

SONOMA Bach

ROBERT WORTH, MUSIC DIRECTOR

Spring Returns: Two Tall Tales



Circa 1600

Barefoot Consort of Viols

Special Guests:

Shira Kammen

Kevin Cooper

Illustrations: Julia Loopstra

Directed by Robert Worth and Amanda McFadden

Saturday, April 27, 8 P.M.

Sunday, April 28, 3 P.M.

SCHROEDER HALL

Green Music Center, Rohnert Park





Adriano Banchieri's Festino del Giovedì grasso avanti cena



There once lived a Man in a Castle.



Two Tall Tales

FEATURING

Circa 1600

Barefoot All-Stars

Shira Kammen and Kevin Cooper

Robert Worth, Music Director

Amanda McFadden, Associate Music Director

Saturday, April 27 at 8 PM

Schroeder Hall, Green Music Center
Sonoma State University

Sunday, April 28 at 3 PM

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Sonoma State University

ART::MUSIC

Having just spent the past year celebrating our namesake in our ‘Bach’s World’ season, we now turn to a very different theme. I’ve long been interested in the relationship between music and the other arts. To some extent, this comes with the turf of being a choral conductor, for our music contains and is based in part upon literature, either preëxisting or newly made.

But beyond this fundamental connection, there are many possible touch-points between the arts. Think of dance or of music theater. Of Mussorgsky’s ‘Pictures at an Exhibition’, of Beethoven’s ‘Pastoral Symphony’, or of an illuminated manuscript which preserves ancient music riddled with historiated initials and drolleries.

And then there is ekphrasis, the attempt to convey the gist, even the deep meaning, of a work of music in words. Sometimes this has been called wryly ‘dancing about architecture’, an impossible task on the face of it, perhaps even a fool’s errand. And yet a good writer or speaker who is highly attuned to music can sometimes lead us (as though by the hand) deep into a musical work.

In each of our concert sets this season, we will of course perform wonderful early music from different areas of the repertoire, as we are wont to do. But we’ll also tug at the connections between music and text; we’ll share works of visual art which bring to life scenes and stories from our music; and we’ll work to bind eye and ear, mind and heart together into an integrated experience which may transcend that inspired by any one of the arts alone.

We begin with a close look at one of the most beloved motets of all time: The ‘Ave Maria’ of Josquin Deprez. In our Opening Recital, we’ll perform this great work, precursors to it, and later pieces which expand upon Josquin’s immortal music. In November, we’ll turn to the wealth of music manuscripts produced by the workshop of Petrus Alamire. Circa 1600 will present an a cappella concert featuring many of the motets included in Alamire’s publications, matching the music with images from the manuscripts. And then we’ll close out 2023 with Heinrich Schütz’s oratorio setting of the Christmas Story, each phase of the tale illustrated by remarkable works of art from Schütz’s epoch.

In the new year, our Organ Recital, featuring once again the illustrious Anne Laver, will focus upon Saint Cecilia, the patron saint of music. Our Sacred Realms set will feature a variety of Renaissance works depicting scenes found on the very walls of the Church of St. Seraphim. In April, Circa 1600 will join with multi-instrumentalist Shira Kammen, lutenist Kevin Cooper, artist Julia Loopstra, and the Barefoot Consort of Viols to tell ‘Two Tall Tales’; and we’ll close in early June with a choral-orchestral set marking the 300th anniversary of J.S. Bach’s great second cycle of Leipzig cantatas, featuring our own Live Oak Baroque Orchestra and the Sonoma Bach Choir.

Wrapped in among our seven concert sets, we’ll fill in the picture with a series of illuminating Bach Talks. We’ll dive into diverse aspects of the music we’re performing; we’ll learn about our composers, about their lives and milieus; and we’ll explore how art in different media can connect with and complement our music.

Come join us the season as we explore the world of art through the lens of music!

--Robert Worth, Music Director

About Our Program

In this rollicking show, we present two very different dramas, set to very different music. Our opening half features the ‘Festino nella sera del Giovedì grasso avanti cena’ (‘A little party on the evening of Fat Thursday before supper’), by the Bolognese composer Adriano Banchieri. The piece features a rich cast of characters performing a variety of songs ranging from the absurd to the sublime. After intermission, we’ll take on ‘The Unicorn, the Gorgon and the Manticore’, by Gian Carlo Menotti (1911–2007). Subtitled ‘The Three Sundays of a Poet’, the piece is a parable of the phases of an artist’s life and of the difficulties in being truly heard. Artwork by Julia Loopstra and local organization Artstart complement the music.



Adriano Banchieri (1568-1634) was a contemporary of Claudio Monteverdi. He spent his entire life in the city of Bologna, also called ‘Il grasso’ (‘The Fat’) because of the rich surrounding farmland and because of the city’s reputation for excellent cuisine. (Tortellini was invented there.) Banchieri was a monk and organist but showed no hesitation in developing secular music projects as well as sacred works. He also was a music theorist and pedagogue, publishing treatises on various topics.

Banchieri must have been a notable goofball, for one his favorite genres (judging by his output) was the so-called ‘madrigal comedy’, a form of musical story-telling which he himself was instrumental in developing. The form features a series of musical pieces gathered around a tale of some sort. The narrative unfolds via individual numbers sung by various characters, often featuring local dialects and inside jokes (sometimes off-color).

The ‘Festino’ (1608) which we are performing posits a party in the courtyard of a typical Bolognese palace, with invited guests mingling with curious onlookers, passing parties of merry-makers, and people selling a variety of wares. Stories are told, songs are sung, party games are played, toasts are proposed; finally, when supper is ready, a closing song is heard.

Some of the songs are sublime; some absurd; some perhaps even actionable. The essential goal is to create a Very Good Musical Time, and we think that Banchieri has succeeded admirably. (We hope you agree.) Each song is given an evocative title, and is preceded by a couplet describing the song’s context and dramatic situation; these will be read in English by the members of Circa 1600.

There is another level to the presentation. Banchieri wrote an extensive prologue intended to be spoken in the voice of the composer himself; you will hear an excerpt from the prologue in our concert. In a nutshell: The composer of the evening’s festivities relates being accosted upon entering the palace to begin the entertainment by a crotchety old man, holding a disorderly sheaf of yellowed scores and treatises, who cries out that Banchieri has gone over to the musical dark side and has joined the dreaded ‘modernist movement’ (known then as the ‘second practice’).

But the composer, adroitly (and glibly) fielding the complaints of the Crusty Old School, sidesteps the old fellow and steps briskly to the podium: And off we go on Mr. Banchieri’s Wild Ride!



After intermission, our show continues with Gian Carlo Menotti’s 20th-century madrigal comedy, ‘The Unicorn, the Gorgon and the Manticore’, subtitled ‘The Three Sundays of a Poet’. Composed in 1956, the work calls for a chamber choir, a diverse ensemble of nine instruments, and a troupe of dancers.

The plot is cyclical. First, we meet the Man in the Castle, a ‘strange man’ who ‘will not let the doctor take his pulse’ (among many other peculiarities). Next up are the Townsfolk, straight-laced and shallow, who parade on Sundays in their promenade by the sea.

