



Christine Gevert, Founding Artistic Director - 20<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Season: 2023-2024



# Gilbert & Sullivan Trial by Jury and more...

“The Trials of Love in the Spring!” - excerpts from: *Ruddigore*, *The Mikado*,  
*H.M.S. Pinafore*, *Iolanthe*, *Patience*, *The Pirates of Penzance*, *Princess Ida*, *The Gondoliers*

Saturday, May 4, 2024 at 6:00 pm • Trinity Church, Lakeville, CT

Sunday, May 5, 2024 at 4:00 pm • Saint James Place, Great Barrington, MA

*Please join our performers for a brief reception after the concerts.*

These concerts are partially underwritten by Bruce McEver.

Support for the concerts has been provided to Crescendo by the Connecticut State Department of Economic and Community Development/Connecticut Office of the Arts (COA) from the Connecticut State Legislature.



# In Memoriam

## Georgia Nunnally Johnson McEver

(1947 -2000)

Georgia Nunnally Johnson McEver was a lyric soprano, born and raised in Oak Brook, Illinois. A gifted singer from a young age, her father died when she was a teenager, and she moved with her mother and three sisters to Atlanta, where she became a soloist for the Robert Shaw Chorale. She attended the University of South Carolina, but married Bruce McEver, and moved with him to San Francisco where she attended the San Francisco Conservatory of Music and later to Washington, DC where she graduated from the Peabody Conservatory in Baltimore, Maryland as a voice and performance major. One of her professors at Peabody (Dick Cavett ) suggested Georgia should also consider comedy.

Bruce and Georgia moved to New York City where Georgia jumped into the opera and light opera scene, auditioning and singing with regional and touring opera companies. Georgia eventually decided to mix her singing and comedy talents and began focusing on performing Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, singing the lead in every one of them (14). Her favorite being *Utopia Limited*, she and Bruce named their farm in Salisbury, Connecticut after it. Tired of the New York audition rat race, she founded it with a number of other local ladies: the Light Opera Company of Salisbury (LOCOS) that several of tonight's singers were part of.



Photos courtesy of Paul Tomasko

# Program

Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan (1842–1900), composer & Sir William Schwenck Gilbert (1836–1911), dramatist

## *Trial by Jury*

Hark, the hour of ten is sounding  
Is this the Court of the Exchequer?  
When first my old, old love I knew  
All hail, great Judge!  
When I, good friends, was call'd to the Bar  
Swear thou the Jury  
Where is the Plaintiff?  
Oh, never, never, never, since I joined the human race  
May it please you, my lud!  
That she is reeling is plain to see!  
Oh, gentlemen, listen, I pray  
That seems a reasonable proposition  
A nice dilemma we have here  
I love him – I love him  
The question, gentlemen  
Oh, joy unbounded

↻ Intermission ↻

## **“The Trials of Love in the Spring!” – Operetta excerpts with narration by John-Arthur Miller**

|                                       |  |
|---------------------------------------|--|
| <b><i>Ruddigore</i></b>               | Welcome Gentry for your entry  |
| <b><i>The Mikado</i></b>              | Behold the Lord High Executioner<br>The Flowers that bloom in the spring<br>Braid the raven hair<br>The sun whose rays are all ablaze                  |
| <b><i>H.M.S. Pinafore</i></b>         | We sail the ocean blue<br>I'm called little Buttercup<br>The Nightingale<br>A maiden fair to see   |
| <b><i>Iolanthe</i></b>                | Oh foolish fay <i>*Performed in memory of Patricia P. Gomez, dedicated by Susan &amp; Richard Vreeland</i><br>When you're lying awake (Nightmare Song) |
| <b><i>Patience</i></b>                | Twenty lovesick maidens we<br>The soldiers of our Queen, excerpt<br>In a doleful train<br>I hear the soft note   |
| <b><i>The Pirates of Penzance</i></b> | Hail Poetry – with audience<br>When the foeman bears his steel   |
| <b><i>The Mikado</i></b>              | Willow, tit Willow   |
| <b><i>Princess Ida</i></b>            | With joy abiding (Act 3/Finale)  |
| <b>Encore - <i>The Gondoliers</i></b> | Once more gondolieri (Finale, excerpt)   |

↻ ↻

# The Cast

## **Principals: Crescendo Soloists and Section Leaders**

*Sopranos:* Rebecca Palmer - *Plaintiff (Angelina), Yum-Yum* • Christiane Olson - *Ella, Mabel, Princess*  
• Margie O'Brien - *Saphir*

*Mezzo Soprano:* Sarah Bleasdale - *Buttercup, Queen, Angela*

*Alto:* Max Rook - *Pitti-Sing*

*Tenors:* Igor Ferreira - *Defendant (Edwin)* • Kevin Ray - *Nanki-Poo, Ralph Rackstraw, Hilarion*

• Douglas Schmolze - *Duke*

*Baritones:* Stephen Quint - *The Learned Judge, Lord Chancellor, Major General* • John-Arthur Miller - *Sergeant, Ko-Ko*

• Joseph Klebanoff - *Counsel to the Plaintiff*

*Bass-Baritone:* Gabriel Garcia - *Foreman of the Jury, Ko-Ko, Boatswain, Colonel*

## **Crescendo Chorus**

*Sopranos:* Louise Brown, Kathy Drake, Emily Elliot, Peggy Heck, Sarah Melcher, Roberta Roll

*Altos:* Traudi Chiaravalotti, Debby Mark, Martha Nesbitt, Susan Pettee, Mary Sullivan

*Tenors:* Gordon Gustafson, Joe Kolodziej, Richard Vreeland II

*Basses:* Andy Kettler, Rene Milo, Tom Schindler

## **(Mostly) non-singing role**

Trudy Weaver - Miller, *The Charwoman, Curtains & Signs*

David Baranowski, piano

John-Arthur Miller, narrator

Christine Gevert and John-Arthur Miller, co-directors

## **Production**

Kathleen DeAngelis, costumes and props

Donna and Michael Castaner, wardrobe supervisors

Gordon Gustafson and John-Arthur Miller, sets

# Narration & Texts

*Narrator:* "In the tradition of the D'Oyly Carte would you please rise - as you are able, and sing with us  
"God Save the Queen" - as you are able!

Good save our gracious Queen,  
Long live our noble Queen,  
God save the Queen!  
Send her victorious  
Happy and and glorious  
Long to reign over us,  
God save the Queen.

## ☞ *Trial by Jury* ☞

SCENE: *A Court of Justice. Barristers, Attorneys, Jury and Townspeople*

### **Hark, the hour of ten is sounding**

*Chorus.* Hark, the hour of ten is sounding; hearts with anxious fears are bounding,  
Hall of Justice crowds surrounding, breathing hope and fear-

For today in this arena, summoned by a stern subpoena, Edwin, sued by Angelina, shortly will appear.

*Usher.* Now, Jurymen, hear my advice – all kinds of vulgar prejudice I pray you set aside:

With stern judicial frame of mind, from bias free of every kind, this trial must be tried.

*Chorus.* From bias free of every kind, this trial must be tried. *Usher.* 'Silence in Court!'

*Usher.* Oh, listen to the plaintiff's case: observe the features of her face –the broken-hearted bride.

Condole with her distress of mind: from bias free of every kind, this trial must be tried!

*Chorus.* From bias free of every kind, this trial must be tried.



*Usher.* And when amid the plaintiff's shrieks, the ruffianly defendant speaks – upon the other side;  
What he may say you needn't mind – from bias free of every kind, this trial must be tried!  
*Chorus.* From bias free of every kind, this trial must be tried.

### Is this the Court of the Exchequer?

*Defendant.* Is this the Court of the Exchequer? *All.* It is!  
*Defendant.* Be firm, be firm, my pecker, your evil star's in the ascendant!  
*All.* Who are you? *Defendant.* I'm the Defendant! *Chorus.* Monster, dread our damages. We're the Jury, dread our fury!  
*Defendant.* Hear me, hear me, if you please, these are very strange proceedings – for permit me to remark:  
On the merits of my pleadings, I'm at present in the dark.  
*Jury and Chorus.* That's a very true remark – on the merits of his pleadings we're entirely in the dark! Ha! ha! Ho! Ho!

