





PRESENTS



*Early Music Uncorked*  
*On the Wing*



FEATURING

Circa 1600

Directed by Robert Worth

Saturday, May 7 at 8pm  
Penngrove Clubhouse  
Penngrove

Sunday, May 8 at 3pm  
Saturday Afternoon Club  
Santa Rosa

# On the Wing

## Why Birds?

Reading: Don't be fooled  
Vezzosi augelli

Tom Crawford (b. 1939)  
Giaches de Wert (1535-1596)



## Yet maybe the thrush

Reading: In the evening of the pinewoods  
Quell augellin che canta  
Dainty fine bird  
Vaghi augelletti

Mary Oliver (b. 1935)  
Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)  
Orlando Gibbons (1583-1625)  
Luca Marenzio (c.1553-1599)



## The organ of delight

Reading: Pain or joy  
The nightingale  
Philomena praevia  
Herzlich tut mich erfreuen

Christina Rossetti (1830-1894)  
Thomas Weelkes (1576-1623)  
Jean Richafort (c.1480-c.1550)  
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## The heart survives

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Come blessed bird  
Il bianco e dolce cigno

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## The season of phantasmal peace

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Clement Janequin (c.1485-after 1558)

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### Into the blue like a flock of words

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Cantan fra rami gli augelli vaghi

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### Creepy crawly

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Lady, the silly flea  
Petite importune mouche

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Reading: How to build an owl  
Aquil' altera  
Una strana fenice

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Jacopo da Bologna (*fl* 1340-?1386)  
Orlande de Lassus (c.1531-1594)



### Repeat that, repeat

Reading: Repeat that, repeat  
Dal lecto me levava  
Der Kuckuck, mit seinem Schalle

Gerard Manley Hopkins (1844-1899)  
Michele Pesenti (c.1470-1528)  
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### Sounds overflow the listener's brain

Reading: The nightingales  
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Je suis deshéritée  
Roussinole qui chante

Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822)  
Thomas Bateson (c.1572-1630)  
Pierre Cadéac (c.1510-c.1550)  
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### Sing, if you can sing

Reading: *From* More evidence  
The blackbird

Mary Oliver (b. 1935)  
John Mundy (c.1555-1630)



# Welcome!

Everyone loves birds. Our program explores the fascination which birds hold for us, and have held for poets and composers through history. There is certainly no shortage of material! We chose from over 100 Renaissance compositions in creating this program, and selected readings from an amazing array of books devoted to birds, to flight, and to avian biology and behavior.

We have also had the great pleasure of working with a wonderful artist, Julia Loopstra, who has created our cover art as well as many other birds for our program. Julia attended our spring concert last year, and felt called to sketch us as we sang; as she put it, 'You were all so expressive and into what you were doing!' When I asked her if she enjoyed drawing birds and would consider participating in our 'On the Wing' project, she was immediately onboard.

So what is it about birds? First of all, **they fly**. For most of human history, we have been watching birds and imagining what it might be like to be up there flying, soaring, flapping, diving. Even now that we can (sort of) fly, our methods are so Rube-Goldberg-like that we maintain an awe and appreciation for our feathered friends and their amazing abilities.

**They sing**: And how they sing! From the call of a distant loon to the screech of a hawk to the dizzying array of acquired mockingbird songs to the complex, spiraling melody of the Swainson's thrush, bird vocalizations display an astounding variety of invention and techniques which delight and confound and fascinate us all—perhaps especially the poets and composers among us.

**They're gorgeous**: Starting with feathers and proceeding through shapes and sizes and colors and headgear and tails and wings and wattles and feet (webbed and otherwise), birds come in an infinitude of beautiful forms, stunning us as they peep from behind foliage or fly by in their thousands or feed in the green Sonoma County pastures.

**They're smart**: Jennifer Ackerman's fascinating new book, *The Genius of Birds*, gives many insights into aspects of bird behavior such as nest and bower building, decision-making on migration routes and timing, song-learning and improvisation, seed-stashing (the Clark's nutcracker can hide 30,000 seeds over dozens of square miles and remember their location), and grieving for a loved one.

