SUMMER *fling* SINGERS

presents

Chansons et Madrigaux

French chansons from the Renaissance and early 20th century

Saturday, August 29, 2026 ~ 7:00pm
St. Margaret's Episcopal Church, Bellevue

Conducted by Jeremy Edelstein

Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder! ..... Claude Debussy (1862–1918)
Mille regretz ..... Josquin des Prez (1450–1521)
La nuict froide et sombre ..... Roland de Lassus (1532–1594)
Et la la la ..... Ninot le Petit (fl. c. 1500–1520)

Chansons et Madrigaux ..... Reynaldo Hahn (1875–1947)

1. Un loyal cœur
2. Vivons, mignarde, vivons!
3. Pleurez avec moi
4. En vous disant adieu
5. Comment se peut-il faire ainsi?
6. Les fourriers d'Été sont venus

Nicolette ..... Maurice Ravel (1875–1937)
Le chant des oiseaux ..... Clément Janequin (c. 1485–1558)
Revecy venir du printans ..... Claude le Jeune (c. 1530–1600)
Il est bel et bon ..... Pierre Passereau (c. 1509–1547)

Nymphes des bois ..... Josquin des Prez

Welcome

Weclome to the Summer Fling Singers' 10th summer concert! This year's program focuses on the French *chanson*, with examples from both the original Renaissance period as well as from its "Renaissance" in the early 20th century.

Some of the earliest notated music we have traces back to France, in both the sacred and secular traditions. The latter grew from the Medieval troubadour tradition: wandering bards who wrote both music and poetry, telling stories through *chansons*, or songs, in fixed forms.

The polyphonic, or multi-voice, *chanson* flourished later, from the fourteenth through the sixteenth centuries, with composers like Guillaume de Machaut (c. 1300-1377), Johannes Ockeghem (c. 1410-1497), and composers featured in this program.

Several hundred years later, Claude Debussy would lead the charge of renewed interest in this *chanson* genre, primarily motivated by his desire to revive a "purely French tradition." His set of *Trois chansons*, along with Ravel's and Hahn's, serve as sublime examples of this neo-Renaissance style, infusing the fixed forms and programmatic flourish with the advanced tonal language of turn-of-the-century France.

Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder!
(*from Trois Chansons de Charles d'Orléans*)
Claude Debussy (1862–1918)
Words by Charles, Duc d'Orléans (1394–1465)

The opening *chanson* in his set of three, this evocative and delicate love song begins simply before blossoming into a bouquet of sumptuous harmonies. Nodding to the *form fixe* of the ballade, Debussy emphasizes the repeated titular text. He completed this movement in 1898, but it wasn't published until a decade later, after the composer himself conducted the set's premiere. Unfortunately for us, these *Trois chansons de Charles d'Orléans* are the only a cappella choral works he wrote.

Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder!
La gracieuse bonne et belle;
Pour les grand biens que sont en elle
Chascun est prest de la loüer.
God! Who has made her good to see,
The gracious, good, and beautiful woman;
For the great good that is in her
Everyone is ready to hear her praise.

Qui se pourrait d'elle lasser?
Tous jours sa beauté renouvelle.
Who could tire of her?
Her beauty always renews itself.

Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder!
La gracieuse bonne et belle!
God! Who has made her good to see,
The gracious, good, and beautiful woman!

Par de ça, ne de là, la mer
Ne scay dame ne damoiselle
Que soit en tous bien parfais telle.
C'est ung songe que d'i penser.
Neither here nor there, the ocean
Doesn't know a woman or a young lady
Who is so perfect in all things.
It's a dream to think of her.

Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder!
God! Who has made her good to see!

Mille regretz

Josquin des Prez (1450–1521)

Josquin des Prez was one of the most influential and prolific composers of the Renaissance period, composing in virtually every genre. He was widely travelled, a polyglot, and an expert singer himself—even Martin Luther called him "the master of notes!" This short *chanson* was one of the most popular of his lifetime, and shows several hallmarks of his style: masterful control of texture through imitation, duets, and homophony, and extreme pathos in expressing the text.

