

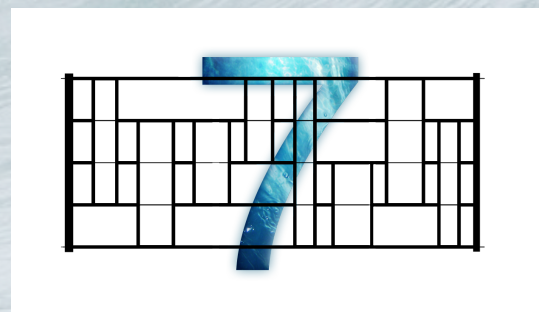
CLERESTORY



**Friday, October 19, 7:00pm
Community Congregational Church
Tiburon**

**Saturday, October 20, 8:00pm
Fleet Room, Fort Mason Center
San Francisco**

**Sunday, October 28, 4:00pm
Craneway Conference Center
Point Richmond**



2012-2013 SEASON

Welcome

Welcome to SeaSongs!

The San Francisco Bay Area owes much of its history to its location by the sea. One can hardly imagine the relief and delight of the first European explorers, who, after sailing north along the rugged and impenetrable Pacific coast for thousands of miles, found a narrow inlet now called the Golden Gate, which opened wide to what is now one of the most beautifully vibrant and culturally rich places on earth.

Much more recently, our fair city has celebrated its nautical heritage as never before, from the America's Cup yacht races now going on, to Fleet Week, even to titanic "splash hit" home runs in the baseball playoffs. Our friends at San Francisco Opera are presenting *Moby-Dick*, the adapted tale of Herman Melville's great white whale, composed by our city's own Jake Heggie. SF Opera has reached out to fellow arts organizations like ours to build shared publicity buzz, in hopes that all our ambitious concerts will be buoyant and sea-worthy.

All of this inspired Clerestory's own celebration of the sea, as well as our own whale-sized project: our first major commissioned work, in the form of the world-premiere song-cycle *These Oceans Vast* by our good friend from Seattle, Eric Banks. These six pieces take their poetry from Herman Melville, too, and we were struck by how lyrical and haunting the lines by this great novelist are. As for Eric himself, whom we are thrilled to have with us at these performances, we have enjoyed coming to know him in recent years, with his pieces *Sonetti d'Amore* and *Javdani*. His capacious musical brain gives life to broad ideas, and makes challenging music sound easy!

So *SeaSongs* marks a fittingly ambitious start to Clerestory's seventh season. It also represents our latest major milestone of the last two years, all of which we re-celebrate here: the October 2010 release of our Halloween-themed studio CD *Night Draws Near* -- which is available now at a reduced price -- and our first-ever "road" appearance, at an American Choral Directors Association convention earlier this year. We brought Eric's music (as well as Eric himself) to the good people of the Midwest, and also enjoyed the decidedly Oktoberfest atmosphere of Wisconsin in winter.

Clerestory is growing and thriving, and we couldn't do so without you. We deeply appreciate your presence, your encouragement, and your support. We hope you will return to see us again soon for our early Christmas concerts *Northern Lights* on December 1 and 2 in Berkeley and San Francisco.

The Men of Clerestory

SeaSongs

Friday, October 19, 7:00 p.m. - Community Congregational Church, Belvedere-Tiburon

Saturday, October 20, 8:00 p.m. - Fort Mason Center Fleet Room, San Francisco

Sunday, October 28, 4:00 p.m. - Craneway Conference Center, Point Richmond

CLERESTORY

Jesse Antin, Kevin Baum, John Bischoff, Dan Cromeenes, Christopher Fritzsche, David Kurtenbach,
Clifton Massey, James Monios, Justin Montigne, Chad Runyon

Ecco mormorar l'onde

Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)

Ave Maris Stella

plainchant/Dufay/Vaet/Hassler

Never Weather-Beaten Sail

Charles H. H. Parry (1848-1918)

Lovely On the Water

Paul Crabtree (b. 1960)

Invocation du pêcheur à son filet

Darius Milhaud (1892-1974)

Vineta

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Just as the Tide Was Flowing

arr. Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

Blood Red Roses

arr. Conrad Susa (b. 1935)

The Mermaid

arr. John Whitworth (b. 1951)

* World Premiere *

These Oceans Vast

Eric Banks (b. 1969)

I. The Land of Love

II. The Ledges of Danger

III. The Uttermost Rim

IV. The Last Outpost

V. The Lagoons Unruffled

VI. The Envable Isles

Program Notes, Texts, and Translations

Ecco mormorar l'onde

Claudio Monteverdi (1567–1643)

The poem *Ecco mormorar l'onde* was written by Torquato Tasso in the sixteenth century for a young girl of nobility, Laura Peperara. There is an obvious play between her name and the Italian word for "breeze" – "l'aura." Tasso's poetry is known more for its captivating images and musical sounds of the words rather than the message presented, making him a precursor of pure poetry in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. He gives Monteverdi tremendous opportunity for word painting in this madrigal depicting a refreshing sunrise over the ocean.



Ecco mormorar l'onde
e tremolar le fronde
a l'aura mattutina e gli arboscelli,
e sovra i verdi rami i vaghi augelli
cantar soavemente
e rider l'oriente.
Ecco già l'alba appare
e si specchia nel mare
e rasserena il cielo
e [le campagne] imperla il dolce gelo,
e gli alti monti indora.
O bella e vaga Aurora,
L'aura è tua messaggera, e tu de l'aura
ch'ogni arso cor ristaura.

