

londinium
CITY VOICES



Tuesday, 23 February 2010
St Botolph's without Bishopsgate, London, EC2M 3TL

Programme: £1

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CITY VOICES

Andrea Gabrieli (1510 - 1586)

Sento, sent'un rumor' Alla battaglia

Edward Elgar (1857 - 1934)

The Reveille

Clément Janequin (c.1485 – 1558)

La Guerre "La Bataille de Marignan"

INTERVAL

Eaton Fanning (1850 – 1927)

The Crown of Empire

Charles Villiers Stanford (1852-1924)

The Revenge (A ballad of the Fleet)

Cole Porter (1891 – 1964) arr. Martin Pickard

Miss Otis Regrets

**Billy Austin (1896 – 1964)
Louis Jordan (1908 – 1975) arr James Oxley**

Is you is or is you ain't my baby?

Please ensure that all watch alarms, pagers and mobile phones are switched off.

Promoted by *londinium* (www.londinium-voices.org.uk)

The promoters reserve the right to alter the programme content and performers advertised without prior notice.

We hope you have enjoyed this evening's concert. To find out more about the choir, please visit our website www.londinium-voices.org.uk. By signing up (for free) as a Friend of Londinium you can receive E-mail notification of future concerts and activities. Singers who wish to audition are welcome and may also contact us through the website

Madeleine Lovell



Madeleine Lovell is Associate Chorus Master of the Philharmonia Chorus, Musical Director of the St George's Chamber Orchestra and Londinium, and she is a Guest Conductor for London Lyric Opera. She has conducted many choirs and orchestras around the UK, including the BBC Symphony Chorus, London Philharmonic Choir and the National Symphony Orchestra. Madeleine is Director of Music and Director of Studies in Music at Queens' College, Cambridge

Having studied music at King's College, Cambridge, Madeleine received an M.Phil in Musicology from Cambridge in 2000, and spent a further two years researching comic opera. She has a Masters in singing and Certificate of Advanced Studies in Repetiteur Training, both from the Guildhall School of Music and Drama. In 2005 Madeleine attended the Dartington International Summer School Advanced Conducting Course (where her studies were funded by a D'Oyly Carte Bursary), performing excerpts from Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress*.

As a chorus master, Madeleine works regularly with BBC Symphony Chorus and has often appeared at the BBC Proms. She has prepared the Philharmonia Chorus for many projects, including two recordings and London Lyric Opera's performance of *Der fliegende Holländer* at the Barbican (November 2008). In demand as a choir trainer, Madeleine will be working on the Eton Choral Course, and taking workshops in the UK and the Netherlands this year.

In 2009 Madeleine was Conductor for London Lyric Opera's *Fidelio* and *Die Fledermaus* at Cadogan Hall. Hilary Finch wrote in *The Times* that *Fidelio* was: '...galvanized by the superb conducting of young Madeleine Lovell: her instinctive and assured grasp of tempo and pacing energised every singer, the playing of the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, and the singing of the Philharmonia Chorus and Queens' College Chapel Choir.'

Christian Wilson

Praised for his *stalwart playing*, (*The Independent*) and *incredibly imaginative accompaniment* (BBC Radio 3) Christian Wilson is in regular demand as pianist and organist. He appears regularly on BBC radio and other European stations and has performed as a soloist throughout Europe, USA and Australia.

Christian Wilson was head chorister at Westminster Abbey and top music scholar at Uppingham School. Following a 'gap' year as Sub-Organist at Perth Cathedral (Western Australia), Christian took up the Christopher Tatton Organ Scholarship at Christ Church, Oxford. Here, Christian also completed a second degree – the M Phil in Performance and Musicology – researching the pre-Reformation English organ and studying with David Sanger, Marie-Claire Alain and Jon Laukvik.

In 2006 Christian was awarded the Nicholas Danby Scholarship for study abroad and completed the two-year solo postgraduate course at the Hochschule für Musik in Stuttgart in 2008 where he studied with Jon Laukvik and Ludger Lohmann. Since this time he has pursued a freelance career at the piano, organ and harpsichord. Plans for this year include a recording of late romantic works by British composers for viola and piano, the first recording of the complete solo and chamber works of York Bowen for (or with) organ, and a solo recording on the *Priory* label.

londinium

City of London vocal ensemble Londinium is equally at home singing Renaissance repertoire as Romantic, modern or contemporary music. Since its debut in November 2005, this dynamic new ensemble has been noted for its 'fine line and clear sound' and 'lovely transparency of texture' (Robert Hugill, *Music and Vision*) in performances of mainly a-cappella and often lesser-known repertoire ranging from Palestrina to James MacMillan.

