

CASCADIAN CHORALE  
GARY CANNON, ARTISTIC DIRECTOR

# Water Night

*our vows were made, less than the sound of the oar to w  
utiful, my were delight, pass, as we pass the wave, less than the sound of the oar to w  
less shade to save, scattering dark and bright, pass, pass, pass, pass, pass and be less the  
what it cannot which our vows were said, beautiful, pass, pass, pass, pass, pass and be less the  
less shade to save, scattering dark and bright, pass, pass, pass, pass, pass and be less the  
what it cannot which our vows were said, beautiful, pass, pass, pass, pass, pass and be less the*

SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 2012, 7:00PM

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# WATER NIGHT

Water Night (1995).....	Eric Whitacre (b.1970)
Wynken, Blynken and Nod (2003).....	Roman Yakub (b.1958)
Twelfth Night (1968).....	Samuel Barber (1910–1981)
To be Sung on the Water (1968).....	Samuel Barber
At the Water's Edge (2005).....	Kevin Siegfried (b.1969)
1. Top of the Hill	
2. Boat Song	
3. In Restless Waves	
4. The Eagle Trees	

## ∞ intermission ∞

Sure on this shining night (1938/61) .....	Samuel Barber
Wistful Wind (2008).....	Christopher Lee Fraley (b.1967)
And the Wind (2007).....	Greg Bartholomew (b.1957)
Evening Song (2007).....	Jonathan David (b.1965)
My Papa's Waltz (2009).....	John David Earnest (b.1940)
Sleep (2000).....	Eric Whitacre

*Ingrid Verhulsdonk, piano*

*Cascadian Chorale*

*Gary D. Cannon, conductor*

### **Soprano**

Holly Allin  
Barb Fraley  
Joscelyne Gray  
Anita Gross \*  
Brenda Kruse  
Sue Maybee  
Paula Rattigan

### **Alto**

Carol Fielding  
Susan Flores  
Joanne Hinkle  
Mary L'Hommedieu  
Joy Porter  
Tara O'Brien Pride \*  
Katherine Robbs  
Pamela Silimperi  
Elaine Tsang  
Hannah Won

### **Tenor**

Christopher Fraley  
Corey Fujimoto  
Russ Jones \*  
Özer Özkaraoğlu  
Rick Thompson  
  
\* Section Leader  
† Voice Coach

### **Bass**

Ken Black  
Rick Commo  
Jeremy Kings  
Dennis Kruse †  
David Nichols  
Trevor Tsang  
Doug Wyatt \*

**Water Night (1995)**

by **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. His three Virtual Choir recordings, available on YouTube, have gained international attention through his innovative use of the Internet to incorporate thousands of singers from across the globe into one online performance.

Whitacre has described in detail the genesis of his *Water Night*, which stemmed from a moment of personal crisis. In January 1995, he had an extended conversation with his mentor, convincing him to continue his professional music-making. Whitacre "got home, opened up my book of Octavio Paz poetry, and started reading. I can't really describe what happened. As I read the poem *Water Night*, the music seemed to sing itself out into the air, as if it were a part of the poetry itself. I just started taking 'dictation' as fast as I could, and the thing was basically finished in about 45 minutes. I have never experienced anything like it, before or since, and with my limited vocabulary I can only describe it as a pure and perfect and simple gift. I've heard countless people who sing it or hear it describing the same feeling I had when I wrote it down; I remain eternally grateful for this gift."

Though the twentieth-century Mexican poet Octavio Paz wrote in Spanish, Whitacre has set the words in English translation. He has chosen for his aquatic nocturne the unusual and sumptuous key of B-flat minor. Within a predominantly four-part texture, Whitacre divides the voices occasionally. At two notable instances he expands into fourteen-note chords. At the first of these, "If you open your eyes," Whitacre opens the choir to over three octaves. At the second instance, however, Whitacre "fills you from within" to create a fourteen-note cluster in the choir's mid-range. These dissonant but resonant sonorities have become a hallmark not only of Whitacre's own compositional style, but of American choral music in general over the last fifteen years.