We have found that the Renaissance pieces featuring birds fall into several categories: Birds as companions; birds that provoke wonder; birds that help us grieve or rejoice; birds that amuse us. We've arranged the program in sets around these and other themes, and have even found place for a small selection of insects and a legendary bird—the phoenix.

We hope you enjoy our exploration of nature 'On the Wing'!

--Robert Worth





# Notes~Texts~Translations

## Why birds?

We begin with Tom Crawford's poetic explanation of why we love—and need—birds so much: They fill up holes within us. ('Emptiness: A nest that the bird flies into.') Our introductory song paints a scene which might illustrate this for us—a garden filled with pretty birds singing in ensemble with the breeze. Wert's setting—surely one of the greatest madrigals which have come down to us—depicts not only the scene itself, but miraculously captures our sense of the warmth and glow and rightness as the holes are filled.

Reading: Don't Be Fooled—Tom Crawford (b. 1939)

Vezzosi augelli—Giaches de Wert (1535-1596)

Vezzosi augelli infra le verdi fronde  
Temprano a prova lascivette note  
Mormora l'aura, e fa le foglie e l'onde  
Garrir, che variamente ella percote  
Quando taccion gli augelli, alto risponde;  
Quando cantan gli augei, più lieve scote.  
Sia caso o d'arte, or accompagna, ed ora  
Alterna i versi lor la musica ora.

*Torquato Tasso (1544-1595)*

Small, pretty birds on the verdant boughs  
Compete in modulating their sweet notes.  
The breeze murmurs, and makes the foliage and  
the stream stir variously as it strikes.  
When the birds are silent, the breeze rises;  
When the birds sing, it blows more softly.  
By chance or by art, the breeze now accom-  
panies, now alternates with the birds' music.



## Yet maybe the thrush

This section was originally assembled under the rubric 'Bird as confidant'. The protagonist in Monteverdi's madrigal talks to—and envies—a bird who is lucky enough to have a loving mate. In 'Dainty fine bird', the singer observes that both he and the bird are caged, each in his own way, and laments in the brilliant final passage that the bird's position is better than his own. Finally, in 'Vaghi augelletti', we hear a common madrigalian thread: You birdies helped me to lament in the bad times (and these lines are set to wrenching music); now help me to rejoice!

Reading: In the Evening of the Pinewoods—Mary Oliver (b. 1935)

Quel augellin che canta--Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)

Quel augellin, che canta  
Si dolcemente

That little bird which sings  
So sweetly

E lascivetto vola  
Hor da l'abete al faggio  
Et hor dal faggio al mirto,  
S'havesse humano spirto,  
Direbb': Ardo d'amor, ardo d'amore!

Ma ben arde nel core  
E chiam' il suo desio  
Che li rispond':  
Ardo d'amor anch' io!

Che sii tu benedetto,  
Amoroso, gentil, vago augelletto!  
*Giovanni Battista Guarini (1538-1612)*

Dainty fine bird—Orlando Gibbons (1583-1625)

Dainty fine bird that art engaged there,  
Alas how like thine and my fortunes are.  
Both prisoners be; and both singing, thus

Vaghi augelletti—Luca Marenzio (c.1553-1599)

Vaghi augelletti,  
Che per valli e monti  
Accompagnaste con pietosi accenti  
I miei duri lamenti,  
Gioite hor meco  
In fest et allegrezza,  
Poi che l'aspra durezza  
Della mia Clori ha intenerito amore,  
Onde son quasi di me stesso fuore.

And gaily flies  
Now from the fir to the beechtree  
And now from the beech to the myrtle,  
If he had a human mind,  
Would say: I burn with love, I burn with love!

But in his heart he burns indeed  
And calls to his beloved  
Who replies to him:  
I too am burning with love!

How fortunate you are,  
Sweet little loving bird!

Strive to please her that hath imprisoned us.  
Only thus we differ, thou and I:  
Thou liv'st singing, but I sing and die.

Pretty little birds,  
Who through valleys and hills  
Accompanied with piteous cries  
My bitter laments,  
Rejoice now with me  
In celebration and mirth,  
Now that love has softened  
The rugged harshness of my Chloris,  
Wherefore I am almost beside myself.



