

## Cascadian Chorale ~ Welcome Home

[1]	Modern Musick (1781)	William Billings (1746-1800)	[2:55]
[2]	David's Lamentation (1778)	William Billings	[1:42]
[3]	Euroclydon (1781)	William Billings	[3:53]
[4]-[10]	Frostiana (1959)*	Randall Thompson (1899-1984)	[32:59]
[11]	A Red, Red Rose (2012)†	Jeremy Kings (b. 1987)	[4:29]
[12]	A Lantern Voice (2014)*†	Giselle Wyers (b. 1969)	[9:44]
[13]-[16]	Love Letters (2005)	Bern H. Herbolsheimer (b. 1948)	[7:31]
[17]	Agnus Dei, from <i>Missa Brevis</i> (2010)†	Christopher Lee Fraley (b. 1967)	[3:08]
[18]-[24]	Lambscapes (2001)*	Eric Lane Barnes (b. 1960)	[11:02]

Gary D. Cannon, conductor      \* Ingrid Verhulsdonk, piano

† World premiere recordings



Cascadian Chorale commemorates its fiftieth anniversary with a tribute to three eras of American choral music. William Billings helped to establish a uniquely American sound. Randall Thompson's *Frostiana*, in its original version with piano accompaniment, represents the great flowering of American choral music in the mid-twentieth century. Finally, works by five composers from the Seattle area reflect Cascadian Chorale's dedication to beautiful new music.

Recorded on May 31, 2014, at Music Works Northwest, Bellevue, Washington; and on June 2, 7, and 8, 2014, at the Chapel of Northwest University, Kirkland, Washington.

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Celebrating 50 Years

# Cascadian Chorale

Gary D. Cannon, Artistic Director

Welcome Home



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[3]	<b>Euroclydon: An Anthem for Mariners</b> (1781)	William Billings	[3:53]
	<b>Frostiana</b> (1959) *	Randall Thompson (1899-1984)	[32:59]
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	<b>Love Letters</b> (2005)	Bern H. Herbolsheimer (b. 1948)	[7:31]
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TOTAL TIME [77:27]

Gary D. Cannon, conductor

\* Ingrid Verhulsdonk, piano

† World premiere recordings

Founded in 1964, **Cascadian Chorale** is a mixed-voice chamber choir dedicated to the performance and promotion of fine choral music. Based in Bellevue, Washington, the Chorale comprises thirty-six of the greater Seattle area's most skilled choral singers. Since 2008, Cascadian Chorale has been conducted by its Artistic Director, Dr. Gary D. Cannon. The Chorale regularly performs some of the most engaging and challenging works for chamber choir, ranging from Renaissance madrigals to Bach motets to new premieres.

### Sopranos

Holly Allin  
Nancy Dain-Smith  
Barb Fraley †\*  
Shiloh Gillespie  
Anita Gross\*  
Brenda Kruse  
Sue Maybee  
Kara Montague †  
Paula Rattigan\*  
Billie Shung

### Altos

Carol Fielding\*  
Susan Flores  
Joanne Hinkle\*  
Laurene Kelly\*  
Tara O'Brien Pride §\*  
Joy Porter  
Katherine Robbs  
Debra Schilling  
Nikki Schilling  
Pamela Silimperi  
Hannah Won

### Tenors

Christopher Fraley  
Corey Fujimoto  
Stuart Gegenheimer  
Russ Jones  
Tim MacNary  
Özer Özkaraoglu

### Basses

Ken Black  
Rick Commo\*  
Jeremy Kings  
Dennis Kruse\*\*  
David Nichols  
Trevor Tsang\*  
Jim Whitehead  
Doug Wyatt  
Robin Wyatt-Stone

† Soloist [12] [21] ‡ Soloist [15] § Soloist [19] \*\*Vocal coach

\*Board member, 2013-14 and/or 2014-15

Recorded on May 31, 2014, at Music Works Northwest, Bellevue, Washington; and on June 2, 7, and 8, 2014, at the Chapel of Northwest University, Kirkland, Washington.

