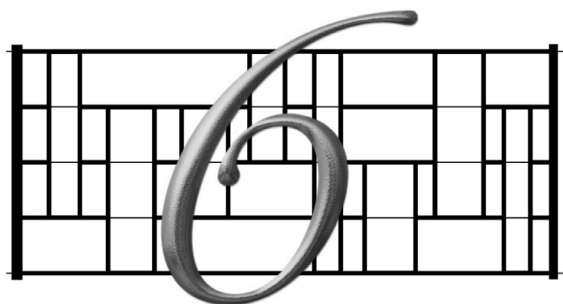


# *Harmony and Ivory*

**Friday, April 13, 8:00 pm  
St. Mark's Lutheran Church  
San Francisco**

**Sunday, April 15, 4:00 pm  
Chapel of the Chimes  
Oakland**



**CLERESTORY**

**2011-2012 SEASON**

# WELCOME

Greetings, friends!

As our concert year draws to a close, Clerestory is glad to celebrate a successful 6th season. With the support of our devoted fans and new visitors alike, we've had a year of significant gains and "firsts." This year took us to Madison, Wisconsin, for our first tour, an experience that has helped us become a stronger group, both musically and socially. ***Harmony and Ivory*** marks another exciting first for us, working with concert pianist Kymry Esainko. Thank you for joining us today and supporting choral music in your community!

These concerts presented a challenge in choosing the right repertoire. Typically we are able to transpose pieces to our liking to accommodate our specific voices—a luxury that isn't available when working with a fixed piano accompaniment. This potential limitation has inspired us to search broadly for those pieces that work for our ensemble, but also to explore a variety of moods, places, and languages. From the icy depths of Morten Lauridsen's *Mid-Winter Songs* to the incendiary *Feuerreiter* of Hugo Wolf, our program explores the rich color palette available when combining voices and the piano. We warmly welcome Kymry Esainko into our midst, and have enjoyed adding him to our circle of friends and colleagues.

After the concert, we invite you to visit our website at [www.clerestory.org](http://www.clerestory.org), where you can sign up for our email list (which we never share). This is the easiest way to learn about future concerts and other news. As our long-time fans know, our website is also the source for free, downloadable recordings of all our live concerts. We get to enjoy this music for many weeks before the performances; you can enjoy it for many weeks afterwards!

We see you next in the fall for a splashy opening to our seventh season. We have undertaken our first major commission, an extended piece by our good friend Eric Banks, whose music you have heard on several of our recent concerts. There will be many interesting venues, community partnerships, and new ways to learn about our creative process leading up to these concerts, for now entitled ***SeaSongs***. Please watch for more news about the project and our full season announcement later this summer.

As always, we are so grateful for your support, your friendship, and your listening, without which voices and music have no meaning. Please enjoy ***Harmony and Ivory***, and we wish you a warm and happy summer.

*The Men of Clerestory*

# HARMONY AND IVORY

Friday, April 13, 2012, 8:00 pm, St. Mark's Lutheran Church, San Francisco

Sunday, April 15, 2012, 4:00 pm, Chapel of the Chimes, Oakland

## Clerestory

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

and  
Kymry Esainko, piano

Like Snow She Tells Her Love While Half Asleep Mid-Winter Waking	Morten Lauridsen (b. 1943)
Rouxinol do pico preto	Steven Stucky (b. 1949)
La nuit en mer Soir d'été	Henk Badings (1907–1987)
Der Zecher als Doctrinair Der träumende See O süßer Mai Der Feuerreiter	Robert Schumann (1810–1856) Johannes Brahms (1833–1897) Hugo Wolf (1860–1903)
Canto de esperanza	David Goodman (b. 1953)
Les collines d'Anacapri <i>(piano solo)</i>	Claude Debussy (1862–1918)
Hear my prayer Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child 'Round Midnight	Moses Hogan (1957–2003) arr. Fenno Heath (1926–2008) Thelonious Monk (1917–1982)
Veronika, der Lenz ist da Guter Mond Mein Onkel Bumba	Walter Jurmann (1903–1971) Traditional Herman Hupfeld (1894–1951)

# TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

## FROM *MID-WINTER SONGS* (1980)

Morten Lauridsen (b. 1943)

Morten Lauridsen's *Mid-Winter Songs* (1980, orchestrated 1983) are jewel-like settings of the poetry of the British poet and novelist Robert Graves (1895–1985). The composer commented that he was “much taken with the elegance, richness and extraordinary beauty of [Graves'] poetry and his insights regarding the human experience.” Lauridsen chose verse inspired by the poet's obsession with his colorful mistress and muse, Laura Riding, as well as poetry that reflected a tranquility that Graves attained with his second wife, Beryl.



