

**NAXOS**

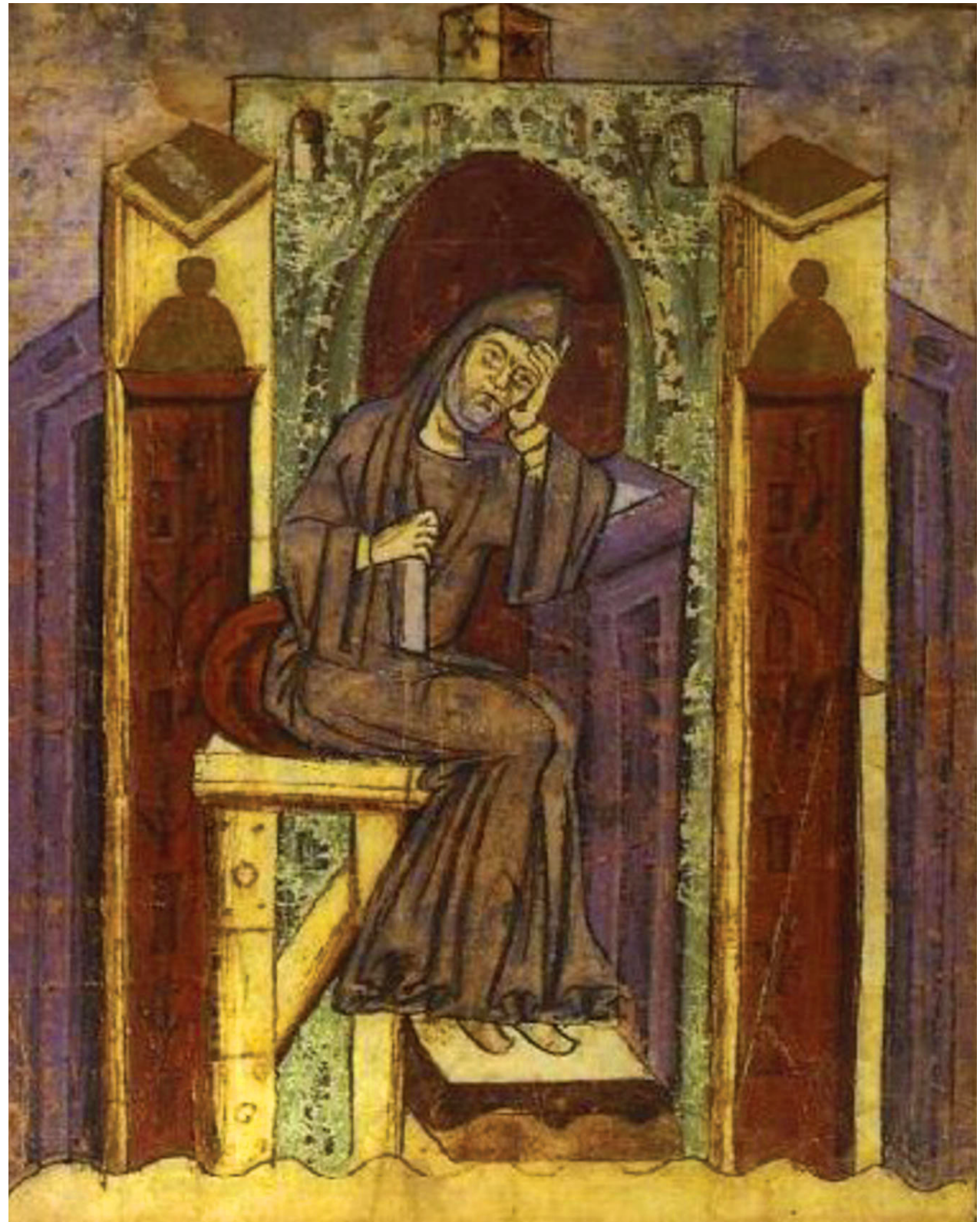
# NOTKER BALBULUS

(c. 840–912)

## Liber ymnorum

Schola Antiqua  
of Chicago

Michael Alan  
Anderson



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Text: Notker Balbulus 2–4 6–10 12–17 19–23; Traditional liturgical texts 1 5 11 18

1	Alleluia. Dies sanctificatus illuxit nobis	2:13
2	Natus ante saecula	3:21
3	Laus tibi, Christe	3:16
4	Gaude, Maria virgo	3:11
5	Alleluia. Benedictus es	1:33
6	Festa Christi omnis christianitas celebret	3:42
7	Virginis venerandae	1:51
8	Iudicem nos inspicientem	2:01
9	Summi triumphum regis	3:35
10	Sancti Spiritus assit nobis gratia	4:08
11	Alleluia. Iustus ut palma florebit	2:31
12	Sancti baptistae Christi praeconis	3:14
13	Petre summe Christi pastor	2:51
14	Laurenti David	2:55
15	Stirpe, Maria, regia procreata	2:20
16	Magnum te, Michahalem	2:05
17	Psallat ecclesia	2:11
18	Alleluia. Beatus vir qui timet Dominum	1:44
19	Sacerdotem Christi Martinum	4:05
20	A solis occasu usque ad exortum	2:40
21	Deus in tua virtute	2:18
22	Agone triumphali	2:35
23	Quid tu, virgo	2:10

Soloists:

**Laura Lynch Anderson** 7 11 17, **Stephanie Sheffield Culica** 14 20, **Kaitlin Foley** 16 23, **Soprano**

**Temmo Kinoshita** 8 21, **Matthew Dean** 15 23, **Tenor**

**Joe Labozetta**, **Baritone** 9 18 19

**Joseph Hubbard**, **Bass** 1 2 5 13

## Notker Balbulus (Notker of St Gall) (c. 840–912)

### Liber ymnorum

When I was still a young man, and the very long melodies repeatedly committed to memory escaped my fickle little heart, I began quietly to contemplate how I might somehow tie them down. In the meantime, it happened that a certain priest from Jumièges, recently devastated by the Normans, came to us, carrying his antiphoner with him, in which certain verses had been measured out to the sequences; but even then the texts were very corrupted. While I was delighted by the sight of them, all the same, they were bitter in my mouth. Nevertheless, in imitation of these I began to write ...

These words were penned by one Notker, a monk at the Abbey of St Gall in Switzerland who died in 912; he is also known as Notker Balbulus, or Notker the Stammerer, because of a severe speech handicap with which he was born. He likely wrote these reflections in the 870s as part of an introduction to his collection of poems entitled *Liber ymnorum*, or 'Book of Hymns'. In the opening sentence the poet refers to 'very long melodies', melodies that were a formidable challenge to memorise. The very long melodies, as he subsequently reveals, were 'sequences', those extended purely musical expressions that formed the third section of the three-part liturgical form identified as 'Alleluia', an ecstatic, joyous expression sung just before the reading of the Gospel at Mass: (1) Alleluia, (2) Verse, (3) Sequence. The form as a whole represented the most elaborate, purely melodic expression within the liturgy. Only the middle section of the form set a text, generally a single verse taken from sacred scripture, and the setting of the verse itself represented a rather elaborate and challenging musical expression. The first and last sections, the 'Alleluias', were sung on the final vowel sound ('ah') of the emotive word 'Alleluia'. The final jubilation, the 'sequence', extended the form significantly, and given its length, musical structure, and range, it rigorously challenged any cantor. The challenge to Notker's 'memory' – to his 'fickle little heart' – emerges as the motivating factor for his creation.

