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VOCAL SPECTRUM

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VOCAL SPECTRUM V

ERIC DALBEY

lead

Eric Dalbey has been singing barbershop since 1999. Eric's first barbershop experience was when a fellow member of his high school ensemble (Jonny) heard him sing. He walked right up to Eric and asked him to sing a barbershop tag. Once he found out that Eric could hold his part, they formed the first barbershop quartet at Westminster Christian Academy High School. Eric has sung in many vocal groups, and eventually joined Vocal Spectrum in 2003.

Eric double majored in Vocal Performance and Biology from Lindenwood University. He graduated from Covenant Theological Seminary, where he completed his Masters degree in music and worship. Eric currently teaches music at Webster University and Missouri Baptist University. Eric and his wife, Elizabeth, have a 14 month old daughter named Lydia and are expecting their second child in December!



CHRIS HALLAM

bass

Chris currently resides in St. Charles, Missouri - a suburb of St. Louis - with his lovely wife, Megan, and three daughters Abby, Zoey, and Emily. Chris is an assistant principal for the City of St. Charles School District. His wife is a middle school communication arts teacher in the same school district. He has been singing barbershop since 2003. A phone call from a fellow friend and classmate named Jonny Moroni, was all it took to get him hooked on barbershop. And he has been doing it ever since.

Chris's musical experiences include singing in multiple select ensembles including being a founding member of Lindenwood University's Voices Only directed by Jim Henry. Vocal Spectrum is the first and only quartet Chris has ever sung with. Outside of barbershop Chris enjoys spending time with his family and keeps busy in various church leadership roles as well as being active in various St. Charles community events.

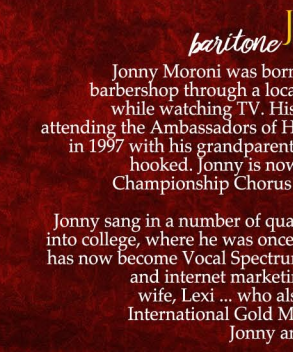


TIM WAURICK

tenor

Tim Waurick originally hails from Levittown, PA, but now lives in St. Peters, MO. Music has been a big part of Tim's life since the age of 4. He started singing barbershop music in 1993. In addition to singing tenor in Vocal Spectrum, Tim serves as the tenor section leader for the 2004, 2009 & 2012 International Chorus Champions, the Ambassadors Of Harmony. In May of 2007, Tim graduated from Lindenwood University with a Bachelor of Arts in Music Education.

Tim has been honored to appear as a featured soloist at Carnegie Hall on 5 occasions. Tim owns his own music production company, which specializes in creating learning tracks for choruses and quartets. Tim also has four a cappella solo albums and has produced nearly 1,500 recordings for groups throughout the world for sale at timtracks.com.



JONNY MORONI

baritone

Jonny Moroni was born in St. Louis, MO. He discovered barbershop through a local public access channel one night while watching TV. His next barbershop experience was attending the Ambassadors of Harmony Annual Christmas show in 1997 with his grandparents; and from that point on, he was hooked. Jonny is now Co-Director of the International Championship Chorus - The Ambassadors of Harmony.

Jonny sang in a number of quartets throughout high school and into college, where he was once again reunited with Eric in what has now become Vocal Spectrum. Jonny excels at website design and internet marketing and is married to his beautiful wife, Lexi ... who also happens to be a Sweet Adeline International Gold Medalist as well - singing baritone! Jonny and Lexi have 3 beautiful children.



