one hair from your neck.

You have ravished my heart.  
How beautiful are your breasts,  
My sister, my bride,  
You have ravished my heart.

**Rosa Giacinta Badalla (ca. 1660–ca. 1715)**  
***Non plangete***

Non plangete, no,  
antiqui Patres,  
in umbra taciturna,  
in cella nocturna,  
limbi obscuri;  
gaudete, non plangete.

O veridici prophetae,  
vaticinia beata,  
iam ex radice Jesse  
nata est virga,  
beatissima Virgo  
quae germinabit Nazarenum florem  
et producet Salvatorem.

Cara dies, fortunata,  
Me rapite caeli aeterni,  
iam sunt clausae portae inferni,  
Sum contenta, sum beata;  
Cara dies fortunata.

In glorioso estasi pro tanto contentu  
Elevatur anima mea,  
Pro Maria nascente cum tanto gaudio  
Exultat meum cor.

Non plus me tentate, no,  
Mundanae Sirenae;  
iam vestrae catene  
Nunc sunt conquassatae,  
Non plus me tentate.

Alleluia.

Translation by Robert L. Kendrick  
(first aria and arioso only)

Do not weep,  
o ancient fathers,  
in your silent shade,  
in your nocturnal cell  
of dark Limbo;  
rejoice, do not weep.

O true prophets,  
blessed foretellings,  
now a rod is sprung  
from Jesse's root,  
the most blessed virgin  
who will sprout the Nazarene flower  
and produce the Saviour.

(Translation by Brett Umlauf)  
Dear and fortunate day,  
Seize me to heaven eternal,  
Now that the gates of hell are closed,  
I am satisfied, I am happy;  
O dear and lucky day.

In ecstasy over such glorious contentment,  
Uplifted is my soul.  
For the one born of Mary, with such joy  
does my heart exult.

Test me no more, no,  
Worldly Sirens;  
Already are your chains  
shaken off,  
Test me no further.

Hallelujah.

**Claudia Sessa (1570–1613/9)**  
***Occhi io vissi di voi***

Occhi io vissi di voi  
mentre voi, fosti voi  
ma spenti poi  
vivo di vostra morte  
in felice alimento  
chi mi nutre al tormento  
e mi manca al gioire  
per far vivace morte  
al mio martire

Translation by Candace Smith

I lived through your eyes  
While you were alive,  
But now that you are extinguished,  
I live through your death,  
On felicitous sustenance  
Which nourishes me to the point of torment  
But not to that of rejoicing,  
In order to bring living death  
to my martyrdom.

**Chiara Margarita Cozzolani (1602–ca. 1677)**  
*Quis mihi det*

Quis mihi det calicem bibere Domini?  
O bone Jesu, dulcis Jesu, care Jesu,  
cupio dissolvi pro te;  
O patiar, O urar,  
O saecer, O moriar pro te.

Vincla catenae, venite, properate;  
saevite ligate  
clamantem, amantem vos.

Bone Jesu, O patiar, O urar,  
O saecer, O moriar pro te.

O aquae, submergite;  
flumina, obruite;  
ignes, incendite;  
cruces, suspendite;  
lanceae, gladii, fulmina,  
figite, fodite, sternite me.

Dulcis Jesu, O patiar...

Pectines, unguiae, belluae,  
vulnerate, lacerate,  
trucidate haec viscera.

Care Jesu, O patiar...

O dulcis penae, tormenta mellea,  
felicia vulnera, beata mors.

Sic fuso sanguine,  
solute corpore,  
emisso spiritu,  
volem ad te;  
te fruar, te satier,  
requiescam in te in aeternum et ultra.

Translation by Robert L. Kendrick

Who will give me the Lord's chalice to drink?  
O good Jesus, sweet Jesus, dear Jesus,  
I long to come apart for You;  
O may I suffer, O may I be burned;  
may I be decapitated, O may I die for You.

O fetters and chains, come, hurry;  
rage, and bind me  
who cries to you and loves you.

O good Jesus, may I suffer, may I be burned, may  
I be decapitated, may I die for You.

O waters, submerge me;  
rivers, bury me;  
flames, burn me;  
crosses, suspend me;  
you lances, swords, thunderbolts,  
transfix me, stab me, lay me low.

O sweet Jesus, may I suffer...

You curry-combs, metal claws, wild beasts, wound  
me, tear me,  
rip out these my viscera.

O sweet Jesus, may I suffer...

O sweet pains, honeyed torments,  
happy wounds, blessed death.

Thus, with my blood shed,  
with my body dissolved,  
with my soul departed,  
may I fly to You,  
may I enjoy You, may I be filled by You,  
may I rest in You for all eternity and beyond.

**Bianca Maria Meda (ca. 1665–after 1700)**  
*Cari musici*

Cari Musici, cum grato silentio  
voces comprimite,  
suspendite sonos, cantare cessate,  
et contemplate dilecte Jesu amores.

Non me turbate, no, amante,  
armonici chori  
cantare, cessate.

Quantae deliciae  
quantae fortunata beant me,  
rapit meum cor ad se  
Jesus solus voce amante.

Quanta laetitia  
quanta me divina replet lux  
in amore verus dux  
mihi donat gaudia tanta.

Ah! Quid dico! anima ingrata,  
in silentio taciturno amores sponsi  
audio sepelire,  
ah non tacete, no,  
o voces canorae,  
non tacete.

Amare et silere, cor,  
tentas impossibile,  
plus tormentum sit terribile  
si tacendo reticere  
quando curat reticere.

Tacere et ardere, no,  
non potes tam firmissime,  
tuae pene sunt durissimae,  
quando curat vis languere.  
si tacendo vis languere.

Alleluia.

Translation by Robert L. Kendrick

Dear musicians, with pleasing silence  
withhold your voices,  
suspend your sounds, cease your singing  
and lovingly contemplate the love of Jesus.

Do not trouble me, no,  
harmonious choirs,  
but cease your singing.

How many delights  
enrich me, the fortunate one;  
he seizes my heart for himself,  
only Jesus, with a lover's voice.

How much joy  
how much divine light fills me  
with his love my true leader  
grants me countless joys.

Oh, what am I saying! Ungrateful soul,  
I hear them bury my spouse's love  
in hushed silence'  
oh, do not be silent, no  
o melodious voices,  
do not be silent.

Heart, you try in vain  
to love and be silent,  
To say nothing  
were a more terrible torment.

To be silent and burn, no,  
This you cannot do so strongly.  
Your pain is excruciating  
if by being silent  
your strength grows weak.

Alleluia.

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