A wayward monk fleeing Norsemen from west of the Rhine – from what is now France – had appeared in St Gall with an antiphoner containing texts 'measured out' to elaborate melodies, texts which, while rather 'corrupted' in their Latin, nevertheless served as an obvious aid to holding the 'very long melodies' within memory. Thus, the young South-German monk began to write his own texts which might serve students of liturgy in learning the melodies 'by heart'. These new texts anchor the symmetrical repetitions of the melodies with symmetrical accentual patterns and even rhyme, thereby forming a remarkable zenith of early-Medieval 'measured-out' rhythmic verse.

Unlike many French texts from the same period, Notker's texts were written in very polished Latin, in language that was 'measured out' to fortify the melodies in the memory, but also as mirrors of the underlying musical structures which were to be memorised. The 'rhythmic verses' thus represent one of the many 'musical notations' that were developing in the later 9th century. Yet these verses, at the same time, express deep theological and ecclesiastical bases for celebration of a particular feast.

The repertoire of this recording offers a representative selection of melodic and textual styles found within the *Liber ymnorum*. The liturgical calendar contained feasts determined by temporal events in the life of Christ and the church (the temporal cycle) and feasts which commemorated lives of saints (the sanctoral cycle). Of the repertoire recorded here, [2] *Natus ante saecula*, [3] *Laus tibi, Christe*, [4] *Gaude, Maria virgo*, [6] *Festa Christi omnis christianitas celebret*, [8] *Iudicem nos inspicientem*, [9] *Summi triumphum regis*, [10] *Sancti Spiritus assit nobis gratia* and [17] *Psallat ecclesia* are melodies and poems associated with specific seasons within the liturgical year. Three sequences represent the 'common of saints'; that is, they may be sung for various saints celebrated through the year: [7] *Virginis venerandae*, [22] *Agone triumphali* and [23] *Quid tu, virgo*. The remaining melodies are associated with specific saints [12–16] [19–21].

Given that the sequence was the third member of a three-part musical form, four sequences are offered here as they would have been sung with Alleluia and verse before a gospel reading: [1] *Alleluia. Dies sanctificatus illuxit nobis* with the sequence [2] *Natus ante saecula* and [5] *Alleluia. Benedictus es* with the sequence [6] *Festa Christi* from the temporal cycle, and [11] *Alleluia. Iustus ut palma florebit* with the sequence [12] *Sancti baptistae Christi praeconis* for John the Baptist and [18] *Alleluia. Beatus vir qui timet Dominum* with the sequence [19] *Sacerdotem Christi Martinum* for St Martin from the sanctoral cycle. The musical and textual elaborations that unfold within these three-part compositions reveal the significant import and joyous devotion expressed at this elevated moment within the liturgy.

The principal compositional technique found within sequence melodies that allows the composer/poet to unfold musical form through extended time is symmetrical repetition. The most immediately observable repetition occurs with the replication of entire verses, a formal technique perceptible upon first hearing almost any sequence. Yet a deeper, more subtle formal principle unfolds within each verse itself, for the repetition of clearly perceptible melodic gestures within verses allows the listener to sense unfolding musical structures at a more basic level, and these reiterated melodic gestures become the motivation for the poet's rhythmic composition of a text that will, on the one hand, elaborate the liturgical occasion, but – especially for Notker – will also articulate melodic structures thereby aiding the cantor in cementing melodies in his memory.

Other than the fact that the sequences were sung from memory, we know very little concerning the performance practice of these melodic creations in the 9th century. Given that fact that they do not seem to have been sung from any thoroughly developed notation, it seems doubtful that they were chanted by larger groups of cantors, but rather by soloists or smaller groups of cantors. Thus, most of the pieces recorded in this collection are sung by soloists, thereby rendering the expression of the melodic and textual structure as transparently as possible. We know nothing of the vocal quality of Medieval cantors, so we attempt to perform them as clearly and simply as possible. The pronunciation of Latin as sung by Notker and his contemporaries again lies mostly in the dark; in this recording Germanic pronunciation is used, or the pronunciation modern German scholars would use when reciting the texts. But more important than pronunciation is vocal rendering of the accentual patterns created by the poet, patterns that are 'measured out' to articulate, and thus to secure, melodic structures within the mind and memory of the cantor. The rich culture of the 'stammerer' becomes transparent in the skill with which he manipulates vocabulary, accentuation, and theological and ecclesiastical erudition.

**Calvin M. Bower**

1

Allelúia. Dies sanctificátus illúxit nobis:  
Veníte gentes, et adorete Dóminum: quia  
hódie descéndit lux magna super terram.

2

Natus ante saécula  
Dei fílius, invisíbilis, intérminus,  
Per quem fit máchina  
caeli ac terrae,  
maris et in his degéntium;  
Per quem dies et horae labant  
et se íterum recíprocant;  
Quem ángeli in arce poli  
voce cónsona semper canunt;  
Hic corpus assúmpserat fráigile  
sine labe originális críminis  
de carne Maríae vírginis,  
quo primi paréntis culpam  
Aevaéque lascíviam térgeret.  
Hoc praesens diécula lóquitur  
praelúcida, adaúcta longitúdine,  
quod sol verus rádio sui  
lúminis vetústas mundi  
depúlerit génius ténebras.  
Nec nox vacat novi síderis luce,  
quod magórum óculos térruit scios;  
Nec gregum magístris défuit lumen,  
quos praestrínxit cláritas mílitum Dei.

Gaude, Dei génitrix,  
quam círcumstant obstétricum vice  
concinéntes ángeli glóriam Deo.  
Christe, patris únice,  
qui humánam nostri causa formam  
assumpsísti, réfove súpplíces tuos,  
Et quorum partícipem te fore  
dignátus es, Iesu,  
dignánter eórum súscipe preces,  
Ut ipsos divinitátis tuae  
partícipes, Deus,  
fácere dignéris, únice Dei.

1

Alleluia. A holy day has dawned upon us:  
Come nations and adore the Lord, for  
today a great light has descended upon the earth.

2

He, born before the beginning of time,  
the Son of God, beyond perception, without limit,  
Through whom the edifice  
of heaven and earth comes to be,  
the sea and of all that dwell therein,  
Through whom the days and hours flicker  
and then again are rekindled,  
Whom the angels in the citadel of heaven  
continually proclaim with harmonious voice,  
This one had taken on a feeble body  
free of the stain of original sin  
– from the flesh of the virgin Mary –  
through which he might wipe away  
the sin of the first parent and the wantonness of Eve.  
This short day,  
this day of brilliant light, augmented in length,  
tells us that the true sun, once born,  
has with the ray of His light expelled  
the long-standing darkness of the world.  
And neither did the night lack the light of a new star,  
for it struck fear in the learned eyes of the wise men.  
Nor was the light absent to the watchers of the flocks,  
for they were awestruck by the brightness of  
the heavenly host.  
Rejoice, Mother of God,  
whom, in place of midwives,  
angels attend, singing glory to God.  
O Christ, only begotten of the Father,  
who for our sake took on human form,  
give new life to those kneeling humbly before you;  
And of those with whom  
You deigned to participate, O Jesus,  
graciously receive their prayers,  
So that You, O God,  
may deign to make them participants  
in your divinity, O only-begotten of God!