### When first my old, old love I knew

*Defendant.* When first my old, old love I knew, my bosom welled with joy;  
My riches at her feet I threw – I was a love-sick boy!  
No terms seemed too extravagant upon her to employ –  
I used to mope, and sigh, and pant, just like a love-sick boy!  
Tink-a-Tank – Tink-a-Tank, Tink-A-Tank. *All.* Tink-a-tank. *Defendant.* Tink-a-Tank, Tink-a-Tank, Tink-A-Tank. *All.* Tink-a-tank.  
*Defendant.* I used to mope, and sigh, and pant, just like a love-sick boy! *All.* Tink, tink-a-tank, tink-a-tank, tink-a-tank.  
*Defendant.* But joy incessant palls the sense; and love, unchanged, will cloy,  
And she became a bore intense unto her love-sick boy!  
With fitful glimmer burnt my flame, and I grew cold and coy,  
At last, one morning, I became another's love-sick boy.  
Tink-a-Tank, Tink-a-Tank, Tink-A-Tank. *All.* Tink-a-tank.  
*Defendant.* Tink-a-Tank – Tink-a-Tank, Tink-A-Tank. *All.* Tink-a-tank.  
*Jury.* Oh, I was like that when a lad! A shocking young scamp of a rover,  
I behaved like a regular cad; but that sort of thing is all over.  
I am now a respectable chap and shine with a virtue resplendent,  
And, therefore, I haven't a scrap of sympathy with the defendant!  
He shall treat us with awe, if there isn't a flaw,  
Singing so merrily – Trial-la-law! *Chorus.* Trial-la-law – Trial-la-law! Singing so merrily – Trial-la-law!  
*Usher.* Silence in Court! Silence in court, and all attention lend. Behold your Judge! In due submission bend!

### All hail, great Judge!

*Chorus.* All hail, great Judge! To your bright rays we never grudge ecstatic praise. All hail!  
May each decree as statute rank and never be reversed in banc. All hail!  
*Judge.* For these kind words accept my thanks, I pray. A Breach of Promise we've to try to-day.  
But firstly, if the time you'll not begrudge, I'll tell you how I came to be a Judge.  
*All.* He'll tell us how he came to be a Judge! *Judge.* I'll tell you how! *All.* He'll tell us how, – He'll tell us how he came to be a Judge!  
*Judge.* Let me speak! *All.* Let him speak. *Judge.* Let me speak! *All.* Yes, let him speak, hush! He speaks.  
Hush! He'll tell us how he came to be a judge! *Usher.* Silence in Court! Silence in court!

### When I, good friends, was call'd to the Bar

*Judge.* When I, good friends, was called to the bar, I'd an appetite fresh and hearty,  
But I was, as many young barristers are, an impecunious party.  
I'd a swallow-tail coat of a beautiful blue – a brief which I bought of a booby –  
A couple of shirts and a collar or two, And a ring that looked like a ruby! *Chorus.* He'd a couple of shirts... etc.  
*Judge.* In Westminster Hall I danced a dance, like a semi-despondent fury;  
For I thought I never should hit on a chance of addressing a British jury –  
But I soon got tired of third-class journeys, and dinners of bread and water;  
So I fell in love with a rich attorney's elderly, ugly daughter. *Chorus.* So he fell in love... etc.  
*Judge.* The rich attorney, he jumped with joy, and replied to my fond professions:  
"You shall reap the reward of your pluck, my boy, "At the Bailey and Middlesex Sessions.  
"You'll soon get used to her looks," said he, "And a very nice girl you'll find her!"  
"She may very well pass for forty-three in the dusk, with a light behind her!" *Chorus.* "She may very well pass... etc.  
*Judge.* The rich attorney was good as his word; the briefs came trooping gaily,  
And every day my voice was heard at the Sessions or Ancient Bailey.  
All thieves who could my fees afford Relied on my orations,  
And many a burglar I've restored to his friends and his relations. *Chorus.* And many a burglar he's restored... etc.  
*Judge.* At length I became as rich as the Gurneys – an incubus then I thought her,  
So I threw over that rich attorney's elderly, ugly daughter. *All.* So he threw over that... etc.  
*Judge.* The rich attorney my character high tried vainly to disparage -  
And now, if you please, I'm ready to try this Breach of Promise of Marriage! *Chorus.* And now if you please, he's ready to try... etc.  
*Judge.* For now I'm a Judge! *All.* And a good Judge too! *Judge.* Yes, now I'm a Judge! *All.* And a good Judge too!  
*Judge.* Though all my law be fudge, Yet I'll never, never budge, But I'll live and die a Judge! *All.* And a good Judge too!  
*Judge.* It was managed by a job. *All.* And a good job too!  
*Judge.* It is patent to the mob, That my being made a nob was effected by a job. *All.* And a good job too!

### Swear thou the Jury

*Counsel.* Swear thou the Jury! *Usher.* Kneel, Jurymen, oh, kneel!  
*Usher.* Oh, will you swear by yonder skies, whatever question may arise,  
'Twixt rich and poor, 'twixt low and high, that you will well and truly try?

*Jury.* To all of this we make reply,  
By the dull slate of yonder sky: That we will well and truly try.  
*Defendant, Counsel, Judge, Usher:* They will well and truly try! – *Jury.* We'll try!

### Where is the Plaintiff?

*Counsel.* Where is the Plaintiff? Let her now be brought. *Usher.* Oh, Angelina! Come thou into court! Angelina! Angelina!!  
*Bridesmaids.* Comes the broken flower – comes the cheated maid – though the tempest lower, rain and cloud will fade!  
Take, O maid, these posies: though thy beauty rare; shame the blushing roses, they are passing fair!  
Wear the flowers till they fade; happy, happy be thy life, oh maid!  
*Plaintiff.* O'er the season vernal, time may cast a shade; sunshine, if eternal, makes the roses fade!  
Time may do his duty; let the thief alone – winter hath a beauty, that is all his own.  
Fairest days are sun and shade: I am no unhappy maid!  
*Bridesmaids.* Wear the flowers till they fade; happy be thy life, oh maid!

### Oh, never, never, never, since I joined the human race

*Judge.* Oh, never, never, never, since I joined the human race, saw I so exquisitely fair a face. *Jury.* Ah, sly dog! Ah, sly dog!  
*Judge (to Jury).* How say you? Is she not designed for capture? *Foreman.* We've but one word, my lord, and that is – Rapture!  
*Plaintiff.* Your kindness, gentlemen, quite overpowers!  
*Jury.* We love you fondly, and would make you ours! *Bridesmaids.* Ah, sly dogs! Ah, sly dogs!  
*Chorus.* Monster! Monster! dread our fury! There's the Judge and we're the Jury, come, substantial damages!  
Substantial damages! Damages! Dam- *Usher.* Silence in Court!

### May it please you, my lud!

*Counsel.* May it please you, my lud! Gentlemen of the Jury! With a sense of deep emotion, I approach this painful case;  
For I never had a notion that a man could be so base, or deceive a girl confiding, vows, etcetera, deriding. *All.* He deceived a girl... etc.  
*Counsel.* See my interesting client, victim of a heartless wile! See the traitor all defiant wear a supercilious smile!  
Sweetly smiled my client on him, coyly woo'd and gently won him. *All.* Sweetly smiled... etc.  
*Counsel.* Swiftly fled each honeyed hour Spent with this unmanly male! Camberwell became a bower, Peckham an Arcadian Vale,  
Breathing concentrated otto! – An existence à la Watteau. *All.* Breathing concentrated otto... etc.  
*Counsel.* Picture, then, my client naming, and insisting on the day: picture him excuses framing going from her far away:  
Doubly criminal to do so, for the maid had bought her trousseau! *All.* Doubly criminal... etc.  
*Counsel.* Cheer up, my pretty – oh, cheer up! *Jury.* Cheer up, cheer up, we love you! Cheer up!

### That she is reeling is plain to see!

*Judge.* That she is reeling is plain to see! *Foreman.* If faint you're feeling, recline on me!  
*Plaintiff.* I shall recover if left alone. *All.* Oh, perjured lover, atone! atone!  
*Foreman.* Just like a father I wish to be. *Judge.* Or, if you'd rather, recline on me!  
*Counsel.* Oh! fetch some water from far Cologne! *All.* For this sad slaughter a tone! atone!  
*All.* Monster, – dread our fury! There's the Judge, and we're the Jury!

### Oh, gentlemen, listen, I pray

*Defendant.* Oh, gentlemen, listen, I pray, though I own that my heart has been ranging, of nature the laws I obey, for nature is constantly changing.  
The moon in her phases is found, the time and the wind and the weather, the months in succession come round, and you don't find two Mondays together.  
Consider the moral, I pray, nor bring a young fellow to sorrow, who loves this young lady today, and loves that young lady tomorrow.  
*Bridesmaids.* Consider the moral, he prays, nor bring a young fellow to sorrow, who loves this young lady today, and loves that young lady tomorrow.  
*Defendant.* You cannot eat breakfast all day, nor is it the act of a sinner, when breakfast is taken away, to turn his attention to dinner;  
And it's not in the range of belief, to look upon him as a glutton, who, when he is tired of beef, determines to tackle the mutton.  
But this I am willing to say, if it will appease her sorrow, I'll marry this lady today, and I'll marry the other tomorrow!  
*Bridesmaids.* But this he is willing to say, if it will appease her sorrow, he'll marry this lady today, and he'll marry the other tomorrow!

