



Washington Men's Camerata



CHEERS!

March 2026

Scott Tucker • Artistic Director

Grace Cho • Collaborative Pianist

The Irish Inn Mates • Instrumentalists

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| A Drinking Song (A Celtic Triptych) | Ron Jeffers, 1943-2017 |
| Drinking Song (The Student Prince) | Sigmund Romberg, 1887-1951 arr. Myron Rapport |
| Students' Chorus (Tales of Hoffman) | Jacques Offenbach, 1819-1880 |
| In taberna quando sumus (Carmina Burana) | Carl Orff, 1895-1982 |
| Trinklied (No. 16) | Franz Schubert, 1797-1828 |
| Trinklied (No. 17) | Schubert |
| Chanson à boire | Francis Poulenc, 1899-1963 |
| Trinklied | Felix Mendelssohn, 1809-1847 |
| Back and Side Go Bare (Sir John in Love) | Ralph Vaughan Williams 1872-1958 |
| INTERMISSION | |
| The Wild Rover | Trad. Irish, arr. Scott Tucker |
| Whiskey in the Jar | Trad. Irish, arr. Tucker |
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| Mo Ghile Mear | Trad. Irish, arr. Desmond Earley adapt. Tucker |
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TEXTS

A Drinking Song

William Butler Yeats

Wine comes in at the mouth and love comes in at the eye;
That's all we shall know for truth before we grow old and die.
I lift the glass to my mouth, I look at you, and I sigh.

Drinking Song

Dorothy Donnelly

Drink to eyes that are bright as stars when they're shining on me!
Drink to lips that are red and sweet as the fruit on the tree.
Here's a hope that those bright eyes will shine,
longingly soon into mine!

May those lips that are red and sweet
tonight with joy my own lips meet!
Drink! Let the toast start! May young hearts never part!
Drink! Let every true lover salute his sweetheart!

Drink to arms that are white and warm as a rose in the sun!
Drink to hearts that will love one only when I am the one.
Here's a hope that those soft arms will twine tenderly,
trustingly soon around mine!

May she give me a priceless boon,
her love beneath the sweet may moon.
Drink! Let the toast start!
May young hearts never part!
Drink! Let every true lover salute his sweetheart!
Let's drink!

Students' Chorus

Jules Barbier

Luther is here the master, Tra la la la la
Why are his feet not faster? Tra la la la la
More wine, more beer, voilà Messieurs

Slower than cold molasses, Tra la la la la
Fill up the empty glasses, Tra la la la la
More wine, more beer, voilà Messieurs

Why study Aristotle? Tra la la la la
Open another bottle, Tra la la la la
Buy now and pay tomorrow, Tra la la la la
Cash you can always borrow, Tra la la la la
More wine, more beer, voilà Messieurs
More wine, more beer

A toast to liberty and pleasure
to friends and loyalties we treasure.
So pour another round of cheer,
a round of wine and beer,
of beer and wine.

In taberna quando sumus

Anonymous, Latin

In taberna quando sumus,
non curamus quid sit humus,
sed ad ludum properamus,
cui semper insudamus.
quid agatur in taberna
ubi nummus est pincerna,
hoc est opus ut queratur,
si quid loquar,
audiatur.

When we are in the tavern,
we do not think how we will go
to dust,
but we hurry to gamble,
which always makes us sweat.
What happens in the tavern,
where money is host,
you may well ask,
and hear what I say.

Quidam ludunt, quidam bibunt,
quidam indiscrete vivunt.
Sed in ludo qui morantur,
ex his quidam denudantur
quidam ibi vestiuntur,
quidam saccis induuntur.
Ibi nullus timet mortem
sed pro Baccho mittunt
sortem:

Primo pro
nummata vini,
ex hac bibunt libertini;
semel bibunt pro captivis,
post hec bibunt ter pro vivis,
quater pro Christianis cunctis
quinques pro fidelibus
defunctis, sexies pro
sororibus vanis,
septies pro militibus silvanis.

Octies pro fratribus perversis,
nonies pro monachis
dispersis, decies pro
navigantibus, undecies pro
discordantibus, duodecies pro
penitentibus, tredecies pro
iter agentibus. Tam pro papa
quam pro rege bibunt omnes
sine lege.