The second movement, *Like Snow*, is a madrigal-like scherzo whose references to winter conjure up an icy icon of Laura Riding. The succeeding slow movement, *She tells her love while half asleep*, which Lauridsen describes as filled with “tenderness and warmth,” is a paean to his wife Beryl, forming the score's emotional and formal climax. A second choral scherzo follows: filled with jazzy syncopations, *Mid-Winter Waking* conjures the poet's joy at the reawakening of his inspiration, which is compared to the first thaw that heralds the end of winter.

## LIKE SNOW

She, then, like snow in a dark night,  
Fell secretly. And the world waked  
With dazzling of the drowsy eye,  
So that some muttered ‘Too much light,’  
And drew the curtains close.  
Like snow, warmer than fingers feared,  
And to soil friendly;  
Holding the histories of the night  
In yet unmelted tracks.

## SHE TELLS HER LOVE WHILE HALF ASLEEP

She tells her love while half asleep,  
    In the dark hours,  
        With half-words whispered low:

As Earth stirs in her winter sleep  
    And puts out grass and flowers  
        Despite the snow,  
        Despite the falling snow.

# TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

## MID-WINTER WAKING

Stirring suddenly from long hibernation  
I knew myself once more a poet  
Guarded by timeless principalities  
Against the worm of death, this hillside haunting;  
And presently dared open both my eyes.

O gracious, lofty, shone against from under,  
Back-of-the-mind-far clouds like towers;  
And you, sudden warm airs that blow  
Before the expected season of new blossom,  
While sheep still gnaw at roots and lambless go.

Be witness that on waking, this mid-winter,  
I found her hand in mine laid closely  
Who shall watch out the Spring with me.  
We stared in silence all around us  
But found no winter anywhere to see.

## ROUXINOL DO PICO PRETO (1999)

Steven Stucky (b. 1949)

As birds go, the image of the *rouxinol*—Portuguese for nightingale—in music, poetry and myth is curiously foreboding. In this Brazilian lullaby, set by the contemporary American composer Steven Stucky as part of his *Cradle Songs* suite, the poet beseeches this small “black-beaked” bird to leave the laurel tree, and let the baby sleep; for soon, its mother will return. But where has the mother gone? Why is this the baby’s “first good sleep”? Stucky paints an ominously beautiful portrait by beginning with a single note, repeated again and again. The texture of voices—eventually eight in all—expands outward, like the tangled branches of the tree, into gorgeous polytonal chords. The same repeated note is sung until the end, the child still asleep.



Rouxinol do pico preto,  
Deixa a baga do loueiro,

Deixa dormir o menino.  
Que sta no sono primeiro.

Dorme, dorme meu menino.  
Que a maezinha logo vem.

Nightingale with the black beak,  
Leave the fruit of the laurel tree.

Let the baby sleep,  
He is in his first good sleep.

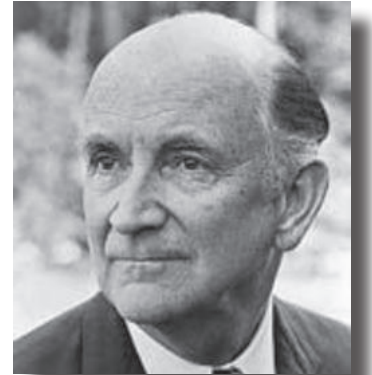
Sleep, sleep my baby,  
Your mother will come soon.

# TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

## FROM *TROIS CHANSONS BRETONNES* (1946)

Henk Badings (1907–1987)

Dutch composer Henk Badings' *La nuit en mer* and *Soir d'été* are two stunning settings of text by Théodore Botrel (1868–1925), a popular French poet and singer-songwriter of the late 19th century. Born in Java, Badings was largely self-taught and was discouraged from pursuing composition several times throughout his life. His unusual use of harmony and favoring of non-traditional scales give his music a uniquely quirky character. It is clear from the tonal language of his *Trois Chansons Bretonnes* that he thoroughly absorbed the impressionist style during his time studying in Paris.



## LA NUIT EN MER (The Night at Sea)

La brise enfle notre voile,  
voici la première étoile  
qui luit sur le flot  
qui nous balance.  
Amis, vogueons en silence  
dans la nuit.

Tous bruits viennent de se taire,  
on dirait que tout sur terre  
est mort:  
Les humains comme les choses,  
les oiseaux comme les roses  
tout s'endort.

Mais la mer, c'est la vivante,  
c'est l'immensité mouvante toujours  
prenant d'assaut les jetées  
dédaigneuse des nuitées et des jours.

Hormis elle rien n'existe  
que le grand phare  
et son triste reflet.

A la place la meilleure, mes amis,  
jetons sur l'heure le filet,  
puis enroulé dans nos voiles,  
le front nu sous les étoiles, dormons!  
Rêvons, en la paix profonde  
à tous ceux,  
qu'en ce bas monde nous aimons;

The breeze fills our sail;  
here is the first star  
shining on the wave  
that rocks us.  
Friends, let us float in silence  
in the night.