Programme and Texts

Londinium explores the twin passions of 'Wrath' and 'Pride' in a concert ringing with the sounds of battle and bravado. The music of Wrath is introduced with sixteenth-century French and Italian depictions of battles political and personal, in a-cappella works by Clément Janequin and Andrea Gabrieli, and a part-song "The Reveille" (1907) by the English composer, Edward Elgar. The centre-piece of the first half is Janequin's extended dramatic chanson "La Guerre: La Bataille de Marignan" for unaccompanied voices in four parts, in which percussive vocal effects mimic the cannons, drums and battle-cries of war.

In the second half Pride of Empire is expressed in a short piece by early twentieth-century British composer, Eaton Fanning - "The Crown of Empire" (1916), before the plucky English go into battle against the 'devildoms of Spain' in Charles Stanford's 1886 setting of Tennyson's poem "The Revenge: A Ballad of the Fleet": an epic tale of English valour set for four-part chorus and orchestra (performed by Londinium in a version for organ accompaniment). But the concert ends on a lighter and strictly personal note with disappointed and warring lovers: the breezy "Is You Is or Is You Ain't Ma Baby?" and the devastating "Miss Otis regrets".

ANDREA GABRIELI (c1533 – 1585)

We begin in 16th century Venice with a stirring description of battle as Venetian composer Andrea Gabrieli, urges us to glorious victory. In the time of Gabrieli Italy consisted of largely warring city states. For centuries "The Serene Republic" of Venice was among the mightiest, a great naval nation whose domination of the seas had given it tremendous power throughout the Mediterranean.

SENTO, SENT'UN RUMOR

Sento, sent'un rumor ch'al ciel si estolle
 E turba l'aria e fa tremar la terra;
 Quest'è'l nemico nostro, invido e folle,
 Ch'ad hor ne chiama a sanguinosa guerra,
 E, scorrendo veloce il piano e'l colle
 Preda i beni e i muri atterra.
 All'arme ognuno! All'arme gridil!
 E il tambur chiocchi e l'avversario sfidi.

Alla battaglia, o foti cavalieri,
 Venite tutti meco ardidamente
 E de' nemici nostri audaci e fieri
 Domiam col ferro l'orgliosa mente.
 Sù, trombette, suonate!
 "Fan fari rari raron fan".
 E voi guerrieri ferite e amazzate
 La vil gente; che, vinta con suo danno,
 E nostra gloria, A noi lascia fuggendo la vittoria.

I HEAR A CLAMOUR

I hear a clamour raising up to the sky,
 it troubles the air and shakes the earth;
 it is our enemy, envious and crazed which
 now summons us to a bloody war
 and, speedily rushing through plains and hills,
 pillages our goods and destroys our walls.
 To arms everyone, shout 'To arms'!
 Beat the drum and confront the enemy!

To the battle, you strong knights!
 All come bravely with me,
 let us tame with our weapons the proud minds
 of our audacious and fierce enemies.
 Come, you trumpeters, play!
 "Fan fari rari raron fan".
 You warriors wound and kill the cowardly host
 which, defeated and destroyed, fleeing,
 leaves to us the glory and the victory.

EDWARD ELGAR (1857 – 1934)

The Reveille, also known as *The Drum*, was like many of Elgar's partsongs (or choral songs as he preferred to call them) commissioned for a choral festival and was first performed in Blackpool in 1907. It is a setting of a poem by the American Bret Harte, which was written during the American Civil war (the word "fateful" in the third verse was originally "Yankee"). Intended as a recruiting poem, it describes an irresistible call to arms in defence of liberty.

THE REVEILLE

Words by Bret Harte

Hark! I hear the tramp of thousands,
And of armed men the hum;
Lo! a nation's hosts have gather'd
Round the quick alarming drum, -
Saying, "Come, Freeman, come!"
"Ere your heritage be wasted,"
Said the quick alarming drum.

"But when won the coming battle,
What of profit springs there-from?
What if conquest, subjugation,
Even greater ills become?"
But the drum answered, "Come!
You must do the sum to prove it,"
Said the fateful answering drum.

"Let me of my heart take counsel,
War is not of life the sum;
Who shall stay and reap
When the autumn days shall come?"
But the drum echoed, "Come!
Death shall reap the braver harvest,"
Said the solemn-sounding drum.

"What if, 'mid the cannon's thunder,
Whistling shot and bursting bomb,
When my brothers fall around me,
Should my heart grow cold and numb?"
But the drum answered, "Come!
Better there in death united
Than in life a recreant, Come!"

