



Frank Albinder,* Music Director

The Dawn of Peace: Music of The Civil War and The World Wars

Scott Tucker, Guest Director

Julie Huang Tucker, Accompanist and Assistant Director March 23, 2024, First Congregational UCC, Washington, DC, at 8:00 p.m.

PROGRAM

The British Grenadiers British marching song

arr. Scott Tucker

The Minstrel Boy Thomas Moore (1779–1852)

arr. Jameson Marvin

Waiting For The Dawn Of Peace Civil War song

arr. Ron Jeffers (b. 1943)

Reconciliation Stephen Chatman (b. 1950)

Jon Abbracciamento, flugelhorn

A Stopwatch And An Ordnance Map Samuel Barber (1910–1981)

Mark Latimer, timpani

An Irish Airman Foresees His Death Byron Adams (b. 1955)

And The Band Played Waltzing Matilda Eric Bogle (b. 1944)

In Flanders Fields Charles Ives (1874–1954)

He Is There

* on sabbatical leave



"Choeur des Soldats" from Faust Charles Gounod (1818-1893)

The Ballad of Little Musgrave

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

and Lady Barnard

Soldier's Song

Zoltán Kodály (1882–1967)

Jon Abbracciamento, trumpet Mark Latimer, snare drum

Dona Nobis Pacem

Joseph Gregorio (b. 1979)

The Battle Hymn Of The Republic

William Steffe (1830-1890)

arr. Peter J. Wilhousky



CD recordings available for \$20 at camerata.com and at the front desk.



Masters in this Hall: Christmas Music for Men's Chorus



Brothers Sing On: Classics For Men's Chorus



Over The Sea To Skye: Folk Songs from Around the World



When I was a Young Man: More Classics For Men's Chorus



The Spirit of Freedom: Patriotic Songs & Service Hymns



Sing We Noel: Christmas with the Washington Men's Camerata

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TEXT & TRANSLATIONS

The British Grenadiers

17th Century

Some talk of Alexander, And some of Hercules Of Hector and Lysander, And such great names as these. But of all the world's brave heroes, There's none that can compare. With a tow, row, row, row, row, To the British Grenadiers.

Those heroes of antiquity
Ne'er saw a cannon ball,
Or knew the force of powder,
To slay their foes withal.
But our brave boys do know it,
And banish all their fears,
With a tow, row, row, row, row,
For the British Grenadiers.

Whene'er we are commanded To storm the palisades, Our leaders march with fusees, And we with hand grenades. We throw them from the glacis, About the enemies' ears. With a tow, row, row, row, row, The British Grenadiers.

Then let us fill a bumper,
And drink a health of those
Who carry caps and pouches,
And wear the looped clothes.
May they and their commanders
Live happy all their years.
With a tow, row, row, row, row,
For the British Grenadiers.





Lyrics by Thomas Moore, 1990

The Minstrel-Boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll find him; His father's sword he has girded on, And his wild harp slung behind him.

"Land of song!" said the warrior-bard, "Tho' all the world betrays thee, One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard, One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain Could not bring that proud soul under; The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again, For he tore its chords asunder; And said, "No chains shall sully thee, Thou soul of love and bravery! Thy songs were made for the pure and free, They shall never sound in slavery."

"Land of song!" said the warrior-bard, "Tho' all the world betrays thee," The Minstrel-Boy to the war is gone, "One faithful harp shall praise thee!"





Lyrics by Ron Jeffers, 1987

Two Brothers on their way, one wore blue and one wore gray.

One wore blue and one wore gray, As they marched along their way, The fife and drum began to play, All on a beautiful mornin'.

One was gentle, one was kind, All on a beautiful mornin'. One came home, one stayed behind.

One wore blue and one wore gray...

Mournin'.

Many are the hearts that are weary tonight, Waitin' for the war to cease; Many are the hopes, the hopes once high and bright, that sleep with those at peace.

Waitin' tonight, Workin' tonight, Workin' that the war might cease; O many are the hearts that are workin' for the right.

Waitin' for the dawn of peace.

Reconciliation

Lyrics by Walt Whitman, 1999

Word over all, beautiful as the sky! Beautiful that war, And all its deeds of carnage, Must in time be utterly lost; That the hands of the sisters Death and Night, Incessantly softly wash again, And ever again, this soil'd world: For my enemy is dead—
A man divine as myself is dead;
I look where he lies,
White-faced and still,
In the coffin—
I draw near:

I bend down and touch lightly with my lips The white face in the coffin.