### The organ of delight

There was a recurring theme in Renaissance poetry by which the call of the nightingale was said to evoke pain and loss. But, as we learn from Christina Rossetti's poem as well as from these compositions, the nightingale can also be a harbinger of joy, of pleasant weather, of happy days. The Weelkes setting pits the nightingale against other birds in a contest for beauty; the cuckoo (of all birds) wins that particular prize. Richafort's 'Philomena praevia', our only Latin-texted piece, invites the nightingale to provide solace, while the Demantius piece celebrates the joys of spring.

Reading: Pain or joy—Christina Rossetti (1830-1894)

The nightingale—Thomas Weelkes (1576-1623)

The Nightingale, the Organ of delight,  
The nimble Lark, the Blackbird,  
and the Thrush,  
And all the pretty quiristers of flight,

That chant their Music notes in ev'ry bush:  
Let them no more contend  
who shall excel,  
The Cuckoo is the bird that bears the bell.

Philomena praevia—Jean Richafort (c.1480-c.1550)

Philomena praevia  
Temporis ameni,  
Que recessum nuntias  
Imbris atque ceni,  
Dum demulces animos  
Tuo cantu leni.  
Avis predulcissima,  
Ad me, queso, veni.

Nightingale, harbinger  
Of pleasant weather,  
Who announces the cessation  
Of rain and mud,  
While you caress souls  
By your gentle song.  
Most delightful bird,  
I beg you, come to me.

Veni, dulcis amica,  
Noctis solatia prestans.  
Inter et enim aves,  
Nulla tibi similis.

Come, sweet friend,  
Distinguished for your solace in the night.  
Indeed, among birds,  
There is none like you.

*John Peckham (1225-1292)*

Herzlich tut mich erfreuen—Christoph Demantius (1567-1643)

Herzlich tut mich erfreuen  
Der wohlgezierte Mai,  
All mein Geblüt verneuen  
Mit Kurzweil mancherlei;  
Die Vöglein sich erschwingen  
In Lüften überall,  
Es macht sich gutter Dinge  
Die lustig Nachtigall.

The well-decorated May  
Makes me rejoice from the heart.  
My blood is renewed  
With various diversions;  
The little birds flit  
Through the sky overhead,  
The joyful nightingale  
Makes wonderful sounds.





## The heart survives

Songs of mourning often invoke birds; again, the nightingale is often mentioned, but here we have the Suffolk owl, an unnamed bird (actually perhaps William Byrd, the composer), and a swan. Each piece has its own angle: The owl sings 'a dirge for dying souls' alone in the night; Johnson's bird (or Byrd) is called upon to augment the choir, sadly diminished by the loss of one of its members; and the famous 'white, sweet swan' (first brought to musical life by Jacob Arcadelt) is pitied by the poet, who is fortunate enough to be dying quite another death.

Reading: *From Ninth Duino Elegy*—Rainer Maria Rilke (1875-1926); trans. by Gary Miranda

Sweet Suffolk owl—Thomas Vautor (*fl* 1600-1620)

Sweet Suffolk owl, so trimly dight,  
With feathers like a lady bright,  
Thou sing'st alone, sitting by night:  
Te-whit, te-whoo...

Thy note, that forth so freely rolls,  
With shrill command the mouse controls,  
And sings a dirge for dying souls:  
Te-whit, te-whoo...

Come blessed bird—Edward Johnson (*fl* 1572-1601)

Come, blessed bird,  
and with thy sugared relish  
help our declining choir now to embellish,  
For Bonnyboots,  
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 woodborn minstrel of Diana:  
Long live fair Oriana.

Il bianco e dolce cigno - Orazio Vecchi (1550-1605)

Il bianco e dolce cigno  
cantando more, ed io  
piangendo giung' al fin del viver mio.

Stran' e diversa sorte,  
ch'ei more sconsolato  
ed io moro beato.

Morte che nel morire  
m'empie di gioia tutto e di desire.  
Se nel morir, altro dolor non sento,  
di mille mort' il di sarei contento.