And then the cycle begins: The Man in the Castle acquires a Unicorn; the people are outraged; the Countess decides that she wants a Unicorn, and wheedles the Count into buying her one. She appears to the Townsfolk with her new pet, and they all, following the fashionable trend, acquire their own beast.

And then the Man in the Castle acquires (gasp!) a Gorgon; the people are outraged, the Countess wheedles the Count...

And then the Man in the Castle acquires (oh my Lord!) a Manticore; the people vent their spleen, the Countess wheedles away...

And then: Well, I shouldn’t reveal too much in advance. Suffice it to say that the Man in the Castle has the last word, and a moving and revealing word it is.

I first came into contact with ‘The Unicorn, the Gorgon and the Manticore’ in 1980, and have loved the piece ever since. It speaks so clearly to us about the importance of being genuine, of declining to follow the crowd and instead of forming one’s own opinions, determining one’s own personality, actions, and pursuits, irrespective of the ‘Common Crowd’ or the ‘Critical Cricket’.

This sounds preachy, I suppose; but it doesn’t come off that way. This derives in part from the fun text Menotti has put together, and, of course, from the lively and diverse music he has created to tell the story.

We have made a few changes for our production. In place of Menotti’s instrumentation, we offer the redoubtable Barefoot Viols, with Shira Kammen on violin and Kevin Cooper on theorbo. We have interpolated various lively dances by Anthony Holborne (c1545-1602) in place of Menotti’s interludes. And we have not attempted to choreograph the work, counting upon the music and the libretto to carry the message straight into your hearts.



In line with our season theme of ART:MUSIC, we have added to our project two major components. Bay Area artist Julia Loopstra has created a lively painting depicting the spirit and flavor of Banchieri’s ‘Festino’, and an entire cycle of small paintings tracing the story of ‘The Unicorn, the Gorgon and the Manticore’. You can see some of these at the beginning and end of this concert program; the entire cycle is displayed in the lobby. In addition, in a collaborative project, the wonderful local organization *Artstart* has created the large banners which will frame and set the spirit for our performance of the Menotti.



Many thanks for attending our ‘Two Tall Tales’! We are delighted to have you here to share this wonderful music with us, and we look forward to perhaps seeing you again at our season-closer next month, ‘The Most Ambitious Project’, in which we take a deep dive into Bach’s second annual cycle of cantatas for Leipzig. Come share in this wonderful music with us! You can find details at sonomabach.org.

Robert Worth, Music Director

Festino nella sera del giovedì grasso avanti cena
Opus XVIII—Venezia, 1608
Libretto and Music by Adriano Banchieri (1568-1634)

1. Il Diletto moderno per introduzione (Modern Delight makes his introduction)
2. Justiniana di Vecchietti Chiozzotti (Outmoded song of the little old men of Chioggia)
3. Mascherata di Villanelle (The masquerade of the village girls)
4. Seguita la detta Mascherata (The requested masquerade follows)
5. Madrigale a un dolce Usignolo (Madrigal to a sweet nightingale)
6. Mascherata d'Amanti (Lover's masquerade)
7. Gli Amanti moreschano (The lovers dance a moresca)
8. Gl'Amanti cantano un Madrigale (The lovers sing a madrigal)
9. Gli amanti cantano una canzonetta (The lovers sing a little song)
10. La zia Bernardina racconta una Novella (Aunt Bernadina tells a tale)
11. Capricciata a tre voci (Caprice for three voices)
12. Contraponto bestiale alla mente (Cerebral animal counterpoint)
13. Gli Cervellini cantano un Madrigale (Those of little brain sing a madrigal)
14. Intermedio di venditori gli fusi (Intermezzo by the spindle-sellers)
15. Gli fusari cantano un madrigale (The spindle-sellers sing a madrigal)
16. Gioco del Conte (The Count's game)
17. Gli festinanti (The revellers)
18. Vinata di brindesi, e ragioni (Wine-induced toasts and deep thoughts)
19. Sproposito di Goffi, però di gusto (Fooling around, but tastefully)
20. Il Diletto moderno licenza, et di novo invita (Modern Delight gives you leave, & invites you again)


INTERMISSION


The Unicorn, the Gorgon and the Manticore

The Three Sundays of a Poet

Libretto and music by Gian Carlo Menotti (1911-2007)

Interludes from *Pavans, Galliards, Almains and other short Aeirs*.....Anthony Holborne (c1545-1602)

01. Introduction: There once lived a Man in a Castle.
02. Interlude 1: The Dance of the Man in the Castle (Anthony Holborne: 59. The Choise)
03. First Madrigal: The promenade of the townsfolk by the sea.
04. Interlude 2: Promenade (Anthony Holborne: 63. The Fairie-round)

FIRST SUNDAY:

05. Second Madrigal: Enter the Man in the Castle and the Unicorn.
06. Introduction to the Third Madrigal
07. Third Madrigal: Dance of the Man in the Castle and the Unicorn.
08. Fourth Madrigal: The Count and the Countess: The Countess pleads for a Unicorn.
09. Interlude 3: Everyone gets a Unicorn (Anthony Holborne: 55. The Night-watch)

SECOND SUNDAY:

10. Fifth Madrigal: Enter the Man in the Castle with the Gorgon.
11. Sixth Madrigal: The Townsfolk and the Man in the Castle.
- 11.5. Interlude 3.5 (Anthony Holborne: 52. Galliard)
12. Seventh Madrigal: The Count and the Countess. The latter has just secretly poisoned her Unicorn.
13. Interlude 4: Everyone gets a Gorgon (Anthony Holborne: 52. Ecce quam bonum)

THIRD SUNDAY:

14. Eighth Madrigal: Enter the Man in the Castle with the Manticore.
15. Ninth Madrigal: The Townsfolk and the Man in the Castle.
16. Interlude 5 (Anthony Holborne: The teares of the muses): The Countess secretly stabs her Gorgon.
17. Tenth Madrigal (The Count and the Countess spar over the possible acquisition of a Manticore)
18. Interlude 6: Everyone gets a Manticore (Anthony Holborne: 18. The Sighes):
19. Eleventh Madrigal: The Townsfolk are outraged.
- 19.5. Interlude 7: The Townsfolk prepare to take action (Anthony Holborne: 34. Muy linda)
20. The March to the Castle
21. Twelfth Madrigal: The Townsfolk discover the Man in the Castle lying on his deathbed.

Notes, Texts and Translations

Festino nella sera del giovedì grasso avanti cena
(A little party on the evening of Fat Thursday before supper)
Opus XVIII—Venezia, 1608

Libretto and Music by Adriano Banchieri (1568-1634)

1. Il Diletto moderno per introduzione (Modern Delight makes his introduction)

*Il moderno Diletto tutti invita
a un'Opera di gusto, e favorita.*

Chi brama avere spasso e piacere,
per un tantino entri al festino.
Giovani amanti tra suoni e canti;
innamorate, con essi entrate!
Di bella umori s'udran furori,
in buona vena, avanti cena.
Scherzi, ballate con mascherate;
trattenimenti, sospiri ardenti;
Feste, allegrezze e contentezze
s'hanno a sentire. Torniamo a dire:
chi brama avere spasso e piacere
per un tantino resti al festino!