Thus they answered, - hoping, fearing,
Some in faith, and doubting some,
Till a trumpet-voice proclaiming,
Said, "My chosen people, come!"
Then the drum, Lo! was dumb,
For the great heart of the nation,
Throbbing, answered, "Lord, we come!"

CLEMENT JANEQUIN (c1574 – 1558)

Inspired by the Gabrieli's descriptions of glorious victory and Elgar's call to arms, we now find ourselves in the heat of battle. Clement Janequin's remarkable onomatopoeic work thrusts us into the middle of The Battle of Marignan, which was fought between the French army under Francis I and the Swiss, on the 13th and 14th of September 1515. The scene of the action was the northern outskirts of the village of Melegnano, on the river Lambro, south east of Milan. Janequin composed *La Guerre* to celebrate the French victory over the Swiss. The sounds of battle dominate the second half of the work, until the despairing cry of the defeated Swiss "Alles ist Verloren, Bei Gott!" ("All is Lost, by God!") finally appears in a mangled phonetic French version: "Toute frelore, Bigot!".

LA GUERRE
“La bataille de Marignan”

Escoutez tous, gentils Gallois,
La victoire du noble roi François
Et orez, si bien escoutez,
des coups ruez de tous costés.

Phifres soufflez, frappez tambours,
Soufflez, jouez, sonnez toujours,
Tournez, virez, faites vos tours,
Soufflez, jouez, sonnez toujours.

Avanturiers, bons compagnons,
Ensemble croisez vos bastons.
Bendez soudain, gentilz gascons
Haquebutiers, faictes vos sons
Nobles sautez dans les arçons,
La lance au poing, hardiz et prompts,
Hardis comme lyons.
Donnez dedans, frappez, criez
Alarme, alarme, alarme.

Chacun s'asaisonne, chacun se saisonne.
La fleur de lys, fleur de haut prix,
Y est en personne.
Suyves Francoys! Le roy Francoys
Alarme, alarme, alarme, alarme.
Suyves la couronne!
Sonnez trompetes et clairons
Pour réjouir les compaignons.

(Secuda pars – La bataille)
Fan, Feyne, Frerelelelan fan, Farirarirarirara
Boutez selle, A l'étendard tost avant,
gens d'armes a chaval tost a l'estandart, avant
(Frerelelelan fan feyne)
Tonnez, bruyes, gros courtaux et faulcons
Bruyez bombardes et canons,
Pour secourir les compaignons.

Von, patipatoc, Tarirarirara la reyne, pon, larileron,
patipatac, poin, masse, duque trique, trac, lique, here, zin

Gentilz gallans, Soyés vaillans
France! Courage, donnez des horizons
Courage, frappez dessus, ruez dessus,
Fers émoluz, chiques dessus, alarme, alarme!
Ilz sont en fuite, ilz montrent les tallons
Tue, tue, tue, chipe, chope, torche, lorgne
À mort, à mort,
Ils sont confus, ils sont perdus,
donnez dessus, frappez dessus, ruez dessus,
Ils sont defaitz.
(Escampe toute frelore la tintelore)
Victoire au noble roi François!
(Escampe! Toute frelore Bigot!*)

THE WAR
“The battle of Marignan”

Listen all valiant merry men,
the victory of the noble King Francis
And listen, listen well,
The attack shots from all sides.

Fifes blow, hit drums
Blow, play, ring always
Turn, turn, make your rounds,
Blow, play, ring forever.

Adventurers, good comrades,
Together cross your bastions.
Bend the bow, gentle Gascons
Haquebutiers, sing in your sounds
Nobles jump in the saddle,
The spear in hand, bold and quick,
Bold as lions.
Give within yourself, strike, cry out!
To arms! To arms! To arms!

Let us urge each other on!
The fleur de lis, flower of high prize
is here in person [King Francis].
Follow Francis! The King Francis
To arms! To arms! To arms! To arms!
Follow the crown!
Blow trumpets and bugles
To celebrate our comrades.

(Second Part – The battle)
(*Fanfare*)
Spur your mounts, Rally to the standard!
Men at arms, rally all to the standard!
(*Fanfare*)
Thunder, flame, large Coultaulds and Falcons
Fire mortars and cannons,
To help our comrades.

(*Battlefield combat sounds*)

Good comrades, be valiant
France! Courage, give blows
Courage, Strike out, thrash out,
draw blades, 'eat' them up! to arms! to arms!
They are running away! They are showing their heels!
Kill, kill, kill, chip, chop, torch, leer
To death! To death!
They are confused, they are lost,
Give chase! Strike out, thrash out,
they are defeated.
(Flee! All is lost! the crestfallen!)
Victory to the noble King Francis!
(Flee! All is lost, By God!)