3

Laus tibi, Christe,  
Cui sapit, quod videtur céteris  
esse surdástrum;  
Famulátu cuius omnis cómpetit  
sexus et aetas.  
Recéntes atque téneri mílites,  
Herodiáno ense trucidáti,  
te hódie praedicavérunt;  
Licet necdum potúerint lígula,  
effusióne tamen te, Christe,  
sui sánguinis praeconáti sunt,  
Lac cum cruóre fundéntes ad Deum  
clamitatúrum,  
Uda púilli quem gena míseret  
et innocéntis.  
Quis athletárum fortíssimus umquam  
Exercítibus tantam, Christe, suis  
cóntulit victóriam.  
Quantam vágiens coaévulis tuis  
Tu praestitísti, mittens eos caelum  
regnatúros pérpetim?  
O Christi praecónes clari  
florésque mártýrum corúsci  
Et confessórum  
insígenes gémmulae sanctórum  
Atque sterílium in mundo vírginum!  
Cari filíoli, dulces pusíoli,  
nos iuváte précibus,  
Quas Christus innocéntem  
mortem vestram míserans,  
Pro sese maturátam,  
plácidus exaúdiens  
Nos regno suo dignétur.

4

Gaude, María virgo,  
Dei génitrix,  
Quae promíssis Gabrihélis  
Spe devóta credidísti.  
Númine tu Sancti Spíritus repléta  
gignis clausa filium,

3

Praise to You, O Christ,  
To whom is known what seems  
to others difficult to hear.  
For whose service  
every sex and age is fit.  
Today, the young and tender soldiers,  
cut down by Herod's sword,  
have proclaimed you:  
While they could not yet preach you with their little tongues,  
nevertheless they did so, O Christ,  
through the shedding of their blood.  
Pouring forth milk with the life-blood  
as a cry unto God,  
Who, with tear-dampened cheek, pities  
the babe and the innocent.  
What mightiest of champions, O Christ,  
Has ever conferred so great a victory  
on his armies  
As You – yourself a wailing babe –  
granted to your peers, sending them to reign  
without end in heaven?  
O worthy heralds of Christ,  
and sparkling flowers of the martyrs,  
Illustrious little buds  
of the Holy Confessors,  
And of the Virgins, barren in the world,  
Dear little sons, sweet little boys,  
help us with your prayers!  
And may Christ, showing mercy at  
your innocent death –  
Hastened for his sake –  
graciously hearing those prayers,  
Count us worthy of His Kingdom.

4

Rejoice, O virgin Mary,  
mother of God!  
You who – with devout hope –  
Trusted the promises of Gabriel;  
You who – filled with the divine power of the Holy Spirit –  
bring forth, though inviolate, the Son

Qui mundi regit máchinam.  
In tuo partu ad turrim gregis  
canunt ángeli,  
Quippe iacénte suo rectóre  
in praesépio  
urbis Bethlemíticae.  
Te nomen Iesu edócuit  
caeléstis núntius,  
Quod circumcísio impóneres,  
intácta, filio,  
Qui scit solus nostra crímina  
Cum patre sanctóque spíritu  
rite circumcídere.  
Ad tuas manus magi tria  
múnera déferunt,  
Quae vitam nostram et fidei  
figúrant régulam.  
Te primum Christus potentátus sui  
instrúxit doléntem glóriam;  
Te primo signo deitátis suae  
donáverat vina fáciens.  
Ergo precámur, ut nostri reátus  
apud cleméntem patrem  
fias intervéntrix,  
Qui te in terris eius hic paréntem  
delégit, quem rex caeli  
regem generávit.  
Et te iam spléndentem in praeséntia Dei,  
Te corde contríto, te flagitámus,  
Nos, nos tuórum ut mansórem víscerum  
Tuéri precéris.

5  
Alleluia. Benedíctus es, Dómine Deus  
patrum nostrórum, et laudábilis in saécula.

6  
Festa Christi  
omnis cristiánitas célebret,  
Quae miris sunt modis ornáta  
cúntisque veneránda pópulis  
Per omnitenéntis advéntum

Who rules the edifice of the world.  
As you give birth the angels sing  
at the tower of the flock,  
Even with their monarch lying there  
in the manger  
within the city of Bethlehem.  
The heavenly messenger  
taught you the name Jesus,  
Which you – remaining pure – gave to your Son  
at his circumcision;  
He alone, with the Father and Holy Spirit,  
Knows the duty  
to circumcise our sins.  
Into your hands the magi  
deliver the three gifts,  
Which figuratively represent our life  
and the rule of faith.  
It was you in your grief whom Christ first taught  
the glory of his mighty power;  
You he rewarded with the first sign of his divinity,  
changing water into wine.  
Therefore we pray you  
to be an intercessor for our sin  
before the forgiving Father,  
Who chose you here on earth  
to be the parent of him,  
whom the king of heaven begat as king.  
And you – now resplendent in the presence of God –  
You, with contrite heart, you we implore,  
That you bid him – who dwelt in your womb –  
To watch over us, us who belong to you.

5  
Alleluia. You are blessed, O Lord, God of our fathers,  
and praiseworthy forever.

6  
Let the whole of Christendom  
celebrate the solemnities of Christ,  
They are adorned with wondrous signs  
and are to be venerated by all peoples  
Because of the coming of Him who sustains all things

atque vocatióem géntium.  
Ut natus est Christus,  
est stella magis visa lúcida.  
At illi non cassam  
putántes tanti signi glóriam  
Secum múnera déferunt,  
párvulo ófferant ut regi,  
caeli quem sidus praédicat,  
Atque aúreo tímidi  
príncipis léctulo tránsito  
Christi praesépe quaérint.  
Hinc ira saevi Heródis férvida  
Ínvidi recens rectóri génito  
Béthleem párvulos praécipit  
ense crudéli pérdere.  
O Christe, quantum Patri exércitum,  
Íuvenis doctus ad bella máxima,  
pópulis praédicans cólligis,  
sugens cum tantum míseris!  
Anno hóminis trigísimo  
Subtus fámuli se íncliti  
inclináverat manus Deus  
cónsecrans nobis baptísma  
in absolutiónem críminum.  
Ecce, Spíritus in spécie  
Ipsam áltis innócuæ  
unctúrus sanctis prae ómnibus  
vísitat semper ipsíus  
conténtus mansióné péctoris.  
Patris etiam insónuit vox pia,  
véteris oblíta sermónis:  
poénitet me fecisse hóminem:  
Vere fílius estu meus míhimet  
plácitus, in quo sum placátus;  
hódie te, mi fili, génui.  
Huic omnes auscultáte, pópuli,  
praeceptóri!

