

1991-1992

The George Shangrow Chorale

April 25, 1992

Wallingford United Methodist Church

English Madrigals:

See, See the Shepherd's Queen	Thomas Tompkins (1572-1656)
O, Had I Wings Like To A Dove	John Milton (1608-1674)
Hark, All Ye Lovely Saints Above	Thomas Weelkes (1575-1623)
Weep You No More Sad Fountains	John Dowland (1562-1626)
Fire, Fire	Thomas Morley (1557-1603)

Motets: Op. 74

Johannes Brahms (1833-1896)

Warum ist das Licht gegeben dem Mühseligen
O Heiland rei die Himmel auf

Introsits and Anthems

Carol Sams (b. 1945)

composed for University Unitarian Church

As The Hart (1984)
There Is A Balm In Gilead (1988)
O Sabbath Rest of Galilee (1992)
How Beautiful Is The Morning (1985)
Amazing Grace (1988)

Intermission

A Husk of Many Colors

Robert Kechley (b. 1952)

Song for a Stolen Soul	<i>poem by David Wagoner</i>
Wheat	<i>poem by Robert Sund</i>
Pine Tree	<i>poem by Carol Sams</i>
Every Day is a God	<i>poem by Annie Dillard</i>

Karen Sigers, pianist

*Kawai grand piano courtesy of Western Pianos
Kawai is the official piano of Orchestra Seattle/Seattle Chamber Singers*

English Folk Songs (*freely arranged*)

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

The Willow Song (text from Shakespeare's Othello)
The Dark Eyed Sailor
The Lover's Ghost
Just As the Tide Was Flowing

See, See the Shepherd's Queen

Thomas Tompkins

See, see the shepherd's queen,
Fair Phyllis all in green;
Fa, la, la...
The shepherds home her bringing
With piping and with singing.
Fa, la, la...
Then dance we on a row,
And chant it as we go.
Fa, la, la....

O Had I Wings Like to a Dove

John Milton

O had I wings like to a dove,
Then should I from these troubles fly,
To wilderness I would remove,
To spend my life, and there to die.

Hark, All Ye Lovely Saints Above

Thomas Weelkes

Hark, all ye lovely saints above,
Diana hath agreed with love,
His fiery weapon to remove.
Fa, La, la...
Do you not see how they agree?
Then cease fair ladies;
Why weep ye?
Fa, la, la...

See, see your mistress bids you cease,
And welcome love with love's increase,
Diana hath procured your peace.
Fa, la, la...
Cupid hath sworn his bow forlorn
To break and burn
Ere ladies mourn.
Fa, la, la....

Weep You No More, Sad Fountains

John Dowland

Weep you no more sad fountains;
What need you flow so fast?
Look how the snowy mountains,
Heaven's sun doth gently waste!
But my sun's heavenly eyes
View not your weeping,
That now lies sleeping, softly sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,
A rest that peace begets:
Doth not the sunrise smiling,
When fair at ev'n he sets?
Rest you then, rest sad eyes!
Melt not in weeping,
While she lies sleeping, softly sleeping.

Fire, Fire

Thomas Morley

Fire, fire, my heart!
Fa, la, la...
O help! alas, O help!
Ai, me! I sit and cry me,
And call for help
But none comes nigh me.
Fa, la, la....

Motet: Op. 74 No. 1 (1878)

Johannes Brahms

Warum ist das Licht gegeben dem
Mühseligen,
und das Leben den betrübten Herzen?
Die des Todes warten und kommt nicht,
und grüben ihn wohl aus dem
Verborgenen;
Die sich fast freuen und sind fröhlich,
daß sie das Grab bekommen.
Und dem Manne, des Weg verborgen ist,
und Gott vor ihm denselben bedeckt.
(*Hiob 3, 20-23*)

Lasset uns unser Herz samt den Händen
aufheben
zu Gott im Himmel. (*Klaglieder Jeremias*
3, 41)

Siehe, wir preisen selig, die erduldet
haben.
Die Geduld Hiob habt ihr gehört,
und das Ende des Herrn habt ihr gesehen;
denn der Herr ist barmherzig und ein
Erbarmer. (*Jacobus 5, 11*)

