

SOHIP AND SEVEN TIMES SALT

present

A HEALTH TO THE COMPANY



WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 4, 2021 at 8PM

Filmed at Aldworth Manor, Harrisville, NH www.thealdworthmanor.com

Edited by Dave Jamrog Audio/Video

PROGRAM

Banbery Ale	<i>Pammelia</i> (1609) ed. T. Ravenscroft
We Bee Soldiers Three	<i>Deuteromelia</i> (1609) ed. T. Ravenscroft
Howell's Delight	MS Res. 1186 Bis (c.1630-1660)
The Wiltshire Wedding	English c.1685-88, arr. M. Wright
Kemps Jeg	<i>The English Dancing Master</i> (1651) ed. J. Playford
Punk's Delight	<i>The English Dancing Master</i> , arr. STS
My Thing is My Own	<i>Pills to Purge Melancholy</i> , vol. IV (1719) arr. STS
The Good Fellows Consideration	Thomas Lanfiere (publ.1672-1696) arr. KB
Whoope Doe Me No Harme Goodman	Richard Sumarte (d. after 1630)
Tobacco is but an Indian Weed	<i>Pills to Purge Melancholy</i> , vol. III (1719) arr. KB
The Tobacco Taker's Song	<i>An Antidote Against Melancholy</i> (1669) arr. KB
A Caveat for Cutpurses	Roxburghe Ballads (c.1647-1665)
Walsingham	Trad. English/J. Dowland/K. Burciaga
Alas, What a Wretched Life is This	John Wilbye (1574-1638)
A Health to Betty	<i>The English Dancing Master</i> , arr. KB
The Maid Peeped Out of the Window	<i>The English Dancing Master</i> , arr. KB
Stingo	17th-c. English, arr. STS
Hey Ho Nobody at Home	<i>Pammelia</i>
Mault's Come Down	16th-c. English/T. Ravenscroft

SEVENTIMES SALT

Elise Groves, *soprano, percussion*

Matthew Leese, *baritone*

Karen Burciaga, *violin, guitar, alto*

Dan Meyers, *recorders, flutes, bagpipes, percussion, baritone*

David H. Miller, *bass viol, baritone*

Matthew Wright, *lute, cittern, tenor*

We're so glad you could join us, and we invite you to support SoHIP with a donation of any amount. Your contributions allow SoHIP to continue to promote wonderful New England ensembles every summer. You can donate securely at www.sohipboston.org/support-sohip. Thank you!

www.seventimesalt.com

NOTES

Seven Times Salt brings the best of 17th-century London to life in this convivial program of tunes for the tavern including jovial drinking songs, love ballads both naughty and nice, and rustic catches for carousing with friends. We imagine an evening in good company, by the fireplace, with a favorite beverage in hand. We share tales of pickpockets and punks, wise maids and goodfellows, the wonders of tobacco, the pitfalls of gambling, and the delights of good ale. Between toasts, we contemplate the meaning of life and reflect on unrequited love. This joyous program sprang into being in winter 2021, at a time before vaccines were widespread and the thought of making music in person still seemed very far off. “A Health to the Company” sounded apropos; the title celebrates gathering with friends and perhaps more literally wishes good health to those assembled. Amazingly, by May, the pace of vaccinations allowed us to come together in person to rehearse and record, and a good time was had by all. There may also have been some beer involved...We invite you to raise your glass and voice and sing along!

Arriving at the pub, we wet our whistles and warm up our voices with some old favorites from Thomas Ravenscroft’s extensive collections of catches and partsongs. **Banbery Ale** brings us to a favored alehouse, where the boastful gallants of **We Bee Soldiers Three** seem happy to leave wartime pursuits behind and instead indulge in numerous rounds of said ale. The refrain “pardona moy je vous an prie”, meaning “I pray you, excuse me” probably refers to the fact that the soldiers have “never a penny of money” and are running a tab. This is reinforced by the clever pun in the last verse, “charge it againe boy” (where “charge” can mean either to refill a glass, reload a cannon, or buy something on credit). We cap off our arrival with the cheerful **Howell’s Delight** and then proceed to important pub business.