AN AMERICAN IN PARIS

Music and Lyrics: George Gershwin & David Wright

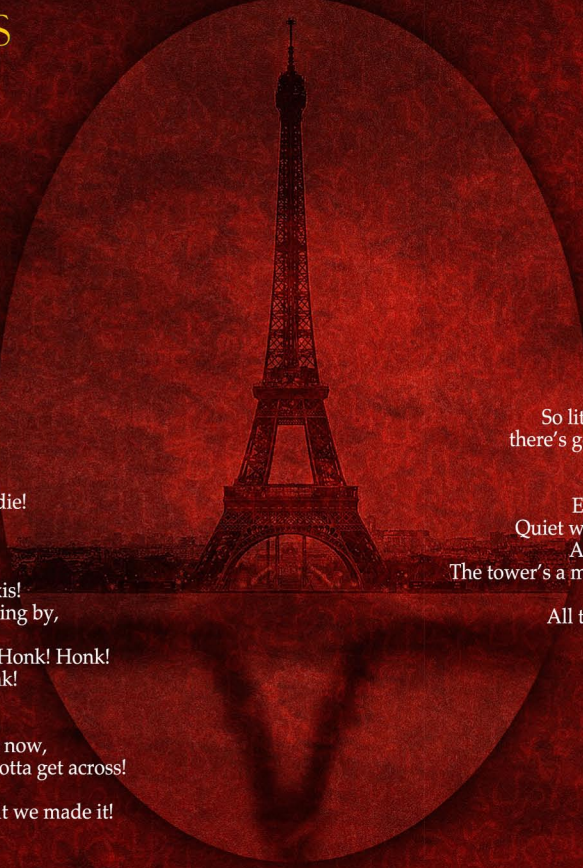
A Lucky me! A Happy day!
A walkin down des Champs-Élysées!
Venez ici! Et qu'est que c'est!
I'm trekkin' all around in Paris. I'm all over town.

A life is sweet, à ta santé!!
A lots of laughter, children at play.
I feel a beat. A let me say.
There's rhythm in the sounds of Paris.

Rhythm in the people, rhythm in the sidewalk,
Rhythm in the chit chat, rhythm in the laughter,
Rhythm in the beat, rhythm in their feet,
Rhythm when they meet, rhythm when they greet,
Rhythm in the street. Look out!

Fais gaffe! Hey! Honk! Honk! Honk! Fais gaffe!
Traffic seems to fly! Taxis racing by! I don't want to die!
Look out now! Honk! Honk! Honk! Look out now!
Honk! Honk! Honk! It's Honk! Honk! Honk!
It's Honk! Honk! Honk! And Honk! Honk! Honk!
Look out! Those taxis! Honk! Honk! Honk! Those taxis!
What a crazy beat, rhythm in the street, cars a-whizzing by,
how they seem to fly.
It's a sight, but I don't want to die! It's crazy! Honk! Honk! Honk!
It's crazy! Honk! Honk! Honk! It's Honk! Honk! Honk!
It's Honk! Honk! Honk! And Honk! Honk! Honk!

It's time to take a chance now, make the big advance now,
I look left, look right, it's time to overcome fright, I gotta get across!
Made it and I gotta stop and rest right now.
Wow! That was a scare! That was a close one! Oh, but we made it!
Safe on a prayer! Let's get a move on.



Can't get enough o' this place! It's such a riddle to me.
Don't have a minute to waste, got a lot o' stuff to see.
What a crazy place to be! Got a lot o' stuff to see,
Lordy what a place to be! Everything in Paris,
Notre Dame, the river cruise, the Moulan Rouge, the Louvre.
Can't get enough of this place! It's such a riddle to me.
Don't have a minute to waste, Got a lot o' stuff to see... Look around!
What a crazy place to be... What a town! Mesmerizing, hypnotizing!
Can't get enough o' this place! It's such a riddle to me.
Don't have a minute to waste, look at the people sippin' coffee as they chat.
Hey look, at the lady with a parrot and a cat! There's freaky hair, a funky car,
It sometimes gets a bit bizarre...
A lucky me! A happy day! Well, I'm in Paris, what can I say?
Strange, disarming, charming, Paris.
Can't get enough of it! Yep, I'm in love with it.
Not just a little bit! Don't ever wanna quit.
Trekkin' all over it! This city is a hit.
Can't get enough of it! Yep, I'm in love with it!
So little time and there's so much to see and I'm drinking in the sights and the sounds,
there's good vibrations in this town, there's fascination, liberation, captivation, excitement!
Can't get enough of this place...