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Assistant to the Pianist: Kalinda Pride

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Pamela Silimperi  
Trevor & Elaine Tsang  
Ingrid Verhulsdonk & Brandon Higa  
James Whitehead  
Doug Wyatt, Maureen Stone,  
& Robin Wyatt-Stone  
Giselle Wyers



**[1] Modern Musick (1781)**

We are met for a Concert of modern Invention;  
To tickle the Ear is our present Intention.  
The Audience are seated expecting  
to be treated with a piece of the best.  
And since we all agree to set the Tune on E,  
The Author's darling Key he prefers to the Rest,  
Let the Bass take the Lead and firmly proceed,  
Till the Parts are agreed to fugue away.  
Let the Tenor succeed and follow the Lead,  
Till the Parts are agreed to fugue away.  
Let the Counter inspire the Rest of the Choir,  
Inflam'd with Desire to fugue away.  
Let the Treble in the Rear no longer forbear,  
But expressly declare for a fugue away.

William Billings (1746-1800)

Then change to brisker Time  
And up the Ladder climb, and down again;  
Then mount the second Time and end the Strain.

Then change the Key to pensive Tones and slow  
In treble Time; the Notes exceeding low  
Keep down a While, then rise by slow Degrees;  
The Process surely will not fail to please.

Thro' Common and Treble we jointly have run;  
We'll give you their Essence compounded in one.  
Altho' we are strongly attach'd to the Rest,  
Six-four is the Movement that pleases us best.

And now we address you as Friends to the Cause;  
Performers are modest and write their own Laws.  
Altho' we are sanguine and clap at the Bars,  
'Tis the Part of the Hearers to clap their Applause.

**[2] David's Lamentation (1778)**

David the king was grieved and moved,  
He went to his chamber and wept;  
And as he went, he wept and said, O my son!  
Would to God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son.



**[3] Euroclydon: An Anthem for Mariners (1781)**

They that go down to the sea in ships,  
and occupy their business in great waters;  
these men see God's wonders,  
his great and mighty wonders in the deep.

For he commanded the stormy winds to blow,  
and he lifted up the waves thereof.  
They are mounted up as it were into heaven,  
and then down into the deep;  
and their souls melt away with trouble.

William Billings (1746-1800)

They reel and stagger to and fro like a drunken man,  
and are at their wit's end.  
Then they cry unto God in their trouble,  
and he bringeth them out of their distresses.  
He maketh the storm a calm,  
so that the waves are still.  
Then they are glad because they are quiet;  
and he bringeth the vessel into port. And all huzza.  
Their friends assembled on the wharf  
to welcome them on shore.  
And all huzza. Welcome here again, welcome home.



**Frostiana: Seven Country Songs (1959)**

**[4] 1. The Road Not Taken**

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,  
And sorry I could not travel both  
And be one traveler, long I stood  
And looked down one as far as I could  
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,  
And having perhaps the better claim,  
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;  
Though as for that the passing there  
Had worn them really about the same,

Randall Thompson (1899-1984)

And both that morning equally lay  
In leaves no step had trodden black.  
Oh, I kept the first for another day!  
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,  
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh  
Somewhere ages and ages hence:  
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—  
I took the one less traveled by,  
And that has made all the difference.

5 **2. The Pasture**

I'm going out to clean the pasture spring;  
I'll only stop to rake the leaves away  
(And wait to watch the water clear, I may):  
I sha'n't be gone long. —You come too.

I'm going out to fetch the little calf  
That's standing by the mother. It's so young  
It totters when she licks it with her tongue.  
I sha'n't be gone long. —You come too.

6 **3. Come In**

As I came to the edge of the woods,  
Thrush music—hark!  
Now if it was dusk outside,  
Inside it was dark.

Too dark in the woods for a bird  
By sleight of wing  
To better its perch for the night,  
Though it still could sing.

The last of the light of the sun  
That had died in the west  
Still lived for one song more  
In a thrush's breast.

Far in the pillared dark  
Thrush music went—  
Almost like a call to come in  
To the dark and lament.

But no, I was out for stars:  
I would not come in.  
I meant not even if asked,  
And I hadn't been.

7 **4. The Telephone**

"When I was just as far as I could walk  
From here today,  
There was an hour  
All still  
When leaning with my head against a flower  
I heard you talk.  
Don't say I didn't, for I heard you say—  
You spoke from that flower on the windowsill—  
Do you remember what it was you said?"

"First tell me what it was you thought you heard."

"Having found the flower and driven a bee away,  
I leaned my head,  
And holding by the stalk,  
I listened and I thought I caught the word—  
What was it? Did you call me by my name?  
Or did you say—  
*Someone* said 'Come'—I heard it as I bowed."