7

Vírginis veneránda  
de número sapiéntum  
festa celebrémus, sócii,

and his summoning of the nations.  
When Christ was born,  
a bright star was seen by the Magi.  
But they, pondering that the glory of  
such a sign would not be for naught,  
Bring with them gifts  
to offer to the infant child as the king  
whom the star of heaven proclaims.  
And passing by the golden bed  
of the haughty prince  
they seek the manger of Christ.  
Then, the burning rage of savage Herod –  
Jealous of the new-born ruler –  
decrees that the young boys of Bethlehem  
be destroyed by the cruel sword.  
O Christ, trained for the greatest battles while yet a youth,  
You assemble so great an army for the Father  
with such wretched ones,  
a suckling preaching to the multitudes!  
In the thirtieth year of manhood,  
God bowed beneath the hands  
of his celebrated servant,  
consecrating for us baptism  
for the remission of sins.  
And, lo, the Spirit visits him  
in the form of an innocent bird,  
to anoint him above all the saints,  
content for all times  
to dwell in his breast.  
The benevolent voice of the Father intoned  
– having forgotten his former pronouncement –  
‘I am sorry that I made mankind’:  
‘Truly You are my son, pleasing to me,  
in whom I am reconciled;  
today, my son, have I begotten you.  
O all you peoples, give ear  
to this teacher!’

7

Fellow believers:  
from the number of the wise  
let us celebrate this feast of one virgin to be venerated,



Fíliae matris summi regis,  
sacrosánctae Maríae,  
Quam sibi in sorórem Dei  
adoptávit fílius.  
Haec corpus suum dómuit  
freno ieiúnii  
Et luxúriam sécuit  
ense agnóniae.  
Istaec contra cunctos mortis  
dimicávit ímpetus  
Et hostem cruéntum freta  
Christi dextra stráverat.  
Haec sponsum ab aula caeli  
sese inviséntem alácris  
Corde iocúndo secúta  
eius est ingrèssa thálamum.  
Tute iam dúlcibus plena delíciis  
Christo misérias nostras suggérito  
Nobis consolatiónem precándo.

8  
Iúdicem nos inspiciéntem  
Cripta cordis rimántem  
In commúne precémur,  
Próprias illi puras consciéntias  
póssimus ut exhíbere.  
Deus pátiens iuste,  
clemens atque treménde:  
Tu vis párcere magis  
poeniténti quam plecti.  
Tu non pásceris morte moriéntum,  
sed eos súscitas.  
Nec gaudes, Deus, in perditiónē,  
qui Stigem próperant.  
Tuis cívibus ángelis est gáudium  
pravo crímina sua puniéntē;  
Credo péreat ut unus pusíllulus,  
non est plácitum tuo in conspéctu.  
Tu nos serva iúgiter omni  
a malo, Deus iuste iudex.  
Ut non quando véneris  
óm nibus Digna factis redditúrus,  
Nosmet habéas puníre,  
sed munerári.

Daughter of the mother of the king most high,  
of most holy Mary,  
One whom the Son of God  
adopted for himself as a sister.  
This virgin subdued her body  
using the bridle of fasting,  
And she slew licentiousness  
with the sword of chastity.  
She struggled  
against all assaults of death  
And she laid low the bloody enemy  
sustained by the right-hand of Christ.  
She, having followed the bridegroom,  
who is going to her from the heavenly court, now eager  
Has entered his wedding chamber  
with joyful heart.  
You, now filled with delightful pleasures,  
May you make Christ mindful of our wretched state  
By praying that we be offered consolation.

8  
To the judge scrutinising us,  
Plumbing the secret places of our hearts,  
Let us pray in one accord  
That we may be able to reveal to him  
our own pure consciences:  
O God, patient, just,  
merciful – yet to be feared –  
You desire more to spare  
the penitent than that he be punished.  
You find no sustenance in the death of those dying,  
but raise them up,  
Nor do you rejoice, O God, in the damnation of those  
who hasten toward the Styx.  
There is joy among your citizens, the angels,  
when an errant one is punished for his sins;  
I believe that if one of the least of these should perish  
it is not pleasing in your sight.  
Continually preserve us from every evil,  
O God, O just judge,  
So that when you come to dispense  
right judgment for every deed,  
You need not be compelled to punish us,  
but grant us our reward.

9

Summi triúmphum regis  
prosequámur laude,  
Qui caeli qui terrae regit sceptrá  
inférni iure dómito,  
Qui sese pro nobis rediméndis  
permágnum dedit prétium.  
Huic nomen exstat  
convéniens Ídithun:  
Nam transílvit omnes strénue montes  
collículosque Bethel.  
Saltum de caelo dedit in virginálem  
ventrem, inde in pélagus saéculi.  
Postquam illud suo  
mitigávit potentátu, tetras  
Flegetóntis assíliit ténebras.  
Príncipis íllius disturbáto império,

Mániplis plúrimis inde érutis,  
mundum illústrat suo iúbare.  
Captivítatemque détentam ínibi  
victor duxit secum  
Et redivívum iam suis se praébuit  
servis et amícis.  
Dénique saltum déderat hódie máximum  
nubes polósque cursu praépeti tránsvolans  
Celébret ergo pópulus hunc diem crédulus,  
cuius mórbida Ídithun córpora  
in semet ipso altis sédibus caeli  
invéxit Dei fílius,  
Et tremens iúdicem expéctet affutúrum,  
ut duo ángeli fratres docuérunt:  
Qui Iesus a vobis assúptus est in caelum,  
íterum véniet, ut vidístis eum.  
Iam Ídithun nostrum vóci bus sédulis  
omnes implorémus  
Ut a dextris Patris qui sedet Spíritum  
mittat nobis Sanctum  
In finem saéculi ipse quoque semper  
sit nobíscum.

9

The triumph of the great high king  
let us recount with praise:  
He who rules the sceptres of heaven, of earth,  
having conquered the law of hell,  
He who gave himself, a great ransom,  
for our redemption.  
For him the name  
‘Idithun’ is fitting:  
For he vigorously leapt over all the mountains  
and the low hills of Bethel.  
He made the leap from heaven into the virginal womb,  
hence into the sea of this world.  
After he had calmed that sea  
through his dominion,  
he leapt to the terrible darkness of Phlegethon.  
He threw the reign of the prince of darkness  
into utter confusion,  
And, having snatched from there many troops,  
he enlightens the world with his radiance.  
And captivity – there laid in bonds –  
he, the victor, led forth with him;  
And now, born anew, he revealed himself to  
his servants and friends.  
Finally today he made his greatest leap,  
flying across the clouds and skies in winged path.  
Let faithful people therefore celebrate this day,  
those whose diseased bodies Idithun – the Son of God –  
has carried into the highest seats of heaven  
in his very own body,  
And, trembling, let them await the judge who is about to  
come, as two angels instructed the brethren:  
‘The same Jesus, taken up from you into heaven,  
will come again, as you now see him.’  
Now us all implore our Idithun  
with attentive voices,  
That he who is sitting at the right hand of the Father  
may send his Holy Spirit to us,  
And that He – even unto the end of time –  
might always abide with us.