### That seems a reasonable proposition

*Judge.* That seems a reasonable proposition, to which, I think, your client may agree.  
*Counsel.* But, I submit, m'lud, with all submission, to marry two at once is Burglaree!  
In the reign of James the Second, it was generally reckoned as a rather serious crime to marry two wives at a time.  
*Chorus.* Oh, man of learning! - *Usher and Jury.* Oh, man of learning!

### A nice dilemma we have here

*Judge.* A nice dilemma we have here, that calls for all our wit:  
*Counsel.* And at this stage, it don't appear that we can settle it.  
*Defendant.* If I to wed the girl am loth, a breach 'twill surely be –  
*Plaintiff.* And if he goes and marries both, it counts as Burglaree!  
*Plaintiff, Defendant, Counsel, Judge, Usher, Foreman:* A nice dilemma we have here.  
*All.* A nice dilemma we have here, that calls for all our wit.

### I love him – I love him

*Plaintiff.* I love him – I love him – with fervour unceasing, I worship and madly adore;  
My blind adoration is always increasing, My loss I shall ever deplore.  
Oh, see what a blessing, what love and caressing I've lost, and remember it, pray,  
When you I'm addressing, are busy assessing The damages Edwin must pay! Yes, he must pay!  
*Defendant.* I smoke like a furnace – I'm always in liquor, A ruffian – a bully – a sot;  
I'm sure I should thrash her, perhaps I should kick her, I am such a very bad lot!

I'm not prepossessing, as you may be guessing, She couldn't endure me a day;  
Recall my professing, when you are assessing The damages Edwin must pay! *Plaintiff*. Yes, he must pay!  
*Jury*. We would be fairly acting, But this is most distracting! If, when in liquor; he would kick her, that is an abatement.  
*Townspeople*. She loves him and madly adores!

### The question, gentlemen

*Judge*. The question, gentlemen - is one of liquor, You ask for guidance - this is my reply:  
He says, when tipsy, he would thrash and kick her, Let's make him tipsy, gentlemen, and try!  
*Counsel*. With all respect I do object! *Plaintiff*. I do object! *Defendant*. I don't object! *All*. With all respect We do object!  
*Judge*. All the legal furies seize you! no proposal seems to please you, I can't sit up here all day,  
I must shortly get away. Barristers, and you, attorneys, set out on your homeward journeys:  
Gentle, simple-minded Usher, Get you, if you like, to Russher; put your briefs upon the shelf, I will marry her myself!

### Oh, joy unbounded

*Plaintiff*. Oh, joy unbounded, with wealth surrounded, the knell is sounded of grief and woe.  
*Counsel*. With love devoted on you he's doated. To castle moated away they go.  
*Defendant*. I wonder whether they'll live together in marriage tether in manner true?  
*Usher*. It seems to me, Sir, of such as she, Sir, a judge is he, Sir, and a good judge too.  
*All*. Oh, joy unbounded, with wealth surrounded, the knell is sounded of grief and woe.  
*Judge*. Yes, I am a Judge. *All*. And a good Judge too!  
*Judge*. Though homeward as you trudge, you declare my law is fudge, yet of beauty I'm a judge. *All*. And a good Judge too!  
*Judge*. Tho' defendant is a snob. *All*. And a great snob too! Tho' defendant is a snob, he'll reward him from his fob.  
So we've settled with the job, and a good job too!

🌀 Intermission 🌀

## “The Trials of Love in the Spring!” – Operetta excerpts. With narration by John-Arthur Miller.

🌀 Riddigore 🌀

### Welcome Gentry, for your entry (Act 1/12)

Ensemble of Bridesmaids, and Bucks & Blades (Gentlemen)

**BRIDESMAIDS** Welcome, gentry, for your entry sets our tender hearts a-beating.  
Men of station, admiration prompts this unaffected greeting. Hearty greeting offer we!  
**BUCKS & BLADES** When thoroughly tired of being admired by ladies of gentle degree – degree,  
With flattery sated, high-flown and inflated, away from the city we flee – we flee!  
From charms intramural to prettiness rural - the sudden transition is simply Elysian,  
So come, Amaryllis, come, Chloe and Phyllis, your slaves, for the moment, are we!  
**BRIDESMAIDS** The sons of the tillage who dwell in this village are people of lowly degree – degree.  
Though honest and active, they're most unattractive, and awkward as awkward can be – can be.  
They're clumsy clodhoppers with axes and choppers, and shepherds and ploughmen, and drovers and cowmen,  
Hedgers and reapers, and carters and keepers, but never a lover for me!

*Double Chorus.*

**BUCKS & BLADES** Then come, Amaryllis, come,  
Chloe and Phyllis,... Welcome we!

**BRIDESMAIDS** Hearty greeting offer we!  
So welcome gentry,... Welcome we

*Narration:* And welcome back all you swaggering 'gentlemen', you 'bucks and blades', and you fresh-faced local beauties, beguiling, swooning and yearning all at once.

Ah! The trials of love! They all do not develop into breach of promise cases like the one we have just seen.

In the words of Sir William Schwenck Gilbert and the music of Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan, love and duty in the Victorian era have many variations, meanings, and nuances. Let us examine and enjoy!

We have just observed that city gentry have visited the elysian rural fishing village of Reddering, where there has not been a wedding for several months and the local professional bridesmaids perhaps hope they might find amongst them a reasonable match, for, amongst the sons of the tillage, who live in the village, clumsy clodhoppers, though honest and active, there's "never a lover for me"!

In Titipu loves fulfillment is facing a different and difficult problem. There are laws even against flirting! It could be punishable by decapitation! Or one could be boiled in oil.... or is it melted lead?! This law does not affect many of us because, of course, married people never flirt!

🌀 The Mikado 🌀

### Behold the Lord High Executioner (Act 1/7)

Gabriel Garcia, Ko-Ko, and Ensemble of Noble Men from Titipu

*Chorus of Nobles.* Behold the Lord High Executioner, a personage of noble rank and title —  
A dignified and potent officer, whose functions are particularly vital! Defer, defer, to the Lord High Executioner!  
Defer, defer, to the noble Lord, to the noble Lord, to the Lord High Executioner!

*Ko-Ko*. Taken from the county jail by a set of curious chances; liberated then on bail, on my own recognizances;  
Wafted by a favouring gale as one sometimes is in trances, to a height that few can scale, save by long and weary dances;  
Surely, never had a male under such like circumstances so adventurous a tale, which may rank with most romances.  
*Ko-Ko & Chorus*. Taken from the county jail...  
*Chorus*. Defer, defer,.. Bow down, bow down, to the Lord High Executioner!  
Defer, defer, to the noble, noble Lord, to the High Executioner!

*Narration*: Koko was a poor tailor but grew, through some shady business (remember the Judge rewarding from his fob in trial) to be as you just observed, the Lord High Executioner, toting his snickersnee and keeping a list of possible offenders that never would be missed! Nanki-Poo, a wandering minstrel, also second trombone in the Titipu town band, unbeknownst to most is also the heir apparent to the Mikado of Japan. Through the course of this topsy turvey operetta the problem of both Ko-Ko and Nanki-Poo wanting to marry Yum-yum is settled to everyone's delight, except for Ko-ko's, in this next charming selection.

### **The Flowers that bloom in the spring (Act 2/30)**

Kevin Ray, *Nanki-Poo*, Gabriel Garcia, *Ko-Ko*

*Nanki-Poo* The flowers that bloom in the spring - Tra la, beate promise of merry sunshine —  
As we merrily dance and we sing - Tra la, We welcome the hope that they bring - Tra la, of a summer of roses and wine.  
And that's what we mean when we say that a thing, is welcome as flowers that bloom in the spring.  
Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la - The flowers that bloom in the spring. *Ensemble* Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la la!  
*Ko-Ko* The flowers that bloom in the spring - Tra la - have nothing to do with the case  
I've got to take under my wing - Tra la, a most unattractive old thing - Tra la,  
With a caricature of a face, and that's what I mean when I say, or I sing: "Oh, bother the flowers that bloom in the spring."  
Tra la la la la Tra la la la la, "Oh, bother the flowers of spring." *Ensemble* Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la la!

*Narration*: Yum-Yum is beautiful and loved by everyone. As she is prepared for her wedding day, her sister ward, Pitti-Sing gives some loving instruction.

