



EMERALD

E N S E M B L E

FINLANDIA

Saturday, May 19, 2018

8:00 pm

Vashon United Methodist Church

Vashon, Washington

Sunday, May 20, 2018

4:00 pm

Nordic Heritage Museum

Seattle, Washington

Dr. Gary D. Cannon

Artistic Director

EMERALD ENSEMBLE

Our Mission:

The Emerald Ensemble enlightens the mind, uplifts the heart, and enriches the soul through great choral music presented with passion and skill. We envision a world made better through great choral music.

PERFORMING ARTISTS

Sopranos:

Erika Chang

Lisa Pontén

Altos:

Christine Knackstedt

Kathryn Weld

Tenors:

David Hendrix

Dustin Kaspar

Basses:

J. Scott Kovacs

Jonathan Silvia

Maria Männistö, Language Coach

LEADERSHIP AND GUIDANCE

Jo Ann Bardeen, Board Secretary

Jennifer Carter, Board President

Michael Monnikendam, Board Member

John Muehleisen, Artistic Advisor

James Savage, Board Member

Dr. Gary D. Cannon, Artistic Director

J. Scott Kovacs, Executive Director

CONCERT VOLUNTEERS

Kaycie Alanis, Holly Boaz, & Members of the Vashon Choral Boosters



PROGRAM

FINLANDIA

Saturday, May 19th, 2018

Sunday, May 20th, 2018

Double, double, toil and trouble (1984)	Jaakko Mäntyjärvi (b.1963)
Maamme (1848)	Fredrik Pacius (1809–1891)
Auringon noustessa (1910)	Toivo Kuula (1883–1918)
Virta venhettä vie (1907)	Toivo Kuula
Minun kuitani kaunis on (1904)	Toivo Kuula
Smoking can kill (2008)	Jaakko Mäntyjärvi
Drömmarna (1917)	Jean Sibelius (1865–1957)
Credo (1972)	Einojuhani Rautavaara (1928–2016)
Och glädjen den dansar (1993)	Einojuhani Rautavaara

intermission

Finlandia-hymni (1900/1948)	Jean Sibelius
Venematka (1893/1914)	Jean Sibelius
Sydämeni laulu (1898/1904)	Jean Sibelius
Suite de Lorca (1973)	Einojuhani Rautavaara
Vier Galgenlieder (1960)	Erik Bergman (1911–2006)
El Hambo (1996)	Jaakko Mäntyjärvi
Isänmaalle (1900)	Jean Sibelius

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Double, double toil and trouble

from *Four Shakespeare Songs* (1984)

Jaakko Mäntyjärvi (born 1963)

Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.
Thrice and once the hedge-pig whin'd.
Harpier cries: 'Tis time, 'tis time.
Round about the cauldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw:
Toad, that under cold stone
Days and night had thirty-one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first in the charm'd pot.
 Double, double toil and trouble,
 Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

Fillet of a fenny snake
In the cauldron boil and bake,
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
 Double, double toil and trouble,
 Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digg'd in dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat, and slips of yew
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangl'd babe
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For ingredients for our cauldron.
 Double, double toil and trouble,
 Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.
 Open, locks, whoever knocks!

—William Shakespeare (1564–1616)
Macbeth (1606?), Act IV, Scene 1

Maamme [originally Vårt land] (1848)

Fredrik Pacius (1809–1891)

Oi maamme, Suomi, synnyinmaa,
soi, sana kultainen!
 Ei laaksoa, ei kukkulaa,
 ei vettä, rantaa rakkaampaa
 kuin kotimaa tää pohjoinen,
 maa kallis isien.

Sun kukoistukses kuorestaan
kerrankin puhkeaa;
 viel' lempemme saa nousemaan
 sun toivos, riemus loistossaan,
 ja kerran laulus, synnyinmaa
 korkeemman kaiun saa.

— after Johan Ludvig Runeberg (1804–1877)

Oh, our land, Finland, land of our birth,
ring out, the golden word!
 No valley, no hill,
 no water, shore more dear
 than this northern homeland,
 precious land of our fathers.

Your splendor from its shell
one day will bloom;
 from our love shall rise
 your hope, glorious joy,
 and once your song, native land,
 higher still will echo.

