

# CLERESTORY

"Eight distinctive voices blending in a gorgeous sound..."

## *Ye Sacred Muses: Music from the Chapel Royal*

*Byrd, Tallis, Purcell and more*

Saturday, March 7, 8:00pm

Sunday, March 8, 5:00pm

St. Mark's Episcopal Church

St. Mark's Lutheran Church

2300 Bancroft Way, Berkeley

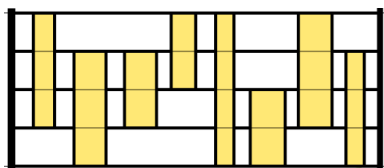
1111 O'Farrell Street, San Francisco

Tickets: \$17 advance, \$20 general admission, \$10 student/senior (door only)

*"[Clerestory] maintained a superb blend and balance, and took great care to shape even the most straightforward of phrases."*

*June 8, 2007 – Kathryn Miller,  
SFCV*

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join our email list,  
and buy tickets at  
[www.clerestory.org](http://www.clerestory.org)**



## *A message from Clerestory . . .*

Welcome to our tribute to English royalty and the venerable Chapel Royal, *Ye Sacred Muses*. For centuries, the Chapel Royal stood at the head of British sacred music, and its preeminent composers included great masters such as Thomas Tallis, William Byrd, and Henry Purcell. As you will hear, a great many other Chapel Royal composers whose names are less familiar were themselves worthy of the job.

Clerestory reached a new milestone last month with our premiere performance on National Public Radio's nationwide music program *Performance Today*. On February 17, we were heard on over 250 affiliate stations nationwide (though not in the Bay Area, unfortunately!). The show, which plays recordings of live performances from around the country, featured the piece *The Scribe* from our program last spring called *O Sweet Spontaneous Earth*.

Those of you who have been Clerestory fans for a while know that recordings of our performances have been just a mouse click away all along. Our website now includes our Christmas concerts last December, which featured the gratifying debut of our version for men's voices of Britten's *A Ceremony of Carols*. These concerts also marked the release of Clerestory's first, self-titled CD, which is a compilation of the best of our live performances from our first two seasons. This disc is just \$10 and can be purchased during intermission or after tonight's concert. As always, the CD, the aforementioned Christmas concerts, and much more is available at our website: [www.clerestory.org](http://www.clerestory.org).

It seems unlikely that, as a group of professional singers, we could make our music so affordable in so many forms. We can only do this because of you, and we need your participation now more than ever. Thanks to the support that our audience and our board of trustees have shown so far, we hope to remain afloat and to continue to offer the highest quality music through our concerts, recordings and website. Please consider what it means to you to have musicians you know and who live in your town making music of this kind and quality together. We are extremely grateful for anything you can do.

The final performances of our 2008-2009 season on May 15-17 will be very special indeed. We welcome the acclaimed Santa Cruz-based women's trio Mayim for a program called *Voices in the American Tradition*. Both groups will perform a mix of folk, traditional, jazz, and other music comprising our country's musical heritage. Those who remember our 2007 program *Americana* will recall the undiscovered delights, both serious and whimsical, that this music brings. As for us, we are looking forward to both trying something a little bit new, and sharing the stage with the beautiful and talented women of Mayim!

Thanks for attending tonight's performance. Please enjoy.

*The Men of Clerestory*

Upcoming Concerts:

### Clerestory and Mayim

#### ***Voices in the American Tradition***

Friday, May 15, 8:00 p.m.

Berkeley (venue TBA)

Saturday, May 16, 8:00 p.m.

Pacific Cultural Center, Santa Cruz

Sunday, May 17, 5:00 p.m.

St. Mark's Lutheran Church, San Francisco

# Program

- I. Thomas Tallis and William Byrd  
Come, Let Us Rejoice William Byrd (1540-1623)\*  
A New Commandment Thomas Tallis (1505-1585)  
Ye Sacred Muses (Ode on the death of  
Tallis) William Byrd
- II. Hymns 1-3 from *Tunes for Archbishop  
Parker's Psalter* Thomas Tallis
- III. Other Chapel Royal Composers  
Turn Thee, O Lord William Croft (1678-1727)  
Let Thy Hand Be Strengthened John Blow (1649-1708)  
Hosanna to the Son of David Orlando Gibbons (1583-1625)
- IV. Hymns 6-8 from *Tunes for Archbishop  
Parker's Psalter* Thomas Tallis
- V. Purcell and Morley  
Thou Knowest, Lord Henry Purcell (1659-1695)  
Nolo Mortem Peccatoris\* Thomas Morley (1557-1602)  
Lord, How Long Wilt Thou Be Angry Henry Purcell
- VI. Ne Irascaris, Domine William Byrd  
(from *Cantiones Sacrae*, 1591)

