

 CASCADIAN
CHORALE

Conducted by Dr. Gary D. Cannon

60th Anniversary

CASCADIAN COMPOSERS

Saturday, March 22, 2025
7:30 PM

Saint Margaret's Episcopal Church
4228 Factoria Blvd SE
Bellevue, WA

Sunday, March 23, 2025
3:00 PM

followed by a reception

The Episcopal Church of the Holy Cross
11526 162nd Ave NE
Redmond, WA

The Cascadian Chorale

To commemorate our sixtieth anniversary season, we include the year when each singer first performed with Cascadian Chorale.

Sopranos

Frances Acheson (2019)
Holly Allin (1999)
Debra DeFotis (1982)
Hannah Durasoff (2018)
Heather Irwin* (2016)
Sue Maybee (1990)
Genie Middaugh (2016)
Grete Norquist (2023)
Krista Petrova (2024)
Jules Phan (2024)
Tessa Ravagni (2016)
Billie Shung (2012)
Elaine Tsang (2007)
Judy Williams (2016)
Cami Woodruff (2017)

Altos

Annie Doubleday (2022)
Christine Dunbar (2016)
Gail Erickson (2018)
Carol Fielding (2007)
Dawn Fosse Cook (2022)
Alecia Hawthorne-Heyel* (2016)
Ann Marten (1991)
Tara O'Brien Pride (1999)
Jacquelin Remaley (2023)
Debbie Roberts (2023)
Nikki Schilling (2011)
Pamela Silimperi (2010)

Tenors

Brandon Higa (2017)
Dustin Kaspar (2005)
Brian Matthewson* (2023)
Özer Özkaraoğlu (2010)
Kalinda Pride (2022)
Fred Williams (2022)

Basses

Alazel Acheson (2022)
Ken Black (1999)
Jeremy Kings (2012)
David Nichols (2004)
Glenn Nielsen (2022)
Andrew Payne (2024)
Trevor Tsang (2008)
Jim Whitehead (2013)
Doug Wyatt* (2004)

* *Section leader*

Artistic Staff

Gary D. Cannon, *Artistic Director*
(since 2008)
Ingrid Verhulsdonk, *Pianist*
(since 2010)

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Gary D. Cannon, Artistic Director



Dr. Gary D. Cannon is one of Seattle's most versatile choral personalities, active as conductor, musicologist, singer, educator, and composer. In 2008 he was appointed Artistic Director of both the Cascadian Chorale and the eighty-voice Vashon Island Chorale. He founded the Emerald Ensemble, one of Seattle's premier professional chamber choirs, in 2016. At the invitation of the Early Music Guild, he also founded and directed a Renaissance choir, Sine Nomine (2008–15). He has appeared as guest conductor of Choral Sounds Northwest, Kirkland Choral Society, Northwest Mahler Festival, and Vashon Opera.

Dr. Cannon gives pre-concert lectures for Seattle Symphony and has provided program notes for choirs across the country. He was awarded the Faculty Excellence Award by Whatcom College in 2006, and in 2024 joined the voice faculty at Edmonds College. As a tenor soloist, he has appeared with Pacific Northwest Ballet, Seattle Philharmonic, and the Auburn, Eastside, Rainier, and Sammamish Symphony Orchestras, as well as many Seattle-area choirs. A California native, Dr. Cannon holds degrees from the University of California at Davis and the University of Washington.

