

Northern Lights

A Scandinavian Christmas Celebration

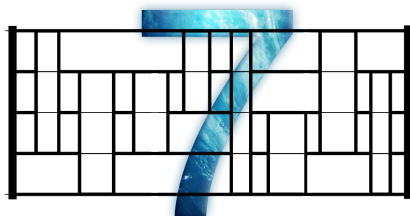


BERKELEY

Saturday, December 1, 8pm
St. Mark's Episcopal Church

SAN FRANCISCO

Sunday, December 2, 8pm
St. Gregory of Nyssa
Episcopal Church



CLERESTORY

2012-2013 SEASON

WELCOME

Good evening and welcome to Northern Lights!

This concert is a celebration of the rich choral traditions of Scandinavia and the Baltic lands. Winter on the edge of the Arctic Circle can be long and brutally cold, yet it is tempered by the shimmer of candlelight and the warmth of woodstove and family. Oftentimes, music fills the void left by the vanishing sun, a loss manifest in the complex, stark harmonies and bittersweet melodies so characteristic of music from these lands.

The Christmas traditions of the Scandinavian countries are among the most beautiful and austere in the world. The deep darkness of winter makes even simple candles meaningful and hopeful. Wily Christmas gnomes take the place of our familiar Santa Claus figure, marzipan pigs are children's sought-after sweet treats, and small village churches fill with the young and old to hear choirs sing. Sankta Lucia Day is celebrated on December 13, commemorating the saint whose name means "light" with processions following a girl wearing a crown of candles.

Tonight we journey together under the rippling aurora borealis, through lands bathed in the blue-green sweep of celestial current. As Austrian explorer Julius von Payer (1841-1915) once put it: "no pencil can draw it, no colors can paint it, and no words can describe it in all its magnificence." Hopefully our music will create an aural landscape through which you may travel, filled with the wonder and mystery of the Northern Lights.

We thank you for sharing the beginning of this busy season with us, and hope you enjoy the concert.

The Men of Clerestory



A spring celebration of libations, love, and all things libertine. Come sing and be merry with the men of Clerestory.

EAST BAY

Saturday, March 16, 8:00pm

SAN FRANCISCO

Sunday, March 17, 8:00pm

Tickets and more info at
www.clerestory.org

NORTHERN LIGHTS

CLERESTORY

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

Saturday, December 1, 8:00 p.m. - St. Mark's Episcopal Church, Berkeley

Sunday, December 2, 8:00 p.m. - St. Gregory of Nyssa Episcopal Church, San Francisco

First Snow		Bo Holten (b. 1948)
Emmanuel, to us this night		Porkel Sigurbjörnsson (b. 1938)

Aftonen		Hugo Alfvén (1872-1960)
Jul, Jul, Strålande Jul		Nordqvist/Smith

Winterfest		Andrejs Jansons (b. 1938)
The Christmas Rose		
The Christmas Season		

Rosa Mystica		Pekka Kostiainen (b. 1944)

Kristallen den fina		arr. Gunnar Eriksson (b. 1936)
Nocturne		arr. Sue Bohlin (b. 1957)

Barn Jesus i en Krybbe laa		Niels W. Gade (1817-1890)
The Snow Man		Hans Christian Andersen (1805-1875)

Tuikkikaa, oi joulun tähtöset		arr. Pekka Kostiainen (b. 1944)
Pseudo-Yoik		Jaakko Mäntyjärvi (b. 1963)

Jeg er så glad hver julekveld		arr. Andrew Smith (b. 1970)
A Spotless Rose		Ola Gjeilo (b. 1978)

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

Fyrsti snjór

First Snow (1996)

Music: Bo Holten (b. 1948)

Text: Stephan G. Stephansson (1853-1927)

You lucid, lustrous, tender snow,
Who paint the landscape all one shade,
The living, dead, ugly, fair,
You color all things white.
You fled your mother's tender arms
Into the air as blueish mist;
Turned home again one blizzard night,
So pure, but grim and cold.



