

CD PROGRAM: BOWDOIN CHAMBER CHOIR HIGHLIGHTS 1994-2004

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ACDA Boston, 2004

1 *Weary Wind of the West*—*Edward Elgar*

3:12

A setting of a text by the nineteenth-century English poet T.E. Brown, "Weary Wind of the West" was composed by Edward Elgar (1857-1934) in 1902 for the Morecambe choral festival at Lancashire. Such festivals had become very popular in the North of England at the turn of the century, and Elgar, as a favored composer for these events, could demand high fees for his short choral songs. Elgar's best known pieces--the *Enigma Variations*, the *Dream of Gerontius*, and the "Pomp and Circumstance" March heard at most graduation ceremonies--were written in the few years just before the composition of "Weary Wind of the West."

"Weary wind of the west,
Over the billowy sea,
Come to my heart and rest,
Ah, rest with me.

So the wind came,
Purpling the middle sea,
Crisping the ripples of flame--
Came unto me;

Come from the distance dim,
Bearing the sun's last sigh,
I hear thee sobbing for him
Thro' all the sky."

Came with a rush to the shore,
Came with a bound to the hill,
Fell and died at my feet,
Then all was still.

2 *Viri Galilaei*—*G. P. Palestrina*

4:49

The motet "Viri Galilaei" by G. P. Palestrina (1525-1594) was originally published in his *First Book of Motets in 5-7 Voices* of 1569. It is a six-voice setting of a liturgical text which originates in Acts and the Psalms. Palestrina uses the rich texture as a means of painting the text; striking textural moments in this motet occur at the words "Hic Jesu," "in voce tubae," and during the first and last Alleluias, the only moments when imitative polyphony is heard.

Viri Galilaei,
quid statis aspicientes in caelum?
Hic Jesus,
qui assumptus est a vobis in caelum,

Ye of Galilee,
why do you stand gazing into the sky?
This very Jesus,
who has been taken from you into heaven,

*sic veniet,
quemadmodum vidistis eum
euntem in caelum.
Alleluja.*

*Ascendit Deus in jubilatione,
et Dominus in voce tubae. Alleluja.*

*Dominus in caelo paravit sedem suam.
Alleluja.*

will come back,
in the same way you have seen him
go into heaven.
Allelujah.

God has ascended amid jubilation,
and God amid the sound of trumpets.
Alleluja.

The Lord has prepared his throne in
heaven. Alleluja.

Moresche—Orlando di Lasso

3	Allala pia calia	1:53
4	Chi chilichi?	2:23

The six *moresche* by Orlando di Lasso (1532-1594) were first published in 1581 and are based on models that may have had their origins in folk music. In their spirit, text, and rhythmic character, the *moresche* are quite unlike any other music in the Renaissance repertoire: they are unabashedly flamboyant, bawdy, and full of rhythmic surprises, and their texts employ an unusual dialect that was influenced by Moors who were living as domestics in Renaissance Italy. They are also a pastiche of dance tunes, instrumental imitations, and stock melodic figures that the lovers Lucia and Martino use in their wooing. Above all, they are humorous and sexually provocative, as in the imitation of the stuttering drunk in "Allala" ("siamo, siamo, siamo), or in the suggestive repeated rhythms and triads of "Chi chi li chi" ("Lassa ca rump a canella").

Allala pia calia

*Allala pia calia,
Siamo, siamo, siamo bernaguala!
Tanbilililili, Tanbilili.
Schinchina bacu, santa gamba,
Gli, gli, pampana calia.
Cian, cian, nini gua gua,
ania catuba,
(Chi linguacina bacu lapia
clama gurgh.)
Hohe...haha...hoho!
Cucanacalia rite apice scututuni*

*la pia piche,
Berlinguaminu charachire.
Et non gente gnam gnam*

Up, up, you pious pet,
We're, we're, we're boozers!
Tanbilililili, Tanbilili.
Shake a leg, a goodly leg,
There, there, stupid oaf!
Cian, cian, nini, look, look,
a bad song.
(In this language all you hear
is gurgle, gurgle.)
Hehe...haha...hoho!
Stupid cuckoo, laugh, enjoy, shake
yourselves,

Good lads,
We speak the language of drunkards,
Not of hoity-toity gentlefolk,

*Ch'ama figlia gentilhuom!
Non curare berlinguaminum
Ch'amar fosse chissa hominum
are buscani!
A la cura chi de cua!
Are patichache, siamo beschin!
Allala pia calia...*

Chi chi li chi?