All is quiet.  
It's as if everything on earth  
were dead:  
humans as well as things,  
birds as well as roses.  
Everything sleeps.

But the sea is alive.  
It's the unsettled immensity  
always attacking the jetties,  
disdainful of nights and days.

Beside her nothing exists  
except the great lighthouse  
and its sad reflection.

My friends, let us cast our net  
right now, in the best place.  
Let's sleep rolled up in our sails,  
our foreheads bare under the stars.  
Let's dream, in profound peace  
of all those that we love  
in this earthly world.

# TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

dormons sur nos goélettes  
comme en nos berceuses d'enfants.

Et demain à marée haute  
nous rallierons à la côte  
triomphants!

## **SOIR D'ÉTÉ** (Summer Evening)

Lison, ma câline,  
quittons la colline,  
Car le jour décline  
au rouge horizon.  
Avant qu'il ne meure,  
profitons de l'heure:  
A notre demeure viens t'en ma Lison!

Dans la paix immense  
du soir qui commence  
Monte la romance  
des petits grillons,  
Et la plaine rase  
que Phébus embrasse  
Savoure l'extase des derniers rayons.

Des voix enjôleuses sortent  
des yeuses;  
Ce sont des berceuses des petits oiseaux.  
Et sa porte close,  
la fermière Rose  
Chante même chose  
entre deux berceuses.

C'est l'heure très pure  
où dans la ramure  
Passe le murmure du grand vent calmé  
L'heure langoureuse l'heure où l'amoureuse,  
se suspend, heureuse  
au bras de l'aimé;

C'est l'heure touchante  
où tout nous enchante,  
Où la cloche chante  
l'angélus au loin.

Let's sleep on our schooners  
as we did in our cradles.

And tomorrow, at high tide  
we will rally on the coast  
triumphant!

Lison, my tender one,  
let's leave the hill  
for the day is ending  
on the red horizon.  
Before it dies,  
let's seize the moment:  
to our dwelling, come on, my Lison!

In the immense peace  
of the evening  
we hear the love song  
of the little crickets.  
The mowed plain  
that Phebus sets ablaze  
savors the ecstasy of the last rays.

Wheedling voices emerge  
from the oak trees.  
They are the lullabies of little birds.  
With her closed door,  
Rose, the farm wife,  
sings the same song  
between two cradles.

Now is the purest hour.  
The great calmed wind  
murmurs through the branches.  
Now is the languorous hour,  
when the happy lover  
holds her lover's arm.

It is the charming hour  
when everything is magic,  
when the bell chimes  
the Angelus in the distance.

# TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Et c'est l'heure grise  
où la douce brise  
s'imprègne et se grise  
de l'odeur du foin;

C'est l'heure où tout aime,  
où, las du blasphème,  
Le méchant, lui même,  
est un peu meilleur;  
Le coeur se dépouille  
de tout ce qui souille  
L'ame s'agenouille devant le Seigneur!

Lison ma petite,  
prions-le bien vite,  
Pour qu'on ne se quitte  
de l'éternité,  
Et qu'il nous convie  
à fuir cette vie  
à l'heure ravie  
d'un beau soir d'été.

It's the tipsy hour  
when the sweet breeze  
becomes full and tipsy  
with the odor of hay.

It's the hour when everything loves,  
when, weary with blasphemy,  
the Evil One himself  
is a bit better.  
The heart cleanses itself  
of all that soils it,  
the soul kneels before the Lord.

My little Lison,  
let's pray to him quickly,  
so that we don't lose each other  
for eternity.  
And so that He will invite us  
to flee this life  
at the delightful hour  
of a beautiful summer evening.

## **FROM SIX SONGS FOR 4-VOICE MEN'S CHORUS, Op. 33**

Robert Schumann (1810–1856)

Poems by Julius Mosen (1803–1867)

Robert Schumann had written almost exclusively piano music until 1840—his *Liederjahr*, or “song year.” Perhaps we see here the inevitable growth of his musical brilliance beyond aspirations as a pianist, or perhaps some new emotions rose out of the joys and struggles of beginning his marriage to Clara Wieck in the same year. Regardless, the creation of 168 songs in a year, and even some for a *cappella* men's chorus, marked the beginning of a new era for Schumann the composer, as well as Schumann the man.





# TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

## **DER ZECHER ALS DOCTRINAIR** (The Reveler as Doctrinaire)

Was quälte dir dein banges Herz?  
Liebesschmerz!  
Was machte dir dein Auge roth?  
Liebesnoth!  
Was gab dir Sorgen, ohne Zahl?  
Liebesqual!