Evening falls, the dark unveils a shim'ring, luminescent tower shining in the night.
Quiet waters, mirror fountains, thrusting skyward, pointing to the splendid tower's light.
And suddenly the lights flash in the night, a psychedelic light splash, super bright.
The tower's a majestic, dazzling, electric sight with illumination running up and down its height,
coloring the night sky white.
All the lights, all the heights, all the sights, all the sounds of this town wore me down.
Now I'm tired, brain expired, I'm just dead, time for bed, time to dream...

Wake up and come alive, it's seven forty five, another day...
Hey, get up, get up it's morning, it's another day in Paris!
Climb out of bed somehow, the streets are calling now, to join the fray...
Out of bed, the streets are calling, let's go join the fray in Paris!
Start the day with coffee, scrambled eggs and truffles, then we're on our way...
And already all the sights and sounds of Paris make for repartee...
We're looking and laughing and joking and snickering,
Hey keep that door ajar; gotta cram into the subway car. Oh joy of joys...

Joy oh joy the place is crowded, I can't breathe so please move over.
A teeming packed melee, and I cannot hear a word you say, above the noise...
Boy, oh boy this subway is a noisy zoo, I can't believe it!
Now we get to Metro Blanche and out onto the avenue we go.
Oh my gosh, look way up there! We'll never, ever, ever make it!
Come on, we can do it, we can do it, we are gonna do it!
Montmartre's up the hill, we're waking upward still, we'll keep on walking till we get there.
Up and down the many quaint and narrow, winding streets we wander,
Stopping in at lots and lots of tee shirt shops and trinket peddlers,
Upward still and then at the Basilica of Sacré-Coeur I pause... and gaze at Paris.
Looking over Paris I'm reminded how I'm really loving this... Can't get enough of this place.

I can hear a haunting melody, gliding, soaring, fanciful, and free.
A sweet melody, floating easy and free, ever rising and falling, reprising and calling,
a sweet and melancholy refrain that gently washes over me.
I hear a soaring melody, it's floating fanciful and free, washing over me.
Haunting me and taunting me, entrancing and romancing me, enticing my soul, intently,
Rise and fall, reprise and call to me... I hear a melody, it's gliding, floating, fanciful and free,
how I love this dreamy reverie. I love this sweet and melancholy refrain that gently washes over me.
This haunting melody oh, Paris, you're entrancing me, luring and romancing me.
Paris, Paris, ah this strange and curious affair, oh how it makes me wonder, could it be that Paris,
with your soulful reverie, rising and falling, reprising and calling, oh, Paris,
it makes me wonder are you singing just for me? Could it be that the song you are singing's for me?
A strain so sweet and melancholy and deep in my heart and soul always there will it be,
Ever my heart will hold this reverie. And deep inside of me, I know your haunting song
is bound to follow and fetch me, and conquer and catch me. It's so compelling and so overwhelming,
I gotta leave the summit, I gotta get down from it, get down!
The song is calling, get down! From off Montmartre, get down! The winding walkway, get down!
The Rue des Martres, get down! And then Rue La Fayette the Avenue de l'Opera.
The shadows are falling, the music is calling me, cross the river my heart starts to quiver,
I just keep on going, the impulse is growing and now that urgent song is surging and swelling,
it's driving, impelling, it's ever closer, closer, closer...
I can hear a plaintive horn, it's coming from around the corner, playing this haunting reverie,
this enchanting melody, it stirs a longing deep within me...
In me it's turning and churning my yearning, so sweet and endearing, the song I am hearing,
and furtively creeping, it enters my sleeping, relentlessly streaming right into my dreaming,
determined to win me, it dances within me till dawn...
Until the dawn, the bright and cloudless light of dawn brings on one glorious morning.