*Chi chilichi? Cucurucu!
U scontienta, U beschina,
U sprotunata me Lucia!
Non sienta Martina galla cantare?
Lassa cantà, possa clepare!
Porca, te piscia, sia cicata!
Io dormuta, tu scitata.
Ba con dia, ba con dia,
Non bo piú per namolata.
Tutta notte tu dormuta,
Mai a me tu basciata.
Cucurucu!
Che papa la sagna,
Metter' ucelli entr'a gaiola,
Cucurucu!
Leva da loco,
Piglia zampogna,
Va sonando per chissa cantuna:
Lirum li, lirum li.*

*(Sona, se voi sonare)
Lassa ca rump a canella,
Lassa Martina, lassa Lucia;
U, madonna,
A ti cilum barbuni,
U, macera catutuni.
Sona,
Son'e non glidare:
Lirum li, lirum li.
La mogliere del pecoraro
Sette pecor'a no denaro;
Se ce fusse Caroso mio
Cinco pecor'a no carlino.
Auza la gamba, madonna Lucia,
Stiendi la mano, piglia zampogna,
Sauta 'no poco con mastro Martino.*

That the gentleman's daughter likes.
Don't take this gibberish amiss,
Because perhaps these men like
These backwood tunes!
You find them here,
Wretched songs, for we are wretched!
Up, up, you pious pet...

Who calls? Cucurucu!
"O unhappy, poor me,
O unfortunate me Lucia,
Don't you hear, the cock Martino?
"Let him sing and drop dead!
Pig, piss on you, go blind!
I was sleeping, and you awakened me."
"Go away, go away,
I am no longer in love with you.
All night you slept,
And me you never kissed."
Cucurucu!
For the bird man knows
How to put birds in the cage.
Cucurucu!
Get up from there,
Take the bagpipe,
Go playing this song:
Lirum li.

Play, if you'd like.
Let them break their legs,
Let Martino alone, and let Lucia alone;
Oh madonna,
To you and into your beard,
O, grind it up.
Play,
Play, and don't scream:
Lirum li.
The wife of the sheep-seller,
Seven sheep for one pound;
If my Caroso were here
Five sheep for three pounds.
Lift your leg, madonna Lucia,
Extend your hand, take the bagpipe,
Jump a little with master Martino.

5 O pulchrae facies—Robert Greenlee**4:12**

A poem by the medieval poet and composer Hildegard of Bingen inspired this work by the choir's director, composed in 2003. The form is like that of the Renaissance motet: each line of text brings a new motive and at times a new texture, in every case to paint the imagery of the text.

*O pulchrae facies,
Deum aspicientes
et in aurora aedificantes,
o beatae virgines,
quam nobiles estis.*

O beautiful faces,
God beholding,
and in the dawn, building,
o blessed virgins,
how noble you are.

*In quibus Rex se consideravit,
cum in vobis omnia caelestia ornamenta
praesignavit,
ubi etiam
suavissimus hortus estis,
in omnibus ornamentis redolentes.*

In whom the King has contemplated himself
in whom he has all celestial ornament
foreshadowed,
and because of this,
you are the most delicious garden,
in all your beauty, sweetly scented .

O pulchrae facies.

O beautiful faces.

6 Son de la loma—Miguel Matamoros, arr. C. Monier**2:03**

As a four-year old, Miguel Matamoros (1894-1971) witnessed the occupation of his home town of Santiago, Cuba by American troops; in his late sixties, he saw the same nation fail to bring down the regime of Fidel Castro. In the meantime, he composed "Son de la loma," which was intended for a traditional Cuban son ensemble of instruments and two singers. In this unaccompanied arrangement by Conrado Monier, the original instrumental parts are at times imitated by the choir, but for the most part the arrangement is like a new composition that simply uses the original tune and text as inspiration.