*Modern Delight invites everyone
to a work of taste and favor.*

Whoever yearns to have fun and pleasure
for a short while come to the party.
For young lovers, music and songs,
and let their sweethearts come with them, too!
Good humor from young comedians
in full flow before dinner.
Jokes, ballads and impersonations;
Diversions and ardent sighs;
Parties, festivities and frolics
are to be heard. We say again:
Whoever yearns to have fun and pleasure
for a short while stay for the party!

2. Justiniana di Vecchietti Chiozzotti (Outmoded song of the little old men of Chioggia)

*Gondolier, so compare, e Pantalon,
Fanno il balletto del barba Jandon.*

—Daspuò che semo zonti in stò festin,
ballemo, saltemo un balletin!
—Scomenzè, mio compar!
—Me se mola 'l cattar!
—Scomenzè, gondolier:
—Me se slarga 'l braghier!
—Scomenzè, Pantalon!
—El me diol un gallon!
—Moia! moia! moia! moia!
Che cattar, che braghier, che gallon?
Barba Simon e barba Giandon,
barba Simon col barba Giandon

*The Gondolier, his friend, and Pantalon
do the dance of greybeard Giandon.*

Since we have come to this party
let's jump and spring in a little dance!
—Begin, my friend!
—My catarrh is troubling me!
—Begin, gondolier!
—My pants are falling down!
—Begin, Pantalon!
—My corn is painful!
—Damn!
What catarrh, what pants, what corn?
Greybeard Simon and greybeard Giandon
Greybeard Simon with greybeard Giandon.

3. Mascherata di Villanelle (The masquerade of the village girls)

*Canta una ottava rima, molto bella
Col Biobò e la Lira una Zitella.*

—*Biobò Cio e Caca pensieri*
Bio biri beu ba beu bi bio!
—*Lira*

*Such a beautiful ottava rima is sung
By a spinster, with jew's harp and lyre.*

—*Jew's harp*
Bio biri beu ba beu bi bio!
—*Lyre*

Lì liron liron liron li!

—*Zitella Cantatrice*

Ciascun mi dice che son tanto bella,
che sembro la figliuola d'un signore.
Chi mi somiglia a la Diana stella,
chi mi somiglia al pargoletto Amore.
Tutto il contando onor di me favella,
chè di bellezza porto in fronte il fiore.
Mi disse ier mattina un giovinetto:
perchè non ho tal pulce nel mio letto?

Lì liron liron liron li!

—*Spinster singer*

Everybody tells me I'm good looking,
like the daughter of a lord.
Some say I'm like the star Diana,
and some say I'm like little Cupid.
It's known throughout the country
that my face has so much beauty.
A young man said to me yesterday:
why don't I have such a flea in my bed?

4. Seguita la detta Mascherata (The requested masquerade follows)

*Le Villanelle unite in bell' Soggetto,
Esortano Cupido haver nel petto.*

Chi cerca posseder sommo diletto,
segua Amor giovinetto e servo sia!
Chi di gioir desia,
amar non è dove si trova Amore,
se non è amante il core;
nè prova il mèl,
se non è amante il core!

*The village girls are all of one mind in this:
that you should welcome Cupid into your heart.*

He who is looking for the greatest pleasure
should follow Cupid and serve him well!
Those who want only pleasure
must know that Cupid cannot find a place;
If his heart doesn't love
then he can't taste the ultimate,
if his heart doesn't love.

5. Madrigale a un dolce Usignolo (Madrigal to a sweet nightingale)

*Tornano per cantar le Villanelle
Un Madrigal, tutte vezzose e belle*

Dolcissimo usignolo,
tu sovra i verdi rami
tutta la notte la tua amica chiami,
e con soavi accenti
fai dolci i tuoi lamenti.
Io, tra i più folti, orrori
di miei pensier, sospiro la mia Clori,
da cui lungi mi vivo,
d'ogni piacer, d'ogni dolcezza privo!

*The village girls return to sing
A madrigal, all charming and pretty*

Sweetest nightingale,
on the green boughs
calling to your sweetheart all night,
and with gentle trills
make your sweet lament.
I'm pining more
In my thoughts sighing for my Chloris,
from whom I live so far,
of every pleasure, of every sweetness deprived.

6. Mascherata d'Amanti (Lover's masquerade)

*Entrano sul Festin tutti d'acordo,
Con un Liuto in tuono dell'Arpicordo.*

Tronc tronc tronc tronc
di ri din din din
Tronc tronc to ro tron ton
di ri den den den

*They all arrive at the party all together
with a lute that sounds like a harpsichord.*

Tronc tronc tronc tronc
di ri din din din
Tronc tronc to ro tron ton
di ri den den den

7. Gli Amanti moreschano (The lovers dance a moresca)

*Cessa il madrigal e con diletto,
Morescano cantando il Spagnoletto.*

Quivi siamo per dar diletto,
morescando lo Spagnoletto.
Tutti giovani innamorati,
sù la gamba, lesti e garbati!
Fatti in su,
fatti in giù;
ben trovati, cu cu ru cù!
Viva Amore con l'arco e strali,
il turcasso la corda e l'ali!
Vival Venere in compagnia,
e chi segue sua monarchia!
Fatti in là,
fatti in qua,
bona sera fa la la la!

*The madrigal ends and with delight
They dance a moresca singing the Spagnoletto.*

We aim to give pleasure,
dancing a moresca to the Spagnoletto.
All you young lovers,
kick your legs high and gracefully!
Kick upwards,
Kick downwards,
well met, cu cu ru cu!
Long live Cupid with his bow and arrows,
quiver, bowstring and wings!
Long live Venus with him,
and those who follow their rule!
Dance it there,
Dance it here,
Good evening, fa la la la!

8. Gli Amanti cantano un Madrigale (The lovers sing a madrigal)

*Finita gli stromenti, per riposo,
Cantano un Madrigale artificioso.*

Ardo sì, ma non t'amo,
perfida e dispietata,
indegnamente amata
da sì fedele amante,
che del mio amor ti vante.
Più non sarà che del mio amor ti vante,
poichè libero ho il core;
e se ardo, di sdegno e non d'amore

*Resting after the instruments are done,
they sing an artful madrigal.*

I burn, yes, but I don't love you,
false and pitiless girl,
You're unworthy to be loved
by so faithful a lover
since you boast of my love.
You are no longer able to boast of my love
for my heart is free;
and if I burn, it's for disdain and not for love

9. Gli amanti cantano una canzonetta (The lovers sing a little song)

*O quanto piacque il madrigale in fine,
Cantano alquante note peregrine.*

Bireno: Bella Olimpia, mi parto,
E il core costantissimo ti resta.
Arrivederci, vita del mia vita,
Troppo mi sa crudel la mia partita!

