

CLERESTORY

O sweet spontaneous earth

songs of nature, renewal, and peace



Friday, March 7, 8:00 p.m.

St. Mark's Lutheran Church, San Francisco

Sunday, March 9, 7:30pm

First Congregational Church, Berkeley

Tickets available at the door. \$15 general, \$8 senior/students

For more about us, directions, and to listen to our concerts, please visit www.clerestory.org



A Springtime Message from Clerestory. . .

We welcome you to the final concerts of Clerestory's 2007-08 season, a celebration of the natural world and the wild and beautiful things that inhabit it.

Clerestory is hardly the first group to take on nature as a concert theme. How are these concerts different?

First, we invite you to consider in a new way what nature has meant to composers and listeners of music and poetry in centuries past. In the modern world in which we now live, wildness is no longer outside our door; it must be sought out. We are surrounded by comforts that have become necessities, and we have set our basic needs close at hand, with good reason: the untamed world is an inhospitable place, and one to which humans are not particularly well suited. We now use phrases like "roughing it" and "getting back to nature" -- forgetting that once upon a time, the meadows, hills, and valleys were the places of greatest sweetness and beauty humans could enjoy. The flowers and honeybees of John Wilbye's madrigals, like the swallows and blue birds of English pastoral songs, were the most precious, divine gifts bestowed upon the land and air. Avid readers of the best-selling nature and food writer Michael Pollan will recall that sweetness itself is something we now take for granted: before sugar, corn syrup, and candy, can you imagine the bracing brightness of an apple, a pomegranate, or a drop of honey on your tongue? It is worth recalling that, not so long ago, music itself was a rare and fleeting sweetness.

Second, these concerts are different because Clerestory itself is different. During these first two seasons, we have undertaken something daring: to turn the elite Bay Area choral scene from something less commercial to (as Chez Panisse chef Alice Waters might advocate) something local, sustainable, and pure. Each of Clerestory's singers has grown roots -- often deep -- in the local community, both musical and otherwise. As seasoned professionals of the highest caliber, we perform frequently with other area groups; if our faces are familiar to you from other concerts, that is why. We still sing together because we love to, in spite of the demands of our "regular" lives. Our local audiences have invested in us, and we endeavor to return the favor.

We give to our audiences in a variety of pioneering ways: we hope you will enjoy the recording of tonight's concert, available for free on our website in the coming weeks; we make our concerts accessible by offering deliberately low ticket prices, and encourage our audience to supplement their admission (in tax-deductible amounts) as they are able; and we present a number of *pro bono* private performances (as we are doing on March 6 and 8). Further, in the spirit of tonight's theme, we pledge that five percent of ticket income from this weekend's concerts will be donated to a small, local environmental organization. (Please feel free to e-mail us and suggest one you prefer!)

After a long summer break, we will eagerly return to the stage in September to kick off our third season. As we have grown, so have our ambitions: we will be presenting four sets of concerts, including a pair of exciting collaborations -- one with a small early-music instrumental band, and one in which we and two other dynamic, up-and-coming groups will each perform a mini-program. And, of course, after the success of our first Christmas concerts last December, we will return with performances in the heart of that season.

At this time, when many people are becoming increasingly conscious of the natural world and their place in it, we thank you for taking this time with us to rejoice in the precious things -- both great and small -- that bring simple pleasures to our lives.

The Men of Clerestory

O sweet spontaneous earth

Veni, Dilecte Mi
Super Flumina Babylonis

Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina (1525-1594)
Tomas Luis de Victoria (1548-1611)



Flora Gave Me Fairest Flowers
O, How Much More
(from Three Rose Madrigals)
The Ballad of Green Broom
(from Five Flower Songs)

John Wilbye (1574-1638)
Paul Crabtree (2000)

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)



El Grillo
In Winter Cold ("The Ant")
Sweet Honey-Sucking Bees

Josquin Desprez (1450/5-1521)
William Byrd (1534/43-1623)
John Wilbye (1574-1638)