## Intermission

- VII. From *The Triumphs of Oriana*  
Arise, Awake Thomas Morley  
Come, Gentle Swains Michael Cavendish (born c1565)  
Come Blessed Bird Robert Johnson (c1583-c1634)
- VIII. From *A Garland For The Queen*  
Silence and Music Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)\*  
White-Flowering Days Gerald Finzi (1901-1956)
- IX. From *The Triumphs of Oriana*  
Lightly She Whipped O'er the Dales John Mundy (c1550-1630)  
The Nymphs and Shepherds Danced George Marson (died c1632)  
With Wreaths of Rose and Laurel William Cobbold (1560-1639)
- X. From *A Garland For The Queen*  
Canzonet Alan Rawsthorne (1905-1971)  
Dance, Clarion Air Michael Tippett (1905-1998)

\*These pieces and/or composers are featured on Clerestory's newly released CD.

## Notes, Texts and Translations

It says something about monarchy as a form of government that, although the notion of political power passing through bloodlines is antithetical to what our own nation stands for, it is a source of pride for those nations that do have monarchs. Admittedly, the power of English royalty has waned in recent years, and its status is now closer to that of a figurehead. But for many centuries, kings and queens ruled over all they surveyed, and their subjects loved them, feared them - or both. The English monarch has always been, and remains, an essential part of what it means to be British.

More or less since King Henry VIII seized control of the church from the Pope in order to divorce his first wife, the ruling British monarch has been the titular head of the Church of England. (Henry's rule, it should be noted for context's sake, coincided with the first half of Thomas Tallis's life.) As a result, sacred music in England has been inextricably linked to the history and whimsy of royalty. Never was this more evident than in the sixteenth century, when Henry VIII insisted on strict Catholic practices (even after his excommunication); his son, Edward VI, moved toward Protestantism; "Bloody" Mary led an insistent and violent return to Catholicism; and finally, under Mary's half-sister Elizabeth I, compromise was reached and peace prevailed.

The effect of this upheaval on the music composed during this period was profound. As religions changed, so did the liturgies for practicing them. What language (Latin versus English) to use, how Mass could be sung, what place music had in services, even whether it was appropriate to sing long, melismatic lines with many notes to a single syllable - all this depended on the occupant of the throne. Composers were eager to please, and to keep their jobs, as well as their heads.

**The Chapel Royal** had existed since before the time of Henry VIII, and indeed it was not so much a place as an institution. The Chapel was officially a part of the monarch's "household," and travelled, like the rest of the court, with the king or queen. Services were held wherever the ruler was at the time, and it was not until the end of the 16th century (after Tallis's death in 1585) that a formal edifice was built to house the Chapel Royal. The first church was built at Stirling Castle in Scotland under James VI, and since 1702 has been at St. James Palace in London.

The reputation of the choir, organists, and composers of the Chapel Royal reached its apogee during Elizabeth I's reign. The queen was a well-known lover and patron of the arts and was herself a singer and keyboardist. (Although the virginal, as the harpsichord was known in England, also came to prominence during the Virgin Queen's rule, it was not thought to have been named in her honor.) The lineage of chief composers at the Chapel Royal reads like a who's-who of English sacred music:

Thomas Tallis (1545-85)  
William Byrd (1572-1618)  
Orlando Gibbons (1605-25)  
John Blow (1673-1708)

Henry Purcell (1682-95)  
Jeremiah Clarke (1674-1707)  
George Frideric Handel (1723-59)

As for the choir itself, the Gentlemen of the Chapel Royal were drawn from the finest singers in the country—including many of the composers themselves - and included other somewhat familiar names like John Sheppard and William Mundy. The treble line was sung by choirboys who were recruited (not always by their will) from parish churches all over.

The reason for the decline of the Chapel Royal as a musical institution is not easy to pinpoint. From its earliest days the Church of England placed primary importance on the local parish churches and cathedrals, and as these grew in number and size it may have become less of an attraction for cathedral musicians to come to St. James Palace. Meanwhile, as music printing became cheaper and monopolies ended, it became easy for composers to make a living by selling to the countless fine parish choirs springing up across the country. And, of course, the Chapel Royal's last prominent composer, Handel - with his fully orchestrated oratorios and anthems - was a tough act to follow.