Ei, das hast du Schlimm bedacht  
Denn schon manchesmal  
Hat gar grausam umgebracht  
Liebesschmerz und Qual!

Was heilte dich von deiner Pein?  
Alter Wein!  
Was gab dir dann den besten Trost?  
Frischer Most!  
Was stärkte wieder deinen Muth?  
Traubenblut!

Ei, so bringt uns schnell herbei  
Dieses edle Gut!  
Denn nun bleibt es doch dabei:  
Wein erfrischt das Blut!

## **DER TRÄUMENDE SEE** (The Dreaming Lake)

Der See ruht tief im blauen Traum  
von Wasserblumen zugedeckt.  
Ihr Vöglein hoch im Fichtenbaum,  
dass ihr mir nicht den Schläfer weckt!

Doch leise weht das Schilf und wiegt  
das Haupt mit leichtem Sinn,  
ein blauer Falter aber fliegt  
darüber einsam hin.

What tortures your anxious heart?  
The pain of love!  
What makes your eyes red?  
The need of love!  
What gives you troubles without number?  
The torment of love!

Ha! You are mistaken  
Because sometimes even  
The cruel pain and agony of love  
Are slain.

What relieves you of your pain?  
Old wine!  
What gives you the best comfort?  
Fresh cider!  
What strengthens your courage?  
The blood of grapes!

Bring us quickly  
This noble thing,  
And we shall remain here,  
Wine refreshes the blood!

The lake lies deep in a blue dream  
covered by water flowers.  
You little bird high in a pine tree,  
please do not wake the sleeper!

But softly blows the reed  
and the sleepy head nods,  
A solitary blue butterfly  
flies over on its way.

# TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

## **FROM SECHS LIEDER UND ROMANZEN**, Op. 93 (1884)

Johannes Brahms (1833–1897)

Text by Achim von Arnim (1781–1831)

*O süßer Mai* comes from a group of six songs published late in Brahms' life. They are a mix of folk and romantic poetry. One of the latter, it is an evocative homage to the full flowering of Spring. Its poet, Karl Joachim ("Achim") Friedrich Ludwig von Arnim, was both lauded by Heine and dismissed by Goethe, his more famous contemporaries. Here, Brahms helps von Arnim win a miniature triumph.



### **O SÜSSER MAI**

O süßer Mai,  
Der Strom ist frei,  
Ich steh verschlossen,  
Mein Aug' verdrossen,  
Ich seh nicht deine grüne Tracht,  
Nicht deine buntgeblümete Pracht,  
Nicht dein Himmelsblau,  
Zur Erd' ich schau;  
O süßer Mai,  
Mich lasse frei,  
Wie den Gesang  
An den dunkeln Hecken entlang.

O sweet May,  
streaming freely,  
I stand close-mouthed,  
my eyes querulous.  
I see neither your green array,  
your colorfully blossoming splendor,  
nor your blue skies;  
to the earth I gaze.  
O sweet May,  
release me  
like a song  
along the dark hedge.

## **DER FEUERREITER** (1888)

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Frequently described as Wolf's answer to Schubert's fantastical horror-ride *Die Erlkönig*, *Der Feuerreiter* ("The Fire-Rider") was originally written as a solo song in Wolf's great 1888 collection of lieder on the poems of Eduard Mörike (1804–1875). Four years later, he arranged it for chorus and orchestra. Today, you hear the expanded textures and harmonic language of the choral parts with some of the original jangling gallop of an 88-key "horse."



Sehet ihr am Fensterlein  
Dort die rote Mütze wieder?  
Nicht geheuer muß es sein,  
Denn er geht schon auf und nieder.  
Und auf einmal welch Gewühle  
Bei der Brücke nach dem Feld!  
Horch! das Feuerglöcklein gellt:  
Hinterm Berg,  
Hinterm Berg  
Brennt es in der Mühle!

Do you see at the window  
there again, that red cap?  
Something must be the matter  
for it is going up and down.  
And what a sudden mob  
is now by the bridge near the field!  
Hark! the fire-bell is shrilling:  
beyond the hill,  
beyond the hill,  
there's a fire in the mill!

# TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Schaut, da sprengt er wütend schier  
Durch das Tor, der Feuerreiter,  
Auf dem rippendürren Tier,  
Als auf einer Feuerleiter!  
Querfeldein, durch Qualm und Schwüle,  
Rennt er schon und ist am Ort!  
Drüben schallt es fort und fort:  
Hinterm Berg,  
Hinterm Berg,  
Brennt es in der Mühle!

Der so oft den roten Hahn  
Meilenweit von fern gerochen,  
Mit des heiligen Kreuzes Span  
Freventlich die Glut besprochen—  
Weh! dir grinst vom Dachgestühle  
Dort der Feind im Höllenschein.  
Gnade Gott der Seele dein!  
Hinterm Berg,  
Hinterm Berg,  
Rast er in der Mühle!

