

Draw On,

Sweet Night

Cascadian Chorale

Gary D. Cannon, Director

7:00 P.M., Saturday, November 14th, 2009

Phinney Ridge Lutheran Church

7500 Greenwood Ave N, Seattle



3:00 P.M., Sunday, November 15th, 2009

Holy Cross Episcopal Church

11526 – 162nd Ave NE, Redmond

Draw On, Sweet Night

Éjszaka (1955).....	György Ligeti (1923–2006)
Draw on, sweet night (1609).....	John Wilbye (1574–1638)
Come in (1959).....	Randall Thompson (1899–1984)
Soir d'été (1946)	Henk Badings (1907–1987)
Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening (1959)	Randall Thompson
Sleep (2000)	Eric Whitacre (b. 1970)

∞ intermission ∞

Soir sur la plaine (1913).....	Lili Boulanger (1893–1918)
featuring Barb Fraley, soprano	
My Papa's Waltz (2009).....	John David Earnest (b. 1940)
In stiller Nacht (1864)	Johannes Brahms (1833–1897)
Come, sable night (1613).....	John Ward (c.1589–1638)
Sure on this shining night (1938/61).....	Samuel Barber (1910–1981)
Reggel (1955).....	György Ligeti

Jerrod Wendland, piano

Cascadian Chorale

Gary D. Cannon, conductor

Éjszaka [Night] (1955)

György Ligeti (1923–2006)

György Ligeti's initial studies in composition, at the provincial ethnic-Hungarian town of Kolozsvár (now Cluj-Napoca, Romania), were interrupted by the Second World War. Eventually he resumed his studies at the Academy of Music in Budapest, where he then taught in the early 1950s. This was a tumultuous decade in Hungarian politics, and in such a music-oriented culture as Hungary, the arts were not immune from political controversy. In December 1956, amid the Soviet invasion of his homeland, Ligeti fled dangerously across the border to Austria. Ensclosed in the West, he became affiliated with leading avant-garde composers such as Karlheinz Stockhausen and Pierre Boulez. The premieres of several orchestral works in the early 1960s, especially *Apparitions* and *Atmosphères*, brought him to international fame. By the time Stanley Kubrick used several of his works in his 1968 film *2001: A Space Odyssey*, Ligeti was one of the most respected modernist composers.

Ligeti's two choruses on texts by his friend, the Hungarian poet and translator Sándor Weöres, date from a brief period of thaw in mid-1950s totalitarianism. This political cooling allowed Ligeti to publish more adventuresome works than the straightforward folksong arrangements he had hitherto produced. Hallmarks of Ligeti's style include static harmony and expansive structures. Often structure is built not on the traditional juxtaposition of thematic material, or even on a sequence of chords, but on steady, organic growth. For example, the music of *Éjszaka* begins with the first tenors on a low C. The texture expands as the remaining men's voices take up the same two-measure ostinato (or repeated melodic motive), steadily rising to middle C. The women seamlessly join and the ostinato continue to rise. While this would seem to be merely an experiment in texture, it is in fact a strikingly original way to convey the "numerous thorns" of the text. All of the pitches heard in this opening growth have been within the key of C major. An A-minor chord leaps a tritone away, to a pentatonic chord built on E-flat, as silence (*csönd*) interrupts. The final declaration of *éjszaka* ("night") returns to C major, though an octave below tenors' opening.

Rengeteg tövis: csönd.

Numerous thorns: silent.

Én csöndem: szívem dobogása...

My silence: my heart's patter...

Éjszaka.

Night.

— Sándor Weöres (1913–1989)

Draw on, sweet night (published in *The Second Set of Madrigals*, 1609)

John Wilbye (1574–1638)

By the publication of his first volume of madrigals in 1598, Englishman John Wilbye, son of a tanner, was established as a musician in the Kytson household near Bury St. Edmunds. He remained in their service until the death of Lady Kytson in 1628, whereupon he retired to Colchester. Wilbye is remembered almost exclusively for his 1609 second book of madrigals, and *Draw on, sweet night* is perhaps its greatest work. It is rare to find a madrigal structured with such tonal sophistication. As would befit a nineteenth-century symphonic movement, there is a constant exchange between minor and major modes. The opening two lines of text are set squarely in D major, with the second line ending on the dominant, A major, to prepare a dramatic shift to D minor. Again an A-major cadence provides the pivot, this time back into D major and a return and further development of the madrigal's opening section. Wilbye then takes a different harmonic path—through A major and E major—to continue in E minor (at "My griefs..."). The "shades and darkness" return to A major, and eventually "silence dost enfold" us back into a shifting between D major and D minor, which remains unresolved until the final cadence. Wilbye uses this complex array of harmonic shifts to illustrate an emotional tussle between desolation and comfort.