"I may have thought as much, but not aloud."

"Well, so I came."

8 **5. A Girl's Garden**

A neighbor of mine in the village  
Likes to tell how one spring  
When she was a girl on the farm, she did  
A childlike thing.

One day she asked her father  
To give her a garden plot  
To plant and tend and reap herself,  
And he said, "Why not?"

In casting about for a corner  
He thought of an idle bit  
Of walled-off ground where a shop had stood,  
And he said, "Just it."

And he said, "That ought to make you  
An ideal one-girl farm,  
And give you a chance to put some strength  
On your slim-jim arm."

It was not enough of a garden,  
Her father said, to plow;  
So she had to work it all by hand,  
But she don't mind now.

She wheeled the dung in the wheelbarrow  
Along a stretch of road;  
But she always ran away and left  
Her not-nice load,

And hid from anyone passing.  
And then she begged the seed.  
She says she thinks she planted one  
Of all things but weed.

A hill each of potatoes,  
Radishes, lettuce, peas,  
Tomatoes, beets, beans, pumpkins, corn,  
And even fruit trees.

And yes, she has long mistrusted  
That a cider-apple tree  
In bearing there today is hers,  
Or at least may be.

Her crop was a miscellany  
When all was said and done,  
A little bit of everything,  
A great deal of none.

Now when she sees in the village  
How village things go,  
Just when it seems to come in right,  
She says, "I know!

"It's as when I was a farmer...."  
Oh, never by way of advice!  
And she never sins by telling the tale  
To the same person twice.

9 **6. Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening**

Whose woods these are I think I know.  
His house is in the village though;  
He will not see me stopping here  
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer  
To stop without a farmhouse near  
Between the woods and frozen lake  
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake  
To ask if there is some mistake.  
The only other sound's the sweep  
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,  
But I have promises to keep,  
And miles to go before I sleep,  
And miles to go before I sleep.

**10 7. Choose Something Like a Star**

O Star (the fairest one in sight),  
We grant your loftiness the right  
To some obscurity of cloud—  
It will not do to say of night,  
Since dark is what brings out your light.  
Some mystery becomes the proud.  
But to be wholly taciturn  
In your reserve is not allowed.  
Say something to us we can learn  
By heart and when alone repeat.  
Say something! And it says, "I burn."  
But say with what degree of heat.  
Talk Fahrenheit, talk Centigrade.

Use language we can comprehend.  
Tell us what elements you blend.  
It gives us strangely little aid,  
But does tell something in the end.  
And steadfast as Keats' Eremité,  
Not even stooping from its sphere,  
It asks a little of us here.  
It asks of us a certain height,  
So when at times the mob is swayed  
To carry praise or blame too far,  
We may choose something like a star  
To stay our minds on and be staid.

— Robert Frost (1874-1963)

"Come In," "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening," "Choose Something Like a Star," "The Road Not Taken," "The Telephone," and "A Girl's Garden" from the book THE POETRY OF ROBERT FROST edited by Edward Connery Lathem. Copyright © 1916, 1923, 1949, 1969 by Henry Holt and Company, copyright © 1942, 1944, 1951 by Robert Frost, copyright © 1970, 1977 by Lesley Frost Ballantine. Permission granted by Henry Holt and Company, LLC, Publishers New York.



**11 A Red, Red Rose (2012)**

Oh my Love's like a red, red rose  
That's newly sprung in June;  
Oh my Love's like a melody  
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,  
So deep in love am I:  
And I will love thee still, my dear  
Till all the seas gang dry:

Jeremy Kings (born 1987)

Till all the seas gang dry, my dear,  
And rocks melt wi' the sun:  
I will love thee still, my dear,  
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee well, my only Love,  
And fare thee well, a while!  
And I will come again, my Love,  
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

— Robert Burns (1759-1796)



**12 A Lantern Voice (2014)**

*commissioned by Cascadian Choral*

Each small gleam was a voice,  
A lantern voice—  
In little songs of carmine, violet, green, gold.  
A chorus of colors came over the water;

The wondrous leaf-shadow no longer wavered,  
No pines crooned on the hills,  
The blue night was elsewhere a silence,  
When the chorus of colors came over the water.

Giselle Wyers (born 1969)

There was crimson clash of war.  
Lands turned black and bare;  
Women wept;  
Babes ran, wondering.  
There came one who understood not these things.  
He said, "Why is this?"  
Whereupon a million strove to answer him.  
There was such intricate clamour of tongues,  
That still the reason was not.