Now the waves murmur
And the boughs and the shrubs tremble
in the morning breeze,
And on the green branches the pleasant birds
Sing softly
And the east smiles;
Now dawn already appears
And mirrors herself in the sea,
And makes the sky serene,
And the gentle frost imperls the fields
And gilds the high mountains:
O beautiful and gracious Aurora,
The breeze is your messenger, and you the breeze's
Which revives each burnt-out heart.

Ave Maris Stella

plainchant/Guillaume Dufay (1397?–1474)/Jacobus Vaet (1529–1567)/Hans Leo Hassler (1564–1612)

Stella Maris (sea-star) is a name for Polaris, or the north star, which has long been used for navigation at sea. By the ninth century, this title came to be applied to the Virgin Mary, who was thought of as a guide to be followed on the way to Christ "lest we capsize amid the storm-tossed waves of the sea" (Paschasius Radbertus). It was around this time that the plainsong hymn *Ave Maris Stella* became popular. In the twelfth century St. Bernard of Clairvaux wrote, "If the winds of temptation arise; If you are driven upon the rocks of tribulation look to the star, call on Mary; If you are tossed upon the waves of pride, of ambition, of envy, of rivalry, look to the star, call on Mary. Should anger, or avarice, or fleshly desire violently assail the frail vessel of your soul, look at the star, call upon Mary." Between verses of plainchant, we have inserted verses from the composers Guillaume Dufay (Franco-Flemish, early Renaissance), Jacobus Vaet (Franco-Flemish, mid-Renaissance), and Hans Leo Hassler (German, late Renaissance) to display the various centuries of devotion to Our Lady, Star of the Sea.



Program Notes, Texts, and Translations

Ave, maris stella,
Dei mater alma,
atque semper virgo,
felix cœli porta.

Sumens illud Ave
Gabrielis ore,
funda nos in pace,
mutans Evæ nomen.

Solve vincla reis,
profer lumen cæcis,
mala nostra pelle,
bona cuncta posce.

Monstra te esse matrem,
sumat per te preces
qui pro nobis natus
tulit esse tuus.

Virgo singularis,
inter omnes mitis,
nos culpis solutos
mites fac et castos.

Vitam præsta puram,
iter para tutum,
ut videntes Jesum
semper collætetur.

Sit laus Deo Patri,
summo Christo decus,
Spiritui Sancto
tribus honor unus. Amen.

Never Weather-Beaten Sail

Charles H. H. Parry (1848–1918)

As Ave Maris Stella looks to Mary for navigation over the seas of life, *Never Weather-Beaten Sail* uses a ship battered by storms to depict the longing of the soul to find rest in the Lord. Composed at the end of Parry's life as one of his six "Songs of Farewell," this selection uses the text of one of Thomas Campion's lute songs to express the joy that awaits the weary pilgrim in Paradise.

Never weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore.
Never tired pilgrim's limbs affected slumber more,
Than my wearied sprite now longs to fly out of my troubled breast:
O come quickly, sweetest Lord, and take my soul to rest.

Ever blooming are the joys of Heaven's high Paradise.
Cold age deafs not there our ears nor vapour dims our eyes:
Glory there the sun outshines whose beams the blessed only see:
O come quickly, glorious Lord, and raise my sprite to thee!

Hail, star of the sea,
Nurturing Mother of God,
And ever Virgin
Happy gate of Heaven.

Receiving that "Ave" (hail)
From the mouth of Gabriel,
Establish us in peace,
Transforming the name of "Eva" (Eve).

Loosen the chains of the guilty,
Send forth light to the blind,
Our evil do thou dispel,
Entreat (for us) all good things.

Show thyself to be a Mother:
Through thee may he receive prayer
Who, being born for us,
Undertook to be thine own.

O unique Virgin,
Meek above all others,
Make us, set free from (our) sins,
Meek and chaste.

Bestow a pure life,
Prepare a safe way:
That seeing Jesus,
We may ever rejoice.

Praise be to God the Father,
To the Most High Christ (be) glory,
To the Holy Spirit
(Be) honour, to the Three equally. Amen.



Program Notes, Texts, and Translations

Lovely On the Water

Paul Crabtree (b. 1960)

The words of the folk song *Lovely on the Water* portray a young navy sailor heading to war and being parted from his love. Paul Crabtree's setting, in his own words, is "an attempt to correct an interpretation of the same folksong by Ralph Vaughan Williams that omits the more interesting verses and doesn't look too imaginatively at the text. It seems to me that Nancy is not so likely to have borne the news of her lover's underpaid enlistment with the stoic patriotism that RVW imagines, so I let the couple sling recriminations and squabble as they part bitterly."



As I walked out one morning in the springtime of the year,
I overheard a sailor boy likewise a lady fair.
They sang a song together, made the valleys for to ring;
While the birds on the spray in the meadows gay
Proclaimed the lovely spring.
Said Willy unto Nancy, "Oh we soon must sail away,
For it's lovely on the water to hear the music play.
For our Queen she do want seamen, so I will not stay on shore.
I will brave the wars for my country where the blund'ring cannons roar."