Keine Stunde hielt es an,  
Bis die Mühle borst in Trümmer;  
Doch den kecken Reitersmann  
Sah man von der Stunde nimmer.  
Volk und Wagen im Gewühle  
Kehren heim von all dem Graus;  
Auch das Glöcklein klinget aus:  
Hinterm Berg,  
Hinterm Berg,  
Brennt's!

Nach der Zeit ein Müller fand  
Ein Gerippe samt der Mützen  
Aufrecht an der Kellerwand  
Auf der beinern Mähre sitzen:  
Feuerreiter, wie so kühle  
Reitest du in deinem Grab!  
Husch! da fällt's in Asche ab.  
Ruhe wohl,  
Ruhe wohl  
Drunten in der Mühle!

Look, there he goes, galloping furiously  
through the gate—it's the fire-rider  
on his horse, a bony nag  
like a fire-ladder!  
Across the fields, through the smoke and heat  
he plunges, and he's already reached his goal!  
Over there the bells are pealing,  
beyond the hill,  
beyond the hill,  
there's a fire in the mill!

You who so often smelled fire  
from a mile off,  
and with a fragment of the Holy Cross  
maliciously conjured the blaze—  
woe! from the rafters there grins  
the Enemy of Man in hellish light.  
May God have mercy on your soul!  
Beyond the hill,  
beyond the hill,  
he is raging in the mill!

Not an hour had passed  
before the mill was reduced to rubble;  
but the bold rider  
from that hour was never seen again.  
People and wagons in crowds  
turn toward home away from all the horror;  
and the bell stops ringing:  
beyond the hill,  
beyond the hill,  
it's burning!

Later a miller found  
a skeleton together with the cap  
upright against the wall of the cellar  
sitting on the mare of bone:  
Fire-rider, how coolly  
you ride now to your grave!  
Hush! there it falls to ashes.  
Rest well,  
rest well,  
down there in the mill!

# TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

## **CANTO DE ESPERANZA** (1986)

David Goodman (b. 1953)

The composer writes: “*Canto de esperanza* was composed in 1986 while I was on sabbatical as an Artist-in-Residence at the Na Bolom Institute in San Cristobál de las casas, Chiapas, Mexico. At that time Nicaragua was embroiled in a bloody civil war as it struggled to achieve self-governance and human rights reforms. The text, *Song of Hope*, is by Nicaraguan poet, Daisy Zamora, who is somewhat of a poet laureate in her own country and who was one of the Ministers of Culture in Nicaragua during this period of civil turmoil. The substance of the text, I believe, has a timeless message about hope and unity—thoughts that are perhaps apropos to our current world crisis.”



Algún día los campos estarán siempre verdes  
Y la tierra será negra, dulce y húmeda.  
En ella crecerán altos nuestros hijos  
y los hijos de nuestro hijos...

Y serán libres como los arboles del monte  
y las aves.

Cada mañana se despertarán felices de poseer la vida  
y sabrán que la tierra fue reconquistada para ellos.

Hoy aramos los campos resecos  
Pero cada surco se moja con sangre.

One day the fields will be forever green  
and the earth will be black, sweet, and moist.  
Our children will grow small on her  
and the children of our children...

And they will be free as the trees and the birds  
of the wilderness.

Each morning they will awake in the joy of having life  
and will know that the earth was created for them.

Today we plow the parched fields  
but each furrow is soaked with blood.

# TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

## HEAR MY PRAYER

Moses Hogan (1957–2003)

Moses Hogan was a preeminent exponent of the African-American spiritual in the latter half of the 20th century. His countless inventive and beautiful arrangements of this repertory are staples in the diet of American educational, amateur, and professional choruses. Written two short years before his own untimely passing, *Hear My Prayer* is Hogan's simple offering to the memory of another giant in the spiritual tradition, Jester Hairston.



O Lord, please hear my prayer  
In the morning when I rise.  
It's your servant bound for glory.  
O dear Lord, please hear my prayer.

O Lord, please hear my prayer.  
Keep me safe within your arms.  
It's your servant bound for glory.  
O dear Lord, please hear my prayer.

When my work on earth is done,  
And you come to take me home.  
Just to know I'm bound for glory  
And to hear You say, "Well done!"

Done with sin and sorrow.  
Have mercy.

# TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

## **SOMETIMES I FEEL LIKE A MOTHERLESS CHILD**

arranged by Fenno Heath (1926–2008)

Fenno Heath was the conductor of the Yale Glee Club for nearly forty years after his graduation from Yale in 1953. In his many arrangements for chorus, Heath explored a wide range of folk, spiritual, and popular traditions in American music. With those arrangements and his own compositions, he established great diversity in the Glee Club's repertoire. He oversaw the flowering of another type of diversity in the late 1960s when Yale began admitting women as undergraduates and the Glee Club transitioned from an all-male group to a mixed-voice ensemble. His piano accompaniment to *Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child* adds sparsely atmospheric punctuation to this otherwise simple and melancholy tune.