Draw on, sweet night, best friend unto those cares
that do arise from painful melancholy;
my life so ill through want of comfort fares,
that unto thee I consecrate it wholly.

Sweet night, draw on. My griefs, when they be told
to shades and darkness, find some ease from paining;
and while thou all in silence dost enfold,
I then shall have best time for my complaining.

Come in, from *Frostiana: Seven Country Songs* (1959)

Randall Thompson (1899–1984)

Randall Thompson has often been hailed as the dean of American choral music. Early in his career, Thompson focused on orchestral works, creating three finely crafted symphonies, but by the 1940s he had turned predominantly to choral writing. His choral compositions form the core of the American repertory, ranging from the idyllic *The Peaceable Kingdom* to the boisterously patriotic *The Testament of Freedom*. His brief *Alleluia* remains the most frequently performed piece of American choral music. Not bad for a chap who, as an undergraduate, had failed in his first audition to join the Harvard Glee Club: he later quipped, “My life has been an attempt to strike back.” Thompson would eventually become not only a professor at Harvard, but director of Philadelphia’s acclaimed Curtis Institute.

Frostiana is one of Thompson’s most beloved works. Delightful and urbane, it is a collection of “Seven Country Songs” on texts by the great American poet Robert Frost. The cycle was composed in the summer of 1959 to fulfill a commission for the bicentennial of the incorporation of Amherst, Massachusetts. Thompson himself conducted the premiere, which was sung by a volunteer ensemble drawn from throughout the township. Both Thompson and Frost were adopted New Englanders, and Frost was suitably impressed by the work to direct his estate not to allow other composers to set his poems to music, a ban which continues, more or less, today. In 1965, Thompson orchestrated the work, and even later made an arrangement for band. We will perform the original version, with a demanding piano accompaniment.

The third song from *Frostiana*, “Come in”, is scored for women’s voices and a crucial piano part. The sung text is from the point of view of an individual who, while walking at dusk outside the forest, hears from within the singing of a thrush, a variety of wood-bird which includes nightingales. Thompson gives a birdsong-like motive to the piano, beginning with two pairs of ascending fifths, then a series of accelerating repeated notes. The otherwise spare and empty texture of the piano emphasizes the loneliness of the woods. Thompson evokes the darkness of night by calling on the altos to sing at the very bottom of their range. In the third stanza, Frost indicates that the setting sun “still lived for one song more”, appropriately set by the altos’ octave leap followed by a slowly descending scale. The music ends with the piano/thrush issuing a final invitation.

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.

— Robert Frost (1874–1963)

Soir d’été [Evening of Summer]

from *Trois chansons bretonnes* [Three Breton Songs] (1946)

Henk Badings (1907–1987)

Henk Badings, a Dutchman born and orphaned in colonial Indonesia, was a trained paleontologist when he turned to the modernist Willem Pijper for instruction in composition. The illustrious Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam premiered his First Symphony in 1930, and he quickly became one of the most noted composers in the Netherlands. Though he had no political sympathies with the occupying Nazi forces during the Second World War, he was installed to the directorship of the State Conservatory in The Hague, forcibly replacing the Jewish composer Sem Dresden. After the War, Badings insisted that he merely held the post in an interim capacity, awaiting a time when its rightful possessor could safely return, but even this was interpreted as collusion with the enemy. This unassuming, apolitical man became a subject of great controversy, and for several years his music was banned from performance in the Netherlands. In the 1950s, Badings embraced newly developing international trends, such as electronic music, microtones (pitches located “between” the pitches found in a traditional scale), and music intended for live radio performance. As prolific as he was versatile, Badings wrote fifteen symphonies, six operas, almost two

hundred choral works, and vast quantities of music for wind band, piano, organ, and chamber ensembles of various configurations. He died one of the most respected figures in Dutch music.