The Scribe

Herbert Howells (1892-1983)

Intermission

Agnus Dei
(from Mass for 5 Voices)

William Byrd



She's Like the Swallow

Newfoundland folk song

arr. Edward T. Chapman

Le Chant de l'Alouette
The Blue Bird

Clément Janequin (1485-1558)
Charles Villiers Stanford (1852-1924)



Epitaph on a Dormouse
The Doe (La Biche)

Benjamin Cooke (1734-1793)
Paul Hindemith (1895-1963)

(text by Rainer Maria Rilke)

Black Sheep

American lullaby, arr. John Rutter



Linden Lea

British folk song

arr. R. Vaughan Williams

Sourwood Mountain

Tennessee folk song, arr. John Rutter

The Latin Motets

Many of the most earthy and sensual verses in the Bible are found in the Song of Songs, also known as the Song of Solomon, which is the source of the text of *Veni, Dilecte Mi* ("Come, My Beloved"). Indeed, the unusually florid language of this Old Testament book contains references to fruits, honey, and milk which are best interpreted euphemistically, as well as lines such as "there will I give you my breasts," which need no allegory. The Song of Songs is a dialogue between two lovers, and these colorful and passionate texts are among the most-often set by composers, from medieval times to the present day.

Tomas Luis de Victoria's *Super Flumina Babylonis* ("By the waters of Babylon") is a double-choir setting of Psalm 137. Despite the optimistic tone of the music, it is a song of sorrow; one poignant image is of musicians hanging up their harps on the trees in sadness. Like much of Victoria's music for eight voices, this piece makes use of the antiphonal effects possible by dividing into two choirs: each quartet alternates singing intricate counterpoint, punctuated by full-throated passages for the full ensemble.

*Veni, dilecte mi, egrediamur in agrum,
commoremur in villis,
mane surgamus ad vineas,
videamus si floruit vinea,
si flores fructus parturiunt,
si floruerunt mala punica:
ibi dabo tibi ubera mea.*
Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the fields,
let us abide in the villages;
let us arise and go early to the vineyards,
let us see if the vines flourish,
if the blossom be ready to bring forth fruits,
if the pomegranates are in flower:
there will I give thee my breasts.



*Super flumina Babylonis illic sedimus et flevimus,
cum recordaremur Sion.
In salicibus in medio ejus suspendimus organa nostra:
quia illic interrogaverunt nos, qui captivos duxerunt
nos, verba cantionum; et qui abduxerunt nos: Hymnum
cantate nobis de canticis Sion.
Quomodo cantabimus canticum Domini in terra
aliena?*

By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept :
when we remembered thee, O Sion.
As for our harps, we hanged them up : upon the trees
that are therein.
For they that led us away captive required of us then a
song, and melody in our heaviness : Sing us one of the
songs of Sion.
How shall we sing the Lord's song : in a strange land?

The Flowers

This floral set of pieces is a survey of British composers from the high Renaissance to the present. John Wilbye (1574-1638) was one of the most prodigious of the English madrigalists, though he is otherwise little-known today since he is not known to have written any sacred music or larger-scale works. *Flora Gave Me Fairest Flowers* is a charming prototype of the style, written for five voices.

The text of the following piece, *O How Much More Doth Beauty Beauteous Seem*, was written by a contemporary of Wilbye, William Shakespeare. His Sonnet 54 is set by the acclaimed Oakland-based composer and Clerestory friend Paul Crabtree (whose *Dylan Responsories* were heard on our June 2007 program). Crabtree, who was born in England (and who, like quite a few of the composers on tonight's program, has a surname that fits perfectly with the theme of the concert), composed this piece as part of a group of sonnet settings called Three Rose Madrigals. Although written in a modern, neo-polyphonic voice, the music perfectly paints the meaning of the poems in the traditional, quintessential madrigal style.

