

Welcome Home

Cascadian Chorale

Gary D. Cannon,
Artistic Director

www.cascadianchorale.org

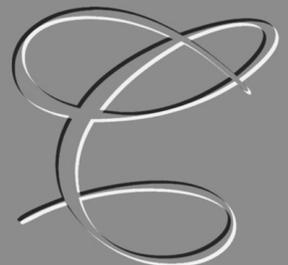


Microsoft

Saturday, Mar. 7, 2015 7:30 PM
Church of the Holy Cross, Episcopal
11526 162nd Avenue NE
Redmond, WA

Sunday, Mar. 8, 2015 3:30 PM
Lake Washington United Methodist Church
7525 132nd Avenue NE
Kirkland, WA

50 Years



CASCADIAN
CHORALE

Celebrating 50 Years!

WELCOME HOME

Modern Musick (1781)..... William Billings (1746-1800)

Love Letters (2005)Bern H. Herbolsheimer (b. 1948)

1. Gold and Silver
2. Red or Coral
3. White
4. Rosy

A Red, Red Rose (2012)Jeremy Kings (b. 1987)

David's Lamentation (1778)..... William Billings

A Lantern Voice (2014) Giselle Wyers (b. 1969)

Commissioned by Cascadian Chorale

Agnus Dei, from *Missa Brevis* (2010) Christopher Lee Fraley (b. 1967)

Euroclydon: An Anthem for Mariners (1781) William Billings

Landscape (2001) Eric Lane Barnes (b. 1960)

1. Gregorian Chant
2. Handel
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7. Gospel

∞ intermission ∞

Frostiana: Seven Country Songs (1959).....Randall Thompson (1899-1984)

1. The Road Not Taken
2. The Pasture
3. Come In
4. The Telephone
5. A Girl's Garden
6. Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening
7. Choose Something Like a Star

Ingrid Verhulsdonk, piano

Cascadian Chorale

Gary D. Cannon, conductor

Modern Musick, first published in *The Psalm-Singer's Amusement* (1781) by **William Billings** (1746–1800)

Art music was not a focus in colonial North America. Unlike the Spanish colonies to the south, where cathedrals developed strong traditions of choral music that incorporated native elements, the English colonies of the Atlantic coast devoted more attention to economic development than to culture. Indeed, the first composer of note from the English colonies did not emerge until the Revolutionary period. And this individual was far from the typical composer.

William Billings was a professional tanner, blind in one eye and short in one leg, with a withered arm and “an uncommon negligence of person.” Notwithstanding physical deformities and hygienic deficiencies, he successfully taught “singing schools,” group-oriented music lessons aimed at amateur church singers, around the greater Boston area. His 1770 volume, *The New England Psalm-Singer*, was the first publication ever devoted wholly to an American composer. By the time of the American Revolution, he had befriended such rebels as Paul Revere and Samuel Adams, supporting the cause with hymns such as “Chester” (“Let tyrants shake their iron rod / And Slav’ry clank her galling chains, / We fear them not, we trust in God, / New England’s God for ever reigns.”). By the time of his crowning achievement, the 1781 collection *The Psalm-Singer’s Amusement*, Billings had achieved substantial financial success. Unfortunately, copyright laws were not enacted until 1790, by which time his best works had been freely reprinted throughout the colonies. He accepted civic posts such as sealer of leather (inspecting goods), scavenger (sweeping streets), and hogreeve (tracking down loose hogs and returning them to their owners), but upon his death in 1800 this widower with six young children died with few assets other than his house. His music fell out of fashion by the early nineteenth century except in Southern and Appalachian hymnals known as “shape-note” books.

Billings’s music, like the man himself, is rather rough-and-tumble. While mostly avoiding dissonance, the harmony usually doesn’t move akin to chordal progressions of his day. The voice-leading is often static. *Modern Musick* certainly suffers from these—as today’s listeners might call them—deficiencies, but it achieves an expressive purpose that overrides any quibbling about compositional technique. Billings’s witty text informs the listener of the musical devices he includes, such as establishing first the key of E major, then the more “pensive” E minor, and moving from “Common” (duple) to “Treble” (triple) meter. Near the beginning, the four parts enter in turns (in a style known as “fuguing” which is little related to the form beloved of Bach) with different, simultaneous texts. Billings even hints at his Revolutionary ideals by mentioning that musicians—not unlike Americans—are able to “write their own laws.” The declaration that singers “are sanguine and clap at the bars” was probably, at least in Billings’s personal case, quite the understatement.

