

*The Renaissance Chorus Association*  
*July 19 2015*

**ORFEO**

*Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)*

*L'Orfeo Favola in Musica (1607)*

*Libretto by*

*Alessandro Striggio*

*Cast (In order of Appearance)*

*Narrative Introductions: James Stephens*

*Music-Janet Steele\**

*Pastore 11- Daniel Pincus*

*Ninfa- Meredith Huveneers\**

*Orpheus -Darrell Lauer*

*Pastore 1- Louis Calvano\**

*Eurydice- Evelyn Simon\**

*Messenger Suzanne Lorge*

*Pastore 111- Elliot Levine\**

*Pastore IV- Claude Levy\**

*Hope- Elizabeth Thorne\**

*Charon- Martin Morell*

*Proserpina-Sarah A. Michal\**

*Plutone- Seth Katz*

*Spirito 1- Daniel Pincus*

*Spirito 2- Elliot Levine\**

*Spirito 3- Claude Levy\**

*Echo- Sig Rosen*

*Apollo- Lowell Accola*

*\*Spirit Chorus:*

*Marge Naughton/ Friday Group Chorus Preparation*

*Martin Morell- Italian Diction Consultant*

*Daniel Pincus- administration/scheduling*

*Darrell Lauer- Vocal Coaching*

*Orfeo Instrumental Ensemble*

*Alan Aurelia, Conductor*

*CONTINUO Violone- Roland Hutchinson*

*CONTINUO Keyboard/Rehearsal coach: William Lyon Lee*

*Trumpets: Jordan Hirsch, Adam Horowitz, Trombone:-Paul Geidel*

*Violins: Marnen Laibow Koser, Gabriel Tevan*

*Tenor Viola da gamba: Susan Daily, Bass Gamba: Virginia Kaycoff*

*Recorders: Jenny Holan, Wendy Steiner, Claude Levy*

*Harp: Margaret Sanzo Sneddon, Guitar: Charles Ramsey*

*Percussion: Jennie Holan, Fretless e-bass: Daniel Levy*

## *Overture*

### *Toccatà*

## *Prologue*

### *Music*

*From my beloved Permessus to you I come, famous heroes, gentle issue of kings, whose excellent merits fame reports, without nearing the truth since the aim is too high.*

### *Ritornello*

*I rule the realms of Music sweet, and with my skill soothe troubled minds, or stir with passion and inflame the coldest hearts with furious love.*

### *Ritornello*

*On golden strings I play and sing, to charm the ears of mortals, and so exalt their souls to heaven, and to the music of the spheres.*

### *Ritornello*

*My theme is Orpheus, loved on Pindus, Glorious child of Helicon, who melted hearts of savage beasts and made Hades bow before his pleading*

### *Ritornello*

*And as the measures change from joy to gloom, I charge-let no bird stir among the leaves; let surging billows on the shore be hushed, and in its course each breeze suspend its breath.*

### *Ritornello*

## *Act*

### *Shepherd II*

*On this most happy and auspicious day which marks for Orpheus love's attainment, dear shepherds, sing in tones so sweet, that Orpheus finds them fitting praise. Today the fair Eurydice, so cold ere this to love's allurements, bestows her heart and hand on him. Today is godlike Orpheus glad, within her bosom in her heart, for whom these groves once heard his weeping. So on this happy day, god-favored. Which marks the end of love's delays for god-like Orpheus; let us sing in accents, shepherds, passing sweet, in fitting praise to Orpheus.*

### *Chorus*

*With your presence bless this union, hymen; come with upraised torch blazing as the sun at rising. Ope the way for these young lovers, to a life serene and long. Free from clouds, from bitter torments, from the fearful ache of grief.*

### *Nymphs*

*Muses, glory of Parnassus, heaven's fondest offspring, come, comforters of hearts despairing. Banish gloom with tuneful strings. Join us as we pray that Hymen look on Orpheus not askance; waft harmonious chords from heaven, fitting ours in sweet concord.*

### *Chorus of Nymphs and Shepherds*

*Leave the mountains; leave the fountains, lovely joyful nymphs. And in these meadows in traditional dances let your fair feet rejoice. Here let the sun see your dancing, lovelier than those that to the moon in dark night stars in heaven dance.*

### *Ritornello*

### *Shepherd I*

*But you, gentle singer, at your laments if once you made these fields to weep, why now to the sound of your famous lyre do you not make the valleys and hills rejoice? Let the feeling of your heart be shown in some happy song, inspired by Love.*