CASCADIAN COMPOSERS

“Life Will Renew”

The Bluebird (2024) Joy DeCoursey-Porter (b. 1974)
world premiere performance

Solo: Grete Norquist

Slumber (2012) Cravixtha Acheson
world premiere performance

An End (2011) Christopher Lee Fraley (b. 1967)
first complete performance in concert

1. Love, strong as Death, is dead
2. He was born in Spring
3. On the last warm summer day
4. Epilogue

Winter of Moss (2023) Tara O'Brien Pride (b. 1964)
world premiere performance

The Triumph of King Edmund (2024) Joy DeCoursey-Porter
world premiere performance

∞ intermission ∞

Requiem (2024) Jeremy Kings (b. 1987)
world premiere performance, except “Lacrimosa”

Introit

1. Kyrie *Soli: David Nichols, Brian Matthewson, Cami Woodruff, Tara O'Brien Pride, Nikki Schilling*
2. Dies iræ
3. Lacrimosa
4. Sanctus *Solo: Brian Matthewson*
5. Benedictus *Solo: Nikki Schilling*
6. Agnus Dei
7. Lux æterna *Solo: Grete Norquist*
8. Libera me *Soli: Jules Phan, Nikki Schilling, Cami Woodruff, Tara O'Brien Pride*

Cascadian Chorale
Gary D. Cannon, *conductor*

The Bluebird (2024)

by Joy DeCoursey-Porter (born 1974)

Joy Porter's mother is a singer and her father was a professional trumpeter, pianist, and double bass player. Though she was born near Vancouver, Canada, Porter grew up in Hawaii, where she sang musical theater, taught herself guitar, and, as she puts it, "made up stuff" at the piano. She began training as a pilot, but upon entering Christian Heritage College (now San Diego Christian College), she shifted to music and religious studies. There she first encountered the richness of choral music, and she jumped in vigorously: the college choir even sang her music at graduation. For the next ten years, she continued to "make up stuff," but never wrote it down; it was a kind of therapy, an escape from the world. In 2010, Porter began to compose more dedicatedly, especially choral music as well as instrumental works for her children and piano students. Her music has since received performances across the world. She sings regularly with Cascadian Chorale.



Joy DeCoursey-Porter

Porter's setting of Mary Coleridge's *The Bluebird* has big shoes to fill: Charles Villiers Stanford's setting from 1910 is standard choral fare. But Porter finds her own way through this text. The lower voices set the stage as a soprano soloist takes the melody. The chorus only interjects for special moments, until the final three lines. The tenors briefly recount the bird's departure, which we hear in ever smaller ensembles. The lower voices conclude: the lake, the hill, and the sky remain.

The lake lay blue below the hill.
O'er it, as I looked, there flew
Across the waters, cold and still,
A bird whose wings were palest blue.

The sky above was blue at last,
The sky beneath me blue in blue.
A moment, ere the bird had passed,
It caught his image as he flew.

— Mary Coleridge (1861–1907)

Slumber (2012)

by **Çravixtha Acheson**

The Acheson family have been staunch members of Cascadian Chorale for several years—first came Çravixtha in 2017, then her mother Frances, and finally her father Alazel. Çravixtha has been composing for thirty years. She is a graduate of the University of Puget Sound and the New England Conservatory in Boston, where she got a master’s degree in music education. In addition to teaching band, choir, and orchestra in middle and high school, she is a very fine oboist. She has set her own text in *Slumber*, a delicate musing on how the living find solace despite the death of a loved one. The sopranos begin by floating above the rest, as if in a trance. The diverse choral voices reveal different sentiments of text, until finally the basses bring the deceased to “eternal slumber.”



Çravixtha Acheson

In this trance,
We can see that light bursts forth from your dreams...
Encircle the world with your beauty now,
You’ve walked the path of love, show us how.
We shall weep for you, not with despair,
But knowing your passions, your hopes, your cares.
Now you rest in slumber deep,
So across the heavens leap.
And with light from dreams left behind,
We take shelter in the joy we still find.
For while you sleep, yet we wake,
And toil on with struggles we cannot shake.
Why you are gone, we always wonder,
But rest you now in eternal slumber.