Dedicated to the great French choral conductor Felix de Nobel, “Soir d’été” is the third of his *Trois chansons bretonnes* on poems by Théodore Botrel, a French singer-songwriter especially popular during the First World War. The text is from the point of view of a man addressing his lover, Lison, at dusk in summer. Badings frequently divides the chorus to create a richer texture, and often treats the mens’ and women’s voices as two homophonic sections. Beginning as a mercurial scherzo, the music grows increasingly pensive as the text becomes more personal, even spiritual. In a manner perhaps only a Frenchman can achieve, Botrel invokes both Roman mythology (Phoebus, the sun-god) and pious Christianity in an assignation between lovers.

Lison ma câline, quittons la colline,
car le jour décline au rouge horizon,
avant qu’il ne meure, profitons de l’heure:
à notre demeure viens t’en ma Lison!

Dans la paix immense du soir qui commence,
monte la romance des petits grillons,
et la plaine rase que Phébus embrase
savoure l’extase des derniers rayons.

Des voix enjôleuses sortent des yeuses:
ce sont des berceuses, des petits oiseaux.
Et sa porte close, la fermière Rose
chante même chose entre deux berceaux!

C’est l’heure très pure où dans la ramure
passe le murmure du grand vent calmé.
C’est l’heure langoureuse, l’heure où l’amoureuse
se suspend heureuse au bras de l’Aimé;

c’est l’heure touchante où tous nos enchante,
où la cloche chante l’Angélus au loin.
Et c’est l’heure grise où la douce brise
s’imprègne et se grise de l’odeur du foin:

c’est l’heure où tout aime, où, las du blasphème,
le méchant, lui même, est un peu meilleur.
Le cœur se dépouille de tout se qui souille.
L’âme s’agenouille devant le Seigneur!

Lison ma petite, prions le bien vite,
pour qu’on ne se quitte de l’Éternité,
et qu’il nous convie à fuir cette vie
à l’heure ravie d’un beau soir d’été.

— Théodore Botrel (1868–1925)

Lison, my pet, let’s leave the hill,
for day descends to the red horizon;
before it dies, let us profit of the moment:
let us be late as we go, my Lison!

In the immense peace of the night that begins,
arises romance from the little crickets,
and the flat plain that Phoebus emblazons
savors the ecstasy of the last rays.

Seductive voices come from the oaks:
they are lullabies of the little birds.
And her door closed, the farmer, Rose,
sings the same thing between two cradles!

It is the very pure hour when in the branches
passes the murmur of the great calmed wind.
It is the languorous hour, the hour when the amorous
suspends herself happily on the arms of her lover.

It is the touching hour when all enchants us,
when the bell sings the Angelus in the distance.
And it is the grey hour when the sweet breeze
impregnates itself and gets drunk on the odor of hay:

it is the hour when everyone loves, when, weary of blasphemy,
the wicked one himself (i.e. Satan) is a little better.
The heart strips itself of all that stains it.
The soul kneels before the Lord!

Lison, my little one, let us pray very quickly,
so that one does not leave the other for Eternity,
and that we will be invited to flee this life
at the ravishing hour of a beautiful summer evening.

Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening

from *Frostiana: Seven Country Songs* (1959)

Randall Thompson (1899–1984)

Scored for men's voices, "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening" is the sixth song from Randall Thompson's cycle *Frostiana*, described above. The text, again by Robert Frost, is often hailed as the most well-known American poem. The scene is a simple one: a man with his horse, travelling on a long journey, stopping briefly in the woods to watch the snow fall. It is a miniature masterpiece, with a sophisticated but simple rhyme scheme, and is highly representative of Frost's manner in omitting the story's details or background. Thompson responds with a similarly sophisticated but simple setting. Here the piano depicts the slow and delicate snowfall in 4/4 time, as the men sing in 6/8 time. The final line is punctuated by silences which re-enforce just how sleepy the rider is.

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 and 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.

— Robert Frost (1874–1963)

Sleep (2000)

Eric Whitacre (born 1970)

Eric Whitacre is without question the leading American choral composer of his generation. Growing up in Nevada, his ambition was to be a rock-star, and he never considered classical music until his undergraduacy at the University of Nevada at Las Vegas. The composer writes: "I was sort of tricked into joining the choir (there were a lot of cute girls in the soprano section) and on the first day of class we started rehearsing the *Kyrie* from the Mozart *Requiem*. My life was profoundly changed on that day, and I became a choir geek of the highest order." He proceeded to composition studies at New York's prestigious Juilliard School, and soon such works as *Cloudburst* (1993) and *Water Night* (1995) became standards for choirs throughout the country.