*De donde serán Mamá
que me las quiero aprender
ellos son de la loma y los quiero conocer*

From where do they come, Mama?
For I want to learn from them--
they are from the hills and I want to meet
them.

*Mamá yo quiero saber
de donde son los cantantes
que los encuentro gallantes
Ay y los quiero conocer
con sus trovas fascinantes
que me las quiero aprender*

Mama, I want to know
From where these singers come,
Because I find them charming.
Oh yes, I want to meet them
with their fascinating songs,
which I want to learn.

Ay di me mama

*de donde serán
serán de la Habana
serán de Santiago tierra soberana
Son de la loma y cantan en llano*

*ya verás lo verás
Son de la loma y cantan en llano*

*De donde serán Mamá
que me las quiero aprender
ellos son de la loma y los quiero conocer,
vamos a ver, si señor.*

Oh, tell me Mama.

From where could they be--
perhaps Havana,
perhaps from Santiago, the free land.
They are from the hills and sing in the
plains.
Oh you will see,
They are from the hills and sing in the
plains.

From where do they come, Mama?
For I want to learn from them--
they are from the hills and I want to meet
them.
We will see, yes sir!

Folk Music

7 I'm Gonna Live Anyhow Till I Die—US 2:10 *Eliza Moore, fiddle; Anya Schoenegge, guitar; Dave Carroll, soloist*

"I'm Gonna Live Anyhow till I Die" falls somewhere between square-dance music and instrumental blues. Each verse refers to fun-loving (sinful) behavior unacceptable to church-going folk, and the refrain responds with a *carpe diem*: "Sticks and stones gonna break my bones; talk about me when I'm dead and gone--I'm gonna live anyhow till I die." The song is heard in the Mississippi Valley performed by guitar, fiddle, and solo voice. Our version includes choral verses in the simple style of white gospel music as well as some less concordant blues harmonies.

I'm gonna shake it well for my Lord,
I'm gonna shake it well for my Lord.
Well, sticks and stones gonna break my
bones,
Talk about me when I'm dead and gone,
I'm gonna live anyhow till I die.

I'm gonna shake it well for you, my gal,
I'm gonna shake it well for you, my gal.
Well, sticks and stones...

Good-bye Lord,
good-bye Lord.
Well, sticks and stones...

Good-bye Lord, honey, what you do,
Good-bye Lord, honey, what you do,
Well, sticks and stones...

Well, I'm gonna live anyhow till I die.
Well, I'm gonna live anyhow till I die.
Well, sticks and stones...

I'm gonna live well for my Lord,
I'm gonna live well for my Lord.
Sticks and stones...

8 Tshkenosnuri—Republic of Georgia**1:53***Adam Comfort, tenor; Matt Loosigian, baritone; Jon Moore, bass*

The Georgian nation is a diverse conglomeration of tribes with a rich musical heritage that includes Christian chant from Byzantium, the Central Asian *orovela*, and the only polyphonic tradition outside Western Europe. At the age of 84, Igor Stravinsky commented, "One of my greatest impressions is of a recording of Georgian polyphonic folk singing from mountain villages near Tbilisi. This tradition of active musical performance, which goes back to antiquity, is a wonderful treasure that can give for performance more than all the attainments of new music ..." From this Georgian tradition we sing the riding song "Tshkenosnuri."

adiloi adiloi

(nonsense syllables)

dilawo delawo da aralo ivri aralo

*woi tskenze vziwar chem shav tskenze,
da unagirze amovsulwar delo ivri aralo
adiloi...*