Olimpia : Pur ti parti mi lasci,
Ingrato e crudellissimo Bireno ;
Ed io qui resto in questo lido sola:
Chi mi dà aiuto, ohimè, chi mi consola?

*O, how the madrigal brought pleasure,
Now they sing some notes of an exiled one.*

Bireno: Fair Olimpia, I go,
And my most constant heart stays with you.
Farewell, life of my life,
Too cruel to me is my parting!

Olimpia: Yet you part and leave me,
Thanksless and most cruel Bireno;
And I stay here alone on this shore:
Who will help me, alas, who console me?

10. La zia Bernardina racconta una Novella (Aunt Bernardina tells a tale)

*Quivi udrassi contar della Gazzuola
Una ridicolosa e industrie fela.*

—Non avendo per or trattenimento,
per fare onore a compagnia sì bella,
zia Bernardina, dite una novella.
—Dirolla senza farmi strapregare:
però silenzio e stètemi ascoltare!
—Sì! Sì! Silenzio!
—Tacetè! Tacetè!
—Olà tacetè!
—Dice che fu una volta una fornara che
aveva una gazzuola . . .
—E sì! Seguitate!
—Oh che gusto!
—E sì questa gazzuola aveva così
ben rotto il filello
—Bon! —Toh! —E sì? —Ben!
—Che ragionava come fa un puttello
—E sì?! —E ben?
—Che diceva? —Che parlava?
—Diceva: putta porca! Porca putta!
fa la torta, fa la zuppa,
quà quà quà . . .
—Hi! Hi! Hi! —Ho! Ho! Ho!
—Ha! Ha! Ha! —Mò chi non rideria?
—E ben? —E sì?
—Che successe? —Seguitate!
—Successe che mangiando un dì le zuppe,
cadde in terra la gabbia e sì si ruppe!
—Che fu della gazzuola?
—Uno stronzo vi sia in gola!
—O buono in vero: ve l'ha cuccata!
—Mo stiamo attenti a questa capricciata.

*Now we hear about the magpie
A ridiculous and serious tale.*

—We have no entertainment now to
honor such fair company so,
aunt Bernardina, tell us a story.
—I'll tell you one straightaway:
be quiet and listen to me!
—Yes! yes! Silence!
—Quiet! Quiet!
—Oh, be quiet!
—They say that a baker-woman once
had a magpie . . .
—Yes! Go on!
—Oh what taste!
—And this magpie could
talk so well . . .
—Good! —Ah! —And then? —Well!
—that he could speak like a little boy
—And then? —Well!
—What did he say? —What were his words?
—He said: Dirty whore! Dirty whore!
Make the tart, make the soup,
qua qua qua . . .
—Hi! Hi! Hi! —Ho! Ho! Ho!
—Ha! Ha! Ha! —Who wouldn't laugh at this?
—Well? —And then?
—What happened?—Carry on!
—One day, when the magpie was eating the soup,
his cage fell to the ground and broke!
—What happened to the magpie?
—Stick a turd in your throat!
—Oh truthfully, she has fooled you!
—Let's now listen to this caprice.

11. Capricciata a tre voci (Caprice for three voices)

*Qui s'ode una spassevol Barzelletta
Di certi Cervellini usciti in fretta.*

Nobil spettatori, udrete or ora
quattro belli umori:
un cane un gatto un cucco un chiù, per spasso,
far contrappunto a mente sopra un basso.

*Now we hear some amusing banter
from those of little brain who then depart in haste*

Noble audience, now you will hear
four fine fellows:
a dog, a cat, a cuckoo, and an owl, for fun,
make up an amusing counterpoint over a bass.

12. Contraponto bestiale alla mente (Academic animal counterpoint)

Un Cane, un Cucco, un Gatto, e un Chiù per spasso Fan contraponto a mente sopra un Basso.

Chiù: —Fa la la la
Cucco: —Fa la la la
Gatto: —Fa la la la
Cane: —Fa la la la
Cucco: —Cucù cucù
Chiù: —Chiù chiù
Gatto: —Miau miau
Cane: —Babau babau
Base:—Nulla fides gobbis;
similiter est zoppis.
Si squerzus bonus est,
super annalia scribe.

A dog, a cuckoo, a cat and an owl have fun making a counterpoint above a bass line.

Owl: —Fa la la la
Cuckoo: —Fa la la la
Cat: —Fa la la la
Dog: —Fa la la la
Cuckoo: —Cuckoo, cuckoo
Owl: —Whoo, whoo
Cat: —Meow meow
Dog: —Bow wow
Base:—Never trust hunchbacks;
nor those who limp.
If a braggart is good,
record it in the history books.

13. Gli Cervellini cantano un Madrigale (Those of little brain sing a madrigal)

*O che Bestial Capriccio naturale
Mò stiamo attenti a un serio Madrigale.*

Furon sin qui l'aurate e belle chiome,
duri lacci e catene a questo core,
che sotto bianco velo,
in mille nodi avvolte,
stavano in sè raccolte.
Or son quadrella d'oro,
che in quel grande arco erette,
vengon quasi saette
per saettarmi il core;
contal dolcezza ch'io
godo, nel loro ferir, del languir mio.

*Oh, that was a silly animals' song,
let's now hear a serious madrigal.*

Your lovely golden hair was
bound tightly round his heart
and under white cloth
a thousand knots were tied
and raveled together.
Now they are in a golden frame
fixed in a large arc,
and have become arrows
that pierce my heart;
with such poignancy that I
rejoice in the wound that I suffer.

14. Intermedio di venditori gli fusi (Intermezzo by the spindle-sellers)

*Al partir delle donne gionse al pari
Un Intermedio lesto di fusari.*

—Chi vuol filare?
Belle donne, comprate fusi,
chè le rocche son bon mercato!
—Chi vuol filare, o donne eccovi il fuso
di querza bianca, d'scero e castagno;
—N'avrete quattro al soldo: o grande abuso!
—Donne, comprate fusi,
chè le rocche son bon mercato!
—Belle donne, comprate fusi!
—Fusi sodi, bianchi, nè son storti!
—Sappiate, certo, non si fa guadagno;

*Now the ladies have left here
come the spindle-sellers with an intermezzo.*

—Who wants to spin?
Buy our spindles, lovely ladies
for distaffs are cheap!
—Who wants to spin? Here's a spindle
of white oak, or maple, or chestnut:
—Four spindles a soldo; a great bargain!
—Ladies, buy our spindles,
for distaffs are cheap!
—Ladies, buy our spindles,
—White spindles, true, not warped!
—We can't make profits at these prices;

girate dritto, acciò vostri consorti
non dichino facciate fusi storti!

turn them around in your fingers, so your husbands
will know you haven't twisted them!

15. Gli fusari cantano un madrigale (The spindle-sellers sing a madrigal)

*Partono gli Fusari, e al lor partire
Cantano un madrigale grato a sentire.*

Felice chi vi mira,
Ma più felice è chi per voi sospira.
Felicissimo poi chi, sospirando,
chi sospirando, fa sospirar voi.