10

Sancti Spíritus assit nobis grátia,  
Quae corda nostra sibi  
fáciat habitáculum,  
Expúlsis inde cunctis  
vítiis spirítalibus.  
Spíritus alme, illustrátor hóminum:  
Hórridas nostrae mentis purga ténebras.  
Amátor sancte sensatórum  
semper cogitátuum:  
Infúnde unctiónem tuam,  
clemens, nostris sénsibus.  
Tu purificátor ómnium  
flagitiórum, spíritus  
Purífica nostri óculum  
interióriis hóminis,  
Ut vidéri suprémus génitor  
possit a nobis,  
Mundi cordis quem soli cernere  
possunt óculi.  
Prophétas tu inspirásti, ut praecónia  
Christi praecinuíssent ínclita;  
Apóstolos confortásti, uti trópheum  
Christi per totum mundum véherent.  
Quando máchinam per verbum suum  
fecit Deus caeli terrae márium,  
Tu super aquas fotúrus eas  
numen tuum expandísti, Spíritus.  
Tu animábus vivificándis  
aquas foecúndas;  
Tu aspirándo das spirítáles  
esse hómines.  
Tu divísium per linguas mundum  
et ritus adunásti, Dómine,  
Idolátras ad cultum Dei  
révocans, magistrórum óptime.  
Ergo nos supplicántes tibi  
exaúdi propítius, Sancte Spíritus,  
Sine quo preces omnes cassae  
credúntur et indignae Dei aúribus.  
Tu qui ómnium saeculórum sanctos  
Tui núminis docuísti instínctu

10

May the grace of the Holy Spirit be with us,  
To make our hearts  
its dwelling place,  
After having expelled  
all spiritual vices.  
O life-giving Spirit, illuminator of humankind:  
Dispel the frightful darkness of our soul.  
O holy one, ever the lover  
of the thoughts of the knowing:  
Mercifully pour your balm  
over our senses.  
You, O Spirit, purifier  
of all shameful thoughts and deeds,  
Purify the eye  
of our interior being,  
That the supreme source of being  
might be seen by us,  
The source whom only eyes  
of a pure heart can discern.  
You inspired the prophets, so that they  
would chant the glorious accomplishments of Christ;  
You strengthened the apostles  
to carry the sign of Christ through the whole world.  
When God through his word  
made the edifice of heaven, of earth, of the seas,  
You, O Spirit, to give it warmth,  
spread out your divine breath.  
You seeded the waters  
to bring forth living beings;  
You, in exhaling, enable humankind  
to be spiritual.  
You, O Lord, united the world,  
divided through tongues and religious rites,  
Calling idolaters back to the worship of God,  
O greatest of all teachers.  
Therefore, O Holy Spirit,  
graciously give ear to us as we beseech you,  
You without whom all prayers are empty  
and unworthy for the ears of God.  
You who embracing them taught the saints in all times  
Through the impulse

amplecténdo, Spíritus,  
Ipse hódie apóstolos Christi  
Donans múnere insólito  
et cunctis inaudíto saéculis  
Hunc diem gloriósum fecísti.

[1]

Alleluia. Iustus ut palma florébit,  
et sicut cedrus multiplicábur.

[12]

Sancti baptístae Christi praecónis  
Solémnia celebrántes  
móribus ipsum sequámur,  
Ut ad viam quam praedíxit  
asséclas suos perdúcat.  
Devóti te, sanctíssime hóminum,  
amíce Iesu, flagítamus  
ut gaúdia percipiámus,  
Appárens quae Zacháriae Gábrihel  
repromísit, qui tuam celebrárent  
obséquiis nativítatem,  
Et per haec festa aetérna gaúdia  
adipiscámur,  
Qua sancti Dei sacris delíciis  
laeti congaúdent.  
Te qui praéparas fidélium corda  
Ne quid dévium vel lúbicum Deus  
in eis invéniat,  
Te depóscimus ut crímina nostra  
Et facínora continua prece  
stúdeas absólvere,  
Placátus ut ipse suos  
semper invísere fidéles  
Et mansiónem in eis fácere dignétur  
Et agni véllere, quem tuo dígito  
Mundi monstráveras tóllere crímina,  
nos velit indúere,  
Ut ipsum mereámur ángelis assóci  
In alba veste sequi per portam  
claríssimam,  
Amíce Christi, Iohánnes.

of your divine breath, O Spirit,  
Today you yourself –  
Endowing the apostles of Christ  
with a gift exceptional and incredible to all ages –  
Made this day glorious.

[1]

Alleluia. The just one will flourish like the palm tree;  
like the cedar of Lebanon, he will be multiplied.

[12]

As we celebrate the solemnities of the holy Baptist,  
Of the herald of Christ,  
let us follow him in our ways of living,  
So that he might lead his followers  
to the way that he proclaimed.  
We – devoted to you – entreat you,  
O holiest of men, you friend of Jesus Christ,  
that we might receive the joys  
That Gabriel – appearing to Zachariah –  
promised in return to those who  
would celebrate your birth with devoted attendance,  
And that, through this celebration,  
we might gain joy eternal,  
This celebration in which the saints of God  
together rejoice in transcendent delights.  
You, who prepare the hearts of the faithful,  
Lest God discover in them something  
aberrant or impure,  
You we implore, that through our continual prayer  
You might strive to obtain forgiveness  
for our sins and offenses,  
So that He, thus satisfied,  
might deign always to visit his faithful  
And to make a dwelling place in them,  
And that He, whom you point out with your finger  
– He who takes away the sins of the world –  
may see fit to enfold us in the fleece of the Lamb,  
So that we might be worthy to follow him,  
– as his angelic companions –  
Clothed in white raiment, through that resplendent gate,  
O John, friend of Christ.

13

Petre summe Christi pastor  
et Paule, géntium doctor:  
Ecclésiám vestris doctínis  
illuminátam  
Per círculum terrae precátus  
ádiuuet vester  
Nam Dóminus, Petre, caelórum  
tibi claves dono dedit.  
Armígerum, Bénéiamin, Christus  
te scit suum vasque eléctum.  
Mare planta te, Petre,  
Christus conculcáre tuae dedit caritáti;

Umbram tui córporis  
infirmis debilibúsque fecit medícinam.  
Spermólogon philósophos te, Paule,  
Christus dat víncere sua voce;  
Multíplices victórias tu, Paule, Christo  
per pópulos adquisísti.  
Postrémo victis ómnibus bárbaris  
Ad arcem summi pérgitis cúlminis  
germános discórdes sub iugum Christi  
pacátos iam coactúri.  
Ibi Nerónis féritas príncipes  
Apostolórum, proéliis plúrimis  
victóres, divérsae te, Petre'et Paule,  
addixerat poenae mortis.  
Te crux assóciat, te vero  
gládius cruéntus mittit Christo.