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.

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.



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Love Letters (2005)

by **Bern Herbolzheimer** (born 1948)

The Tatar people's historical home was the broad steppes of Russia, especially the region about five hundred miles south and east of Moscow, along the Volga River. For his unaccompanied choral cycle *Love Letters*, Bern Herbolzheimer has chosen four traditional Tatar love-songs in the four-line poetic form of a ruba'i (the plural is "rubaiyat"). The poems are united by the mention of colors but are varied in mood. Composed in April 2005, *Love Letters* is a perfect example of Herbolzheimer's luscious lyricism and consummate craftsmanship.

Born in Montana, Herbolzheimer has long made his home in Seattle. He has taught at the University of Washington and Cornish College of the Arts and is among the most accomplished composers in the Northwest. His operas have been performed internationally; his symphonic music, across the country. His output is well known to Seattle choral audiences, as his works are often performed by the Cascadian Chorale (where he served as Composer-in-Residence for many years), Opus 7, and the choirs of St. James Cathedral. Herbolzheimer is a remarkably prolific composer for whom the choral sound-world has special resonance.

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.

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!

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.

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.

A Red, Red Rose (2012)

by **Jeremy Kings** (born 1987)

Jeremy Kings's father was a Lutheran pastor, and his mother was the church organist. From her, young Jeremy received his first training in music, though he was rather more interested in technology, especially computer gaming. Attending high school in La Grange, a suburb of Chicago, he joined the choir and fell in love with the world of choral music. In his senior year, he had the rare opportunity to take a class in music theory and—even more rare—to hear his works performed. He kept singing and composing while a computer science major at Illinois Wesleyan University in Bloomington. In 2010 he relocated to the Seattle area to study computer game programming at the DigiPen Institute of Technology. Information about his activities both musical and technological—plus his fascinating blog which deals with topics such as the process of composing music for computer games—is available at his website, jeremykings.com.

Kings set to music Robert Burns's famous ballad *Oh my Luve's like a red, red rose*, which he had previously sung in a choral setting by Indianapolis composer James Mulholland. Kings's practical experience composing for computer games has served him well in developing a deep understanding of counterpoint, harmony, structure, and subtle variety. After a brief introduction, the principal tune, with its soaring initial octave leap, is first heard in the sopranos. Love's "melodie" is reflected in a sumptuous seven-part chord. The work is in AABA form, with each "A" section invoking the main theme in a different guise. At the end, the men's voices virtually run the final stretch of the poet's "ten thousand mile."

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:

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)

David's Lamentation, published in *The Singing Master's Assistant* (1778) by **William Billings** (1746–1800)

Nearly all of Billings's 340 surviving works are four-part sacred music, often setting his own texts adapted from scriptural or poetic sources. The tune, as is typical of late-eighteenth-century choral music, is found in the tenors, though the basses are often also given prominence: Billings even recommended that half of a choir's membership should be basses. His counterpoint is often rough—typically, he composed the tenors' tune first, then a supportive bass line, next a consonant soprano line, and finally an alto line that merely filled in the harmony—and the resulting harmony often features open sonorities of octaves or fifths. (Intriguingly, 150 years later Aaron Copland would embrace similar harmonies when attempting to craft a conspicuously "American" sound.) The raucous, forthright manner of his compositions suits the famed "When David heard" text admirably.

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.

A Lantern Voice (2014)

by **Giselle Wyers** (born 1969)

Giselle Wyers is Associate Professor and Chair of Choral Studies and Voice at the University of Washington, where she conducts the University Chorale and teaches courses in choral conducting and voice. She has conducted semi-professional ensembles and honor choirs across the United States and in Europe. Wyers's dedication to exposing audiences to the music of contemporary American composers is apparent in her work with Solaris Vocal Ensemble, a 12-voice solo ensemble of professional singers. Since her very first composition, *Ave Maria*, won the Cambridge Madrigal Singers International Choral Composition in 2003, she has been constantly in demand, having received commissions from the Chamber Choir of Europe, A Capella Koor Cantabile of the Netherlands, and several American choirs, including Seattle's own Cascadian Chorale