O bene amica stella,
chi, per donna si bella,
può far contento in un l'occhio a 'l desio,
e sicuro può dir: Qual cor è mio!

16. Gioco del Conte (The Count's game)

*Propone un bell'Bisticcio il dolce humore;
Poi lascia star sonando le tre hore.*

—Per seguitar lo spasso in questo loco,
belle signore, su, facciamo un gioco.
—Tutte concordemente unite siamo:
voi principiate e noi vi sequitiamo.
—Su su facciamne un bello,
per chi starà in cervello.
—Che gioco sarà questio?
Spediteci su, presto!
—Quattri versi dirò speditamente:
voi replicate asenza intoppar niente.
—Dite su, che siam leste
per rispondervi, e preste.
—"Sopra il ponte a fronte del fonte
vi stava un conte:
cadde il ponte nel fonte e il conte
si ruppe il fronte".
—Sete troppo vivace!
Più adagio se vi piace,
—"Sopra il ponte a fronte del fonte
vi stava un conte:
cadde il ponte nel fonte e il conte
si ruppe il fronte".
—"Sopra il ponte a fronte del conte
vi stava un ponte . . ."
—Non sete in segno.
ponete un pegno.
—"Sopra il fonte a ponte conte . . ."

*The spindle-sellers depart,
Upon which they sing a madrigal pleasing to hear.*

Happy the one who beholds you,
But happier still the one who sighs for you.
Most happy, though, the one who, sighing,
The one who, sighing, makes you sigh.

O friendly star,
That, through so fair a lady,
Can make happy in one the eyes and the desire,
and surely can say: That heart is mine!

*A sporting fellow proposes light-hearted fun
but calls it off when the bell tolls three o'clock.*

—To continue the fun,
ladies, let's try a game.
—We are all in agreement:
you start and we'll follow.
—Here's a good one,
let's see who can do it..
—What game is this?
Hurry, tell us quickly!
—I'll say four verses quickly:
you repeat them without a stumble.
—Say them then, we're ready
to repeat them quickly.
—"On the bridge by the fountain
stood a count:
the bridge fell into the fountain and
the count broke his brow".
—You're going too fast!
Say it slower, please!
—"On the bridge by the fountain
stood a count:
the bridge fell into the fountain and
the count broke his brow".
—"On the bridge on the count's brow
stood a bridge . . ."
—You're wrong.
you must pay a forfeit.
—"On the fountain on the bridge count . . ."

—Ponete un pegno.
(*Campana*) — Don
—E una . . .
(*Campana*) — Don
—E due . . .
(*Campana*) — Don
—E tre . . .
—Tre ore sono a fé!

—Give me a forfeit.
(*Bell*) — Dong
—That's one o'clock . . .
(*Bell*) — Dong
—That's two o'clock . . .
(*Bell*) — Dong
—That's three o'clock . . .
—It's struck three!

17. Gli festinanti (The revellers)

*Con voce assai brillante, et Asinina
Si sente una bell'aria alla Norcina.*

O o o to no no no!
Non comprarendo qui più mascherate,
sarà ben fatto ritirarsi a cena.
O o o to no no no!
Sendo tre già certo sonate,
però accostiamci tutti in buona vena.
O o o to no no no!
Laviamoci le man, chè l'insalate
già son condite e di vivande piena.
O o o to no no no!
Ecco la mensa; noi, per un tantino,
cantiamo: viva viva il bel festino!
O o o to no no no!

*With a bright tone like the braying of a donkey
we hear a lovely song in the style of a butcher*

O o o to no no no!
Since we have no more masquerades,
let us go in to dinner.
O o o to no no no!
Since it has now struck three o'clock,
let's go there heartily.
O o o to no no no!
Let's wash our hands: the salads are
already made and there's plenty more.
O o o to no no no!
Here's the table; let us sing: "Long live,
long live great feasting!"
O o o to no no no!

18. Vinata di brindesi, e ragioni (Wine-induced toasts and deep thoughts)

*Canto, Falsetto, Alto, Tenor, e Basso,
Col cantinier bevendo, hanno un bell'spaso.*

—Brindesi:
al Basso, Canto ed Alto, col Falsetto.
—Che vino è questo, messer Covello?
—Questo da noi vien detto vin *chiarello*.
—Chiarello, buon chiarello, io to chiarisco mò:
faccio ragione.
—Bon prò! bon prò! bon prò!

—Brindesi:
al Basso, col Falsetto, ed il Contralto.
—Che vino è questo, o cantiniero?
—Questo da noi vien detto vin *versiero*.
—Versiero, buon versiero, io to riservo mò:
faccio ragione.
—Bon prò! bon prò! bon prò!

*The Cantus, Falsetto, Alto, Tenor and Bass
drink with the cellarer and have fun..*

—A toast:
to the Bass, Cantus, Alto and Falsetto.
—What wine is this Master Cellarer?
—This wine is called called *claret* here.
—Claret, wonderful claret, I drink it down:
I'm thinking hard.
—Good health!

—A toast:
to the Bass, Falsetto and Contralto.
—What wine is this Master Cellarer?
— This wine is called called *versiero* here.
—Claret, wonderful claret, I drink it down:
—Versiero, wonderful versiero, I'll sort it out:
I'm thinking hard.
—Good health!

—Brindesi:
al Basso, col Contralto, belli umori.
—Che vino è questo, bon compagno?
—Questo da noi vien detto vin *trincone*.
—Trincone, buon trincone, ecco, ti trinco mò:
faccio ragione.

—Brindesi:
al Basso galamtuom e buon compagno.
—Che vino è questo, messer cotale?
—Questo da noi vien detto vin *codriale*.
—O dolce codriale, entrami in corpo mò,
—Brindesi! Brindesi a tutta la compagnia!

—Che ne dite di questo vino?
—E' buono a fé, cantiniero,
Gran mercè, cantiniero,
gran mercè, è buono a fé

—A toast:
to Bass and Contralto, merry friends.
—What wine is this my friend?
—This wine is called *toasting wine* here.
—Good toasting wine, I drink a toast:
I'm thinking hard.

—A toast:
to gentleman Bass and good friends.
—What wine is this, Master Thingy?
—This wine is called *codriale* here.
—O sweet codriale, come to me now,
—Toasts! Toasts to the whole company!

—What do you think of this wine?
—In truth, it's excellent, cellarer.
Thanks to you, cellarer
Thanks, it's excellent!

19. Sproposito di Goffi, però di gusto (Fooling around, but tastefully)

*O che pazzi babioni, o che cervelli,
Che hora è questa vender solfanelli*

—Strazz! strazz! —Strazz e zavatt!
—*Solfanei —Donn' solfanei!*
—Nu fem baratt in le zavatt,
in vidri rott, in fond' de bott,
cevoll' e ai, pan e formai!
E chi voless comprar con i quatri,
ghe ne darem tri mazz per un sesi!

*O what crazy buffoons, oh what brains
What a time to sell matches?*

—Old clothes! —Old clothes and shoes!
—*Matches! —Matches, ladies!*
—We change old shoes,
For broken glass, dregs from the barrel,
for onions and garlic, bread and cheese!
And if anyone wants to pay money,
we sell them for three for a cent!

