

Gotham Early Music Scene (GEMS) presents



MIDTOWN CONCERTS

Thursday, May 28, 2026 1:15 pm
St Malachy's Church – The Actors' Chapel in New York City

Live Streamed to [YouTube](#)

THEOTOKOS *Music in the Time of Charlemagne*

Adrienne Lotto ~ voice Garrett Eucker ~ voice Dongmyung Abn ~ vielle Tracy Cowart ~ harp, voice
Rocky Duval ~ voice Doug Balliett ~ harp, organ, direction

Part 1: Renovatio

The most beautiful chants

Alleluia: In die resurrectionis meae ~ Hymn: Aeterna caeli Gloria ~ Gradual: Christus factus est ~
Offertory: Jubilate Deo omnis

Part 2: Inventio

Anglo-Norman Sequelae

Adorabo Minor ~ Exsultate Deo ~ Lyra ~ Fulgens Praeclara

Notker: Sequences

Epiphany: Festa Christi ~ Gallus: Directe deo ~ Assumption: Congaudent

Part 3: Subjugo

The Heliand (excerpt)

Part 4: Cadio

Plantus Cygni

Historia Santus Arnulfus Metensis (excerpts)

Antiphon: Splendor Aspira ~ Responsory: Politis in Lapidibus ~
Antiphon: Cum Promere ~ Responsory: Cum Civitatis

Planctus Karolus (excerpt)

Midtown Concerts are produced by Gotham Early Music Scene, Inc., and are made possible with support from St. Malachy's Church–The Actors' Chapel, The New York State Council on the Arts with the support of Governor Kathy Hochul and the New York State Legislature; the Howard Gilman Foundation; generous donations from audience members, and our 2025–26 season sponsors: **Maria Sarah Ragucci, Paul & Faina Ross, Carol Stein, Michael Tremonte, and the Weinig Foundation.**

Gotham Early Music Scene, 340 Riverside Drive, Suite 1A, New York, NY 10025 Tel (212) 866-0468
Robby Meese, Midtown Concerts Manager Toby Tadman-Little, Program Editor Naomi Morse, Director of Marketing
Paul Arents, House Manager Luce Burrell and Kylie Sterling, Concert Managers Christina Britton Conroy, Announcer
Gene Murrow, Dennis Cembalo, Christina Britton Conroy, JJ Leaver, Live stream Crew
Gloria Latona, Joseph Latona, and Roberta Pikser, Volunteers
Gene Murrow, Founder and Chairman



www.gemsny.org

ABOUT THE PROGRAM

Around the year 800, a huge body of music suddenly appeared all over Europe; music which is complex, subtle, and highly emotional. This is the first notated western music, and its miraculous appearance is directly linked to Charlemagne, and his dream of a reformed Roman empire. The Carolingian Renaissance produced Europe's first identifiable composers whose eager and inventive voices can be discerned 1200 years later. Special attention will be given to Notker the Stammerer, a 9th-century visionary monk and biographer of Charlemagne, as well as the fascinating conquest poem *Heliand*.

ABOUT THE ARTISTS

Theotokos Ensemble is the living embodiment of an historic church ensemble. Founded in 2020, the ensemble is in residence at St. Mary's Church in Manhattan. Every week, director Doug Balliett composes a new Mass cantata which the ensemble performs alongside relevant Baroque and Medieval masterworks. Theotokos has given concerts of sacred vocal music in America and Europe, including Hermann of Reichenau's *Historia Sancti Magni*, Telemann's *Harmonischer Gottesdienst* cantatas, "The Passion before Bach", Charpentier's *Leçons de Tenebres*, "Hildegard // Bernard", and the sacred madrigals of Marenzio.

Next Week:
CARNET DE SOIE ~ SILK ROAD DIARIES
Musical Journeys Along the Historic Silk Road



Support Midtown Concerts
Please make a donation today
Thank you!

MUSIC IN THE TIME OF CHARLEMAGNE

Theotokos Ensemble Texts and Translations

ALLELUIA - In die resurrectionis

Alleluia. In die resurrectionis meae dicit dominus praecedam vos in Galilaeam.

Alleluia.

Alleluia. On the day of My Resurrection, saith the Lord, I will go before you into Galilee. Alleluia.