Auringon noustessa ["Sunrise"]

from Seven Songs, op.11 (1910)

Toivo Kuula (1883–1918)

Nää, oi mun sieluni,
auringon korkea nousu,
ylitse kivisen kaupungin kattojen, katuin,
ylitse vuossatain valheen ja tuntien tuskan,
koittava kirkkaus!

Nää, oi mun sieluni,
katoovan elämän autuus!
niinkuin ääretön temppele on se sun eessäs,
alla sen holvien on ikiaikojen ääretön
hartaus mestarin hengen.

Nää, oi mun sieluni,
yössäkin korkehin kirkkaus,
tuskassa tummien hetkien rauha ja riemu,
vuossatai valheessa,
eiämän valheessa valkein, ijäisin totuus!

— Veikko Antero Koskenniemi (1885–1962)

Behold, O my soul,
the rising of the Sun
over the rooftops and streets of the stone city,
over centuries of lies and hours of pain,
a dawning glory!

Behold, O my soul,
the bliss of our mortal days!
Like an infinite temple it stands before thee:
under its vaults lies the eternal devout silence
of the spirit of the Master.

Behold, O my soul,
in darkest night the greatest brightness,
in darkest moments of peace the joy and joy,
in centuries of lies,
in a life of lies, the purest, most eternal truth!

Virta venhettä vie

from Seven Songs, op.4 (1907)

Toivo Kuula (1883–1918)

Virta venhettä vie,
mihin päättyvi tie?
Lyö kuohut purren puuta ja talkaa,
mikä ihminen on?
Virvaliekki levoton.
Ja hiekka heljä riitelempi jalkaa.
Yksi syntyy riemuun ja toinen murheeseen,
ja kullakin on kellonsa pohjass' sydämen.
Kun se seisahtaa niin kuolon aika alkaa.

Virta venhettä vie,
mihin päättyvi tie?
Ei tiedä sitä ihmisistä kenkään.
Meri, talvas ja maa,
kaikki, kaikk' katoaa—
kuinka säilyisi sielu ihmisenkään?
Mutt' unessa niin armas on ajatella noin,
viel' kerran kevät saapuu ja koittaa uusi koi,
ja huomentuulet tuntureilta henkää.

Vaiko venhetta lie?
Virta venhetta vie.

The current carries the boat;
where will the road end?
The foam hits the bark's wood and keel;
what is man?
A restless will-o'-the-wisp.
Already smooth sand caresses the floor.
One of us is born into joy, another into sorrow,
and each of us has a clock in our hearts.
When it stops, the time of death begins.

The current carries the boat;
where will the road end?
There's not a single man who knows.
The sea, sky, and earth,
all, all disappear—
how should the soul of a man persist, either?
But in dreams it's darling to think so:
Once more the spring arrives and a new dawn breaks
and the winds of tomorrow sigh from the hills.

Or could it all just be a lie?
The current carries the boat.

— Eino Leino (1878–1926)

Minun kuitani kaunis on (1904)

Finnish folksong, arranged by

Toivo Kuula (1883–1918)

Minun kuitani kaunis on,
vaikk' on kaitaluinen.

Hei juulia illalla,
vaikk' on kaitaluinen!

Silmät sill' on siniset,
vaikk' on kieronlaiset.

Hei juulia illalla,
vaikk' on kieronlaiset!

Suu on sillä supukka,
vaikk' on toista syltä.

Hei juulia illalla,
vaikk' on toista syltä!

Kun minä vien sen markkinoille,
niin hevosetkin muraa.

Hei juulia illalla,
hevosetkin muraa!

— Traditional Finnish folksong

My bonnie lass is beautiful,
though she's somewhat lanky.

Hey ho, hey nonny no,
though she's somewhat lanky.

Her eyes are of the fairest blue,
though they're a bit askew.

Hey ho, hey nonny no,
though they're a bit askew.

Her mouth is red and puckered up,
though it's three feet wide.

Hey ho, hey nonny no,
though it's three feet wide.

When I take her to market,
the horses burst out laughing.

Hey ho, hey nonny no,
the horses burst out laughing.

Smoking can kill Modern Madrigal No. 3 (2008)

Jaakko Mäntyjärvi (born 1963)

Smoking can kill.

Smoking clogs the arteries and causes heart attacks
and strokes.

Smoking seriously harms you and others around you.