Mille regretz de vous abondonner
Et d'eslogner vostre fache amoureuse.
I lament a thousand times that I am abandoning you
And leaving behind your loving face.

J'ai si grand dueil et peine douloureuse
Qu'on me verra brief mes jours définer.
I feel such great grief and painful sorrow
That soon you will see me waste away.

La nuict froide et sombre

Roland de Lassus (1532–1594)
Words by Joachim du Bellay (1522–1560)

With a biography similar to Josquin's but about a century later, Roland de Lassus went by many names as he travelled across Europe: Orlando di Lasso, Roland de Lattre, Orlandus Lassus... Regardless of moniker, Lassus left an indelible mark on nearly every genre, from masses to madrigals, and of course, the *chanson*. Because of his facility across genres, we see plenty of cross-pollination as in this somber piece, which employs the imitative, structured style of a motet.

La nuict froide et sombre couvrant d'obscure ombre
La terre et les cieux, aussi doux que miel
Fait couler du ciel le sommeil aux yeux.
The cold, dark night covering earth and sky
With murky shadows makes sleep as sweet as honey
Flow from the sky to the eyes below.

Puis le jour luisant au labeur duisant
Sa lueur expose, et d'un tein divers
Ce grand univers tapisse et compose.
Then the light-bringing day casts its radiance
Upon profitable work, and with a different complexion
Adorns and orders this great universe.

Et la la la

Ninot le Petit (fl. c. 1500–1520)

Ninot le Petit remains something of a mystery: there is comparatively little surviving music, and his identity isn't fully known, though there have been some conjectures over the last 50 years. As such, we can take this charming *chanson* as representative of his style: buoyant, clear of motive and harmony, and responsive to its joyful text.

Et la la la, faites lui bonne chière.
And la la la, make her a nice meal.

M'y levai par un matin, la fraiche matinée,
M'en entrai en no' jardin pour cueillir girouflée.
I got up one morning, one fresh morning.
I went to the garden to pick cloves.

Et la la la, faites lui bonne chière, a la belle bergère.
La la la, make her a nice meal, the pretty shepherdess.

M'en entrai en no' jardin pour cueillir girouflée.
Là trouverai le mien ami qui l'avait amassée.
I entered our garden to pick cloves.
There I found my love, who had already gathered them.

Chansons et Madrigaux

Reynaldo Hahn (1875–1947)

Reynaldo Hahn, born in Venezuela and raised in Paris, is best known for his *mélodies*, or solo vocal works, rather than his choral music; in fact, there is little evidence of this set ever being performed in the United States! His interest in vocal music led him to explore the Middle French poetry of d'Orléans, Baïf, and others that he would eventually set in this group of six choral works. Like Debussy, he acknowledges the older *formes fixes* in his musical setting, while infusing these forms with a twentieth-century sensibility of lyricism, melody and harmony.

1. Un loyal cœur

Words by Charles, Duc d'Orléans (1394–1465)

Le trouverai-je jamais
Un loyal cœur joint au mien
À qui je soye tout sien
Sans départir désormais?
Will I ever discover
A loyal heart joined to mine
To whom I will be all theirs
So they would never leave me?

À deviser par souhaits,
Souvent m'y esbas ! Eh! bien.
Le trouverai-je jamais,
Un loyal cœur joint au mien?
I wish for it often,
Getting lost in my imagination, and yet!
Will I ever discover
A loyal heart joined to mine?

Autant vaut si je m'en tais
Car, certainement, je tiens
Qu'il ne s'en fera jà rien;
En toute chose a ung mais.
However, I might as well stop,
Because, certainly, I can tell
That it will never happen;
As in all things, there's a "but."