Sometimes I feel like a motherless child, a long ways from home.

Sometimes I feel like I'd never been born, a long ways from home.

Sometimes I feel like I'm almost gone, a long way from home.



Jeffrey Thomas - Music Director

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## *Easter Oratorio & Favorite Cantatas*

**Christ lag in Todesbanden BWV 4**  
**Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott BWV 80**  
**Kommt, eilet und lauffet BWV 249**

**KATHRYN MUELLER** soprano • **JUDITH MALAFRONTÉ** alto  
**JON LEE KEENAN** tenor • **TYLER DUNCAN** baritone

Easter Day celebrations at St. Thomas Church in Leipzig were grand and glorious affairs. Bach created a work that brings the characters of Mary Magdalene, Mary the mother of James, Peter, and John to the liturgical stage with no expenses spared in its lavish orchestration that includes the brilliance of trumpets and timpani, and the sweet strains of pastoral recorders. One of Bach's earliest cantatas is paired with the quintessentially noble "A Mighty Fortress."

# TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

## 'ROUND MIDNIGHT (1944)

Music by Thelonious Monk (1917–1982) and Cootie Williams (1911–1985)

Words by Bernie Hanighen (1908–1976)

Arranged by Dave Barduhn

There could be no more perfect jazz selection for *Harmony and Ivory* than Thelonius Monk's *'Round Midnight*. Monk, a titan of jazz piano, wrote the song in 1944, and it has become one of the most recorded, quoted, and reimagined pieces of jazz music in history. The music was later embellished by Cootie Williams. Bernie Hanighen added the lyrics which made it accessible to singers from Mel Tormé and Ella Fitzgerald to Linda Ronstadt and Amy Winehouse. This particular arrangement contains not only the familiar, hauntingly blue melody in the vocal solo, but also the tight chords that have become the quintessence of vocal jazz, and a laid-back piano part that rhythmically and harmonically underpins the soundscape.



It begins to tell,  
'round midnight, midnight.  
I do pretty well, till after sundown,  
Suppertime I'm feelin' sad;  
But it really gets bad,  
'around midnight.

Memories always start 'round midnight  
Haven't got the heart to stand those memories,  
When my heart is still with you,  
And ol' midnight knows it, too.  
When a quarrel we had needs mending,  
Does it mean that our love is ending.  
Darlin' I need you, lately I find  
You're out of my heart,  
And I'm out of my mind.

Let our hearts take wings  
'round midnight, midnight  
Let the angels sing,  
for your returning.  
Till our love is safe and sound.  
And old midnight comes around.  
Feelin' sad,  
really gets bad  
'Round, 'Round, 'Round Midnight.

An advertisement for 'DRINKING SONGS'. It features a large, stylized mug with a handle on the left. The mug is filled with musical notes. Above the mug, there is a logo for 'Dogfish Head Craft Brewed Ales' featuring a fish. Below the mug, there is a logo for 'VoiceBox' featuring a bird. The text 'DRINKING SONGS' is written in large, bold, black letters. Below it, the text 'A NIGHT OF BEER &amp; THE MUSIC THAT GOES WITH IT' is written in smaller, black letters. At the bottom, there is a paragraph of text: 'Taste seven Dogfish Head beers. Hear songs related to the beers by the Bay's newest a cappella beer chorus, The Fill A Steins. Sing along! May 16, 8-10pm. 50 Mason Social House. www.voicebox-media.org'.

## DRINKING SONGS

A NIGHT OF BEER & THE MUSIC THAT GOES WITH IT

Taste seven Dogfish Head beers. Hear songs related to the beers by the Bay's newest *a cappella* beer chorus, The Fill A Steins. Sing along! May 16, 8-10pm. 50 Mason Social House. [www.voicebox-media.org](http://www.voicebox-media.org)

# TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

## THE COMEDIAN HARMONISTS

The Comedian Harmonists are one of the greatest little-told musical stories of the twentieth century. This quintet of male singers—several of them Jewish—was one of the most popular groups both in and outside their native Germany, as the Nazis came to power in the late 1920s. As their name implies, the Comedian Harmonists' music was light-hearted and fun; even their more serious songs were tongue-in-cheek. To 21st-century ears, the music they sang—most of which has only recently been published—evokes a quaint era, the sound of a gramophone needle on vinyl.

