



Winter's Fire

Michael Carney, Director

Ruth Draper, Accompanist

Sunday, January 21, 2018 4 pm
Lakewood Presbyterian Church



GOOD COMPANY is



Marie Bielefeld *

Barbara Bradley

Linda Burgess

Carlos Castells

Al Cowger

Katie Cross

Don Ferencz *

Melissa Jones

Joseph Jacoby **

Chuck Haas

Jake Hodges

Karen Hunt **

Nancy Karabinus *

Jack Kerrigan *

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Mary Frances McGinty

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Joan Schwertle *



Corey Sees

Holly Walker

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To Our Audience

Good Company thanks you for attending today and invites you to join us in the Atrium for refreshments and conversation after the program.

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Upcoming Events:



Whispers of the Divine

Sunday, May 20, 2018 at 4 p.m.

Lakewood Presbyterian Church

Weekend with Norwegian Composer, Ola Gjeilo

Master Class led by Mr. Gjeilo ~ November 3, 2018 at 2 p.m.

Spring Concert featuring Mr. Gjeilo ~ November 4 at 4 p.m.

Visit www.good-co.org for more information.

Winter's Fire



PROGRAM

Yver, vous n'estes qu'un villain

from Trois Chansons de Charles d'Orléans

featuring Don Ferencz, Melissa Jones, Brenda Pongracz, and Corey Sees

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

See, See, We Assemble

from opera, "King Arthur"

Henry Purcell (1659- 1695)

Mid-Winter Songs

Morten Lauridsen (b. 1943)

1. Lament for Pasiphaë

2. Like Snow

3. She Tells Her Love While Half Asleep

4. Mid-Winter Waking

5. Intercession in Late October



INTERMISSION

French Suite No. 5 in G Major, BWV 816

J. S. Bach (1685-1750)

Ruth Draper, piano

All Hayle to the Days

Traditional English Carol, *arr. Elizabeth Norton*

featuring Linda Burgess, Carlos Castells, and Katie Cross

The Winter Bluejay

Ruth Draper (b. 1979)

The Heaven's Flock

Ēriks Ešenvalds (b. 1977)

Fire, Burn Bright

Joan Szymko (b. 1957)

Winter Night

James Q. Mulholland (b. 1935)

Come Home

Peter Eldridge (b. 1962)

O magnum mysterium

nº 1 - Quatre motets pour le temps de Noël

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

Toast pour le nouvel an

from Péchés de vieillesse

Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868)

(Texts, translations and notes follow)

Yver, vous n'estes qu'un villain

Yver, vous n'estes qu'un villain.
Esté est plaisant et gentil,
En temoing de May et d'Avril
Qui l'acompaignent soir et main.



Esté revet champs, bois et fleurs,
De sa livrée de verdure
Et de maintes autres couleurs,
Par l'ordonnance de Nature.

Mais vous, Yver, trop estes plein
De neige, vent, pluie et grézil ;
On vous deust bannir en éxil.
Sans point flater je parle plein,
Yver, vous n'estes qu'un villain.

— Charles D'Orléans

Winter, you're naught but a rogue.
Summer is pleasant and kind,
as we see from May and April,
which accompany it evening and morn.

Summer, by nature's order, clothes
fields, woods and flowers with its livery
of green and many other hues.

But you, Winter, are too full
of snow, wind, rain and sleet.
We must send you into exile.
I'm no flatterer and I speak my mind.
Winter, you're naught but a rogue.

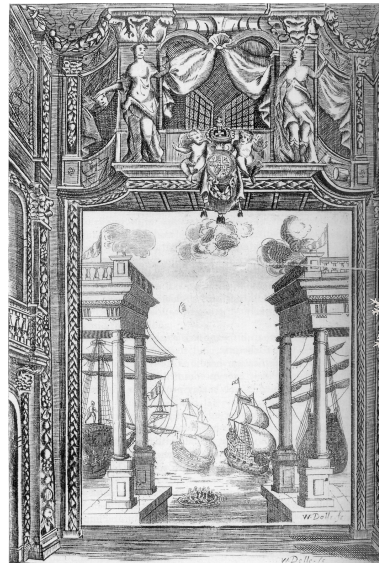
Translation by Faith J. Cormier



SEE, WE ASSEMBLE

See, see, we assemble
Thy revels to hold:
Tho' quiv'ring with cold
We chatter and tremble.