Bibit hera,
bibit herus,
bibit miles,
bibit clerus,
bibit ille,

Some gamble, some drink,
some behave loosely.
But of those who gamble,
some are stripped bare,
some win their clothes here,
some are dressed in sacks.
Here no-one fears death,
but they throw the dice
in the name of Bacchus.

First of all it is to the
wine-merchant
the libertines drink,
one for the prisoners,
three for the living,
four for all Christians,
five for the faithful dead,
six for the loose sisters,
seven for the soldiers
in the wood,

Eight for the errant brethren,
nine for the dispersed monks,
ten for the seamen,
eleven for the squabblers,
twelve for the penitent,
thirteen for the wayfarers.
To the Pope as to the king
they all drink without restraint.

The mistress drinks,
the master drinks,
the soldier drinks,
the priest drinks,
the man drinks,

bibit illa,
bibit servus
cum ancilla,
bibit velox,
bibit piger,
bibit albus,
bibit niger,
bibit constans,
bibit vagus,
bibit rudis,
bibit magus.

Bibit pauper
et egrotus,
bibit exul
et ignotus,
bibit puer,
bibit canus,
bibit presul
et decanus,
bibit soror,
bibit frater,
bibit anus,
bibit mater,
bibit iste,
bibit ille,
bibunt centum,
bibunt mille.

Parum sexcente nummate
durant, cum immoderate
bibunt omnes sine meta.
Quamvis bibant
mente leta,
sic nos rodunt
omnes gentes

the woman drinks,
the servant drinks
with the maid,
the swift man drinks,
the lazy man drinks,
the white man drinks,
the black man drinks,
the settled man drinks,
the wanderer drinks,
the stupid man drinks,
the wise man drinks,

The poor man drinks,
and the sick man,
the exile drinks,
and the stranger,
the boy drinks,
the old man drinks,
the bishop drinks,
and the deacon,
the sister drinks,
the brother drinks,
the old lady drinks,
the mother drinks,
that woman drinks,
that man drinks,
a hundred drink,
a thousand drink.

Six hundred pennies would
hardly suffice, if everyone
drinks immoderately and
immeasurably. However much
they cheerfully drink, we are
the ones whom everyone
scolds, and thus we are

et sic erimus egentes.
Qui nos rodunt
confundantur et
cum iustis non scribantur.
Io!

destitute. May those who
slander us be cursed and may
their names not be written in
the book of the righteous
Io!

Trinklied (No. 16) Franz Schubert, transl. Richard Wigmore

Freunde, sammelt euch im
Kreise, Freut euch nach der
Väter Weise, Stimmt in lautem
Jubel ein. Freundschaft reicht
den Wonnebecher Zum
Genuss dem frohen Zecher,
Perlend blinkt der gold'ne
Wein. Schliesst in dieser
Feierstunde Hand in Hand
zum trauten Bunde, Freunde,
stimmet fröhlich ein, Lasst
uns alle Brüder sein!

Friends, gather in a circle.
Rejoice in the manner of our
fathers; join in loud jubilation.
Friendship offers the cup of
joy for the happy toper's
pleasure; the golden, sparkling
wine beckons.
In this hour of celebration join
your hands in convivial union;
friends, lend your joyful
voices; let us all be brothers.

Freunde, seht die Gläser
blinken, Knaben mögen
Wasser trinken, Männer
trinken edlen Wein.
Wie der gold'ne Saft der
Reben Sei auch immer unser
Leben, Stark und kräftig,
mild und rein. Unsern
Freundesbund zu ehren
Lasset uns die Gläser leeren!
Stark und kräftig, mild und
rein Sei das Leben, sei der
Wein!

Friends, behold the gleaming
glasses.
Let boys drink water;
men drink noble wine.
May our life always be
strong and robust,
gentle and pure.
To honour our bond of
friendship let us empty our
glasses! May our life and our
wine always be strong and
robust, gentle and pure.

Trinklied (No. 17)

Franz Schubert, transl. Richard Wigmore

Auf! Jeder sei nun froh und
sorgenfrei! Ist noch Jemand,
der mit Gram Schwer im
Herzen zu uns kam:
Auf! er sei nun froh und
sorgenfrei!

Come! Let every man be glad
and carefree! And if there's
anyone who came to us with
grief weighing on his heart,
come! let him now be glad and
carefree!