*Giovanni Guidiccioni (1480-1541)*

The white and sweet swan  
dies singing, and I,  
weeping, reach the end of my life.

Strange and different fate,  
that he dies disconsolate  
and I die a blessed death.

A death which, in dying,  
fills me full of joy and desire.  
If in dying, were I to feel no other pain,  
I'd be content to die a thousand deaths a day.



## The season of phantasmal peace

Janequin's 'Chant des oyseaux' is one of only five pieces in this program which we have performed before. It is a perennial favorite, with its spectacular avian soundscapes and catchy refrain. It is one of a series of 'program chansons', a popular mid-15<sup>th</sup>-century form in which the poet and composer depict entire scenes—myriad happenings on the streets of Paris; a battle scene; a shipwreck. We overlay the piece with excerpts from Derek Walcott's visionary poem, imagining all the birds to be casting a net of light and love and beauty across the entire world.

Reading: *From The Season of Phantasmal Peace*—Derek Walcott (b. 1930)

*From Le chant des oyseaux*—Clement Janequin (c.1485-after 1558)

Réveillez vous cueurs endormis,  
Le dieu d'amours vous sonne.

A ce premier jour de may,  
Pour vous metre hors d'esmay.  
Déstoupez voz oreilles.  
Et farirariron...ferely joly.  
Vous serez tous en joye mis,  
Chacun s'i abandonne.

Rossignol du boys joly  
Pour vous metre hors d'ennuy  
Vostre gorge jargonne  
Frian, titeo, tu, coqui, oy, ty, trr  
Tu, huit, tycun, turry, quiby  
Fouquet, fi, ti, fr, trr.  
Fuillez regretz, pleurs et souci,  
Car la saison est bonne.

Arriere maistre coqu,  
Chacun vous est mal tenu,  
Car vous n'estes qu'un traistre.  
Coqu, coqu...  
Par traison en chacun nid  
Pondez sans qu'on vous sonne.

Awaken, sleeping hearts,  
The god of love is calling for you.

On this first day of May  
To take you away from dismay.  
Unstop your your ears  
And make laughter...be jolly.  
You will all be joyful,  
Everyone will abandon himself.

Nightingale of the lovely wood,  
To take you away from boredom,  
Your throat jargons:  
Frian, teo, tu, coqui, oy, ty, trr  
Tu, huit, tycun, turri, quibi  
Fouquet, fi, ti, fr, trr.  
Fly away regrets, tears and cares,  
Because the season is good.

Go back, master cuckoo  
Everyone is against you,  
Because you are nothing but a traitor.  
Cuckoo, cuckoo...  
By treachery in each nest  
You lay without anyone asking for you.



### Into the blue like a flock of words

We open the second half of our concert with a sort of bookend to the Wert piece which opened the first half. There, a scene of wonder was depicted in which the birdsong and the light breeze played counterpoint against each other, almost as if by design. (In fact, as Bernie Krause explains in his lively 'The Great Animal Orchestra', there does seem to be a sort of great cosmic sound design.) Here the focus is visual—the varied colors of the birds are reflected in the brooks and lakes. And again, the brooks murmur (you can hear them!) and the breezes cool us.

Reading: Saint Francis and the Birds—Seamus Heaney (1939-2013)

Cantan fra rami gli augelli vaghi—Vincenzo Ruffo (c.1508-1587)

Cantan fra rami gli augelletti vaghi  
azzurri e bianchi e verdi e rossi e gialli.  
Murmuranti ruscelli e cheti laghi  
di limpidezza vincono i cristalli.

Pretty little birds sing among the branches,  
Blue and white and green and red and yellow.  
Murmuring brooks and still lakes  
Are better than crystals in clarity.

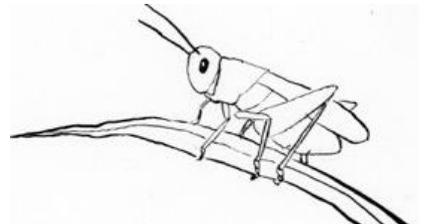
Una dolce aura che ti par che vaghi  
a un modo sempre e dal suo stil non falli,  
facea si l'aria tremolar d'intorno,  
che non potea noiar caldo del giorno.  
*Ludovico Ariosto (1474-1533)*

A sweet breeze that, you would say, moves  
Always the same way, never changing style,  
Makes the surrounding air tremble,  
so that the heat of the day is no trouble at all.