### **Braid the raven hair (Act 2/21)**

Max Rook, *Pitti-Sing*, Ensemble of Japanese Maidens.

*Chorus of Maidens*. Braid the raven hair, weave the supple tress — Deck the maiden fair in her loveliness;  
Paint the pretty face, dye the coral lip—emphasize the grace of her ladyship! Art and nature, thus allied, go to make a pretty bride.  
*Pitti-Sing*. Sit with downcast eye, let it brim with dew, try if you can cry, we will do so, too.  
When you're summoned, start like a frightened roe—Flutter, little heart, colour, come and go!  
Modesty at marriage-tide well becomes a pretty bride! *Chorus of Maidens*. Braid the raven hair

*Narration*: Yum-Yum is indeed beautiful. Sometimes she sits and wonders in her artless Japanese way, why it is that she is so much more attractive than anybody else in the whole world. Could this be vanity? No! Nature is lovely and rejoices in her loveliness. She is a child of nature and takes after her mother.

### **The sun whose rays are all ablaze (Act 2/13)**

Rebecca Palmer, *Yum-Yum*

The sun, whose rays are all ablaze with ever-living glory, does not deny his majesty—he scorns to tell a story!  
He don't exclaim, "I blush for shame, so kindly be indulgent"; but fierce and bold, in fiery gold, he glories all effulgent.  
I mean to rule the earth, as he the sky—we really know our worth, the sun and !!

Observe his flame, that placid dame, the moon's celestial highness; there's not a trace upon her face of diffidence or shyness:  
She borrows light, that, through the night, mankind may all acclaim her! And, truth to tell, she lights up well; so I, for one, don't blame her.  
Ah, pray make no mistake, we are not shy; we're very wide awake, the moon and !!

*Narration*: These trials and tribulations of love and duty not only afflict those on dry land! As the waves dip and swell we seem to see that love is not free to be—even on the deep blue sea!

## **☞ H.M.S. Pinafore ☞**

### **We sail the ocean blue (Act 1/1)**

Ensemble of Sailors

We sail the ocean blue, and our saucy ship's a beauty; we're sober men and true, and attentive to our duty.  
When the balls whistle free o'er the bright blue sea, we stand to our guns all day;  
When at anchor we ride on the Portsmouth tide, we've plenty of time for play.  
Ahoy! Ahoy! The balls whistle free. Ahoy! Ahoy! O'er the bright blue sea, we stand to our guns, to our guns all day.  
We sail the ocean blue, and our saucy ship's a beauty; we're sober men and true, and attentive to our duty.  
Our saucy ship's a beauty, we're attentive to our duty; we're sober men and true, we sail the ocean blue.

*Narration*: Enters Buttercup, a bumboat woman loved by all the sailors. She too, although outwardly jolly, has some hidden secrets.



### I'm called little Buttercup

Sarah Bleasdale, *Buttercup*, Ensemble of Sailors

*Buttercup.* Hail, man-o'-war's men, safeguards of your nation, here is an end, at last, of all privation;  
You've got your pay—spare all you can afford to welcome Little Buttercup on board.

I'm called Little Buttercup, dear Little Buttercup, though I could never tell why.  
But still I'm called Buttercup, poor Little Buttercup, sweet Little Buttercup, I!  
I've snuff and tobaccy, and excellent jacky, I've scissors, and watches, and knives;  
I've ribbons and laces to set off the faces of pretty young sweethearts and wives  
I've treacle and toffee, I've tea and I've coffee, soft tommy and succulent chops;  
I've chickens and conies, and pretty polonies, and excellent peppermint drops.  
Then buy of your buttercup, dear Little Buttercup, sailors should never be shy;  
So buy of your Buttercup, poor Little Buttercup, come, of your Buttercup buy.  
*Sailors.* Yes, we love Little Buttercup, dear Little Buttercup, sweet Little Buttercup, aye!

*Narration:* Enter Ralph Rackstraw, a simple sailor and very popular with his fellow tars, but deeply troubled by his love of another, higher born!

### The Nightingale

Kevin Ray, *Ralph Rackstraw*, Sarah Bleasdale, *Buttercup*, Ensemble of Sailors

*Ralph.* The Nightingale sighed for the moon's bright ray, and told his tale in his own melodious way!  
He sang "Ah, well-a-day!" *Sailors.* He sang "Ah, well-a-day!"  
The lowly vale for the mountain vainly sighed, to his humble wail the echoing hills replied.  
They sang "Ah, well-a-day!" *Sailors.* They sang "Ah, well-a-day!"  
I know the value of a kindly chorus, but choruses yield little consolation when we have pain and sorrow too before us!  
I love—and love, alas, above my station! *Buttercup.* He loves, and loves a lass, above his station! *Sailors.* Yes, yes, the lass is much above his station!

### A maiden fair to see

Kevin Ray, *Ralph Rackstraw*, Ensemble of Sailors

*Ralph.* A maiden fair to see, the pearl of minstrelsy, a bud of blushing beauty;  
For whom proud nobles sigh, and with each other vie to do her menial's duty. *Sailors.* To do her menial's duty.  
*Ralph.* A suitor, lowly born, with hopeless passion torn, and poor beyond denying,  
Has dared for her to pine at whose exalted shrine a world of wealth is sighing. *Sailors.* A world of wealth is sighing.  
*Ralph.* Unlearned he in aught save that which love has taught (For love had been his tutor);  
Oh, pity, pity me—our captain's daughter she, and I that lowly suitor! *Sailors.* And he that lowly suitor!

*Narration:* These trials and tribulations of love and duty not only afflict those on dry land! As the waves dip and swell we seem to see that love is not free to be – even on the deep blue sea!

In an Arcadian landscape far from Titipu and the Deep Blue Sea, another “no-no” of love exists. Iolanthe, a fairy, has committed the capitol crime of marrying a mortal and has been banished for life to live amongst the frogs! The Queen of the fairies must remain strong in order to “keep order” amongst her fairy charges, although she too wrestles with the feelings she has for a strapping, handsome Private Willis. It just so happens that the very popular local Fire chief, Captain Shaw, is also in the opera house tonight! Another of the Queen’s distractions!

### Iolanthe

### Oh foolish fay

Sarah Bleasdale, *Queen of the Fairies*, Chorus of Fairies

*Queen.* Oh, foolish fay, think you, because his brave array my bosom thaws, I'd disobey our fairy laws?  
Because I fly in realms above, in tendency to fall in love, resemble I the amorous dove?  
Oh, amorous dove! Type of Ovidius Naso! This heart of mine is soft as thine, although I dare not say so!  
*Fairies.* Oh, amorous dove! Type of Ovidius Naso! *Queen.* This heart of mine is soft as thine, although I dare not say so!  
*Queen.* On fire that glows with heat intense I turn the hose of common sense, and out it goes at small expense!  
We must maintain our fairy law; that is the main on which to draw—in that we gain a Captain Shaw!  
Oh, Captain Shaw! type of true love kept under! Could thy Brigade with cold cascade quench my great love, I wonder!  
*Fairies.* Oh, Captain Shaw! type of true love kept under! *Queen.* Could thy Brigade with cold cascade quench my great love, *Queen & Fairies.* I wonder!

*Narration:* The Lord Chancellor is also suffering the pangs of love for Phyllis, an Arcadian Shepherdess. He has no legal right to award her to himself because she is also a Ward of Chancery and he is her guardian, and it is giving him nightmares!