**Orpheus**

*Rose of heaven, life of the world, and worthy issue of him who holds the universe in sway, Sun, who encircles all and sees all from your starry course, tell me, have you ever seen a happier or more fortunate lover than me? Right happy was the day, my love, when first I saw you, and happier the hour when I sighed for you, since at my sighs you sighed: happiest the moment when your white hand, pledge of pure faith, you held out to me. If I had as many hearts as eternal heaven has eyes and as these lovely hills in green May have leaves, all would be full and brimming over with that pleasure that today makes me content.*

**Eurydice**

*I will not say how great, Orpheus, in your joy is my joy, for I no longer have in me my heart, but it is with you in Love's company; ask it then, if you want to know, how happily it rejoices and how much it loves you.*

**Chorus of Nymphs and Shepherds**

*Leave the mountains, leave the fountains, lovely joyful Nymphs. And in these meadows in traditional dances let your fair feet rejoice. Here let the sun see your dancing, more lovely than those that to the moon in the dark night the stars in heaven dance.*

**Ritornello**

**Chorus**

*Come, Hymen, come, ah, come . . . and may your burning torch be like a rising sun that brings to these lovers peaceful days and chase away for ever the horrors and shadows of torments and sorrow.*

**Shepherd II**

*But since our joy derives from heaven, from heaven comes our weal and woe, it is most fitting that we humbly offer prayers and sacrifice. So to the temple each one turn his steps adoring Him whose right hand holds the world, that He safeguard us in time to come.*

**Ritornello**

**Chorus**

*Let no one when his hopes are shattered bind himself to grief completely, though it pitiless assail him, though it cloud his life with doubt.*

**Ritornello**

*Mark how the sun when raging storms have passed with ever-brighter light sends down his rays upon the earth aghast with fear. Mark too how spring adorns with flowers the fields that winter's teeth laid bare. So Orpheus stilled his hunger once with sighs, and slaked his thirst with tears, who now knows such exceeding bliss, there is no more his heart desires.*

**ACT II**

**Sinfonia**

**Orpheus**

*I turn my steps to you once more, beloved woods and precious shores. Blessed by my bride, my sun, who shines upon my nights and makes them day.*

**Ritornello**

**Shepherd I**

*See how the shadows of the beeches lengthen, how they stretch and sprawl, now that Phoebus from the heavens darts his fiercest rays abroad.*

**Ritornello**

*Here we lie on mossy banks, let each essay the various modes, and let his voice ring out against the murmuring water's rhythmic sound.*

**Ritornello**

## **Two Shepherds**

*In this meadow strewn with flowers, as we hear from myth and story, every woodland god and satyr whiled the pleasant hours away.*

### **Ritornello**

*Here oft are heard the sighs of Pan, the shepherd god, in soft complaint, teased by haunting memories of loves who fled his shaggy arms.*

### **Ritornello**

*Here strayed delightful forest nymphs in brightly garlanded array. White fingers peeping from the green, they played at plucking pretty flowers.*

### **Ritornello**

### **Chorus**

*Come Orpheus; adorn with praise upon your sounding lyre these groves o'er which the breezes waft perfume.*

### **Ritornello**

### **Orpheus**

*O wooded shades; do you recall my long and cruel love torments? The very stones, their hardness melted, made moving answer to my plaints. Ah then in truth I wore a guise of the sorriest of men. Now fortune has exchanged my lot, and erstwhile sorrow yields to bliss. Downcast, I walked with doleful mien that now is filled with ecstasy. The barren pangs borne through the years have made more sweet my present joy.*

### **Ritornello**

*Because of you, Eurydice I bless my former years and woe. Pleasure after pain is sweet; good times seem brighter after ill.*

### **Ritornello**

### **Shepherd I**

*See, ah see, Orpheus, how at every turn there smiles the wood and smiles the meadow; then continue with your golden plectrum to sweeten the air on so blessed a day.*

### **Messenger**

*Ah, bitter fate, ah, wicked, cruel Fate, ah, hurtful stars, ah, envious heaven.*

### **Shepherd I**

*Who mars with gloomy note this perfect day?*

### **Messenger**

*Alas, then must I, while Orpheus with his music makes heaven rejoice, with my words pierce his heart?*