A Stopwatch and an Ordnance Map

Lyrics by Stephen Harold Spender, 1940

A stopwatch and an ordnance map. At five a man fell to the ground And the watch flew off his wrist Like a moon struck from the earth Marking a blank time that stares On the tides of change beneath. All under the olive trees. A stopwatch and an ordnance map. He stayed faithfully in that place From his living comrade split By dividers of the bullet Opening wide the distances Of his final loneliness.

All under the olive trees.

A stopwatch and an ordr

A stopwatch and an ordnance map. And the bones are fixed at five Under the moon's timelessness; But another who lives on Wears within his heart forever Space split open by the bullet. All under the olive trees.

A stopwatch and an ordnance map.



An Irish Airman Foresees His Death

Poem by William Butler Yeats, 1991

I know that I shall meet my fate Somewhere among the clouds above; Those that I fight I do not hate, Those that I guard I do not love; My country is Kiltartan Cross,

My countrymen Kiltartan's poor, No likely end could bring them loss

Or leave them happier than before.

Nor law, nor duty bade me fight,

Nor public men, nor cheering crowds, A lonely impulse of delight

Drove to this tumult in the clouds;

I balanced all, brought all to mind,

The years to come seemed waste of breath,

A waste of breath the years behind In balance with this life, this death.

And The Band Played Waltzing Matilda

Lyrics by Eric Bogle; reference to "Waltzing Matilda" by Banjo Paterson, 1971

When I was a young man, I carried a pack And I lived the free life of the rover.

From the Murray's green banks to the dusty And they shipped us back home to Australia. outback, I waltzed my Matilda all over.

Then in 1915, my country said "Son, there's no time for rovin' there's work to be done." And they gave me a tin hat, and they gave me a gun And they sent me away to the war.

And the band played Waltzin' Matilda As our ship pulled away from the quay; And amidst all the cheers, the flag-waving and tears we sailed off for Gallipoli.

Well I remember that terrible day when our blood stained the sand and the water. And how in the hell that they called 'Suvla Bay' we were butchered like lambs at the slaughter.

Johnny Turk, he was waitin', He'd primed himself well, he showered us with bullets and rained us with shell: And in ten minutes flat. He'd blown us to hell. Nearly blew us right back to Australia

And the band played Waltzing Matilda. As we stopped to bury the slain. We buried ours, and the Turks buried theirs, But the band played Waltzing Matilda; Then we started all over again.

They collected the crippled, The wounded, the maimed.

The armless, the legless, the armless, the blind, and insane:

All the brave wounded heroes of Suvla.

And when our ship pulled into Circular Quay, And I looked at the place where my legs used to be.

I thanked Christ there was nobody waiting for me to grieve, to mourn, and to pity.

And the band played Waltzing Matilda, As they carried us down the gangway. But nobody cheered.

They just stood and stared, And then turned their faces away.

So now every April, I sit on my porch, And I watch the parade pass before me. And I see my old comrades. how proudly they march, Reviving old dreams of past glories.

But the old men march slowly, their bones stiff and sore. Tired old men from a tired old war. And the young people ask, "What are they marching for?" And I ask myself the same question, And the old men they answer the call. But year by year, those old men disappear. Soon no one will march there at all.

Who'll go a-waltzing Matilda with me?

In Flanders Fields

Poem by Lieutenant Colonel John McCrae, M.D., 1922

In Flanders fields the poppies blow; Between the crosses, row on row That mark our place; and in the sky The larks still bravely singing fly, Scarce heard amidst the guns below.

We are the dead. Short days ago We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow, Loved and were loved, and now we lie In Flanders fields. Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from falling hands we throw,
The torch; be yours to hold it high
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though [the] poppies
grow in Flanders fields.

He Is There

Poem by Lieutenant Colonel John McCrae, M.D., 1922

Fifteen years ago today A little Yankee, little yankee boy

Marched beside his granddaddy

In the decoration day parade.

The village band would play

Those old war tunes, And the G. A. R. would shout,

"Hip Hip Hooray!" in the same old way,

As it sounded on the old camp ground.

That boy has sailed o'er the ocean, He is there, he is there, he is there. He's fighting for the right, But when it comes to might,

He is there, he is there, he is there; As the Allies beat up all the warlords! He'll be there, he'll be there, And then the world will shout The Battle-cry of Freedom Tenting on a new camp ground. For it's rally round the Flag boys Rally once again, Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.