An End, F.156 (2011)

by **Christopher Lee Fraley** (born 1967)

Raised near Philadelphia, Chris Fraley grew up with an early love of writing poetry, which developed into songwriting when he discovered the guitar. He went on to study computer engineering and music composition at Carnegie Mellon University in Pittsburgh, then joined the fledgling staff of Microsoft in 1989, working as a software code developer. Yet Fraley did not neglect his love of music, and indeed found many fellow musicians at the company—including former professionals and even ongoing freelancers. After nine years as a self-professed “code monkey,” Fraley left Microsoft to start a new technology firm with his brother in Pittsburgh. He eventually returned to Seattle, continuing his studies with composer Peter Wolf. Initially he focused his musical efforts on orchestral and chamber music, but he has also embraced the choral milieu with vigor. Fraley and his wife, Barb, sang in Cascadian Chorale for over a decade until 2019, when they moved to Hawaii.



Christopher Lee Fraley

Fraley’s choral suite *An End* sets the eponymous lyric by Christina Rossetti. (The cycle was recorded by the Byrd Ensemble, but these are its first complete concert performances.) Though the poem is ostensibly a metaphor for the end of a relationship, Fraley was captivated by a literal interpretation of the emotional beginning, “Love, strong as Death, is dead.” Fraley has freely adapted the text and divided it into four movements. (The text appears here as the composer sets it.) The first movement separates the sopranos and altos from the tenors and basses in conversation; they unite only to consider the “dying flowers” and the “quiet evening hours.” The prevailing mood is somber. “He was born in Spring,” which Cascadian Chorale premiered in 2017, is a brief idyll from the poem’s prevailing grief: just as love “was born in Spring among the flowers,” we are invited to “sit by and sing among the flowers.” The middle section calmly oscillates in 5/4 time. The final phrase—a return to those “quiet evening hours”—repeats, each time with greater peace. The third song, “On the last warm summer day,” harbors no such consolation, building repeatedly to dissonant six-part chords. There is anger here, and despondency. For the final “Epilogue,” the sopranos and altos intone a constantly repeated phrase, as the tenors and basses present a variation of the second movement’s tune. All ends on a bleak open fifth.

1. Love, strong as Death, is dead.
 Come, let us make his bed
 Among the dying flowers:
 A green turf at his head;
 And a stone at his feet,
 Whereon we may sit
 In the quiet ev'ning hours.
2. He was born in Spring
 Among the flowers.
 A green turf was his bed
 In the quiet ev'ning hours.
 Sit we by and sing
 Among the flowers
 On this last warm summer day
 In the quiet ev'ning hours.
3. On the last warm summer day
 He left us; he would not stay
 For Autumn's twilight cold and grey.

 On the last warm summer day
 Sit we by his grave and sing.
 He is gone away.

 To few chords, sad and low,
 Sing we so:
 Be our eyes fixed on the grass,
 Shadow-veiled eyes as the years pass
 While we think of all that was
 In the long ago.
4. *Epilogue*
 Love, strong as Death is Love.
 Come, let us make his bed
 Among the flowers,
 Among the dying flowers,
 Dead.

— Christina Rossetti (1830–1894), adapted by the composer

Winter of Moss (2023)

by Tara O'Brien Pride (born 1964)

The composer writes:

The Pacific Northwest corner of the U.S. has a winter climate that is often described as “mild.” It also tends to be very drizzly and dark, to the point that a small, transient patch of blue sky can seem like a bold beacon of hope. One February day, when there was no sign of the clouds clearing, I went for a walk in the woods and realized that nature was presenting me with bright, almost glowing patches of color in the form of moss. It grew thickly on tree trunks, stumps, and rocks without ever asking for permission, and therefore struck me as an obvious but underappreciated symbol of nature’s renewal. The year was 2021, when pandemic-induced worries were still strong, but the moss paid no mind. The moss came to symbolize for me not only the cycle of nature’s inevitable regrowth, but also the resilience of the human spirit. Further, it became a metaphor for the renewal of artistic creativity after a fallow period. The piece moves back and forth between the minor-sounding Aeolian mode and the major-sounding Mixolydian mode in primal reflection of both the darkness and the hope.