I am sitting on my horse, my black horse,
and mounted on the saddle

woi ch'iaturas k'usli vk'ari

I ran on my heels all the way from
Ch'iatura

*da ak tbilisshi chamovsulwar delo ivri
aralo
adiloi...*

and have arrived here in Tbilisi

*woi miqwardi chemi megone
da ekhla davits'qemdureba delo ivri aralo
adiloi...*

I loved you and thought you were mine
but now I'd rather forget about you

Translated by Carl Linich

9 Odoia—Republic of Georgia**2:25**

Georgian folksongs are mostly performed a cappella by one or two groups of singers, and constitute a variety of genres including work songs, lullabies and ritual laments. This arrangement of traditional work songs from Samegrelo (western Georgia) illustrates a common procedure of Western Georgian music: the antiphonal alternation of two separate ensembles. The text is made up entirely of vocables. --Shannon Elf

10 Mhilime magongo—Tanzania**2:46***Eliza Moore, fiddle; Dave Carroll & Stephen Crawford, soloists*

In the Tanzanian song "Mhilime magongo," one can hear the roots of the blues. The scale is pentatonic (five-note), but with a twist: unlike the pentatonic scale of the Irish, it

contains the interval of a tritone. This dissonant interval makes possible the four-note chord called "five-seven" that is so common in the blues. In this style of Tanzanian music--sung by the Wagogo--the chord is almost constantly heard as the basis of improvisation occurring around the tunes. In our performance, a fiddle is retuned to sound like the two-string African *zexe* fiddle, and the guitar and marimba play the role of the *mbira*, or thumb piano.

I run from hilltop to hilltop
all the way to Chigwe,
But hunger always follows.

I am helpless and don't know what to do.
I really hurt, my God--
Yesterday, I traversed the famine.

11 Deep River—*Spiritual (US), arr. Burleigh*

2:48

Even before the turn of the twentieth century, spirituals had been performed in concert in the United States and in Europe by African-American choirs, in particular the Fisk Jubilee Singers of Fisk University in Nashville. Their arrangements were decidedly concert versions rather than representations of the African-American church tradition. Harry T. Burleigh (1866-1949) went a step further, however, by introducing spirituals to non-African mixed choirs. His "Deep River," published in 1913, was probably the first to be performed by a standard Euro-American choral ensemble, New York's Schola Cantorum under the direction of Kurt Schindler, to whom it is dedicated. Since that time, spirituals have become a staple of the choral repertoire both in the US and in Europe.

Deep river, my home is over Jordan
Deep river, Lord, I want to cross over into campground.
Deep river...

Oh, don't you want to go, to that gospel feast
That promised land, that land where all is peace?
Oh, deep river.

12 Johnny Has Gone For a Soldier—*US, arr. Greenlee*

2:36

Of Irish origin is the tune of the American folk song "Johnny Has Gone For a Soldier," known in Ireland as "Shule Aroon;" its American lyrics appeared during the Revolutionary War. The falling melodic motive that begins and ends each verse enhances the text's lament.

There I sat on Buttermilk Hill,
Who can blame me, cry my fill?
And every tear would turn a mill;
Johnny has gone for a soldier.

I'll sell my flax, I'll sell my wheel,
Buy my love a sword of steel,
So it in battle he may wield;
Johnny has gone for a soldier.

Me, oh my, I loved him so,
Broke my heart to see him go,
And only time will heal my woe;
Johnny has gone for a soldier.

13 Lord, Lord, Lord—Gospel Spiritual

3:02

Matt Loosigian, soloist; Allison Robbins, piano; Bowdoin WME

"Lord, Lord, Lord" is a spiritual that was transformed into gospel music in the 1950's by Professor Alex Bradford and "The Abyssinian Choir" of Newark, New Jersey. Their performances employed instruments that simultaneously represent three periods of gospel development: 1) percussion instruments, which hearken back to gospel's early days; 2) the piano, introduced in the 20's and incorporating elements of ragtime and stride; and 3) the electronic organ, usually a Hammond, which was common by the 50s.

Chorus:

Lord, Lord, Lord,
You've been so good to me,
You saved my soul from sin-ner's day.