"Chœur des Soldats" from Faust

Lyrics by Jules Barbier, Michel Carré, 1859

Gloire immortelle De nos aïeux Sois-nous fidèle. Mourons comme eux! Et sous ton aile.

Soldats vainqueurs,

Dirige nos pas, enflamme nos cœurs!

Pour toi, mère patrie, Affrontant le sort Tes fils, l'âme aguerrie, Ont bravé la mort!

Ta voix sainte nous crie:

En avants, soldats!

Le fer à la main, courrez aux combats!

Gloire immortelle...

Vers nos foyers hâtons le pas! On nous attend; la paix est faite! Plus de soupirs! ne tardons pas! Notre pays nous tend les bras! L'amour nous rit, L'amour nous fête! Et plus d'un cœur fremit tous bas Au souvenir de nos combats!

Immortal glory Of our ancestors, Be loyal to us, Let's die as they did!

And under your protection,

As victorious soldiers,

Direct our steps, kindle our hearts!

For you, fatherland, Defying Fate, Your warlike sons

Have faced death!

Your holy voice shouts to us:

Forward, soldiers!

Sword in hand, rush into the fray!

Immortal glory...

Let us hasten back to our homes! We are awaited, peace is now made. No more sighing! Let us hurry! Our country holds out its arms to us! Love smiles on us, we are love's darlings! And more than one heart flutters silently At the memory of our battles!

The Ballad of Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard

From the Oxford Book of Ballads, 1943

As it fell on one holyday, As many be in the year, When young men and maids Together did go Their matins and mass to hear, Little Musgrave came to the church door The priest was at private mass. But he had more mind of the fair wome Than he had of Our Lady's grace.

The one of them was clad in green Another was clad in pall, And then came in my Lord Barnard's wife, The fairest amongst them all, Quoth she, "I've loved thee, Little Musgrave, And cast off his shoon, full long and many a day."

"So have I lov'd you, my fair ladye, yet never a word durst I say." "But I have a bower at Bucklesfordberry, Full daintily it is dight, If thou'lt wend thither, Thou Little Musgrave, Thou's lig in my arms all night." "Yet never a word!"

With that beheard a little tiny page. By his lady's coach as he ran. Says, "Although I am my lady's foot-page, Yet I am Lord Barnard's man!" Then he's cast off his hose Set down his feet and ran,

And where the bridges were broken down He lifted up the sheet: He bent his bow and swam.

"Awake! awake! thou Lord Barnard." As thou art a man of life! Little Musgrave is at Bucklesfordberry Along with thine own wedded wife." He called up his merry men all: "Come saddle me my steed; This night must I to Bucklesfordberry, For I never had greater need." But some they whistled, and some they sang, And some they thus could say .Whenever Lord Barnard's horn it blew: "Away, Musgrave away!"

"Methinks I hear the threstlecock, Methinks I hear the jay; Methinks I hear Lord Barnard's horn, Away Musgrave! Away!" "Lie still, lie still, thou little Musgrave, And huggle me from the cold; 'Tis nothing but a shepherd's boy A-driving his sheep to the fold.

"By this, Lord Barnard came to his door And lighted a stone upon; And he's pull'd out three silver keys, And open'd the doors each one. He lifted up the coverlet,

"Arise, arise, thou Little Musgrave, And put thy clothes on; It shall ne'er be said in my country I've killed a naked man.

I have two swords in one scabbard. They are both sharp and clear; Take you the best, and I the worst, We'll end the matter here."

The first stroke Little Musgrave struck, He hurt Lord Barnard sore; The next stroke that Lord Barnard struck, he struck. Little Musgrave ne'er struck more.

"Woe worth you, my merry men all, You were ne'er born for my good! Why did you not offer to stay my hand, When you saw me wax so wood? For I've slain also the fairest ladye That ever wore woman's weed, A grave," Lord Barnard cried, "To put these lovers in! But lay my lady on the upper hand, For she comes of the nobler kin."

Soldier's Song

1934

vou can see.

In my village dark and cloudy are the skies, Sick and tired, I can tell you I have grown; So my sweetheart,

My young sweetheart sadly sighs.

Write, my darling, as you sit there sighing, Now Say which way vour secret thoughts are flying now. If I'm certain that you will wait for me, Three years' service sure will never trouble me. Painted yellow, that's the barracks

Thirty fellows live and billet in with me.