Night with the eyes of a horse that trembles in the night,  
night with eyes of water in the field asleep  
is in your eyes, a horse that trembles,  
is in your eyes of secret water.

Eyes of shadow-water,  
eyes of well-water,  
eyes of dream-water.

Silence and solitude,  
two little animals moon-led,  
drink in your eyes,  
drink in those waters.

If you open your eyes,  
night opens, doors of musk,  
the secret kingdom of the water opens  
flowing from the center of the night.

And if you close your eyes,  
a river, a silent and beautiful current,  
fills you from within, flows forward, darkens you:  
night brings its wetness to beaches in your soul.

— Octavio Paz (1914–98), *Agua nocturna* (published 1947)  
as translated by Muriel Rukeyser and adapted by  
the composer

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## Wynken, Blynken, and Nod (Dutch Lullaby) (2003)

by Roman Yakub (born 1958)

Roman Yakub was educated at the Lviv State Conservatory (now the National Academy of Music) in his native Ukraine, and thereafter taught at the Voronezh Institute of Arts in Russia. In 1991 he moved to New England for graduate studies at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst and Boston University. He has since taught at Boston University and, currently, at Hampshire College in Amherst, Massachusetts. In 2001 he founded a company, now known as Art and Music Games, which creates computer games that introduce children to classical music. Yakub has composed extensively for various forces, including a symphony, three string quartets, and five works of musical theater for the youth of Voronezh.

Yakub's setting of the famous nineteenth-century children's poem *Dutch Lullaby* was first performed by the University of Massachusetts Chorale. He begins with the altos and tenors in repetitive, loosely notated figures in which the singers choose their own rhythmic pattern, depicting at one stroke the patter of oceanic waves and the glimmer of stars, which the poet imagines as fish in the sea. This pattern recurs at several instances in the piece. A soprano soloist, ostensibly the "Mother" mentioned later in the poem, introduces Yakub's main melody. "The old moon laughed" in a four-part round, and the tenors and altos rush upward as "the wind [...] ruffled the waves of dew." The opening chattering returns at the work's end, as the three mythical fishermen drift away into the night.

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night  
Sailed off in a wooden shoe,—  
Sailed on a river of crystal light  
Into a sea of dew.  
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"  
The old moon asked the three.  
"We have come to fish for the herring-fish  
That live in this beautiful sea;  
Nets of silver and gold have we,"  
Said Wynken,  
Blynken,  
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,  
As they rocked in the wooden shoe;  
And the wind that sped them all night long  
Ruffled the waves of dew;  
The little stars were the herring-fish  
That lived in that beautiful sea.  
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish,—  
Never afear'd are we!"  
So cried the stars to the fishermen three,  
Wynken,  
Blynken,  
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw  
To the stars\* in the twinkling foam,—  
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,  
Bringing the fishermen home:  
'T was all so pretty a sail, it seemed  
As if it could not be;  
And some folks thought 't was a dream they'd dreamed  
Of sailing that beautiful sea;  
But I shall name you the fishermen three:  
Wynken,  
Blynken,  
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,  
And Nod is a little head,  
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies  
Is a wee one's trundle-bed;  
So shut your eyes while Mother sings  
Of wonderful sights that be,  
And you shall see the beautiful things  
As you rock in the misty sea  
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:—  
Wynken,  
Blynken,  
And Nod.

—Eugene Field (1850–1895),  
*Dutch Lullaby* (published 1889)

## Twelfth Night, opus 42 no. 1 (1968)

by Samuel Barber (1910–1981)

### To be Sung on the Water, opus 42 no. 2 (1968)

The year 1966 saw the premiere of Samuel Barber's second opera, *Antony and Cleopatra*. It had been commissioned for the gala opening of the newly built Metropolitan Opera House at New York City's Lincoln Center: an occasion as glamorous as opera can be. The critics, however, panned the entire production, and especially the music. Barber fell into depression and alcoholism, composing little. Thus the two unaccompanied choral works written in December 1968 and published together as his Opus 42 were among his final works.