Smoking can cause a slow and painful death.

Smoking by pregnant women may result in fetal injury
and premature birth.

— Anonymous (miscellaneous warnings on
cigarettes and other tobacco products)

Finnish proverb:

**“Ei kannata mennä merta
edemmäs kalaan.”**

Not worth it to go further than the sea for fish.



Drömmarna [“Dreams”] (1917)

Jean Sibelius (1865–1957)

Släktena födas, och släktena gå,
släktena glida som strömmar,
dö och försvinna och slockna, ändå
dö ej de lockande drömmar:
leva i sol och i sorg och i storm,

Generations are born and generations die;
generations glide like streams.

They die and disappear and are extinguished; but still
the enticing dreams never die.

They live in sunshine and sorrow and storm,

domma och läggas på båren,
uppstå ånyo i skimrande form,
följa varandra i spåren.
Hur än de komma och hur än de gå,
glida som speglande strömmar,
hur de försvinna och slockna ändå
leva de eviga drömmar.

they go numb and are laid upon the bier,
they are reborn in shimmering form,
and follow in each other's tracks.
However they come and however they go,
they glide like mirroring streams;
however they may disappear and die out,
the eternal dreams stay alive.

— Jonathan Reuter (1859–1947)

Credo (1972)

Einojuhani Rautavaara (1928–2016)

Credo in unum Deum, patrem omnipotentem,
factorem coeli et terrae,
visibilium omnium et invisibilium.
Et in unum Dominum Jesum Christum,
filium Dei unigenitum
et ex patre natum ante omnia saecula.
Deum de Deo, lumen de lumine,
Deum verum de Deo vero,
genitum, non factum,
consubstantialem patri,
per quem omnia facta sunt.
Qui propter nos homines et propter nostram salutem
descendit de coelis.
Et incarnatus est de Spiritu Sancto
ex Maria virgine, et homo factus est.
Crucifixus etiam pro nobis:
sub Pontio Pilato passus et sepultus est.
Et resurrexit tertia die
secundum scripturas.
Et ascendit in coelum,
sedet ad dexteram patris.
Et iterum venturus est cum gloria
judicare vivos et mortuos,
cujus regni non erit finis.
Et in Spiritum Sanctum, Dominum et vivificantem,
qui ex patre filioque procedit,
qui cum patre et filio
simul adoratur et conglorificatur,
qui locutus est per prophetas.
Et unam sanctam catholicam et apostolicam ecclesiam.
Confiteor unum baptisma in remissionem peccatorum.
Et expecto resurrectionem mortuorum,
et vitam venturi saeculi. Amen.

I believe in one God, omnipotent father,
maker of heaven and earth,
of all things visible and invisible;
and in one Lord Jesus Christ,
only begotten son of God,
and from the father born before all worlds,
God from God, light from light,
true God from true God,
begotten, not made,
of one substance with the father,
by whom all things were made,
who for us men, and for our salvation,
descended from heaven.
And was incarnate by the Holy Ghost
through the virgin Mary, and was made man.
He was crucified for us:
under Pontius Pilate he died and was buried.
And he rose again on the third day
according to the scriptures.
And he ascended to heaven,
seated at the right hand of the father.
And he will come again in glory
to judge the living and the dead,
whose kingdom will have no end.
And in the Holy Ghost, Lord and giver of life,
who proceeds from the father and the son,
who with the father and the son
is worshipped and glorified,
who spoke through the prophets;
and one holy, catholic, and apostolic church.
I confess one baptism for the remission of sins,
And I expect the resurrection of the dead,
and the life of the coming world. Amen.

Och glädjen den dansar

[“With joy we go dancing”] (1993)

Old Finnish wedding tune, arranged by
Einojuhani Rautavaara (1928–2016)

Och glädjen den dansar
bland blommor och strå.
Ken en de komma
och åren de gå.
Då blir det så stilla
bring vännerma två.
Men liljorna de växa upp om våren.

Och världen är så vider
och världen är så stor,
och sorgerna de komma från sunnan
och från nord.
Då är det gott i stugan,
där kärleken bor,
men liljorna de växa upp om våren.

Och människorna födas
och människorna do
som gångande vågor
på villande sjö.
de fallende blomstren
ska täckas av snö.
Men liljorna de växa upp om våren.