Tara O'Brien Pride

REFRAIN

Winter of moss, winter of moss.
Softening, glowing, and promising time
Of re-growth.
Winter of moss, winter of moss.

VERSE 1

Trees not yet leafy,
Bark and soil wet,
Sky very gray over most of its breadth.
Yet how vibrant and green these damp woods are!

VERSE 2

The moss clings to surfaces,
Softening the bumps,
Adding a color that glows in my mind.
How vibrant and green these damp woods are!

VERSE 3

Trees not yet leafy,
Sky very gray.
Amid the dullness, life will renew.
Last year’s skeletons will be freshly clothed
And, eventually, will dance again.

The Triumph of King Edmund (2024) by Joy DeCoursey-Porter (born 1974)

The composer writes:

The story of King Edmund takes place in the mid-800s and remains shrouded in some mystery. Though certain details are sketchy depending on the historical source, the events depicted in the poetic text seem consistent with most accounts. I believe that the story of this king is not about the violent loss of life, but about the triumph of a man who held fast to his faith. His enemy took all—his kingdom, his family’s dynasty, and ultimately his earthly body. What so enraged his enemy, and led to the cruelty of the execution, was the knowledge that they could not take his faith. They could not reach beyond the bounds of the frailty of human life and alter his sacred eternity. In the end and thereafter King Edmund, the last East Anglian king, also rumored to be the last of the Wuffingas (“Little Wolves”) dynasty, was triumphant.

Legend has it that when Edmund’s men found his remains, it was so riddled with arrows it resembled more a hedgehog than a human. When they went looking for his head, they heard the beckoning call of a wolf. They soon came upon the old grey creature, standing guard over the head of their king.

The Danes came by great fleet of ship, under Hingwar,
to plunder the Angles’ coast. Edmund the King
will never bow in life
unless first Hingwar bow to Christ, he said.
He stood in hall raising no sword. Bound to the tree
he called on Christ.
Mad with rage, they bristled him with arrows
and still with steadfast faith he called
on Jesus Christ.
Hingwar’s order,
and the blow beheaded him;
his soul departed joyfully to Christ.
The grey-eyed wolf
stood guardian to holiness, until
head and body one. Holy Edmund
revealing Christ.

— Frances E. F. Ward (b.1959), adapted from Ælfric of Eynsham (c.955–c.1010)

∞ intermission ∞

Requiem (2017–24)

by **Jeremy Kings** (born 1987)

Jeremy Kings's father was a Lutheran pastor; his mother was the church organist. From her, young Jeremy received his first musical training, though he was rather more interested in technology, especially computer gaming. Attending high school in a suburb of Chicago, he joined the choir and fell in love with the world of choral music. In his senior year, he had the rare opportunity to take a class in music theory and—even more rare—to hear his works performed. He kept singing and composing while a computer science major at Illinois Wesleyan University in Bloomington. In 2010 he relocated to the Seattle area to study computer game programming at the DigiPen Institute of Technology, where he has also taught.



Jeremy Kings

Kings's practical experience composing music for computer games has served him well in developing a deep understanding of counterpoint, harmony, structure, and subtle variety. He puts all of that to brilliant use in his new *Requiem*. The “Lacrimosa” came first, written for the local professional choir Vox16 (now Radiance) in 2017. Over the following several years, Kings continued to sketch and elaborate on further movements. The “Introit” and “Benedictus” were the final touches, completed in January 2024. The text, taken from the Roman Catholic *Missa pro defunctis* (“Mass for the Dead”) and burial service, has been a favorite of composers since the fifteenth century. *Requiem* settings tend to fit into one of two categories: prevailingly dramatic (Mozart, Berlioz, Verdi, Britten) or prevailingly comforting (Victoria, Fauré, Duruflé, Rutter). But Kings has found a curious third way: prevailingly doubtful, even insecure. This *Requiem* is a psychological journey, in which a putative narrator considers the nature of death, confronts their fears, and eventually finds peace.