The title of *Twelfth Night* refers to the eve of Epiphany, as the biblical wise men neared the end of their journey. The text compares the recent birth of Christ to the forthcoming emergence of spring. Barber treats the voices instrumentally, requiring of the singers a sophistication of thematic development rare in unaccompanied choral music. The start is homophonic, with all voices moving simultaneously, but thereafter the music becomes increasingly dramatic and complex.

The second song, *To be Sung on the Water*, sets a text by the American Poet Laureate, Louise Bogan. The musical texture is a duet throughout: at first, the men's voices imitate calm waves, as the women sing the melody above; they then trade these roles. This second song is dedicated to Florence Kimball, who had, many years prior, introduced Barber to her student at Juilliard, Leontyne Price, his eventual Cleopatra. Barber briefly considered adding *To be Sung on the Water* to the opera, ever hopeful for a successful revival. These songs demonstrate clearly that Barber's musical faculties remained strong even as his self-confidence waned.

No night could be darker than this night,  
no cold so cold,  
as the blood snaps like a wire  
and the heart's sap stills,  
and the year seems defeated.

O never again, it seems, can green things run,  
or sky birds fly,  
or the grass exhale its humming breath  
powdered with pimpernels,  
from this dark lung of winter.

Yet here are lessons from the final mile  
of pilgrim kings;  
the mile still left when all have reached  
their tether's end: that mile  
where the Child lies hid.

For see, beneath the hand, the earth already  
warms and glows;  
for men with shepherd's eyes there are  
signs in the dark, the turning stars,  
the lamb's returning time.

Out of this utter death he's born again,  
his birth our Saviour;  
from terror's equinox, he climbs and grows,  
drawing his finger's light across our blood—  
the sun of heaven and the son of God.

— Laurie Lee (1914–1997),  
published in *My Many-coated Man* (1955)

Beautiful, my delight,  
Pass, as we pass the wave.  
Pass, as the mottled night  
Leaves what it cannot save,  
Scattering dark and bright.  
Beautiful, pass and be  
Less than the guiltless shade  
To which our vows were said;  
Less than the sound of the oar  
To which our vows were made,  
Less than the sound of its blade  
Dipping the stream once more.

— Louise Bogan (1897–1970),  
published in *Collected Poems, 1923–53* (1954)

## At the Water's Edge (2005)

by Kevin Siegfried (born 1969)

Imagine yourself in the late nineteenth century, travelling about seventy miles north of Boston along the Maine coast. You come across the idyllic town of South Berwick, with its farmers, millworkers, and seafarers. Here you meet the Jewett family, whose locally prominent members include shipbuilders, doctors, state legislators... and a middle-aged writer. And suddenly you realize that, in lieu of this timetravelling journey, you could just read her books. The novels and poetry of Sarah Orne Jewett capture the characters and nature of this town where she passed most of her life.

Let us move forward to the present day. New England composer Kevin Siegfried, who serves on the faculty of The Boston Conservatory, is best known for his choral arrangements of nineteenth-century Shaker hymn tunes. (These have been recorded by Seattle's Tudor Choir.) In 2006 the Community Chorus of South Berwick premiered a new Siegfried choral cycle that celebrates the poetry of their local muse, Sarah Orne Jewett. The first movement, *Top of the Hill*, incorporates the final five of the eponymous poem's eight stanzas. It is strictly homophonic, in four parts, though dividing into eight voices for the climactic "golden years." Sopranos open and close the movement with a melody as wispy as a hilltop breeze.

The second movement is unique among the cycle, calling only for the women's voices. It is also the only movement with accompaniment: piano (or harp) evokes the lopsided rollick, predominantly in seven-eight meter, of a boat adrift with oars at rest. A unison melody is later treated in two-part canon, and is then harmonized for the third and final stanza. The shortest movement is the third, excerpting the final stanza from Jewett's poem *The Gloucester Mother*, a passionate paean to those who die at sea.

*The Eagle Trees*, the fourth movement of Siegfried's cycle, excerpts about half the lines from the poem, which first appeared in *Harper's Magazine* in 1883. Men's voices begin with a melody that plays between D minor and D major. As "the men [work] in distant fields" they sing with a walking bass line, and the "companionship of birds and trees" is set for sopranos against a humming background. The music drifts away, just as the river drifts to the sea under the watchful gaze of the eagles in their nests, in a peaceful D major.