### When you're lying awake (Nightmare Song)

Stephen Quint, Lord Chancellor

Love, unrequited, robs me of my rest: Love, hopeless love, my ardent soul encumbers:  
Love, nightmare-like, lies heavy on my chest, and weaves itself into my midnight slumbers!  
When you're lying awake with a dismal headache, and repose is taboo'd by anxiety,  
I conceive you may use any language you choose to indulge in, without impropriety;  
For your brain is on fire-- the bedclothes conspire of usual slumber to plunder you:  
First your counterpane goes, and uncovers your toes, and your sheet slips demurely from under you;

Then the blanketing tickles--you feel like mixed pickles--so terribly sharp is the pricking,  
 And you're hot, and you're cross, and you tumble and toss till there's nothing 'twixt you and the ticking.  
 Then the bedclothes all creep to the ground in a heap, and you pick 'em all up in a tangle;  
 Next your pillow resigns and politely declines to remain at its usual angle!  
 Well, you get some repose in the form of a doze, with hot eye-balls and head ever aching.  
 But your slumbering teems with such horrible dreams that you'd very much better be waking;  
 For you dream you are crossing the Channel, and tossing about in a steamer from Harwich--  
 Which is something between a large bathing machine and a very small second-class carriage--  
 And you're giving a treat (penny ice and cold meat) to a party of friends and relations--  
 They're a ravenous horde--and they all came on board at Sloane Square and South Kensington Stations.  
 And bound on that journey you find your attorney (who started that morning from Devon);  
 He's a bit undersized, and you don't feel surprised when he tells you he's only eleven.  
 Well, you're driving like mad with this singular lad (by the by, the ship's now a four-wheeler),  
 And you're playing round games, and he calls you bad names when you tell him that "ties pay the dealer";  
 But this you can't stand, so you throw up your hand, and you find you're as cold as an icicle,  
 In your shirt and your socks the black silk with gold clocks), crossing Salisbury Plain on a bicycle:  
 And he and the crew are on bicycles too--which they've somehow or other invested in--  
 And he's telling the tars all the particulars of a company he's interested in--  
 It's a scheme of devices, to get at low prices all goods from cough mixtures to cables  
 (Which tickled the sailors), by treating retailers as though they were all vegetables--  
 You get a good spadesman to plant a small tradesman (first take off his boots with a boot-tree),  
 And his legs will take root, and his fingers will shoot, and they'll blossom and bud like a fruit-tree--  
 From the greengrocer tree you get grapes and green pea, cauliflower, pineapple, and cranberries,  
 While the pastrycook plant cherry brandy will grant, apple puffs, and three corners, and Banburys--  
 The shares are a penny, and ever so many are taken by Rothschild and Baring,  
 And just as a few are allotted to you, you awake with a shudder despairing--  
 You're a regular wreck, with a crick in your neck, and no wonder you snore, for your head's on the floor,  
 and you've needles and pins from your soles to your shins, and your flesh is a-creep, for your left leg's asleep,  
 and you've cramp in your toes, and a fly on your nose, and some fluff in your lung, and a feverish tongue,  
 and a thirst that's intense, and a general sense that you haven't been sleeping in clover;  
 But the darkness has passed, and it's daylight at last, and the night has been long--ditto ditto my song--  
 and thank goodness they're both of them over!

**Narration:** In the end, the Lord Chancellor - an old Equity draftsman saves the day with the suggestion that the fairy law against marriage with mortals might be satisfied by Parliament's expediently inserting a single word, to make the law read that "every fairy who does NOT marry a mortal shall die! "And there you are - out of your difficulty at once!" Would that it be that simple in our Congress today!

Meanwhile back on land in a Glade outside Castle Bunthorne twenty lovesick maidens are in their full state of despair for the love of the aesthetic in the form of, is it the "Fleshly Poet" or the "Idyllic Poet"?

### *Patience*

#### **Twenty lovesick maidens we**

Sarah Bleasdale, *Angela*, Christiane Olson, *Ella*, Chorus of Maidens

*Maidens.* Twenty love-sick maidens we, love-sick all against our will. Twenty years hence, we shall be twenty love sick maidens still!  
 Twenty love-sick maidens we, and we die for love of thee! *Angela.* Love feeds on hope, they say, or love will die - *Maidens.* Ah, miserie!  
*Angela.* Yet my love lives, although no hope have !! *Maidens.* Ah, miserie!  
*Angela.* Alas, poor heart, go hide thyself away - to weeping concords tune thy roundelay! Ah, miserie!  
*Maidens.* All our love is all for one, yet that love he heedeth not, he is coy and cares for none, sad and sorry is our lot! Ah, miserie!  
*Ella.* Go, breaking heart, go, dream of love requited; go, foolish heart, go, dream of lovers plighted;  
 Go, madcap heart, go, dream of never waking; and in thy dream forget that thou art breaking! *Maidens.* Ah, miserie!  
*Ella.* Forget that thou art breaking! *Maidens.* Twenty love-sick maidens we...

**Narration:** These maidens are "interrupted", shall we say, by their former lovers, Officers of the Dragoon Guards who certainly cannot understand this attraction to such nonsense. Indeed, their duty and honor are to each other and their Queen!

#### **The soldiers of our Queen, excerpt**

Chorus of Dragoons

*Dragoons.* The soldiers of our Queen are linked in friendly tether; upon the battle scene they fight the foe together.  
 There ev'ry mother's son prepared to fight and fall is; the enemy of one the enemy of all is!

**Narration:** Is this line of thinking ridiculous and preposterous?

### In a doleful train

Sarah Bleasdale, *Angela*, Christiane Olson, *Ella*, Margaret O'Brien, *Saphir*, Gabriel Garcia, *Bunthorne*.

*Maidens*. In a doleful train two and two we walk all day - for we love in vain! None so sorrowful as they who can only sigh and say:  
Woe is me, alackaday! *Dragoons*. Now is not this ridiculous, and is not this preposterous? A thorough-paced absurdity - explain it if you can.  
Instead of rushing eagerly to cherish us and foster us, they all prefer this melancholy literary man.

Instead of slyly peering at us, casting looks endearing at us, blushing at us, flushing at us, flirting with a fan;  
They're actually sneering at us, fleering at us, jeering at us! Pretty sort of treatment for a military man!

*Angela*. Mystic poet, hear our prayer, twenty love-sick maidens we - young and wealthy, dark and fair,

All of county family. And we die for love of thee-Twenty love-sick maidens we! *Maidens*. Yes, we die for love of thee-twenty love-sick maidens we!

*Bunthorne*. Though my book I seem to scan in a rapt ecstatic way, like a literary man who despises female clay,

I hear plainly all they say, twenty love-sick maidens they! *Dragoons*. He hears plainly all they say, twenty love-sick maidens they!

*Saphir*. Though so excellently wise, for a moment mortal be, deign to raise thy purple eyes from thy heart-drawn poesy.

Twenty love-sick maidens see - each is kneeling on her knee! *Maidens*. Twenty love-sick maidens see - each is kneeling on her knee!

*Bunthorne*. Though, as I remarked before, any one convinced would be that some transcendental lore is monopolizing me.

Round the corner I can see - each is kneeling on her knee! *Dragoons*. Round the corner he can see - each is kneeling on her knee!

Now is not this ridiculous, and is not this preposterous... A thorough-paced absurdity – ridiculous! Preposterous! Explain it if you can.

#### Double Chorus

*Maidens*. In a doleful train...

Yes, we die for love of thee!

*Dragoons*. Now is not this ridiculous,...

Now is not this ridiculous, and is not this preposterous?

*Narration*: Ah! Then comes a time in the story when the thought of past love is rekindled in beautiful Sullivan hymn like style to Gilbert's words:

*I hear the soft note of the echoing voice of an old, old love, long dead –  
It whispers, my sorrowing heart, "rejoice"- for the last sad tear is shed.  
The pain that is all but a pleasure will change  
For the pleasure that is all but pain,  
And never, oh never, this heart will range from that old, old love again.*

**I hear the soft note** Christiane Olson, *Ella*, Margaret O'Brien, *Saphir*, Sarah Bleasdale, *Angela*,  
Douglas Schmolze, *Duke*, Stephen Quint, *Major General*, Gabriel Garcia, *Colonel*

*Narration*: Another beautiful hymn like moment comes with our next selection from Pirates of Penzance.

Although it is brief, it lasts long in the memories of any Savoyard who knows it. It is a tender response to the words of the Pirate King, who reminds all that:

We rather think we're not altogether void of feeling.  
Although we live by strife, we're always sorry to begin it.  
For what, we ask, is life without a touch of Poetry in it?  
You may sing, for you are at liberty to do so, our Pirate rules protect you,  
And honorary members of our band we do elect you!

### ☞ *The Pirates of Penzance* ☞

**Hail Poetry** – with audience

Hail Poetry! Thou heav'n-born maid!  
Thou guilddest e'en the Pirate's trade.  
Hail, flowing fount... - of sentiment!  
All hail! All Hail! Divine emollient!

*Narration*: But of course, when recalling the tunes of Pirates of Penzance one cannot ignore one of the finest double choruses in the repertoire.

### When the foeman bears his steel

John Arthur-Miller, *Sergeant*, Christiane Olson, *Mabel*, Sarah Bleasdale, *Edith*, Stephen Quint, *Major General*, Policemen, Girls

*Sergeant*. When the foeman bares his steel, *Policemen*. Tarantara! *Sergeant*. We uncomfortable feel, *Policemen*. Tarantara!

*Sergeant*. And we find the wisest thing, *Policemen*. Tarantara! *Sergeant*. Is to slap our chests and sing, *Sergeant & Policemen*. Tarantara!

*Sergeant*. For when threatened with emeutes, *Policemen*. Tarantara! *Sergeant*. And your heart is in your boots, *Policemen*. Tarantara!

*Sergeant*. There is nothing brings it round like the trumpet's martial sound. *Sergeant & Policemen*. Tarantara!