— John Dryden



only known image of the
Dorset Garden Theatre



MID-WINTER SONGS

I. Lament for Pasiphaë

Dying sun, shine warm a little longer!
My eye, dazzled with tears, shall dazzle yours,
Conjuring you to shine and not to move.
You, sun, and I all afternoon have laboured
Beneath a dewless and oppressive cloud--
a fleece now gilded with our common grief
That this must be a night without a moon.
Dying sun, shine warm a little longer!

Faithless she was not: she was very woman,
Smiling with dire impartiality,
Sovereign, with heart unmatched, adored of men,
Until Spring's cuckoo with bedraggled plumes
Tempted her pity and her truth betrayed.
Then she who shone for all resigned her being,
And this must be a night without a moon.
Dying sun, shine warm a little longer!

II. 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.

III. 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.

IV. 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.

V. Intercession in Late October

How hard the year dies: no frost yet.
On drifts of yellow sand Midas reclines,
Fearless of moaning reed or sullen wave.
Firm and fragrant still the brambleberries,
On ivy-bloom butterflies wag.

Spare him a little longer, Crone,
For his clean hands and love-submissive heart.

— Robert Graves



All Hayle to the Days

All hayle to the days that merit more praise
Than all the rest of the year,
And welcome the nights that double delights,
As well for the poor as the peer!

This time of the yeare is spent in good cheare,
Kind neighbors together to meet,
To sit by the fire, with friendly desire,
Each other in love do greet.

Good fortune attend each merry man's friend,
That doth but the best that he may;
Forgetting old wrongs, with Carols and Songs,
To Drive the cold winter away.

Old grudges forgot, are put in a pot,
All sorrows aside they lay,
The old and the young Doth carol this Song,
To drive the cold winter away.

Thus none will allow of solitude now,
but merr'ly greets the time,
to make it appear of all the whole year
that this is accounted the Prime.



When Christmastide comes in like a Bride,
With holly and ivy clad,
Twelve days in the yeare, Much mirth and good cheare,
In ev'ry household is had;

December is seen apparel'd in green
and January, fresh as May,
comes dancing 'long with a cup or a Song
to Drive the cold winter away.

The Country guise is then to devise
Some gambols of Christmas play,
Whereas the young men do
Best that they can,
To Drive the cold winter away.

— anonymous, before ca. 1625



The Winter Bluejay



Crisply the bright snow whispered,
Crunching beneath our feet;
Behind us as we walked along the parkway,
Our shadows danced,
Fantastic shapes in vivid blue.
Across the lake the skaters
Flew to and fro,
With sharp turns weaving
A frail invisible net.
In ecstasy the earth
Drank the silver sunlight;
In ecstasy the skaters
Drank the wine of speed;
In ecstasy we laughed
Drinking the wine of love.

Had not the music of our joy
Sounded its highest note?
But no,
For suddenly, with lifted eyes you said,
"Oh look!"
There, on the black bough of a snow flecked
maple,
Fearless and gay as our love,
A bluejay cocked his crest!
Oh, who can tell the range of joy
Or set the bounds of beauty?

— Sara Teasdale



The Heaven's Flock

Stars, you are the heavens' flock tangling your pale wool across the night sky.
Stars, you're bits of oily fleece catching on barbs of darkness to swirl in black wind.

You appear, disappear by thousands, scattered wide to graze but never straying.
While I, a mere shepherd of these words, am lost.

What can I do but build a small blaze and feed it with branches the trees let fall:
that twiggy clatter strewn along the ground.
And lichen crusting such dead limbs glows silver, glows white.
The earthfood for a fire so unlike and like your own.

Oh, what can I do but build a small blaze.

— Paulann Petersen



Fire, Burn Bright

Oaken logs will warm you well,
that are old and dry;
Logs of pine will sweetly smell,
but the sparks will fly.
Birch logs will bum too fast;
chestnut, scarce at all.
Hawthorn logs are good to last,
cut them in the fall.



*Fire burn bright,
long into the night,
Fire burn warm
keep away the damp and chill 'til morn.*

Holly logs will burn like wax,
you may burn them green;
Elm logs, like to smouldering flax,
no flame to be seen.
Beech logs for the winter-time,
yew logs as well.
Green alder logs it is a crime
for any man to sell.

*Fire burn bright,
long into the night,
Fire burn warm
keep away the damp and chill 'til morn.*

Pear logs and apple logs,
they will scent your room.
Cherry logs across the dogs
smell like flowers of broom.
Ash logs, smooth and grey,
burn them green or old;
Buy up all that come your way,
They are worth their weight in gold.