### 1. Top of the Hill

I love the steepled town,  
The river winding down,  
The slow salt tide that creeps  
Beside a shore that sleeps,  
Dark with its pine woods' crown.

Here, high above them all  
Upon my broad-backed hill,  
Far from shrill voices I,  
And near the sun and sky,  
Can look and take my fill.

I breathe the sweet air in,  
While lower drops the sun,  
And brighter all too soon  
Grows the pale hunter's moon,  
The whole year's fairest one.

Oh, lovely light that fades  
Too soon from sky and field,  
Oh, days that are too few,  
How can I gather you,  
Or treasure what you yield!

Oh, sunshine, warm me through,  
And, soft wind, blow away  
My foolishness, my fears,  
And let some golden years  
Grow from this golden day!

### 2. Boat Song

Oh, rest your oars and let me drift  
While all the stars come out to see!  
The birds are talking in their sleep  
As we go by so silently.  
The idle winds are in the pines;  
The ripples touch against the shore.  
Oh, rest your oars and let me drift,  
And let me dream forevermore!

The sweet wild roses hear and wake,  
And send their fragrance through the air;  
The hills are hiding in the dark,  
There is no hurry anywhere.  
The shadows close around the boat,  
Ah, why should we go back to shore!  
So rest your oars, and we will float  
Without a care forevermore.

Oh, little waves that splash and call,  
How fast you lead us out of sight!  
And we must follow where you go  
This strange and sweet midsummer night;  
The quiet river reaches far—  
The darkness covers all the shore;  
With idle oars we downward float  
In starlight dim forevermore.

### 3. In Restless Waves

God bless them all who die at sea!  
If they must sleep in restless waves,  
Oh, make them dream they are ashore,  
With grass above their graves.

### 4. The Eagle Trees

Great pines that watch the river go  
Down to the sea all night, all day,  
Firm-rooted near its ebb and flow,  
Bowing their heads to winds at play,  
Strong-limbed and proud, they silent stand,  
And watch the mountains far away,  
And watch the miles of farming land,  
And hear the church bells tolling slow.

They see the men in distant fields  
Follow the furrows of the plough;  
They count the loads the harvest yields,  
And fight the storms with every bough,  
Beating the wild winds back again.  
The April sunshine cheers them now;  
They eager drink the warm spring rain,  
Nor dread the spear the lightning wilds.

Companionship of birds and trees!  
The years have proved our friendship strong,  
We share each other's memories,  
The river's secret and its song.

High in the branches clings the nest  
The great birds build from year to year;  
And though they fly from east to west,  
Some instinct keeps this eyrie dear  
To their fierce hearts; and now their eyes  
Glare down at me with rage and fear;  
They stare at me with wild surprise,  
Where high in air they strong-winged rest.

Companionship of birds and trees...

— Sarah Orne Jewett (1849–1909)  
poems published 1883 (#4), 1908 (#3),  
and 1916 (#1,2)

## Sure on this shining night

by Samuel Barber (1910–1981)

No. 3 from *Four Songs*, opus 13 (1938), arranged for chorus (1961)

In its original guise as a solo song, *Sure on this shining night* appeared in 1938, quickly becoming quite popular. Indeed, it was so well-known that once an awestruck telephone operator required that Barber sing its opening phrase to prove his identity! In 1961, he made the present arrangement for chorus, reassigning 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 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 the poem *Descriptions of Elysium*,  
published in *Permit Me Voyage* (1934)

## Wistful Wind, F.152, No. 2 from *Love Songs from India* (2008)

by 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 the Northwest, continuing his studies with composer Peter Wolf. Until about six years ago, he focused his musical efforts on orchestral and chamber music, but has recently embraced the choral milieu with vigor.