Poor Nancy fell and fainted but soon he brought her to,
For it's there they kissed and there embraced and bid a fond adieu.
"Come change your ring with me, my love, for we may meet once more;
But there's One above who will guard you, love,
Where the blund'ring cannons roar.
Four pounds, it is our bounty, and that must do for thee.
For to help the aged parents while I am on the sea."
For Tower Hill is crowded with mothers weeping sore,
For their sons are gone to face the foe where the blundering cannons roar.

Invocation du pêcheur à son filet

Darius Milhaud (1892–1974)

Besides providing a means for great navy ships to battle, the ocean is a source of livelihood for humble fisherman relying on the catch of the day. *Invocation du pêcheur à son filet* is a light-hearted homage to the fisherman's net—the 'hair of the goddess' that gathers up sustenance. Its composer Darius Milhaud, a Jewish refugee from the perils of World War II, sailed for California and, from 1947–71 made a yearly transatlantic voyage to alternate his teaching between Oakland's Mills College and the Paris Conservatory.



Ô toi, mon filet
Chevelure de déesse
Étends-toi, ouvre toi
Pour que les poissons savoureux Comme des fruits entrent
par tes portes. Prends dans tes mailles
Les poissons à sept nageoires
Les poissons à l'oeil rond
Et ceux qui ont l'écaille
Comme des tissus aux mille couleurs.
Mon filet pas de paresse,
Car tu auras pour la peine
Le coeur jaune des poissons
Et leur sang de sel rouge.

Oh, my net
Hair of a goddess
Lie down, open up
So that the tasty fish
As fruit come through your doors. Take in your mesh
Fish with seven fins
Fish with the round eye
And those who have scales
Like cloth of many colors.
My net shall not be lazy,
For you will have for your efforts
The yellow heart of the fish
And their salty red blood.

Program Notes, Texts, and Translations

Vineta

Drei Gesänge, Op. 42 No. 2

Johannes Brahms (1833–1897)

Vineta is a legendary, sunken, ancient city said to be located somewhere between Pommerania and Rügen on the coast of the Baltic Sea. It is said to have been a large, powerful port city in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, but destroyed in 1159 by a Danish fleet. As the various legends go, Vineta sank in a storm tide because of its sinfulness; or, the city was destroyed by God with thunderbolts and then covered with the sea.

According to one account, its buildings were visible beneath the water when the weather was clear, and dressed stones were removed from them to nearby towns. No one knows where Vineta is now, or whether it actually existed, but that hasn't stopped the region from creating museums and festivals that perpetuate the legend. This piece by Johannes Brahms uses a poem by Wilhelm Müller that romantically portrays the city as magical, beautiful place.



Aus des Meeres tiefem, tiefem Grunde
klingen Abendglocken, dumpf und matt.
Uns zu geben wunderbare Kunde
von der schönen, alten Wunderstadt.

In der Fluten Schoß hinabgesunken,
blieben unten ihre Trümmer steh'n.
Ihre Zinnen lassen goldne Funken
widerscheinend auf dem Spiegel seh'n.

Und der Schiffer, der den Zauberschimmer
einmal sah im hellen Abendrot,
nach der selben Stelle schifft er immer,
ob auch rings umher die Klippe droht.

Aus des Herzens tiefem, tiefem Grunde
klingt es mir wie Glocken, dumpf und matt.
Ach, sie geben wunderbare Kunde
von der Liebe, die geliebt es hat.

Eine schöne Welt ist da versunken,
ihre Trümmer blieben unten steh'n,
lassen sich als goldne Himmelsfunken
oft im Spiegel meiner Träume seh'n.

Und dann möcht' ich tauchen in die Tiefen,
mich versenken in den Wunderschein,
und mir ist als ob mich Engel riefen
in die alte Wunderstadt herein.

From the ocean's deep, deep depths
toll evening bells, muffled and faint,
to give us wonderful tidings
of the beautiful, ancient miracle-city.

Sunk deep down beneath the surging tide,
its ruins have stood fast.
Its battlements send up golden sparks
that reflect visibly on the surface.

And the sailor who once saw this magical shimmer
in the bright sunset
always sails back to the same place,
despite the circle of menacing cliffs above.

From the heart's deep, deep depths
rings a sound like bells, muffled and faint.
Ah, it sends such wonderful tidings
of the love that it has loved.

A beautiful world is sunk there,
its ruins have stood fast,
often sending up golden, heavenly sparks
visible in the mirror of my dreams.

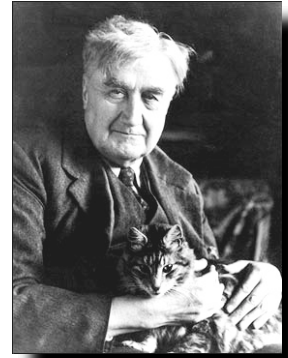
And then I would like to plunge into the depths,
to immerse myself in the wondrous shining,
for it seems to me as if angels called me
into the ancient miracle-city.

Program Notes, Texts, and Translations

Just as the Tide Was Flowing

arr. Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958)

Just as the Tide Was Flowing is one of a set of five English folk songs arranged by Ralph Vaughan Williams which Clerestory has performed both in part and as a whole. While the lusty *Wassail Song* is familiar to Christmas audiences, the other four songs all deal with love stories of sailors and their maids (including the version of *Lovely on the Water* that Paul Crabtree eschewed as incomplete and uninteresting). We have chosen one of the happier ones in which the lovers gang along together rather than quarreling.