Benjamin Britten's *The Ballad of Green Broom* is the last of his *Five Flower Songs*, and is a setting of an anonymous poem. As its name implies, the broom is a shrub whose branches were sometimes used for sweeping. The broom of this song is a botanical cousin to the French Broom, which, despite its beautiful yellow flowers (that

are blooming at this very time of year here in the Bay Area), is an invasive weed that thrives on northern California hillsides and crowds out beneficial, native plants.

Flora gave me fairest flowers

Flora gave me fairest flowers,
None so fair in Flora's treasure:
These I plac'd on Phyllis' bowers,
She was pleas'd, and she my pleasure
Smiling meadows seem to say,
Come ye wantons, here to play.

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfum'd tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses:
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade,
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, my verse distills your truth.



The Ballad of Green Broom

There was an old man lived out in the wood,
And his trade was a-cutting of broom, green broom,
He had but one son without thought without good
Who lay in his bed till 't was noon, bright noon.

The old man awoke one morning and spoke,
He swore he would fire the room, that room,
If his John would not rise and open his eyes,
And away to the wood to cut broom, green broom.

So Johnny arose and slipp'd on his clothes
And away to the wood to cut broom, green broom,
He sharpen'd his knives, and for once he contrives
To cut a great bundle of broom, green broom.

When Johnny pass'd under a Lady's fine house,
Pass'd under a Lady's fine room, fine room,
She call'd to her maid: "Go fetch me," she said,
"Go fetch me the boy that sells broom, green broom!"

When Johnny came into the Lady's fine house,
And stood in the Lady's fine room, fine room,
"Young Johnny" she said, "Will you give up your trade
And marry a lady in bloom, full bloom?"

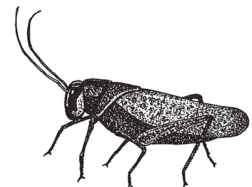
Johnny gave his consent, and to church they both went,
And he wedded the Lady in bloom, full bloom;
At market and fair, all folks do declare,
There's none like the Boy that sold green broom.

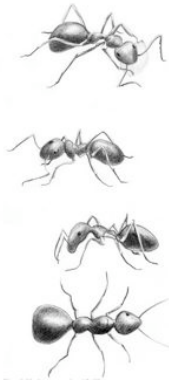
The Insects

El Grillo is a tribute to the humble cricket, and is a charming example of secular song as composed by Josquin Desprez, who is much better known for his sacred motets and masses. Likewise, Josquin's contemporary William Byrd sets a poem (by Geoffrey Whitney) praising ants, called *In Winter Cold*. In it, the ants thrive in the frigid earth by enjoying the food they had stored in summer; when the hungry grasshopper -- who spent the summer singing and hopping in meadows -- asks for help, the ants reply, "Content thee with they chance, for to thy song now art thou like to dance." Finally, John Wilbye sets one of the most dramatic and epic of English madrigals, *Sweet Honey-sucking Bees*, in which from flowers, to flaming darts, to sweet deaths, to Melisuavia's soft lips, no madrigalistic euphemism is left unpolled.

El grillo è buon cantore
Che tiene longo verso.
Dalle beve grillo canta.
Ma non fa come gli altri uccelli
Come li han cantato un poco,
Van de fatto in altro loco
Sempre el grillo sta pur saldo,
Quando la maggior el caldo
Alhor canta sol per amore.

The cricket is a good singer
He can sing very long
He sings all the time.
But he isn't like the other birds.
If they've sung a little bit
They go somewhere else
The cricket remains where he is
When the heat is very fierce
Then he sings only for love.





In Winter cold when tree and bush
was bare,
And frost had nipped the roots of
tender grass,
The Ants with joy did feed upon
their fare.
When they had stored while Summer
season was:
To whom for food a grasshopper did
cry
And said she starved if they did help
deny.