Immanúel oss í nátt

Emmanuel, to us this night (2005)

Music: Porkel Sigurbjörnsson (b. 1938)

English text: Bob Chilcott (b. 1955)

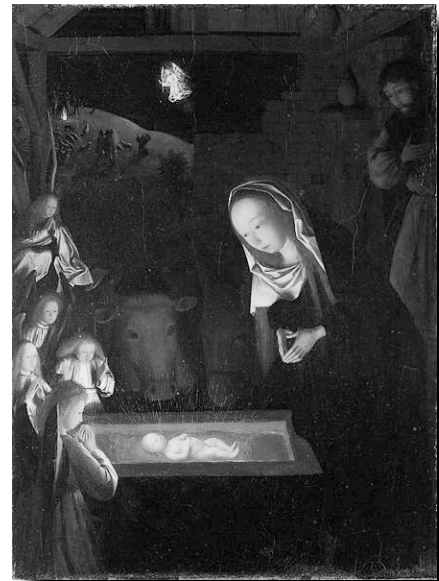
Emmanuel, to us this night is born the child He gave us,
Filling our hearts with joy and light, clothed as man to save us.

By Him has the Father restored all who were affected.
Through the mercy of the Lord are sin and doubt rejected.

With the instrument of my heart, tuned in song ascending,
Will I live to play my part with music never ending.

And praise Him who with grace and love comforts us and frees us.
Sing with voices raised above a lullaby to Jesus.

Honour, praise from man living to the God before us.
Now for all mankind on earth peace anew is given.



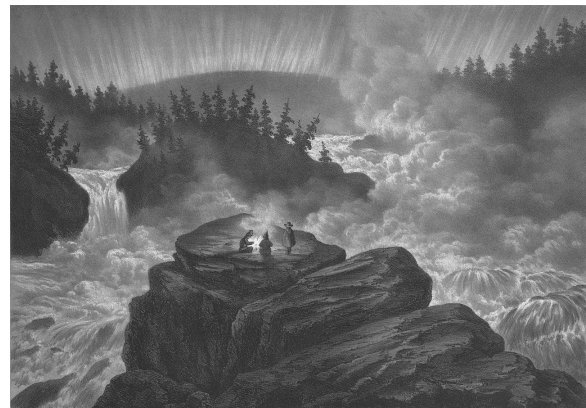
Aftonen (1942)

Evening

Hugo Alfvén (1872-1960)

Swedish text: Herman Säterberg (1812-1897)

English text: Norman Luboff (1917-1987)



TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

*Skogen står tyst, himlen är klar.
Hör, huru tjugusande vallhornet lullar.
Kvällssolens bloss, sänker sig,
Sänker sig ner uti den lugna, klara våg.
Ibland dälder, gröna kullar,
eko kring nejden far...*

The forest is still, the sky is clear.
Hear enchanting shepherds' horns sing lullabies.
The evening sun's blush silently sinks,
Sinks down into the calm, clear waves.
Among the valleys and green hills,
the echo resounds near and far...

Jul, Jul, Strålande Jul (1921)

Yule, Yule, Shining Yule

Music: Gustav Nordqvist (1886-1949)

arr. Jeffrey Smith (b. 1960)

Swedish text: Edvard Evers (1852-1919)

*Jul, jul, strålande jul, glans över vita skogar,
Himmelens kronor med gnistrande ljus,
Glimmande bågar i alla Guds hus,
Psalm som är sjungen från tid till tid,
Eviga längtan till ljus och frid!
Jul, jul, strålande jul, glans över vita skogar!*

Yule, Yule, shining Yule, luster over white forests,
Heaven's crowns with sparkling lights,
Glimmering arcs in all God's houses,
Psalm that is sung from time to time
Eternal longing for light and peace!
Yule, Yule, shining Yule, luster over white forests!

*Kom, kom, signade jul!
Sänk dina vita vingar
Över stridernas blod och larm,
Över all suckan ur människobarm,
Över de släkten som gå till ro,
Över de ungas dagande bo!
Kom, kom, signade jul,
Sänk dina vita vingar!*

Come, come, blessed Yule!
Lower your white wings
Over the battles' blood and alarm,
Over all sighing out from human chests,
Over those families who go to rest,
Over the young ones' dawning nest!
Come, come, blessed Yule,
Lower your white wings!