The next set deals with punks, lovers, and the delights (or travails) of London town. **The Wiltshire Wedding** is based on the English dance tune “The Friar and the Nun” found in *The English Dancing Master* and various later publications. Matthew’s version is influenced by sources as diverse as Thomas Robinson’s solo cittern setting of 1609 and folk rock band Steeleye Span’s 1973 album *Parcel of Rogues*, where the song appears as “Misty Moisty Morning.” Alert listeners will also detect part of Dowland’s lute solo *Lady Hunsdon’s Puffe* between verses. The names of Dolly’s father and mother are given in the ballad as “Leather-coat” and “Plod-well”; names of this type were commonly given to cows in the 17th century, so this is probably a sly suggestion on the part of a London balladeer that Dolly’s parents (and by extension the “rustic” folk of Wiltshire) are either unusually close to their livestock, or perhaps are literally cows themselves! That’s followed by one of several country dance tunes in our program—**Kemp’s Jeg** honors Will Kempe, who famously danced from London to Norwich, about 125 miles, in nine days. It’s paired with the slightly zany and improvised **Punk’s Delight** (a “punk” then referred to a prostitute) which brings us to a young woman’s complaints about—and eventual victory over—her numerous unwanted suitors in **My Thing is My Own**. You may recognize its tune as *Lilliburlero*, a wildly popular 17th-c. melody used for dozens of different ballads including one of our favorites, *Nottingham Ale*. We chose verses from more than a dozen included in Thomas d’Urfey’s vast multi-volume collection *Pills to Purge Melancholy*.

What would the evening be without indulging in a few other vices besides drinking? The protagonist of **The Good Fellows Consideration** has certainly had his fill of drinking and gambling, yet humbly promises to mend his ways...or so he says. The ballad **Whoope Do Me No Harme Goodman**, mentioned in Shakespeare’s “The Winter’s Tale” as the lively clap-back of a woman receiving lewd suggestions from a male companion, becomes more introspective in Sumarte’s gorgeous and simple instrumental setting for solo viol, and perhaps suggests a moment of sober reflection on intoxicated tavern trysts. Moving along to smoking, we hear arguments for and against Jacobean England’s favorite drug: first in the philosophical **Tobacco is but an Indian Weed**, also from d’Urfey’s collection, and later a rebuttal strongly in favor of the substance in the **Tobacco Taker’s Song**. Notably, both songs come from musical publications meant to drive away melancholy, which we hope is the case here. Thievery is next on our list; in **A Caveat for Cutpurses** we are counseled not to pickpocket others and warned not to lose our own purses through gullibility. This warning is set to the perpetual ear-worm *Packington’s Pound*, perhaps one of the most beloved broadside ballad tunes of the Elizabethan period and still wildly popular when John Gay used it for *The Beggar’s Opera* of 1728.

We've now reached the point in the evening when everyone is deep in their cups; we slip into a more melancholy frame of mind and muse on life and love for a moment. The beautiful yet slightly sad **Walsingham** appears in various sources from the 17th century, and our setting is a synthesis of several versions. Often sung, the ballad "As I came from Walsingham" deals with unrequited love. Matthew and Karen play a sparse version of the melody followed by an excerpt from Dowland's setting for solo lute and Karen's own divisions for violin. (We hope the period refrigerator noise adds the right sort of ambiance--we considered trying to edit it out, but we didn't want to kill the buzz...) Then together the company commiserates over lost love, or the one who got away. **Alas, What a Wretched Life** pines for the ideal romantic partner, "dying for her that skornes my crying." After the initial cry "Alas!" the alto line contains, note for note, the beginning phrase of Dowland's famously melancholy song Flow My Tears. Wilbye made his own lasting contribution to the annals of fashionable Elizabethan melancholy with his madrigal Weep, O Mine Eyes, which rivaled Dowland's piece in popularity in the early 1600s.