Chanson à boire

Anonymous, transl. William Panici

Vive notre Hôtesse
Qui, sans cesse,
Le verre a' la main
Nous met en train.
Vive notre Hôtesse
Qui, sans cesse,
Bannit loin d'ici
Le noir souci
Ah!

Here's to our Hostess,
Queen of our mess.
With her glass in hand
she leads the band.
Here's to our Hostess,
Queen of our mess.
Drives away from here
all grief and care
Ah!

De mille traits elle assaisonne
Les mets exquis qu'elle nous
donne. Avec elle on est sans
façon. Rien n'est si bon.

With her our Hostess seasons
the good food of ev'ry season.
One feels free and easy with
her. Nothing better, nothing
better

Ses beaux yeux pleins de feux
Sont de puissantes armes
Tout mortel sous les cieux
En éprouve les charmes.

She has fire in her eyes,
both with charm disarming,
Her beauty so powerful,
man's power goes flying.

Sur les charmes les plus
puissants,
Elle remporte la victoire.

With all her powerful charms
She carries it off hands down.

Quelle reçoive notre encens
Et que tout parle de sa gloire

Quelle reçoive notre encens
Elle remporte la victoire
Quelle reçoive notre encens
Et que tout parle de sa gloire
Sur les charmes les plus
puissants
Eil' remporte la victoire

La la la la la la
J'ai trop bu mais ne boirai plus

Ah!

Vive notre Hôtesse . . .

Let's give her the praise she
deserves, and let's tout her
glory through the town.

Let us all proclaim her praise.
We of her reign could tell a
story. Let us all proclaim her
praise, and sing forth her
worth and glory. Truly royal are
all her ways of her reign we'd
tell a story.

La la la la la
I am drunk
but will drink no more
Ah!

Here is to our Hostess . . .

Trinklied (Mendelssohn)

So lang man nüchtern ist
Gefällt das Schlechte
Wie man getrunken hat
Weiss man das Rechte
Nur ist das Übermaß
Auch gleich zu Handen;
Hafis! O lehre mich
Wie du's verstanden

Denn meine Meinung ist
Nicht übertrieben:
Wenn man nicht trinken kann
Soll man nicht lieben
Doch sollt ihr Trinker euch

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe ed., transl. Frank Mueller

If one is sober
Then the worst befalls him
If one does drink a bit
He has his reason
Only in excess
it's too much to handle
Hafis! Oh, teach to me
Your understanding

Since my own view is
Not to overstate it:
Who knows not how to drink,
He should not make love
Yet you drinkers think yourself

Nicht besser dünken
Wenn man nicht lieben kann
Soll man nicht trinken

Much better
Who knows not how to love,
He should not drink then

Back and Side Go Bare

John Still

Back and side go bare, both foot and hand go cold;
But belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old. Jolly good ale and old.

I cannot eat but little meat, my stomach is not good;
But sure I think that I can drink with him that wears a hood.
Though I go bare, take ye no care, I am nothing a-cold;
I stuff my skin so full within of jolly good ale and old.

I love no roast but a nutbrown toast, and a crab laid in the fire,
A little bread shall do me stead, much bread I no desire.
No frost nor snow, no wind I trow, can hurt me if I would,
I am so wrapt, and throughly lapt of jolly good ale and old.

And Tib my wife, that as her life loveth well good ale to seek,
Full oft drinks she, till ye may see the tears run down her cheek.
Then doth she trowl to me the bowl, ev'n as a maltworm should;
And saith 'sweetheart,
I've take my part of this jolly good ale and old.

Now let them drink, till they nod and wink,
Even as good fellows should do;
They shall not miss to have the bliss good ale doth bring men to.

And all poor souls that have scoured black bowls,
Or have them lustily trowled,
God, save the lives of them and their wives
Whether they be young or old.

The Wild Rover

Traditional Irish

I've been a wild rover for many a year,
and I spent all my money on whiskey and beer.
But now I'm returning with gold in great store,
and I never will play the wild rover no more.
And it's no, nay, never, no more,
will I play the rover, no never, no more!

I went down to an ale house I used to frequent,
and I told the landlady my money was spent.
I asked her for credit, but she answered me
"Nay. Such custom like yours I could have any day."