And now the final day of this jaunt is here, a final morning seeing the town.
Lookin' round Paris. The Place de la Concorde it makes me shiver, quiver, up and down.
I feel the ghost of Louis Sixteenth still lurking 'round. Then there was Marie Antoinette,
you know she bit the dust here also! I think I've had my fill now of this dark scene.
There's more to see, let's get on the move...gotta keep movin' and there's another place
that I've been cravin', savin': oh, the Louvre. It's over there beyond that garden.
Let's walk right through. It's lovely walkin' in the garden, what a pretty garden!
And look now, The Place du Carrousel is right there. We gotta get across it.
Now, at The Louvre...darn! There's a cue. We're waitin' in line. Do we have time?
We don't have too long. We came this far to see it. I really want to see it. It won't take long...
Everybody, it's ten euros, fork it over! Made it, made it, made it, hey, we're in it, in it, in it,
and it's epic, epic, epic! Holy cow, the place is just humongous.
I want at least to see Mona Lisa, Venus de Milo. Still more rooms! Rooms of paintings,
jewelry, hist'ry, rooms of sculptures, ancient myst'ry.
Eyes get glazed and feet get blist'ry... This is too much information.
And anyway, we're leaving this afternoon. So hail a cab, the airport's a ways.... Hey taxi!
Oh what what a crazy taxi ride a-swervin', curvin' through the maze!
Now pay the driver, check the luggage. We're late, we better hurry up!
Come on, get out your passport. And now to get on board.
Secure the seat belt. Departing now, ascending, we're up and up and up!
And now Paris is there to see. A last goodbye, a final sigh,
And then it fades away beneath the clouds.

Paris, the reverie lingers,
I can hear that haunting melody.
Ah, Paris, you've enraptured me.
Rhythm in the beat, rhythm in their feet,
rhythm when they meet,
rhythm when they greet,
rhythm in the street,
that beat, that beat,
that beat, that beat, that beat!
Paris, your refrain,
in my soul forever will remain.
Paris!

Vocal Spectrum would like to thank our families for all the love and support that they've given us over these many years. Without your sacrifices we wouldn't have been able to go on this amazing journey. We'd also like to thank all of the chapters of the Barbershop Harmony Society for welcoming us into your towns one weekend at a time. You have done an amazing job of making us feel valued. Thank you so much for all of the opportunities that you've given us to sing for your audiences. Lastly, we'd like to thank our Lord for the gifts and talents that we've been given. It's always been our desire and hope to use these talents to glorify Him. We look forward to the next chapter in our journey.

Tim, Eric, Chris, & Jonny

- Zoot Suit Riot**
Music and Lyrics: Steve Perry
Arranged by: David Wright
- Low Down the Chariot**
Traditional
Arranged by: Russ Taff and Bill Gaither
- They Just Keep Moving the Line**
Music and Lyrics: Marc Shaiman and Scott Wittman
Arranged by: David Wright
- It's You**
Music and Lyrics: Meredith Willson
Arranged by: Robert Rund
- Together Again**
Music and Lyrics: Mel Brooks
Arranged by: Aaron Dale
- The Music of the Night**
Music and Lyrics: Andrew Lloyd Webber, Richard Stilgoe, Charles Hart
Arranged by: David Wright
- When You're Next to Me**
Music and Lyrics: Eugene Levy
Arranged by: Gary Lewis
- Through the Years**
Music and Lyrics: Vincent Youmans and Edward Heyman
Arranged by: Gene Puerling
- Elijah Rock**
Traditional
Arranged by: David Wright
- Goin' Home**
Music and Lyrics: Antonín Dvořák and William Arms Fisher
Arranged by: David Wright
- An American in Paris**
Music and Lyrics: George Gershwin and David Wright
Arranged by: David Wright



VOCAL SPECTRUM

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Mixing and Mastering: Tim Waurick
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