20. Il Diletto moderno licenza, et di novo invita (Modern Delight gives you leave, & invites you again)

*Il Diletto moderno in bona vena
Promette spasso mentre, et doppo cena.*

Chi brama avere novo piacere,
di nuova invito al fior gradito!
Giovani amanti lesti e galanti;
innamorate, con lor tornate!
Vi parlo toscò: a cena nosco
non v'invitiamo, chè troppi siamo.
S'udran cantori sfogar ardori,
constil novello, gustoso e bello.
In tanto andate; felice siate!
Voglio finire tornando a dire:
Chi brama avere novo piacere,
di nuovo invito al fior gradito!

*Modern Delight in high spirits
Promises entertainment during and after supper*

Whoever wants new pleasures
I invite you again to our great party!
Young lovers, lively and graceful;
And, lovely girls, come, join them!
Sadly, we can't invite you to eat,
because we are already too many.
You'll hear singers in passionate song,
in the modern style, pleasing and fine.
For now, though, go and be happy!
But I want to end by saying again:
Whoever wants new pleasures,
I invite you again to the Fior Gradito!

INTERMISSION

The Unicorn, the Gorgon and the Manticore, or The Three Sundays of a Poet
Premiered October 19, 1956, in Washington D.C.
Libretto and music by Gian Carlo Menotti (1911-2007)

Interludes from *Pavans, Galliards, Almains and other short Aeirs, both grave and light, in five parts, for Viols, Violins, or other Musicall Winde Instruments* (published 1599)
Anthony Holborne (c1545-1602)

01. Introduction

There once lived a Man in a Castle
And a strange man was he.
He shunned the Countess' parties;
He yawned, at town meetings;

He would not let the doctor take his pulse;
He did not go to church on Sundays.
Oh, what a strange man
Is the Man in the Castle!

02. Interlude 1: The Dance of the Man in the Castle.....Anthony Holborne: 59. The Choise

03. First Madrigal

The promenade of the townfolk by the sea.

Every Sunday afternoon,
Soft winds fanning the fading sun,
All the respectable folk
Went out walking slowly
On the pink promenade by the sea,
Proud husbands velvety-plump
With embroidered silk-pale ladies.
At four o'clock they all greeted each other;
They spoke ill of each other at six:

LADIES: How do you do?
Very well, thank you.
Have you heard?
Pray, do tell me.
Tcha tcha tcha tcha tcha ra tcha.
How funny, how amusing, how odd!
How well you look, how pretty your dress!

Thank you.
Thank you.
Goodbye.
Goodbye.
Isn't she a gossip!
Isn't she a fright!

GENTLEMEN: How do you do?
Very well, thank you.
What do you think of this and that?
in my humble opinion:
Bla bla bla bla la la la la.
How profound, how clever, how true.
Only you could understand me.
Thank you.
Thank you.
Goodbye.
Goodbye.
Oh, what a pompous ass!
Oh, what a fool!

04. Interlude 2: Promenade.....Anthony Holborne: 63. The Fairie-round

FIRST SUNDAY:

05. Second Madrigal

Enter the Man in the Castle and the Unicorn.

One Sunday afternoon the proud
Man in the Castle joined the crowd
In their promenade by the sea.
He walked slowly down the quai
Leading by a silver chain
A captive Unicorn.

The townfolk stopped to stare
At the ill-assorted pair.
Thinking the man insane
Some laughed with pity,
Some laughed with scorn:

Townsfolk: What a scandalous sight
To see a grown-up man
Promenade a Unicorn
In plain daylight!

If one can stroke the cat and kick the dog;
If one can pluck the peacock and flee the bee
If one can ride the horse and hook the hog;
If one can tempt the mouse and swat the fly,
Why, why, would a man both rich and well born
Raise a Unicorn?

If one can strike the boar with the spear.
And pierce the lark with an arrow;
If one can hunt the fox and the deer

06. Introduction to the Third Madrigal

07. Third Madrigal:

Dance of the Man in the Castle and the Unicorn

Unicorn, Unicorn,
My swift and leaping Unicorn,
Keep pace with me, stay close to me,
Don't run astray,
My gentle rover.

Beware of the virgin sleeping
Under the lemon tree,
Her hair adrift among the clover.
She hides a net under her petticoat
And silver chains around her hips;
And if you kiss her lips
The hidden hunter will pierce your throat.

08. Fourth Madrigal

The Count and the Countess

Count: Why are you sad, my darling?
What shall I buy
To make you smile again?
Velvets from Venice,
Furs from Tatory,
Or dwarfs from Spain?

Countess: Why was I ever born?
Ah, my husband dear.
Ah, my master, my lord,
I fear, alas, that you cannot afford

And net the butterfly and eat the sparrow;
If one can bid the falcon fly and let the robin die
Why, why would a man both rich and well-born
Raise a Unicorn?

if one can skin the mole and crush the snake;;
if one can tame the swan on the lake
And harpoon the dolphin in the sea;
If one can chain the bear and train the flea;
If one can sport with the monkey
and chatter with the magpie,
Why, why Would a man both rich and well-born
Raise a Unicorn?

Unicorn, beware, beware!
Her crimson lips are hard as coral
And her white thighs are only a snare.
For you who likes to roam
A kiss is poisoned food.

Much sweeter fare
Is the green laurel;
Much safer home
Is the dark wood.

To calm my sorrow.
Why was I ever born
If I must go through life
Without a Unicorn?

Count: Dry your tears, my pet, my wife.
Whether I swim or fly,
Whether I steal or borrow,
I swear that you shall own
A Unicorn tomorrow.

09. Interlude 3.....Anthony Holborne: 55. The Night-watch

As the Count and Countess appear with a Unicorn, the Townsfolk stare at them in great surprise. Soon everyone in town imitates them, until every respectable couple is now promenading with its own Unicorn.

SECOND SUNDAY:

10. Fifth Madrigal:

Enter the Man in the Castle with the Gorgon

Behold the Gorgon, stately and proud,
His eyes transfixed but not unaware
Of the envious stare
Of the common crowd.

Behold the Gorgon, tall, big and loud.
He does not see the smiling enemy.

He does not pause to acknowledge
The racket of the critical cricket
Nor to confute the know-how
Of the sententious cow.

He slowly sarabands
Down the street,
Ignoring the hunter
But mixing with the elite.

Fearless and wild,
His wings widespread,
He fascinates the maiden
And frightens the child.

11. Sixth Madrigal

The Townsfolk and the Man in the Castle

TOWNSFOLK: -And what is that,
A Bloody-Nun, a werewolf?

MAN IN THE CASTLE: This is a Gorgon.

TOWNSFOLK: And what did you do with the
Unicorn, please?

MAN IN THE CASTLE: He only liked to gambol
and tease. I quickly grew tired of the fun; so I
peppered and grilled him.

TOWNSFOLK: Do you mean...

MAN IN THE CASTLE: Yes, yes, I killed him.