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- *Haquebutier* – smallest calibre gun of the 15th century.
 - *Courtaux* – big war machines of the family of cannons.
 - *Faulcons*– 15th Century description of a small cannon by the weight of the ammunition they fired. “The hawk throwing balls to pound”.
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INTERVAL

EATON FANING (1850-1927)

Eaton Fanning was a Cornishman, trained at the Royal Academy of Music who made his name as a composer of light music in the late Victorian era. A master at Harrow, Fanning composed church music and many secular choral songs, including the patriotic "The Crown of Empire" written in the middle of the First World War. Now, for many that conflict is epitomised by the more visceral descriptions of the horrors of war embodied in the poetry of Wilfred Owen and Siegfried Sassoon, but at the time many revelled in the pride so stirringly portrayed by Fanning.

THE CROWN OF EMPIRE

Words by Frederick George Scott (1st Canadian Division, B.E.F.)

O England of our Fathers,
And England of our sons,
Along the dark horizon line
the day dawn glory runs;

O England of our Fathers,
And England of our sons,
A above the roar of battling hosts,
The thunder of the guns

O England of our Fathers,
And England of our sons,
Along the dark horizon line
the day dawn glory runs;

For Empire has been ours of old,
And Empire ours shall be,
His grip is on the world today,
Whose grip is on the sea.

A Mother's voice was calling us,
We heard it oversea,
The Blood which Thou did'st give us
is the blood we spill for Thee,

For golden Peace is drawing near,
Her paths are on the sea,
He grips the hearts of all mankind,
Who stands for liberty,

CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD (1852-1924)

Wrath was something familiar to Sir Charles Villiers Stanford who was noted for his tendency to argue with his contemporaries, including Elgar. The Irish-born composer spent much of his life in England and was best known for his choral music. Several of his secular pieces have a nautical theme, including *The Revenge* (1886), the setting of a poem by Tennyson which tells the true 'David and Goliath' story of one brave English ship taking on the might of the Spanish navy.

The fact that the work was written at Tennyson's home suggests the poet knew about the setting and approved of it. When *The Revenge* appeared, the *Musical Times* commented that the piece had "a bright tone of British manhood in the music" and predicted a successful future for it. And indeed the work, premiered by a Leeds Festival Chorus numbering about four hundred, became a regular part of the choral repertoire for the next fifty years. Tonight, like Sir Richard Grenville, we enter into battle with somewhat fewer forces.

THE REVENGE - A ballad of the Fleet

Poem by Alfred, Lord Tennyson

At Flores, in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnacle, like a flutter'd bird, came flying from far away;
"Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-three!"
Then sware Lord Thomas Howard: "Fore God I am no coward;
But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,
And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow quick.
We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-three?"

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: "I know you are no coward;
You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.
But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore.
I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord Howard,
To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain."

So Lord Howard past away with five ships of war that day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven;
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land
Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down below:
For we brought them all aboard,
And they blest him in their pain, that they were not left to Spain,
To the thumb-screw and the stake, for the glory of the Lord.

Text and Translation

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to fight,
And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard came in sight,
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow.

"Shall we fight or shall we fly?

Good Sir Richard, tell us now,

For to fight is but to die!

There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set."

And Sir Richard said again: "We be all good Englishmen.

Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil,

For I never turn'd my back upon Don or devil yet."

Sir Richard spoke and he laugh'd, and we roar'd a hurrah and so

The little Revenge ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,

With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick below;

For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left were seen,

And the little Revenge ran on thro' the long sea-lane between.

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their decks and laugh'd,

Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little craft

Running on and on, till delay'd

By their mountain-like San Philip that, of fifteen hundred tons,

And up - shadowing high above us with her yawning tiers of guns,

Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd.

And while now the great San Philip hung above us like a cloud

Whence the thunderbolt will fall

Long and loud,

Four galleons drew away

From the Spanish fleet that day.

And two upon the larboard and two upon the starboard lay,

And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

But anon the great San Philip, she bethought herself and went,

Having that within her womb that had left her ill content;

And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us hand to hand,

For a dozen times they came with their pikes and musqueteers,

And a dozen times we shook'em off as a dog that shakes his ears

When he leaps from the water to the land.

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over the summer sea,

But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-three.

Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built galleons came,

Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-thunder and flame;

Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her dead and her shame.

For some were sunk and many were shatter'd and so could fight us no more -

God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before?

For he said, "Fight on! fight on!"

Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck;

And it chanced that, when half of the short summer night was gone,

With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck,

But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly dead,

And himself he was wounded again in the side and the head,

And he said, "Fight on! fight on!"