I took out of my pocket ten sovereigns bright,
And the landlady's eyes opened up with delight;
She said, "I have whiskies and wines of the best,
and the words that I told you were only in jest!"

I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done,
and ask them to pardon their prodigal son;
And if they caress me as oft times before,
and I never will play the wild rover no more.

Whiskey in the Jar

Traditional Irish

As I was going over the far famed Kerry mountains
I met with Captain Farrell and his money he was counting.
I first produced my pistol, and I then produced my rapier.
Saying stand and deliver, for you are a bold deceiver,

Musha ring dumma do damma da,
Whack for the daddy 'ol there's whiskey in the jar.

I counted out his money, and it made a pretty penny.
I put it in my pocket, and I took it home to Jenny.

She said and she swore, that she never would deceive me,
but the devil take the women, for they never can be easy.

I went into my chamber, all for to take a slumber,
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder.
But Jenny took my charges and she filled them up with water,
then sent for Captain Farrel to be ready for the slaughter.

It was early in the morning, as I rose up for travel,
the guards were all around me and likewise Captain Farrel.
I first produced my pistol, for she stole away my rapier,
but I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken.

If anyone can aid me, it's my brother in the army,
if I can find his station down in Cork or in Killarney.
And if he'll come and save me, we'll go roving near Kilkenny,
and I swear he'll treat me better than me darling sportling Jenny.

Now some men take delight in the drinking and the roving,
but others take delight in the gambling and the smoking.
But I take delight in the juice of the barley,
and courting pretty fair maids in the morning bright and early.

The Wearing of the Green

Traditional Irish

Oh! Paddy, dear, and did you hear the news that's going round?
The Shamrock is by law forbid to grow on Irish ground.
Saint Patrick's Day we'll no more keep. His color can't be seen,
for they're hanging men and women for the wearing of the green.

I met with Napper Tandy and he took me by the hand,
and he said "How's dear old Ireland? And how does she stand?"
She's the most distressful country that you've ever seen,
for they're hanging men and women for the wearing of the green.

Then since the color we must wear is England's cruel red,
sure Ireland's sons will ne'er forget the blood that they have
shed.

Y'may take the shamrock from your hat and cast it in the sod,
But 'twill take root and flourish there tho' underfoot 'tis trod.

My father loved his country and sleeps within its breast
while I that would have died for her will never be so blest.
Those tears my mother shed for me, how bitter they had been
if I had proved a traitor to the wearing of the green.

But if at last our colors should be torn from Ireland's heart,
Her sons with shame and sorrow from the dear old isle will part.
I've heard a whisper of a land that lives far beyond the sea,
where rich and poor stand equal in the light of freedom's day.

Oh, Ireland! Must we leave you, driven by a tyrant's hand?
And seek a mother's blessing from a strange but distant land?
Where the cruel cross of England's shall never more be seen,
and in that land we'll live and die still wearing Ireland's green.

Mo Ghile Mear

'Sé mo laoch mo ghille mear
'Sé mo Shaesar, ghille mear,
Ní fhuaras féin aon tsuan nã
séan,
Ó chuaigh i gcéin mo ghille
mear.

Bímse buan ar buairt gach ló,
Ag caoi go cruá is ag tuar na
ndeor
Mar scaoileadh uaim an

Sean Clárach Mac Domhnail

My dashing darling is my hero.
my dashing darling is my
Caesar.
I have had neither sleep nor
good fortune since my dashing
darling went far away

I am perpetually worried every
day, wailing heavily and
shedding tears since my lively
boy was released from me.

buachaill beo
Is ná ríomhtar tuairisc uaidh,
mo bhrón. Ní haoibhinn
cuach ba suairc ar neoin,
Táid fíorchoin uaisle ar uatha
spóirt, táid saoithe 's suadha
i mbuairt 's i mbrón
Ó scaoileadh uainn an
buachaill beo

Is cosúil é le hAonghus Óg,
Le Lughaidh Mac Chéin na
mbéimeann mór,
Le Cú Raoi, ardmhac Dáire
an óir, Taoiseach Éireann
tréan ar tóir.

Le Conall Cearnach
bhearnadh poirt,
Le Fearghas fiúntach fionn
Mac Róigh
Le Conchubhar cáidhmhac
Náis na nós,
Taoiseach aoibhinn
Chraoibhe an cheoil.