HYMN: Aeterna caeli gloria

Aeterna caeli gloria,
beata spes mortalium,
celsi Parentis Unice,¹
castaeque proles Virginis:
Da dexteram surgentibus,
exsurgat et mens sobria.
flagrans et in laudem Dei
grates rependat debitas.
Ortus refulget lucifer,
ipsamque lucem nuntiat,
cadit caligo noctium,²
lux sancta nos illuminet.
Manensque nostris sensibus
noctem repellat saeculi
omnique fine temporis
purgata servet pectora.
Quaesita iam primum fides
radicet altis sensibus,³
secunda spes congaudeat,
tunc⁴ maior exstat caritas.
Sit, Christe, rex piissime,
tibi Patrique gloria,
cum Spiritu Paraclito,
in sempiterna saecula. Amen.

O Christ, whose glory fills the heaven,
our only hope, in mercy given;
Child of a Virgin meek and pure;
Son of the Highest evermore:
Grant us Thine aid Thy praise to sing,
as opening days new duties bring;

that with the light our life may be
renewed and sanctified by Thee.
The morning star fades from the sky,
the sun breaks forth; night's shadows fly:
O Thou, true Light, upon us shine:
our darkness turn to light divine.
Within us grant Thy light to dwell:
and from our souls dark sins expel;
Cleanse Thou our minds from stain of ill,
and with Thy peace our bosoms fill.
To us strong faith forever give,
with joyous hope, in Thee to live;
That life's rough way may ever be
made strong and pure by charity.
All laud to God the Father be;
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee;
All glory, as is ever meet,
to God the Holy Paraclete.

GRADUAL: Christus factus est

Christus factus est pro nobis obediens
usque ad mortem, mortem autem crucis.
V. Propter quod et Deus exaltavit illum,
et dedit illi nomen, quod est super omne
nomen.

Christ became obedient for us unto death,
even to the death of the cross.
V. Therefore God also has highly exalted
Him, and bestowed on Him the name which
is above every name.

OFFERTORY: Jubilate Deo omnis terra

Jubilate Deo omnis terra, servite Domino in
laetitia: intrate in conspectu ejus in
exultatione, quia Dominus ipse est Deus.

Rejoice in God, all the earth; serve the Lord
with gladness. Enter into his presence with
exultation, for the Lord himself is God.

NOTKER: Festa Christi

Festa Christi omnis christianitas celebret.
Quae miris sunt modis ornata cunctisque
veneranda populis.

Per omnitenentis adventum atque
vocationem gentium.
Ut natus est Christus est stella magis visa
lucida.
At illi non cassam putantes tanti signi
gloriam,
Secum munera deferunt, parvulo offerunt,
ut regi caeli quem sidus praedicat.
Atque aureo tumidi principis lectulo
transito, Christi praesepe quaeritant.
Hinc ira saevi Herodis fervida, invidi
recens rectori genito.
Bethlehem parvulos praecipit ense crudeli
perdere.
O Christe! quantum patris exercitum,
juvenis doctus ad bella maxima,
populis praedicans colligis, sugens cum
tantum miseris.
Anno hominis tricesimo, subtus famuli se
incli tyi inclinaverat manus Deus,
consecrans nobis baptismum in absolutionem
criminum.
Ecce Spiritus in specie ipsum alitis
innocuae,
uncturus sanctis prae omnibus, visitat,
semper ipsius contentus mansionem pectoris.
Patris etiam insonuit vox pia, veteris oblita
sermonis:
“Paenitet me fecisse hominem.”
“Vere filius es tu meus, mihimet placitus,
in quo sum placatus; hodie te, mi fili,
genui.”
Huic omnes auscultate populi praeceptori.

Let all Christendom celebrate the feast of
Christ,
Which is adorned in wondrous ways and
revered by every people.
Through the coming of the Almighty and
the calling of the nations.
For when Christ was born, a brilliant star
appeared to the Magi.
And they, not considering the glory of so
great a sign to be in vain,

Bring gifts with them and offer them to the
little child, as to the King of Heaven whom
the star proclaimed.
And, passing by the golden couch of the
proud prince, they seek the manger of
Christ.
Hence the burning wrath of savage Herod,
envious of the newborn ruler.
He commands the little children of
Bethlehem to perish by the cruel sword.
O Christ! how great an army for the Father,
Though young, already trained for the
greatest wars,
You gather by preaching to the peoples,
while still nursing compassion for the
wretched.
In the thirtieth year of a man’s life, God
bowed beneath the hands of his glorious
servant,
Consecrating baptism for us unto the
remission of sins.
Behold, the Spirit in the form of a harmless
bird
Comes to him, about to anoint him holy
above all others,
Ever content to dwell within his breast.
The gracious voice of the Father also
resounded, forgetting the ancient utterance:
“I repent that I have made man.”
“Truly you are my Son, pleasing to me,
In you I am well pleased; today, my son, I
have begotten you.”
All peoples, therefore, kiss the feet of this
teacher.