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Apart from their contemporaries Shakespeare and Marlowe, it is hard to think of two Elizabethan figures who more profoundly impacted their art than **Thomas Tallis** and **William Byrd**. Both were jacks of all trades who were Chapel Royal organists, singers in the choir, and later - thanks to an otherwise exclusive monopoly granted by the Queen - publishers of music. But as composers, Tallis and Byrd (who were teacher and student, respectively) would be without peer until at least the time of Purcell over a century later. (If you aren't a particular fan of Purcell, or perhaps Benjamin Britten, you might plausibly argue that Tallis and Byrd are the most important English composers of all time.) Both wrote music in all the styles of the day: instrumental, choral, keyboard, for solo voice, sacred (Catholic and Protestant, Latin and English), madrigals, and more.

Much about Tallis' early life remains unknown. Like many musicians of the period, he served as organist and choirmaster at a number of churches before finally coming to Court as a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal in 1543, at the age of about 40. Unlike other composers, however, including his student Byrd, Tallis largely avoided the religious controversies of the day; one advantage of his fluency in so many styles was his ability to choose between them as religious and political circumstances would merit.

Tallis' music is characterized by the first really sophisticated polyphony among early English Renaissance composers. Particularly in his Latin motets, with their melismatic lines, Tallis explored rhythm and counterpoint on a masterly and unprecedented scale. His music in English, which is more often homophonic (as dictated by the Puritans when they were in power), is by contrast simple, yet poignant, and harmonically fascinating. *Tunes From Archbishop Parker's Psalter* is a perfect example of the this. This set of nine different hymn-like tunes was written in honor of Matthew Parker, who was Archbishop of Canterbury for sixteen years during Tallis' life and is credited as one of the original Anglican theologians. This evening we will perform six of these intimate psalm settings, the third of which is the best known and which is the tune borrowed in Ralph Vaughan Williams' *Fantasia on a Theme by Thomas Tallis*.

Tallis' death in 1585 was memorialized by two particularly poignant monuments: first, an epitaph above his grave in the chancel of his parish church which reads *As he did live, so also did he die, In mild and quiet Sort (O! happy Man)*. The second is an ode composed by Byrd for his teacher and colleague, *Ye Sacred Muses*, from which tonight's program takes its title.

**William Byrd**, unlike Tallis, had difficulty resolving his own Catholic faith with the often more Protestant demands of his employers. This is evident even in the first accounts of Byrd's professional career, when he was organist at Lincoln Cathedral: he was formally admonished and had his salary suspended by the Dean for his ornate style of composition and organ-playing in this time of puritanical aesthetics. Although Byrd composed a great deal of music in English when required, it is thought that much of his early music in Latin was written in secret, and made public only once Elizabeth was queen.

A great deal more is now known about Byrd's life thanks to the recent work of musicologist John Harley. For one thing, we know that he lived several years longer than was supposed before: although his will describes him as 80 years old, we now know that it was drafted three years before his death. Byrd was born in London, not Lincolnshire, yet was not in fact the son of the Chapel Royal Gentleman Thomas Byrd. By 1572, when Byrd was 32, he did finally join Tallis at the Chapel Royal, and three years later he and Tallis secured a joint patent for music printing from the Queen. They promptly took advantage of this monopoly - taking care to pay tribute to her Highness - by publishing a collection of 34 Latin motets, 17 by each man, one for each year of Elizabeth's reign.

Byrd published several more collections of Latin motets after Tallis' death, including two editions of *Cantiones Sacrae*, which are simultaneously among his most ornate and florid works, but also set the most despondent Old Testament psalm texts about the desolation of Israel. The masterpiece of the 1591 *Cantiones*, *Ne Irascaris, Domine*, is a perfect example of both and employs the kind of madrigalistic word-painting that had become fashionable in sacred music by that time.

**Come, let us rejoice** unto our Lord,  
let us make joy to God our Saviour.  
Let us approach to his presence in confession,  
and in Psalmes let us make joy to him.

**Ye Sacred Muses**, race of Jove,  
whom Music's lore delighteth,  
Come down from crystal heav'ns above  
to earth where sorrow dwelleth,  
In mourning weeds, with tears in eyes:  
Tallis is dead, and Music dies.