### Creepy crawly

Well, our title is 'On the Wing', so we assumed that wings were the criterion for selection! The cricket, in the form of Josquin's famous punning song, leapt right out at us—and the cricket sings, too, though of course by using his legs rather than his throat. Claude Lejeune's fly is envied for its ability to approach certain parts of a lady's anatomy denied to the poet. Lejeune's patented irregular meters make for a lively song. In between, we sneak in the flea, who flies only by hopping. He too is envied for his close access.



Reading: The Parlor Floor—Ogden Nash (1902-1971)

El grillo—Josquin Desprez (c.1450/55-1521)

El grillo è buon cantore  
Che tiene longo verso.  
Dalle beve grillo canta.

Ma non fa come gli altri uccelli.  
Come li han cantato un poco,  
Van de fatto in altro loco;  
Sempre el grillo sta pur saldo.  
Quando la maggior el caldo  
Alhor canta sol per amore.

The cricket is a good singer  
He can sing very long  
He sings all the time.

But he isn't like the other birds.  
If they've sung a little bit  
They go do it somewhere else;  
The cricket remains where he is.  
When the heat is very fierce  
Then he sings only for love.

Lady, the silly flea—Giles Farnaby (c.1566-1640)



Lady, the silly flea of all disdained,  
Because it hath complained:  
I pity that poor creature,  
Both black and small of stature,

Were I a flea, indeed I would not bite you,  
But search some other way  
for to delight you.

Petite importune mouche—Claude Lejeune (1528/30-1600)

*Rechant:*

Petite importune mouche,  
Oh que tu as d'heurs,  
Quand revolant à l'entour  
De ma nymphe et cueillant  
Mille douce douceurs,  
Je vis de fiel chacun jour.

*Refrain:*

Bothersome little fly,  
How lucky you are:  
While you are buzzing around  
My beloved, gathering  
A thousand sweet delicacies,  
I spend every day in bitterness.

Le credit tu as à tous cous  
De toucher, sucer, de baiser,  
Ce tetin blanc, et ce front, cet oeil doux,  
Que tant heureux je me sens  
De pouvoir aviser.

The license you have  
To touch and taste and kiss  
That neck, that breast, that brow,  
I would be so happy  
To be able to have.

*Rechant*

Su' le haut souvent tu t'en vas,  
De sa tête ton pied' poser,  
Et dedans l'or de ce poil, tu prens soulas,  
Que tant heureux je me sens  
De pouvoir aviser.

*Refrain*

You hover over her  
To place your feet upon her head,  
And within her golden hair you take comfort,  
How happy I would feel  
To be able to do the same.

*Rechant*

*Refrain*



## Gently pry open its beak

Originally this section was called 'Big birds'. Then we discovered Kathleen Lynch's poem about building a bird from scratch, with its vivid images of a distinctly powerful and potentially dangerous bird-in-the-making; and the focus shifted. 'Aquil' altera' is a late Medieval setting of three verses praising the noble eagle, probably a symbolic stand-in for a king. 'Una strana fenice' is the fifth verse of Lassus' setting of Petrarch's canzone, 'Standomi un giorno', in which the phoenix, representing the poet, turns its beak upon itself in grief at the loss of the beloved Laura.

Reading: How to build an owl—Kathleen Lynch (b.1943)

Aquil' altera—Jacopo da Bologna (*fl* 1340-?1386)

*Soprano:*

Aquil' altera, ferma in su la vetta  
De l'alto monte l'occhio valoroso,  
Dove tua vita prende suo riposo;  
Là è 'l parere là l'esser beato.

Haughty eagle, turn your heroic eye  
To the summit of the lofty mind,  
Where your life takes its repose;  
There the state of bliss both seems and is.

*Alto:*

Creatura gentile animal degno  
Salire in alto e rimirare 'l sole  
Singolarmente tuo natura vuole;  
Là è l'immagine e la perfezione.