*Fire burn bright,
long into the night,
Fire burn warm
keep away the damp and chill 'til morn.*

— anonymous, from the British Isles



Winter Night

Pile high the hickory and the light
Log of chestnut struck by the blight.
Welcome-in the winter night.

The day has gone in hewing and felling,
Sawing and drawing wood to the dwelling
For the night of talk and story-telling.

These are the hours that give the edge
To the blunted axe and the bent wedge,
Straighten the saw and lighten the sledge.

Here are question and reply,
And the fire reflected in the thinking eye.
So peace, and let the bob-cat cry.

— Edna St. Vincent Millay



Come Home

Come home.
Come home to me.
It's lonely out there.

Come home.
Come home to me.
Come hold me.
Come hold me close to you.



In a world,
in a world,
so crowded,
and so cold,

The love you need waits silently.
Waits...
Waits...
Come home to me...

— Susan Smith Cohen and Peter Eldridge

O magnum mysterium

O magnum mysterium
et admirabile sacramentum
ut animalia viderent
Dominum natum
jacentem in praesepio.
Beata Virgo cujus viscera
meruerunt portare
Dominum Christum.
Ave Maria, gratia plena,
Dominus tecum, Amen.

O great mystery
and wonderful sacrament
that even the animals saw
the new-born Lord
lying in a manger.
Blessed Virgin, whose womb
was worthy to bear
our Lord Christ.
Hail Mary, full of grace,
the Lord is with you, Amen.

— before the 10th century, Responsory at Matins for Christmas

Toast pour le nouvel an

En ce jour si doux
Tous au rendezvous,
Nouvel an, sois fêté par nous;
Des plaisirs, des chansons,
Des cadeaux, des bonbons,
Accourez filles et garçons.

L'amitié, le tendre amour tour à tour,
Fêteront de ce beau jour le retour;
Aux repas joyeux,
Jeunes cœurs, vins vieux,
N'est-ce pas le bonheur des cieux?
Compagnons, à longs traits buvons,
Compagnons, épuisons les flacons,
trinquons.

Ô Vierge mère,
Sois nous prospère,
Garde sur terre
Nos fils bénis.

En ce jour si doux....
...le bonheur des cieux?
Oui pour nous tous c'est l'image
des cieux.

Tra, la, la, la, la, la,
Que le champagne écumant,
Pétillant mousse,
Tra, la, la, la, la, la,
Le vrai bonheur il est là. Ô Vierge,

Tra, la, la, la, la, la,
L'heure qui vient fuit déjà,
Passons-la douce,
Tra, la, la, la, la, la,
Oui, le bonheur il est là.

En ce jour si doux....
...le bonheur des cieux?
C'est pour nous
le bonheur des cieux.

Compagnons, sans façons,
Arrachons les bouchons,
A nos amis buvons, trinquons,
Épuisons les flacons,
Festoyons et trinquons;
Au nouvel an, buvons, trinquons.

On this day so sweet everyone is at the
rendezvous to celebrate the New Year.
Delights, songs, gifts, candy; all for the girls
and boys.

With friendship and tender love, we will
celebrate this beautiful day,
the return to joyful meals, young hearts and
old wines; Isn't this heavenly happiness?
Companions, with great gulps let us drink, let's
empty the bottles, let's toast.

Oh, Virgin mother, let us be prosperous, and
keep on earth our blessed sons.

On this day so sweet everyone.....
...isn't this heavenly happiness?
...yes, for all of us heaven is here.

Tra, la, la, la, la, la
Bubbling champagne and sparkling foam,
Tra, la, la, la, la, la
True happiness is here. Oh, Virgin mother,

Tra, la, la, la, la, la
The hour that is coming is already fleeing, let
it pass sweetly.
Tra, la, la, la, la, la
True happiness is here.

On this day so sweet everyone.....
...yes, for all of us happiness is here.

Companions, quickly, pop the corks,
To our friends let's drink, let's toast, let's
empty the bottles.
To the New Year let's drink, let's toast!



Yver, vous n'êtes qu'un villain

Trois Chansons de Charles d'Orléans is the only published and completed unaccompanied choral music by Claude Debussy. Charles, the poetic Duke of Orléans (1394-1465) wrote many poems, especially during the 25 years he spent in English prisons after the French lost the Battle of Agincourt in 1415. "Yver, vous n'êtes qu'un villain" stands out from other poems praising Spring because it gives "equal time" to the opposition, to Winter. The poet seems to wish Winter a long exile similar to the one he experienced.