*Mabel*. Go, ye heroes, go to glory, though you die in combat gory, ye shall live in song and story. Go to immortality!

Go to death, and go to slaughter; Die, and every Cornish daughter with her tears your grave shall water. Go, ye heroes, go and die!

*Girls*. Go, ye heroes, go and die! Go, ye heroes, go and die!

*Sergeant*. Though to us it's evident, *Policemen*. Tarantara! *Sergeant*. These attentions are well meant, *Policemen*. Tarantara!

*Sergeant*. Such expressions don't appear, *Policemen*. Tarantara! *Sergeant*. Calculated men to cheer, *Policemen*. Tarantara!

*Sergeant*. Who are going to meet their fate in a highly nervous state. *Policemen*. Tarantara!

*Sergeant*. Still to us it's evident these attentions are well meant. *Policemen*. Tarantara!

*Edith*. Go and do your best endeavour, and before all links we sever, we will say farewell for ever. Go to glory and the grave!

*Girls*. Go to glory and the grave! For your foes are fierce and ruthless, false, unmerciful, and truthless;

Young and tender, old and toothless, all in vain their mercy crave.

*Sergeant.* We observe too great a stress, on the risks that on us press, and of reference a lack to our chance of coming back.

Still, perhaps it would be wise not to carp or criticise, for it's very evident these attentions are well meant.

*Policemen.* Yes, it's very evident - these attentions are well meant! *Sergeant & Policemen.* Ah, yes, well meant!

*Double Chorus*

*Mabel & Edith.* Go, ye heroes, go to glory!  
Though ye die in combat gory,  
Ye shall live in song and story,  
Go to immortality!  
Go to death and go to slaughter;  
Die, and every Cornish daughter  
With her tears your grave shall water,  
Go, ye heroes, go and die!  
Go ye heroes, go to immortality!  
Tho' ye die in combat gory,  
Ye shall live in song and story;  
Go to immortality!

*Maj. General.* Away, away!  
These pirates slay!  
Then do not stay!  
Then why this delay  
Yes, but you don't go!

*Girls.* Go, ye heroes, go to glory!  
Ye shall live in story.  
Go to death and go to slaughter;  
Die, and every Cornish daughter  
With her tears your grave shall  
water,  
Go, ye heroes, go and die!  
Go ye heroes, go to immortality!  
Tho' ye die in combat gory,  
Ye shall live in song and story;  
Go to immortality!

*Girls.* Yes, forward on the foe,  
They go, they go!  
Yes, forward on the foe,  
At last they go, at last they go!  
At last they really, really go!

*Policemen.* When the foeman bears his steel,  
Tarantara! tarantara!  
We uncomfortable feel. Tarantara!  
And we find the wisest thing,  
Tarantara! tarantara!  
Is to slap our chests and sing: Tarantara!  
For when threatened with emutes, Tarantara!  
And your heart is in your boots, Tarantara!  
There is nothing brings it round,  
Like the trumpet's martial sound,  
Tarantara, ra, ra, ra!

*Policemen.* Yes, yes, we go! Tarantara!  
All right, we go!  
Yes forward on the foe, we go, we go!  
Yes forward on the foe,  
We go, we go, we go, we go!

*Narration:* What talk of love and its trials could not include one more word from Ko-Ko, who, in order to convince Katisha to marry him in the plan to save Titipu, he sings a convincing little ditty. I sing it now in honor of all Savoyards, past and present, especially in memory of Dr. James Fortier Stuart, my mentor and friend, who was one of the greats.

### ❧ *The Mikado* ❧

#### **Willow, tit Willow**

John Arthur-Miller, *Ko-Ko*

On a tree by a river a little tom-tit sang "Willow, titwillow, titwillow!"  
And I said to him, "Dicky-bird, why do you sit singing Willow, titwillow, titwillow?"  
"Is it weakness of intellect, birdie?" I cried, "Or a rather tough worm in your little inside?"  
With a shake of his poor little head, he replied, "Oh, willow, titwillow, titwillow!"  
He slapped at his chest, as he sat on that bough, singing "Willow, titwillow, titwillow!"  
And a cold perspiration bespangled his brow, oh, willow, titwillow, titwillow!  
He sobbed and he sighed, and a gurgle he gave, then he plunged himself into the billowy wave,  
And an echo arose from the suicide's grave—"Oh, willow, titwillow, titwillow!"  
Now I feel just as sure as I'm sure that my name isn't Willow, titwillow, titwillow,  
That 'twas blighted affection that made him exclaim "Oh, willow, titwillow, titwillow!"  
And if you remain callous and obdurate, I shall perish as he did, and you will know why,  
Though I probably shall not exclaim as I die, "Oh, willow, titwillow, titwillow!"

*Narration:* In our final selection from *Princess Ida*, we leave you today – this wonderful day in May – with words of Gilbert and music of Sullivan, hopeful that: “We will walk the world yoked in all exercise of noble end! And so, through those dark gates across the wild that no man knows! Indeed, we love thee – Come!

### ❧ *Princess Ida* ❧

#### **With joy abiding (Act 3/Finale)**

Christiane Olson, *Princess Ida*, Kevin Ray, *Hilarion*, Chorus

*Princess Ida.* With joy abiding, together gliding through life's variety, in sweet society, and thus enthroning the love I'm owning, on this atoning I will rely!

*Chorus.* It were profanity for poor humanity to treat as vanity the sway of Love. In no locality or principality is our mortality its sway above!

*Prince Hilarion.* When day is fading, with serenading and such frivolity of tender quality—with scented showers of fairest flowers, the happy hours will gaily fly!

*Chorus.* It were profanity... *Princess Ida and Prince Hilarion.* In no locality or principality... *All.* In no locality, or principality, is our mortality above the sway of love!

❧ ❧

Encore

#### ***The Gondoliers: Once more gondolieri* (Finale, excerpt)**

##### *Bows*

Hilarion with *Ida (Princess Ida)* | Mabel, Edith, Major General (*The Pirates of Penzance*) | Angela, Saphir, Ella (*Patience*), Pitti-Sing (*The Mikado*) | Duke, Major, Colonel, Bunthorne (*Patience*) | Ralph – Buttercup (*H.M.S. Pinafore*) | Counsel, Defendant (*Trial by Jury*) | Judge (*Trial by Jury*) | Plaintiff (*Trial by Jury*) | Narrator (*Trial by Jury*) | Charwoman (*Trial by Jury*)

Musical Director, Pianist, and Company



## The Performers



Rebecca Palmer



Igor Ferreira



Stephen Quint - Photo by Gary Gold



Christiane Olson



Kevin Ray



Sarah Bleasdale



Gabriel Garcia



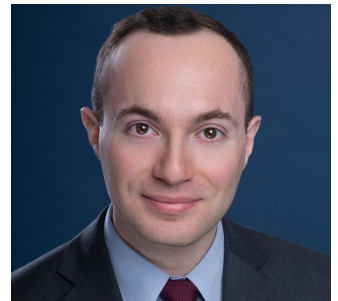
Doug Schmolze



Margie O'Brien



Max Rook



Joseph Klebanoff



John-Arthur Miller



Christine Gevert



David Baranowski



Trudy Weaver Miller



**Rebecca Palmer, soprano** is a graduate of San Francisco Conservatory of Music (Bachelor of Music) and The Boston Conservatory (Master of Music).

Rebecca made her Austrian debut at the Wien Modern festival, where she sang the soprano solo in Goetia 72 by Lera Auerbach. She has also performed with Chorus Sine Nomine, under the direction of Johannes Hiemetsberger, in Brahms Requiem (Graz Musikverein), Mahler Symphony II (Vienna Musikverein) and Bach Mass in B minor (Vienna Musikverein). Rebecca collaborates with the ensemble Cracow Singers, based in Cracow, Poland. Past performances include works by Des Prez, Bach, Penderecki and Pärt. She has sang with conductor Zoltán Pad, Sinfonietta Cracovia, Beethoven Academy Orchestra and has toured in France (Chaource Organ Festival), Armenia (Penderecki a cappella with Hover Chamber Choir in Yerevan) and Hungary (72 Angels by Lera Auerbach with Raschèr Saxophone Quartet in Budapest). Rebecca was also a soloist at ICE Krakow Congress Centre during the annual Film Music Festival, where she sang the music of composer Jan Kaczmarek. Operatic roles include a portrayal of Vespetta (Pimpinone, Telemann) with Krakowska Opera Kameralna in Cracow, Poland and Pamina (Die Zauberflöte, Mozart) with Connecticut Lyric Opera in the United States. "Rebecca Palmer was refulgent as Pamina, especially in Ach ich fühl's." - Connecticut Summer Opera Foundation. She has also performed Barbarina (Le Nozze di Figaro, Mozart), Le Feu & Le Rossignol (L'Enfant et les Sortilèges, Ravel) and Zerlina (Don Giovanni, Mozart). Rebecca was described as having, "impeccable technical aptitude complemented by smooth and mature tone...[Rebecca Palmer] displayed a level of communication unparalleled among her fellow soloists." - The Boston Musical Intelligencer. Rebecca is a featured soloist with Crescendo, an Early Music/Baroque ensemble led by Christine Gevert, based in Connecticut in the United States. Past concerts include works by Brazilian composer José Maurício Nunes Garcia, the Ferrara Court composer, Luzzasco Luzzaschi, and Domenico Zipoli. Rebecca has lived in the United States, Germany, Italy, England, Poland and Austria. She speaks English, Italian and German. Rebecca currently resides in Vienna, Austria.