Sweet honey-sucking bees,
why do you still surfeit on roses, pinks and violets,
as if the choicest nectar lay in them
where with you store your curious cabinets?
Ah, make your flight to Melisaviva's lips.
There, there may you revel in ambrosian cheer,
where smiling roses and sweet lillies sit,
Keeping their springtide graces all the year,
Yet, sweet, take heed, all sweets are hard to get
Sting not, sting not her soft lips, O, beware of that,
for if one flaming dart come from her eye,
was never dart so sharp, ah, then you die, you die.

The Scribe

"What lovely things Thy hand hath made, The smooth-plumed bird in its emerald shade, The seed of the grass, The speck of stone, Which the wayfaring ant stirs and hastes on!" So begins Walter De La Mare's poem, set by English composer Herbert Howells in 1957 to commemorate the 85th birthday of his friend Ralph Vaughan Williams. The music of this piece features Howells' mystical harmonic language, and is evocative of his more familiar anthem *Take Him, Earth, For Cherishing*, which was written six years later in response to the death of John F. Kennedy.

What lovely things
Thy hand hath made,
The smooth-plumed bird
In its emerald shade,
The seed of the grass,
The speck of stone
Which the wayfaring ant
Stirs - and hastes on!
Though I should sit
By some tarn,
Using its ink as the spirit wills
To write of Earth's wonders,
Its live, willed things,

Flit would the ages
On soundless wings
Ere unto Zed
My pen drew nigh;
Leviathan told,
And the honey-fly;
And still would remain
My wit to try -
My worn reeds broken,
The dark tarn dry,
All words forgotten -
Thou, Lord, and I.

The Song of Peace



Clerestory is honored to perform the next piece, the *Agnus Dei* ("Lamb of God") from Byrd's *Mass for Five Voices*, as part of an international project called Song of Peace. The project takes place during the month of March, 2008 and seeks to raise thousands of voices in a musical affirmation of the importance of peace in today's world, as we mark the 5th anniversary of the U.S. entering Iraq. This non-religious and non-political campaign seeks to raise a plea for peace for people affected by violence all over the world. The project is endorsed by a distinguished group of international musicians, and the words *dona nobis pacem* -- Latin for "grant us peace" -- will be sung hundreds of times by thousands of people all around the world. Learn more at www.songofpeace.org.

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, give us peace.

The Birds and Other Animals

For whatever reason, birds seem to have inspired more composers than any other creature -- perhaps because they sing. For this program, we were sorry to have to choose between all the charming pieces we found describing swallows, blue birds, swans, nightingales, hawks, chickens, and owls. (William Byrd, of course, made the cut.) We chose the wonderfully onomatopoeic tribute to the alouette, or lark, by the 16th-century Flemish composer Janequin over the familiar children's song, in which the bird does not fare well.

Benjamin Cooke succeeded Henry Purcell as organist of Westminster Abbey, and he wrote this instructive and poignant Epitaph to a deceased mouse: "No sins had Dor to answer for -- repent of yours in time." Paul Hindemith was one of the greatest German composers of the 20th century, although he emigrated to the U.S. in 1940, setting the stage for him to put to music Rilke's French poem *La Biche* ("The Doe") several years later. The haunting texture of this short and gentle piece portrays the "ancient forests reflected in the doe's eyes."

She's like the swallow that flies so high
She's like the river that never runs dry
She's like the sunshine on the lee shore
I love my love and love is no more.

Twas out in the garden this fair maid did go
A-picking the beautiful prim-rose
The more she plucked, the more she pulled
Until she got her apron full.

It's out of those roses she made a bed
A stony pillow for her head
She laid her down, no word did say
Until this fair maid's heart did break

She's like the swallow that flies so high
She's like the river that never runs dry
She's like the sunshine on the lee shore
I love my love and love is no more.