Rising from our despondency, we continue the evening's carousing with a set of drinking songs. First, we toast with **A Health to Betty**. Our version of this tune took a convoluted path; only the A section appears in Playford, and it felt unfinished. Karen went digging and found the related and wonderfully-named Scots tune "My Mither's Aye Glowrin' Oer Me" which had a B section, though in a slightly fluffy 18th-c. style, so she de-composed (?) it into the earlier-sounding version which you hear tonight. It's paired with another Playford dance **The Maid Peeped Out**, harking back to our young maid with her various admirers. **Stingo** praises the fine effects of strong ale with a panoply of jokes both lowbrow and highbrow, ranging from tipsy weavers and tailors clumsily spoiling their cloth to soused clergymen learning to conjugate the Latin verb *mingere* (literally, "to urinate"). Finally, in **Hey Ho Nobody at Home** we sing a round wishing for one more round before last call. To wrap up the night we amuse ourselves with one last song. Our version of **Malt's Come Down** features the traditional ballad with harmonies by Ravenscroft along with a couple of extra verses penned by an anonymous tippler in 2021. Thank you for watching! We look forward to joining you in the pub in person very soon.

—Karen Burciaga and Dan Meyers, 2021

TEXTS & QUOTES

Song texts preserve the original spellings when possible.

Banbery Ale,
where where where,
At the Blacke Smithes house,
I would I were there.

"Would I were in an alehouse in London!"
—William Shakespeare, *Henry V* (c.1599)

Wee bee Souldiers three,
pardona moy je vous an prie
Lately come forth of the low country
with never a penny of mony. / Fa la la la lantido dilly.

Here Good fellow I drinke to thee
pardona moy je vous an prie
To all good Fellowes where ever they bee
with never a penny of mony. / Fa la la la lantido dilly.

And he that will not pledge me this
pardona moy je vous an prie
Pays for the shot what ever it is
with never a penny of mony. / Fa la la la lantido dilly.

Charge it againe boy, charge it again
pardona moy je vous an prie
As long as there is any inck in thy pen
with never a penny of mony. / Fa la la la lantido dilly.

"A Young man came unto a fair,
By chance he met his true Love there.
Said he, sweetheart thou art welcome here,
Invited her to drink some Beer..."

—Tobias Bowne, *Tobias' Observation* (c.1672-1696)

The Wiltshire Wedding
betwixt Daniel Doo well and Doll the Dairy Maid.
With the Consent of her Old Father Leather-Coat,
and her dear and tender Mother Plod-well.

All in a misty morning,
cloudy was the weather,
I meeting with an Old Man,
was cloathed all in Leather:
With ne'r a Shirt unto his back,
but Wool unto the Skin;
With a how do you do, and how do you do,
and how do you do agen?

The Rustick was a Thresher,
and on the way he hy'd;
And with a Leather Bottle
fast buckled by his side:
And with a Cap of Woolen,
which covered Cheek and Chin,
With a how, &c.

I went a little further,
and there I met a Maid,
Was going then a Milking,
a Milking Sir, she said:
Then I began to Complement,
and she began to Sing;
With a how, &c.

This Maid her name was Dolly,
cloath'd in a Gown of gray;
I being something jolly,
perswaded her to stay:
Then straight I fell to Courting her
in hopes her love to win;
With a how, &c.

Then having time and leasure,
I spent a vacant hour;
Telling of all my Treasure,
whilst sitting in the Bower:
With many kind Embraces
I stroak'd her double Chin;
With a how, &c.

I told her I would Marry,
and she should be my Bride;
And long we would not tarry,
with twenty things beside:
I'll Plow & Sow, & Reap and Mow,
while thou shalt sit and Spin;
With a how, &c.

Her Parents being willing,
all parties was agreed,
Her Portion thirty Shilling,
they Marry'd then with speed:
Then Will the Piper he did play
while others Dance and Sing,
With a how, &c.