Robert Cummings, AllMusic.com and chamberchorale.org

See, See, We Assemble

from King Arthur, or, The British Worthy, semi-opera, Z. 628

John Dryden originally wrote "King Arthur" as a play in 1684. When it wasn't very successful, he sent the play to Henry Purcell who transformed it into what Dryden called a 'dramatic opera'. "King Arthur" was first performed in 1691 in the Dorset Garden Theatre.

This song occurs during Act 3 and is known as 'The Frost Scene,' also called a 'masque' (a spectacle for the crowd) which is pure fantasy. The Frost Scene features Cupid descending in a "vast machine" accompanied by a symphony. Cupid then calls forth the Genius of Winter in a powerful recitative. The Genius of Winter rises, presumably out of the floor, very slowly because he is frozen stiff, to cold trembling strings. Cupid and the Genius of Winter sing a duet after which the Cold People sing, "See, See, We Assemble."

Rita Lawrence from AllMusic.com; [A Bibliography of Modern Arthuriana \(1500-2000\)](#)

by Ann F. Howey & Stephen R Reimer; www.allmusic.com/composition/king-arthur-or-the-british-worthy

Mid-Winter Songs

Lauridsen writes of his Mid-Winter Songs, "In reading Graves, I became very much taken with the richness, elegance and extraordinary beauty of his poetry and his insights regarding the human experience. Five diverse poems with a common "winter" motif (a particular favorite of mine, rich in the paradoxical symbolism of dying/rejuvenation, light/darkness, sleeping/waking) suggested a cohesive cycle and led to the composition of Mid-Winter Songs." Lauridsen has explained that the piano part is not an accompaniment in the sense of being subordinate to the voices, but an equal partner.

Pasiphaë, of "Lament for Pasiphaë," means "she who shone for all" and in Greek myth was the daughter of Helios, the sun. Robert Graves often mentioned Pasiphaë as a moon goddess in his book, "The White Goddess." All of the poems of "Mid-Winter Songs" are referred to by Graves's scholars as "White Goddess poetry." Pasiphaë was happily married to Minos when he double-crossed Poseidon. In revenge Poseidon put a spell on innocent Pasiphaë to punish Minos, and she gave birth to the monster Minotaur. Pasiphaë's ruined reputation and references to the moon by Graves may allude to a fellow poet, Laura Riding, whose poetry Graves and his wife both knew and admired.

Riding had attempted suicide so the Graveses took her into their home. At some point Riding and Robert Graves began a long love affair. Several years later Riding left Graves for another supposedly needy man. The lines "my eyes, dazzled with tears", "this must be a night without a moon" and "Until Spring's cuckoo with bedraggled plumes tempted her pity and her truth betrayed" have been said by several sources to be autobiographical. The "Dying sun" could represent both the regret felt by Graves and by Minos, while "conjuring you to shine and not to move" expresses the wish to hold time still.

"Like Snow" may express Graves' feelings towards Laura Riding in 1935, earlier in their relationship when Graves and Riding were lovers and collaborators. Graves' writing apparently improved while Riding was his editor. In "The White Goddess," the image of the woman/Goddess/moon is white and pure, crystalline and icy. The sun, again representing Graves, is reflected off the snow/Goddess "and the world waked with dazzling of the drowsy eye."

Graves celebrates the reawakening of his creative energies through the use of metaphor and symbolism in "She Tells Her Love While Half Asleep." Written in 1944 when Graves had found a more stable companion in Beryl Hodge, the poem illustrates his sense of renewal with the change from sleep to wakefulness and from winter to spring. "Mid-Winter Waking" which was written in 1945 more overtly continues this theme.

The Goddess's (Crone's) chosen consorts are often depicted as the waxing or approaching year who are then replaced by the waning or ending year. "Intercession in Late October" written in 1948 begins when the current consort should be moving on. However in Graves' poem winter hasn't arrived; "still the brambleberries on ivy-bloom butterflies wag." To make a long myth short, Midas, standing in as consort (with whom Graves identified) is relaxing on a beach as if it is summer. He seems at ease after a series of unfortunate events; being cursed with donkey ears by Apollo, wearing hats to hide them; his barber, sworn to secrecy, but bursting to tell yelled Midas's secret into a hole in the ground thinking no-one would hear. He overlooked the reeds growing there. They *did* hear and the reeds began to "moan" in the wind telling everyone Midas had the ears of an ass. And if that wasn't enough, when his greed got the best of him, Midas asked and received the touch of gold but then couldn't eat and killed his daughter. Horrified, Midas rid himself of the golden curse by washing his hands in the river Pactolus. "On drifts of yellow sand Midas reclines. Fearless of moaning reed or sullen wave." The poem ends with the hope that Midas and Graves will both be spared, having learned that love is the most important thing in life. Graves, after leaving his first wife and four children, after the bitter ending to an affair with Laura Riding, had met Beryl Hodge and hoped he too had acquired "clean hands and [a] love-submissive heart."

