

The Parish Church of Saint George



PARISH MAGAZINE

An open door in the heart of the City



SEPTEMBER 2023

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Editorial Team: William Odling-Smee, Selby Nesbitt, Tony Merrick.

From the Rector's Desk



Dear Friends in Christ,

I hope you had a good summer despite the very changeable weather here in Northern Ireland and that you were able to enjoy a holiday and some rest over the last couple of months. I always look forward to the return of the choirs and the full music programme for the autumn. The musicians and singers provide such a rich dimension to our worship in Saint George's that when they are on holiday, I find that I really miss the singing and musical accompaniment at worship.

For about the last six months or so, we were very blessed to have Simon James as our Sexton. He was unfailingly polite and helpful, hard working and made a very noticeable contribution to the maintenance and appearance of Saint George's. Simon has moved on to a full time post in the motor trade and I want to place on record my appreciation for all he did during the time he was with us and to wish him well in his new job. The post of Sexton has already been advertised and we hope to conduct interviews early in September and hopefully make an appointment.

There is a notice elsewhere in this magazine about the European Heritage Open Days, when the church is open to the public. If you could spare even an hour to be present to hand out leaflets and enable visitors to see the church, then please give your name to one of the churchwardens as soon as possible.

The Church of Ireland, in its wisdom, has moved the season for ordinations from the traditional time in June (with its various festivals and holy days) to September. Only God knows why they did this, I haven't a clue, but nevertheless deacons and priests will be ordained locally and all over Ireland this month. Please do pray for all the candidates as they look forward to being ordained to serve as deacons and as priests in the Church of Ireland.

Every blessing in Christ

Brian Stewart

PARISH NOTICES

IMPORTANT PARKING NOTICE.

Scaffolding has been erected at the East end of the church and the office area and will be in place for at least four weeks.

It is therefore requested that parishioners do not park beyond the line of cones on the right hand side of the church. Please DO NOT park in any of the marked spaces reserved for business users.

Access to the church will continue to be available through the side door and through the doors at the entrance to the Parish Hall.

SUNDAY REFRESHMENTS - HELP?

Each Sunday morning the congregation is invited to come together in the Parish Hall after the Eucharist for tea/coffee/biscuits. All are welcome.

Thank you so much to all those who have volunteered (*working in pairs*) to serve on the Refreshment Rota over the last 12 months. However, we need more volunteers and if you would like to join this rota, please speak to Judith or any of those 'on duty' for further information about what is involved volunteers and if you would like to join this rota, please speak to Judith or any of those 'on duty' for further information about what is involved.

EUROPEAN HERITAGE OPEN DAYS

The Parish Church of St George, as an active and historic Church has again been included in the European Heritage Open Days annual event, where the public are able to visit the Church and learn about it. This event will take place over the weekend of Saturday 9th and Sunday 10th September, from 9.30am - 3.30pm.

As in previous years, we need volunteers from the Parish to be present in the Church, to welcome visitors, ensure their well-being and safety and to tell them about the history and current activities of the Church. Any parishioner who would be able to help in this regard, could they give their names to the Church Wardens. Thank you.

YOUR TOP TIPS FOR A LESS-PLASTIC LIFE

**OUR COMMUNITY'S TIPS TO TRY OVER THE
NEXT YEAR**

August–Make your own ice lollies in reusable freezer moulds

September–Reuse bread and cereal bags as sandwich or freezer bags

October– Don't buy individually wrapped sweets – go for those sold loose in boxes or jars

November– If you can afford it, order milk online for delivery in glass bottles

December–Find old wrapping paper to use for this year's presents

January–Leave your reusable shopping bags at the front door so you don't forget them on the way out

February–Carry wet flannels in a box instead of wet wipes for babies and toddlers

March–Buy loose fruit and veg

April– Reuse small soft-fruit punnets as seed trays or use cardboard loo roll tubes for planting seedlings instead of little plastic pots

May–Use paper tape, reused bubble wrap and cardboard boxes for packaging

June–Put a plate over left-over-food in the fridge. No more clingfilm!