Another of his most well-known works, *Sleep* has an unusually complex history. The year 2000 saw the premiere of Whitacre's setting of Robert Frost's famous poem, *Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening* (see above). The work gained in popularity, until Whitacre was issued a cease-and-desist order from the Frost estate: he had neglected to secure permission to use the poem. Legal wrangling followed, but the Frost estate stayed firm. Finally, in lieu of setting aside his work, Whitacre asked poet Charles Anthony Silvestri to craft a new text to suit the pre-existing music, a challenge surmounted with extraordinary skill. Whitacre's hallmark techniques are all present: compact chords voiced so as to seem less dissonant, harmonies featuring the intervals of minor and major seconds, and carefully notated silences.

The evening hangs beneath the moon,
A silver thread on darkened dune.
With closing eyes and resting head
I know that sleep is coming soon.

Upon my pillow, safe in bed,
A thousand pictures fill my head,
I cannot sleep, my mind's a-flight;
And yet my limbs seem made of lead.

If there are noises in the night,
A frightening shadow, flickering light;
Then I surrender unto sleep,
Where clouds of dream give second sight.

What dreams may come, both dark and deep,
Of flying wings and soaring leap
As I surrender unto sleep,
As I surrender unto sleep.

— Charles Anthony Silvestri (born 1965)

∞ *intermission* ∞

Music history is replete with “What if?” stories. What if, for example, Lili Boulanger had lived past the age of twenty-four? She had been sickly her entire life, since an infant infection of bronchial pneumonia. Indeed, she was so poor of health that she took composition lessons privately, only later attending the Conservatoire in Paris. Boulanger was catapulted to fame in 1913, when she became the first woman to win the prestigious Prix de Rome. She died of tuberculosis but five years later. Nearly all of her output was written in eight years (1910–8), but she is nevertheless remembered as one of the most original French composers of the generation after Debussy. In one crucial respect, she was quite fortunate: the devotion of her sister Nadia (1887–1979). Nadia Boulanger became perhaps the foremost composition teacher in France—especially known for training Aaron Copland, Leonard Bernstein, and dozens of other major American composers—and as a conductor championed her younger sister’s works throughout the twentieth century.

Soir sur la plaine, originally scored for soprano solo, chorus and orchestra, dates from the year in which the composer won the Prix de Rome with her cantata, *Faust et Hélène*. It is dedicated “à la mémoire de mon grand ami Raoul Pugno”: “to the memory of my great friend Raoul Pugno”, the virtuoso pianist who had been very supportive of Nadia’s career until his death in 1914. The dedication is particularly appropriate given the exceptional demands of the piano version which we will perform this evening. The text, by Symbolist poet Albert Samain, captures remarkably the moment when the sky becomes so dark that it joins up with the plains to form one vast swathe of darkness. At this point, Boulanger divides the chorus extensively to enrich the harmony and texture. She assigns the sigh of nightfall to a wordless chorus, marked *bouches fermées*: with closed mouths.

Vers l’Occident, là-bas, le ciel est tout en or;
Le long des prés déserts où le sentier dévale
La pénétrante odeur des foin coupés s’exhale,
Et c’est l’heure émouvante où la terre s’endort.

La faux des moissonneurs a passé sur les terres,
Et le repos succède aux travaux des long jours;
Parfois une charrue, oubliée aux labours,
Sort, comme un bras levé, des sillons solitaires.

La nuit à l’Orient verse sa cendre fine;
Seule au couchant s’attarde un barré de feu;
Et dans l’obscurité qui s’accroît peu à peu
La blancheur de la route à peine se devine.

Puis tout sombre et s’enfonce en la grande unité.
Le ciel enténébré rejoint la plaine immense...
Écoute!... un grand soupir traverse le silence...
Et voici que le cœur du jour s’est arrêté!

— Albert Samain (1858–1900)
from *Le chariot d’or* (1901)

Toward the west, there, the sky is all golden;
Across the deserted pasture, where the path falls,
the penetrating odor of cut hay exhales,
and it is the emotive hour when earth sleeps.

The scythe of the harvester has passed over the land,
and rest follows the work of long days;
An occasional plough, forgotten from labor,
leaves, like an uplifted arm, from the solitary furrows.