In my village there are sullen, cloudy skies, Not a minute, nothing man can call his own!

Now my service, three full years, Has nearly gone.

So long, Captain, my saluting days are done. Now then, young recruits can have a turn, I say.

Surely that will help to pass their time away! So long, Captain. My saluting days are done.



2002

Dona nobis pacem

Grant us peace.

Battle Hymn of The Republic

Lyrics by Julia Ward Howe, 1944

Mine eyes have seen the glory Of the coming of the Lord; He is trampling out the vintage Where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the fateful lightning Of His terrible swift sword: His truth is marching on!

Glory, glory, hallelujah! His truth is marching on!

I have seen Him in the watch-fires Of a hundred circling camps, They have builded Him an altar In the evening dews and damps, I can read His righteous sentence By the dim and flaring lamps, His truth is marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah! While God is marching on!

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea. With a glory in His bosom That transfigures you and me: As He died to make men holy. Let us die to make men free While God is marching on

Glory, glory, hallelujah! While God is marching on!







WAYS TO SUPPORT

The Washington Men's Camerata performs and promotes the rich tradition of men's choral singing, committed to nurturing individual and collective musical growth, and fostering camaraderie among our members.



Please consider making a tax-deductible gift of any amount to support our mission.

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Thank you for supporting the Washington Men's Camerata. We look forward to connecting with you and our community with more live performances and programs again soon!





MEET FRANK ALBINDER

Music Director



Frank Albinder came to Washington, DC in 1999 to become music director of the Washington Men's Camerata. In 2000, he became Music Director of the Woodley Ensemble, a professional chamber choir also based in Washington. He has been the conductor of the Virginia Glee Club at the University of Virginia since 2003. Frank came to Washington from the internationally renowned male vocal ensemble Chanticleer, where he most recently served as the group's Associate Conductor in addition to singing with the ensemble.

During his 11-year tenure with Chanticleer, Frank performed in all 50 states and in 20 foreign countries. He appears on 21 of the ensemble's recordings, including *Wondrous Love*, which was recorded under his direction, and the GRAMMY® Award-winning *Colors of Love*, for which he designed the concept. Other performance credits include the Boston Camerata, the Robert Shaw Festival Singers, the Washington Bach Consort, and the Concord Ensemble.

He holds a B.A. in Vocal Performance from Pomona College in Claremont, California, and two M.M. degrees (Choral Conducting and Vocal Performance) from the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston. Between 1984 and 1988, Frank was Director of Choral Activities at Davidson College in North Carolina. He currently serves as president of IMC: The Tenor-Bass Choral Consortium, and he served two terms as National Chair of Repertoire and Standards for Male Choruses for the American Choral Director's Association.

He is also a board member of the National Collegiate Choral Organization and a steering committee member of ChoralNet.org, the Internet's principal portal for information and resources relating to the choral field. He sang for twelve years as part of the professional choir at St. John's Church, Lafayette Square, the Church of the Presidents.



MEET SCOTT TUCKER

Guest Director



Scott Tucker is the Guest Director of the Washington Men's Camerata and the Co-Artistic Director of the recently formed Washington Douglass Chorale. During his tenure as Artistic Director of The Choral Arts Society of Washington (2012-2022), he prepared choruses for many of the best-known orchestral conductors in the world. 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 is Professor Emeritus at Cornell University where he was the first P.E Browning Director of Choral Music. His ensembles toured regularly through the country and overseas and were featured at American Choral Directors Association Regional and National conferences as well as on WGBH's *Front Row Boston* and NPR's *A Prairie Home Companion*.

MEET JULIE HUANG TUCKER

Assistant Director & Accompanist

Julie Huang Tucker, Assistant Director and Accompanist, also accompanies the Washington Douglass Chorale and the Arlington Chorale. She is Music Director at First Presbyterian Church of Arlington and the pianist of QuinTango, an internationally touring chamber tango ensemble. As an organist, she has shared the stage ensemble with such



ensembles as the National Symphony Orchestra, Choral Arts Society of Washington, The Washington Chorus, and Washington Bach Consort. She was selected as a conductor for the SHIFT Festival of American Orchestra's symphonic workshop and Yale's Norfolk Chamber Music Festival and has worked with singers from a wide variety of backgrounds, including participants of the Bel Canto Tuscany Opera Festival in Italy, and prison choir inmates and township youth in South Africa. Julie received a M.M. in Organ Performance from the University of Oklahoma and B.A. as a music major at Cornell University. When she isn't making music, she's announcing it as an on-air host at WETA Classical.