To fulfill a commission from Cascadian Chorale in late 2013, Wyers selected two poems by Stephen Crane—*Voices* and *There was crimson clash of war*—from which to fashion her new work, titled *A Lantern Voice*. The music is darker in mood than most of Wyers's output, befitting her chosen subject of children forced into servitude as soldiers. In this context, "each small gleam" represents a child soldier caught up in the "crimson clash of war." The imagery of these two poems interweaves brilliantly. After the "babes ran, wondering," Wyers emphasizes these links by bringing back the music for "Each small gleam"—the running children are the small gleams, later dubbed "little holy fathers." As this music decries the injustice of war, there are harmonic and rhythmic dissonances aplenty, but there is also a deep sense of hope that colors the tragedy.

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.

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)

Agnus Dei, from *Missa Brevis* (2010)

Christopher Lee Fraley (born 1967)

Raised near Philadelphia, Chris Fraley grew up writing “hundreds of songs” for the band in which he played guitar. He went on to study computer engineering and music composition at Carnegie Mellon University in Pittsburgh. He joined the fledgling staff of Microsoft in 1989, working as a software code developer. Some of you may remember the delightful computer game *Rodent’s Revenge*, which was one of Fraley’s creations for Microsoft. He found many fellow musicians at the company, former professionals and even ongoing freelancers, and thus never neglected his love for music. After nine years as a self-professed “code monkey,” Fraley left Microsoft to start a new technology firm with his brother in Pittsburgh. He eventually returned to Seattle, continuing his studies with composer Peter Wolf. Until about five years ago, he focused his musical efforts on orchestral and chamber music, but he has recently embraced the choral milieu with vigor.

Fraley imbues his compositions with formal structure, motivic unity, and harmonic consistency. In the case of his *Missa brevis*, the unifying idea is an inspiration in the early Mass settings of the Renaissance, such as those of Victoria. Each movement handles its early-music influence in a different way. The concluding Agnus Dei is a gem of musical concision. In the liturgy this text is spoken three times. Fraley’s movement is in AAB form, meaning that he repeats the first “Agnus Dei” music for the text’s second statement. Unusually, Fraley repeats the music a whole step lower. The third section begins another whole step lower, but is more dissonant and impassioned in the plea for mercy. Fraley’s true masterstroke is the final statement of “Dona nobis pacem” (“Grant us peace”), as the music settles into F major in a calm, indeed peaceful, manner worthy of Schubert at his best...though not without a few twenty-first-century twists.

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.

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.

Euroclydon: An Anthem for Mariners, published in *The Psalm-Singer’s Amusement* (1781)

by William Billings (1746–1800)

Euroclydon is the term for the east or northeast wind, especially the storm that shipwrecked St. Paul on Malta in 60CE. The text to which William Billings assigned that title is from Psalm 107, beginning “They that go down to the sea in ships.” This anthem depicts aurally the blowing of the “stormy winds” and the “lifting up [of] the waves.” As the waves descend “down into the deep,” the men’s voices outline a descending arpeggio. As the sailors “reel and stagger to and fro like a drunken man,” the listener senses that Billings knew this sensation all too well. After the storm has calmed, Billings strays from the psalm text, “and all huzza” in a rousing finale.

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.

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.

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- Profiles on individual choir members

Lambscapes (2001)

by Eric Lane Barnes (born 1960)

Comedy and music form the backbones of Eric Lane Barnes's creative life, as Assistant Artistic Director of the Seattle Men's Chorus, founder of the vocal comedy troupe Captain Smartypants, and composer of children's theater works performed throughout the country. In an e-mail to the present author, Barnes recounted a conversation with Timothy Seelig, conductor of Dallas's famed Turtle Creek Chorale:

"He suggested I write a piece based on *Kumbaya*, doing it in different styles. I liked the idea, but thought that *Kumbaya* was too simplistic melodically and harmonically to do much with. He suggested the idea to me right before we went into a seminar at a GALA [Gay and Lesbian Association of Choruses] leadership conference. We sat in the back of the room while the speaker was talking, trading notes back and forth about the piece. I suggested using *Mary Had a Little Lamb*, and we were off and running. We plotted the whole piece out together that way, passing notes back and forth, giggling and trying to at least appear as if we were paying attention to the speaker."