NOTKER: Dilecte Deo, Galle

Dilecte Deo, Galle, perenni
Hominibusque et coetibus angelorum,
Qui Iesu Christi obediens
Arduae suasioni
Praedia patris, gremium matris,
Coniugis curam, ludicra nati
Sprevisti, pauperem pauper
Dominum sequens,
Et crucem gaudiis praetulisti lubricis.

Sed Christus pretio centuplicato
Haec compensat, ut dies iste
Testatur,
Dum tibi nos omnes filios
Dulci subdit affectu,
Sueviamque, suavem patriam
Tibi, Galle, donavit:
Necnon et iudicem in caelis apostolorum
Choro iunctum te fecit sedere.
Te nunc suppliciter precamur, ut nobis
Iesum Christum, Galle, postules favere
Et locum corporis eius
Pace repleas,
Ac tuos supplices crebra
Prece subleves,
Ut tibi debitam honorificentiam
Laetabundi semper mereamur solvere,
O Galle, Deo dilecte.

Beloved of God, Gallus, forever
By men and by the companies of angels,
You who, obedient to Jesus Christ
And to his stern persuasion,
The lands of your father, the bosom of your
mother,
A wife's care, the play of children,
Despised — poor man following
The poor Lord —
And preferred the cross to slippery
pleasures.
But Christ repays these things
At a hundredfold price, as this day
Bears witness,
While he lovingly subjects us all
To you as sons,
And granted to you, Gallus,
Swabia as a pleasant homeland;
And likewise made you sit in heaven
Joined to the choir of apostles.
Now we humbly pray you, that for us
You ask Jesus Christ, Gallus, to show favor,
And fill the place of his body
With peace,
And by frequent prayer raise up
Your suppliant servants,
So that rejoicing we may always deserve

To render the honor due to you,
O Gallus, beloved of God.

NOTKER: Congaudent angelorum chori

Congaudent angelorum chori
Gloriosae virgini,
Quae sine virili commixtione
Genuit
Filium qui suo mundum cruore medicat.
Nam ipsa laetatur
Quod caeli iam conspicatur principem,
In terris qui quondam sugendas
Virgo mammillas praebuit.
Quam celebris angelis
Maria Iesu mater creditur,
Qui filii illius debitos se
Cognoscunt famulos.
Qua gloria in caelis
Ista virgo colitur,
Quae Domino caeli praebuit hospitium
Sui sanctissimi corporis.
Quam splendida polo
Stella maris rutilat,
Quae omnium lumen astrorum
Et hominum atque spirituum genuit.
Te caeli regina
Haec plebicula piis concelebrat mentibus;
Te cantu melodo super aethera
Una cum angelis elevat.
Te libri, virgo, concinunt,
Prophetarum chorus iubilat,
Sacerdotum, apostoli,
Christique martyres praedicant.
Te plebis sexus sequitur utriusque,
Vitam diligens virginalem,
Caelicolas in castimonia
Aemulans.
Ecclesia ergo cuncta
Te cordibus teque carminibus venerans
Tibi suam manifestat devotionem,
Precatu te supplici implorans, Maria,
Ut sibi auxilio circa
Christum Dominum esse digneris
Per aevum.