Ó chuaigh i gcéin mo Ghile
Mear.

And there is no word of him,
alas.
The pleasure of the cheerful
cuckoo at noon is gone;
the affable nobility are not
bothered with sport;
the learned and the cultured are
worried and sad since the lively
lad was taken from me.

He is like Young Aonghus;
Like Lughaidh Mac Chéin of the
great blows;
Like Cú Raoi, great son of Dáire
of the gold, Leader of Éire
strong in pursuit.

Like Conall Cearnach who
breached defences;
Like worthy fair haired Feargas
Mac Róigh;
Like Conchubhar, venerable son
of Nás of the tradition.
The pleasant chieftain of the
musical [Fenian] Branch

Since my dashing darling went
far away.

Molly Malone

Traditional Irish

In Dublin's fair city, where the girls are so pretty,
I first set my eyes on miss Molly Malone,
As she wheeled her wheel-barrow
through streets broad and narrow,

crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

She was a fishmonger, and sure 'twas no wonder,
for so were her mother and father before.
And they both wheel'd their barrow
through streets broad and narrow,
crying "Cockles and mussels alive, alive oh!"

She died of a fever, and no one could save her,
and that was the end of miss Molly Malone.
Now her ghost wheels her barrow
through streets broad and narrow,
crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

When Irish Eyes Are Smiling Chauncey Olcott, George Graff Jr.

There's a tear in your eye, and I'm wondering why,
for it never should be there at all.
With such power in your smile, sure a stone you'd beguile,
so there's never a teardrop should fall.

When your sweet lilting laughter's like some fairy song,
and your eyes twinkle bright as can be.
You should laugh all the while and all other times smile,
and now smile a smile for me.

When Irish eyes are smiling sure 'tis like a mornin' spring.
In the lilt of Irish laughter you can hear the angels sing.
When Irish hearts are happy all the world seems light and gay,
and when Irish eyes are smiling,
sure they'll steal your heart away.

For your smile is a part of the love in your heart,
and it makes even sunshine more bright.
Like the Linnet's sweet song crooning all the day long
comes your laughter so tender and light.

For the springtime of life is the sweetest of all;
there is ne'er a real care or regret.
And while springtime is ours, throughout all the youth's hours,
let us smile each chance we get.

When Irish eyes are smiling . . .

I'll Tell Me Ma

Traditional Irish

I'll tell me ma when I get home
the boys won't leave the girls alone.
"They pull me hair, they stole my comb
well that's alright till I go home."
She is handsome, she is pretty,
she's the belle of Belfast city;
she's a courtin' one, two, three.
Please won't you tell me who is she?

Now, Albert Mooney says he loves her.
All the boys are fighting for her.
They rap at the door and ring the bell saying,
"Oh you true love are you well?"
Out she comes as white as snow;
rings on her fingers and bells on her toes.
Old Johnny Murphy says she'll die
if she doesn't get the fellow with the roving eye.

Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high;
and the snow come shov'lin' from the sky.
She's as nice as apple pie;
And she'll get her own lad bye and bye.
When she gets a lad of her own
she won't tell her ma when she gets home.
Let them all come as they will,
bit it's Albert Mooney she loves still.

Of all the money that e'er I had,
I spent it in good company.
And all the harm that e'er I've done,
alas it was to none but me.
And all I've done for want of wit,
to mem'ry now I can't recall.
So fill to me the parting glass,
goodnight and joy be with you all.

If I had money enough to spend
and leisure time to sit awhile,
There is a fair maid in this town
who sorely has my heart beguiled.
Her rosy cheeks and ruby lips,
I own she has my heart in thrall.
So fill me to the parting glass,
goodnight, and joy be with you all.

Of all the comrades that e'er I had,
they are sorry at my going away.
And of all the sweethearts that e'er I had,
they would wish me one more day to stay.
But since it falls unto my lot
that I should rise and you should not,
I'll softly rise and gently call,
goodnight and joy be with you all.