All begins with a textless “Introit” (the liturgical term for “entrance”) that includes aleatoric elements wherein the singers themselves choose certain limited variables of pitch and rhythm. Clouds of vowel unfurl, as the narrator begins contemplation. A chantlike baritone leads to a disjunct melody stated twice by soloists, marked “rhapsodic and pleading.” The second statement of “Kyrie eleison” (“Christ, have mercy”) brings with it the *Requiem*'s principal theme, heard throughout the work. To be sung by a soloist “with immense grief,” it features a rising sixth followed by an upwardly surging line. The full choir repeats this theme, including a quicker fugal treatment. Echoes of the “rhapsodic” melody return to close the movement. Then our narrator settles down to the terror of the Judgment Day—or, more deeply, the fear of death. Some voices whisper (at times marked “energetic” or even “frantic”), while others intone “like deep, ominous drums.” The “Lacrimosa” begins with the second major theme of the *Requiem* (though it was briefly hinted at in the “Dies iræ”), reaching slowly upward. The prayer “Pie Jesu, Domine” (“Merciful Lord Jesus, grant them rest”) is initially a bold homophonic statement but calms the narrator more on each repetition.

The “Sanctus” is a different kind of restlessness. (The central “Hosanna” fugato feels to me like a musical depiction of hypomania.) The composer describes the “Benedictus” as “a realization that some things are too big or daunting for us to truly comprehend and internalize, like the vastness of the universe and our tiny place within it, the miracle of life, or the loss of things that are/were essential parts of our being. And that can be mystifying, overwhelming, and awe-inspiring all at once.” The “Agnus Dei” begins “as if from the clouds above.” When the sopranos take the main tune, the narrator is beginning to see a path to comfort. As to that, pay particular note to the sopranos' angelic parallel thirds at the end of the movement.

Kings's description of the "Lux æterna" is as poetic as the music: "Before you is an endless otherworldly yet comforting dreamscape. A vast pool, large enough to be a lake or even an ocean, stretches out before you. The liquid in this pool shines not as a reflection, but almost as if it is light in liquid form. It is difficult to discern whether it is day or night, but that's okay; in this dream it seems perfectly normal, as if it has always been this way, and will continue to be so into eternity. [...] Occasionally, there are ripples in the pool before you, and colors morph and shift within it, predominantly gold but with suggestions of blue, silver, and other shades in between. [...] Everything is peaceful. You could walk forever in this place, never an obstacle in your path, [...] free from your cares and worries." The final chord is a raised eyebrow: could this be the path to personal peace?

A soprano solo responds with a one-note chant, taken up by the full choir. Soon, terror returns (at "Tremens factus sum ego"—"I am made to tremble"), and even the main tune provides little comfort. The composer calls the final movement "a journey to a place of acceptance [that] is rarely smooth or linear. Sometimes when we feel like we've finally made progress, something opens an old wound and we feel the pain again, sometimes just as intensely. And often we're forced to revisit things we'd rather leave in the past—because we hid them away instead of burying them properly and respectfully. But when we confront those things and integrate them instead of trying to avoid them, eventually we can find a better way of living. Not moving on or beyond them *per se*, but moving through them." The parallel thirds return as the angels lead the deceased to Paradise—or as the narrator, having confronted their personal demons, finally finds repose.

Texts and translations are on the following pages.

1. Kyrie

Requiem æternam dona eis Domine,
et lux perpetua luceat eis.

Kyrie eleison.
Christe eleison.
Kyrie eleison.

Rest eternal grant to them, Lord,
and may light perpetual shine on them.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.
Lord, have mercy.

2. Dies iræ

Dies iræ, dies illa
solvat sæclum in favilla,
teste David cum Sibylla.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
quando judex est venturus,
cuncta stricte discussurus!

Tuba mirum spargens sonum
per sepulcra regionum,
coget omnes ante thronum.