Then lusty Ralph and Robin,
with many Damsels gay,
Did ride on Roan and Dobbin,
to Celebrate the day:
When being met together,
their Caps they off did fling,
With a how, &c.

My Thing is My Own *to the tune of Lilliburlero*

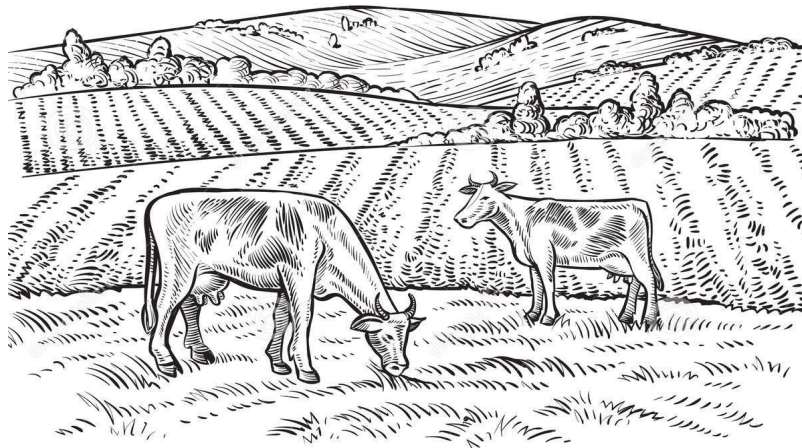
I, a tender young Maid, have been courted by many
Of all sorts and Trades as ever was any.
A spruce Haberdasher first spake to me fair
But I would have nothing to do with Small ware.
My thing is my own, and I'll keep it so still
Yet other young lasses may do as they will.
My thing is my own, and I'll keep it so still
Yet other young lasses may do as they will.

Next came a young Fellow, a notable Spark,
(With Green Bag and inkhorn, a Justices clerk)
He pull'd out his Warrant to make all appear,
But I sent him away with a Flea in his Ear.
My thing is my own, &c.

A Master of Musick came with an intent,
To give me a Lesson on my Instrument,
I thank'd him for nothing, but bid him be gone,
For my little Fiddle should not be plaid on.
My thing is my own, &c.

An Usurer came with abundance of Cash,
But I had no mind to come under his Lash,
He profer'd me Jewels, and great store of Gold,
But I would not Mortgage my little Free-hold.
My thing is my own, &c.

Now here I could reckon a hundred and more
Besides all the Gamesters recited before
That made their addresses in hopes of a snap
But as young as I was I understood trap.
My thing is my own, and I'll keep it so still
Until I be married, say Men what they will.



“But if you would faine know where the best ale is,
you neede do no more than marke where the greatest
noyse is of good fellows...”

—Thomas Cogan, *The Haven of Health* (1584)

The Good Fellow's Consideration

to the tune of Hey Boys, Up Go We

Good Fellows all come lend an ear,
and listen to my song,
To you in brief I will declare
how I have done myself much wrong
By spending of my money too free,
it brought me low and poor,
But now a good Fellow I will be, *and keep &c.*

It is well known the fudling-school
I have haunted many year;
I wasted my money like a fool
both in Wine and strong Beer:
With my Companions day and night
I'de both drink, sing, and roar,
But now bad company I'le slight, *and keep &c.*

Thus I frequented the Ale bench
so long as my money would hold;
Whilst my Wife & Children at home did pinch
with hunger and with cold;
So I had my guts full of Ale and Beer,
I lookt after nothing more,
But now I mean to have a care, *and keep &c.*

At last through my lewd wicked vice
I had consumed all,
By drunkenness, with Cards and Dice
my stock it was brought small:
By keeping of bad company
I was grown mean and poor,
But now I'le leave bad husbandry, *and keep &c.*

Thus all good fellows you may see
in England far and nigh,
Those that rich wealthy men has been,
at last come to poverty
By spending too much in wine and beer
there is many doth grow poor,
Then good fellows have a special care,
and keep your money in store.