THE STARLIGHT NIGHT

BY GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS

Look at the stars! look, look up at the skies!
O look at all the fire-folk sitting in the air!
The bright boroughs, the circle-citadels there!
Down in dim woods the diamond delves! the elves'-eyes!
The grey lawns cold where gold, where quickgold lies!
Wind-beat whitebeam! airy abeles set on a flare!
Flake-doves sent floating forth at a farmyard scare!
Ah well! it is all a purchase, all is a prize.

Buy then! bid then! - What? - Prayer, patience, alms, vows.
Look, look: a May-mess, like on orchard boughs!
Look! March-bloom, like on mealed-with-yellow fallows!
These are indeed the barn; withindoors house
The shocks. This piece-bright paling shuts the spouse
Christ home, Christ and his mother and all his hallows.

Source: *Gerard Manley Hopkins: Poems and Prose* (Penguin Classics, 1985)

Submitted by Geoffrey May

MIS-HEARINGS IN THE CHURCH

Our Father, *Whishart* in heaven, *Harold* be thy name
Mine is the Kingdom, the Power and the Glory
Minus the Kingdom the Power and the Glory
Gold and Frankinsense and *turf!*
Go, tell it on the mountain, Jesus Christ is *boring*
In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy *goose*
In the name of the Father, *under the sun and the whole experience*
Lyn McGlade

THE KING'S MOUNTAIN

by Paul McLaughlin



A rite of passage they would call it now, I'm sure, but back in 1964, we had our own magical word for it – Tornaroy.

That was the name of the special place that all young boys wanted to go to, a place where a river ran through and an overnight camp under canvas made for an adventure come rain or shine. I had first heard the name as a wee lad of about four and its reputation had grown as I had.

My mother had given me her permission to go reluctantly, but with enough provisos to provide her with at least some peace of mind during my absence in the wilds of rural Co Antrim in a little townland that has been all but forgotten. Bureaucrats 'post-coded' it in the early 1970s and centuries of identity as 'the king's mountain' – from the Irish Tor na Ri - were swept away in the name of progress.

"No swimming. No climbing trees near water, no wading into water, make sure you wash first thing in the morning and don't forget your prayers", she ordered.

I was sure that she was obsessed with water, but nodded my agreement at all the right places as I always did and eventually, that Saturday morning in late August, I packed my army surplus bag and went to join my friends.

Six of us had decided to go, with Michael, being nearly two years our senior, taking charge. This meant giving the orders and expecting to be obeyed, but also a blessing from his mother with holy water as we knelt in her hallway. No one laughed during the words or the sprinkling. Blessings, even of a gang of excited eleven-year-olds, were taken a lot more seriously back then.

We boarded a green Ulster bus on the main road that was headed to the airport at Nutts Corner. I always laughed when I heard that name and couldn't understand anyone who didn't. My dad said it had been a giant warren of rabbits before the aeroplanes took over and that the big-eared fellas, as he called them, would have it back in the long run. How right he was to be proved!

I had my spare socks, blanket, bar of soap and flannel rolled tightly in the bag, which had been issued to, but never used by soldiers who had been sent to defend the Suez Canal eight years previously. A metal dinner plate and cup, a battered fork that may or may not have been used to dish out food for our collie Prince, two large, unpeeled potatoes and a tin of baked beans made up my provisions for the trip. I took a window seat and watched as the old bus, hemmed in on one side by ranks of barely-yielding blackberry and wild fuchsia bushes

climbed the ridge of the Black Mountain before taking the narrow, winding road to Hannahstown. The driver shouted to us within what seemed like only minutes. "Right lads, let's be havin' ye" and we were off.

Five of us set up camp near the river. An ancient army tent that would keep out the rain for our one night in the wilderness proving a struggle to erect for the lads. I sat to one side, useless in any practical sense as I would continue to be for years to come, and heard the words 'it's a ton weight' over and over until finally the last guy rope was hammered into the ground.