**Christiane Olson, soprano**, is a professional actor and singer who has performed in Paris, New York, Seattle, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Illinois, Michigan, Montana, Kentucky and Colorado. She is an educator with over 10 years of experience teaching acting in higher education. She has also served as a dialect/vocal coach for many productions, helping actors with British (RP), Cockney, and French to name a few. Fluent in both English and French, she teaches French at Housatonic Valley Regional High School. Last year she was named the new Director and co-producer of The Housatonic Musical Theater Society, and recently directed Beauty and the Beast for their 2024 season. Christiane earned an MFA in Acting from Michigan State University.

**Margaret O'Brien, soprano**, teaches private voice and piano lessons at the Kent School, in Kent, CT. She has a B.A. in Music from Hamilton College and a M.A. in Music Therapy from New York University. She has performed as soloist with the Sherman Chamber Ensemble and the Kent Singers. While living in New York City, she was a member of the professional choir at St. Bartholomew's Church and at St. Michael's Church. She is a frequent soloist at St. Andrew's Church in Kent, CT and has performed in recital for the St. Andrew's *Music in the Nave* series. When not engaged in music, she enjoys gardening and riding dressage.

**Sarah Marvel Bleasdale, mezzo-soprano**, started her career with the Gilbert and Sullivan touring company, Opera a la Carte, based in Southern California, and has continued to perform the repertoire frequently with various organizations, including the New York Gilbert and Sullivan Society, Troupers Light Opera, and Utopia Opera. She recently performed at Carnegie Hall with the American Symphony Orchestra in performances of the Dvorak Requiem and Schoenberg's Gurre-lieder, and is singing this spring in concerts with the Westchester Choral Society and Music on the Hill. Sarah will appear this summer in Meyerbeer's Le Profète, with the Opera at Bard Summerscape. Past performances include playing Madame Giry in the German cast of Andrew Lloyd Webber's Phantom of the Opera and her recordings include Bloch's Sacred Service recorded live in Jerusalem with the Israel Philharmonic, and the soundtrack of the animated film Halo: The Fall of Reach.

**Max Rook is an alto vocalist and a composer.** They studied at Manchester Community College, where, after a long and winding road down more than a few other possible paths, they finally graduated with an Associates Degree in Music Studies.

Along the way, Max has found themselves a place in the alto and tenor sections of several vocal ensembles in the New England area. They perform regularly with the Schola Cantorum at the Cathedral of St. Joseph in Hartford, the Boston Symphony Orchestra's Tanglewood Festival Chorus, the Manchester Symphony Orchestra Chorale, Voce, and Crescendo. Max can also be found singing in shows around Massachusetts and Connecticut with Big Smile Entertainment, as well as performing as a singer and bassist around the general Tolland County area with their band, Long Way Round.

While their compositional career is still fledgling, Max has had a few of their pieces performed by the Manchester Symphony Orchestra Chorale. They write primarily for vocal ensembles, though they also sometimes dabble in electronic music.

**Igor Ferreira, Brazilian-born tenor and pianist** received his master's degree in Piano Performance from the University of Hartford, under tutelage of Prof. David Westfall and Prof. Frederic Chiu. He was featured in the Brazilian TV show Segunda Musical on TV ALMG in the years of 2008, 2009 and 2011, which was recorded live at the Teatro da Assembléia Legislativa de Minas Gerais, in Brazil. He performed as a pianist in many venues and festivals, including the inaugural concert of the *Oficina de Artes Narciso Rodrigues*, a new integrated cultural space in the city of Itapagipe, Brazil. Also, he played on the 90<sup>th</sup> birthday recital of one of the Brazil's most acclaimed composers, Edino Krieger (1928-2022), with the honor of having the composer in the audience.

As a lyrical tenor, Mr. Ferreira was a soloist for the Manchester Symphony Orchestra and Choir, the CRESCENDO Chorus and Orchestra and the Hartt Symphony Orchestra and Hartt Choirs. He was a tenured member of the prestigious Coral Lírico de Minas Gerais (CLMG), which is the professional symphony/opera choir of the Brazilian state of Minas Gerais, housed in the Palácio das Artes alongside the state's orchestra, the Orquestra Sinfônica de Minas Gerais (OSMG). He has performed in many operatic super-productions including *Carmen*, *Lucia de Lammermoor*, *Porgy and Bess*, *La Traviata*, *Rigoletto*, *Der Fliegende Holländer*, *Norma*, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, *Il Guarany* and many others. He also performed, with the choir in the inaugural concert of the Sala Minas Gerais, that houses the Orquestra Filarmônica de Minas Gerais (OFMG). He took part on the A Canção das Iluminuras, a specialized early-music ensemble with a vast collection of early-music instruments and, the Octeto da Fundação de Educação Artística, which was an eight-member voice chamber group. As a member of the Suzuki Association of Americas, he has been certified in Suzuki Teacher Training with Prof. Sachiko Ishihara. Currently, he is a piano faculty at the Suzuki Music Schools, in Westport/CT.

**Kevin Ray, tenor**, is praised by *Opera News* for his "commendable style" and abilities with "subtle coloristic nuance." This season, he returns to the role of the Prince in Rusalka in his Portland Opera debut, sings his first performances of Macduff in Macbeth with Resonance Works, and joins his alma mater Oberlin College Conservatory of Music for a gala performance of Beethoven's Symphony No. 9. Last season he joined New Orleans Opera for his first performances of Siegmund in Die Walküre. He recently made his LA Opera debut as Loud Stone in Aucoino and Ruh's Eurydice, his Metropolitan Opera debut as the Messenger in Aida. Other recent engagements include joining Indiana University for a special bicentennial production of Parsifal covering the title role, his first performances of King Charles VII in Tchaikovsky's The Maid of Orleans with Odyssey Opera, the Prince in Rusalka with Arizona Opera, Erik in Der fliegende Holländer with Estonian National Opera, and Bacchus in Ariadne auf Naxos with Berkshire Opera Festival. On the concert stage, Mr. Ray made his Los Angeles Philharmonic debut singing Beethoven's Choral Fantasy under the baton of Mirga Gražinytė-Tyla, joined the Phoenix Symphony for Beethoven's Symphony No. 9, the Florida Orchestra for Rachmaninov's The Bells, the Midcoast Symphony Orchestra for Verdi's Requiem, and was a resident artist at the Ravinia Festival Steans Music Institute. He is a 2016 second prizewinner in the Wagner division of the Gerda Lisner Foundation's International Vocal Competition and a 2015 winner of the William Matheus Sullivan Musical Foundation Award. The tenor was one of eight finalists in Seattle Opera's 2014 International Wagner Competition. He is a 2012 Grand Finalist of the Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions as well as a three-time district winner of the competition in previous years. He has also received second prize from the Gerda Lisner International Vocal Competition and third prize in the Wagner division of the Liederkrantz Competition. Additionally, he is a two-time recipient of study grants from the Wagner Society of New York. The Cornwall, New York native earned his Master of Music from the Curtis Institute of Music, at which his roles included Don José in La tragédie de Carmen, the Schoolmaster in Cunning Little Vixen, and Toni Reichsmann in The Elegy for Young Lovers. He received his Bachelor of Music degree from the Oberlin College Conservatory of Music and completed further studies at the Accademia Rossiniana in Pesaro and the Mozarteum Sommerakademie in Salzburg.

**Doug Schmolze, tenor and guitarist**, studied guitar and composition at the Berklee School of Music, classical guitar with Alexander Bellow and voice with Frank Kelley. He has sung with the Pro Art Choral, the Berkshire Bach Singers, Berkshire Choral Festival, Berkshire Opera, Cantilena Chamber Choir. He was the tenor section leader at the First Congregational Church, Stockbridge Ma. in past years; currently with the Crescendo Chorus of Lime Rock, CT. He is active as a church musician and is a music practitioner, trained in the Music for Healing and Transition Program. His repertoire includes art songs guitar music from Spain and Latin America as well as American Songbook classics from composers such as Harold Arlen, Cole Porter, George Gershwin, Rogers and Hammerstein, etc. Doug is married and lives in Great Barrington, Ma.