**A New Commandment** give I unto you, saith the Lord,  
that ye love together, as I have loved you,  
that e'en so ye love one another.  
By this shall ev'ry man know that ye are my disciples,  
if ye have love one to another.

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### Nine Psalm Tunes for Archbishop Parker's Psalter

#### First Tune

Man blest no doubt, who walk'th not out, in wicked men's affairs;  
And stand'th no day, in sinners' way, nor sitt'th in scorn's chairs;  
But hath his will in God's law still, this law to love aright;  
And will him use, on it to muse, to keep it day and night.

#### Psalm 1

#### Second Tune

Let God arise, in majesty, and scatt' red be his foes;  
Yea flee they all, his sight in face, to him which hateful goes;  
As smoke is driv'n, and comes to nought, repulse their tyranny;  
At face of fire, as wax doth melt, God's face the bad might fly.

#### Psalm 68

#### Third Tune

Why fum'th in sight, the Gentile's spite, in fury raging stout?  
Why tak'th in hand, the people fond, vain things to bring about?  
The Kings arise, the Lords devise in counsels met thereto;  
Against the Lord, with false accord, against his Christ they go.

#### Psalm 2

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**Thou Knowest, Lord, the Secrets of Our Hearts;**  
shut not thy merciful ears unto our pray'rs;  
but spare us, Lord most holy, O God most mighty.

O holy and most merciful Saviour,  
thou most worthy Judge eternal,  
suffer us not, at our last hour,  
for any pains of death, to fall from thee. Amen.

*Nolo Mortem Peccatoris; Haec sunt verba Salvatoris.*  
("I do not wish the death of a sinner." These are the  
words of the Savior.)

Father I am thine only Son, sent down from heav'n  
mankind to save.  
Father, all things fulfilled and done according to thy  
will, I have.  
Father, my will now all is this: *Nolo mortem peccatoris.*  
Father, behold my painful smart, taken for man on  
ev'ry side;  
Ev'n from my birth to death most tart, no kind of pain I  
have denied,  
but suffered all, and all for this: *Nolo mortem peccatoris.*  
**Lord, How Long Wilt Thou be Angry,**  
wilt Thou be angry, Lord.  
How long wilt Thou be angry?

Shall thy jealousy burn like a fire forever?  
O, remember not, o, remember not our old sins,  
but have mercy upon us and that soon.  
For we are come to great misery.  
For we are come to great misery.

Help us, O God, help us,  
O God of our salvation,  
for the glory of Thy name.  
O deliver us, o deliver us,  
o deliver us, o deliver us,  
and be merciful unto our sins,  
for thy name's sake.  
And be merciful unto our sins,  
be merciful unto our sins,  
for thy Name's sake.

So we that are Thy people,  
and the sheep of Thy pasture  
shall give Thee thanks for ever.  
And will alway be shewing forth Thy praise,  
be shewing forth Thy praise,  
And will alway be shewing forth Thy praise,  
from one generation to another,  
from one generation to another.

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**Let Thy Hand be Strengthened** and thy right hand be exalted,  
Let justice and judgment be the preparation of thy seat  
Let mercy and truth go before thy face. Allelujah.

**Turn Thee, O Lord,** and deliver my soul;  
save me for thy mercy's sake. Amen.

**Hosanna to the Son of David.**  
Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.  
Blessed be the King of Israel.  
Peace in heaven, and glory in the highest places.  
Hosanna in the highest heavens.

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(Nine Psalm Tunes for Archbishop Parker's Psalter)

**Sixth Tune**

**Psalm 5**

Expend, O Lord, my plaint of word in grief that I do make.  
My musing mind recount most kind; give ear for thine own sake.  
O hark my groan, my crying moan, my King, my God thou art.  
Let me not stray, from thee away, to thee I pray in heart.

**Seventh Tune**

**Psalm 52**

Why brag'st in malice high, O thou in mischief stout?  
God's goodness yet is nigh all day to me no doubt.  
Thy tongue to muse all ill, it doth itself inure;  
As razor sharp to spill, all guide it doth procure.

**Eighth Tune**

**Psalm 7**

God grant with grace, he us embrace, in gentle part, bless he our heart;  
With loving face, thine be his place, his mercies all, on us to fall;  
That we thy way, may know all day, while we do sail, this world so frail;  
Thy health's reward, is night declared, as plain as eye, all Gentiles spy.