From then on it was a horror show that would have given my poor mother palpitations. I couldn't swim, even then, but the water still drew me to paddling and wading much too deep, my khaki shorts got soaked through and were hung on a bush to dry. The tree climbing, part of it directly above a fast-flowing side-stream of the river, came next and I held my breath as I dangled just inches above the water. My mother's final fearful expression on my departure making me laugh all the more.

The day was filled with laughter and the 'guldering' of loud Belfast voices that must have frightened any wild life into the next parish. A fire was lit safely in a circle of smooth stones and potatoes roasted to perfection were made edible by a covering of cold beans in tomato sauce.

We had talked of trekking to the shores of Lough Neagh to try to catch rainbow trout with Michael's fishing rod, but a long day got the better of us and we lay like sardines telling and listening to ghost stories.

I felt a little guilty as I had said no night prayers in front of my companions and was sure that the devil would come for me in the darkness, but morning dawned prayer-less, sunny and as dry as the unused soap and flannel that I had to dip in the river to pass my mother's inspection. Along with my parcel of fibs.

Morning meant a long walk to an early Sunday bus that 'might just get us to Mass at ten o' clock' and me, after my first day away from home, a well-warranted act of contrition for my sins of disobedience on the King's Mountain.



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MUSIC LIST September 2023

Sunday 3rd September

Trinity 13

11am Choral Eucharist

Parish Choir

Processional Hymn	At the name of Jesus	338
Setting	Missa Princeps Pacis - <i>Lloyd Webber</i>	
Psalm	105: 1-6, 23-26	
Gradual Hymn	Breathe on me	342
Offertory Hymn	The God of Abraham	148 (omit *)
Communion Hymn	307	
Motet	Ave Verum - <i>Mawby</i>	
Hymns	Dear Lord and Father	353

5pm Choral Evensong

Parish Choir

Responses	Rose	
Psalm	105: 1-15	
Canticles	Sunsion in G	
Motet	Jubilate deo - <i>Britten</i>	
Hymns	466, 242	

Sunday 10th September

Trinity 14

11am Choral Eucharist

Parish Choir

Processional Hymn	At the lamb's high feast	104
Setting	Darke in F	
Psalm	149	
Gradual Hymn	Ye holy angels	475
Offertory Hymn	The day of resurrection	117
Communion Hymn	272	
Motet	Ubi Caritas - <i>Duruflé</i>	
Hymn	O Praise ye the Lord	427

5pm Choral Evensong

Choral Scholars

Responses	Plainchant	
Psalm	108	
Canticles	Faux-bourbons	
Motet	In Pace - <i>Lassus</i>	
Hymns	239, 242	

Sunday 17th September**Trinity 15****11am Choral Eucharist****Parish Choir**

Processional Hymn	All creatures of our God	263
Setting	Darke in E	
Psalm	114	
Gradual Hymn	Be thou my guardian	64
Offertory Hymn	Lord enthroned in heavenly	296
Communion Hymn	295	
Anthem	Lord for thy tender mercy - <i>Farrant</i>	
Hymn	Through all the changing	467

5pm Choral Evensong**Chamber Choir**

Responses	Ayleward	
Psalm	119: 41-48	
Canticles	Murrill in E	
Anthem	Wash me thoroughly - <i>Wesley</i>	
Hymns	415,251	

Sunday 24th September**Trinity 16****11am Choral Eucharist****Parish Choir**

Processional Hymn	Glorious things of thee	362
Setting	Canterbury Mass - <i>Piccolo</i>	
Psalm	105: 1-6, 36-44	
Gradual Hymn	In our day	208
Offertory Hymn	The day of resurrection	117
Communion Hymn	292	
Motet	Panis Angelicus - <i>Franck</i>	
Hymn	Guide me	368

5pm Choral Eucharist (BCP)**Parish Men**

Processional Hymn	I heard the voice	376
Setting	Merbecke	
Offertory Hymn	In the cross	379
Communion Hymn	292	
Motet	If ye love me - <i>Tallis</i>	
Hymn	Lead us	393