Ziemas svetki sabraukusi

Winterfest (1991)

Music: Andrejs Jansons (b. 1938)

Text: Traditional Latvian

English text: Vilnis Baumanis

Light the lights, a sleigh is coming,
Winterfest is at the door,
Children hurry out to meet it, running
barefoot in the snow.
Fifty pies and fifty muffins, Mother made
for Christmas day.
That's for all the friends and neighbors
who will come to dance and play.
Days and days we wait for Christmas,
now it's here and now it's gone.
And for all who walk in darkness
Christmas brings a ray of sun.



TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

Mekletaja cels

The Christmas Rose (1991)

Music: Andrejs Jansons (b. 1938)

English text: Vilnis Baumanis

Day is done and I am weary, walking on these lonely roads;
Suddenly a blazing flower in the wintry sky unfolds.
Lo, behold the Rose of Christmas blooming brightly at heaven's door,
Oh, to drink its wondrous beauty and to yearn for more and more!
Christmas purest flower, sweetest childhood melody,
Beautiful enchanted hour when my mother sang of thee.
I do know the Rose of Christmas blooms for you tonight;
And for you the heavens glisten peacefully, in perfect light.



Ai, nama mamaina

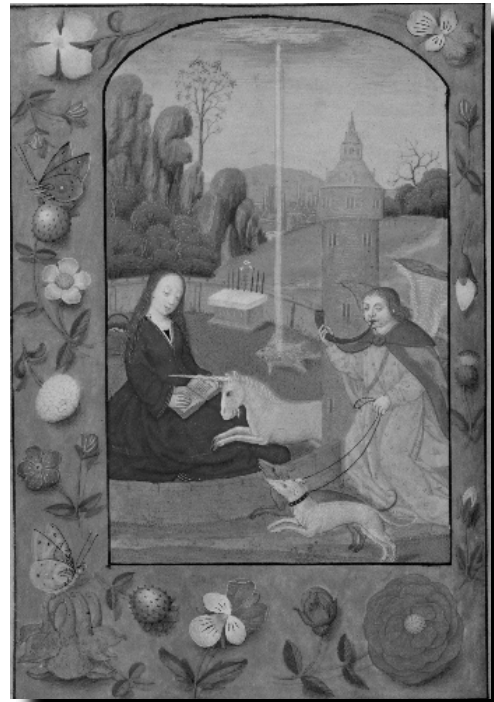
The Christmas Season (1991)

Music: Andrejs Jansons (b. 1938)

Text: Traditional Latvian

English text: Vilnis Baumanis

Roasting a duck and happily humming,
Roasting a duck and Christmas is coming.
Mixing a punch with a generous measure,
Mixing a punch with a cup full of pleasure.
Chopping a tree when the woods are dimming,
Propping it up and happily trimming.
Slipping away with the gifts and wrapping,
Kids want to look and the puppy's yapping.
Sitting around with a log on the fire,
Singing along with the family choir.
Bright are the lights and bright is the season,
Christ was born and that is the reason!



Rosa Mystica (1997)

Mystical Rose

Pekka Kostiainen (b. 1944)

Latin text: Anonymous

*Rosa mystica,
Turris Davidica,
Turris eburnea,
Domus aurea,
Foederis arca,
Janua caeli,
Stella matutina,
Ora pro nobis.*

Rosa Mystica,
Tower of David,
Ivory tower,
House of gold,
Ark of the Covenant
Gate of Heaven,
The morning star,
Pray for us.

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

Kristallen den fina (1996)

Fine Crystal

Music: arr. Gunnar Eriksson (b. 1936)

Text: Traditional Swedish

Gregorian hymn

Lutheran hymn

*Kristallen den fina
som solen månd' skina
som stjärnorna blänka i skyn.
Jag känner en flicka i dygden den fina
en flicka i denna här byn.*

*Min vän, min vän och älskogsblomma!
Ack om vi kunde tillsammans komma
och jag vore vännen din.
och du allra kärestan min!
du ädela ros och förgyllande skrin.*

*Och om jag än fore till värdenes ände
så ropar mitt hjärta till dig.*

*O Kriste, du som ljuset är,
Dig kan ej mörker komma när.
Vi skåda upp i tron på dig,
När solens ljus fördöljer sig.*

*Världens Fralsare kom har.
Rena jungfrun moder ar,
Ty en bord så underlig,
Herre Jesu, hövdes dig.*

Sov på min arm

Nocturne (1948)

Music & Text: Evert Taube (1890-1976)

arr. Sue Bohlin (b. 1957)

*Sov på min arm!
Natten gömmer
under sin vinge din blossande kind.
Lycklig och varm snart du drömmer
flyr mig i drömmen som våg flyr vind.*

*Fångas igen. Flämtar. Strider.
Vill inte. Vill. Och blir åter kysst.
Slumra min vän! Natten skrider.
Kärleken vaktar dig ömt och tyst.*

Fine crystal
that sparkles like the sun
that twinkles like stars in the sky.
I know a girl of splendid virtue
A girl in this little village here.