2. Vivons, mignarde, vivons

Words by Jean-Antoine de Baïf (1532–1589)

Vivons, mignarde, vivons et suivons
Les ébats qu'Amour nous donne
Sans que des vieux rechignés, renfrognés,
Le sot babil nous étonne.
Let's live, my darling, let's live and let's follow
The frolicking that Love gives us,
Without letting old curmudgeons, surly spoilsports,
Or stupid loudmouths thwart us.

Les jours qui viennent et vont se refont,
Le soleil mort se relève;
Mais une trop longue nuit, Las!
Nous suit après une clarté brève!
The days that come and go remake themselves,
The dying sun rises again;
But for us a too-long night, alas! will follow
After a brief burst of sunlight!

Tandis que nous la voyons, employons
Ce beau vivre, ô ma Méline,
Ça donc, mignonne, viens-t'en
Et me tends ta bouchette Coraline!
So, while we can still perceive it, let's enjoy
This lovely life, O Méline,
So then, darling, let's get to it,
And offer me your coral lips to kiss.

3. *Pleurez avec moi*

Words by Théodore Agrippa d'Aubigné
(1552–1630)

Pleurez avec moi, tendres fleurs,
Apportez, ormeaux, les rosées
De vos mignardes épousées
Comme larmes parmi les pleurs
De moi affligé qui ne puis
Pleurer autant que j'ai d'ennuis!

Weep with me, tender flowers,
Elms, bring the dew
Of your precious wives,
Like tears mingled with mine,
Who cannot weep, afflicted as I am,
As many tears as I have troubles!

Cygnes mourant, que votre voix
Délaisse la Tourve fâchée!
Laissez votre branche séchée,
Tourterelles, quittez les bois
Et pleurez pour moi qui ne puis
Pleurer autant que j'ai d'ennuis!

Dying swans, may your voices
Abandon the angry river Tourve!
Fly from your dry branches,
Turtledoves: leave the woods,
And weep for me, who cannot weep
As many tears as I have troubles!

Pleurez aussi, l'aube du jour:
Belle aurore, je vous convie
À mêler une douce pluie
Parmi les pleurs de mon amour,
D'un amour pour qui je ne puis
Pleurer autant que j'ai d'ennuis.

Weep too, dawning of the day:
Lovely Aurora, I implore you,
Mingle a sweet gentle rain
With the tears I shed for my love,
A love for which I cannot weep
As many tears as I have troubles!

Pleurez, ô rochers, mes douleurs
De vos argentines fontaines.
De moi qui souffre plus de peines
Que je ne puis trouver de pleurs;
Pour moi, douloureux, qui ne puis
Trouver tant de pleurs que d'ennuis!

O rocks, cry for my pain
With your silvery fountains.
Lament me, who suffers more sorrows
Than I can find tears to shed;
For me, full of pain, who cannot
Find as many tears as I have troubles!

4. *En vous disant adieu*

Anonymous

Quartet: Heather Irwin, Ellen Kaisse,
Aaron Giles, Doug Wyatt

En vous disant adieu, je vous jure, Sylvie,
De vous aimer toute la vie,
Et l'amour m'est témoin des serments que je fais.

In bidding you farewell, Sylvie, I swear
To love you my entire life,
And Love bears witness to the promise that I make.

Il passe en ce moment de vos yeux dans mon âme
Et s'y peint dans mon cœur avec un trait de flamme
Que l'absence et le temps n'effaceront jamais!

It passes in this very moment from your eyes into my soul
And paints itself there in my heart with a stroke of fire
That absence and time will never erase!

5. Comment se peut-il faire ainsi?

Words by Charles, Duc d'Orléans (1394–1465)

Comment se peut-il faire ainsi
En une seule créature
Que tant ait des biens de nature
Dont chacun en est ébahi?

How can it be so,
That in a single creature
There are so many wonders of nature
That astonish everyone?

Oncques tel chef-d'œuvre ne vy,
Mieux accompli, outre mesure.
Comment se peut-il faire ainsi
En une seule creature?

I have never seen such a masterpiece
Better accomplished, beyond all measure.
How can it be so,
In a single creature?