CALENDAR September 2023

September 2	Russian Orthodox Liturgy: 9:30 am – 1:15 pm
September 3	13th Sunday after Trinity
9:30am	Eucharist: The Rector
11:00am	Choral Eucharist: The Rector Preacher: The Rector Readings: Exodus 3: 1-15; Romans 12: 9-21; Matthew 16: 21-28 Sanctuary Flowers: Wesley McCann in memory of his wife Anne Reader: <i>Anne McBride</i> Intercessor: <i>Fr Tom Layden</i> Servers: <i>Omolewa Akinyele, Laura Brannigan, Agape Laoye</i> Tea and Coffee: <i>Betty Flynn & Dot Lutton</i>
5:00pm	Evening Prayer: The Rector Lessons: 2 Kings 6: 24-25; 7: 3-20; Acts 18: 1-16 (<i>Fr Graeme Pollock</i>)
September 6	
10:30am	Eucharist: The Rector
September 10	14th Sunday after Trinity
9:30am	Eucharist: The Rector
11:00am	Choral Eucharist: The Rector Preacher: The Rector Readings: Exodus 12: 1-14; Romans 13: 8-14; Matthew 18: 15-20 Sanctuary Flowers: Yvonne Doherty in memory of her father William Alexander Noble Reader: <i>Brenda Claney</i> Intercessor: <i>Fr Odling-Smee</i> Servers: <i>Mark Claney, Laura Brannigan, Tony Merrick</i> Tea and Coffee: <i>Helen Crowe & Valerie Roberts</i>
5:00pm	Evening Prayer: The Rector Lessons: Ezekiel 12: 21 - 13: 16; Acts 19: 1-20 (<i>Eleanor Maynard</i>)
September 13	John Chrysostom, Bishop
10:30am	Eucharist: The Rector
September 16	Russian Orthodox Liturgy: 9:30 am – 1:15 pm

CALENDAR August 2023

September 17

15th Sunday after Trinity

9:30am Eucharist: The Rector
11:00am Choral Eucharist: The Rector

Preacher: The Rector
 Readings: Exodus 14: 19-31; Romans 14: 1-12; Matthew 18: 21-35
 Sanctuary Flowers: Janet Leckey in memory of her husband John and their parents
 Reader: *Paul McLaughlin*
 Intercessor: *Pam Tilson*
 Servers: *Joan Calder, Steven McQuitty, Jonny Calder*
 Tea and Coffee: *Eleanor Maynard & Catherine Hunter*

5:00pm Evening Prayer: The Rector

Lessons: Ezekiel 20: 1-8, 33-44; Acts 20: 17-38 (*Fr Tom Layden*)

September 20

10:30am Eucharist: The Rector

September 24

16th Sunday after Trinity

9:30am Eucharist: The Rector
11:00am Choral Eucharist: The Rector

Preacher: The Rector
 Readings: Exodus 16: 2-15; Philippians 1: 21-30; Matthew 20: 1-16
 Sanctuary Flowers: Mary Harland in memory of loved ones
 Reader: *Geoffrey May*
 Intercessor: *Janice Carruthers*
 Servers: *Banji Akinyele, Geoff Newell, Tony Merrick*
 Tea and Coffee: *Keith Suckling & Steven McQuitty*

5:00pm Eucharist – Order 1: The Rector

Readings: Ezekiel 33: 23, 30 – 34: 10; Acts 26: 1, 9-25 (*Paddy Sloan*)

September 27

10:30am Eucharist: The Rector

September 28

Eucharist: The Rector & Fr Graeme Pollock

The Walsingham Group meets at this Eucharist – all welcome

ENDPIECE by James Little



WILLIAM BYRD (C.1540 TO 1623)

The St George's choir, as is the case, I can confidently say with all choirs of a cathedral standard, often sings music by William Byrd. The music of Byrd is being particularly celebrated this year because 2023 marks the 400th anniversary of his death.

In this key year, perhaps the readers of the St George's magazine might be interested in some brief details about William Byrd. As well as being an outstanding musician, surely one of the greatest composers of keyboard and choral music of any age, he took risks to continue practising his faith that are completely beyond the experience and understanding of people in the UK today.

