

## Schola Cantorum Basiliensis

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# Klangfenster

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**Elizabeth Sommers, Fidel**

im Rahmen des internationalen Symposiums  
der Schola Cantorum Basiliensis

**Authentisch? Zum Umgang mit Emotionen in der Alten Musik**

23.–25. November 2023

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Donnerstag, 23. November 2023, 14.20 Uhr

Neuer Saal, Musik-Akademie Basel, Leonhardsstrasse 6, 4051 Basel

Eintritt frei

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### 1. **Clavus pungens** (attributed to **Philip the Chancellor, c. 1160-70 – 1236**)

I-FI, MS Pluteus 29.1, fols. 358–359v

**Clavus pungens acumine,**  
Dum carnem Christi perforat,  
Ex vulnerum foramine  
Passionem commemorat;  
Cuius dum madet sanguine,  
Nos profundens dulcedine,  
Christo crucis ymagine  
Conformatos incorporat.

As the nail, puncturing with its sharp point,  
pierces the flesh of Christ,  
it commemorates the passion  
from the opening of the wounds.  
As it drips with his blood,  
pouring over us with sweetness,  
it embodies in Christ  
those shaped in the image of the cross.

O manuum confixio  
Pedum perforacio,  
Quibus Christos confoditur!  
Cuius dum caro scinditur  
Et clavorum mistrio  
Regnum celorum panditur,  
Celestis fabri studio  
Clavus in clavem verti[tur].

Oh, the fixing of the hands,  
the piercing of the feet,  
by which Christ is impaled!  
While his flesh is gashed  
and by the mystery of the nails  
the kingdom of heaven is opened,  
by the celestial craftsman's zeal  
the nail is turned into a key.

Vobis loquor, pastoribus,  
Vobis qui claves geritis,  
Vobis qui vite luxibus  
Claves Christi reicitis.  
Vos lupi facti gregibus,

I speak to you, pastors,  
you who carry the keys,  
you who because of the luxuries of life  
reject the keys of Christ.  
Having become wolves to your flocks

Membra Christi configitis  
Et abutentes clavibus  
Claves in clavos vertitis.

you nail down the limbs of Christ  
and, misusing the keys,  
you turn the keys into nails.

## 2. Lanquand li jorn (Jaufre Rudel, fl. 1125–1148)

Melody: F-Pn Fr. 20050, fol. 81v; four coblas and translation from the edition *The Songs of the Troubadours and Trouvères: An Anthology of Poems and Melodies*, eds. Samuel Rosenberg, Margaret Switten, and Gerard Le Vot, 2013, 56–57.

Lanquand li jorn son lonc en mai  
M'es bels douz chans d'auzels de loing,  
E quand me sui partitz de lai  
Remembra.m d'un'amor de loing;  
Vauc de talan enbroncs e clis,  
Si que chans ni flors d'albispis  
No.m platz plus que l'inverns gelatz.

When the days are long in May,  
I like the sweet song of birds from afar,  
And when I have departed from there,  
I remember a love from afar;  
I go sad and bowed with desire  
So that neither song nor hawthorn flower pleases  
me more than icy winter.

Ja mais d'amor no.m gauzirai  
Si no.m gau d'est'amor de loing,  
Qe gensor ni meillor non sia  
Vas nuilla part nip res ni loing.  
Tant es sos pretz verais e fis  
Qe lai el renc dels Sarrazis  
Fos eu per lieis chaitius clamatz.

Never in love shall I rejoice  
Unless I enjoy this love from afar,  
For nobler or better I do not know  
In any direction, near or far,  
Her worth is so true and perfect  
That there in the kingdom of the Saracens  
I would, for her, be proclaimed captive.

Be.m parra jois qan li qerrai  
Per amor Dieu l'amor de loing.  
E s'a lieis plai, albergarai  
Pres de lieis, si be.m sui de loing.  
Adoncs parra.l parlamens fis  
Qand drutz loindas er tant vezis  
C'ab bels digz jauzirai solatz.

Joy will surely appear to me when I seek from her,  
For the love of God, this love from afar.  
And if it pleases her, I shall lodge near her,  
Though I am from afar.  
Then will appear fine discourse,  
When, distant lover, I shall be so close  
That with charming words I shall take delight in  
conversation.

Ben tenc lo seignor per verai  
Per q'ieu veirai l'amor de loing,  
Mas per un ben qe m'en eschai  
N'ai dos mals, car tant m'es de loing.  
Ai! Car me fos lai peleris  
Si que mos fustz e mos tapis  
Fos pelz sieus bels huoills remiratz!

I consider that Lord as the true one  
Through whom I shall see this love from afar;  
But for one good that befalls me from it,  
I have two ills, because she is so far.  
Ah! Would that I might be a pilgrim there,  
So that my staff and my cloak  
Might be seen by her beautiful eyes.

Assatz i a portz e camis,  
E per aisso no.n sui devis,  
Mas tot sia cum a Dieu platz!

Many are the ports and roads,  
And so I cannot prophesy,  
But may all be as it pleases God!