14

Laurénti David magni  
martyr milésque fortis  
Tu imperatóris tribúnal  
Tu manus tortórum cruéntas.  
Sprevísti secútus desiderábilem  
atque manu fortem  
Qui solus pótuit regna superáre  
tyránni crudélis  
Cúiusque sanctus sánguinis pródigos  
facit amor mílites eius

13

O Peter, Christ's supreme pastor,  
O Paul, the gentiles' teacher,  
May your prayer  
support the church –  
Enlightened through your teachings –  
throughout the whole earth.  
For the Lord gave you, Peter,  
the keys of heaven as a gift,  
Christ recognises you, Benjamin,  
as his bearer of arms, and as his chosen vessel.  
To your love, Peter,  
Christ granted that you  
tread the sea under your foot;  
He made the shadow of your body  
a remedy for the infirm and helpless.  
And you, Paul – just a babbler – Christ grants that you  
conquer the philosophers with His voice;  
Paul, you won many victories for Christ,  
throughout the nations.  
Finally, with all the barbarians overcome,  
You reach the citadel of the highest peak  
– two unlike brothers – to be brought together  
in harmony under the yoke of Christ.  
There the savagery of Nero sentenced the princes  
Of apostles – victors in so many conflicts –  
O Peter and Paul,  
to the penalty of different deaths.  
You [Peter] the cross joins –  
you [Paul] the bloodstained sword sends – to Christ.

14

O Laurence, martyr  
and mighty warrior of the great David:  
The emperor's tribunal,  
The bloodstained hands of the torturers  
You held in contempt, for you followed the one to be desired,  
the one mighty in combat,  
He who alone could overcome  
the kingdoms of the cruel tyrant,  
And whose sacred love  
makes his warriors prodigal of their blood

Dúmmodo illum líceat cernere  
dispéndio vitae praeséntis  
Caésaris tu fasces contémnis  
et iudícis minas derídes  
Cárnifex úngulas et ustor  
craticulam vane consúmunt  
Dolet ímpius urbis praeféctus  
victus a pisce assáto Christi cibo  
Gaudet Dómini convíva favo

conresurgéndi cum ipso saturátus.  
O Laurénti mílitum David  
invictíssime regis aetérni  
Apud illum sérvulis ípsius  
deprecáre véniam semper  
Martyr milésque fortis.

15

Stirpe, María, régia  
Procreáta, regem génerans Iesum,  
Laude digna angelórum sanctórum,  
Et nos peccatóres tibi devótos  
intuére benígna!  
Tu pius patrum mores osténtas in te,  
sed excéllis eósdem.  
Patris tui Salomónis in te lucet sophía,  
Et Ezéchiae apud Deum cor rectum,  
sed numquam in te corrupéndum.  
Patris Iósiae adimplévit te religiósitas  
Summit étiam patriárchae te fides  
totam possédit, patris tui.  
Sed quid nos istos recensémus heróas,  
Cum tuus natus omnes praecéllat illos  
atque cunctos per orbem?  
Nos hac die tibi gregátos serva, virgo,

in lucem mundi qua prodísti  
paritúra caelórum lumen.

Provided they be allowed to discern Him  
as they give up this present life.  
You belittle Caesar's symbols of power,  
and jeer at the threats of the judge.  
In vain the executioner and torturer  
exhaust their claws and gridiron.  
The impious city-prefect mourns,  
vanquished by a roasted fish, the food of Christ,  
While the companion at table with the Lord rejoices  
in honeycomb,  
for with him he will rise again, filled to satiety.  
O Lawrence, of David's – of the eternal King's – warriors,  
most invincible:  
In His presence continuously  
beseech mercy for His humble servants,  
O martyr and mighty warrior.

15

O Mary – begotten from a regal lineage,  
You who bore Jesus the King,  
Worthy of the praise of holy angels –  
Look also kindly upon us  
sinners devoted to you!  
You reveal in yourself the holy virtues of the fathers,  
yet these you surpass.  
The wisdom of your father Solomon shines in you,  
As does Hezekiah's upright heart before God –  
but in you it was never to see corruption.  
The religious observance of your father Josiah has filled you;  
The faith of the greatest patriarch  
possesses you utterly – he who is also your father.  
But why do we recount these heroes,  
When your Son excels all of those  
and all brave men throughout the universe?  
Watch over us, O Virgin, the sheep of your flock  
assembled for you,  
on this day on which you came forth into this world's  
light to bring forth heaven's light.

16

Magnum te, Michahélem,  
habéntes pignus  
Cívium nostrórum, si tamen  
servi studeámus esse Dei,  
Póscimus, ut tuis précibus  
consórtes mereámur fieri  
Eórum beatitúdinis ineffábilis,  
quam in Dei conspéctu  
eos habére confídimus,  
Qui est beatitúdo  
vera sanctórum perpétuo.  
Quod quia scimus non posse fíeri,  
Nisi bonis studeátur méritis,  
Póscimus, ut Deum sanctos mores  
nos instrúere semper póstules,  
Ut introíre valeámus aulam,  
quae non recípit ullam máculam.  
Tu, qui Dei caritátem rétinens  
Immortális perdurásti, Míchahel,  
post mortem réquiem nobis deprecáre.

17

Psallat ecclésia, mater illibáta  
Et virgo sine ruga,  
honórem huius ecclésiae.  
Haec domus aulae caeléstis  
probátur párticeps  
In laude regis caelórum  
et cerimóniis  
Et lúmine contínuo aémulans  
civitátem sine ténebris,  
Et córpora in grémio cónfovens  
animárum quae in caelo vivunt.  
Quam dextra prótegat Dei  
Ad laudem ípsius díu.  
Hic novam prolem gratia párturit  
foecúnda Spírítu Sancto:  
Ángeli cives vísitant hic suos  
et corpus súmitur Iesu.  
Fúgiunt univérsa córpori nócu:  
Péreunt peccatrícis ánimae crímína.

16

You, great Michael,  
we who are holding the pledge  
Of our fellow-citizens beg –  
even while we are striving to be God’s servants –  
That through your prayers we might merit  
to become coheirs  
In the inexpressible beatitude,  
which we trust is shared  
by those in the presence of God –  
That presence which is the true beatitude  
of the saints everlasting.  
Yet since we know that we cannot attain this  
Unless it be approached through just rewards,  
We beg you to plead that God  
ceaselessly teach us ways that are holy,  
So that we might be able to enter that dwelling place  
that admits no blemish whatsoever.  
You, Michael, who – holding fast to the love of God –  
Endure immortal,  
that we might find rest after we suffer death.

17

Let the church, mother unblemished  
And virgin without wrinkle,  
sing psalms in honour of this church!  
For this house is considered a participant  
in the celestial temple  
Through its praise of the king of heavens  
and in its sacred rites.  
And with its continuous light  
it imitates that city without darkness,  
And it cherishes within its bosom  
the bodies of the souls that live in heaven.  
May the right hand of God long protect  
this house devoted to his praise!  
In this place grace, nurtured by the Holy Spirit,  
brings forth the new offspring;  
Angels visit their fellow-citizens,  
and the body of Jesus is taken.  
All things noxious to the body flee;  
The guilt of the sinful soul perishes.