All Hayle to the Days

Elizabeth (Beth) Norton, who wrote this arrangement earned a Masters degree in choral conducting from Hartt School of Music, in West Hartford, Connecticut. Since 1994 she has served as Music Director to First Parish (Unitarian Universalist) in Concord, Massachusetts, and with the First Parish Choir she has traveled to Eastern Europe and worked to build musical bridges with the congregation's partner church in Székelykeresztúr, Transylvania (Romania). Beth has served on the Board of Directors of the Concord Orchestra, the Unitarian Universalist Musicians Network and Choral Arts New England.

"All Hayle to the Days" is also known as "Drive the Cold Winter Away", "In Praise of Christmas", and "The Praise of Christmas". It is an English Christmas carol of Elizabethan origins. The carol first appeared as a broadside around 1625. (Broadside, thin sheets of paper sold in Victorian era London for a penny or half-penny, were a popular medium for printing topical ballads.) Though its origins are unclear, Thomas Durfrey is sometimes (erroneously) identified as the lyricist. The carol has appeared in numerous hymnals over the centuries. During the Elizabethan era, the majority of Christmas celebrations occurred during the Twelve Days of Christmas. Traditional Elizabethan Christmas festivities implied in the carol include wassailing, feasting, and going to the theater.

— hymnsandcarolsofchristmas.com and [Life in Elizabethan England 63: Keeping Christmas: elizabethan.org](http://Life%20in%20Elizabethan%20England%2063%3A%20Keeping%20Christmas%3A%20elizabethan.org): ILAB: Definition of term: Broadside

The Winter Bluejay

The first sections of this setting of Teasdale's poem use text painting in shifting meters to depict its opening images - dancing shadows, flying skaters - setting the stage for the first theme, a joyful depiction of the 'ecstasy' of this winter's moment that is elevated by seeing a bluejay cock its crest. This lively motive contrasts the more pensive, lyrical theme that depicts the wonder of such a limitless experience of joy, and this theme is elaborated in the poem's closing, existential question, "who can tell the range of joy or set the bounds of beauty".

- Ruth Draper

The Heaven's Flock

The Latvian composer Ēriks Ešņvalds, whose works are regularly commissioned and performed by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, ...and many others across the world, was commissioned by Ethan Sperry for the Portland State Chamber Choir. Sperry said, "I asked (Ēriks) if he would write a short piece for the Portland State Chamber Choir, and he agreed and wrote us this really wonderful piece called 'The Heaven's Flock,' based on a poem by Paulann Petersen, who was our poet laureate here in Oregon. His ability to make narratives like that are very different from most other choral composers. He seeks texts that are narrative in nature, and if he doesn't have them, he creates his own..."

— from www.opb.org

Fire, Burn Bright

Logs to burn, logs to burn
logs to save the coal a turn
here's a word to make you wise
when you hear the woodsman's cries

never heed his usual tale
that he has good logs for sale
but read these lines and really learn
the proper kind of logs to burn

So begins one of many versions of this traditional mnemonic poem from the British Isles by anonymous authors. I am always on the look out for material that celebrates the season in a totally inclusive manner. I set the text in 1997, adding the "Fire, burn bright" refrain for some contrast to the 'litany of logs.'

— Joan Szymko

Joan Szymko is a composer and conductor from the Pacific Northwest. With a catalog of over 100 published choral works, her music is performed by ensembles across North America and abroad. Abundant lyricism, rhythmic integrity and a vigorous attention to text are hallmarks of Szymko's diverse and distinctive choral writing. Fresh and inspiring, her text selections are as notable as her music. Especially significant is Szymko's contribution to the body of quality literature for women's voices.