The night in the east sprinkles its fine ashes;
alone, in setting, lingers a glow of fire;
and in the darkness, which grows little by little,
the whiteness of the road is difficult to divine.

Then all becomes somber, and thrusts into a great unity.
The sky, darkened, rejoins the immense plain...
Listen!... a great sigh crosses the silence...
and behold how the heart of the day has ceased!

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My Papa's Waltz (2009)

John David Earnest (born 1940)

John David Earnest, trained at the University of Texas at Austin and now based in New York City, is best known for his many songs and choral works. That said, he is no stranger to larger forms, having composed two symphonies, two piano concertos, and four one-act operas, with a fifth currently in progress. He has written on commission for America's leading choirs, including Chanticleer and the Santa Fe Desert Chorale. One of the Northwest's premiere ensembles, Choral Arts, commissioned the present work and premiered it this spring.

In choosing to set *My Papa's Waltz*, by the great mid-twentieth-century American poet Theodore Roethke, Earnest has presented himself a daunting challenge. The text easily lends itself to two apparently opposing interpretations: one, an innocent nostalgia for a simpler time when a manual-laborer father playfully danced with his young son before bedtime; the other, a troubling memory in which the waltz symbolizes parental abuse. Perhaps the deeper truth to the poem is in a melding together of these two visions. Instead of choosing sides, Earnest adopts a reading more concerned with words than with hidden meanings. Hence he gives us a slightly off-kilter, slightly dissonant, mostly waltz-like setting, and allows you, the listener, to decide for yourself.

The whiskey on your breath
Could make a small boy dizzy;
But I hung on like death:
Such waltzing was not easy.

We romped until the pans
Slid from the kitchen shelf;
My mother's countenance
Could not unfrown itself.

The hand that held my wrist
Was battered on one knuckle;
At every step you missed
My right ear scraped a buckle.

You beat time on my head
With a palm caked hard by dirt,
Then waltzed me off to bed
Still clinging to your shirt.

— Theodore Roethke (1908–1963)

In stiller Nacht [In stillest night]

Johannes Brahms (1833–1897)

(published in *Deutsche Volkslieder* [German Folksongs], 1864)

Born in the north German port city of Hamburg, Brahms studied piano from age seven, eventually playing professionally in restaurants and theaters (though not seaside brothels, as is commonly believed). On the advice of the day's leading violinist, Joseph Joachim, Brahms introduced himself to the composer Robert Schumann in September 1853. The very next month, the master-composer introduced his young new friend to the world, writing an article that hailed Brahms as the heir to Beethoven. Ten years later, Brahms made his way to Vienna, where he gradually built the reputation that Schumann had foreseen.

Brahms is so often hailed for his orchestral, piano, and chamber music, that it is easy to forget his mastery of the choral art. Indeed, his only steady jobs were conducting choirs: first the amateur court choir at Detmold, then a women's choir in Hamburg, and finally the Vienna Singakademie. He programmed Renaissance motets, Bach, and earlier nineteenth-century works, showing a refined ear for music of the near and distant past. These early styles would later fundamentally influence his own choral compositions, particularly the *German Requiem* and his many motets.

In addition to the great tradition represented by Beethoven and Schumann, Brahms had a love for the folk music of German and eastern European peoples. He arranged many traditional melodies for solo voice and piano, or for choir. *In stiller Nacht* was published in a set of German folksongs, but the text is in fact an adaptation after Friedrich von Spee, a seventeenth-century German Jesuit priest. The subject matter of the original is Christ's suffering at the Mount of Olives. Brahms takes a more universal approach to the text, recalling laments of any variety. It is set homophonically, with each of the four vocal parts moving simultaneously. Occasional brief silences underline the weeping of the speaker.

In stiller Nacht, zur ersten Wacht,
ein Stimm begunnt zu klagen,
der näch't'ge Wind hat süß und lind
zu mir den Klang getragen;

In stillest night, at the first watch,
a voice begins to lament;
the night wind sweetly and gently
to me brings the sound.

Von herbem Leid und Traurigkeit
ist mir das Herz zerflossen,
die Blümelein, mit Tränen rein
hab ich sie all begossen.

Der schöne Mond will untergahn,
für Leid nicht mehr mag scheinen,
die Sterne lan ihr Glitzen stahn,
mit mir sie wollen weinen.