Washington Men's Camerata, directed by Scott Tucker, is DC's premier chorus performing, promoting, and preserving diverse tenor and bass choral music and camaraderie since 1984. The Camerata has sung at The Kennedy Center, The White House, Capital One Arena, Smithsonian Institution, National Gallery of Art, Wolf Trap, Strathmore, and across the region; alongside National Symphony Orchestra, The U.S. Army Chorus, Washington Symphonic Brass, Mark Morris Dance Group, Symphony Orchestra of Northern Virginia; and on NPR, PBS, and SiriusXM. The Camerata has recorded six albums and the Washington Commanders fight song, and has commissioned and premiered several works. A 501(c)(3) nonprofit, the organization's national lending library of sheet music, The Demetrius Project, has over 200,000 scores of 3,300 works. camerata.com

TENOR 1

Joe Gordon
Michael McKeon
Desmond Thompson
Jerry Haggin

Matthew H. Burnell
Dennis Palaganas
Michael Greaney
Satoshi Tozaki
Dwayne Pinkney
Patrick Revord*

TENOR 2

Tim Cashin
Joe Kaz
Jon Fisher
Howard Frost
Ian McDuffie
Bill Hoffman

Leo Gutierrez
Bob Harris
Shea Murphy
Joel Miller*
Joshua Bates
Matt Sommers
Tianqi Zhang

BARITONE

Adam Hollies
Eric Robinson
Theo Voudouris
Will Cunningham*
Tyler Brewer
Mike Crump
Nelson Smith
Peter Pfaffenroth

Doug Loescher
Ulf Ekernas
Nathan Lofton
David Glass
Kenyon Erickson
Joe Drach
Dante Garcia
Charles Sethness
Jim Shaffran
Anthony Laretto

BASS

Jerry Olszewski
David Evans
Dean Goeldner
Ben Rudolf
Charlie Cerf
Kidus Fasil
Peter Scott

Eugene Stromecki
Brad Spencer
Michael Schrier
Doug McAllister
Christopher Wilde
Chris Yim*
Max Sandberg
Joshua Brown

*section leader**

SCOTT TUCKER • Artistic Director



Scott Tucker is Artistic Director of Washington Men's Camerata and Co-Artistic Director of the Washington Douglass Chorale. He has prepared choruses for many of the best-known orchestral conductors in the world including Marin Alsop, Gustavo Dudamel, Christoph Eschenbach, Joanne Falletta, Erich Leinsdorf, Yannick Nézet-Séguin, Gianandrea Noseda and Michael Tilson-Thomas.

During his tenure as Artistic Director of The Choral Arts Society of Washington (2012-2022), he prepared the chorus for over two dozen appearances with the National Symphony Orchestra at the Kennedy Center. In 2018, a reviewer for the Washington Post described the Choral Arts role in Britten's *War Requiem* as "...the most moving choral singing I have heard in a quarter-century's residence in Washington."

Tucker also prepared Choral Arts for guest appearances with several other orchestras, including the Los Angeles Philharmonic, the Philadelphia Orchestra, the Baltimore Symphony and the Jazz at Lincoln Center Orchestra featuring Wynton Marsalis. In addition to his collaborations with major symphony orchestras, Tucker took to the podium to conduct a

wide range of choral-orchestral works including classics by such composers as Bach, Brahms and Verdi, as well as deserving lesser-known works such as Bacalov's *Misa Tango*, Schmitt's *Psalm 47*, and Geter's *An African American Requiem*. Soon after arriving at Choral Arts, Tucker founded the Choral Arts Chamber Singers and the Choral Arts Youth Choir, affording the organization the opportunity to increase its breadth of repertoire and its educational outreach. A fierce proponent of new music, Tucker has commissioned and/or premiered over 40 works from composers such as Carol Barnett, David Conte, Edie Hill, Libby Larsen, Bernard Rands, Jake Runestad, Steven Stucky, Augusta Read Thomas, Zachary Wadsworth and Chen Yi.