— Alexander Slotte (1861–1927)

With joy we go dancing
through meadows and fields.
The summer comes in
and to autumn it yields.
Our peace and contentment
from friendship we’ll draw,
And lilies they bloom in the springtime.

The world it is long
and the world it is wide,
and sorrows are borne on the winds
and the tide,
but here in our cottage,
our love it will flower,
and lilies they bloom in the springtime.

All good folk are born
and all good folk they die
like white-crested waves
on the billowing tide.
The drooping flowers are soon
covered with snow,
but lilies will bloom in the springtime.

Finlandia-hymni (1938/1948)

based on *Finlandia*, op.26 (1900)

Jean Sibelius (1865–1957)

Oi, Suomi, katso, Sinun päiväs koittaa,
yön uhka karkoitettu o jo pois
ja aamun kiuru kirkkaudessa soittaa
kuin itse taivahan kansi sois,
yön vallat aamun valkeus jo voittaa
sun päiväs koittaa, oi synnyinmaa.

Oi nouse, Suomi, nosta kortkealle
pääs seppelöimä suurten muistojen
oi nouse Suomi, näytit maailmalle
sa että karkoitit orjuuden
ja ettet taipunut sa sorron alle
on aamus alkanut, synnyinmaa.

— Veikko Antero Koskenniemi (1885–1962)

O Finland, look, your dawn approaches,
and the night is dispersed, dark and long;
hear how the voice of the lark mixes with sighs,
soon the skies will be filled with jubilation.
See how the night flees and you breathe freely again.
Your morning dawns, O country dear.

Rise high, our country, newly raised from darkness.
Meet the waiting day, free and open,
with the same power you showed
when you broke asunder the yoke of slavery.
Repression never bowed you to the ground.
Your day has dawned, O country dear.

Sydämeni laulu [“Song of My Heart”] (1898/1904)

from Six Partsongs, op.18

Jean Sibelius (1865–1957)

Tuonen lehto, öinen lehto!
Siell’ on hieno hietakehto,
sinnepä lapseni saatan.

Siell’ on lapsen lysti olla,
Tuonen herran vainiolla,
kaitsea Tuonelan karjaa.

Siell’ on lapsen lysti olla,
illan tullen tuuditella
helmassa Tuonelan immen.

Onpa kullan lysti olla,
kultakehdoss’ kellahdella,
kuullella kehrääjälintuu.

Tuonen viita, rauhan viita!
Kaukana on vaino, riita,
kaukana kavala maailma.

— Aleksis Kivi (1834–1872)

Tuoni’s* grove, the grove of night!
There the sand is soft under foot,
there I would take my child.

There it is good for the child to be,
there in Tuoni’s master’s meadows,
tending Tuonela’s herds.

There the child can sleep so sweetly,
there when the dusk comes, can sink,
rocked by Tuonela’s maid.

There the child can sleep so sweetly,
rocking in the golden cradle,
dreaming to the song of the birds.

Tuoni’s halls, the halls of peace!
Far from hatred and struggle,
far from the world’s confusion.

*Tuoni = the Finnish god of Tuonela,
the underworld

Suite de Lorca, op.72 (1973)

Einojuhani Rautavaara (1928–2016)

1. Canción de jinete

Córdoba.
Lejana y sola.

Jaca negra, luna grande,
y aceitunas en mi alforja.
Aunque sepa los aminos
yo nunca llegaré a Córdoba.

Por el llano, por el viento,
jaca negra, luna roja.
La muerte me está mirando
desde las torres de Córdoba.

¡Ay, qué camino tan largo!
¡Ay, mi jaca valerosa!
¡Ay, que la muerte me espera,
antes de llegar a Córdoba!

Córdoba.
Lejana y sola.

Song of the Horseman

Córdoba.
Distant and lovely.

Black pony, large moon,
in my saddlebag, olives.
Well as I know the roads,
I shall never reach Córdoba.

Over the plain, through the wind,
black pony, red moon.
Death keeps a watch on me
from Córdoba’s towers.

Oh, such a long way to go!
And, oh, my spirited pony!
Ah, but death awaits me
before I ever reach Córdoba.

Córdoba.
Distant and lovely.

2. El grito

La eclipse de un grito
va de monte
a monte.

Desde los olivos,
será un arco iris negro
sobre la noche azul.