One morning in the month of May,
Down by some rolling river,
A jolly sailor, I did stray,
When I beheld my lover,
She carelessly along did stray,
A-picking of the daisies gay;
And sweetly sang her roundelay,
Just as the tide was flowing.

O! her dress it was so white as milk,
And jewels did adorn her.
Her shoes were made of the crimson silk,
Just like some lady of honour.
Her cheeks were red, her eyes were brown,
Her hair in ringlets hanging down;
She'd a lovely brow, without a frown.
Just as the tide was flowing.

I made a bow and said, "Fair maid,
How came you here so early?
My heart, by you it is betray'd
For I do love you dearly.
I am a sailor come from sea,
If you will accept of my company
To walk and view the fishes play."
Just as the tide was flowing.

No more we said, but on our way
We gang'd along together;
The small birds sang, and the lambs did play,
And pleasant was the weather.
When we were weary we did sit down
Beneath a tree with branches round;
For my true love at last I'd found,
Just as the tide was flowing.



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Program Notes, Texts, and Translations

Blood Red Roses

arr. Conrad Susa (b. 1935)

Blood Red Roses is a traditional sea chantey with many variations in the text which were likely modified and improvised many times over the years. Some think the refrain refers to the red uniform of British soldiers in the Napoleonic Wars, some say it alludes to the blisters and calluses that grew on a sailor's hands due to hauling wet rope in cold weather. Others describe the experience of whalersmen who after harpooning a whale would often be taken for a dangerous ride, the whale towing them over long distances before succumbing to its fatal injury. The sun shining through the bloody spray reminded the men of roses and pinks and posies growing in the garden back home. While the exact meaning of a sea chantey is of little importance, the rhythm served an important purpose in coordinating the work of the sailors; in this case the refrain may be instruction for sweating topsail halyards.

As I was goin' round Cape Horn,
Go down, you blood red roses, go down.
I wish to the Lord I'd never been born,
Go down, you blood red roses, go down.

O you pinks and posies,
Go down, you blood red roses, go down.

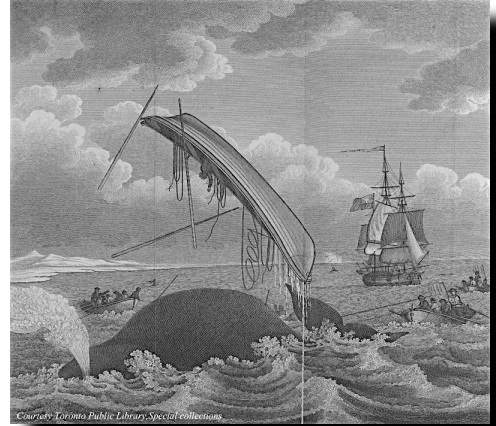
Around that cape in heavy gales,
Go down, you blood red roses, go down.
And it's all for the sake of that sperm whale,
Go down, you blood red roses, go down.

Around Cape Horn in frost and snow,
Go down, you blood red roses, go down.
Around that Cape we all must go,
Go down, you blood red roses, go down.

The Mermaid

arr. John Whitworth (b. 1951)

It seems John Whitworth has the sea in his bones: while he lives in landlocked Barrow on Soar, the area sits on the Soar river, often floods, and is the excavation site of a famous plesiosaur (aquatic dinosaur). He also claims to be a descendant of the Fen Tigers—notoriously fierce denizens of the Fenlands in East Anglia who were used to a hardscrabble life fighting the sea as it regularly poured into their lowland homes. It is no surprise, then, that The King's Singers commissioned this lay cleric, organist, professor, countertenor, and famed Clara Butt impersonator to arrange *The Mermaid*, a ballad that incorporates the famous imperial chorus "Rule Britannia!" into its tale of love beneath the sea. The arrangement makes great use of that group's unique skill in making the ridiculous sublime, managing crashes, shouts, and even to rhyme "married" with "mermaid."

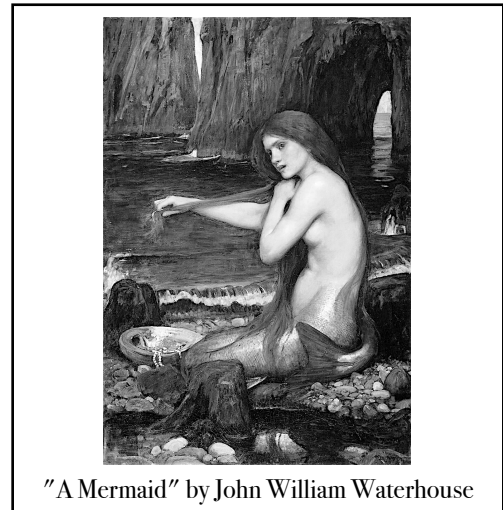


O yes, my lads, we're all a-lee,
We'll soon be far away from sea.

O you pinks and posies,
Go down, you blood red roses, go down.

Just one more pull and that'll do,
Go down, you blood red roses, go down.
And we're the boys to pull her through,
Go down, you blood red roses, go down.

O you pinks and posies,
Go down, you blood red roses, go down.



"A Mermaid" by John William Waterhouse

Program Notes, Texts, and Translations

Oh 'twas on the broad Atlantic, 'mid the equinoctial gales
That a young fellow fell overboard among the sharks and whales.
And down he went like a streak of light, so quickly down went he,
Until he came to a mermaid at the bottom of the deep blue sea.