Le Chant de l'alouette

Or sus, vous dormés trop, madame joliette,
Il est jour, levés sus,
Ecoutez l'Alouette.
Petite, que dit Dieu, il est jour, il est jour.
La gentille Alouette avec son tire lire,
Tire lire à l'ire et tire liran
Vers la voute du ciel.
Puis son vol vers ce lieu vir' et dezire dir' adieu.
Lire, lire, li fere lire li ti ti pi
Tire liron, que dit Dieu.
Qu'on tue ce faux jalous cornu
Cocu, tout chassieux, tout éperdu, tout farcineux,
tout malotru, tout marmiteux.
Pin chore lin lin chin, il ne vaut mie les braies
d'un vieux pendu.
te rogamus audi nos,
Sainte feste Dieu, petite
Cocu, cocu qu'il soit torché,
déchiqueté, battu, frappé
Qu'il soit brûlé. Tue ce coquin.
Il est temps d'aller boire,
Coquin marant, lourdin, lourdaut, petin, petaut, niaut,
nigaut, badin, badault, vessin, vessaut, cocu.
Qu'il soit lié, très bien bague, ferré, troussé, fort
garotté, et puis jeté dans un fossé.
Or oyez: on vous fait assavoir de par les oiseaux,
que courriez tôt pour voir par monts et par vaux
la trait cocu tigneux, tondu.
Laissez la éjouir, sauter, rire et gaudir, chacun
entretenir,
parler à son plaisir, veiller et dormir,
croquer à plaisir, ou autrement va-t-en mourir.

The Song of the Lark

Now up, you sleep too much, pretty madam,
It's day, get up,
Listen to the Lark.
Little one, says God, it is day, it is day.
The sweet Lark ascending
Draws a line of passion
To the vault of heaven
His flight turns, desiring to rejoin God.
Lire, lire, li fere lire li ti ti pi
Tire liron, says God.
Kill this false, jealous horned
Cuckold, all rheumy eyes, dithering and glandered,
rubbishy mingy Little wretch.
Pin chore lin lin chin, he's not worth the bags of a man
long hanged.
We pray thee hear us,
Holy festive God, little
Cuckold, cuckoo, give him a thrashing,
a slashing, a beating, a bashing,
Let him roast. Kill the rogue.
It's time for a drink,
Twisted rascal, lumpish lout, wet fart, clumsy clod,
lazy loafer, funky smelly farter, cuckold.
Let him be tied up, well bound and chained,
trussed up and strangled, And chucked in a ditch.
Now listen: you can learn this from the birds,
which carry all and see from on high
this nasty, shaven cuckold.
Let's jump, exult, laugh, and rejoice--
keep it up.
Speaking of pleasure, waking and sleeping
feast on pleasure, or otherwise we shall die.



O la biche:

quel bel interieur d'anciennes forêts dans tes yeux
abonde;
combien de confiance ronde mêlée à combien de peur.
Tout celà, porté par la vive gracilité de tes bonds.
Mais jamais rien n'arrive
à cette impassive ignorance de ton front.

Black sheep, black sheep, where d'you leave your
lamb?

Way down in the valley.
Birds and the butterflies a flutterin' by,
Poor little thing cryin' "Mammy".

Black sheep, black sheep, where d'you leave your
lamb?

Way down in the valley.
My mother told me before she went away
to take good care of the baby
But I went out to play and the baby ran away,
And the poor little thing cryin' "Mammy".

The Blue Bird

The lake lay blue below the hill.
O'er it, as I looked, there flew
Across the waters, cold and still,
A bird whose wings were palest blue.

The sky above was blue at last,
The sky beneath me blue in blue.
A moment, ere the bird had passed,
It caught his image as he flew.

Epitaph on a Dormouse

In paper case, hard by this place,
Dead a poor dormouse lies;
And soon or late, summon'd by fate,
Each prince, each monarch dies.

Ye sons of verse, while we rehearse,
Attend instructive rhyme;
No sins had Dor to answer for:
Repent of yours in time.

O doe,
what beautiful scene of ancient forests appear reflected
in your eyes;
What confidence surrounded by such fear.
All of it borne on the quick grace of your leaps.
But nothing disturbs
the impassive unawareness of your brow.