TOWNSFOLK:

Oh, but the man must be out of his mind.
How ungrateful of him, how unkind
To willfully destroy
The pretty, pretty Unicorn, so gentle and coy!
Had he found something prettier at least-
But look at the Gorgon, the horrible beast.

Wicked is man, patient is God.
All He gives man to enjoy Man will destroy.
Banish all sleep; weep for the dead;
Cover my head, silence the nightingale;
Muffle the horn and the lute;
Silence the nightingale.
For the Unicorn, slain by man, will not leap
Ever again.

11.5 Interlude 3.5.....Anthony Holborne: 52. Galliard

12. Seventh Madrigal:

*The Count and the Countess. The latter has just
secretly poisoned her Unicorn.*

COUNT: Why are you sad, my darling?
Gone is the swallow
From your limpid eyes.
Gone is the silver
From your clarion voice.

COUNTESS: My Unicorn, my Unicorn!
Whether he grazed on
Mandrake or hellebore
Or only caught a chill,
I very much fear
My Unicorn is done for.
He is so very, very ill.

COUNT: Do not grieve, my dear.
Once he is dead and gone
We shall buy a younger one.

COUNTESS: Ah, my Unicorn,
No younger one could take his place.
Besides, they have grown too common
The Mayor's Wife has one.
So does the Doctor's Wife.
Now that my Unicorn is gone
I want a Gorgon.

COUNT: A gorgon, ha ha ha, God forbid!

COUNTESS: Ah me, ah me, that's clear.
I must go back to Mother.

COUNT: Bon voyage, my dear.

COUNTESS: Abandoned and betrayed
I shall take the veil and die a nun.

COUNT: Why not an abbess?
I couldn't care less.

COUNTESS: Think of our son
Who has done no wrong.

COUNT: The little monster, take him along.

The Countess bursts into tears.

COUNT: Oh no, not that, I pray.
Calm yourself, my dear.

I shall find a Gorgon this very day.

13. Interlude 4.....*Anthony Holborne: 52. Ecce quam bonum*

As the Count and the Countess appear at a picnic with a Gorgon, the Townsfolk stare at them in surprise. Soon all the Unicorns are killed and every respectable couple is now seen promenading with a Gorgon.

14. Eighth Madrigal:

Enter the Man in the Castle with the Manticore.

Do not caress the lonely Manticore.
Do not, unless your hand is gloved.
Feeling betrayed, feeling unloved,
So lost is he in cabalistic dreams
He often bites the hand
He really meant to kiss.

Do not caress the lonely Manticore.
Although he's almost blind
And very, very shy
And says he loves mankind,
His glistening back
Will quickly raise its piercing quills.
How often as if in jest
Inadvertently he kills
The people he loves best.

Afraid of love, he hides in secret lairs
And feeds on herbs more bitter than the aloe.
Fleeing the envious, the curious, the shallow,
He keeps under his pillow
A parchment he thinks
Contains Solomon's Seal
And will restore his sight.
And late at night
He battles with the Sphinx.

15. Ninth Madrigal

The Townsfolk and the Man in the Castle.

TOWNSFOLK: And who is that,
Methuselah or Beelzebub?

MAN IN THE CASTLE: This is the Manticore.

TOWNSFOLK: And what of the Gorgon?
How is he these days?

MAN IN THE CASTLE: He was so proud
and pompous and loud
I quickly grew tired of his ways.
First I warned him, then I caged him;
Finally he died.

TOWNSFOLK: He died of what?

MAN IN THE CASTLE: Of murder.

TOWNSFOLK: Oh, but the man must
be out of his mind.
How ungrateful of him, how unkind
To slaughter in a cage
The gorgeous, gorgeous Gorgon,
The pride of his age.
Had he found something prettier at least
But this Manticore is a horrible beast.

16. Interlude 5.....*Anthony Holborne: The teares of the muses*

The Countess secretly stabs her Gorgon.

17. Tenth Madrigal

COUNT: Why are you sad, my darling?

COUNTESS: Why are you sad, my darling?
I like that, I like that!
Are you drunk, are you asleep or just blind?

COUNT: I must be all three
For I dreamt you were charming and kind.

COUNTESS: I dare say with the exception of you
The whole town is aware
Of my terrible plight.
My Gorgon is lost.
My Gorgon,
My Gorgon is hopelessly lost.

COUNT: Hardly a reason to weep.
I can now get you a dozen
At half his original cost.

COUNTESS: How dare you suggest such a thing!
You have no intuition nor sense.
You are vulgar and dense.

COUNT: I bow to your eloquence
But what have I said?

COUNTESS: Do you expect me to keep
And pamper and feed
A breed that is common and cheap?

COUNT: I shall say no more.

COUNTESS: Not even to offer me a Manticore?

COUNT: A Manticore! That ghost, that golem,
that ghoul in my house! Never, never!

COUNTESS: You are a fool.

COUNT: I married you.

COUNTESS: You are a mule.

COUNT: You are a shrew.

COUNTESS: How dare you! Oh...I faint.

COUNT: *Aside:*
(Oh, what a wife have I
Medusa she is and Xantippe.
Still she must share my bed.
I wish I were dead.)

COUNTESS: Saying something?

COUNT: Oh, nothing.

COUNTESS: May I then have my Manticore?

COUNT: Don't be a bore!

COUNTESS: Oh, why did I marry a
Count of no-account
Since I could have married
A Duke or a Prince?

COUNT: *Aside:*
(Because they were clever and I was a fool.)

COUNTESS: Saying something?..

COUNT: Oh, nothing!

COUNTESS: I heard you.

She slaps him.

COUNT: *Aside:*

(Oh, what a wife have I

Medusa she is and Xantippe.

Oh, what a wife have I

I wish she would die.)

COUNTESS: Do you still refuse?

COUNT: You are much too convincing
and forceful and deft.

COUNTESS: I knew we would finally
See eye to eye

COUNT: Yes, the one eye I have left.

18. Interlude 6.....Anthony Holborne: 18. The Sighes

As the Count and the Countess appear with the Manticore, the Townsfolk stare at them in surprise. Soon all the Gorgons in town are killed, and every respectable couple is now seen promenading a Manticore.

19. Eleventh Madrigal

TOWNSFOLK: Have you noticed
The Man in the Castle is seen no more
Walking on Sundays his Manticore?

I have a suspicion.

Do you suppose? Do you?

The Manticore, too?

We must form a committee
to stop all these crimes.

We should arrest him;

We should splice his tongue

And triturate his bones.

He should be tortured with water and fire,
With pulleys and stones.

He should be put on the rack,

on the wheel, on the stake

In molten lead, in the Iron Maiden.

Let us all go to explore

The inner courts of the castle

And find out what he has done

With the rare Manticore.

19.5. Interlude 7.....Anthony Holborne: 34. My Linda

20. The March to the Castle

TOWNSFOLK: Slow, much too slow
Is the judgment of God.

Quick is the thief;

Speedy architect of perfect labyrinths

The sinner

But God's law works in Time,

And Time has one flaw:

It is unfashionably slow.