Small glowing pebbles  
Thrown on the dark plane of evening  
Sing good ballads of God  
And eternity, with soul's rest.  
Little priests, little holy fathers,  
None can doubt the truth of your hymning  
When the marvelous chorus comes over the water,  
Songs of carmine, violet, green, gold.

— Stephen Crane (1871-1900)



**Love Letters (2005)**

Bern H. Herbolzheimer (born 1948)

**13 1. Gold and Silver**

Once I had a gold and silver thimble,  
But I can't set it on the table now.  
I would go to you within this note I write,  
But I can't fit inside of it.

**14 2. Red or Coral**

There are six rows of beads in that red necklace,  
But this one of coral has seven shiny rows.  
I will not write. I'll not send a letter.  
If you really miss me you'll come back on your own!

**15 3. White**

On this sheet, this white sheet of paper,  
I wrote your name again and again.  
O! my dove, O! my beauty,  
Only God knows how much I love you.

**16 4. Rosy**

Many flowers in the garden; only one is the sweetest rose.  
Yesterday I read your letter; all day long I was rosy-cheeked!  
Many trees are in the orchard; only one has the sweetest fruit.  
Yesterday I read your letter; all day long I was rosy-cheeked!

— Traditional Tatar, translated by Aidar Galeev and Bern H. Herbolzheimer.  
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**17 Agnus Dei, from *Missa Brevis* (2010)**

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,  
miserere nobis.

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,  
miserere nobis.

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,  
dona nobis pacem.

Christopher Lee Fraley (born 1967)

*Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world,  
have mercy on us.*

*Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world,  
have mercy on us.*

*Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world,  
grant us peace.*



**Lambscapes (2001)**

Historical Settings of Mary and Her Lamb

Eric Lane Barnes (born 1960)

**18 1. Gregorian Chant**

Maria agnellum habuit  
Vellus cuius simile nivis erat.  
Maria agnellum habuit.

*Mary had a little lamb  
Whose fleece was like snow.  
Mary had a little lamb.*

**19 2. Handel**

Everywhere that Mary went the lamb was sure to go.  
He followed wherever Mary went:  
Hill and dale, through field and stream, into town, and home again.  
(Okay, we get it, he followed her everywhere.)  
Mary's lamb went everywhere she went.  
And he shall follow Mary forevermore. Hallelujah!  
Mary had a little lamb.

**20 3. Schubert**

He followed her to school one day, which was against the rule.

"Mary!"—"Nein!"—  
"Bitte Mary!"—"Nein!"—  
"Ja!"—"Nein!"

*"Mary!"—"No!"—  
"Please, Mary!"—"No!"—  
"Yes!"—"No!"*

Ich liebe so mein kleines Lamm,  
ich nehme ihn zur Schule!

*I do so love my little lamb,  
I take him to school!*

He followed her to school one day, which was against the rule.

**21 4. Verdi**

It made the children laugh and play to see a lamb at school!

Ah, ha! Ridiamo! Ah, ha! Giochiamo!

*Ah, ha! We laugh! Ah, ha! We play!*

Oh, laugh and play, for there's a lamb at school!

Oh, Mary! There is a lamb at school!

**22 5. Orff**

Oh, Mary! Dear Mary! Please listen to our little plan:  
We would like to eat the lamb with garlic and merlot.  
We would like to eat the lamb: "*L'agneau délicioso.*"

**23 6. Sons of the Pioneers**

An old El Paso shepherd, one day in late July,  
Was shepherding his flock beneath the stormy sky.  
And all at once a little lamb, little lamb, little lamb  
Appeared on the horizon with a ghostly cry:  
"I got away! I got away! No roast lamb am I!"

The lamb said to the shepherd, "I feel like such a fool,  
I didn't know that Mary was enrolled in cooking school.  
I followed her to school one day, school one day, school one day.  
They gazed upon my haunches and began to drool.  
But I got away! I got away! No roast lamb am I!"

**24 7. Gospel**

Mary had a little lamb. Its fleece was white as snow.  
Everywhere that Mary would go, Mary's lamb was sure to go.  
Mary had a little lamb. Its fleece was white as snow.  
Everywhere that Mary went that lamb was sure to go.  
Mary had a little lamb!

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