Let the choirs of angels rejoice together
 For the glorious Virgin,
 Who without union with a man
 Gave birth
 To the Son who heals the world by his
 blood.
 For she herself rejoices
 Because she now beholds the prince of
 heaven,
 He to whom once on earth
 The Virgin offered her nursing breasts.
 How renowned among the angels
 Mary, the mother of Jesus, is believed to be,
 They who acknowledge themselves
 The devoted servants of her Son.
 With what glory in heaven
 This Virgin is honored,
 She who offered hospitality to the Lord of
 Heaven
 Within her most holy body.
 How splendidly in the sky
 The Star of the Sea shines forth,
 She who bore the light of all the stars
 And of mankind and spirits.
 You, O Queen of Heaven,
 This little people celebrates with faithful
 minds;
 You with melodious song beyond the
 heavens
 It exalts together with the angels.
 You, Virgin, the sacred books sing of,
 The choir of prophets rejoices over,
 Priests and apostles
 And Christ's martyrs proclaim.
 You are followed by people of either sex,
 Loving the virginal life,
 Emulating the citizens of heaven
 In chastity.
 Therefore the whole Church,
 Honoring you with hearts and with songs,
 Makes known to you its devotion,
 Imploring you with humble prayer, O Mary,
 That you may deign to be
 Its helper before Christ the Lord
 Forever.

TUOTILO: Hodie cantandus est

Hodie cantandus est nobis puer,
 Quem gignebat ineffabiliter ante tempora
 pater,
 Et eundem sub tempore generavit inclita
 mater.
 Quis est iste puer,
 Quem tam magnis praeconiis dignum
 vociferatis?
 Dicite nobis,
 Ut collaudatores esse possimus.
 Hic enim est,
 Quem praesagus et electus symmista Dei
 Ad terras venturum praevidens
 Longe ante prae-notavit,
 Sicque praedixit.

Today there must be sung to us a child,
 Whom the Father ineffably begot before all
 ages,
 And whom, in time, the glorious mother
 brought forth.
 Who is this child
 Whom you proclaim worthy of such great
 praises?
 Tell us,
 That we also may become his praisers.
 For this is he
 Whom the prophetic and chosen initiate of
 God,
 Foreseeing that he would come to earth,
 Marked out long beforehand,
 And thus foretold.

HELIAND (Song 24)

Three nights afterwards the people's
 mighty chieftain decided to go up to
 Galileeland. He, God's Son, had been
 invited to a wedding. There a blushing
 bride would be given away, a beautiful
 maiden.
 Mary, the happy virgin, the mighty one's
 mother, was there with her Son.
 The Protector of People, God's own Child,
 went with His warriors up to the high hill-

fort, where the people were already drinking there in the feasting-hall.

He was there too, at the wedding, and it was there that He made known that He had God's strength, Holy Spirit, protection from the Father up in heaven, the wisdom of the Ruler.

The warriors were merry, the people were enjoying themselves together, the men were feeling good. The servants were pouring from pitchers, clear wine in barrels and steins. Dukes and earls getting along in the drinking hall, what a beautiful sight! The men on the benches were maybe getting a little over-excited, they were drunk and they were happy!

Then the wine ran out on them; the people had no more apple wine. There was not the smallest drop left in the house that the servants could pour out to the people. The vats were empty; the liquor was gone. Now it wasn't very long before the loveliest of ladies, Christ's Mother learned about it. She spoke with her child, with her son himself, and told Him in words that the servants were searching for wine for warriors' wedding, earnestly entreating holy Christ to help His people: to help them to be happy.

The mighty son of God had a ready answer, and He said to his mother, "What is it to me, what happens to these people's liquor, to these warriors' wine? What is it to you to talk so much about it, woman?

Admonishing me here, in front of all these people? My times have not yet come."

However, the holy virgin, trusted well in her mind that, even after these words, the Ruler's son, the best of healers, would help. Then the most beautiful of women told the servants, those who were pouring, and those in charge of the wine, all those who were serving the guests at the wedding, that they were not to let out a whit of the words or the actions that the holy Christ would tell them to do.

Six stone vats were standing there empty. God's mighty Child gave His orders very quietly, so that nobody would know for sure exactly how He said it with His words. He told those pouring, "Fill the vats with clear water", and signed the vats of water with the cross with His fingers, with His own hands—He worked the water into wine! Then He ordered it be poured into a drinking vessel, drawn off with a pitcher, and speaking to a servant, He said "Give to the most important person at the wedding, put it right into the Hands of whoever is in charge."

As soon as he tasted the wine the man couldn't contain himself from speaking out, in front of the crowd, to the bridegroom. He said that it was supposed to be the excellent apple-wine that every intelligent earl serves FIRST at his wedding. "Men's minds wake up with the wine. First they feel merry, then merrier still—when they're drunk, they rejoice! This is the moment—when they're already drunk—to serve up the cheap stuff. This is the custom we keep. Now you, as host, have arranged things in a most amazing way! Why did you order your servants to serve us the worst of your wine first at your wedding? Now everybody is full. Now everybody is drunk. Can't you see they're intoxicated? And now you decide to serve us the loveliest apple-wine I've ever seen in my life. Where was this wonderful wine at the start of the wedding?"