Quite an appropriate beginning for such a wonderfully silly composition. In seven movements, *Lambscapes* re-interprets the popular nursery rhyme in various historical guises: Gregorian chant, Handelian oratorio chorus, Schubert art-song, Verdi opera aria, grand gesture of Orff's *Carmina Burana*, even evoking American popular music with a cowboy song and final gospel. But listen carefully: this little lamb has a big adventure.

Frostiana: Seven Country Songs (1959)

by Randall Thompson (1899–1984)

Randall Thompson is often hailed as the dean of American choral music. Early in his career, Thompson focused on orchestral works, with three finely crafted symphonies, but by the 1940s he turned predominantly to the choir. Thompson's many illustrious positions included the directorship of Philadelphia's acclaimed Curtis Institute and a professorship at Harvard. His many 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 perhaps 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's compositional style is very meticulous—often almost every note on the page has an articulation or related marking—and yet the overall effect is of a spontaneous and sincere reaction to the text.

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, not unlike the Cascadian Chorale. 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.

Thompson was confronted with some musical challenges in this work, and he applied his remarkable compositional technique to them. Chief among these challenges was a logistical complication: the sopranos and altos were to rehearse separate from the tenors and basses. Thompson, ever the consummate craftsman, opted for an ingenious solution. Only in the first and last of the seven songs does the full ensemble behave as one. Between them, there are two pieces for men (tenors and basses) only, two pieces for women (sopranos and altos) only, and a central movement in which the two groups both participate, but behave as separate entities. The order was determined by a technique found in several Bach cantatas, in which the outer movements complement each other, as do the second and penultimate movements in a mirror-like fashion, and so forth.

Another challenge in composing *Frostiana* was the technical simplicity of the text. Frost is essentially a conservative poet, handling meter, rhyme, and stanza in historically traditional manners. Thompson chose to use these predictable elements but found ways to create diversity within the music by calling on a technique known as text-painting. All seven songs are littered with moments in which the music re-creates in sound the meaning of a specific word or phrase. This can be a very simple technique—such as giving the choir high notes for words like "high," "hill," or "heaven"—but Thompson's text-painting is far more subtle. For example, he will at times depict the text in only one of the four voices, or the text is reflected more in the piano than the choir. A few examples are given below, but rest assured that the curious listener may find many more.

Frostiana begins with a text memorized by so many of us as schoolchildren, *The Road Not Taken*. The poem is in four stanzas, and Thompson sets the stage by having the entire choir sing in unison for the first two: a preemptive hint that a traveler can only follow one road. In the third verse, as Frost proclaims "I kept the first for another day," Thompson lets the tenors depict that "other road" as they briefly split from the rest of the choir. The tenors have another special moment of text-painting on the word "sigh" in the fourth stanza; here Thompson adopts another method loved of Bach, that of a falling half-step to depict in music a sigh-like vocalization. Much has been

written about Frost's ambiguity as to whether "the difference" was a positive or negative one or whether it even matters. Thompson takes an unusual approach by depicting both possibilities: after the last line of text is sung, the piano embarks on a playful statement of the main melody, which is concluded by a more somber setting in the choir. The piano has the last say, however, as the final chords are simply open fifths: there is no third to indicate whether the music should be considered to be in (traditionally happy) D major or (traditionally sad) D minor. Frost and Thompson both allow the listener to draw his own conclusions.

Randall Thompson's tempo indication in *The Pasture* reveals just how literal he intends the setting to be: "Lento pastorale," i.e., "Slow and pastoral." The piano ambles along in the traditionally pastoral 6/8 time, but when the tenors and basses enter, the meter shifts to 4/4, which is more suitable to the scansion of the text. It is particularly appropriate that this poem be set for men's voices alone: it could easily be considered from the point of view of the male farm-hand inviting a girl on a casual walk as he goes about his chores. One delightful moment is the depiction of the mother cow and her young calf, who "totters when she licks it with her tongue," as the rhythm suddenly moves faster to represent the tottering. This song also includes one of Thompson's simplest but most beautiful compositional moments: the delicate downward scales and suspensions for the final statement of "I sha'n't be gone long."