¡Ay!

Como un arco de viola,
el grito ha hecho vibrar
largas cuerdas del viento.

¡Ay!

(Las gentes de las cuevas
asoman sus velones.)

¡Ay!

3. La luna asoma

Cuando sale la luna
se pierden las campanas
y aperecen las sendas
impenetrables.

Cuando sale la luna,
el mar cubre la tierra
y el corazón se siente
isla en el infinito.

Nadie come naranjas
bajo la luna llena.
Es preciso comer,
fruta verde y helada.

Cuando sale la luna
de cien rostros iguales,
la moneda de plata
solloza en el bolsillo.

The Scream

The arc of a cry
travels from hill
to hill.

From the olive trees
a black rainbow
over the blue night.

Ay!

Like the bow of a viola
the cry has set the wind's
long strings to vibrating.

Ay!

(The people of the caves
bring out their oil lamps.)

Ay!

The moon rises

At the rise of the moon
bells fade out
and impassable paths
appear.

At the rise of the moon
the sea overspreads the land
and the heart feels like an island
in the infinite

No one eats oranges
in the full moon's light.
Fruit must be eaten
green and ice-cold.

At the rise of the moon
with its hundred faces alike,
silver coins
sob away in pockets.

*“... the work of art is unpredictable and creates its own laws.
When it's complete, then there is nothing to add, nothing to take away.”*

—Einojuhani Rautavaara

4. Malagueña

La muerte
entra y sale
de la taberna.

Pasan caballos negros
y gente siniestra
por los hondos
de la guitarra.

Y hay un olor a sal
y a sangre de hembra
en los nardos febriles
de la marina.

La muerte
entra y sale
y sale y entra
le muerte
de la taberna.

Death
goes in and out
of the tavern.

Black horses
and sinister people
pass along the sunken roads
of the guitar.

There's an odor of salt
and female blood
in the feverish spikenard
along the shore.

Death
goes in and out,
out and in
of the tavern goes
death.

— Federico García Lorca (1898–1936)

Vier Galgenlieder ["Four Gallows Songs"], op.51b (1960)
Erik Bergman (1911–2006)

1. Das große Lalula

Kroklowafzi? Semememi!
Seiokrontro – prafriplo:
Bifzi, bafzi; hulalemi:
quasti basti bo...
Lalu lulu lulu lulu la!

Hontraruru miromente
zasku zes rü rü?
Entrepente, leiolente
Klekwapufzi lü?
Lalu lulu lulu lulu la!

Simarat kos malzipempu
silzuzankunkrei (;)!
Marjomar dos: Quempu Lempu
Siri Suri Sei []!
Lalu lulu lulu lulu la!

2. Tapetenblume

'Tapetenblume bin ich fein,
kehr' wieder ohne Ende,
doch, statt im Mai'n und Mondenschein,
auf jeder der vier Wände.

Du siehst mich nimmerdar genug,
so weit du blickst im Stübchen,
und folgst du mir per Rösselsprung —
wirst du verrückt, mein Liebchen.'

The Big Lalula

This nonsense poem is meant to depict an endgame of chess. Some of the words and even punctuation marks are derived from traditional written abbreviations of chess moves.

Wallpaper Flower

'A fine wallpaper flower am I,
my season never palls:
be it December or July,
I bloom on your four walls.

You never see me quite enough,
however far you stare:
steal upon me with your knight's move—
and you'll go mad, my dear'

3. Igel und Agel

Ein Agel saß auf einem Stein
und blies auf einem Stachel sein.
Schalmeiala, schalmeialü!
Da kam sein Feinslieb Agel
und tat ihm schnigel schnagel
zu seinen Melodein.
Schnigula schnagula
schnaguleia lü!

Das Tier verblies sein Flötenhemd...
'Wie siehst Du aus so furchtbar fremd!?'
Schalmeiala, schalmeiaü —.
Feins Agel ging zum Nachbar, ach!
Den igel aber bat der Bach
zum Weiher fortgeschwemmt.
Wigula wagula
waguleir wü
tü tü...

4. Unter Zeiten

Das Perfekt und das Imperfekt
tranken Sekt.
Sie steißen aufs Futurum an
(was man wohl gelten lassen kann).

Plusquamper und Exaktfutur
blintzen nur.