Mes yeux cuidai qu'eussent menti
Quand apportèrent sa figure
Devers mon cœur en portraiture.
Mais vrai fut, et plus que ne di!

My eyes thought they were lying
When they brought her face
Toward my heart in portrait.
But it was true, and more than I can say!

6. Les fourriers d'Été sont venus

Words by Charles, Duc d'Orléans (1394–1465)

Les fourriers d'Été sont venus
Pour appareiller son logis
Et ont fait tendre ses tapis
De fleurs et verdure tissus!

Summer's heralds have come
To decorate his lodging
And have made a tender carpet of flowers
And fabric of greenery!

En étendant tapis velus,
Et vert d'herbe par le pays,
Les fourriers d'Été sont venus
Pour appareiller son logis.

In spreading out his downy carpet
of grassy green for the country,
Summer's heralds have come
To decorate his lodging.

Coeurs d'ennui piéça morfondus,
Dieu merci sont sains et jolis!
Allez-vous-en, prenez pays,
Hiver, vous ne demeurez plus!
Les fourriers d'Été sont venus.

And troubled hearts, so long dejected,
Thank God, are now healthy and pretty!
Go away, Winter, to another country,
You're not living here anymore!
Summer's heralds have come.

Nicolette

(*from Trois chansons*)

Maurice Ravel (1875–1937)

Though he was a classmate of Hahn's at the *Conservatoire de Paris*, Ravel was a bit of an *enfant terrible* there, experimenting beyond the conservative bounds of his schooling. He truly harkened back to the troubadour tradition by writing both the poetry and the music for his set of *Trois chansons*. Informed by his experience serving in the First World War, Ravel retells the story of Little Red Riding Hood in this opening movement in the style of a Parisian *chanson*: telegraphing characters and actions in vivid vocal color. We can see Ravel's orchestrational genius at work with voices here—listen for Nicolette's fast footsteps, the dashing young page, and more..!

Nicolette, à la vesprée,
S'allait promeneur au pré,
Cueillir la pâquerette,
La jonquille et le muguet.
Toute sautillante, toute guillerette,
Lorgnant ci, là, de tous les côtés.

At Vespers, Nicolette
Went walking in the meadow
To pick daisies,
Daffodils, and May-lilies.
Skipping, all sprightly,
Peering here, there, and everywhere.

Rencontra vieux loup grognant
Tout hérissé, l'œil brilliant:
«Hé, là! ma Nicolette,
Viens-tu pas chez Mère-Grand?»
À perte d'haleine, s'enfuit Nicolette,
Laissant là cornette et socques blancs.

She came upon a growling old wolf
With bristling hair and shining eyes:
"Hey there! my Nicolette,
Aren't you going to Grandmother's house?"
Breathless, Nicolette fled,
Leaving her cape and white clogs behind.

Rencontra page joli,
Chausses bleues et pourpoint gris:
«Hé, là! ma Nicolette,
Veux-tu pas d'un bon ami?»
Sage, s'en retourna, pauvre Nicolette,
Très lentement, le cœur bien marri.

She came upon a handsome page,
Wearing blue hose and a grey doublet:
"Hey there! my Nicolette,
Don't you want a boyfriend?"
Wisely, she turned from him, poor Nicolette,
Very slowly, her heart quite sad.

Rencontra seigneur chenu,
Tors, laid, puant, et ventru:
«Hé, là! ma Nicolette,
Veux-tu pas tous ces écus?»
Vite fut en ses bras, bonne Nicolette,
Jamais au pré n'est plus revenue.

She came upon an ancient lord,
Twisted, ugly, rank, and paunchy:
"Hey there! my Nicolette,
Don't you want all these coins?"
Quickly she ran into his arms, good Nicolette,
Never to return to the meadow again.