The third movement, *Come In*, is set for women's voices with a crucial role for the piano. The 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 that includes nightingales. Thompson gives a birdsong-like motive to the piano: two pairs of ascending fifths followed by a series of accelerating repeated notes. The otherwise spare and empty texture of the piano emphasizes the loneliness of the woods. Thompson also evokes the darkness of night by calling on the altos to sing frequently 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 steady descent. The music ends with the piano/thrush issuing a final invitation.

For the middle movement of *Frostiana*, Thompson chose a text which is a conversation between a man and a woman who use a trestle-flower as a telephone-like communication device. You may perhaps picture a fair maiden in a second-story room, speaking into a flower which is connected, like two cans by a string, to a flower at the ground, where listens her beloved. The men energetically re-tell the experience, but the women are coy. Meanwhile, the piano winds up and down the keyboard as the flower's vine would wind up and down the side of the house.

A Girl's Garden is the longest poem used in *Frostiana*, and in order to render it intelligible to the listener Thompson directs all the women to sing it in unison, as a single vocal line. The poem tells the story of a village know-it-all who as a young girl intended to plant a garden, but instead dumped seeds and fertilizer on an empty plot of land and merely "begged the seed." The melody is simple, almost folk-like, but the music moves quickly and the singers must have their wits about them. Also, how often does one get to sing words like "wheelbarrow" and "dung?" That same stanza includes two moments of remarkably subtle text-painting, as "she always ran away and left / her not-nice load:" the word "left" is held for a long time, as "not-nice" is given a suitably delicate setting. At the very end, the women finally split into three-part harmony to depict the lazy girl who now self-righteously instructs others: "It's as when I was a farmer."

The poetic scene of *Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening* is a simple one: a man with his horse, travelling on a long journey, pauses briefly near a forest to watch the snow fall. The poem is a miniature masterpiece, with a sophisticated but simple rhyme scheme, and Thompson responds in kind. The music alternates between a pianistic depiction of slow and delicate snowfall in 4/4 time and the men's reflections in a lilting 6/8. The final line is punctuated by silences which re-enforce how sleepy the rider is.

The final movement of *Frostiana* has a tripartite structure in which the opening and closing sections place the sopranos on a repeated D, settled above the choir as a star rests above the skies. At the very end, as we are gently encouraged to "be staid," the choir rests on a long-held D as well. In the dramatic middle section, Thompson aptly depicts both the frustration inherent in the eternal quest for knowledge and the calm required to resolve the quest satisfactorily. As is often the case in Frost's poetry, the meaning of this text is intentionally obscure. The star can be interpreted religiously, as symbolic of a deity, or scientifically, as representative of all knowledge. Or perhaps both interpretations are valid and a myriad beyond. Thompson's genius lies in that his music, like Frost's text, once again lets the listener decide.

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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,

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.

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.

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.

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."

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,

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.

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.

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.

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.

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)

Gary D. Cannon, Conductor



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. He has held posts as Principal Conductor of Vashon Opera (2009-11), leading performances of *The Tender Land* and *Madama Butterfly*, and as Chorusmaster for the Northwest Mahler Festival (2001-10). Cannon has conducted the Anna’s Bay Chamber Choir, Choral Arts, Earth Day Singers, Kirkland Choral Society, and several ensembles at the University of Washington. He has also served as Secretary of the Greater Seattle Choral Consortium (2010-12).

As a tenor, Cannon has appeared as a soloist with Pacific Northwest Ballet, Seattle Philharmonic, and the Auburn, Rainier, and Eastside symphony orchestras. He also sings regularly with The Tudor Choir and Choral Arts. He has performed with the Kronos Quartet, the Seattle Opera Chorus, and members of the Tallis Scholars. Cannon is formerly an instructor at Whatcom Community College (2004-6), where he received the Faculty Excellence Award. His musicological research emphasizes twentieth-century British music. He holds degrees from the University of California at Davis and the University of Washington, where he successfully defended a doctoral dissertation on the early life and works of William Walton.

Ingrid Verhulsdonk, Pianist



Very active as a freelance accompanist in the area, Ingrid is also principal organist at Sacred Heart Church in Bellevue and accompanist for The Market Street Singers of Ballard. She holds degrees in piano performance from the University of Washington and the University of Hawaii. She is on staff at the University of Washington drama department and has been a regular accompanist with Northwest Opera In Schools, Etcetera (NOISE) and Cornish College of the Arts.