Fraley imbues his compositions with formal structure, motivic unity, and harmonic consistency. *Wistful Wind* is unified by a prominent use of the five-note pentatonic scale. This is particularly evident as the wind “wanders on its way,” with vocal meanderings reminiscent of the music of Alan Hovhaness, with whose estate Fraley has close connections. He depicts the wind with “sh” sounds, modifying the underlying vowel and dynamic to create an aural representation of a chilly breeze. The second stanza begins in a direct, sing-song manner, but soon the wind returns, as half the chorus alternates between “oo” and “ah,” not necessarily at the same time.

Just in the hush before dawn,  
A little wistful wind is born.  
A little chilly errant breeze  
Thrills the grasses,  
Stirs the trees as it wanders on its way.

While yet the night is cool and dark,  
the first carol of the lark,  
the plaintive murmurs seem to say,  
“I await the sorrows of the day.”

— Adela Florence Nicolson (1865–1904), as adapted by the composer

**And the Wind**, No. 3 from *Three Gnostic Poems* (2007)

by **Greg Bartholomew** (born 1957)

Local composer Greg Bartholomew has written that his father, Fletcher LaVallee Bartholomew, “spent most of his life in aviation, beginning with a childhood flight in a Curtis Robin in 1929. His work in aviation started with a job as an inspector in an aircraft factory. He went on to become a test pilot in World War II, serving at the South India Air Depot at Bangalore, India, where he was sent by ship, an experience he always remembered.” Bartholomew *père* was also a philosopher-poet, several of whose works deal alternately with flying and sailing. Soon after his father’s death, Bartholomew *filis* set three of these poems to music for unaccompanied choir. (The Cascadian Chorale will present the entire cycle next season, when Greg Bartholomew will serve as our Composer-in-Residence.)

Bartholomew’s choral craft exhibits such knowledge gained only by long-time choristers: he has over fifteen years of experience singing with Seattle Pro Musica. In his setting of his father’s *And the Wind*, he employs the “sh” phoneme not in the traditional way to depict the wind, but more percussively, akin to the ocean hitting the prow of a ship. He follows with several meditations on the “awesome beauty” of sailing at night, each statement slightly different as the swell of the ocean likewise constantly changes. The conclusion drives slowly and inexorably to an expansive nine-part texture as the darkness and wind overcome poet and composer alike.

There is an awesome beauty found in sailing  
Through black of night upon the open sea,  
Your vessel mauled by unseen waves and trailing  
Her phosphorescent wake, as steadily,  
She plows into the darkness,  
And the wind.

— Fletcher LaVallee Bartholomew (1918–2006),  
published in *And the Wind: Gnostic Poems, 1945–1979* (1980)

**Evening Song** (“Look off, dear Love...”) (2007)

by **Jonathan David** (born 1965)

Raised in New York City, composer Jonathan David was educated at Wesleyan University and Berklee College of Music, and in Freiburg, Germany. In recent years his output has consisted principally of choral works, including many written for C4: The Choral Composer/Conductor Collective, a New York choir largely comprised of composers and conductors. His setting of *An Evening Song*, by the late-nineteenth century Southern poet Sidney Lanier, is a straightforward and sensual love song. The piano introduces, with a gentle lilt, the men’s voices in unison. He deftly leads the voices upward, by fits and starts, to the highest note at the most dramatic word: “kiss.” The tune is next heard by the women’s voices. A middle section culminates not with strength but with a tender “’Tis done, Love,” marked “intimately.” The opening tune returns, rhapsodically harmonized for the full ensemble.

Look off, dear Love, across the sallow sands,  
And mark yon meeting of the sun and sea;  
How long they kiss in sight of all the lands,  
Ah! longer, longer, we.

Now, in the sea’s red vintage melts the sun,  
As Egypt’s pearl dissolved in rosy wine,  
And Cleopatra night drinks all. ‘Tis done,  
Love, lay thine hand in mine.

Come forth, sweet stars, and comfort heaven’s heart,  
Glimmer, ye waves, round else unlighted sands;  
Oh night! divorce our sun and sky apart  
Never our lips, our hands.

— Sidney Lanier (1842–1881), *An Evening Song* (1876)

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## My Papa's Waltz (2009)

by **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 and premiered the present work.