Gentle creature, noble animal,  
Singlemindedly your nature wants  
To rise high and to contemplate the sun;  
There is the image and the perfection.

*Men:*

Uccel di Dio insegna di giustitia,  
Tu hai principalmente chara Gloria,  
Perché nelle grand' opre tu hai Victoria,  
Là vidi l'ombra,  
Là la vera essenza.

Bird of God, symbol of justice,  
Your glory is prized above all,  
For your great deeds are crowned by victory,  
There you see the shadow,  
Here the true essence.

Una strana fenice—Orlande de Lassus (c.1531-1594)

Una strana fenice, ambe due l'ale  
Di porpora vestita, e 'l capo d'oro,  
Vedendo per la selva altera e sola,  
Veder forma celeste e immortale  
Prima pensai, fin ch'a lo svelto allora  
Giunse, e al fonte che la terra invola:  
Ogni cosa al fin vola;  
Che, mirando le frondi a terra sparse,

I saw a strange phoenix, both its wings  
Clothed in crimson, and its head with gold,  
Solitary and alone in the wood,  
I first saw its form as heavenly and immortal  
Till it reached the uprooted laurel,  
And the fountain the earth had swallowed:  
All things fly towards their end;  
Seeing the leaves scattered on the ground,

E 'l troncon rotto, e quel vivo humor secco,  
Volve in se stessa il becco,  
Quasi sdegnando, e 'n un punto disparse:  
Onde 'l cor di pietate, e d'amor m'arse.

*Francesco Petrarca (1304-1374)*

And the broken trunk, and that dry spring,  
It turned its beak upon itself,  
Almost disdainfully, and instantly vanished:  
so that my heart burns with pity and love.



### Repeat that, repeat

Two fun songs by two composers brand new to us. After our reading—fragments from an unfinished poem—Pesenti's 'Dal lecto me levava' is a light romp featuring the crane, the 'kindly ambassador' who authorizes a longer (and apparently much-desired) sleep. The Steffens piece, one of a number which he wrote on the popular cuckoo theme, depicts a confident bird who's happy to intrude his voice into any situation, insisting that his songs are the best, the strongest, the most creative of all the birds.

Reading: Repeat that, repeat—Gerard Manley Hopkins (1844-1899)

Dal lecto me levava—Michele Pesenti (c.1470-1528)

Dal lecto me levava per servir il signor  
Alhor quando arrivava la grua suo servidor  
Gru gru gu gentil ambasciador  
Che disse "Non leve, toma a dormir."

I was just arising from bed to serve my lord  
When his servant the crane,  
his kindly ambassador, arrived  
and told me, "Don't get up, go back to sleep."

Der Kuckuck, mit seinem Schalle—Johann Steffens (c.1560-1616)

Der Kuckuck, mit seim Schalle  
der G'ringst zu sein nicht dacht,  
überrief die Vöglein alle  
ließ hören sich mit Macht.

The cuckoo with his song  
Not to be called the least,  
Drowned out all the little birds,  
And made himself powerfully heard.

Sein eigen Cantilenam,  
er für sich guckte hin.  
der kleinen Melodiam  
ganz Schlag aus seinem Sinn.  
Kuckuck, du bist von Arten,  
fast grob und impudent,  
undankbar auch den Zarten,  
so dir ein Levament.

Cantilena's virtuoso  
Did he consider himself.  
A little melody  
Simply struck out from his mind.  
Cuckoo, you're a strange bird,  
Almost rude and impudent,  
Ungrateful to tenderness,  
To you, it's all just levity.



## Sounds overflow the listener's brain

Here we feature the nightingale once again, but in different moods. The Bateson madrigal concerns itself with a poor bird who sings out her pain—caused not by loss or existential angst, but by a simple thorn. 'Je suis deshéritée' and 'Rossignolet qui chante' could almost be two parts of the same song. In the first, the (female, for once) protagonist sends the nightingale as messenger to her lover to convey her distress; in the second, she sends the bird to convey her assent. Each of these pieces is filled with moving passages and expressive dissonance.