Le chant des oiseaux

Clément Janequin (c. 1485–1558)

Speaking of Parisian *chanson*, Janequin's name is most closely linked with this virtuosic, lively genre. His works are often programmatic, which is to say narrative in nature and onomatopoeic in material. This "song of the birds" is among his most enduring works, featuring imaginative vocal techniques and clever wordplay, to produce an early form of "environmental" music. It draws on a long tradition of birds as human analogues, often singing portions of the church service or serving in lusty metaphors. Look no further than the middle portion for bawdy birds and imaginary saints, including Saint Trotin, the patron of both those who *get around*, as it were, and take walks instead of going to church.

Réveillez-vous, cœurs endormis,
Le dieu d'amour vous sonne.

Wake up, sleeping hearts,
The god of love summons you!

À ce premier jour de mai
Oiseaux feront merveilles
Pour vous mettre hors d'esmay.
Détoupez vos oreilles!

On this first day of May
Birds will work wonders
To bring you tranquility.
Unstop your ears!

[Et farirariron frereli joli]
[*bird calls*]

Vous serez tous en joie mis.
Car la saison est bonne.
You will be filled with joy.
For the season is good.

Vous orrez, à mon avis,
Une douce musique,
Que fera le roy mauvis.
Le merle aussi l'étourneau sera parmi
D'une voix autentique.
You will hear, in my opinion,
Sweet music,
Which is sung by the royal thrush.
The blackbird and the starling will also join
In one authentic voice.

[Ti ti piti chou thoui chouti]
Tu, que dis-tu?
Le petit sansonnet de Paris. Le petit mignon.
Qu'est là-bas? Passe, villain.
Sainte tête Dieu!
[*bird calls*]
You, what say you?
The little starling of Paris. The little darling.
Who's there? Sparrow, villain!
Good Lord!

[Din dan din dan]
Il est temps d'aller boire.
Tôt, au sermon, ma maitresse,
À saint Trotin voir saint Robin;
Montrez le tétin, le doux musequin!
Guillemette, Colinette, il est temps d'aller boire.
Sus, ma dame, à la messe,
Sainte Caquette qui caquette.
Le petit sansonnet de Paris,
Sage courtois et bien apris.
[*bird calls*]
It's time to go drinking.
Off to the "sermon" now, my mistress.
To Saint Trotin to see Saint Robin.
Show your nipples, those cute little noses!
Guilemette, Colinette, it's time to go drinking.
Away, my lady, off to the "Mass"
Of Saint Caquette who gossips.
The little starling of Paris,
Wise, courtly, and well-educated.

Rire et gaudir c'est mon devis;
Chacun s'y abondonne.
To laugh and poke fun at myself is my intent;
Everyone abandons themself to it.

Rossignol du bois joli,
À qui la voix résonne,
Pour vous mettre hors d'ennui
Votre gorge jargonne.
Nightingale from the lovely woods
In which its voice resounds,
Your throat warbles
To relieve your sorrow.

[Frian teo tu veleci ticun coqui oy ti trr]
[Huit terter frian ticon turri vrr]
[Fouquet frr coqui quibi quilara]
[*bird calls and trills*]

Fuyez regrets, pleurs et souci,
Car la saison l'ordonne.
Car la saison est bonne.
Away with you, regrets, tears, and cares,
For the season commands it.
For the season is good.

Arrière, maître cocu,
Sortez de nos chapitres;
Chacun vous est mal tenu,
Car vous n'êtes qu'un trâitre.
Away, master cuckoo,
Leave our assembly;
You have mistreated everyone,
Because you're nothing but a traitor.

Cocu, par traison, en chacun nid
Pondez sans qu'on vous sonne.
You deceitfully cuckold every nest,
Laying eggs no one asked for.

[Cocu!]
Cuckolded!

Réveillez-vous, cœurs endormis,
Le dieu d'amour vous sonne!
Wake up, sleeping hearts,
The god of love summons you!