Tobacco is but an Indian Weed,

Grows green in the Morn, cut down at Eve;
It shows our decay,
We are but Clay,
Think of this and take Tobacco.

The Pipe that is so Lilly-white,
Where so many take delight;
Is broke with a touch,
Man's Life is such,
Think of this and take Tobacco.

The Pipe that is so foul within,
Shews how Man's Soul is stain'd with Sin;
It does require,
To be purg'd with fire,
Think of this and take Tobacco.

The Ashes that are left behind,
Does serve to put us all in mind;
That into Dust,
Return we must,
Think of this and take Tobacco.

The Smoak that does so high ascend,
Shews you Man's Life must have an end;
The Vapour's gone,
Man's Life is done,
Think of this and take Tobacco.

The Tobacco Taker's Song

Tobacco is my Musick,
From Fidlers I absent me,
For I have a Case that yields a brace
Of Pipes that do content me.
If any bids me leave it,
Or wish me to forsake it,
Tell him from me, what e're he be,
That in snuff I do take it.
*Still do I cry, fill a Pipe of the best, Boy,
Fill, Boy, never fail me;
With Fire and Smoak, still do I choak
The Man that sitteth near me.*

We need not the Physician,
We scorn your Medicine-Makers,
We hate your Pills for no poyson kills
The true Tobacco-Takers.

My wife I fear is angry,
I shall be shent* if Nell come; *reprimanded, shamed
Boy what's to pay? for I must away.
Ten Pipes Sir, and you'r welcome.
Still do I cry, &c.

Tobacco makes me Valiant,
From this our wives would wean us,
But 'tis not she shall conquer me,
For Mars did conquer Venus.
Still do I cry, &c.

“Pick pockets too mix'd in the throng,
For hard by liv'd their nurses,
Good people when you pass along,
I pray take care of your purses...”

—Anonymous, *The Humours of Rag-Fair* (17th-c.)

A Caveat for Cutpurses

*to the tune of Packington's Pound,
With a warning to all purse-carriers: Shewing the
confidence of the first, and the carelesnesse of the last;
With necessary admonitions for them both, lest the
Hangman get the one, and the Begger take the other.*

My Masters and friends and good people draw near
and look to your purses, for that I do say.
And though little mony in them you do bear,
it cost more to get then to lose in a day:
you oft have been told
both the young and the Old,
and bidden beware of of the Cut-purse so bold:
Then if you take heed not, free me from the curse,
Who both give you warning, for and the Cut-purse.
*Youth, youth thou hadst better been starvd by thy Nurse
Then live to be hanged for cutting at purse.*

It hath been upbraided to men of my Trade,
that oftentimes we are the cause of this crime,
Alack and for pittie, why should it be said?
as if they regarded or places or time,
Examples have been
Or some that were seen
of Westminster hall yea the pleaders between:
Then why should the Judges be free from this curse,
More then my poor self is for cutting the Purse,
Youth youth, &c.

At Worster, tis known well and even in the Jale,
a Knight of good worship did there shew his fa[ce]
Against the foule sinners in zeale for to raile,
and so lost, ipso facto, his purse in the place:
Nay once from the Seat
Of judgement so great
a Judge there did lose a fair purse of Velvet,
Oh Lord for thy mercy how wicked or worse
Are those that so venture their necks for a purse!
Youth youth, &c.

The poor servant maid wears her purse in her placket
A place of quick feeling and yet you can take it,
Nor is she aware that you have done the feat
Untill she is going to pay for her meat.
Then she cries and rages
Amongst her Baggages,
and swears at one thrust she hath lost all her wages
For she is ingaged her own to disburse,
To make good the breach of the cruel Cut-purse
Youth youth &c.

But now to my hearers this Counsel I give,
And pray friends remember it as long as you live,
Bring out no more cash in purse pocket or wallet,
Then one single penny to pay for the Ballet,
For Cut-purse doth shrowd
Himself in a Cloud,
theres many a purse hath been lost in a crowd
For hes the most rogue that doth crowd up & curses
Who first cryes my Masters beware of your purses.
Youth youth &c.