Singing: "Rule, Britannia! Britannia, rule the waves!
And Britons never, never, never shall be married
To a mermaid at the bottom of the deep blue sea!"

She raised herself on her beautiful tail and gave him her soft wet hand:
"I've long been waiting for you, my dear; now welcome safe to land.
Go back to your messmates for the last time and tell them all from me,
That you're married to a mermaid at the bottom of the deep blue sea."

We sent a boat to look for him, expecting to find his corpse;
When up he came with a bang and a shout and a voice sepulchral hoarse:
"My comrades and my messmates, oh do not look for me,
For I'm married to a mermaid at the bottom of the deep blue sea."

"In my chest you'll find my half-year's wage, likewise a lock of hair.
This locket from my neck you'll take and bear to my young wife dear.
My *carte de visite* to my grandmother take. Tell her not to weep for me,
For I'm married to a mermaid at the bottom of the deep blue sea."

The anchor was weighed and the sails unfurled, and the ship was sailing free,
When up we went to our *capitaine* and our tale we told to he.
The captain went to the old ship's side, and out loud bellowed he:
"Be as happy as you can with your wife, my man, at the bottom of the deep blue sea!"

These Oceans Vast (2012)

Eric Banks (b. 1969)

A word from the composer:

Due to a less-than-comprehensive public high school English education, I am embarrassed to admit that I have not yet read *Moby-Dick*, and up until a few years ago, had never experienced any of Melville's work. I was first turned on to Melville's poetry by my friend Brian Martin. Brian, a professor of creative writing here in Seattle, spoke so passionately about Melville's work that I was inspired to tackle some of it myself, albeit slowly. For me, Melville's verse is a bit unwieldy – rife with archaic verbiage and rhyme, and loaded with symbolism that is easy to overlook. However, if one can bravely wade in, the reward is more than worth the literary peril.



When Justin Montigne, Jesse Antin, and Jim Meehan first approached me about this commission, I had already chosen four poems (of which *The enviable isles* was one) that I thought would make an admirable cycle. Included in these poems was one that Melville penned in reaction to the death of his close friend (and some scholars think lover) Nathaniel Hawthorne. While this particular poem (*Monody*) is haunting and beautiful, the "triumvirate of J's" were interested in a cycle of purely nautical works. So, I searched through Melville's published poetry and, from a variety of sources, found the six that comprise *These oceans vast*. (Those other 'more romantic' poems will just have to wait until the next time around.)

Program Notes, Texts, and Translations

For this cycle, I have arranged these six poems into a narrative that traces the emotional journey that one (presumably the poet) must have made while on a long sea journey. In the first poem, *The land of love*, the rallying cry is made for voyagers. However, those making the call are wise to keep mindful of the delights of home. After the voyage has begun (or perhaps, before the ship even sets sail), the second poem (*The ledges of danger*) is uttered, mostly likely as a sotto voce prayer in a moment of weakness or panic. Since courage is often found at the bottom of a glass (or in this case, bottle), I was happy to include Melville's drinking song. In this third poem, the wine flows in tandem with the tide, and inspires inebriation of astronomical proportion. True to the verse that inspired it, The uttermost rim is replete with independent voice-leading, gratuitous dissonance, and what I'd like to call "moments of harmonic abandon," not for the faint of heart or hearing.

After the hangover, a significant time has elapsed in this voyage, and we reach *The last outpost*, the cycle's fourth poem. Here, we really see Melville at his most lyrical, romantic, and vulnerable. To mirror the separation from his "bride" (as well as "the world's inverted year"), I have set most of this poem as duets, in which the voices move away from each other by step. Visually, these duets would look like a wake that a ship leaves in the water, and I hope that they will be heard this way as well. I find the references to the navigational constellations of the explorer Vasco da Gama (the first to successfully sail from Europe to India) completely breath-taking, as if the poet is trying to navigate such profound longing for the first time.

With each time I read the very short fifth poem, *The lagoons unruffled*, I became increasingly convinced that Melville was trying to describe the nautical version of a 'mirage' in the desert. In this hallucination, the serene lagoons are the harbinger of nearby land, of a halcyon shore – but they are haunted by the wreckage of those who hoped, perhaps prematurely. In the end, the voyager's optimism is spent. He is exhausted from his endless journey, and even though he knows he is dreaming, his desire for land steers him into a dangerous path: an oncoming storm. Through the storm, we find ourselves at the sixth poem, *The enviable isles*, with which we finally make landfall. We see the isles from afar, rather dimly, and as we approach them and come ashore, Melville sings of the splendor of terra firma: hills and vales, dew and mist, trees and ferns, moss and pebbles, and lastly: "flocks of cheek-flushed myriads, dimpling in dream." At long last, it seems that everyone finds rest at the end of the journey. Or perhaps this poem is a continuation of the "mirage" of the previous poem, or a sea-farer's version of the afterlife? Maybe we will never know. All we are left with is the eternal image of the billows on the shore.

These oceans vast was composed in eight standard choral parts (SSAATTBB), with the understanding that it could be performed by solo voices (as Clerestory will do at the premiere) or by any chamber chorus that has the skill to do so.

This work is dedicated to Jim Meehan and the singers of Clerestory. I am so very grateful to all of you, and for believing so strongly in the message of my music.