Mit Fried und Freud ich fahr' dahin
In Gottes Willen,
Getrost ist mir mein Herz und Sinn
Sanft und Stille.
Wie Gott mir verheißen hat,
Der Tod ist mir Schläff worden.
(*Martin Luther*)

Motet: Op. 72 No. 2 (1860)

*anon. rhymed German translation from
the Latin*

O Heiland, rei die Himmel auf,
Herab, herauf vom Himmel lauf,
Rei ab vom Himmel Tor und Tr,
Rei ab, was Schlo und Riegel fr.

O Gott, ein' Tau vom Himmel gie,
Im Tau herab, O Heiland, Flie!
Ihr Wolken brecht und regnet aus
Den Knig tber Jakobs Haus.

O Erd' schlag aus, schlag aus, O Erd',
Da Berg und Tal grn alles werd',
O Erd', herfr dies Blmlein bring,
O Heiland, aus der Erden Spring.

Hie leiden wir die grte Not,
Vor Augen stet der bittere Tod,
Ach komm, fr uns mit starker Hand
Von Elend zu dem Vaterland.

Da wollen wir all' danken dir,
Unserm Erlser fr und fr,
Da wollen wir all' loben dich,
Ja allzeit immer und ewiglich.
Amen!

Why is light given to them in misery,
and life unto the embittered souls?
to those who long for death but it comes
not, and who dig for it more than for
hidden treasure;

who rejoice and are glad when the grave
at last comes. Why is light given to
them whose way is hidden,
and whom God has hedged in?
(*Job 3, 20-23*)

Let us lift up our heart with our hands
unto God in heaven.
(*Jeremiah 3, 41*)

Behold, we count them happy which
endure. You have heard of the patience
of Job, and have seen the end of the
Lord; that the Lord takes pity and is
merciful.
(*James 5, 11*)

In peace and joy I go forth
according to God's will,
my heart and soul are comforted,
calm and still.
As God has promised to me,
death for me is turned to sleep.
(*Martin Luther*)

O Savior, rend the heavens asunder,
flow down to us from heaven,
tear from heaven gates and doors,
tear open every lock and bolt.

O God, pour down a dew from heaven,
flow to us, O Savior, in dew!
Ye clouds, break and rain down
the king of Jacob's house.

O earth, break forth, O earth,
that hill and dale all blossom green,
O earth bring forth this flower,
O Savior, spring from the earth.

We suffer here in direst need,
bitter death before our eyes,
Ah, come lead us with your mighty hand
from distress to our Father's land.

Then let us all give thanks
for ever and ever to our Redeemer,
then let us all praise thee
for evermore and to eternity.
Amen!

Anthems and Introits by Carol Sams

Introit: As the Hart

As the hart panteth after
the water brooks,
so panteth my soul after thee,
Oh, God.

Anthem: There is a Balm in Gilead

There is a balm in Gilead
To make the wounded whole,
There is a balm in Gilead
To heal the sin sick soul.

Sometimes I feel discouraged
And think my work's in vain,
But then, the Holy Spirit
Revives my soul again.

There is a balm....

Introit: O Sabbath Rest of Galilee

O Sabbath rest of Galilee,
O calm of hills above.
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
The silence of eternity
Interpreted by love.

Drop thy still dews of quietness
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace.

Introit: How Beautiful Is the Morning

How beautiful is the morning--
All light in its tranquility.
Clear blue is the depth of the heavens,
And the earth is silent and calm.
How beautiful....

Anthem: Amazing Grace

Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me;
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.

Through many dangers, toils and snares,
We have already come,
Twas grace that brought me safe
thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

When we've been there
ten thousand years,
Bright, shining as the sun,
There's no less days to sing
God's praise,
Than when we first begun.

Dear God, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate.
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great.

Amazing grace....

**English Folksongs, freely arranged
by Ralph Vaughan Williams**

**The Willow Song (from Shakespeare's
Othello)**

A poor soul sat sighing
By a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow;
Her hand on her bosom,
Her head on her knee,
Sing willow....