— Christian Morgenstern (1871–1914)

Hedgehog and Hedgesow

A Hedgehog sat upon a stone
and blew a spine, one of his own.
Shawmala, shawmaloo!
Came Kedgesow his sweetheart,
her sniggly-snaggly part
she played beside his tone.
Sniggly snaggly
snaggle-eye loo!

The best blew off his fluting-coat...
'How can you look so damned remote!?'
Shawmala, shawmaloon —.
Sweet Hedgesow went next door, oh dear!
Bu the brook washed the Hedgehog clear
to the fishpond to float.
Wiggly waggly
waggleeye woo
too too...

Among Tenses

The Perfect and Imperfect
clinked,
toasting the Future in champagne
(nobody so far can complain).

Pluperfect and Future Perfect
winked.

El Hambo (1996)

Jaakko Mäntyjärvi (born 1963)

The nonsense text mimics (and gently mocks) a traditional Swedish folk dance.

“Music is, for me, like a beautiful mosaic which God has put together. He takes all the pieces in his hand, throws them into the world, and we have to recreate the picture from the pieces.”

—Jean Sibelius

Isänmaalle [“To the Fatherland”] (1900)
Jean Sibelius (1865–1957)

Yks’ voima sydämeen kätkeyty on,
se voima on puhdas ja pyhä.
Su tuttu on vai tuntematon,
niin valtaa se mieltä yhä.
Salamoina se tuntehet saa palamaan,
sa taivaast; on kotoisin kerrotaan,
ja isänmaa on sen nimi.

Se tunnussana se Suomenmaan
vei urohot kuolon teille,
vei nälkää, vaaroja voittamaan,
vei valoa voittamaan meille,
ja rauhan töissä se ollut on
se tiovon tähti sammumaton,
joka tien vapautehen viittaa.

Niin aina olkohon Suomenmaass’
ain’ uljuutt’ uskollisuutta!
Kun vaara uhkaa, ne luokohot taas
vapautta ja valoa uutta.
Tää maa ei koskaan sortua saa,
eläköön tämä muistojen, toivojen maa,
eläköön, kauan eläköön Suomi!

A single strength is concealed in my heart,
that strength is pure and holy.
Whether familiar or unfamiliar,
it dominates the mind.
Like lightning, it burns,
it is said to emanate from heaven,
And its name is the fatherland.

Its nomenclature, Finland,
has led brave men to their deaths,
led them to hunger, to conquer dangers,
led them to achieve victory,
and it as been present at work done in peace,
an inextinguishable star of hope,
which shows the way to freedom.

Let there always be on Finnish soil
great courage and steadfastness!
When danger threatens, they will create
new freedom and light,
this country may never be vanquished;
long live this land of memories and hopes,
long live Finland!

— Paavo Cajander (1846–1913)



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Cascadian Chorale, *Artistic Partner*

Chris Fraley, *Recording Engineer*

Nordic Heritage Museum, *Artistic Partner*

Seattle Bach Choir, *Artistic Partner*

Maria Männistö, *Language Coach*

Saint Stephen’s Episcopal Church & Michael Monnikendam, *Rehearsal Facility*

Sine Nomine, *Artistic Partner*

Trinity Episcopal Parish & Jo Baim, *Rehearsal Facility*

Turi Henderson, *Season Graphics*

Vashon Island Chorale, *Artistic Partner*



ARTISTIC DIRECTOR

Dr. Gary D. Cannon is one of the Seattle area’s most versatile choral personalities, active as conductor, musicologist, and singer. He is co-founder, Artistic Director, and conductor of the Emerald Ensemble.

Since 2008, Dr. Cannon has served as conductor and Artistic Director of two prominent community choirs. The Cascadian Chorale, a chamber choir based in the Eastside suburb of Bellevue, performs a breadth of mostly unaccompanied repertoire including many premieres of works by local composers. The Vashon Island Chorale, numbering 80–100 singers, is a focal point of its island’s arts community. At the invitation of the Early Music Guild, he founded and directed a Renaissance choir, Sine Nomine (2008–15). He has three times conducted for Vashon Opera. Equally comfortably directing professional and volunteer ensembles, Dr. Cannon has also conducted Anna’s Bay Chamber Choir, Choral Arts, Earth Day Singers, Kirkland Choral Society, Northwest Mahler Festival, Seattle Praetorius Singers, several choirs at the University of Washington, and others.