Eric Banks

I. The land of love

Hail! Voyagers, hail! (from *Mardi*)

Hail! voyagers, hail! Whence e'er ye come, where'er ye rove, No calmer strand,
No sweeter land, Will e'er ye view, than the land of love!

Hail! voyagers, hail! To these, our shores, soft gales invite: The palm plumes wave, The billows lave,
And hither point fix'd stars of light!

Hail! voyagers, hail! Think not our groves wide brood with gloom; In this, our isle, Bright flowers smile:
Full urns, rose-heaped, these valleys bloom.

Hail! voyagers, hail! Be not deceived; renounce vain things; Ye may not find A tranquil mind,
Though hence ye sail with swiftest wings.

Hail! voyagers, hail! Time flies full fast; life soon is o'er; And ye may mourn,
That hither borne, Ye left behind our pleasant shore.

Program Notes, Texts, and Translations

II. The ledges of danger

Give me the nerve (from *Miscellaneous poems*)

Give me the nerve That never will swerve Running out on life's ledges of danger;
Mine, mine be the nerve That in peril will serve, Since life is to safety a stranger.

When roaring below The cataracts go, And tempests are over me scudding;
Give, give me the calm That is better than balm, And the courage that keepeth new-budding.

III. The uttermost rim

Drinking song (from *Mardi*)

Ha, ha, gods and kings; fill high, one and all; Drink, drink! shout and drink! mad respond to the call! Fill fast, and fill full;
'gainst the goblet ne'er sin; Quaff there, at high tide, to the uttermost rim:— Flood-tide, and soul-tide to the brim!

Who with wine in him fears? Who thinks of his cares? Who sighs to be wise, when wine in him flares? Water sinks down
below, in currents full slow; But wine mounts on high with its genial glow:— Welling up, till the brain overflow!

As the spheres, with a roll, some fiery of soul, Others golden, with music, revolve round the pole. So let our cups, radiant with
many hued wines, Round and round in groups circle, our zodiac's signs:— Round reeling, and ringing their chimes!

Then drink, gods and kings; wine merriment brings; It bounds through the veins; there, jubilant sings. Let it ebb, then, and
flow; wine never grows dim; Drain down that bright tide at the foam-beaded rim:— Fill up, every cup, to the brim!

IV. The last outpost

Crossing the tropics (from *The Saya-y-manto*)

While now the Pole Star sinks from sight The Southern Cross it climbs the sky; But losing thee, my love, my light,
O bride but for one bridal night, The loss no rising joys supply.

Love, love, the Trade Winds urge abaft, And thee, from thee, they steadfast waft.

By day the blue and silver sea And chime of waters blandly fanned— Nor these, nor Gama's stars to me
May yield delight since still for thee I long as Gama longed for land.

I yearn, I yearn, reverting turn, My heart it streams in wake astern.

When, cut by slanting sleet, we swoop Where raves the world's inverted year, If roses all your porch shall loop,
Not less your heart for me will droop Doubling the world's last outpost drear.

O love, O love, these oceans vast: Love, love, it is as death were past!

V. The lagoons unruffled

Time's long ago! (from *Miscellaneous poems*)

Time's long ago! Nor coral isles In the blue South Sea more serene When the lagoons unruffled show.

There, fates and furies change their mien.

Though strewn with wreckage be the shore The halcyon haunts it; all is green And wins the heart that hope can lure no more.

Program Notes, Texts, and Translations

VI. The enviable isles

The enviable isles (from Ramman)

Through storms you reach them and from storms are free. Afar descried, the foremost drear in hue,
But, nearer, green; and, on the marge, the sea Makes thunder low and mist of rainbowed dew.

But, inland, where the sleep that folds the hills A dreamier sleep, the trance of God, instills—
On uplands hazed, in wandering airs aswoon, Slow-swaying palms salute love's cypress tree
Adown in vale where pebbly runlets croon A song to lull all sorrow and all glee.

Sweet-fern and moss in many a glade are here, Where, strown in flocks, what cheek-flushed myriads lie
Dimpling in dream—unconscious slumberers mere, While billows endless round the beaches die.

Our commission of These Oceans Vast was made possible in part by the generous support of the San Francisco Arts Commission.

Artist Profiles

JESSE ANTIN, alto, 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, the choir of Grace Cathedral, and the Mark Morris Dance Group.

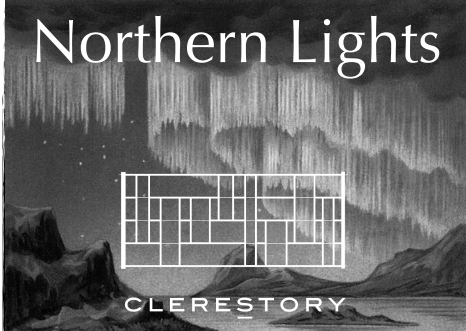
Jesse is a native of Princeton, New Jersey, where he grew up singing countertenor in a cathedral men-and-boys choir. Jesse majored in music and philosophy at Brown University. During Jesse's early career in church music, he was also an organist, choir director, and composer; his pieces continue to be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

Jesse lives in Berkeley and is the Development Director for the Greater Good Science Center at the University of California. He is an avid cyclist, hiker, tennis player, home brewer of ales, and coffee roaster, and is a loyal fan of the Oakland A's. Jesse sings in honor of his new baby son Mason, in memory of his beloved daughter Margaret, and with the support of his wife and muse, Lindsey.