My friend and flower of my love
Oh, if we could only come together
and I could be your friend
and you my most beloved
you noble rose and golden shrine.

Even if I travelled to the end of the world,
my heart would call out for you.

Oh Christ, you who are the light,
Darkness cannot reach you.
We look up at you in confidence
When the light of the sun retreats.

Now come, Saviour of the gentiles,
recognised as the child of the Virgin,
so that all the world is amazed
God ordained such a birth for him.

Sleep on my arm.
The night is hiding.
Under its wing, your red, blushing cheeks.
Happy and warm you soon will dream,
chase me in dreams like the wave chased by wind.

Caught again, breathing, fighting.
Will not! Want! Kissed again.
Sleep my friend, the night slips by.
Love is guarding you, tender and quiet.



TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

Barn Jesus i en Krybbe Iaa (1859)

Baby Jesus Lay in a Manger

Music: Niels W. Gade (1817-1890)

arr. Thomas Gebhardt (b. 1969)

Danish text: Hans Christian Andersen (1805-1875)

From *The Twelve Months of the Year*. Drawn by Ink and Pen (December, 1832)



*Barn Jesus i en krybbe lå,
Skønt Himlen var hans eje.
Hans pude her blev hø og strå,
Mørkt var det om hans leje!
Men stjernen over huset stod,
Og oksen kyssed barnets fod.
Halleluja! Halleluja! Barn Jesus!*

Baby Jesus lay in a manger,
Although the sky was his own.
His pillow here was hay and straw,
It was dark in his bed!
But the star stood over the house,
And oxen kissed the child's foot.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Baby Jesus!

*Hver sorgfuld sjæl, bliv karsk og glad,
ryst af din tunge smerte,
et barn er født i Davids stad
til trøst for hvert et hjerte.
Til barnet vil vi stige ind
og blive børn i sjæl og sind.
Halleluja! Halleluja! Barn Jesus!*

Each sorrowful soul, be healthy and happy,
Shake off your tongue's pain,
A child is born in David's city
To console each heart.
For the child, we will go in
and become children of soul and mind.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Baby Jesus!

Sneemanden (1861)

The Snow Man

Text: Hans Christian Andersen (1805-1875)

Translated by Jean Hersholt (1886-1956)

Adapted by Jesse Antin

SNOW MAN: It's so bitterly cold that my whole body crackles! This wind can really blow life into you! And how that glaring thing up there glares at me!

NARRATOR: He meant the sun; it was just setting.

SNOW MAN: She won't make *me* blink; I'll hold onto the pieces.

NARRATOR: "The pieces" were two large triangular pieces of tile, which he had for eyes. His mouth was part of an old rake, hence he had teeth. He had been born amid the triumphant shouts of the boys, and welcomed by the jingling of sleigh bells and the cracking of whips from the passing sleighs.

The sun went down, and the full moon rose, big and round, bright and beautiful, in the clear blue sky. But the snow man thought it was the sun showing itself again.

SNOW MAN: Here she comes again from the other side. Ah, I've cured her of staring, all right. Now let her hang up there and shine so that I can see myself. If I only knew how to move from this place - I'd like so much to move! If I could, I'd slide along there on the ice, the way I see the boys slide, but I don't know how to run.

DOG: Away! Away!



TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

NARRATOR: It was the old watchdog, who was quite hoarse from the time when he was a house dog lying under the stove.

DOG: The sun will teach you how to run. I saw your predecessor last winter, and before that *his* predecessor. Away! Away! And away they all go!

SNOW MAN: I don't understand you, friend. Is that thing up there going to teach me to run? Why, she was running the last time I saw her a little while ago, and now she comes sneaking back from the other side.