**Stephen Quint, baritone**, grew up in Maine (Pittsfield), went to college in Boston (New England Conservatory, as a French horn player), and lives in Brooklyn Heights (where Old is the new New). While playing the horn professionally in New York, he decided to audition for the New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players. For the next 30-plus years, he performed the principal comedian "patter roles" with the company. Over 1,000 performances of Sir Joseph ("Pinafore"), the Major-General ("Pirates of Penzance"), and Ko-Ko ("The Mikado"), plus countless performances (in that nobody counted them) of the other 10 G&S operas. In addition to NYGASP he has sung for regional opera companies such as Anchorage Opera, Boston Academy of Music, New York Grand Opera, the International Gilbert and Sullivan Festival in Buxton, England, and many, many more. So many more. Steve is also delighted to do other things, and his most recent performance was Fagin in "Oliver!."

**Gabriel García, bass** (Foreman of the Jury, Ko-Ko, Bunthorne, Colonel), currently lives in Harlem, NYC, where he is pursuing a Master's Degree in Contemporary Performance at the Manhattan School of Music. Gabriel seeks to be a true arbiter of change by working to increase representation on our stages as well as seeking out or commissioning works by people of color. Gabriel previously attended Carnegie Mellon and grew up in the Connecticut area.

**Joseph Klebanoff, bass** hails from Waccabuc, NY. A lifelong chorister, he joined the Westchester Oratorio Society at age 11 and sang with them for seven years. While in college, he sang with the Catskill Choral Society, the Canticum Novum Singers, and Voctet. He has sung with at least one choir per week for the past 23 years. Joe is a section leader and soloist for the Westchester Choral Society and Hudson Chorale. Last spring, with members of WCS, HC, and Westchester Music of India, he was the tenor soloist for the world premiere of Beethoven's Ode to Joy performed in Hindi. Since 2019, Joe has been the tenor soloist at St. Matthew's Church in Bedford. Previously, he sang for three years each at St. Joseph's Church in Danbury and Christ Church Bronxville. He also sings with the Yuletide Singers, Qara' Vocal Ensemble, Park East Men's Choir, Yossi Schwartz Choir, and The Zingers Choir. An avid collaborator, Joe has performed and recorded new works by Robin Pitre, Eric Freeman, Sophie Pope, Andrew Seligson, Icli Zitella, Derek Cooper, and Anthony Newman. Joe is a graduate of the Manhattan School of Music, where he studied with Mignon Dunn. He currently studies with Gary Norden.

**David Baranowski, piano** is a highly versatile conductor and musician, performing with equal virtuosity on piano, keyboard, organ, and harpsichord. He has played and directed numerous chamber and choral concerts in New York and Connecticut, conducted *Così fan tutte* for Delaware Valley Opera, and musical directed and conducted *The Wild Party* and *Crazy for You* for the Musical Theater department at Western Connecticut State University. He is the Artistic Director for both the Hudson Chorale and the Westchester Choral Society, and Music Director and organist for the Salisbury Congregational Church. For the past twenty years, David has been touring internationally with rock icon Ritchie Blackmore, as both keyboardist and singer. He has played over 10 concerts and visited nearly 25 countries as a member of Blackmore's Night, which has been on the charts and on prime time television in Germany, Czech Republic, Russia, England, and the United States. David Baranowski has also collaborated with Irish pop singer and composer, Julie Feeney, whose NY shows earned rave reviews in the New York Times and a live appearance on WNYC's Soundcheck. Mr. Baranowski studied piano with Paul Ostrovsky and Steven Lubin, organ with Robert Fertitta, voice with Stefano Algieri, and conducting with Mark Bailey. He received both his Bachelor and Master of Music degrees from Purchase College Conservatory of Music.

**John-Arthur Miller, bass-baritone**, was part of the professional singer scene in New York City for many years, as a soloist, an opera singer, and a choral singer. His early training was at Kent State University, in Kent, OH, and his vast G&S experience with the Ohio Light Opera Company in Wooster, OH, under the direction of James Stuart. For many years he was a member of the Concert Chorale of New York, the professional choir performing with the New York Philharmonic and other touring orchestras, as well as Musica Sacra, and the various oratorio societies, as a soloist. He toured the United States with New York City Opera for several seasons. He was on the faculty of the Berkshire Choral Festival for many years, relocating to the Berkshires in 2001. Since then, he has enjoyed many years singing as soloist and bass section leader with Christine Gevert and Crescendo, as well as conducting and singing at Christ Trinity Church in Sheffield.

**Christine Gevert, organ, virginal and direction**, holds a master's degree in organ and early music performance from the Hochschule für Musik und Theater, Hamburg, Germany. After earning a bachelor's degree in music theory from the Conservatorio Nacional de Chile, she studied choral and orchestral conducting in Berlin and harpsichord in London. She has taught at the Berliner Kirchen-musikschule, the Universidad de Chile, and the Pontificia Universidad Católica in Santiago, Chile. Ms. Gevert has performed in Europe, South America, and the U.S., appearing at the Washington Early Music Festival, the Berkshire Choral Festival, the Fringe concerts of the Boston Early Music Festival, and the Amherst Early Music Festival, the Early Music Festival in Narol, Poland, the Auditorium Wanda Landowska in Paris, and the Metropolitan Museum of Art. She also performed at the International Festival of American Renaissance & Baroque Music at the Chiquitan Missions in Santa Cruz, Bolivia. She has recorded for Carpe Diem and Alerce. She has led master classes and workshops in early music, harpsichord, and baroque vocal technique at music festivals in Germany, Chile and the U.S., and has taught historic keyboards at the Berlin Church Music School in Germany, and locally at Bard College at Simon's Rock. She has authored and published more than eighty historical basso continuo realizations with the Swiss music publisher, Amadeus Verlag. The founder and artistic director of Crescendo and her own baroque ensemble Les Inégales, Christine is currently music director at Trinity Episcopal Church, Lime Rock, CT.

## *Crescendo and its programming*

Crescendo is a national-award-winning music performance organization. Now in its 20<sup>th</sup> season, Crescendo has presented concerts year-round in northwestern Connecticut, the Berkshires, and the mid-Hudson Valley of New York. The organization is based at Trinity Church Lime Rock in Lakeville, CT.

Founder and Artistic Director, Christine Gevert, is celebrated for her innovative approach to programming and performance. Crescendo's audiences are often rewarded with programs of rarely-heard and newly discovered works. Often Ms. Gevert uses original manuscripts to make her own performing editions for chorus, soloists and orchestra because there are no existing published editions. Frequently our programs feature early and contemporary music works alongside each other, creating a contrast for the listener. Eight new works have been commissioned for our chorus and vocal ensemble. Crescendo has presented ten U.S. premieres.

Crescendo's innovative programming relies on a local base of dedicated and talented auditioned amateurs and professionals who make up the Crescendo Chorus and Crescendo Vocal Ensemble. Crescendo has its own Period Instrument Orchestra and Andean Ensemble, comprised of professionals from New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington DC and Hartford. These instrumentalists and the internationally recognized soloists who regularly collaborate with Crescendo bring the performances to a level comparable to the best ensembles in the country. Instrumental music ensembles and concerts with vocal soloists have been part of Crescendo's programs since the beginning. Some of the performers have been: Julianne Baird (Philadelphia) soprano, Nicholas Tamagna (Oldenburg, Germany) countertenor, Peter Sykes (Boston) and Władysław Kłosiewicz (Warsaw, Poland), harpsichord, Chris Bellsucio (Boston), natural trumpet, Tricia van Oers, recorder, *I Fagiolini* Renaissance Vocal Ensemble (London, UK), L'Orchestre de Chambre Francaise (Paris, France), Peter Lekx (Montreal) baroque violin, Duo Alturas (Hartford) charango, viola and guitar, and Duo Les Inégales, traverso and harpsichord.

We are strongly committed to educational outreach—to our own singers, our audiences and local students. Talented local high school singers and young musicians are coached by Ms. Gevert as part of our "Young Artist Program", and often play a part in our performances. She and members of the chorus visit local schools to work with students.

Artistic Director Christine Gevert is celebrated for her innovative approach to programming and performance: In 2014 Crescendo won the prestigious Chorus America / ASCAP Alice Parker Award. Today's programming reflects some of the diversity and scope of music that Crescendo is known for.

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