But, as we know all too well now, the Comedian Harmonists were engaged in a dangerous business. By the early 1930s, the mere act of performing had become difficult, as the Nazi party censored much of their music. Eventually the Jews in the group—who until then had a measure of protection due to the group's international fame—were forbidden from appearing at all. The Comedian Harmonists were forced to disband in 1934. The Jewish members fled Germany, and started a new group; the remaining members stayed in Germany and did the same. Although all of them survived the war, neither new group was successful, and the Comedian Harmonists' story and music remained largely dormant until a film called *The Harmonists* was released in 1997, and the group received a posthumous award from the *Deutsche Phonoakademie* in 1998.

Many of us in Clerestory have loved the Comedian Harmonists' music for years. The Harmonists always performed with a piano, so only now in *Harmony and Ivory* can we bring these fun and irreverent pieces to you. The Harmonists' arrangements varied from jazz to classical, from polka to folk. *Veronika* is an ode to a boy's love in spring: the world is green, and "the asparagus is growing!" *Guter Mond* is a serene, neo-Romantic ode to the moon: "With sad eyes I follow your silent, heavenly course." Finally, we are introduced to Uncle Bumba, whose hometown of Kalumba is obsessed with the rumba—even the babies there are doing it. So consumed with dancing are the people of Kalumba that *die Politik* is entirely forgotten. The Comedian Harmonists would surely have remained most welcome there.



## THE COMEDIAN HARMONISTS

Robert Biberti, Erich Collin, Erwin Bootz, Roman Cycowski, Harry Frommermann, Ari Leschnikoff



# TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

## **VERONIKA, DER LENZ IST DA** (1930)

Walter Jurmann (1903–1971)

Text by Fritz Rotter

Mädchen lacht, Jüngling spricht:

“Fräulein wolln Sie oder nicht,  
draußen ist Frühling.”

Der Poet, Otto Licht,  
hält es jetzt für seine Pflicht,  
er schreibt dieses Gedicht:

Veronika, der Lenz ist da,  
die Mädchen singen tralala.  
Die ganze Welt ist wie verhext,  
Veronika, der Spargel wächst!  
Veronika, die Welt ist grün,  
drum laßt uns in die Wälder ziehn.  
Sogar der Großpapa sagt zu der Großmama:  
“Veronika, der Lenz ist da!”

Girl laughs, boy speaks:

“Miss, do you want to, or not?  
Outside it’s spring.”

The poet, Otto Licht  
Considers it his duty now,  
He wrote this poem:

Veronica, spring is here,  
the girls sing tra-la-la.  
The whole world seems bewitched,  
Veronica, the asparagus is growing!  
Veronica, the world is green,  
so let’s go into the woods.  
Even grandpa is saying to grandma,  
“Veronica, spring is here!”



## **CLERESTORY**

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

# TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

## **GUTER MOND** (1933)

Text by Karl W. Enslin (1819–1875).

Guter Mond, du gehst so stille  
durch die Abendwolken hin,  
bist so ruhig und ich fühle,  
daß ich ohne Ruhe bin.

Traurig folgen meine Blicke  
deiner stillen Himmelsbahn.  
O wie hart ist das Geschicke,  
daß ich dir nicht folgen kann.

Guter Mond, du gehst so stille  
durch die Abendwolken hin,  
deines Schöpfers weiser Wille  
hieß auf dieser Bahn dich zieh'n.

Leuchte freundlich jedem Müden  
jedem stille Kämmerlein;  
und ergieße Ruh und Frieden  
ins bedrängte Herz hinein.

Guter Mond, dir will ich's sagen,  
was mein warmes Herze kränkt;  
und an wem mit bitter'n Klagen  
die betrübte Seele hängt.

Guter Mond, du kannst es wissen,  
weil du so verschwiegen bist,  
warum meine Tränen fließen  
und mein Herz so traurig ist.

Dear Moon, you go so quietly  
through the evening clouds,  
you are so quiet yet I feel  
that I am without peace.

With sad eyes I follow  
your silent, heavenly course.  
Oh, how hard fate is,  
that I cannot follow you.

Dear Moon, you go so quietly  
through the evening clouds,  
your Creator's wise will  
draws you on this path.

Kindly shine on the weary,  
in each quiet little room  
and you will pour rest and peace  
into the troubled heart.

Dear Moon, I want to tell you  
What grieves my heavy heart  
And what causes bitter complaints  
from my troubled soul.

Dear Moon, I can tell you,  
because you are so discreet,  
why my tears flow  
and my heart is so sad.

# TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

## MEIN ONKEL BUMBA

Herman Hupfeld (1894–1951)

Mein Onkel Bumba, ohne Sorgen, frisch und froh,  
lebt in Kalumba, diese Stadt gibts irgendwo.  
Er ist Gelehrter  
und hat mit einem langen Bart sogar Familie,  
und 'n Mann im Ohr.