### **Shepherd I**

*This is gentle Sylvia, sweetest companion of fair Eurydice: oh, how much there is in her sorrowing face: what has happened? Ah, gods above, do not turn your kind face from us.*

### **Messenger**

*Shepherd; leave your singing, for all our good cheer is turned to pain.*

### **Orpheus**

*Whence do you come? Where are you going? Nymph, what news?*

### **Messenger**

*I come to you, Orpheus, unhappy messenger of a happening more unhappy and more dreadful, your fair Eurydice . .*

### **Orpheus**

*Alas, what do I hear?*

### **Messenger**

*Your beloved bride is dead.*

### **Orpheus**

*Oh woe!*

**Messenger**

*In a flowery meadow with her other companions she went picking flowers to make a garland for her hair, when a deceitful snake that was hidden in the grass, bit her foot with poisoned fang. And lo immediately her fair face grew pale and in her eyes that light that outshone the sun faded. Then we all, appalled and sorrowing, gathered round her, trying to recall her spirits that grew faint, with fresh water and with powerful charms, but to no avail, ah alas, for she opened her failing eyes a little, and calling you, Orpheus, after a deep sigh, she died in these arms; and I remained, my heart full of pity and of fear.*

**Shepherd II**

*Ah, bitter mischance, ah, wicked, cruel fate, ah, hurtful stars, ah, envious heaven!*

**Shepherd I**

*At the bitter news the unhappy man seems like a speechless rock and through too much grief cannot grieve. Ah, he would have the heart of a tiger or bear that did not feel pity at your misfortune, deprived of every happiness, wretched lover.*

**Orpheus**

*You are dead, my life, and do I breathe? You are gone from me never to return, and do I remain? No, for if my verses can do anything, I will go surely to the deepest abysses, and having softened the heart of the King of Shades, I will bring her back to see again the stars: Oh, if wicked destiny refuses me this, I will stay with you in the company of death. Farewell earth, farewell heaven and sun, farewell.*

**Chorus**

*Ah, bitter mischance, ah, wicked, cruel fate, ah, hurtful stars. Ah, envious heaven! Let no mortal man trust happiness that is passing and frail, that soon flies away, and often a precipice is near a great height.*

**Messenger**

*But I, who with this tongue have brought the knife that, has pierced the loving soul of Orpheus, hateful to Shepherds and to nymphs, hateful to myself, where may I hide? Unlucky, of the night, the sun shall I ever flee and in a lonely cave will lead a life that matches my grief.*

**Sinfonia**

**Shepherd II, Shepherd III**

*Who can console these wretched ones? I surely ought their eyes have power to gush fresh streams like living springs—  
Such mourning does beseech this day, which is sadder for its recent joy! This day passed a black and rushing wind which in its passing snuffed, alas, the two bright lights of these our woods, Eurydice and Orpheus, ah, sad their lot—  
One poisoned by a serpent's bite, the other pierced by sorrow's pangs.*

**Chorus**

*Fate has struck a bitter blow, wicked past enduring! Star-crossed are you and ill omened; jealous are the gods above!*

**Shepherd II, Shepherd III**

*Where, oh, where can she be lying? Most unhappy nymph, with limbs so cold and fair? Has she found a resting-place worthy of that lovely spirit which departed in her youth's sweet spring?*

*Let us shepherds hasten then piously to seek her now, and with tears of bitter woe pay tribute that is due to her corps so still and pallid.*

**Chorus of Nymphs and Shepherds**

*Fate has struck a bitter blow, wicked past enduring! Star-crossed are you and ill omened; jealous are the gods above!*

**Sinfonia**

*Act III*  
*Sinfonia*

**Orpheus**

*Accompanied by you, my goddess, Hope, sole comfort of-afflicted mortals, now have I reached these mournful and dark realms where the sun's rays never reach. You, my companion and guide, on paths so strange and unknown have controlled my feeble, trembling steps, where today I still hope.*

**Hope***Here is the black marsh, here the boatman who takes naked spirits to the other bank, and where Pluto has his vast kingdom of shades. Beyond that dark pool, beyond that river, in those fields of weeping and grief, cruel destiny hides your beloved. Now you need a stout heart and a fine song. I have brought you here, but further I may not come with you, for harsh law forbids it, a law written with iron on hard rock at the terrible entrance to the kingdom below, that in these words expresses its haughty meaning: ABANDON HOPE, ALL YOU WHO Enter. Then, if your heart is firm to set foot in the city of grief; I must flee from you and return to my customary dwelling.*