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**Ne irascaris Domine** satis,  
et ne ultra memineris iniquitatis nostrae.  
Ecce respice populus tuus omnes nos.  
Civitas sancti tui facta est deserta.  
Sion deserta facta est,  
Jerusalem desolata est.

Be not angry, O Lord,  
and remember our iniquity no more.  
Behold, we are all your people.  
Your holy city has become a wilderness.  
Zion has become a wilderness,  
Jerusalem has been made desolate.

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While many singers and audiences today think of the traditional English madrigal as the prototype of the style - with their pastoral themes and fa-la refrains - it is easy to forget that by the time the madrigal gained peak popularity in Britain it had come and gone out of fashion in continental Europe. The Italian *frottola* and French *chanson* pioneered this type of secular song in the early sixteenth century and were the basis for the later part-songs written by English composers (many of whom had travelled in Europe). Nevertheless, as the British so often did in music, what they did not always come up with first they would later make their own and perfect.

In 1601, the composer Thomas Morley collected 25 madrigals by 23 composers (including two of his own) for a musical tribute to Queen Elizabeth called *The Triumphs of Oriana*. While some recent scholarship has suggested that the madrigals were individually composed for no particular occasion and with no dedicatee in mind, this is highly implausible. The Queen was occasionally referred to by this name Oriana (whose roots may lie either in the Latin words for "arising" or "golden"), and each of the 25 pieces ends with a variation on the same rhyming couplet: "Thus sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana: long live fair Oriana!" (This refrain will be very familiar to you by the end of this evening.) It would be quite an unlikely coincidence indeed for such a motley and widespread group of composers not to have had a common purpose.

The set as a whole is impressive, and the pieces have much in common with one another: they are nearly all in five or six voice parts, are nearly all in a major key, and, with flowers and sprites as their primary subjects, do little to dispel any stereotypes about madrigals. (Conspicuously absent is much in



the way of "fa la las".) Individually, though, the compositions - very few of whose authors remain familiar names today - are uneven in quality. For tonight, we have picked six of our favorites that fit well with our voices.

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England in the 1950s was a place in need of renewal and optimism, not unlike the tumultuous period before Elizabeth I ascended to the throne. World War II had left the country shattered, supplies were still being rationed, and in 1951, King George VI became gravely ill with cancer. Although the period until his death in early 1953 was agonizing for the country, there was an awareness that Princess Elizabeth would, like her namesake Queen Elizabeth 400 years earlier, represent a new hope.

To mark the occasion of Elizabeth's coronation in 1953, the Arts Council of Great Britain commissioned ten English composers to write a kind of 20th-century sequel to *The Triumphs of Oriana*. On June 1, 1953, with the city of London in full bloom on the eve of the coronation, the procession of contemporary madrigals known as *A Garland for the Queen* was performed at Royal Albert Hall. The diverse group of composers included several names that remain familiar today, including Ralph Vaughan Williams, Gerald Finzi, and Herbert Howells, but also included composers whose earlier works, while perhaps earning them this commission, never earned them international acclaim: Arthur Bliss, Arnold Bax, Edmund Rubbra, Alan Rawsthorne.

As it turns out, this sundry group of composers turned out a diverse but cohesive and excellent set of pieces, from which it was hard for us to choose. Vaughan Williams' *Silence and Music* is a tribute to Charles Villiers Stanford's much-loved *The Blue Bird* (which was heard on our program last spring *O Sweet Spontaneous Earth*) and employs the same soaring solo soprano voice. The poem was written by Vaughan Williams' second wife Ursula and describes the awakening of music "from silence, where it slept." Gerald Finzi, whose *White-Flowering Days* is among the most pastoral and optimistic pieces in the set, was a friend of Vaughan Williams, who helped him win a teaching post at the Royal Academy of Music. Finzi's rural sensibilities were earnest: after getting married, he moved to the country to devote himself to composition and to apple-growing. (Finzi is credited with saving several rare varieties of fruit from extinction.) In 1951, two years before the Queen's coronation, Finzi was diagnosed with untreatable Hodgkin's disease, and given less than ten years to live. In 1956, while travelling in Gloucestershire with Vaughan Williams, Finzi contracted an acute case of chicken pox. He would ultimately succumb to the resulting brain inflammation, caused by his weakened state.