We, the few, the elect,

Must take things in our hands;

We must judge those who live

And condemn those who love.

All passion is uncivil,

All candor is suspect.

We detest all, except

What by fashion is blest.

And forever and ever

Whether evil or good

We shall respect

What seems clever.

21. Twelfth Madrigal:

As they enter the Castle, the Townsfolk see the Man in the Castle lying on his deathbed, surrounded by the Unicorn, the Gorgon, and the Manticore.

MAN IN THE CASTLE: Oh, foolish people
Who feign to feel
What other men have suffered.
You, not I, are the indifferent killers
Of the Poet's dreams.

How could I destroy
The pain-wrought children of my fancy?
What would my life have been
Without their faithful
And harmonious company?

Unicorn, Unicorn,
My youthful, foolish Unicorn,
Please do not hide, come close to me.

And you, my Gorgon,
Behind whose splendor
I hid the doubts of my midday,
You, too, stand by.

And here is my shy and lonely Manticore
Who gracefully leads me to my grave.
Farewell, farewell.

Equally well I loved you all.
Although the world may not suspect it,
All remains intact within
The Poet's heart.

Farewell, farewell.
Not, even death I fear
As in your arms I die.
Farewell, farewell.



Circa 1600

Robert Worth, music director & Amanda McFadden, associate music director

Soprano

Claire Coleman
Rebecca Matlick
Dianna Morgan*
Esther Rayo*

Alto

Harriet Buckwalter
Erica Dori*
Cinzia Forasiepi
Amanda McFadden
Stephanie Nowak

Tenor

Anthony Aboumrad
Kris Haugen
Ole Kern
Will Meyer*

Bass

Sebastian Bradford*
David Kittelstrom
Tim Marson
Robert Worth*

** featured ensemble*

Circa 1600 is a chamber choir focused upon the nexus between the Renaissance and the Baroque. The group's primary repertoire is drawn from the 16th and 17th centuries, with occasional forays backward to the 15th century and forward up to and including the music of JS Bach. Guiding lights include Josquin Desprez, Claudio Monteverdi, and Heinrich Schütz.



Barefoot All-Stars

Wendy Gillespie
Farley Pierce

Julie Jeffrey

Shira Kammen
Lynn Tetenbaum

The Barefoot All-Stars have been bringing viol consort music to the Bay Area for nearly a decade. Originally formed as an ad hoc collective of viol players for the popular Barefoot Chamber Concerts series, the All-Stars have (among other things) gone on to perform with Sonoma Bach under Robert Worth, have contributed to the 2014, 2016 and 2018 BFX fringes ("Lacrimae and other sad Pavans", and "The Cries of London"), presented the complete six-part consort suites of William Lawes on the BFX Mainstage (2022), and have established an annual tradition of concerts devoted to a single composer (Ferrabosco, Gibbons, Byrd, Jenkins, etc.), attracting sell-out audiences every January since 2017.

Kevin Cooper, theorbo



Amanda McFadden joined Sonoma Bach as a singer in 2019 and has been Associate Music Director since 2022. She graduated from the University of Delaware with a Masters of Music in Choral Conducting in 2018, where she also conducted the Neuro Notes, a choir for people with Parkinson's disease, and was the Assistant Director of the Rainbow Chorale of Delaware. Previously, Amanda graduated from San José State University with a Bachelor of Music in Music Education in 2010 and Single Subject Teaching Credential in 2011, where she studied under Charlene Archibeque. She taught music in the classroom from 2012-2021, teaching a variety of courses including Instrumental and Choral Music as well as Musicianship for students ranging from fourth grade through high school. She has taught at Woodside Priory School, Sonoma Academy, and Strawberry Elementary School. She currently collaborates with the choirs at Montgomery High School with Dana Alexander. Amanda also serves as a Program Manager for California Teacher Development Collaborative, where she manages professional development programming for Independent School Teachers and Leaders throughout the Bay Area. In her free time, Amanda likes to play volleyball, read science fiction, listen to podcasts, cook vegan food, and spend time with friends, family, and her two cats.

Robert Worth is the founding music director of Sonoma Bach. In 2010, he retired as Professor of Music at Sonoma State University, where he taught choral music, early music and many other subjects for 29 years. Bob has a specialty in musicianship training, and for ten years ran the ear-training program at SSU. He was deeply involved in the Green Music Center project in its early years, working with staff and architects on such issues as acoustics, choral performance facilities and the John Brombaugh Opus 9 pipe organ in Schroeder Hall. Bob received his BA in music at SSU in 1980, and his MA in musicology at UC Berkeley in 1982. He and his wife Margaret live on Sonoma Mountain with Gemini, their Labrador Retriever.

Sonoma Bach Celebrates Local Artists!

Sonoma Bach is thrilled to announce our partnership with **Artstart** in creating artwork for our concert, **Two Tall Tales**. Artstart has been providing arts mentorship for 14-21 year-olds in Sonoma County for 25 years! They create incredible murals, mosaics and more with schools, businesses, and public entities. Through this collaboration, we aim to bring together the worlds of music and visual art, creating a truly immersive and captivating experience for our audience.

Another highlight of this concert is the **Sonoma Bach High School Art Competition**. This competition provides an incredible opportunity for talented high school artists to showcase their skills and creativity. We believe in nurturing young talent and providing a platform for them to shine. By supporting our spring programming, you are not only supporting the arts but also empowering the next generation of artists. Artwork from ArtQuest and Credo is displayed in a lobby gallery featuring art where the students explored the theme, Music & Myth.

Julia Loopstra is an artist living and working in the San Francisco Bay Area. She has a BFA in illustration from California College of the Arts, and especially enjoys drawing animals, dresses, and pleasant little men wearing hats. In her spare time she enjoys writing, embroidery, exploring the California Coast, and collecting useless knick-knacks from thrift shops.



Season Farewell:

The Most Ambitious Project

Friday, May 24, 8PM & Saturday, May 25, 3PM

Backgrounder lecture 35 minutes before each performance

Sonoma Bach Choir · Live Oak Baroque Orchestra

Directed by Robert Worth and Amanda McFadden

In 1724, a year after he moved to the city of Leipzig, Bach embarked upon the largest project of his long and storied career: The creation of a unified annual cycle of chorale cantatas for the church year. For the 1723–24 season, he had cobbled together a cycle of diverse cantatas, mixing some works from his years in Weimar with new cantatas. The new cycle was to be unified around the chorale cantata, in which each entire piece was built around a single Lutheran chorale. In the event, he composed some 42 of these for the cycle, adding 8 more in later years. We will voyage through this vast trove of fabulous music by performing a series of triptychs, each made up of the bare chorale melody; the grand opening movement; and the final chorale.

Tickets available at www.sonomabach.org

Thank You for Supporting Sonoma Bach!

\$25,000+

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Susan Smile
Clarice Stasz
Judith Walker
Lee Wallace



The Dance of the Man in the Castle and the Unicorn



The Count and the Countess



Everyone in town has acquired a Manticore



The Man in the Castle on his deathbed