“When heavinesse the mind doth oppresse,
And sorrow and grieve the heart doth assaile,
No remedy quicker but take up your liquor,
And wash away care with a Pot of Good Ale.”

—Thomas Randolph, *The High And Mightie Commendation
Of The Vertue Of A Pot Of Good Ale* (1642)

Alas, what a wretched life is this?

Nay, what a death, where tyrant Love commandeth?
My flouring daies are in their prime declining,
All my proud hope quite falne, and life untwining:
My joyes each after other, in hast are flying,
And leave mee dying for her that skornes my crying:
O she from hence departs, my Love refraining,
For whom, all hartles, alas, I dye complaying.

—*First Set of English Madrigals* (1598)

Stingo

There's a lusty liquor which
good fellows use to take-a,
It is distill'd with nard most rich,
and water of the lake-a;
Of hop a little quantity,
and barm to it they bring too;
Being barrell'd up, they call't a cup
of dainty good old stingo.

"Twill make a constable over see
sometimes to serve a warrant;
Twill make a bailiff lose his fee,
though he be a knave-arrant;
"Twill make a lawyer, though that he
to ruin oft men brings, too,
Sometimes forget to take his fee
if his head be lin'd with stingo.

"Twill make a parson not to flinch,
though he seen wondrous holy,
And for to kiss a pretty wench,
and think it is no folly;
"Twill make him learn for to decline
the verb that's called mingo*, *Latin: *mingere*, to urinate
"Twill make his nose like copper shine,
if his head be lin'd with stingo.

'Twill make a weaver break his yarn,
that works with right and left foot,
But he hath a trick to save himself,
he'll say there wanteth woof to't;
'Twill make a tailor break his thread,
and eke his thimble ring too,
'Twill make him not to care for bread,
if his head be lin'd with stingo.

'Twill make a baker quite forget
that ever corn was cheap,
'Twill make a butcher have a fit
sometimes to dance and leap;
'Twill make the miller keep his room,
a health for to begin, too,
'Twill make him shew his golden thumb,
if his head be lin'd with stingo.

'Twill make an hostess free of heart,
and leave her measures pinching,
'Twill make an host with liquor part,
and bid him hang all flinching;
It's so belov'd, I dare protest,
men cannot live without it,
And when they find there is the best
the most will flock about it.

Now to conclude, here is a health
unto the lad that spendeth,
Let every man drink off his can,
and so my ditty endeth;
I willing am my friend to pledge,
for he will meet me one day;
Let's drink the barrel to the dregs,
for the malt-man comes a-Monday.

"Kind friends and companions, come join me in rhyme,
And lift up your voices in chorus with mine;
Let's drink and be merry, all grief to refrain,
For we may or might never all meet here again."
—"A Health to the Company," trad. Irish

Hey ho nobody at home

Meat nor drink nor money have I none,
Fill the pot Eadie.

Mault's come downe, *mault's come downe*
From an old Angell to a French crown.

There's never a drunkard in all of the town,
but well he knows, the malt's come down.

The clergyman wears a worried frown,
there's none to the mass, now malt's come down.

The nobleman leaves his pot of brown,
and drinks with his ploughman now malt's come down.

There's never a maiden in all of the town
who sleeps alone since malt's come down.

There's never a royal who keepeth the crown
upon his head when malt's come down.

There's never a doctor in all of the town
who cures the gout now malt's come down.



THE MUSICIANS

Seven Times Salt is a Boston-based early music ensemble specializing in repertoire of the 16th and 17th centuries. Praised for creative programming and an “impeccably balanced sound,” the group has performed since 2003 at venues throughout New England including Boston’s Museum of Fine Arts, The Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum, Plimoth Plantation, Boston Public Library, New England Folk Festival, WGBH radio, and many others. They have researched and presented original programs for music festivals, college residencies, theatrical productions, historical societies, and their own self-produced concert series. The musicians of Seven Times Salt delight in blurring the lines between “art music” and folk tunes, and feel at ease performing in the concert hall, the dance hall, or the beer hall!