Mors stupebit et natura,
cum resurget creatura,
judicanti responsura.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
in quo totum continetur,
unde mundus remanebit.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
Quem patronum rogaturus,
cum vix justus sit securus?

Rex tremendæ majestatis
qui salvandos salvas gratis,
salva me, fons pietatis.

Day of wrath, that day
shall dissolve the world into embers,
as David prophesied with the Sibyl.

How great the trembling will be
when the judge shall come
to strictly investigate all things!

The trumpet, sending out its wondrous sound
through the tombs of every land,
will summon all before the throne.

Death and nature will be stunned
when all creation shall rise again
to answer the one who judges.

A written book will be made known,
in which all shall be contained,
from which the world shall be judged.

What will I, a miserable one, then say?
Which protector shall I ask for,
when scarcely the just man is secure?

King of terrifying majesty,
who freely saves the saved:
save me, fount of pity.

3. Lacrimosa

Lacrimosa dies illa,
qua resurget ex favilla
judicandus homo reus:
huic ergo parce Deus.

Pie Jesu Domine,
dona eis requiem. Amen.

That tearful day,
on which shall rise from the embers,
to be judged, the guilty man;
therefore, spare them, Lord.

Merciful Lord Jesus,
grant them rest. Amen.

4. Sanctus

Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus,
Dominus Deus Sabaoth.

Pleni sunt cœli et terra gloria tua.
Hosanna in excelsis.

Holy, holy, holy,
Lord God of the heavenly assembly.

Full are the heavens and earth of your glory.
Hosanna in the highest.

5. Benedictus

Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini.
Hosanna in excelsis.

Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord.
Hosanna in the highest.

6. Agnus Dei

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,
dona eis requiem.

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,
dona eis requiem.

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,
dona eis requiem sempiternam.

Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world,
grant them rest.

Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world,
grant them rest.

Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world,
grant them rest everlasting.

7. Lux æterna

Lux æterna luceat eis, Domine,
cum sanctis tuis in æternum,
quia pius es.

Requiem æternam dona eis Domine,
et lux perpetua luceat eis,
quia pius es.

May light eternal shine on them, Lord,
with your saints in eternity,
for you are merciful.

Rest eternal grant to them, Lord,
and may perpetual light shine on them,
for you are merciful.

8. Libera me

Libera me, Domine, de morte æterna,
in die illa tremenda:
quando cœli movendi sunt et terra:
dum veneris judicare sæculum per ignem.

Tremens factus sum ego, et timeo,
dum discussio venerit, atque ventura ira:
quando cœli movendi sunt et terra.

In Paradisum deducant te Angeli:
in tuo adventu suscipiant te Martyres, et
perducant te in civitatem sanctam Jerusalem.

Chorus Angelorum te suscipiat,
et cum Lazaro quondam paupere
æternam habeas requiem.

Free me, Lord, from eternal death,
on that fearful day:
when the heavens are moved, and the earth,
when you will come to judge the world by fire.

I am made to tremble, and I fear,
because of the coming judgment, and the wrath:
when the heavens are moved, and the earth.

Into Paradise may angels lead you:
at your coming may martyrs receive you, and
lead you into the holy city, Jerusalem.

May a chorus of angels receive you,
and with Lazarus, who once was poor,
may you have eternal rest.

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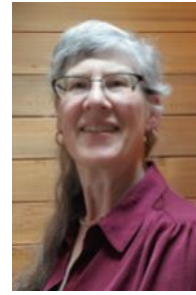
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CASCADIAN COMPOSERS:



Our Mission

is to express and nurture a love of choral music by:

- inspiring and educating our singers, our audience, and the broader community;
- presenting quality performances of fine choral music from various historical, cultural, and stylistic traditions; and
- collaborating with composers, professional musicians, and other arts organizations.

Our Vision

is a community engaged in great choral music performed with passion and skill.

Find our web site and links to our social media at CascadianChorale.org.



A project of the
Greater Seattle
Choral Consortium

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