Dr. Cannon lectures for Seattle Symphony and has provided written program notes for choirs across the country. His research and writing topics span music of nine centuries, with special emphasis on William Walton and other twentieth-century English composers. He taught at Whatcom Community College (2004–6), where he received the Faculty Excellence Award. As a tenor, he has appeared as a soloist with Pacific Northwest Ballet, Seattle Philharmonic, and the Auburn, Eastside, Rainier, and Sammamish Symphony Orchestras, as well as Byrd Ensemble, Canonici, Les Chantrelles, Choral Arts, Master Chorus Eastside, St. James Cathedral Cantorei, Seattle Bach Choir, and Tudor Choir. A California native, Dr. Cannon holds degrees from the University of California at Davis and the University of Washington.



This choir is a proud member of the

greater seattle
CHORAL
consortium

View all upcoming choral performances
or find a choir to sing with by visiting

www.seattlesings.org

or scan the code below.



OUTREACH

Beyond traditional concerts and recordings, the Emerald Ensemble brings music directly to locations where the arts rarely extended, such as schools, prisons, hospice care facilities, and homeless shelters. Our mission is to help all people through great choral music presented with passion and skill. By freely providing choral music to underserved groups, we hope to enrich and enliven a broad scope of listeners.

If you are affiliated with a facility or group that may benefit from the Emerald Ensemble’s singing, please contact Scott Kovacs, scott@emeraldensemble.org. We aim to provide these services at little or no cost.

Our Outreach Partnering Organizations:

- Bailey-Boushay House
- Silver Glen Retirement Community
- Christ Our Hope Catholic Community
- Saint Mark’s Choir School

OUR DONORS

FOUNDER'S CIRCLE

(Extraordinary Gifts: \$1,000 or more)

Gary D. & Marnie J. Cannon

Karen and Gary Cannon

Beverly Efishoff

SEASON SUSTAINERS

(Enthusiastic Gifts of Support: \$250 - \$999)

Anonymous

Karen Baer & Richard Wallace

Jo Ann & Tom Bardeen

Doug & Conni Clarke

Heather Houston & Bob Gibbs

Kipton & Deanna Kennedy

Eva and Heikki Männistö

David & Sherri Nichols

Terry Polen & Casey Self

Alix Wilbur & Andrew Himes

FRIENDS

(Gifts of Friendship and Appreciation up to \$249)

Barbara Adams & Kenneth Miller

adorationsong.com

Kaycie & Bob Alanis

Ron Anderson

Karen Bargelt

Al & Janet Berg

Adam & Lorraine Burdick

Mary & Whit Carhart

Christine Carlson & Charles R. Stephens

Philip & Kathy Demaree

Peter & Kathy Dorman

Marita Ericksen

Jon Flora & Shannon Williams

Anita Gross

David Horiuchi

Joyce C. Kling

Barbara Leigh

Linera Lucas

Mary Fran Lyons & James Roy

Jocelyn Markey

Kathy Ostrom

Cynthia Perkins & Michael Shook

Marta Schee

Steve Shelton & Karen Harvey

Donald Skirvin

Anne Tiura

Judy Tsou

Mary Van Gemert

Robert Weitzen

You can support the Emerald Ensemble's mission to improve lives through *choral music performed with passion and skill* by providing financial resources for the organization's operations. The Emerald Ensemble is a 501(c)3 corporation (EIN: 81-3116149) and your gift is fully tax deductible. Emerald Ensemble accepts corporate matching through Benevity: check with your employer to see if you qualify! **If you'd like to support a specific project or outreach**, please contact us at info@emeraldensemble.org. To donate online visit: www.emeraldensemble.org/donate.

THE PERFORMING ARTISTS



Erika Chang
Soprano



J. Scott Kovacs
Bass-Baritone



David Hendrix
Tenor



Lisa Pontén
Soprano



Dustin Kaspar
Tenor



Jonathan Silvia
Bass-Baritone



Christine Knackstedt
Mezzo-Soprano



Kathryn Weld
Mezzo-Soprano

www.emeraldensemble.org

Like us on Facebook, follow us on Soundcloud, and subscribe to our YouTube channel!