Kein Vogelsang, noch Freudenklang
man höret in den Lüften,
die wilden Tier traurn auch mit mir
in Steinen und in Klüften.

— after Friedrich von Spee (1591–1635)

With bitter sorrow and mournfulness
is my heart melted;
the little flowers, with pure tears
do I shower them all.

The beautiful moon wants to set
from sorrow, and never again to shine;
the stars, their glittering fades:
with me they wish to weep.

No birdsong, no joyful sound
can be heard in the air,
the wild animals mourn also with me
among the stones and in gorges.

Come, sable night (published in *The First Set of English Madrigals*, 1613)

John Ward (c.1589–1638)

For many years it had been believed that our composer was a minor clergyman at Canterbury Cathedral, but recent scholarship has assigned that life to another John Ward. Nevertheless, Canterbury was indeed the composer's hometown. After leaving the cathedral grammar school in 1609, Ward found a position in the musical household of Sir Henry Fanshawe, a leading Elizabethan jurist. Ward's only published volume of madrigals, which is dedicated to Fanshawe, emerged in 1613. Soon after Fanshawe's death three years later, Ward himself entered the legal profession, growing sufficiently wealthy to own a country estate in Essex. He continued to compose, producing a large quantity of music for viols that was frequently re-printed throughout the seventeenth century. *Come, sable night* is Ward's best-known vocal work. Several of its features—love-sick text, somber mood, heightened sense of dissonance, a protagonist's name (Amyntas) closely associated with ancient Greece—show a close affinity for Italian rather than English trends.

Come, sable night, put on thy mourning stole,
and help Amyntas sadly to condole.
Behold, the sun has shut his golden eye,
the day is spent, and shades fair lights supply.
All things in sweet repose, their labors close.
Only Amyntas wastes his hours in wailing,
whilst all his hopes do faint, and life is failing.

Sure on this shining night (1938, arranged 1961)

Samuel Barber (1910–1981)

When Samuel Barber first entered the Curtis Institute of Music, it was equally to study piano, voice, and composition. He naturally flourished composing solo art-songs, but Barber was no stranger to the choir. Having gained international fame with his orchestral *Adagio for Strings* in 1930, Barber still required steady employment to make ends meet while living in expensive New York. In the late 1930s, he was invited by Randall Thompson, then director of Curtis, to establish and conduct a Madrigal Chorus at the Philadelphia conservatory. Barber accepted the position, and for two years commuted from New York every Monday for rehearsals. He also composed several works for the ensemble, which were later published as *Reincarnations*.

In its original guise as a solo song, *Sure on this shining night* appeared in 1938, quickly becoming quite popular. In 1961, he made the present arrangement for chorus, relocating some of the piano's inner voices to the full choir. Particularly notable is his use of canonic imitation: at the beginning, for example, the tenors repeat the soprano line, a third higher and offset by one measure. Later, this relationship is reversed, and the altos take the tenors' place. The lyricism and drama which have made his music so beloved by orchestral audiences also pervade this miniature gem. The text is by Barber's exact contemporary, James Agee. Though they both lived in New York, they did not meet until 1947, as Barber set more Agee lines in *Knoxville: Summer of 1915* for soprano and orchestra. The two became close friends, and even considered collaborating on an opera.

Sure on this shining night
Of starmade shadows round,
Kindness must watch for me
This side the ground.

The late year lies down the north.
All is healed, all is health.
High summer holds the earth.
Hearts all whole.

Sure on this shining night I weep for wonder wandering far alone
Of shadows on the stars.

— James Agee (1909–1955),
from *Permit Me Voyage* (1934)

Reggel [Morning] (1955)

György Ligeti (1923–2006)

Whereas Ligeti's *Éjszaka*, which opened our concert, evokes night with its low, dark textures, its partner piece, *Reggel*, is an exuberant acclamation of the morning. The music begins with a clangor of cacophonous bells, as the basses intone lower bells in fifths to root the harmony in B-flat. As in *Éjszaka*, the mid-point is marked by a sudden, dramatic shift to the tritone, in this case a repeatedly emphasized E in the altos. Tenor and soprano soloists occasionally interrupt with the roosters' cries of *kikeriki* (internationally, most roosters say this, rather than the American "cock-a-doodle-doo"). *Reggel* ends with a ringing acclamation in open fifths, as the daytime sun glares above.