**Orpheus**

*Where, ah, where are you going, sole sweet comfort of my heart? Since not a long way away the end of my long journey appears, why do you leave and abandon me, ah, alas, in my perilous path? What help remains for me now, if you fly from me, sweetest Hope?*

**Charon**

*O you who before death to these shores in rashness come, halt your steps; to plough these waves is not granted to mortal man, nor can he who lives have dwelling with the dead. What? Would you then, an enemy to my Lord, drag Cerberus from the Tartarean gates? Or do you want to seize his dear consort, your heart on fire with shameless desire? Rein in your rash folly, for into my boat shall nevermore living body enter, since of so many ancient outrages I still harbor in my soul the bitter memory and righteous anger.*

*Sinfonia*

**Orpheus**

*Powerful spirit and fear-inspiring god, without whom to take passage to the other bank a soul, freed from the body, presumes in vain,*

**Ritornello**

*I do not live, no, since when, deprived of life, was my dear bride, my heart was no long To her I have made my way through the dark air, not yet to Hades, for wherever there is such beauty there is paradise with it.*

**Ritornello**

*Orpheus am I, that to Eurydice my paces bend over these dark sands, where never mortal man has gone. O serene light of my eyes, if one look of yours can return me to life, ah, who refuses comfort to my pains? You alone, noble God, can give me aid, nor should fear, since on a golden lyre only with sweet strings are my fingers armed, against which the harshest spirit seeks in vain.*

**Charon**

*In part it charms me, delighting my heart, disconsolate singer, your plaint and your song. But far, ah, far from this breast let pity be, a feeling unworthy of my courage.*

**Orpheus**

*Ah, unlucky lover, then may I not hope that the citizens of Avernus may hear my prayers? Then must I like a wandering shade of an unhappy, unburied body, bereft of Heaven and of Hades? So does wicked fate desire that in this horror of death far, my heart, from you, I should call your name in vain, and praying and weeping waste myself away? Give me back my love, Spirits of Tartarus.*

*Sinfonia*

**Orpheus**

*He sleeps and my lyre, if it cannot bring pity to that hardened heart, at least sleep his eyes cannot escape at my song. Up, then, why longer wait? It is time now to land on the other shore, if there is none to deny it. Let valour prevail if my prayers are in vain. A passing flower of time is opportunity that must be plucked at the time. While these eyes pour forth bitter streams of tears, give me back my love, Spirits of Tartarus. (He enters the boat and crosses over, singing to the sound of the wood-organ)*

**Sinfonia**

**Chorus of Spirits**

*No undertaking by man is tried in vain, nor against him can Nature further arm herself. The uneven plain's watery fields he has ploughed and scattered the seed of his labours, whence he has gathered golden harvests. Wherefore, so that memory may live of his glory, Fame, to speak of him, has loosed her tongue, who controlled the sea with fragile craft, who cast scorn on the anger of the South and North Winds.*

**Act IV**

**Sinfonia**

**Proserpina**

*Lord, that unhappy man, who through these great fields of death goes calling on Eurydice, whom you have just heard thus sweetly lamenting, has moved such pity in my heart that once more I turn to pray that your spirit will yield to his prayers. Ah, if from these eyes you have ever taken loving sweetness, if the serenity of this brow has pleased you that you call your heaven, on which you swear to me not to envy Jove his lot, I beg you, by that fire with which Love set afire your great soul. Let Eurydice return to enjoy those days that she used to pass, living in festivities and in song, and console the weeping of wretched Orpheus.*

**Pluto**

*Although severe and immutable fate is against your desires, beloved wife, yet nothing ever can be refused such beauty, together with such prayers. His dear Eurydice against the command of fate, Orpheus may recover. But before he takes his way from these abysses he must never turn his desirous eyes to see her, since her eternal loss a single look will cause for sure. So do I command. Now in my kingdom O servants, make known my will, so that Orpheus may understand it and Eurydice understand it, nor may anyone hope to change it.*

**A Spirit from the Chorus**

*O of the dwellers in eternal shadows powerful King let your order be law, that to seek other reasons for your will our thoughts must not turn.*

**Another Spirit from the Chorus**

*From these terrible caverns will Orpheus lead his bride, will he use his understanding so that youthful desire not overcome it, nor forget these weighty commands?*