After those words, after they had drunk this wine, many a noble thane became aware that bold Christ had performed a sign there inside the house. This was the first of the many wonders which He performed there in Galileeland.

CLANGAM FILII

Clangam, filii, ploratione una
Alitis cygni, qui transfretavit aequora.
O quam amare lamentabatur, arida
Se dereliquisse florigera et petisse alta
Maria;
Aiens: "Infelix sum avicula, Heu mihi, quid
agam misera?
Pennis soluta inniti lucida non potero hic in
stilla.
Undis quator, procellis hinc inde nunc
allidor exulata.
Angor inter arta gurgitum cacumina,
gemens alatizo intuens mortifera, non
conscendens supera.
Cernens copiosa piscium legumina, non
queo in denso gurgitum assumere alimenta
optima.
Ortus, occasus, plagae poli, administrate
lucida sidera.
Sufflagitate Oriona, effugitantes, nubes
occiduas."
Dum haec cogitarem tacita, venit rutila
adminicula aurora.
Oppitulata afflamine coepit virium
recuperare fortia.
Ovatizans iam agebatur inter alta et
consueta nubium sidera.
Hilarata ac iucundata, nimis facta,
penetrabatur marium flumina.
Dulcimode cantitans volitavit ad amoena
arida.
Concurrere omnia alitum et conclamate
agmina:
Regi magno sit gloria. Amen.

I shall cry out, my sons, with the
lamentation of a swan-like bird
That has crossed the seas.
O how bitterly it lamented that it had left
behind the flower-bearing dry lands and
sought the high seas; saying: "Unhappy
little bird am I; alas for me, what shall I do,
wretched one?
With loosened wings I cannot rest secure
here upon the waves. I am tossed by the

waters, by storms; from every side I am
now battered, an exile.

I am distressed among the narrow summits
of the whirlpools. Groaning, I beat my
wings while gazing upon deadly things,
unable to rise above them.

Seeing abundant shoals of fishes, I cannot
from the thick waters take the finest
nourishment.

Sunrise and sunset, regions of the sky, send
forth your shining stars. Scatter away
Orion and the threatening western clouds."

While I pondered these things in silence,
there came ruddy dawn as a helper.

Assisting with its breath, it began to
restore my strength in vigor.

Rejoicing, I was now borne along among the
heights and familiar stars of the clouds.

Gladdened and made joyful, excessively
uplifted, I passed over the rivers of the
seas. Singing sweetly, I flew to the pleasant
dry lands.

Gather together, all you companies of birds,
and cry aloud: to the great King be glory.
Amen.

HISTORIA SANCTI ARNULFI (excerpts)

Antiphon: Splendor Aspira

Splendor aspira nobis tibi solvere munia
laudis Martiris Arnulfi meritis precibusque
beati.

May glory inspire us to render to you the
duties of praise,

O Martyr Arnulf, through the merits and
prayers of the blessed one.

Responsory: Politis in Lapidibus

R. Politis in lapidibus quibus celestis
struitur hierusalem mirificamcat Arnulfus
gloria.

V. Colore pictus rubeo martirii cognitio.

Among polished stones by which the
heavenly Jerusalem is built
Arnulf shines with wondrous glory.

V. Adorned with the red color of martyrdom,
the knowledge of glory.

Prosa: Solus qui Permanes

Solus qui permanes deus super omnes
Pietatem tuam poscimus humiles
Ut nostra corpora semper sanctifices
Mentes atque nostris cor tibi prepares
Sine fine pie rex nos conserva
Tua nobis concede solamina.

O God, who alone remainest above all
things,
We humbly ask your loving kindness,
That you may always sanctify our bodies,
And prepare both minds and our heart for
you,
O merciful king, preserve us without end,
Grant us your consolations.

Antiphon: Cum promere

Cum promere dominica in nocte laudum
cantica clamare cepit anima Sante Arbulfe
adiuva.

When at night he began to sing forth
The songs of praise of the Lord,
The soul of Saint Arnulf cried out:
Help me.