Cascadian Chorale Members

Soprano

Holly Allin
 Barb Fraley ‡
 Shiloh Gillespie
 Anita Gross *
 Brenda Kruse
 Kara Montague §
 Paula Rattigan

Alto

Carol Fielding
 Susan Flores
 Joanne Hinkle
 Laurene Kelly
 Tara O’Brien Pride * ∞
 Joy Porter
 Katherine Robbs
 Debra Schilling
 Nikki Schilling
 Pamela Silimperi
 Elaine Tsang

Tenor

Christopher Fraley
 Corey Fujimoto
 Russ Jones *
 Tim MacNary
 Özer Özkaraoğlu

* Section Leader
 † Voice Coach

Bass

Ken Black
 Rick Commo
 Dennis Kruse †
 David Nichols
 Steve Shelton
 Trevor Tsang
 Jim Whitehead
 Doug Wyatt *
 Robin Wyatt-Stone

‡ *Love Letters* soloist
 § *Lantern Voice* soloist
 § *Lambscapes Verdi* soloist
 ∞ *Lambscapes Handel* soloist



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Saturday, March 7, 2015, 7:30 pm

St. Luke's Lutheran Church, Bellevue

Sunday, March 8, 2015 3:00 pm

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Saturday, May 30, 2015, 7:30 pm

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Ingrid Verhulsdonk
Pianist

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Our Mission

is to express and nurture a love of choral music by:

- inspiring and educating our singers, our audience and the broader community;
- presenting quality performances of fine choral music from various historical, cultural and stylistic traditions; and
- collaborating with composers, professional musicians and other arts organizations.

Our Vision

is a community engaged in great choral music performed with passion and skill.

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The Cascadian Chorale is a 501(c)3 non-profit organization. Ticket sales cover only 30% of organizational costs, with gifts from supporters making up the remainder. Your tax-deductible gift is welcome and appreciated.

We accept online credit card donations via PayPal; you can even choose to subscribe to make automatic monthly donations. Visit our website, www.CascadianChorale.org, and click "Contribute" under "Support Us".

For more information about making a donation to Cascadian Chorale, please contact our voicemail at 425-606-4586 or email Tara O'Brien Pride at president@CascadianChorale.org.

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Many thanks to all of our concert volunteers!

Upcoming Concerts

The Importance of B
Bach
Brahms
Byrd
Britten

CASCADIAN CHORALE
Gary Cannon, Artistic Director
www.cascadianchorale.org

Saturday, June 6, 2015, 7:30 pm
UCC-Congregational Church
4545 Island Crest Way
Mercer Island, WA

Sunday, June 7, 2015, 3:30 pm
Lake Washington United Methodist Church
7525 132nd Avenue NE
Kirkland, WA

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Join us for the final concert of our
50th Anniversary Season!

The Importance of B

We close our fiftieth anniversary season with four major composers, each of whom represent the highest choral art of their respective eras. From the Renaissance we hear three works by William Byrd. Bach's double-choir motet *Singet dem Herren* represents the Baroque, and the Romantic era is reflected in *Schaffe in mir, Gott*, by Brahms. From the twentieth century we sing Benjamin Britten's light-hearted *Flower Songs*.

Saturday, June 6, 2015

7:30 p.m.

UCC Congregational Church
4545 Island Crest Way
Mercer Island, Washington

Sunday, June 7, 2015

3:30 p.m.

Lake Washington United Methodist Church
7525 132nd Avenue NE
Kirkland, Washington



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Are you enjoying today's performance? Enjoy it over and over by purchasing a *Welcome Home* CD, recorded last summer in celebration of Cascadian Chorale's 50th Anniversary. CDs are available for purchase today at the ticket table. Both physical CDs and digital downloads will be available on the internet soon. Look for links at cascadianchorale.org, or search directly on CD Baby, iTunes (through CD Baby), Amazon, and GooglePlay.

Welcome Home
Cascadian Chorale
Gary D. Cannon, Artistic Director
www.cascadianchorale.org

7:30 PM Saturday, March 7, 2015
Church of the Holy Cross, Episcopal
11526 162nd Avenue NE
Redmond, WA

3:30 PM Sunday, March 8, 2015
Lake Washington United Methodist Church
7525 132nd Avenue NE
Kirkland, WA

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