Oh, Lord,
You've been,

Well, you've been my mother,
Been my father,

Soloist:

Lord, Lord, Lord,
You've been
Oh, Lord,
I know you've been
Oh, Lord,
You've a-been
Early one mornin',

Been my friend,
My bro-ther no-ther,
My sis-ter,
My brother,
My water, when I was thirsty,
My friend, when I was hungry,

Oh, Lord,
You've been,
Yeah, Lord,
I declare, you've been,
I want the world to know,
That you've been,
Early one mornin',

My shelter, when I was homeless,
My Lord, my Lord,
My Lord, your Lord,
Hey, Hey,
Hmm, hmm,
Hey, Hey,
My Lord, my Lord,
I wanna thank you,
For bein' so good to me.
Oh yeah.

I say the Lord
Has been,
Yeah, Lord,
You know you've been,
Oh, Lord,

I wanna thank you,
For bein' so good to me.
Oh yeah.

0150

Contemporary Music

14 You are the New Day—*John David, arr. Peter Knight*

2:47

John David's "You are the New Day" has been recorded in a choral arrangement by the the King's Singers, a British a cappella ensemble of six men. The four-part version for mixed choir retains the splendid choral and harmonic color of the original.

You are the new day.

I will love you more than me
and more than yesterday
if you can but prove to me
you are the new day.

Send the sun in time for dawn,
let the birds all hail the morning.
Love of life will urge me say,
you are the new day.

When I lay me down at night
knowing we must pay,
thoughts occur that this night might
stay yesterday.

Thoughts that we as humans small
could slow worlds and end it all
lie around me where they fall
before the new day.

One more day when time is
running out for ev'ry one,
like a breath I knew would come
I reach for a new day.

Hope is my philosophy,
just needs days in which to be,
love of life means hope for me,
borne on a new day.

You are the new day.

15 Oh, how can I keep from singing?—*Robert A. Harris*

3:38

Robert Harris is Professor of Conducting and Director of Choral Music at Northwestern University. His setting of 1988 employs the strophic form of the folk hymn, if somewhat disguised.

My life flows on in endless song
above earth's lamentation,
I hear the real tho' far off hymn
that hails a new creation.

No storm can shake my inmost calm,
I hear the music ringing;
It sounds and echoes in my soul,
Oh how can I keep from singing?

What tho' the tempest 'round me roars,
I know the truth, it liveth!
What tho' the darkness 'round me falls,
Songs in the night, it giveth.

No storm can shake my inmost calm,
I hear the music ringing;
Since love is Lord of heav'n and earth,
Oh how can I keep from singing?

16 Here with a Loaf of Bread—Emma Lou Diemer

0:56

Jennifer Hand, conductor

"Here with a loaf of bread" is excerpted from Emma Lou Diemer's *Verses from the Rubaiyat*, which are character pieces that couple active, instrumental melodic material with Khayyam's short statements on life and the human psyche; as such, they are experiments in text setting that are influenced by Diemer's background as an organist. In "Here with a loaf of bread," which is the last of five movements, all voices usually have the same asymmetrical, lilting rhythms, and they are in pairs of parallel thirds progressing in mirrored, contrary motion like two hands moving in and out on the keyboard.

--Jennifer Hand

Here with a loaf of Bread beneath the Bough,
A Flask of wine, a Book, a Book of Verse
and Thou Beside me singing,
beside me singing in the wilderness,
And wilderness is Paradise ev'n now.

17 Let it be forgotten—Kirke Mechem

2:16

Kirke Mechem is a native Kansan living in California whose music has been premiered by the San Francisco Symphony. "Let it be forgotten" was composed while Mechem was still in college and published in 1965 in the choral cycle *Winds of May*, on texts by Sara Teasdale; it is typical of Mechem's mellifluous, tonal style. The Phrygian mode is used to set this somber text; sections of madrigal-like polyphony alternate with simpler, homophonic passages, and the piece begins and ends with an open fifth, suggestive of the quiet, "long forgotten snow."

Let it be forgotten,
As a flow'r is forgotten,
Forgotten as a fire that once was singing gold,
Time is a kind friend he will make us old.