**Proserpina**

*What thanks may I give you, now that so noble a boon you grant to my prayers, kind Lord? Blessed be the day that first I pleased you, blessed the seizing of sweet trickery and the since, me to my good fortune, I won you, losing the sun.*

**Pluto**

*Your sweet words love's ancient wound revives in my heart. Let your soul not so long more for heavenly delight as to abandon your marriage-bed.*

**Chorus of Spirits**

*Pity, today, and Love triumph in Hades.*

**Spirit**

*Here is the gentle singer; who leads his bride to the heaven above.*

**Ritornello**

**Orpheus**

*What honour will be worthy of you, my all-powerful lyre, for you have, in the kingdom of Tartarus, been able to make yield every hardened heart?*

### **Ritornello**

*A place shall you have among the fairest images of heaven, where at your sound the stars shall dance in rounds, now slow, now fast.*

### **Ritornello**

*I, through you happy to my fill, shall see the beloved face, and in the white bosom of my lady today shall I rest. But while I sing, ah me, who can assure me that she follows me? Ah me, who hides from me the sweet light of her beloved eyes? Perhaps, spurred on by envy, the gods of Avernus, so that I should not be happy here below, prevent me looking at you, blessed and joyful eyes, that only with a look can bless others? But what do you fear, my heart? What Pluto forbids, Love commands. The more powerful spirit that overcomes men and gods I must obey. (There is a noise off-stage) But what do I hear? Ah me, alas, perhaps to my loss there arm themselves with such fury the enamoured Furies to take from me my love, and I let it happen? (Now Orpheus turns) O sweetest eyes, I see you now, I see... . But what eclipse, ah me, obscures you? **A Spirit**  
You have broken the law and are unworthy of pardon.*

### **Eurydice**

*Ah, too sweet and too bitter a sight, so through too much love, then, do you lose me? And I, wretched, lose the power to enjoy more light and life, and lose together you, dearer than all, O my consort.*

### **A Spirit**

*Return to the shades of death, unhappy Eurydice, nor can you hope to see again the stars, for now Hades is deaf to your prayers.*

### **Orpheus**

*Where are you going, my life? Lo, I follow you, but who stops me, ah me? A dream or madness? What hidden power of these horrors, from these beloved horrors draws me, in my despite, and leads me to the hateful light?*

### **Sinfonia**

### **Chorus of Spirits**

*Virtue is a ray of celestial beauty, prize of the soul, where alone it is valued: the assault of time this does not fear, but greater in man do years render its splendour. Orpheus conquered Hades and then was conquered by his feelings. Worthy of eternal glory is he that will have victory over himself.*

### **Sinfonia**

### **Act V**

### **Ritornello**

### **Orpheus**

*These are the fields of Thrace and this place where pierced my heart that grief at the bitter news. Since I have no further hope to have back again, through pleading, weeping and sighing, my lost love, what more can I do than turn to you sweet woods, at one time comfort to my suffering, while it pleased heaven to make you languish in pity with me, at my languishing? You grieved, O mountains, and you cried, you rocks, at the leaving of our sun, and I will always cry with you and always yield myself, ah, to grief, ah, my weeping!*

**Echo...ay weeps!**

### **Orpheus**

*Kind, loving Echo, you who are disconsolate and would console me in my grief, although these my eyes through tears become two fountains, in so heavy and cruel a misery I have not tears enough.*

**Echo...enough!**

### **Orpheus**

*If I had the eyes of Argus, and all poured out a sea of weeping. Their grief would not match such woe.*

**Echo...oh!**

**Orpheus** *If you have pity for my misfortune, I thank you for your kindness. But while I lament, ah, why do you answer me only with my last words? Give me back all my laments entire. But you, my soul, if ever there should return your cold shade to this friendly hill, take from me these last praises, since now my lyre and song is sacred to you, as on the altar of my heart I offered you in sacrifice my ardent spirit. You were beautiful and wise, and in you kind heaven rested all its graces, while sparing of its gifts to every other woman. In every tongue every praise is due to you, for in your fair body you sheltered a fairer soul, lesser in pride, then worthy the more of honour. Now other women are proud and false, pitiless and changeable to those that adore them, without judgment and every noble thought, whence rightly their behaviour is not praised. Therefore may it never be that for a worthless woman Love with his golden shaft pierce my heart.*