Alan Rawsthorne and Michael Tippett were both born in 1905 and are both best known (relatively speaking) for their symphonies, string quartets, and concerti; Rawsthorne also wrote a great deal of music for film, and Tippett composed several operas. Both also became serious composers relatively late in life - Tippett because he was overly self-critical and rejected many of his own early works, and Rawsthorne because he initially pursued dentistry and architecture. Ultimately, the two also share in common a generally and unfairly underrated musical output.

Rawsthorne's *Canzonet* is a study in contrasts. On the one hand, a solo soprano voice sings in 9/8 time; the chorus beneath accompanies in 3/4 meter. The soloist sings English poetry on the passing of time by Louis MacNeice ("A thousand years and none the same"), while the chorus repeats a refrain in Latin from the last period of the Roman Empire: *Cras amet qui nunquam amavit quique amavit cras amet*, or "Let he who has never loved love tomorrow, and let he who has loved love tomorrow." This charming and understated piece carries more meaning and symbolism than is possible to consider fully during its brief three-minute length. Finally, Tippett's *Dance, Clarion Air* manifests a variety of styles, tempi, and keys in its tempestuous setting of a short but fitting text by the contemporary playwright Christopher Fry: "Shine, till all this island is a crown... Sound, with love and honor for a Queen... O morning light, enfold a morning throne."

– Notes by Jesse Antin



**Arise, awake,** awake,  
You silly shepherds sleeping;  
Devise some honour for her sake  
By mirth to banish weeping.  
See where she comes, lo where,  
In gaudy green arraying,  
A prince of beauty rich and rare  
Pretends to go a-maying.  
You stately nymphs draw near  
And strew your paths with roses;  
In you her trust reposes.  
Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana:  
Long live fair Oriana.

**Come, gentle swains,**  
and shepherd's dainty daughters,  
adorn'd with courtesy and comely duties,

### **Silence and music**

Silence, come first - Silence.  
I see a sleeping swan, wings closed and drifting where  
the water leads,  
a winter moon,  
a grove where shadows dream,  
a hand outstretched to gather hollow reeds.  
The four winds in their litanies can tell all of earth's  
stories as they weep and cry,  
the sea names her tides,  
the birds rejoice between the earth and sky.  
Voices of grief and from the heart of joy;  
so near to comprehension do we stand that wind and  
sea and all of winged delight lie in the octaves of man's  
voice and hand and music wakes from silence, where it  
slept. (Ursula Wood)

Now the **white-flowering days,**  
The long days of blue and golden light,

**Lightly she whipped o'er the dales,**  
Making the woods proud with her presence;  
Gently she trod the flowers;  
And as they gently kissed her tender feet  
The birds in their best language bade her welcome,  
Being proud that Oriana heard their song  
The clove-foot satyrs singing  
Made music to the fauns a-dancing,  
And both together with an emphasis  
Sang Oriana's praises;  
Whilst the adjoining woods with melody  
Did entertain their sweet sweet harmony.  
Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana:  
Long live fair Oriana

**The Nymphs and Shepherds danced**  
Lavoltos in a daisy-tap'stried valley.  
Love from their face-lamps glanced,  
Till wantonly they dally.  
Then in a rose-banked alley  
Bright Majesty advanced

come sing and joy and grace with lovely laughters,  
the birthday of the beautiest of beauties.  
Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana:  
Long live fair Oriana!

**Come, blessed bird,** and with thy sugared relish,  
Help our declining choir now to embellish,  
For Bonny-boots, that so aloft would fetch it,  
O he is dead, and none of us can reach it,  
Then tune to us, sweet bird, thy shrill recorder.  
Elpin and I and Dorus, for fault of better,  
Will serve in the chorus.  
begin, and we will follow thee in order,  
Then sang the wood-born minstrel  
Of Dian': Long live fair Oriana.

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Wake nature's music round the land;  
Now plays the fountain of all sweetness;  
All our ways are touched with wonder, swift and  
bright,  
This is the star, the bell  
While fields of emerald rise, and orchards flower  
Brown nooks with white and red,  
This is the spell of timeless dream;  
Avilion, happy Dell! The legendary lovely bower.  
Now the bold children run  
By wild brooks and woods where year on year  
Tall trembling blue-bells take their stand;  
Now none is bloomless, none quite songless;  
Such a sun renews our journey far or near.  
Old England of the shires, meadowy land  
Of heath and forest ground and lawny knoll  
Fairly thy season sings our hearts' desires,  
Fulfilled in queenly beauty youngly  
crowned. (Edmund Blunden)

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A crown-graced virgin whom all people honour.  
They leave their sport amazed,  
Run all to look upon her.  
A moment scarce they gazed  
Ere beauty's splendour all their eyes had dazed,  
Desire to see yet ever fixed on her.  
Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana:  
Long live fair Oriana.