Tenor **KEVIN BAUM** is currently section leader and a member of the ensemble Schola Adventus at Church of the Advent of Christ the King in San Francisco. He is also a cantor at St. Ignatius Catholic Church. Kevin sings with the Philharmonia Baroque Chorale, with Schola Cantorum, the San Francisco Lyric Chorus, and as an alternate with the San Francisco Symphony Chorus. Kevin is also a tating instructor in Berkeley.



	<p>A Scandinavian Christmas celebration— ethereal songs from Sweden, Norway, and Finland.</p> <p>BERKELEY Saturday, December 1, 8:00pm</p> <p>SAN FRANCISCO Sunday, December 2, 8:00pm</p> <p>Tickets and more info at www.clerestory.org</p>
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Artist Profiles

JOHN BISCHOFF, bass, has sung with some of the country's finest choral groups. In addition to Clerestory, these have included Chanticleer, the Dale Warland Singers, the Oregon Bach Festival Chorale, the Philharmonia Baroque Chorale, the American Bach Soloists, and the San Francisco Symphony Chorus. As a soloist, John has appeared with the Sacramento Choral Society, Festival Opera in Walnut Creek, Pacific Repertory Opera, West Bay Opera, and Berkeley Opera. He has also sung roles with companies in Sarasota, Des Moines, and Dayton, and he was an apprentice with the Santa Fe Opera.

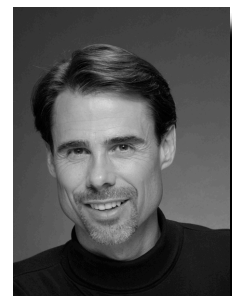
John received his Master's degree in voice from the Manhattan School of Music and a Bachelor's degree with honors in English from Princeton University. Before recklessly pursuing a career in music, John taught English in Guangzhou, China, and worked as a journalist for Minnesota Public Radio in St. Paul, 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 German shepherd Lucy, where he enjoys cooking, serving, and consuming dessert—at all hours of the day.



DAN CROMEENES, countertenor, is a versatile musician who performs professionally as a countertenor soloist, choral singer, and accompanist. Originally from southern California, he studied piano and voice at Biola University. He received his Master's degree in accompanying at East Carolina University, where he made his countertenor solo debut with Capella Antiqua. After working three years at Biola as Staff Accompanist, he joined Chanticleer for their 2005-06 season, singing concerts across Europe, Japan, and the United States. Dan continues to perform throughout the San Francisco Bay area, both as an accompanist and as a singer. He has played for Santa Clara University, West Bay Opera, Livermore Valley Opera, BASOTI, Santa Clara Chorale, Lamplighters Music Theatre, and has worked as a freelance accompanist and coach. As a singer, he has performed with various ensembles, including American Bach Soloists, Philharmonia Baroque Chorale, Clerestory, Pacific Collegium, Sanford Dole Ensemble, San Francisco Renaissance Voices, and Grace Cathedral Choir of Men & Boys. As a soloist, he has performed Handel's Israel in Egypt and Vivaldi's Gloria with the Santa Clara Chorale, Monteverdi's Vespers of 1610 with Bach Collegium San Diego, Handel's Te Deum in A Major with San Francisco Lyric Chorus, Bach's St. John Passion with Bay Area Classical Harmonies (BACH), new editions of Alessandro Scarlatti's works with Arcadiana, and early music recitals on SCU's Faculty Recital Series and at St. Dominic's Catholic Church. 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, soprano, is a native of Santa Rosa. 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 desire 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. Having retired from the road in 2003, he has since expanded his solo and ensemble career, appearing with various groups and artists in the San Francisco Bay Area and beyond. He served on the vocal faculty at his alma mater, Sonoma State University, from 2004 to 2009. He continues to teach vocal classes and performs regularly with the Sonoma Bach early music organization. He is currently the Music Director for the Center for Spiritual Living in Santa Rosa.

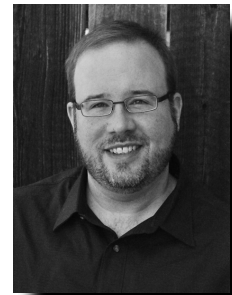


Artist Profiles

DAVID KURTENBACH, tenor, is engaged regularly with leading Early Music and contemporary music ensembles throughout the Bay Area and North America. A soloist with Apollo's Fire, Volti, Artists' Vocal Ensemble (AVE), Clerestory, Oakland East Bay Symphony and Chorus, Schola Cantorum, and Pacific Mozart Ensemble, he has also shared the stage with American Bach Soloists, Magnificat, and the Marion Verbruggen Trio. His performances have been heard at Tanglewood, Ojai, Oregon Bach Festival, and Berkeley Early Music Exhibition, as well as on commercial recordings for Innova/Naxos, Koch International, Soli Deo Gloria, and Tonehammer. David is also an experienced opera conductor, having spent nine years with Festival Opera as Conductor of the Chorus and recently completed his appointment as Chorus Master of Opera San Jose. He currently works at Grace Cathedral teaching voice and music theory to choirboys and clergy, and sings each week with the Choir of Men and Boys.