**Sinfonia**

**Apollo** *(descending on a cloud, singing)*

*Why to anger and grief in prey do you so give yourself, O son? It is not, it is not the counsel of a generous heart to serve its own feelings. Since with reproach and danger already I see you overcome, I come from heaven to give you aid. Know listen to me and you shall have praise and life.*

**Orpheus**

*Kind father, you come when I am in greatest need, when to a desperate end with extreme grief anger and love has already brought me. Here I am then, attending to your reasons, heavenly father, now command me as you want.*

**Apollo**

*Too much, too much did you rejoice in your happy fortune, now too much you weep at your bitter, hard lot. Still do you not know how nothing that delights down here will last? Then if you want to enjoy immortal life, come with me to heaven, which calls you.*

**Orpheus**

*Shall I never again see the sweet eyes of my beloved Eurydice?*

**Apollo**

*In the sun and in the stars you will gaze at her fair semblance*

**Orpheus**

*Of such a father I should not be a worthy son, if I did not follow your faithful advice.*

**Apollo and Orpheus** *(ascending to heaven, singing)*

*Let us rise, singing, to heaven, where true virtue has due reward, delight and peace.*

**Ritornello**

**Chorus**

*Go, Orpheus, fully happy, to enjoy celestial honour where good never lessens, where there is never grief, while altars, incense and prayers we offer to you, happy and devoted. So goes one who does not draw back at the call of the eternal spirit, so he obtains grace in heaven who down below made proof of Hades and he who sows in sorrow reaps the fruit of every grace.*

**Moresca**

*FIN*

*We honor the inspiring memory and musicianship of **LUCY CROSS** - singer, lutenist, gambist, essayist, musicologist: (Broadway Musical Theatre, Machaut, Early notation) who died unexpectedly last month. She was our first ORFEO conductor here on July, 17, 2005.*

*Few who met her are untouched by her beauty, humor, and brilliance. RIP*

## THANKS AND CREDITS:

The Renaissance Chorus Assn, Inc\* acknowledges the long time assistance of **Marjorie Naughton** of the **Friday Night Group**, and **The Renaissance Street Singers** under **John Hetland** for their past and current participation; Some are joining with our soloists in the seven beautiful choruses: Sopranos: Kate Ellis, Janet B. Pascal, Altos: Ann Berkhausen, Dorrie Rosen, Elaine Tokanaga Marjorie Naughton, Tenors: J. Bruce Rickenbacher, Hsin Wang, John Hetland, Basses: Sigmund Rosen, Michael Orzechowski, Jonathan Miller and Martin Donach.

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The enormous administrative planning and rehearsing are the work of genius friends: **Dan Pincus**, and **William Lyon Lee**- Grazie!

**Darrell Lauer**, our Third-time ORFEO, inspires us all to join in this four-century-old timeless masterwork through his artistry. I celebrate his dedication to the re-creation of THIS work!

THANK you **Maestro Alan Aurelia** for making this all jell. Thanks to ALL THE SINGERS & PLAYERS: who VOLUNTEERED THEIR TIME & ENORMOUS SKILLS TO THIS ORFEO EVENT. A huge thanks to **William Lyon Lee** for anchoring all of the soloists in rehearsals at his studio. Thanks to **Elliot Levine**, who stepped in to sing several roles on a moment's notice. Thanks **Dorrie Rosen** for the LIBRETTO: a compilation of translations by Ellen A. Lebow, 1949 and Naxos translations, and to **James Stephens** for the introductory notes. Major Edition used is **Denis Stevens**, Ricordi, (1967) THE ENTIRE INCLUSIVE MUSICAL LIST OF PERFORMERS, (some who traveled from Vermont or Boston) deserve SPECIAL Thanks. THANKS to **Anita Finkle Guerrero** for the FLOWERS' and to **Jean Townsend** for front desk services and years of good advice!

We are pleased that **Craig Slon**, of **ARACU Recordings** records this event.

Video is by **Joshua Adani**.

\* The Renaissance Chorus Assn, (501 c 3-- from 1960). We ask your generosity to continue to create these amazing events! Please CONTRIBUTE as much as you can. Please refer to our website: [www.RenaissanceChorus.org](http://www.RenaissanceChorus.org) maintained by John Hetland. A Paypal link is noted. Checks may be mailed to The Renaissance Chorus Assn, 116 Pinehurst Avenue #B61, New York, NY, 10033. Phone# 212 740 4050  
Your comments are always appreciated!