Már üti—üti már,
a torony a hajnalban!
Az időt bemeszeli a korai kikeriki:
reggel van!
Már üti—üti már!
Szép reggel!

Already tolling—tolling already,
the tower at dawn!
The hour is whitewashed by the early cock-a-doodle-doo:
morning stands!
Already tolling—tolling already!
Beautiful morning!

— Sándor Weöres (1913–1989),
from *Rongyszóanyag* (1943)

Cascadian Chorale

Soprano

Holly Allin
Pinar Bosschaart
Nancy Dain-Smith
Kiki Fan
Barb Fraley *
Sue Maybee †
Paula Rattigan
Cristina Dutu Segá

Alto

Carol Fielding
Martha Freitag
Joanne Hinkle
Laurene Kelly
Mary L'Hommedieu
Elfie Luther
Tara O'Brien Pride *
Katherine Robbs
Elaine Tsang

Tenor

Christopher Fraley
Russ Jones *
Dustin Kaspar † ‡
Gary Panek

* Section Leader

Bass

Ken Black
Michael Dunlap
David Nichols
Brian Pattinson
Trevor Tsang
Doug Wyatt * †

† *Soir sur la plaine* soloist
‡ *Reggel* soloist

Program notes and translations
by Gary D. Cannon

Program produced by Barb Fraley

Jerrod Wendland, Piano



Jerrod Wendland is a graduate of the Oberlin Conservatory (2000), where he studied with Peter Takacs. He relocated to Seattle in 2001 in order to study music theory at the University of Washington. Since then, he has accompanied many artists in the Puget Sound area. He also helped to plan and develop the Annas

Bay Music Festival, of which he was the Artistic Director from 2006 to 2007. At present, he is the interim music director for the Swedish Women's Choir and plays regularly at the Temple Beth Am and with the tango quartet Tangabrazo. He has been the main piano accompanist for the Cascadian Chorale since 2009. In June 2008 he participated in the Vancouver International Song Institute.

Gary D. Cannon, Director



Gary D. Cannon is one of the Northwest's most dynamic choral personalities, active as a conductor, singer, composer and musicologist. He is, since 2008, Artistic Director of both the Cascadian Chorale and the Vashon Island Chorale. Also in 2008, the Early Music Guild invited him to found and direct a Renaissance choir, Sine Nomine. In 2010,

he will debut as Principal Conductor of Vashon Opera, in performances of Copland's *The Tender Land*. He has been Chorusmaster for the Northwest Mahler Festival since 2001. He has served as Choir Director at Bethel Lutheran Church in Shoreline, and St. Thomas More Catholic Church in Lynnwood. Cannon has also conducted the Annas Bay Chamber Choir, the Kirkland Choral Society, and several ensembles at the University of Washington.

Officers and Staff

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- Brian Pattinson, *Vice-President*
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Gary D. Cannon
Artistic Director

Jerrod Wendland
Accompanist

Bern Herbolsheimer
Composer-in-Residence

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Our Next Concert

CASCADIAN CAROLS

Saturday, December 12, 2009 7:00 pm
St. Thomas Episcopal Church
8398 NE 12th Street, Medina

Sunday, December 13, 2009 3:00 pm
Daniels Recital Hall
811 Fifth Avenue, Seattle

Our annual Christmas concert takes a look at the carol. Hear carols in new and unusual settings, and sing along in some traditional favorites. John Tavener's *The Lamb*, Poulenc's *O magnum mysterium* and Stephen Heitzeg's *little tree* invoke both the secular and sacred mysteries of the season.



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The Cascadian Chorale wishes to thank the following people and organizations for their generous donations:

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The Mission of the Cascadian Chorale

is to be a regionally recognized model in the performance and promotion of quality choral music.

- To provide a rich experience for audiences and members
- To provide opportunities for new artistic talent
- To develop broad-based appreciation for fine choral music
- To foster musical growth of Chorale members
- To provide educational opportunities for young talent
- To partner with community arts organizations

The Cascadian Chorale is a 501(c)3 non-profit organization. Ticket sales cover only 30% of organizational costs, with gifts from subscribers making up the remainder. Your tax-deductible gift is welcome and appreciated. For more information or to make a donation, please contact our voicemail at 206.286.6028 or email Barb Fraley, president@cascadianchorale.org.

On the web at www.cascadianchorale.org.