The Countryside

When considering the people, plants and animals that define a natural place, it is worth considering the place itself. We still feel particularly, if sometimes unconsciously, drawn to the fields, valleys and hills that defined rural life for many people generations ago. Ralph Vaughan Williams perhaps sensed this when he famously set out for the English countryside to collect the old, forgotten folk songs that represented his country's history. *Linden Lea* is one such song he set for choir, and besides celebrating the "woodlands, flowery gladed," it offers a wanderer's take on modern priorities: "Let other folk make money faster in the air of dark-roomed towns... I be free to go abroad, or take again my homeward road, To where for me the apple tree do lean down low in Linden Lea."

The Tennessee folk song *Sourwood Mountain* reminds us that the people who still cling to the countryside as home are truly the folks of this sweet, spontaneous earth.

Linden Lea

Within the woodlands, flow'ry gleaded,
By the oak tree's mossy moot,
The shining grass blades, timber shaded,
Now do quiver under foot;
And birds do whistle over head,
And water's bubbling in its bed;
And there for me, the apple tree
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

When leaves that lately were a springing,
Now do fade within the copse,
And painted birds do hush their singing,
Up upon the timber tops;
And brown leaved fruit's a-turning red,
In cloudless sunshine, over head,
With fruit for me, the apple tree
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

Let other folk make money faster,
In the air of dark-room'd towns;
I don't dread a peevish master,
Tho' no man may heed my frowns.
I be free to go abroad,
Or take again my homeward road,
To where, for me, the apple tree
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

Sourwood Mountain

Chickens are crowin' on Sourwood Mountain,
Hi-o diddle-i-day.
Get your dog and we'll go huntin',
Hi-o diddle-i-day.

Chickens are crowin' on Sourwood Mountain,
Hi-o diddle-i-day.
Pretty girls and you can't count 'em,
Hi-o diddle-i-day.

My true love's a blue-eyed daisy,
Hi-o diddle-i-day.
If I don't get her I'll go crazy,
Hi-o diddle-i-day.



JESSE ANTIN, countertenor, is the founder of Clerestory. He has performed with many of the finest groups in the Bay Area since moving to California in 2000, including five years with the esteemed men's ensemble Chanticleer. He appears on seven Chanticleer recordings, including one Grammy winner. Other recent local performances have been as a soloist and chorus member with the American Bach Soloists and Philharmonia Baroque.

Jesse is a native of Princeton, New Jersey, where he grew up singing countertenor in a cathedral men-and-boys choir, and is a graduate of Brown University, where he majored in music and philosophy. During Jesse's early career in church music he was also an organist, choir director, and composer, and a number of his pieces continue to be performed and recorded by choirs throughout

New England. During his studies Jesse was also student conductor of the Brown University Chorus, a member of the Schola Cantorum of Boston, and the subject of a full-page article in the Chronicle of Higher Education.

Addicted to life in a college town, Jesse has proudly lived in Berkeley since 2001. He is a bicycle racer for the Berkeley Bicycle Club team, a Sierra backpacker as often as possible, and a tennis player trying to recapture his former glory. Jesse and his wife, Lindsey, live on a steep hill in North Berkeley with their cats Camper, Nike, and Sprite, and maintain the pace of life with a steady diet of vegetarian carb-loading and home-brewed ales. Jesse is a development officer for the non-profit environmental law firm Earthjustice, and can often be seen commuting to downtown Oakland on his Vespa. If you still haven't found Jesse in any of these places, he is probably at a Cal football game or an Oakland A's baseball game, losing his voice.



Originally from Cherokee, Iowa, KEVIN BAUM has lived in San Francisco for the past nineteen years. Kevin is currently tenor section leader and cantor at St. Ignatius Catholic Church. He is a member of Schola Adventus, an eight-voice mixed ensemble which toured England in December of 2005, and of Schola Cantorum San Francisco, an ensemble of fourteen mixed voices. He sings regularly with the ensembles AVE (Artists' Vocal Ensemble), San Francisco Lyric Chorus, and has sung with the Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra Chorus. He performs solo recitals in many local venues.