### **With leaves of rose and laurel**

Withdraw yourselves, ye shepherds, from your bowers  
And strew the path with flowers.  
The nymphs are coming; Sweetly the birds are chirping,  
the swift beasts running  
As all amazed they stand still gazing  
To see such bright stars blazing.  
Lo, Dian bravely treading, Her dainty daughter leading  
The powers divine to her do veil their bonnets.  
Prepare yourselves to sound your pastoral sonnets.  
Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana:  
Long live fair Oriana.

*Cras amet qui nunqu' amavit  
Quiqu' amavit cras amet*  
("let him love tomorrow who has never loved; and let him who has loved, love again")

A thousand years and none the same  
Since we to light and lovelight came;  
A thousand years and who knows how  
Bright flower breaks from charnel bough.

Tomb and dark grow light and green  
Till blind men see, heart be seen;

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A thousand years of flower and flame  
A thousand years and none the same.

**Dance, Clarion Air**

Shine, stones on the shore,  
Swept in music by the ocean  
Till all this island is a crown.  
This island, and these realms and territories,  
remembering all that human is.  
Sound with love and honor for a Queen.  
O morning light enfold a morning throne.

### An interview with singer Fernando Tarango

*Clerestory's Editor-At-Large recently sat down with Fernando to find out more about singing in schools -- and cafes...*

**CS:** You grew up singing as a boy treble at the American Boychoir School in Princeton, New Jersey - so you've basically been singing with all-male vocal ensembles your whole life. How did that prepare you for the kind of singing you do now?

**FT:** Singing with all-male vocal ensembles is pretty sweet and I would say singing in a professional boychoir prepared me in two ways for singing with a group like Clerestory: one, it taught me to always strive for excellence. Mediocrity is lame. And two, it's okay to step back and laugh now and then.


**CS:** Speaking of boychoirs, your day job is as a teacher at Oakland's Pacific Boychoir Academy. At a time when arts isn't a high priority in most schools, what is it like to work with kids whose academic life includes singing together?

**FT:** It's awesome. It's nice to have so much you can relate to with your students. I work in an environment where I feel the boys are already being taught what they need to know as young musicians, so being their phys-ed teacher, every now and then I get to throw in my thoughts on the importance of education in music - mental and physical. Without education and experience how do we elicit the intention of the music? Also, if our bodies are not in prime physical shape for our craft, then we are limiting our body's ability to create this image as well. Music takes every skill we've got and that makes it cool.

**CS:** I couldn't help but notice that you're Clerestory's youngest member. What is it like to be in a group that's so democratic and organic, but also comprised of Chanticleer veterans of many decades?

**FT:** It is the bomb! When you're the only one without gray hair, you know everyone else knows much more than you. (*Editor's note: Fernando will have some gray hairs when we are done with him.*) Rarely do I ever feel the need to comment or say anything about the music, not because I don't think my opinion is

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valued, but because it's already being worked on. I trust every one of them with my voice and if anybody hears anything that should be different, they let me know. It's nice to know that the best I can do to help the process is to shut up and sing. Really nice.

Also, since everyone else was in Chanticleer and I wasn't, they have an excuse to tell old stories instead of just saying, "Remember when?" (*Editor's note: we would tell these stories anyway.*) Sometimes a joke or story will pop up in rehearsal that nobody can ignore, so the guys stop the rehearsal for a second or two to tell about it. I wouldn't mind being in Clerestory even if it was just guys who got together, sang and told old musical war stories.

**CS:** Finally, Clerestory audiences may not know this, but you're an up-and-coming artist in the Bay Area singer-songwriter club-and-coffeeshop scene. Tell us more about this, how we can hear you, and how far you want to go with this.

**FT:** I really dig making original music. I bought an RV and I am going on tour this summer from Ocean Beach to Grand Rapids, MI. I then plan on relocating to Michigan to help my girlfriend with her urban organic farm, and then do as much touring as possible. Farming is pretty seasonal, so hopefully I can make it back to perform with Clerestory maybe in a future winter. Oh, yeah, you can find links to hear the music I am working on at my webpage [www.fernandotarango.com](http://www.fernandotarango.com). I just plan on continuing with original music as long as it's fun.

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