Hic vox laetítiae pèrsonat:  
Hic pax et gaúdia rédundant.  
Hac domo trinitáti laus et glória  
semper resúltant.

18

Alleluia. Beatus vir qui timet Dóminum:  
in mandátis eius cupit nimis.

19

Sacerdótem Christi Martínium  
Cuncta per orbem canat ecclésia  
pacis cathólicae  
Atque íllius nomen omnis heréticus  
fúgiat pállidus.  
Pannónia laetétur génitrix  
talis fílii;  
Itália exúltet álitrix  
tanti iúvenis.  
Et Gálliae trina divisio  
sacro certet litígio  
cuius esse débeat praesul;  
Sed páriter habére se patrem  
omnes gaúdeant Turóni  
soli eius corpus fóveant.  
Huic Francórum atque Germániae  
plebs omnis plaudat,  
Quibus vidéndum invexit Dóminum  
in sua veste.  
Hic célebris est Aegýpti pártibus,  
Gréciae quoque cunctis sapiéntibus,  
Qui ímpares se Martíni méritis  
séntiunt atque eius medicámini;  
Nam febres sedat daemonésque fugat,  
paralýtica membra glútinat  
Et mortuórum sua prece trium  
reddit córpora vitae prístinae.  
Hic ritus sacrilégos déstruit,  
et ad Christi glóriam dat ígnibus ídola;  
Hic nudis mystéria bráchiis  
confícians praéditus est caelésti lúmine.  
Hic óculis ac mánibus in caelum

In this place ecstatic music resounds;  
In this place peace and joys overflow.  
In this house re-echo to the Trinity  
praise and glory without end.

18

Alleluia. Blessed is the man who fears the Lord:  
he delights exceedingly in his commandments.

19

Let the whole Church at universal peace  
throughout the world sing  
the priest of Christ, Martin!  
And let every pallid heretic flee  
from the name of this one!  
Pannonia, his motherland, should celebrate  
a son such as this;  
And Italy, who nursed the great youth,  
should glory.  
And let Gaul, divided in three,  
contend in sacred dispute  
concerning whose bishop he should be;  
Yet likewise let all the citizens of Tours  
rejoice to have him as their father  
and alone cherish his body.  
This one the people of the Franks and of Germany  
should applaud,  
Those to whom he introduced the Lord  
in his own cloak – that He might be seen.  
He is known throughout regions of Egypt,  
as well as among all the wise men of Greece,  
Who recognise that they cannot equal Martin  
in acts of service and cures:  
For he calms fevers and scatters demons,  
he glues back together paralysed limbs,  
And through his prayer he brought again  
the bodies of three dead souls to life.  
He destroys rites that profaned the sacred,  
and to the glory of Christ gives idols to the fires;  
When celebrating the sacred mysteries  
with unclothed arms he was endowed with celestial light.  
With eyes and hands raised to heaven,



et totis víribus suspénsus  
terréna cuncta réspuit;  
Eius ori numquam Christus ábfuit  
sive iustítia vel quicquid  
ad veram vitam pértinet.  
Ígitur te cuncti póscimus, O Martíne,  
ut qui multa mira hic ostendísti,  
Étiam de caelo grátiam Christi nobis  
supplicátu tuo semper infúndas.

20

A solis occásu usque ad exórtum  
Est cunctis nomen tuum, Deus, laudábile,  
Qui inde novum solem mittis mira lege,  
Qui lustret orbem rádiis  
Et fotu terras végetet.  
Hic Columbánus nómine  
columbínae vitae fuit,  
Dignus habére Spíritus  
Sancti pignus in hac vita.  
Hic terram cum Ábraham relíquit  
et cognátos propter Deum.  
Hic cum Iohánne regis incéstum  
incredpáre non métuit.  
Huic pastum dat Deus  
in desérto cum Móyse.  
Huic caelum óbsequi  
est parátum cum Iósue.  
Hic feras mansuefácit et corvos  
ut Helías et Dánihel  
Hic persecutiónes cum apóstolis  
Christi perpétitur  
Huic ipse veritátis hostis nutu Dei  
Testátur, quod hic veritátis cultor foret.

Nos ergo tete póscimus,  
Beáte, quo nos Dómino  
Tu comméndes.

– indeed with all his strength –  
he renounced all things of earth;  
Christ, justice, or that which pertains to  
the true life,  
was never absent from his lips.  
And so to you, O Martin, we all pray,  
that you – who revealed many miracles on earth –  
Also in heaven – through your supplication –  
may continually fill us with the grace of Christ.

20

From the setting of the sun to its rising  
Your name, O God, is worthy of praise by all people,  
You who send forth a new sun by miraculous law,  
Who illumines the globe with its rays  
And with its warmth invigorates the earth.  
This man, named Columbanus,  
was dovelike in his life,  
And he was worthy to hold the pledge  
of the Holy Spirit in this life.  
Like Abraham, for the sake of God  
he relinquished his land and his kinsmen;  
Like John, no fear kept him from rebuking  
the incest of the king.  
Like Moses, to him God gave  
nourishment in the desert;  
Like Joshua, it was intended for him  
to serve heaven.  
Like Elijah and Daniel  
he tamed beasts and ravens;  
Like the apostles of Christ  
he endured persecution.  
Of this one, the enemy of truth himself  
– by the will of God – bears witness,  
that he was guardian of truth.  
Thus to you we call,  
O blessed one, that you  
Commend us to the Lord.

21

Deus in tua virtúte  
sanctus Andréas gaudet et laetátur  
eádem comitátus  
Piscátio nati tui ipse primum,  
factus piscátor populórum:  
Myrmidónes idolátras  
diu fluctivágos  
reti cepit fídei.  
Is légibus Acháíam tuis Deus  
victor íllius subiugávit  
Et trópheum Christi tui  
fixit ibi bonum  
se osténtans mílitem  
Miráculis, virtútibus, doctrínis quacúmque  
quaesíta spolia  
tibi O rex áttulit  
Atque suo cruóre triúmphi  
inscrípsit títulos  
tui regum Dómine.  
Istum crucis sócium  
et regni crédimus  
Christi filii tui  
atque fratérculum.  
Nos ígitur peccátis nostris  
graváti te Deus póscimus  
Ut íllius qui tua semper  
sectátus praecépta tibi placet  
Nos intercessióne  
tueáris in aetérnum.

22

Agóne triumpháli  
mílitum regis summi  
Dies iste célebris est pópulis  
ipsi regi crédulis  
Hi delectaméntum  
respúerant mundanórum  
Et crucem tunc turpem  
cottídie baiolárunt  
Hos núllius féritas a Christo séparat  
Quin ad eum mórtibus millénis próperent

21

O God, in your strength  
saint Andrew rejoices and is glad,  
ever sustained by that same strength.  
A catch of your Son, this man  
– the first made a fisher of men –  
caught the Myrmidon idolaters –  
long tossed about by the waves –  
in the net of faith.  
This conqueror of those, O God,  
then brought Achaia into obedience of your laws  
And there – proving himself a good soldier –  
planted the standard  
of your Christ.  
Through miracles, acts of bravery,  
and sound teachings he returned  
all manner of sought after spoils to you, O King,  
And with his own blood  
he wrote out the inscription of your triumph,  
O Lord of Kings.  
We believe him to be a companion both  
of the cross and the kingdom,  
And a brother Of Christ,  
your Son.  
Thus we, burdened by the weight  
of our sins, pray to you, O God,  
That, through the intercession of this one,  
who always following your precepts is pleasing to you,  
You might protect us  
throughout eternity.