Responsory: Cum Civitas

R. Cum civitas turonica fores pastore indua
Sanctus Arnulfus strenuam suscepit
economiam.

V. Electus et ab angelis maiorem gradum
meruit.

When the city of Tours, deprived of its
shepherd,
Saint Arnulf undertook a strong
governance.
V. Chosen, and by the angels, he merited a
higher rank.

Prosa: Pro meritis

Pro meritis optimus fugimus ad te

Poli dives incola martyr Arnulfe
Nimis gloriose
Te veneramus clara voce
Ad te clamantes nos respice
Pie pater nobis succurre
Nos ab omni malo eripe
Um bone sancto famulos protege
Atrox ne Serpens valeat ledere
Dulcis alta preces nostras suscipe
Clementium tuam nobis ostende
Rogamus te Christe huius almi martyris
prece
Fac nos ulluc scandere
Quo beatus Arnulfus esse
Tecum quae cunctis valde venerandus est
beatus Arnulfus.

For your merits, best of all, we flee to you,
O rich dweller of heaven, martyr Arnulf,
Most glorious one,
We venerate you with a clear voice,
Calling out to you, look upon us,
O loving father, come to our aid,
Rescue us from all evil,
O good saint, protect your servants,
Lest the fierce serpent be able to harm us,
Sweet one, hear our prayers on high,
Show us your mercy,
We ask you, O Christ, through the prayer of
this noble martyr,
Make us able to ascend
To where blessed Arnulf is,
With you, who is among all most worthy of
veneration, blessed Arnulf.

PLANCTUS KAROLI

A solis ortu usque ad occidua
littora maris planctus pulsat pectora.
Ultra marina agmina tristitia
tetigit ingens cum merore nimio.
Heu mihi misero!
Franci, Romani atque cuncti creduli
luctu punguntur et magna molestia.
Infantes, senes, gloriosi praesules
matrone plangunt detrimentum Caesaris.

Heu mihi misero!
Iam iam non cessant lacrimarum flumina,
nam plangit orbis interitum Karoli:
Pater communis orfanorum omnium,
peregrinorum, uiduarum, uirginum.
Heu mihi misero!
Christe, caelorum qui gubernas agmina,
tuo in regno da requiem Karolo.
Hoc poscunt omnes fideles et creduli,
hoc sancti senes, uiduae et uirgines.
Heu mihi misero!
Imperatorem iam serenum Karolum
telluris tegit titulatus tumulus.
Spiritus sanctus, qui gubernat omnia,
animam suam exaltet in requiem.
Heu mihi misero!
Ve tibi sola, formosa Italia,
cunctisque tuis tam honestis urbibus.
Francia diras perpessa iniurias
nullum iam talem dolorem sustinuit:
Heu mihi misero!
Quando augustum facundumque Karolum
in Aquisgrani glebis terrae tradidit
Nox mihi dira iam retulit somnia
diesque clara non adduxit lumina
Heu mihi misero!
In sancta sede cum tuis apostolis
suscipe pium, o tu Christe, Karolum.
Heu mihi misero!

From the rising of the sun to the setting
to the shores of the sea, lamentation strikes
the hearts.

Across the overseas hosts, sorrow
has touched them greatly with excessive
grief.

Alas for me, wretched one!

The Franks, the Romans, and all the
faithful

are pierced with grief and great distress.

Infants, elders, glorious bishops,
and noble women lament the loss of Caesar.

Alas for me, wretched one!

Now, now the rivers of tears do not cease,
for the whole world mourns the death of
Charles:

the common father of all orphans,
of pilgrims, widows, and virgins.

Alas for me, wretched one!

O Christ, who governs the armies of
heaven,

grant Charles rest in your kingdom.

This all the faithful and believers ask,
this the holy elders, widows, and virgins.

Alas for me, wretched one!

The emperor Charles, now serene,
the titled tomb covers in the earth.

May the Holy Spirit, who governs all things,
raise his soul into rest.

Alas for me, wretched one!

Woe to you alone, beautiful Italy,
and to all your noble cities.

France, having suffered dreadful wrongs,
has never endured such sorrow again:

Alas for me, wretched one!

When noble and eloquent Charles
was given to the earth in Aachen's soil,
a dreadful night brought me dreams,
and no bright day brought light.

Alas for me, wretched one!

In the holy seat with your apostles
receive the pious Charles, O Christ.

Alas for me, wretched one!