Reading: The Nightingales (from *Prometheus Unbound*)—Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822)

The nightingale, so soon as April bringeth—Thomas Bateson (c.1572-1630)

The nightingale, so soon as April bringeth Unto her rested sense a perfect waking, While late bare earth, proud of new clothing springeth, <i>Philip Sydney (1554-1586)</i>	Sings out her woes, a thorn her song-book making.  And mournfully bewailing, Her throat in tunes expresseth: What grief her breast oppresseth.
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Je suis deshéritée—Pierre Cadéac (c.1510-c.1550)

Je suis deshéritée, Puisque j'ai perdu mon ami. Seullet' il m'a laissée, Pleine de pleurs et de souci.	I am desolate for I have lost my love; all alone he left me, full of grief and care.
Rosignol du bois joli, Sans point faire demeurée, Va t'en dire à mon ami Que pour lui suis tourmentée.	Fair nightingale of the woods, without further stay go tell my love that for him I am tormented.

Rosignolet qui chante—Rinalde del Melle (c.1554-c.1598)

Rosignolet qui chante, Va-t'en a mon amy Dire qu'il se contente, Et que c'est mon attente De mourir avec luy.	Little singing nightingale, go to my lover. Tell him to be content, and that it is my hope to die with him.
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## Sing, if you can sing

We close with a reading from Mary Oliver's 'More evidence', which, while not exactly bird-related, seems to touch upon messages we learn from and share with birds—choose life; don't lose heart; laugh when possible; and sing. And sing! (And if you can't sing, 'still be musical inside yourself.') We bid you farewell with John Mundy's tribute to 'the sweetest bird that ever was', a musical bird with skills to which all musicians can aspire: Great tunes, gracefully done, placed well and filled with 'sundry points of skill.'

Reading: *From More Evidence*—Mary Oliver (b. 1935)

The blackbird—John Mundy (c. 1555-1630)

The blackbird made the sweetest sound,  
Whose tunes did far excel,  
Full pleasantly and most profound,  
Was all things placed well.

Thy pretty tunes, mine own sweet bird,  
Done with so good a grace,  
Extols thy name, prefers the same  
Abroad in ev'ry place.

Thy music grave, bedecked well  
With sundry points of skill,  
Betrays thy knowledge excellent,  
Ingrafted in thy will.

My tongue shall speak, my pen shall write  
In praise of thee to tell,  
The sweetest bird that ever was,  
In friendly sort farewell.



# Circa 1600

Directed by Robert Worth

Dana Alexander  
Harriet Buckwalter  
Kelly Considine  
Mark Considine  
L Peter Deutsch

Cinzia Forasiepi  
Peg Golitzin  
Lauren Haile  
Kristofer Haugen

Ole Kern  
David Kittelstrom  
Justin Margitich  
Tim Marson

Rebecca Matlick  
Shawna Miller  
Dianna Morgan  
Robert Worth



**Robert Worth** recently retired as Professor of Music at Sonoma State University, where he taught choral music and many other subjects for 27 years. He is the founding Music Director of Sonoma Bach. In addition to his work in the fields of choral and early music, Bob has a specialty in Kodály musicianship training, and for ten years ran the ear training program at SSU. He is a composer and arranger of both choral music and jazz, and his vocal jazz arrangements have been performed by many groups throughout California and beyond. He was deeply involved in the Green Music Center project in its early years, serving as consultant to the architects on such issues as acoustics, choral performance facilities and the Cassin pipe organ. Bob received his BA in music at SSU in 1980, and earned his MA in musicology at UC Berkeley.