22

Through triumphant contest  
of soldiers of the most high king,  
This day is one of celebration for the people  
who follow that king/believing in the king.  
The heroes of this day have rejected  
the delights of worldly things,  
And in exchange have day by day taken up  
the cross – once a sign of shame.  
No one's savagery can separate them from Christ,  
Indeed they hasten to him through death in their thousands.

Non carcer ullus aut caténa  
mólliunt fórtia in Christo péctora;  
Sed nec ferárum morsus diri  
mártyrum sólídum éxcavant ánimum  
Non ímminens cápiti gládius térritat  
Fortíssimos mílites óptimi Dómini  
Nunc manu Dei compléxi persecúentum  
insúltant furóribus quondam crudélibus  
Et plebi Christi solámen suppéditant  
in cunctis labóribus lúbrici saéculi  
Vos Christi mártýres  
Nos valde fráguiles  
Précibus nos iusto iúdice sincéris  
iúgiter commendáre curáte.

23

Quid tu, virgo  
mater, ploras, Rachel formósa,  
Cuius vultus Iacob deléctat?  
Ceusoróris anículae  
Lippitúdo eum iuvet!  
Terge, mater, fluéntes óculos!  
Quam te decent genárum rímulae?  
Heu, heu, heu, quid me incusátis fletus  
incássum fudísse?  
Cum sim orbáta nato, paupertátem meam  
qui solus curáret:  
Qui non hóstibus céderet  
angústos términos quos mihi  
Iacob adquisívit:  
Quique stólidis frátribus,  
quos multos, pro dolor, éxtuli,  
esset profutúrus.  
Numquid flendus est iste,  
Qui regnum possédit caeléste?  
Quique prece frequénti  
míseris frátribus apud Deum auxiliátur!

*Notker Balbulus* 2–4 6–10 12–17 19–23  
*Traditional liturgical texts* 1 5 11 18

No prison nor chain  
softens the resolve of these hearts brave in Christ;  
Indeed even the dreadful bites of wild beasts  
do not eviscerate the staunch spirit of martyrs.  
Nor does the sword threatening their head terrify  
these bravest soldiers of the Lord most high.  
Now, enfolded in the hand of God,  
they mock the once cruel ravings of persecutors,  
And they offer solace to the people of Christ,  
those remaining in all the labours of this transient world.  
You, O martyrs of Christ,  
Us, the utterly weak,  
Please continually through your sincere prayers  
take care to commend to the just judge.

23

Why are you weeping,  
O virgin mother, beautiful Rachel,  
You whose face delights Jacob?  
As though he were pleased by  
the bleary eyes of the elderly sister!  
Cover, O mother, those weeping eyes!  
How can traces [of tears] on your cheeks adorn you?  
O woe, woe, woe! Why do you chide me with  
having poured forth tears in vain?  
Since I am deprived of my son,  
of him who alone attended to my poverty:  
He who did not yield to the enemies  
the meagre territories  
which Jacob gained for me:  
And he, who was to be a support  
to those foolish brothers,  
the many who, alas, I exalted.  
Surely this one, who has gained the kingdom of heaven,  
should not be so lamented?  
This one who, with his recurrent intercession,  
supports those poor brothers in the presence of God?

*English translations: Calvin M. Bower  
from Bower, C. M.: The Liber Ymnorum of  
Notker Balbulus (Henry Bradshaw Society, 2016)*

## Schola Antiqua of Chicago



Schola Antiqua of Chicago is a professional Early Music collective that prepares and performs insightful and wide-ranging programmes of pre-modern music. The ensemble takes pride in presenting the highest standards of performance, informed by research on historical music from the European Renaissance and earlier. Founded in 2000, the organisation has received invitations from an array of institutions, including museums where it has provided live and recorded music in connection with major art exhibitions around the United States. In 2012, Schola Antiqua received the Noah Greenberg Award from the American Musicological Society for outstanding contributions to historical performing practice, and its ties to the academic community can be seen in collaborations with scholars from around the world.

[www.schola-antiqua.org](http://www.schola-antiqua.org)

Notker Balbulus, also known as Notker of St Gall or Notker the Stammerer, was a renowned Benedictine monk at the Abbey of St Gall in Switzerland who made substantial contributions to both the music and literature of his time. These include the *Liber ymnorum*, which forms an important collection of early musical sequences that celebrate special moments in the liturgical calendar. As the ‘very long melodies’ of the liturgical sequences were a formidable challenge to memorise, Notker created these texts as an aid to holding the melodies within the mind and memory. They are performed here by the acclaimed and insightful Schola Antiqua of Chicago.

# NOTKER BALBULUS

(c. 840–912)

## Liber ymnorum

1 Alleluia. Dies sanctificatus illuxit nobis	2:13	12 Sancti baptistae Christi praeconis	3:14
2 Natus ante saecula	3:21	13 Petre summe Christi pastor	2:51
3 Laus tibi, Christe	3:16	14 Laurenti David	2:55
4 Gaude, Maria virgo	3:11	15 Stirpe, Maria, regia procreata	2:20
5 Alleluia. Benedictus es	1:33	16 Magnum te, Michahalem	2:05
6 Festa Christi omnis christianitas celebret	3:42	17 Psallat ecclesia	2:11
7 Virginis venerandae	1:51	18 Alleluia. Beatus vir qui timet Dominum	1:44
8 Iudicem nos inspicientem	2:01	19 Sacerdotem Christi Martinum	4:05
9 Summi triumphum regis	3:35	20 A solis occasu usque ad exortum	2:40
10 Sancti Spiritus assit nobis gratia	4:08	21 Deus in tua virtute	2:18
11 Alleluia. Iustus ut palma florebit	2:31	22 Agone triumphali	2:35
		23 Quid tu, virgo	2:10

## Schola Antiqua of Chicago • Michael Alan Anderson

A detailed track list can be found inside the booklet • The Latin sung texts and English translations are included in the booklet, and may also be accessed at [www.naxos.com/libretti/579169.htm](http://www.naxos.com/libretti/579169.htm)

Recorded: 5–8 August 2022 at St Josaphat Parish, Chicago, Illinois, USA

Producer and engineer: Bill Rohlfing • Editors: Michael Alan Anderson, Calvin M. Bower

Booklet notes: Calvin M. Bower

Edited by Calvin M. Bower: *Liber ymnorum of Notker Balbulus* (London: Henry Bradshaw Society, 2016)

Cover: *Notker Balbulus*, from a 10th-century medieval manuscript (Alamy Stock Photo)

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