Revecy venir du printans

Claude le Jeune (c. 1530–1600)

Words by Jean-Antoine de Baïf (1532–1589)

In contrast to the programmatic *chansons* of the Parisian style, le Jeune was informed by speech rhythms using a technique called *musique mesurée*. Depicting the joyful return of spring, the meter of this poem by Baïf suggests alternating measures of 6/8 and 3/4—a dancing rhythm later made famous in Leonard Bernstein's "America" from *West Side Story*.

Revecy venir du Printans,
L'amoureuz' et belle saizon.
Once again Spring returns,
The loving and beautiful season.

Le courant des eaus recherchant
Le canal d'été s'éclaircît
Et la mer calme ces flots
Amolit le triste courrous:
Le Canard s'égay, et plonjant,
Et se lave coint dedans l'eau:
Et la grû' qui fourche son vol
Retraverse l'air et s'en va.
Seeking running waters once again,
Summer's brook becomes clear,
And the sea, calmed of its storms,
Tames its gloomy anger.
The duck makes merry, plunging
And elegantly washing itself in the water.
And the crane, changing its flight's direction,
Crosses the sky and vanishes.

Le Soleil éclaire luizant
D'une plus sereine clairté:
Du nuage l'ombre s'enfuit,
Qui se joû', et court et noircît.
Et foretz et champs et coutaus
Le labeur humain reverdît,
Et la prê' découvre ses fleurs.
The sun shines, radiant,
With a more cloudless light:
The shadow flees from the cloud,
Which plays, runs, and darkens.
Human labor turns
Forests, fields, and hillsides green again,
And the meadow reveals its flowers.

De Vénus le filz Cupidon
L'univers semant de ses traits,
De sa flamme va réchauffer
Animaus, qui volet en l'air,
Animaus, qui rampet au chams,
Animaus, qui nagent auz eaus.
Ce qui mesmement ne sent pas
Amoureux se fond de plaizir.
Cupid, the son of Venus,
Sowing the universe with his darts,
Will rewarm with his flame
The animals that fly in the air,
The animals that creep in the fields,
The animals that swim in the waters.
Even those who do not feel amorous
Will melt with pleasure.

Rions aussi nous: et cherchon
Les ébas et jeus du Printans:
Toute chose rit de plaizir:
Sélebrons la gaye saizon.
Let's also laugh and seek
The amusements and games of Springtime:
Everything laughs with delight:
Let's celebrate this cheerful season.

Il est bel et bon

Pierre Passereau (1509–1547)

To slightly misquote the standard choral literature textbook, "nothing is known about Passereau's life," except that he sang a few different places. He was quite popular in his day, though, owing to this *chanson's* proliferation after publication sometime between 1533 and 1541. It was, and still is, a consummate example of the genre, with its humorous text, repetitive and clear structure, and light-hearted vocalism.

Refrain:
Il est bel et bon, commère,
Il est bel et bon, commère, mon mari.
He is handsome and good, girlfriend,
He is handsome and good, girlfriend, my husband.

It était deux femmes toutes d'un pays.
Disans l'une à l'autre: avez bon mari?
There were two women from one country,
Saying to one another: Do you have a good husband?

Il ne me courousse, ne me bat aussi,
Il fait le ménage;
Il donne aux poulailles,
Et je prends mes plaisirs.
He doesn't yell at me or beat me,
He does the housework,
He feeds the chickens,
And I take my pleasure.

Commère, c'est pour rire,
Quand les poulailles crient:
Petite coquette, [Co co dac]
Qu'est ce-ci?
Girlfriend, it's so funny
When the chickens cry:
Little gossip, [*Cluck cluck*]
What's this?

Nymphes des bois

Josquin des Prez (1450–1521)
Words by Jean Molinet (1435–1507)

While we may associate this time period and genre with frothy, fun-filled repertoire, these composers were also capable of "serious music." One such case is this motet-chanson from Josquin, subtitled "Lamentation on the Death of Ockeghem," one of the great early Franco-Flemish composers. Using the Requiem chant as its backbone, four other voices sing this extraordinary poem mourning Ockeghem's death, and mentioning several contemporary masters—you'll recognize the name of the composer himself, alongside a variant of Pierre de la Rue's (Pierchon), Antoine Brumel, and Loyset Compère.