DOG: You don't know anything at all. But then, of course, you've just been put together. The one you are looking at now is called the moon, and the one who went away was the sun. She will come again tomorrow, and she will teach you to run down into the ditch. We're going to have a change of weather soon; I can feel it in my left hind leg; I have a pain in it. The weather's going to change.

SNOW MAN: I don't understand him, but I have a feeling he's talking about something unpleasant. The one that stared at me and went away, whom he called the sun, is no friend of mine either, I can feel that.

DOG: Away! Away!

NARRATOR: The watchdog walked around three times and crept into his kennel to sleep.

The weather really did change. Early next morning a thick, damp mist lay over the whole countryside. At dawn a wind rose; it was icy cold. The frost set in hard, but when the sun rose, what a beautiful sight it was! The trees and bushes were covered with hoarfrost and looked like a forest of white coral, while every twig seemed smothered with glittering white flowers. The enormously many delicate branches that are concealed by the leaves in summer now appeared, every single one of them, and made a gleaming white lacework, so snowy white that a white radiance seemed to spring from every bough. The birch waved in the wind, as if it had life, like the rest of the trees in the summer. It was all wonderfully beautiful. And when the sun came out, how it all glittered and sparkled, as if everything had been strewn with diamond dust, and big diamonds had been sprinkled on the snowy carpet of the earth; or one could also imagine that countless little lights were gleaming, brighter even than the snow itself.

GIRL: It's wonderfully beautiful!

NARRATOR: A young girl had come out into the garden with a young man. They stopped near the Snow Man and gazed at the flashing trees, and the girl's eyes sparkled with delight.

GIRL: Summer can't show us a lovelier sight!

BOY: And we can't have a fellow like this in the summertime, either. He's splendid.

NARRATOR: The young girl laughed, nodded to the Snow Man, and then danced over the snow with her friend - over snow that crackled under their feet as though they were walking on starch.

SNOW MAN: Who were those two? You've been around this yard longer than I have. Do you know them?

DOG: Of course I know them. She pets me, and he once threw me a meat bone. I don't bite those two.

SNOW MAN: But what are they supposed to be?

DOG: Sweethearts! They'll go to move into the same kennel someday and gnaw the same bone together. Away! Away!

SNOW MAN: But are they as important as you and I?

DOG: Why, they are members of the master's family. People certainly don't know very much if they were only born yesterday; I can tell that from you. Now I have age and knowledge. I know everybody here in the house, and I know a time when I didn't have to stand out here in the cold, fastened to a chain. Away! Away!

SNOW MAN: The cold is lovely. But tell me, tell me. Only don't rattle that chain; it makes me shiver inside when you do that.



TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

DOG: Away! Away! They used to tell me I was a pretty little puppy, when I lay in a velvet-covered chair, up in the master's house, or sat in the mistress' lap. They used to kiss me on the nose and wipe my paws with an embroidered handkerchief.

They called me 'the handsomest' and 'little puppsy-wuppsy.' But then I grew too big for them to keep, so they gave me away to the housekeeper. That's how I came to live down in the basement. You can look down into it from where you're standing; you can look right into the room where I was master, for that was what I was to the housekeeper. Of course, the place was inferior to that upstairs, but I was more comfortable there and wasn't constantly grabbed and pulled about by the children as I had been upstairs. I had just as good food as ever, and much more of it. I had my own cushion, and then there was a stove, which is the finest thing in the world at this time of year. I crept right in under it, so that I was out of the way. Ah, I still dream of that stove sometimes. Away! Away!

SNOW MAN: Does a stove look so beautiful? Does it look like me?

DOG It's just the opposite of you. It's as black as coal and has a long neck and a brass stomach. It eats firewood, so that fire spurts from its mouth. You must keep beside it or underneath it; it's very comfortable there. You must be able to see it through the window from where you're standing.

NARRATOR: Then the Snow Man looked, and he really saw a brightly polished thing with a brass stomach and fire glowing from the lower part of it. A very strange feeling swept over the Snow Man; he didn't know what it meant, and couldn't understand it, but all people who aren't snow men know that feeling. It seemed to the Snow Man that the stove must be a female.

SNOW MAN: Why did you leave her? How could you leave a place like that?