Byrd was the leading English composer of his generation, and together with his continental counterpart Giovanni Palestrina (c.1525-1594) one of the acknowledged great masters of the late Renaissance.

As a boy, he may have sung in the Chapel Royal during Mary Tudor's reign (1553–1558), as we read that he was "bred up to music under Thomas Tallis." The Chapel Royal was an establishment in the royal household serving the spiritual needs of the sovereign and the royal family rather than a building and it always included the finest musicians of the day.

We first really hear of Byrd when he was appointed as organist of Lincoln Cathedral in 1562 and was living at 6 Minster Yard in the cathedral close. The actual house in which he lived has been demolished but its replacement has a plaque outside marking the historic connection.

He married in 1568 and he and his wife, Juliana had at least seven children. This was a time of religious turmoil in England with the country swinging from what might be described as Protestant austerity under young Edward VI to the fervent Catholicism of Queen Mary (who had a taste for elaborate Latin church music) and then after her death to the perhaps more moderate but still firm Protestantism of Elizabeth. It's suspected that Juliana was the source of Byrd beginning to re-think his own position as an Anglican and eventually becoming a devout Catholic himself for the rest of his life - a dangerous position to take.

After being named a gentleman of the Chapel Royal in 1572, Byrd moved back to London. He worked there as a singer, composer and organist for more than 20 years. Just after his appointment, he and Tallis obtained a joint monopoly to print music from Queen Elizabeth. He published three collections of Latin motets or *Cantiones Sacrae*, one in 1575 with the collaboration of his teacher and two, in 1589 and 1591 by himself after the older man had died. Alongside these, he brought out two substantial anthologies of music in English, *Psalms, Sonets and Songs* in 1588 and *Songs of Sundrie Natures* in 1589. Byrd's large body of Anglican church music dates from this period.

Also extremely impressive are Byrd's keyboard pieces. Most of these were unpublished during his lifetime (due to the technical demands of keyboard engraving), but Byrd compiled a collection of some of his best music to date in 1591, calling it *My Ladye Nevells Book*. In addition, a few of Byrd's keyboard compositions were published along with some of John Bull's and Orlando Gibbons' in the first English publication of keyboard music, *Parthenia* in 1612/13.

Byrd's keyboard music is the earliest substantial legacy left by any composer in Western music. His music is often extremely demanding to play but is full of energy and depth. Incidentally, in 2019 a highly acclaimed new edition of many of Byrd's keyboard works edited by Dr Desmond Hunter (hardly a stranger to St George's) was published by Bärenreiter.

In 1593, Byrd moved with his family to the village of Standon Massey in Essex and spent the remaining thirty years of his life there. However, he hardly kept a low profile, being involved in constant litigation about the lease of his property with a neighbour and being fined (as was his second wife, Ellen) for refusing to attend services in the local parish church.

Byrd had an important patron there, Lord Petre who owned Ingatestone Manor, just six miles away. Petre headed up one of several aristocratic families which held to the Catholic faith, built priest holes to try to protect peripatetic priests and held clandestine Catholic masses. Unlike Byrd's houses both in Lincoln and Stondon Massey, Ingatestone Manor, though much changed, is still there and is open to the public several times a year. It has been the focus for several events commemorating Byrd's anniversary this year. John Patrick Lionel Petre (born 4 August 1942) is a British peer and landowner who was until recently the Lord Lieutenant of Essex. He is the 18th Baron of the Petre family, as we have seen, an old recusant family and they still occupy the house.

In view of the extreme religious turmoil during Byrd's life, it is astonishing that he was allowed to live as a free man (or at all), much less keep his office in the Chapel Royal and the benefices associated with it. Shortly after the Gunpowder Plot was uncovered in November 1605, an unfortunate traveller was arrested in a London pub in possession of "certain papistical books written by William Byrd, and dedicated to Lord Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton". The man was thrown into Newgate Prison, one of the most notorious prisons in England. However, Byrd and his family suffered no such treatment (though his wife's servant was imprisoned on two occasions). The reputation he had built as a young man in London and the patronage of the Queen must have been crucial.