[Requiem æternam dona eis Domine.]
[*Grant unto him eternal rest, O Lord.*]

Nymphes des bois, déesses des fontaines,
Chantres experts de toutes nations,
Changez vos voix fort claires et hautaines
En cris tranchants et lamentations.
Wood nymphes, fountain goddesses,
Skilled singers of all nations,
Change your strong, clear, and proud voices
Into piercing cries and lamentations.

[Et lux perpetua luat eis.]
[*And let perpetual light shine upon him.*]

Car Atropos, très terrible satrape,
À votr' Ockeghem attrapé en sa trappe.
Vrai tresorier de musique et chef d'œuvre,
Doct elegant de corps et non point trappe
Grand dommage est que la terre le couvre.
For Atropos (Death), the most awful tyrant,
Has caught your Ockeghem in his trap.
He was the true treasurer of music and masterpiece,
Learned, well-built, and not at all portly.
Such a great pity that the earth covers him.

Accoutrez-vous d'habits de deuil:
Josquin, Perchon, Brumel, Compère.
Et pleurez grosses larmes d'œil:
Perdu avez votre père.

Don your mourning clothes,
Josquin, de la Rue, Brumel, Compere.
And weep great tears from your eyes:
You have lost your good father.

Requiescat in pace. Amen.

May he rest in peace. Amen.

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Thank you for supporting us!

About our Conductor

Jeremy Edelstein lives a varied life as a conductor, singer, composer, and writer based in Seattle, WA. He is committed to curating concert experiences that tell stories reflecting the world we live in, and collaborates regularly across disciplines, genres, and art forms. Currently, he serves as artistic director of the Northwest Chamber Chorus and Conducting Fellow for Spire Chamber Ensemble, and he founded the Twinbird Project, a flexible vocal ensemble interested in presenting innovative concert programs in unconventional spaces. A fierce advocate for new and underperformed music, Edelstein has performed several world and regional premieres, and consistently aims to champion new and diverse voices through his programming.

Edelstein also serves as a staff singer and conductor at Epiphany Parish Seattle, and works regularly with Seattle's Renaissance choir, Sine Nomine, as well as Harmonia Orchestra and Chorus and the vocal octet Nothing Gold. He loves seeing the mountains from his living room window; he ritualistically weighs out coffee beans for his morning brew; and you can often find him reading a book outside. He holds a master's degree in choral conducting from Northwestern, studying with Grammy-winner Donald Nally, and degrees in English and music education from Penn State.

About Summer Fling Singers — summerfling.org

We are a group of choir ~~nerds~~ singers who join together for three weeks in the late summer to "cheat" on our choirs, sing new genres, and gain small ensemble experience.

During the traditional choral year, our members participate in various local community choirs including Sine Nomine: Renaissance Choir, Cascadian Chorale, Kirkland Choral Society, Opus 7, Harmonia Orchestra & Chorus, as well as several area church choirs.

We'd like to thank this year's coach and conductor, Jeremy Edelstein, for helping us refine our sound as an ensemble.

We also wish to thank St. Margaret's Episcopal Church for graciously supporting our efforts and hosting both our rehearsals and our concert.

Be sure to visit summerfling.org for the latest news and concert info, or email info@summerfling.org if you are interested in participating or supporting us in the future.

Summer Fling Singers is a registered 501(c)(3) organization. Donations are tax-deductible.

Who We Are

Artistic Director
Aaron Giles

Coach & Conductor
Jeremy Edelstein

Soprano
Elisabeth Baeskens
Vera Giles
Heather Irwin

Alto
Dawn Fosse Cook
Ellen Kaisse
Elaine Tsang

Tenor
Aaron Giles
Christopher Kruse
John La Fond

Bass
Jeremy Kings
Trevor Tsang
Doug Wyatt

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A project of the Greater Seattle Choral Consortium

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.