DOG: I was made to. They turned me outside and chained me up here. You see, I had bitten the youngest of the master's children in the leg, because he had kicked away a bone I was gnawing. 'A bone for a bone,' I always say. They didn't like that at all, and from that time I've been chained out here and have lost my voice. Don't you hear how hoarse I am? Away! Away! And that was the end of that!

NARRATOR: But the Snow Man wasn't listening to him any longer. He kept peering in at the housekeeper's basement room, where the stove stood on its four iron legs, just about the same size as the Snow Man himself.

SNOW MAN: What a strange crackling there is inside me! I wonder if I'll ever get in there. That's an innocent wish, and our innocent wishes are sure to be fulfilled. It is my only wish, my biggest wish; it would almost be unfair if it wasn't granted. I must get in and lean against her, even if I have to break a window.

DOG: You'll never get in there. And if you go near that stove you'll melt away! Away!

SNOW MAN: I'm as good as gone, anyway. I think I'm breaking up.

NARRATOR: All day long the Snow Man stood looking in through the window. At twilight the room grew still more inviting; a mild glow came from the stove, not like the moon or the sun either, but just like the glow of a stove when it has been well filled. Every time the room door was opened, the flames leaped out of the stove's mouth; this was a habit it had. The flame fell distinctly on the white face of the Snow Man and glowed ruddy on his breast.

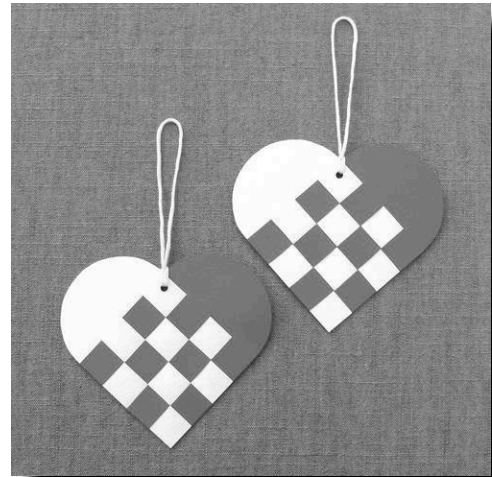
SNOW MAN: I can't stand it any longer! How beautiful she looks when she sticks out her tongue!

NARRATOR: The night was very long, but it didn't seem long to the Snow Man; he stood lost in his own pleasant thoughts, and they froze until they crackled.

In the morning the windowpanes of the basement room were covered with ice. They showed the most beautiful ice flowers that any Snow Man could desire, but they hid the stove. The windowpanes wouldn't thaw, so he couldn't see the stove. It creaked, and it crackled.

It was just the sort of weather a Snow Man should most thoroughly enjoy. But he didn't enjoy it; indeed, how could he enjoy anything when he was so stove-sick?

DOG: That's a terrible sickness for a Snow Man. I've also suffered from it myself, but I got over it. Away! Away! There's going to be a change in the weather.



TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

NARRATOR: And there was a change in the weather; it began to thaw! The thaw increased, and the Snow Man decreased. He never complained, and that's an infallible sign. One morning he collapsed. And behold! where he had stood there was something like a broomstick sticking up from the ground. It was the pole the boys had built him up around.

DOG: Now I can understand why he had such an intense longing for the stove. The Snow Man has had a stove rake in his body; that's what moved inside him. Now he has gotten over that, too. Away! Away!

NARRATOR: And soon the winter was over, too. The people in the house began to sing:

ALL:

*Oh, woodruff, spring up, fresh and proud, round about!
And, willow tree, hang your woolen mitts out!
Come, cuckoo and lark, come and sing!
At February's close we already have spring.
Tweet-tweet, cuckoo! I am singing with you.
Come out, dear sun! Come often, skies of blue!*

(set to a Danish melody)
(arr. by C. Stokes/D. Cromeenes)

NARRATOR: And nobody thought any more about the Snow Man.