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 found 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, mildly 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), published 1942

## Sleep (2000)

by **Eric Whitacre** (born 1970)

One of Eric Whitacre's most beloved works, *Sleep* has an unusually complex history. The year 2000 saw the premiere of his setting of Robert Frost's famous poem, *Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening*. The as-yet-unpublished work quickly gained in popularity among America's choirs 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 his friend, 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)



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Program notes by  
Gary D. Cannon

Program produced by  
Barb Fraley

## Biographies

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### *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 is currently researching a doctoral dissertation on the early life and works of William Walton.

### *Ingrid Verhulsdonk, Piano*



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.

### *Christopher Lee Fraley, Composer-in-Residence*



Christopher Lee Fraley, raised in a musical family, played the cello for ten years before switching to the more portable guitar. He studied at Carnegie Mellon University, receiving a BS in Computer Engineering. While in school, Chris pursued additional studies in music and poetry. His major influences include not only Beethoven and Schubert, but also popular artists such as Sting, Peter Gabriel, and King Crimson.

Chris continues to write works for orchestra, chamber ensembles, and chorus, and his credits include a symphony, eight tone poems, two operettas, string quartets, and pieces for piano and various chamber ensembles. When Chris is not busy sharpening his compositional skills under the tutelage of Dr. Peter F. Wolf, he relaxes by pursuing woodworking, gardening, programming, and eating his favorite dessert, pumpkin pie.

## 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.

## Support Cascadian Chorale

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 can now accept online credit card donations via PayPal. Visit our website, [www.CascadianChorale.org](http://www.CascadianChorale.org), and click on the "Donate" button.

For more information about making a donation to Cascadian Chorale, please contact our voicemail at 206-286-6028 or email Barb Fraley at [president@CascadianChorale.org](mailto:president@CascadianChorale.org).

Enjoy the performances of other  
Eastside choral groups...

**BELLEVUE CHAMBER CHORUS**  
Fredrick Lokken, Director  
2011-2012 CONCERT SEASON

**ECHOES OF CHRISTMAS**

Saturday, December 10 7:30 pm Bothell United Methodist	Sunday, December 11 2:00 pm St. Thomas Episcopal, Medina	Sunday, December 18, 3:00 pm Prospect Congregational United Church of Christ, Seattle
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**CHORAL JOURNEYS**  
Saturday, March 10, 7:30 pm  
Theatre at Meydenbauer Center, Bellevue  
Sunday, March 11, 3:00 pm  
Mercer Island Congregational

**EARTH SONGS**  
Saturday, June 9, 7:30 pm  
Sunday, June 10, 3:00 pm  
Theatre at Meydenbauer Center, Bellevue

Special Senior Prices available. For more information, call the Chorus office at 425-881-0445, or visit [www.bellevuechamberchorus.net](http://www.bellevuechamberchorus.net).

**CELEBRATE AMERICA**  
WITH MASTER CHORUS EASTSIDE  
and special guests Bottom Line Duo

Sunday June 24, 2012  
3:00 and 7:00 PM  
Pickering Barn, 1730 10th Ave NW  
Adults and Seniors \$12 - Student \$8 - Family \$38  
Children 9 and under, free  
Tickets available at (425) 392-8446,  
at [www.ticketweb.com](http://www.ticketweb.com) or at the door  
[www.masterchoruseastside.org](http://www.masterchoruseastside.org)

## Supporters

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The Cascadian Chorale thanks the following people and organizations for their generous donations during the past twelve months:

Angel (\$2500+)

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**Many thanks to all of our concert volunteers!**

## 2012-2013 Season

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Save these dates for next season's concerts:

A Light in Winter — December 8-9, 2012

featuring *Mid-Winter Songs* by Morten Lauridsen and works by Mendelssohn, MacMillan and others

Flights of Fancy — March 16-17, 2013

featuring *Spem in alium* by Thomas Tallis and works by Whitacre, Victoria, Stanford and others

Far from Home — June 1-2, 2013

featuring works by Dvořák, Herbolsheimer, Mäntyjärvi, and others



Follow us on Facebook and Twitter.  
Find links at [www.CascadianChorale.org](http://www.CascadianChorale.org).