—joanszymko.com

Winter Night

"Winter Night" was commissioned by the Renaissance City Choirs of Pittsburgh, PA. James Q. Mulholland is a professor of music theory and history at Butler University in Indiana. Peter J. Durow wrote in his dissertation, *The Choral Music of James Mulholland: An Analytical Study of Style*, "Mulholland is drawn to texts with universal themes of love, relationships, music and nature. He sets both sacred and secular texts from some of the world's greatest poets, as well as a number of poems by anonymous authors. He has a desire to introduce and share the texts that he is passionate about with those that perform his music. The composer believes that poetry is the "mother of music." The text dictates both the form and the style of music." In this composition, Mulholland chose one of Edna St. Vincent Millay's lyrical poems rich in the images of nature.

Colin Falck writes in "The Occulting of Edna Millay "...it is usually the imagery in the earlier part of the poem that does most of the work, to make way for a quietly inevitable conclusion. Many of Millay's most powerful lines, and several of her most powerful poems, achieve their effect in a way that leaves very little for the reader or critic to gain by means of detailed interpretation. Consider, for example, the atmospherically-charged final lines of 'Winter Night'."

— Jack Kerrigan

Come Home

Peter Eldridge wrote "Come Home" (1991) for the Grammy-winning a cappella jazz ensemble 'New York Voices' of which he is a founding member. Initially trained as a pianist, Eldridge says: "singing initially scared me to death – something about the vulnerability of the voice was daunting to me." The beautiful exposed harmonies of "Come Home" draw their expressive power from that very vulnerability: "It's the blessing and the curse of singing. The best thing about it is you just feel like you're letting people into who you are, but it's also really terrifying. There's nothing to hide behind."

— www.coroallegro.org/season/alleluia/program-notes

O magnum mysterium

"O magnum mysterium" is one of four Christmas motets by Francis Poulenc. Written in 1951-2 for unaccompanied choir, these are each a perfect miniature and typical of his style. Each one captures the mood of the traditional Latin texts with extraordinary precision and finesse. Imagine you are looking under a magnifying glass at the perfect gem settings in that amazing watch you have just unwrapped on Christmas morning. That is the music of Poulenc. Not a single note or dynamic or accent out of place. Understated so as not to be garish, subtle and rich enough to be breathtakingly beautiful.

— www.cantate-choir

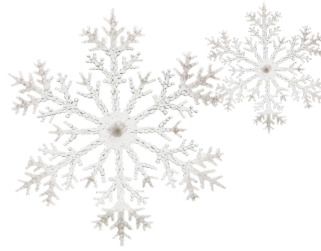
Toast pour le nouvel an

The text is probably by Emilien Pacini, son of the composer Giovanni Pacini, to whom other texts have been attributed. It was apparently performed at Rossini's house on the 31st of March, 1865 and again on the 17th of April, 1866, marking the year starting at the Feast of the Annunciation, rather than the beginning of January.

Gioachino Rossini, the undisputed king of Italian opera in the early 19th century ("Cinderella", "The Barber of Seville", "William Tell", and many others), essentially retired from composing for the public at the age of 37, and lived in semi-retirement in Italy and Paris. After years of various physical and mental illnesses, he slowly returned to music, composing obscure little works for solo piano and vocal or chamber ensembles, intended for private performance. Many of these were collected in fourteen volumes entitled *Péchés de vieillesse* (Sins of Old Age), including the delightfully witty French celebration of the New Year: "Toast pour le nouvel an".

— bellevuechamberchorus.org

— www.eclassical.com



Michael Carney, music director, is a native of Greater Cleveland. He has been a passionate and dedicated vocal and choral musician and educator for over 25 years. He has degrees in vocal music education from Baldwin Wallace University, and in choral conducting from Kent State University. Michael spent the first two decades of his career developing award-winning high school choral programs, and now teaches Classical and Rock Music History courses at Walsh University.

Michael also serves as Director of Music at First Unitarian Church of Cleveland, where he directs adult mixed, men's, women's, and multi-generational choral groups. He also teaches private students out of his own studio, Crooked River Music.



Ruth Draper, accompanist, studied music at Oberlin Conservatory (BMus in organ, with David Boe), Eastman School of Music (MM in organ, with David Higgs; MA in music theory pedagogy) and University of Washington (DMA in organ, with Carole Terry).

An active professional musician for two decades, Ruth is an organ soloist, has performed as accompanist for middle school singers, university voice studios, as an educator to professionals and lay audiences, is a published composer, and currently serves as Music Director at Lakewood Presbyterian Church as well as accompanist for Good Company.



GOOD COMPANY
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