Kevin is a sixteen-year veteran of the ensemble Chanticleer. Just a few of the highlights from those years include the role of the Madwoman in performances of Benjamin Britten's *Curlew River*, the role of Joseph of Aramathea in the world premier of Sir John Tavener's *Lamentations and Praises*, the role of John Q. Public in the west coast premiere of *Go For Broke*, a madrigal comedy by Peter Schickele, and over twenty recordings, including two that received the Grammy award.



In addition to Clerestory, JOHN BISCHOFF, bass, has been privileged to sing with some of the country's finest choral groups including Chanticleer, the Dale Warland Singers, the Oregon Bach Festival Chorale, the Philharmonia Baroque Chorale, and the American Bach Soloists. As an opera performer, this year John is singing the roles of Zuniga in *Carmen* with Pacific Repertory Opera, Daland in *Der fliegende Holländer* with West Bay Opera, and the Sacristan in *Tosca* with Berkeley Opera. He has also appeared with companies in Sarasota, Des Moines, and Dayton, and was an apprentice with the Santa Fe Opera.

John received his Masters in Voice from the Manhattan School of Music and a Bachelors degree in English with honors from Princeton University. Before assuming reckless pursuit of a career in music, John taught English in Guangzhou, China, and worked as a journalist for Minnesota Public Radio in St. Paul, using his voice in a different capacity - as newscaster, reporter and host of regional and national broadcasts. John lives in San Francisco with his bass-baritone shepherd, Lucy, where he enjoys cooking, serving and consuming dessert – at all hours of the day.



Countertenor DAN CROMEENES hails from sunny southern California where he studied piano and voice at Biola University and sang with the William Hall Master Chorale. He went on to achieve a master's degree in Accompanying at East Carolina University, where he studied voice and vocal repertoire in conjunction with his performance on piano. In North Carolina he sang with Capella Antiqua and made his alto solo debut in Purcell's *Te Deum Laudamus* and *Jubilate Deo*. After spending three years at Biola as Staff Accompanist, he joined Chanticleer for their 2005-06 season, singing concerts throughout Europe, Japan, and the United States. Recently, Dan has performed throughout the Bay area, both as an accompanist and singer. He currently plays for the Santa Clara Chorale, the music and theater departments at Santa Clara University, and as a freelance

accompanist and coach. As a singer he has performed with various ensembles, including American Bach Soloists, Artists' Vocal Ensemble (AVE), Bay Area Classical Harmonies, Grace Cathedral Choir of Men and Boys, and the Chancel Choir at St. Paul's in Burlingame. When not onstage or behind a piano, Dan can usually be found either on a hike in the mountains or at home baking gourmet goodies.



CHRIS FRITZSCHE is a native of Santa Rosa CA where he currently lives. He has been a "performer" since the tender age of two, when he was first dragged (literally) across the stage, playing the part of young Michael's teddy bear in the play, *Peter Pan*. Flush with such early success he took up the guitar at age seven and immersed himself in music of the Beatles, Simon & Garfunkel, James Taylor, and John Denver among others. He discovered the joys of choral singing in high school and went on to study voice in college as a tenor. Several leading musical theatre and opera roles later he graduated with a degree in music, and was about to get a real estate license (in order to satisfy his Capricorn need for money) when someone informed him that the falsetto voice he had only ever used in jest could actually be put to use on the concert stage. This led him to join

the men's ensemble Chanticleer as a soprano for the next 11 years, performing in many of the world's greatest concert halls, and singing on well over a dozen recordings, two of which won Grammy Awards. Since retiring from life on the road in 2003 he has begun the next phase of his career as a soloist, appearing with various groups and artists in the SF Bay Area and beyond, and as a teacher of singing, on the faculty at his alma mater, Sonoma State University. He is also a member of the Redwood Empire Chapter of NATS and is Education Coordinator for the Sonoma County Choral Society.