MEET THE CAMERATA



The Washington Men's Camerata was founded by its members in 1984 to perform, promote and preserve the rich legacy of men's choral singing. In support of its mission, the Camerata seeks to: (1) educate audiences about the men's choral repertoire and generate interest on the part of young people in choral music; (2) collaborate with orchestras, other ensembles and recording companies in performances and recordings of the men's choral music; (3) through the Demetrius Project, the Camerata's National Repository Library of Men's Choral Music, preserve and share worthy collections of music that are no longer in use; and (4) encourage composers to write male choral music by promoting and performing newly composed works for men's chorus.

In addition to its regular subscription series, which, since 1994, has included performances at the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, the Camerata has performed with the National Symphony Orchestra (under the direction of Christopher Hogwood, Marvin Hamlisch and David Allen Miller) and with the National Gallery Orchestra (under the direction of George Manos). The Camerata has also performed at the Smithsonian Institution; THEARC Theater; Wolf Trap; the National Building Museum; Harvard, Princeton, and Rutgers Universities; and the White House.

The Camerata has collaborated with internationally renowned artists including soprano Phyllis Bryn-Julson, baritone John Shirley-Quirk, and the Mark Morris Dance Group. Listeners nationwide have heard the Camerata on National Public Radio's *All Things Considered* and American Public Media's *Performance Today* and *Pipedreams*. The Camerata's six critically acclaimed CDs have been featured on Sirius/XM satellite radio and classical stations across the country.

WASHINGTON MEN'S CAMERATA

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2023-2024 Season

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*denotes section coordinator		Anthony Zwerdling~	
+on lea	ave		

Tonight's concert is dedicated in memory of

Scott Tousley

Thank you for your service.

Thank you for your dedication.

Thank you for your love of singing.



~guest artist

THE DEMETRIUS PROJECT



Named after the founder and the first chief librarian of the Royal Library at Alexandria, The Demetrius Project is an NEA-supported endeavor to collect and preserve choral music on a global scale. Founded in 2000, the library of music created by The Demetrius Project has grown to include over 2,000 titles and approximately 100,000 individual copies of music. The Project has received eight consecutive NEA grants and has acquired music from Yale University, Georgetown University, the Yale Institute of Sacred Music, the U.S. Army Chorus, Colgate University, Davidson College, Lafayette College, Pomona College, Princeton University, Temple University, and the Gay Men's Chorus of Washington. Included in the Project Library are original works and arrangements for men's chorus by Charles Ives, Fenno Heath, Darius Milhaud, and Marshall Bartholomew. Music has been lent to groups throughout the United States and around the world, and an online database of music in the collection is constantly being updated and upgraded to allow for more functionality and ease of use. An ongoing recording schedule helps to preserve and promote the various "classics" that comprise The Demetrius Project library.

The Demetrius Project library is housed at Joe's Movement Emporium in Mt. Rainier, Maryland.

For additional information on The Demetrius Project, please visit: camerata.com/library





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The Washington Men's Camerata recognizes its individuals, corporate, foundation, and government contributors who make possible our efforts to perform, promote and preserve the rich legacy of men's choral singing.

The Washington Men's Camerata is a tax exempt nonprofit organization and welcomes your financial support. Contributions are tax-deductible to the fullest extent of the law. Since ticket revenues cover only a fraction of our annual expenses, we rely upon the generosity and support of music lovers like you. In listing contributions since **July 1, 2022** we have taken efforts to ensure the accuracy of the list as of **March 8, 2024**. If we have misplaced your name or omitted your contribution please accept our apologies and let us know by email at managingdirector@camerata.com.

We are deeply thankful for your support.

The Washington Men's Camerata acknowledges
the generosity of bequests from the estates of Jeffrey E. Skeer,
and Malcolm Douglas Rowat, and gratefully
honors their memories.

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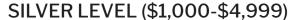
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2023-2024 Season Final Concert

Frank's Favorites
Saturday, June 1, 2024, at 8:00 p.m.
Church of The Epiphany (DC)

For tickets visit camerata.com or call (202) 364-1064.

Tickets available April, 2024.



All details subject to change.

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