If anyone asks, say it was forgotten,
Lond and long ago,
As a hushed footfall,
In a long forgotten snow.

18 Shir Hashirim—Yehudi Weiner

2:29

Dana Kramer, Shannon Elf, & Heather Day, sopranos

After studying with Paul Hindemith and Walter Piston, Canadian -born Yehudi Weiner (b. 1929) settled in New York, where he became a U.S. citizen. For many years he directed the Bach Aria Group, and he just retired from teaching composition at Brandeis

University. This setting of the Song of Solomon, also known as the Song of Songs, is an arrangement of a Jewish melody sung in the Georgian Republic. Its rhythmic freedom reflects the traditional style of Jewish cantillation, while its harmonies and occasional counterpoint are more Western in origin.

shir hashirim asher lishlomo:
yishakeni minshikot pihu ki-toyim dodeikha
miyayin:
lereiakh shemaneikha tovim shemen turak
shemekha alken alamot ahevukha:

mashkheni akhareikha narutsa heviani
hamelekh khadarav nagila venismekha
bakh nazkira dodeikha miyayin meisharim
ahevukha.

THE SONG of songs, which is Solomon's.
 Let him kiss me with the kisses of his
 mouth--for thy love is better than wine.
 Thine ointments have a goodly fragrance;
 thy name is as ointment poured forth;
 therefore do the maidens love thee.
 Draw me, we will run after thee; the king
 hath brought me into his chambers; we
 will be glad and rejoice in thee, we will
 find thy love more fragrant than wine;
 sincerely do they love thee.

19 Shall I Compare Thee to a Summer's Day?—Robert Greenlee
Erica Pisaturo, violin; Sean Fleming, piano

3:09

Shakespeare's famous sonnet introduces its primary conceit in the opening quatrain: the qualities of the beloved surpass even those of a summer's day. Throughout this and the second quatrain, the changeable nature of summer's beauty is described, but in third quatrain and closing couplet, the contrasting immutable beauty of the beloved is affirmed. The music, composed in 2003, parallels the poem's images through its formal design, which at the beginning and in the third quatrain employs a lush counterpoint to evince the superlative qualities of summer and the beloved, but has a contrasting middle section to paint the less steadfast character of summer. The eternal beauty of the beloved as expressed through her sonnet is set in the concluding couplet with an ostinato.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
 Thou art more lovely and more temperate.
 Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
 And summer's lease hath all too short a date.
 Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
 And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
 And every fair from fair sometime declines,
 By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;
 But thy eternal summer shall not fade
 Nor lose possession of that fair thou ownest;
 Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
 When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
 So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
 So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

20 Concert—*Marshall Bialosky*

3:04

Marshall Bialosky is Emeritus Professor of Music at the California State University Dominguez Hills, where he founded the music and art departments. He has written extensively for a cappella choirs, and the Chamber Choir has been performing his music since 1984. Concerning "Concert," a setting of poetry by Kathleen Raine, he writes:

Concert begins with a brief choral 'shout' which becomes the basis of the entire piece--"Who listens when in the concert hall?" a short while later the question is answered by the statement "one hearer in all," which suggests to me a kind of universal quality to music in spite of the diverse audience that hears it."

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BOWDOIN CHAMBER CHOIR

1994-2005

Robert Greenlee, director

SOPRANO

Sonia Alam '07
Jeanne Assael '99
Lydia Bell '00
Suzanne Brady '97
Emilie Cardinaux '02
Jessica Clark '00
Ana Conboy '04
Christiana Crooks '08
Meredith Crosby '00
Noelle Daly '05
Heather M. Day '06
Erin Dukeshire '05
Shannon Elf '03
Meredith English '94
Kate Enright '00
Jessie Ferguson '08
Joy Giguere '03
Lauren Griffin '95
Lucy Gross '08
Maureen Guiney '04
Rebecca Hall '99
Jennifer Hand '94
Sarah Hippert '05
Elizabeth Ikeda '99
Jeong Kyung Kim '03
Dana Kramer '03
SeungAh Lee '05
Ching-Ping Lin '95
Rosalind May '03
Caitlin McHugh '07
Eliza Moore '97
Amanda Norejko '98
Alicia O'Connell '01
Kate Pantalides '03
Nora Pierson '00
Erica Pisaturo '03
Mary Hartley Platt '07
Emily Remillard '07
Rebecca Rush '94
L. Blakeney Schick '04
Brandee Strickland '02
Rachel Stroud '99
Genevieve Thompson '94
Stephanie Wavle
Kristin Wendt
Elizabeth Winter '98
Lauren Wise '96