Bass-baritone TOM HART has enjoyed a lengthy presence in the West Coast musical scene, having performed with many notable musical organizations since moving to the Bay Area. From ensemble positions with the San Francisco Symphony and San Francisco Opera Chorus to ensemble positions and soloist engagements with American Bach Soloists, Carmel Bach Festival, Chanticleer and Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra, to name a few, he has consistently strived to strike a balance between dedication to art and the enjoyment of it. Although for the past 10 years he has largely concentrated on music from the Renaissance and Baroque periods, he is happiest when he is able to encompass a variety of music and performing opportunities. He has managed to visit and perform in all 50 states as well as several countries abroad, a fact for which he will be eternally thankful and

one that continues to enrich his understanding and appreciation of people.

Tom was instrumental in organizing the business operations of Chanticleer and served as General Manager of the company in the early years as well as being a member of the ensemble. After leaving, he managed four hugely successful tours of "Les Mysteres de Voix Bulgares" in the United States before "settling down in a real job" with the City and County of San Francisco. He continues to work part-time for the Recreation and Park Department while singing as much as possible. He also holds professional positions with Trinity Episcopal Church and Temple Emanu-El, both in San Francisco.



JUSTIN MONTIGNE, countertenor, divides his time among many musical endeavors — ensemble, concert, recital, opera ... top 40 singalong. Justin is originally from Des Moines, Iowa, where he was forced from the piano bench after a dismal accompanying stint into the middle school choir. Never again to take a piano lesson (and much to the chagrin of generations of students to come), he went on to receive his Bachelor in Music from Drake University in Des Moines, Iowa and his Masters and DMA in vocal performance from the University of Minnesota in the Twin Cities. An active teacher and performer, Justin taught voice for the University of Minnesota and toured Minnesota and the upper Midwest with the select Ted Mann Vocal Quartet, the University of Minnesota's "Opera on the Farm" Tour, and as a soloist with many area ensembles.

Justin moved to San Francisco and sang alto for three years with the acclaimed male vocal ensemble, Chanticleer, performing a wide variety of works with the group in venues around the United States and the world. He has sung with the Minnesota Opera, the Oregon Bach Festival, Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra, the Des Moines Symphony, Minnesota Orchestra, City Concert Opera, Seraphic Fire, and more.

Justin is the artistic director of the Bay Area a cappella men's ensemble Musaica, teaches voice at UC Davis, and is a registered yoga teacher. After his many weekly classes at Crunch fitness, he is known to head home to his husband Joe and their fearsome pup Jasmine for his final pose, ice creamasana.

FERNANDO TARANGO began his professional singing career travelling the world as a chorister for the American



Boychoir School in Princeton, NJ. He then continued his musical studies at the University of Michigan, where he received his B.M. in Vocal Performance before moving to the Bay Area in 2006. Since arriving, he has performed with esteemed groups such as San Francisco Concert Chorale, Bella Musica, Pacific Boychoir Academy, Pacific Collegium, Voices of Lakeshore, Cathedral Choir of Men and Boys, Volti, and San Francisco Pocket Opera. His solo roles have included the Bach B Minor Mass, the Mozart Coronation Mass, the Rachmaninoff Vespers in Grace Cathedral, and the premier of Kirke Mecham's Pride and Prejudice as Mr. Bingley in Davies Symphony Hall. Fernando is currently the Consultant of Student Affairs for the Pacific Boychoir Academy and is an AGMA member of the San Francisco Symphony Chorus.

What's in a Name?

It is a pure coincidence that Clerestory the singing group happens to know the owner of Clerestory Creative, a local web design and digital media firm.

But our reasons for choosing our names were similar. We both strive to inspire, to clarify, to compell.

This summer, we will be working together to create a new site for the singers with the goal of making your Clerestory experience even more satisfying.

If you are seeking a designer for your web or media project, please give us a call at Clerestory Creative.

510/931.7575
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Many thanks to our '07-'08 season contributors:

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