Text and Translation

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far over the summer sea,
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all in a ring;
But they dared not touch us again, for they fear'd that we still could sting,
So they watch'd what the end would be.
And we had not fought them in vain,
But in perilous plight were we,
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,
And half of the rest of us maim'd for life
In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife;
And the sick men down in the hold were most of them stark and cold,
And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder was all of it spent;
And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side;
But Sir Richard cried in his English pride:
"We have fought such a fight for a day and a night
As may never be fought again!
We have won great glory, my men!
And a day less or more
At sea or ashore,
We die - does it matter when?
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner - sink her, split her in twain!
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain!"

And the gunner said, "Ay, ay," but the seamen made reply:
"We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives.
We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let us go;
We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow."
And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe.

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him then,
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught at last,
And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign grace;
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried:
"I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and true;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do.
With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die!"
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant and true,
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap
That he dared her with one little ship and his English few;
Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they knew,
But they sank his body with honor down into the deep.
And they mann'd the Revenge with a swarthier alien crew,
And away she sail'd with her loss and long'd for her own;
When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd awoke from sleep,
And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,
And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earthquake grew,
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts and their flags,
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot - shatter'd navy of Spain,
And the little Revenge herself went down by the island crags
To be lost evermore in the main.

Text and Translation

Wrath and Pride, of course, are not solely the preserve of the military man and love also stirs our passions. Now Cole Porter's account of spurned lover, Miss Otis, demonstrates (with a deadpan delivery that suggests perhaps the "stiff upper lip" was alive and well in 1930s America) how Wrath and Pride, not to mention other sins, can bring even the most respectable of ladies to a bad end.

MISS OTIS REGRETS

Miss Otis regrets, she's unable to lunch today, madam,
Miss Otis regrets, she's unable to lunch today.
She is sorry to be delayed,
but last evening down in Lover's Lane she strayed, madam,
Miss Otis regrets, she's unable to lunch today.

When she woke up and found that her dream of love was gone, madam,
She ran to the man who had led her so far astray,
And from under her velvet gown,
She drew a gun and shot her love down, madam,
Miss Otis regrets, she's unable to lunch today.

When the mob came and got her and dragged her from the jail, madam,
They strung her upon the old willow across the way,
And the moment before she died,
She lifted up her lovely head and cried, madam.....
Miss Otis regrets, she's unable to lunch today

BILLY AUSTIN (1896 – 1964) & LOUIS JORDAN (1908 – 1975)

And finally a breezier take on a confrontation between warring lovers...

IS YOU IS OR IS YOU AIN'T MY BABY

I gotta girl that's always late
Every time we have a date
But I love her and I want her

I'm gonna walk right up to her gate
See if I can get it straight
Cos' I need her, I'm gonna ask her

Is you is or is you ain't ma baby?
The way you're acting lately makes me doubt
Youse is still my baby, Baby
Seems dat flame in yo' heart done gone out

A woman is a creature that has always bin strange
Just when you're sure of one
You find she's gone and made a change

Is you is or is you ain't ma baby
Maybe baby's found somebody new
Or is ma baby still my baby true?

londinium
CITY VOICES

CONCERT DIARY

2010

The Seven Deadly Sins

SLOTH

Tuesday, 11 May 2010

with Dowland's *Come, heavy sleep*, Whitacre's *Sleep* and
Delius' *To be sung of a summer night on the water*

AVARICE and ENVY

Tuesday, 13 July 2010

from Haydn's *Die Harmonie in die Ehre* to Loesser's *Sit down, you're rockin' the boat*

GLUTTONY

November/December 2010

featuring Chilcott's *Fragments from his dish*, Rutter's *Banquet Fugue*,
Holt, McGhee and King's *Chick, chick, chicken!* and Turner's *Tequila Samba*

CAROL CONCERT for SPECIAL OLYMPICS OF GREAT BRITAIN

Tuesday 14 December 2010

In aid of the Special Olympics of Great Britain

Soprano

Fiona Clark
Kathy Dallas
Cathryn Fergie
Sietske Fransen
Rebecca Lane
Lucy Myers
Helen Statham
Jenny Tornianen

Alto

Joanna Arnold
Noel Chow
Eleanor Cranmer
Hilary Lawson
Chau-Yee Lo
Angela Pascoe
Jenny Ryall
Frances Watson

Tenor

Geir Andreassen
Will Drake
Andy Jaeger
Andrew Mackie
Peter Morley
Justin Watkins
Thorsten Vetter

Bass

Marcus Daniels
Chris Gadd
Chris Lemar
Graham Marsden
David Parker
David Stocks
Alex Thomas
James Tornianen
Maurice Wren

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