ALTO

Samantha Altschuler '04
Kristin Awsumb '00
Katherine Baldwin '98
Katie Bank '05
Audrey Bekeny '99
Cara Bird '94
Nell Butchenhart '97
Charlotte Carnevale '06
Anne Cavanaugh '03
Meaghan Curran '00
Jennifer Dodd '01
Marc Donnelly '07
Christina Estabrook '99
Margaret Fuller '06
Heather Gaede '94
Gillian Garratt-Reed '07
Katherine Gill '95
Tremaine Gregory '99
Rebecca Hall '99
Chanda Ikeda '01
Leslie Jackson '99
Kate Johnson '06
Sara Kennedy '96
Julia Lanter '04
Amy Lee '07
Sara Lindon '96
Kirsten Manville '95
Rebecca Maxwell '95
Kate Mendenhall '01
Lydia Midwood '94
Jessica Van Nest '96
Kate Paalandi '98
Andrea Printy '08
Camden Ramsay '05
Glen Patrick Ryan '07
Anya Schoenegge '97
Sylvie Scoville '00
Elizabeth Sheldon '07
Cathy Showalter '04
Robin Smith '05
Julie Thompson '03
Eka Todee Thomson '05
Annie Tsang '01
Megan Waterman '08
Yoko Yamaguchi '00

TENOR

Daniel Bensen '06
D.Kareem Canada '05
Hajmil Carr '00
Adam Comfort '03
Ben Cope-Kasten '06
Stephen Crawford '97
Richard Diamond '95
Colin Dieck '04
Patrick Dwiggin '03
Desmond Gilliard '00
Matthew Gray '08
Adam Greene '01
David Griffith '00
Aaron Hess '04
Chris Hourigan '97
Marc Jobin '96
Matt Kuhrt '97
Ian LeClair '02
Steven Lee '06
James Light '07
Jared Liu '99
Matt Loosigian '03
Nathan Michel '97
Michael Moon '98
Michael Naess '99
Andrew Paget, '02
Michael Peiser '07
Torin Peterson '07
Jonathan Rollins '08
Christopher Row '94
GlenPatrick Ryan '07
Gabriel Santos '00
Seth Sherman '98
Jesse Shore '98
David Simmons '96
Christopher Stearns '01
Eric Walker '03
Charlton Wilbur '95
David Willner '06
Luke Wilson '06

BASS

Christopher Armes '96
Colin Beckman '07
Alec Berryman '07
Chris Brent '98
David Carroll '97
Sam Chapple-Sokol '07
Colin Dieck '04
Marc Donnelly '07
Stephen Francis '94
Vidrik Frankfather '99
James Garner '96
Bobby Guptill '00
Adam Holland
Jared Hunt '08
Chewon Lee '99
Tommy Long '06
Matt Loosigian '03
Jonathan Ludwig '07
S.Kurtis Martin '04
Ryan Meyer '02
Jonathan Moore '00
Jonathan Moore '02
Joel Moser '04
Jeffrey Munroe '94
Andrew Munton '98
Ryan North '05
Michael Nugent '07
James Nylund '06
Ross Parker '98
Graham Paterson '06
Sam Plotkin '00
Peter Rocco '07
Andrew Rossi '00
Eric Ruppun '96
Brian Ryu '01
Stephen Saxon '99
Rob Shaffer '95
Ben Tettlebaum '99
Jackson Wilkinson '05
Robert Young '99