CLIFTON MASSEY, alto, enjoys performing a variety of vocal styles with world-class musicians. Praised for his "depth of tone" by the Dallas Morning News and "expressive, moving" singing by San Francisco Classical Voice, he strives for informed interpretations of styles from the Middle Ages to newly-composed pieces. Clifton is often sought for oratorio and ensemble work throughout the Bay Area and beyond, and has appeared as soloist with notable period-instrument groups including Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra, Concert Royal NYC, American Bach Soloists, and the Dallas Bach Society. Stage roles include Apollo in Albinoni's *Il Nascimento dell'Aurora* with City Concert Opera, and the Sorceress in Purcell's *King Arthur* at the Bloomington Early Music Festival. An eclectic taste in music has led to work with ensembles as diverse as electronica composers, bluegrass bands, gospel choirs, and vocal jazz groups. As an educator, Clifton seeks to instill a love of music and singing with young people, and is often sought as a choral clinician and adjudicator. A proponent of high-level ensemble singing, Clifton sang with the award-winning ensemble Chanticleer, with whom he performed over 200 concerts, including the Tanglewood Music Festival, Ravinia Festival, Metropolitan Museum of Art, Tokyo Opera City and in a variety of the world's finest concert halls. Clifton is a native of Dallas, Texas and holds a Bachelor of Music Education degree from Texas Christian University and a Master's degree in Early Music vocal performance from Indiana University, where he studied with Paul Elliott, Alan Bennett and Paul Hillier.



JAMES NICHOLAS MONIOS, bass, enjoys a varied musical career as a performer and teacher. A native of Long Beach, California, Jim studied piano, contrabass, and voice while earning a Master of Arts degree in historical musicology. Since moving to San Francisco in 1991, Jim has performed with many of the finest ensembles in the Bay Area, including San Francisco Opera Chorus, Philharmonia Baroque Chorale, American Bach Soloists, and San Francisco Choral Artists, and he has appeared as soloist with San Francisco Symphony, San Francisco City Concert Opera, Soli Deo Gloria, and Magnificat. He has been bass soloist at Temple Sherith-Israel and several San Francisco churches, including Church of the Advent, where he also served as Associate Director of Music. He began working with Piedmont Children's Choir in 1994 and has continued teaching and conducting in private schools ever since, while maintaining a private piano studio in San Francisco.



JUSTIN MONTIGNE, countertenor, is originally from Des Moines, Iowa, where he was forced off the piano bench after a dismal accompanying stint into the middle school choir. After this fortuitous switch, he went on to receive his Bachelor's in music from Drake University in Des Moines, and his Master's and DMA in vocal performance from the University of Minnesota. An active teacher as well as performer, Justin taught voice for the University of Minnesota and toured Minnesota and the upper Midwest, performing with many ensembles including the Minnesota Opera, the Minnesota Orchestra, Western Plains Opera, and the Des Moines Symphony. Justin then 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,



Artist Profiles

the Oregon Bach Festival, Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra, Volti, Seraphic Fire, Conspirare, and other ensembles. Justin teaches voice at the San Francisco Girls Chorus, and is a registered yoga teacher, specializing in yoga for singers. When not warbling, teaching, or practicing yoga poses, Justin enjoys time at home with the other three J's—his husband Joe and their two challenging canines, Jasmine and Jorge.

CHADRUNYON, baritone, sings, teaches voice and directs choirs. He has enjoyed numerous solo appearances with the San Francisco Symphony, including the opening solo in the Emmy Award-winning *Sweeney Todd in Concert* with Patti LuPone, and the High Priest opposite tenor Peter Schreier in Bach's *St. Matthew Passion*. Chad appears on over 20 recordings, including numerous Chanticleer releases and a solo recording of art songs by John Jacob Niles set to texts by Thomas Merton, called *Sweet Irrational Worship*. As an instructor, he maintains an active studio in Danville and served as a guest lecturer in voice at SF State and at UC Davis in addition to directing assignments at Pacific Boychoir Academy, Trinity Presbyterian Church, Soli Deo Gloria and the San Francisco City Chorus. Chad has vocal directed numerous musicals with Diablo Theatre Company, including an upcoming production of *Singing in the Rain*. Chad looks forward to performing bass solos in Beethoven's *Mass in C* later this season with Soli Deo Gloria, in addition to ensemble work with Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra, American Bach Soloists and, of course, Clerestory.



About Clerestory

Clerestory is named for cathedral windows that let in daylight; the group tells the “clear story” of music through sophisticated performances grounded in decades of experience singing together. Clerestory's singers, from countertenor to bass, are veterans of San Francisco's finest professional vocal groups, including Chanticleer, Philharmonia Baroque, American Bach Soloists, and others. Since its founding in 2006, Clerestory has performed across the Bay Area, including regular concerts in San Francisco, Berkeley, Marin, and Palo Alto, along with appearances in Sonoma, Santa Cruz, and Lodi. The ensemble has been featured on National Public Radio and on San Francisco's KDFC. Clerestory's concert recordings are available for free listening or download at www.clerestory.org/recordings. The ensemble's 2010 debut studio-recorded release, *Night Draws Near*, explores life, death, and mysticism in music inspired by the temporally and thematically close celebrations of Halloween, All Soul's Day, and *El Día de los Muertos*. Writing about the CD, critic Jason Serinus noted the “exceptional sincerity and beauty of the singing.”

Clerestory is a tax-exempt non-profit organization with a mission of providing high quality performances to local audiences at affordable prices. Our Tax ID is 26-1238191. Donations are always welcome and may be made online at www.clerestory.org/how-you-can-help. Donations may also be made by check (payable to Clerestory) and mailed to:

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