Karen Burciaga (violin, guitar, alto) holds a BM from Vanderbilt University and an MM in Early Music Performance from the Longy School of Music. She has performed with The King's Noyse, Zenith Ensemble, Grand Harmonie, Arcadia Players, Meravelha Medieval Ensemble, Austin Baroque Orchestra, and at the New England Folk Festival. A founding member of viol consort Long & Away, she also plays Celtic music with Ulster Landing, has been on the faculty of the Texas Toot and Pinewoods Dance Camp, and serves as president of the Viola da Gamba Society-New England.

Elise Groves (soprano, percussion) performs repertoire ranging from Medieval to modern, with a special focus on the Renaissance and Baroque periods. A native Oregonian, she received a B.A. and M.A. in Music Education from Oregon State University and an M.M. in Early Music Performance from the Longy School of Music. Elise’s solo highlights include Mozart’s Requiem and Coronation Mass (Choir of the Church of the Advent), Bach’s St. Matthew Passion (Brown University) and St. John Passion (Ensemble Musica Humana), and appearances with The Tallis Scholars, Vox Vocal Ensemble, Handel and Haydn Society, True Concord Voices & Orchestra, Exsultemus, and The Bach Project.

Matthew Leese (baritone) received voice degrees from the University of Otago, Longy School of Music, Indiana University, and a doctorate in conducting from the University of Illinois. In addition to being the Choral Director and Music Teacher at Keene High School, he is co-artistic director of Zenith Ensemble, Artist in Residence with Boston City Singers Tour Choir and co-artistic director of the St Andrews Arts Council in Canada. Recent experience includes teaching Choirs, Opera, Voice and Conducting at Keene State College and Millikin University, serving as Artistic Director of the Monadnock Chorus and Chamber Singers of Keene, and appearances as a professional baritone with Seven Times Salt, Gravitación, Liber, Spire (Kansas City), and Tactus (Oklahoma City). Matthew has received multiple Ewing Arts Awards for his excellence in the performing arts, and is in demand internationally as a singer, guest conductor and adjudicator.

Dan Meyers (recorders, flute, bagpipes, percussion, baritone) holds an MM in Early Music Performance from the Longy School of Music, and BA degrees in Music and English literature from Whitman College. A versatile multi-instrumentalist, he has performed with 7 Hills Renaissance Wind Band, The Newberry Consort, Folger Consort, Boston Shawm and Sackbut Ensemble, Ensemble Trinitas, Meravelha, Cambridge Revels, and at the Newport Folk Festival. Dan has taught for the Boston Recorder Society, Early Music MetroWest, Pinewoods Early Music Week, and at Tufts University. He performs Italian folk music with Newpoli and traditional Celtic music with Ulster Landing.

David H. Miller (bass viol, baritone) is a musicologist and performer and holds a Ph.D. in musicology from Cornell University. On Baroque and modern double bass, viola da gamba, and violone, David has appeared with groups such as the Handel and Haydn Society, Arcadia Players, Trinity Wall Street, Music at Marsh Chapel, and New York Baroque Incorporated. His musical interests include the intersection of performance and analysis, the music of Schütz and Schein, pedagogy, modernism, music and mountains, and historical performance. In fall 2021 David joins the music faculty of UC Berkeley, and looks forward to enduring cross-country flights to continue playing with Seven Times Salt.

Matthew Wright (lute, cittern, tenor) spent years playing bass guitar in a rock band in Maryland, later attending the Peabody Conservatory to study classical guitar and lute. He also studied with Douglas Freundlich at The Longy School of Music, earning a MM in Early Music Performance. Matthew also plays Irish bouzouki with Ulster Landing, a Celtic traditional group, as well as continuo on archlute across New England. He teaches guitar at Belmont Hill and Brimmer & May schools and is the tenor section leader at St. John’s Episcopal church in Beverly, MA.