Tucker is Professor Emeritus at Cornell University where he was the first P.E. Browning Director of Choral Music. His choirs collaborated with acclaimed artists such as Peter Schreier and Anonymous 4. They toured regularly through the country and overseas, and were featured at American Choral Directors Association Regional and National conferences. Radio appearances include WGBH's *Front Row Boston*, and NPR's *A Prairie Home Companion*. scottatucker.net

GRACE CHO • Collaborative Pianist



Grace Cho earned her doctorate in piano performance and appeared on prestigious stages including Carnegie Hall, The Kennedy Center, and Seoul Arts Center. The discipline, creativity, and dedication she developed as a conservatory trained pianist now fuel her passion for strengthening arts

organizations and fostering vibrant, connected communities. As the founder of ArtsRising, she is transforming how cultural organizations navigate the digital landscape, equipping nonprofits with strategic audience engagement, cutting-edge MarTech solutions, and sustainable growth strategies. She was also the founder and Executive Director of the New Orchestra of Washington (NOW), where she spearheaded groundbreaking programs that expand access and equity in the arts. She established Beyond Our Dreams, an educational partnership with local schools that brings high-quality music education to diverse communities, and Music for the Global Majority, a bold initiative that amplifies underrepresented voices in classical music and reimagines DEI practices in the field. Through these efforts, she continues to create lasting impact, ensuring that classical music remains inclusive and relevant for all.

IRISH INN MATES

Mitch Fanning • fiddle

Jesse Winch • bodhran, bouzouki, guitar, harmonica

Tina Eck • Irish flute, tinwhistle

Zan McLeod • guitar, bouzouki



Jesse Winch, of the Bronx, NY, is regarded as one of the top bodhran (Irish drum) players and teachers in traditional Irish music. He also plays bouzouki, guitar, and harmonica. Jesse is co-founder of the award-winning band, Celtic Thunder, and plays regularly in the DC area with Narrowbacks and the Flaming Shillelaghs. He has served on the teaching staff at the Augusta Heritage Center's Irish Week (Elkins, WV), Swannanoa Gathering's Celtic Week (Asheville, NC), the CCÉ North American Convention, and Washington Conservatory of Music (Glen Echo Park, MD). A former cathaoirleach (chairman) of the O'Neill Malcom Branch of CCÉ, Jesse was elected to the CCÉ Mid-Atlantic Region Hall of Fame in 2012.

Mitch Fanning is an inspiring fiddle player & teacher who studied at The Catholic University of America & won the 2014 Teastas Teagaisc Ceolta Tire from Omagh Comhaltas Ceoltóirí Éireann. He's founder & director of CCÉ Musical Arts and Dance (MAD) Week, directs The Bog Band & teaches at Washington Conservatory of Music.

Tina Eck plays the Irish wooden flute and tinwhistle. Originally from Germany and now working as a Washington-based radio news correspondent, she discovered her passion for Irish traditional music in a local pub in DC in the 1990's. She has since performed at countless sessions, festivals, dances and concerts, including the Irish Embassy, Strathmore, Capitol Hill, and The Kennedy Center. She is faculty at Washington Conservatory of Music and holds a 2013 TTCT Teaching Diploma from CCÉ, identifying her as one of the premier teachers of Irish traditional music. Tina also performs with the bands Rambling House, the Flaming Shillelaghs, and the duo Lilt. She lives in Cabin John, MD.

Guitar and bouzouki player **Zan McLeod's** musical heritage began with his grandfather, Ed Stacy, who played Appalachian music on the banjo and mandolin. Zan, a North Carolina native, started his career playing in the style of the great Southern Rock bands of the early 70s. In 1979 he met Triona NiDhomnaill of the legendary Bothy Band and formed the innovative and groundbreaking band Touchstone. In 1988, Zan moved north to DC and began an exciting and hectic 10 years of touring and recording. The success of his solo album, Highland Soul, inspired him to become an audio engineer. Upon graduating from the Omega School of Recording in 1997, he created and established his own home studio, Tonehouse, producing 20+ albums. Zan is also a respected and experienced workshop leader and instructor, having taught for years at Augusta Irish Week, Gaelic Roots at Boston College, Common Ground, and the Swannanoa Gathering.