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Sonoma Bach wishes to thank our generous supporters  
who donated between September 2015 and April 2016

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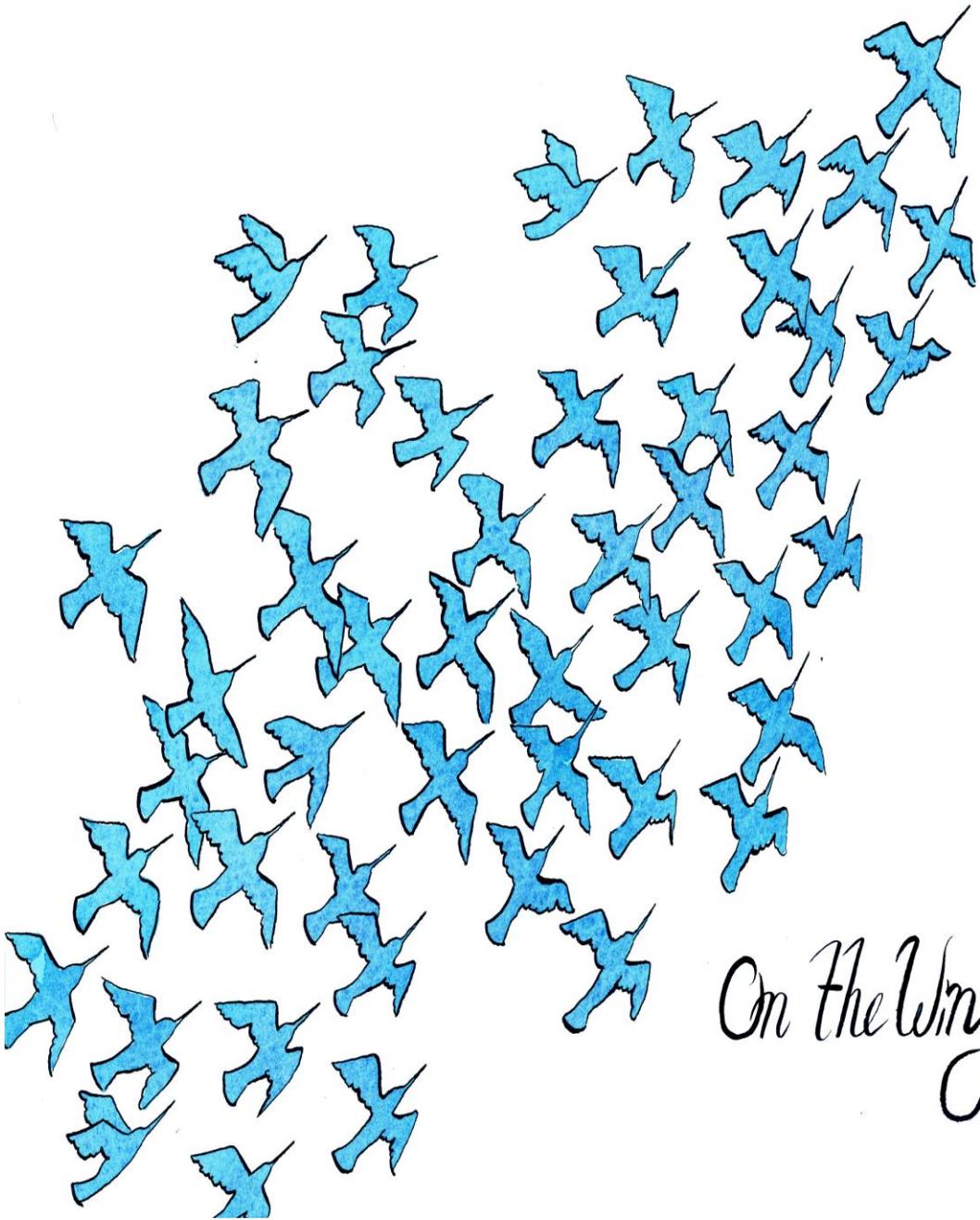
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*On the Wing*

Coming soon...



**SONOMA  
Bach**

## Voices & Pipes: Hearts Aflame

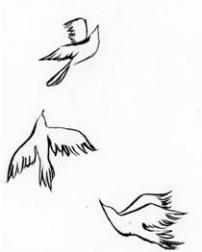
*May 20, 2016 at 8pm and May 22, 2016 at 7pm  
Sonoma Bach Choir and David Parsons, organ*

## Midsummer Night Sings

*July 6, 13, 20, and 27, 2016 at 7pm*

## 2016-2017 Season

Our season has been set and the brochure is at the printers!  
Watch our website and your mailbox for more information!



*Tickets and more information available at [www.sonomabach.org](http://www.sonomabach.org)*