The expression '*I will not make windows into men's souls,*' may describe the Queen's motives rather than quoting her directly (referring to Elizabeth's alleged determination that she would not persecute men for their deeply held religious beliefs, as long as they outwardly conformed to the Church of England). But Byrd seems not to have done even that, at least once he left London. He was even daring enough to set to music Henry Walpole's "Why do I use my paper, ink, and pen," written as an epitaph on the Jesuit father Edmund Campion, who was executed in 1581.

As well as Elizabeth's love for music and her subsequent regard for Byrd, others thought similarly of him. He was praised by his well-known pupil Thomas Morley as 'a great master'; John Baldwin, who copied out *My Lady Nevells Book*, asserts in a lengthy manuscript poem about contemporary musicians that Byrd 'doth excel all at this time'; and he was extolled in the Cheque Book of the Chapel Royal at the time of his death as 'the Father of Music.' Henry Peacham, in *The*

Complete Gentleman (1634), offers extravagant praise: 'For motets and music of piety and devotion as well for the honour of our nation as the merit of the man, I prefer above all other our phoenix, Mr William Byrd, whom in that kind I know not whether any may equal. I am sure none excel, even by the judgment of France and Italy, who are very sparing in the commendation of strangers in regard of that conceit they have of themselves.'

Like many composers, Byrd's work fell out of fashion for quite a long time after his death, not least initially because of fundamental changes in church services after the English Civil War with Oliver Cromwell in charge. Then after Charles II came to the throne in 1660, for about 250 years there were huge swings in fashion within church music, partly depending on the taste of the monarch of the day and that of those in the church hierarchy. For much of that period, with a couple of notable exceptions, the state of choral music even in cathedrals, both in terms of the quality of music chosen and its execution was very poor.

This began to change in the late 19th century and Byrd's music came to prominence once more in the early 20th century. Two particular leading musicians are associated with that happening, firstly Sir Richard Runciman Terry (1864 - 1938) who was appointed as the first Master of Music of the new Westminster Cathedral in 1899 and Edmund Fellowes (1870 - 1951). The latter was firstly the Precentor at Bristol Cathedral and then a Minor Canon for many years at St George's Chapel, Windsor. He was in charge of the choir there from 1924 to 1927. Fellowes' passion for music from roughly 1550 to 1650 led him to edit many volumes of music from this period including 20 volumes of music by William Byrd with the support of the Carnegie Trust.

Over the last 120 years or so, the music of Byrd has enjoyed widespread use - never more than at present. This is partly due to its prevalence in the repertoire of cathedral and university chapel choirs, the standard of whose singing is probably at its highest ever these days. Acceptance over the last few decades by church authorities of the singing of music in its original Latin setting has been an important factor. The popularity of Byrd's music also owes a great deal to its promotion by several of the outstanding keyboard players and secular choirs which are active in giving concerts, broadcasts and making CDs. These include the Tallis Scholars, The Sixteen and Stile Antico.

Byrd's motet 'Ave Verum Corpus' (I can hear the late Billy Adair's voice in my head saying "it's not just 'Ave Verum' which is meaningless!") is sung by parish choirs up and down the land and beyond. The three masses, originally composed for private and secret home use and sung by a few voices are among the brightest shining gems in the entirety of English church music-perhaps any church music. The Credo in the five part mass, for example, contains wonderful word painting and the Agnus Dei is quite magical. There are many wonderful anthems and motets such as 'Sing Joyfully' and 'Haec Dies' (for Easter day), not to mention his four settings for the English liturgy of Morning and Evening services.

Some further information and details of some of the many concerts taking place to mark this celebratory year can be found at Tudor Music | Byrd Central

James Little

Cathy and I have actually been at Ingatestone Manor in Essex on one of its open days about four years ago and we also then drove to Stondon Massey but there's absolutely nothing left to mark Byrd having lived there. It's basically a hamlet in the middle of the countryside about 15 miles south of Stansted Airport.