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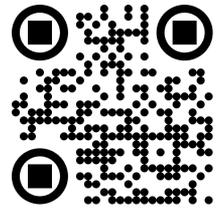
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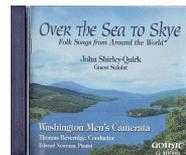
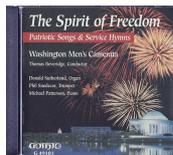
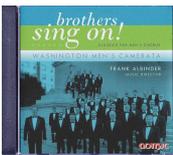
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Managed by librarian Matt Sommers, and now catalogued online thanks to Camerata Board Member Shea Murphy, the collection of 3,300+ titles and 200,000+ scores is housed at First Trinity Lutheran Church of DC. The goals of the library are to preserve choral collections from inactive community and university choruses, and to provide sheet music as a resource for those looking to explore and discover tenor and bass repertoire. The holdings of the library come from 18 universities including Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Dartmouth, Temple, Colgate, Davidson, Georgetown, Lafayette, Pomona, SUNY at Albany, and Michigan as well as U.S. Army Chorus, Measure for Measure, the Gay Men's Chorus of Washington, DC, and the University Glee Club of Philadelphia. Browse and borrow at [camerata.com/library](https://www.camerata.com/library)

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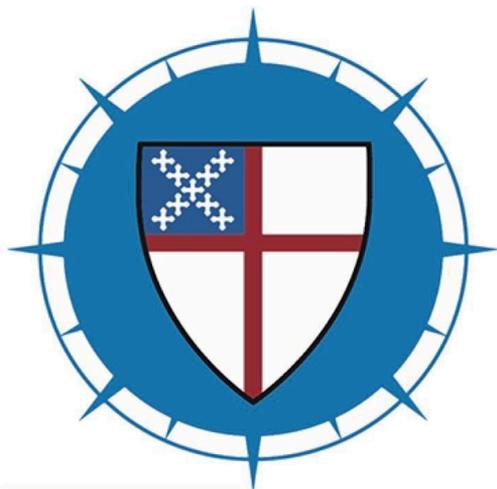
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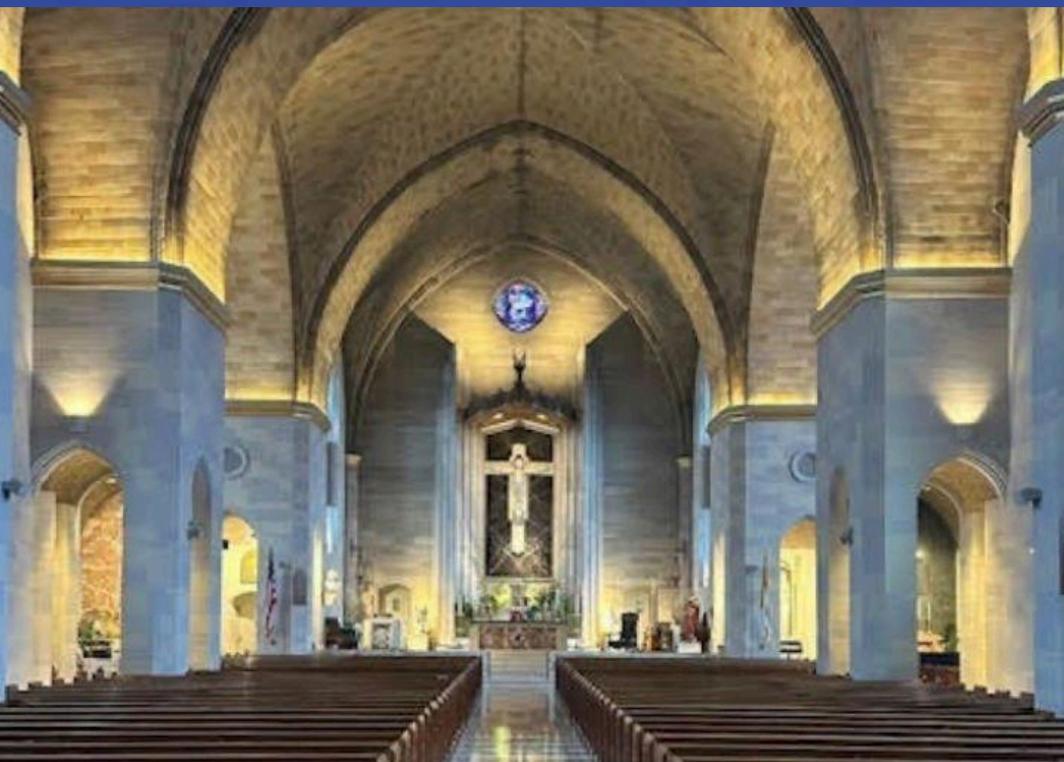




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