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Tuikkikaa, oi joulun tähtöset (1918)

Now shine forth, ye stars of Christmastide
Music: Pekka Juhani Hannikainen (1854-1924)
arr. Pekka Kostiaainen (b. 1944)
Finnish text: Elsa Koponen (1885-1977)

*Tuikkikaa, oi joulun tähtöset
Kilpaa lasten tähtisilmäin kanssa!
Kertokaatte joulun satua,
Yhtä uutta, yhtä ihanaa,
Mieltä viihtävää kuin muinen lasna.*

*Helkkykää, oi joulun laulelot
Rinnoista niin riemurikkahista!
Soikoon sävel, leikki leiskukoon,
Rinnan riemusta se kertokoon
Mieltä viihtäen kuin muinen lasna.*

*Kerran loppuun satu joulun saa,
Suru säveliä sumentaapi.
Kerran silmän täyttää kyöneleet,
Virtaa vuolahina tuskan veet.
Siks' oi tähtisilmät, loistakaa!*

Pseudo-Yoik (1994)

Music: Jaakko Mäntyjärvi (b. 1963)

(nonsense syllables)



Now shine forth, ye stars of Christmastide,
Shine along with children's starry eyes;
Tell the story of the Christmas night,
Ever new, and ever wondrous bright,
Comforting us like when we were children.

Now sound forth, ye songs of Christmas eve,
Chime from chests whose joys are overflowing;
Make the music, let the games be played,
Happiness of hearts be here displayed,
Comforting us like when we were children.

Time comes, when the Christmas story ends;
Gravest grief like fog will shadow all;
Day will come when tears will overflow,
Waves of suffering will greatest grow;
Thus now, starry eyes, you must shine forth.

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

Jeg er så glad hver julekveld

I Am So Glad Each Christmas Eve

Music: Peder Knudsen (1819–1863)

arr. Andrew Smith (b. 1970)

Norwegian text: Marie Wexelsen (1832–1911)

*Jeg er så glad hver julekveld,
for da ble Jesus født;
da lyste stjernen som en sol,
og engler sang så søtt.*

*Det lille barn i Betlehem,
han var en konge stor
som kom fra himlens høye slott
ned til vår arme jord.*

*Nu bor han høyt i himmelrik,
han er Guds egen sønn,
men husker alltid på de små
og hører deres bønn.*

*Da tenner moder alle lys,
så ingen krok er mørk.
Hun sier stjernen lyste så
i hele verdens ørk.*

*Hun sier at den lyser enn
og sløkner aldri ut,
og hvis den skinner på min vei,
da kommer jeg til Gud.*

*Jeg holder av vår julekveld
og av den Herre Krist,
og at han elsker meg igjen,
det vet jeg ganske visst.*

Det hev ei rose sprunge

A Spotless Rose (2001)

Music: Ola Gjeilo (b. 1978)

English text: C. Winkworth (1869)

Alleluia, alleluia.

A spotless rose is blowing, sprung from a tender root,
Of ancient seers' foreshowing, of Jesse promised fruit;
Its fairest bud unfolds to light amid the cold, cold winter,
And in the dark midnight.

The rose which I am singing, whereof Isaiah said,
Is from its sweet root springing, in Mary, purest maid;
Through God's great love and might, the Blessed Babe she bare us,
In a cold, cold winter's night.

I am so glad each Christmas Eve,
The night of Jesus' birth!
Then like the sun the Star shone forth,
And angels sang on earth.

The little Child in Bethlehem,
He was a King indeed!
For He came down from heaven above
To help a world in need.

He dwells again in heaven's realm,
The Son of God today;
And still He loves His little ones
And hears them when they pray.

When mother trims the Christmas tree
Which fills the room with light,
She tells me of the wondrous Star
That made the dark world bright.

She says the Star is shining still,
And never will grow dim;
And if it shines upon my way,
It leads me up to Him.

And so I love each Christmas Eve
And I love Jesus, too;
And that He loves me every day
I know so well is true.



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.



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.



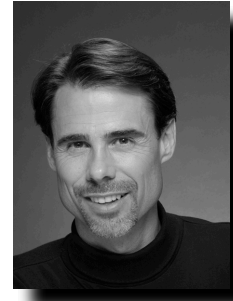
DAN CROMEENES, countertenor, is a versatile musician who performs professionally as a countertenor soloist, choral singer, and accompanist. Originally from southern California, he studied piano and voice at Biola University. He received his Master's degree in accompanying at East Carolina University, 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



ARTIST PROFILES

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.



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



ARTIST PROFILES

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, 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 pooches, Jasmine and Jorge.



CHAD RUNYON, 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.



ARTIST PROFILES

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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