Trotz dieser Dinge schwärmt für Fraun, wo er kann.  
Er tut, als ginge seine Frau ihn gar nichts an.  
Und nach Hause kommt er täglich,  
erst des morgens, ist es möglich?  
Ja warum? Was macht er bloß?

Der Onkel Bumba aus Kalumba tanzt nur Rumba.  
Die große Mode in Kalumba ist jetzt Rumba.  
Sogar der Oberbürgermeister von Kalumba  
Tanzt jetzt leidenschaftlich Rumba.  
Was ist denn los in ganz Kalumba mit dem Rumba?

Die Politik ist ganz vergessen in Kalumba.  
Man ist von Rumba ganz besessen in Kalumba.  
Man steht am Morgen auf und legt sich abends  
schlafen in Kalumba mit dem Rumba.

Die ganze Sorge, was dabei vorgeht—  
selbst die Gelehrten, sie sind perplex.

Der Onkel Bumba aus Kalumba tanzt nur Rumba.  
Die kleinen Babys in Kalumba tanzen Rumba.  
Ja selbst die Sonne und der Mond und auch die Sterne  
in Kalumba tanzen Rumba.  
Was ist denn los in ganz Kalumba mit der Rumba?

My uncle Bumba, no worries, fresh and happy,  
lives in Calumba—a city somewhere.  
He is a scholar  
and has a long beard—even a family,  
and a man in his ear!

Despite these things he hits on women, where he can.  
He acts as if his wife wouldn't care at all.  
And he comes home every day,  
first thing in the morning, can you believe?  
Can you? What's he doing?

Uncle Bumba of Kalumba dances only the rumba.  
The great fashion in Kalumba is now rumba.  
Even the mayor of Kalumba  
now passionately dances rumba.  
What's going on in Kalumba with the rumba?

Politics is entirely forgotten in Kalumba.  
They're possessed by rumba in Kalumba.  
You get up in the morning and lie down to sleep  
in the evening with the rumba in Kalumba.

All the worry about what is going on here—  
even the learned are perplexed.

Uncle Bumba of Kalumba dances only rumba.  
The little babies in Kalumba dance rumba.  
Yes, even the sun and the moon and  
the stars in Kalumba dance rumba.  
What's going on in Kalumba with the rumba?

# 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.

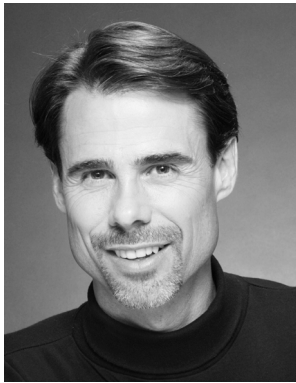
**DAN CROMEENES**, countertenor, is a versatile musician who performs professionally as a countertenor soloist, choral singer, and accompanist. Originally from southern California, he studied piano and voice at Biola University. He received his Master's degree in accompanying at East Carolina University,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



# ARTIST PROFILES

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.

**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.

# ARTIST PROFILES

**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, the Oregon Bach Festival, Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra, AVE, 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.

# ARTIST PROFILES

Pianist **KYMRY ESAINKO** is known for his wide-ranging musical versatility. Principal pianist for the Santa Rosa Symphony since 2002, he has worked with esteemed conductors such as John Adams, Joana Carneiro, Jeffrey Kahane, and Bruno Ferrandis, performing on piano, celesta, harpsichord and synthesizer. His work as a vocal and choral accompanist has taken him to concert halls around the world including the KKL in Lucerne, the Basilique Sainte-Clothilde in Paris, and the Teatro Colón in Buenos Aires. Kymry is the accompanist for the Pacific Mozart Ensemble, a chorus known for its work in jazz and contemporary music which has collaborated with Bobby McFerrin, Meredith Monk, Sweet Honey in the Rock, and Sufjan Stevens. Kymry has performed with acclaimed singers such as Ute Lemper, Jacalyn Kreitzer, and Karen Clift, and he has performed in recital with violinist Tedi Papravami, cellist Johannes Moser, and with the Russian National Orchestra. Locally, Kymry has performed with the Piedmont Children's Choirs, Oakland Opera



Theater, Oakland East Bay Symphony, the Peninsula Women's Chorus, and WomenSing. He is active in jazz and improvised music in the Bay Area, including appearances with Iron & the Albatross, the Matt Small Chamber Ensemble, and the Bedlam Royals. Kymry graduated from Oberlin College and Conservatory of Music with degrees in piano performance and American history. He studied classical piano with Frank Wasko, Peter Takacs, and Sanford Margolis, and jazz piano with Neal Creque and Ed Kelly.

## 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](http://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](http://www.clerestory.org/how-you-can-help). Donations may also be made by check (payable to Clerestory) and mailed to:

Clerestory  
601 Van Ness Avenue Suite E, #224  
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