The fresh streams ran by her
And murmur'd her moans;
Sing willow...
Her salt tears fell from her
And softened the stones;
Sing willow...
Sing all a green willow
Must be my garland.

The Dark Eyed Sailor

It was a comely young lady fair
Was walking out for to take the air;
She met a sailor all on her way,
So, I paid attention to what she did say.

Said William, "Lady, why walk Alone?
The night is coming
And the day near gone."
She said, while tears did fall,
"It's a dark eyed sailor
That's proving my downfall."

"It's two long years
Since he left the land;
He took a gold ring
From off my hand;
We broke the token,
Here's part with me,
And the other lies rolling
At the bottom of the sea."

Then half the ring
Did young William show;
She was distracted
Midst joy and woe;
"Oh, welcome William--
I've lands and gold
For my dark eyed sailor,
So manly, true and bold!"

Then in a village
Down by the sea
They joined in wedlock
And well agree.
So, maids be true
While your love's away.
For a cloudy morning
Brings forth a shining day.

The Lover's Ghost

Well met, my own true love;
Long time have I been absent from thee,
I am lately come from the salt sea;
And 'tis all for the sake, my love,
of thee.

I have three ships all on the salt sea,
And one of them has brought me to land,
I've four and twenty mariners on board,
You shall have music at your command.

The ship wherein my love shall sail
Is glorious for to behold;
The sails shall be of shining silk;
The mast shall be of fine beaten gold.

I might have had a king's daughter,
And fain she would have married me,
But I forsook her crown of gold,
And 'tis all for the sake, my love,
of thee.

Just As the Tide Was Flowing

One morning in the month of May
Down by some rolling river,
A jolly sailor, I did stray,
When I beheld my lover.
She carelessly along did stray,
A-picking of the daisies gay;
And sweetly sang her roundelay,
Just as the tide was flowing.

Oh, her dress it was so white as milk,
And jewels did adorn her;
Her shoes were made of the crimson
silk,

Just like some lady of honor.
Her cheeks were red, her eyes were
brown,

Her hair in ringlets hanging down;
She'd a lovely brow without a frown;
Just as the tide was flowing.

I made a bow, and said
"How came you here so early:
My heart it is betray'd
For I do love you dearly.
I am a sailor come from sea,
If you will accept of my company,
To walk and view the fishes play."
Just as the tide was flowing.

No more we said, but on our way
We gang'd along together;
The small birds sang and the lambs did
play

And pleasant was the weather.
When we were weary we did sit down
Beneath a tree with branches round;
For my true love at last I'd found
Just as the tide was flowing.

A Husk of Many Colors Music by Robert Kechley

Song for a Stolen Soul
by David Wagoner b. 1926

Sky, I am standing
Beneath your bitter morning,
Holding my song
Shut like a hawk's wing.

Sky, you know
I can fly above you.
I can split the skull of Rainbow,
Scatter the ashes of snow.

You know Four Winds will come
Now if I called them,
Even the second moon
If I spoke its true name.

I will not wait for darkness
Again to climb to your house.
Here in your blue face
The wing of my song stretches.

Sky, now you will break
At the first swift stroke
Of my song's beak.
Give my soul back!

Wheat
by Robert Sund, b. 1929

Women who marry into wheat
look out kitchen windows
seeing
nothing but wheat.
Under locust trees in the backyard
beautiful city streets spring alive,
night streets
radiant with glowing lights that brighten
as each new shining locust blossom
falls
into the dust and tall dry grass
where for months
no rain fell.

Pine Tree
by Carol Sams, b. 1945

Inside the branches of a pine tree
There is a wooden rocket
Headed for the moon.
Bugs and spiders holding to the bark
Are in for a big surprise!
This is a grand ambition for a vegetable.
And you, what will you do?

Every Day is a God (from *Holy the Firm*)
by Annie Dillard, b. 1945

Every day is a god, each day is a god,
and holiness holds forth in time. I
worship each god, I praise each day
splintered down, splintered down and
wrapped in time like a husk of many
colors spreading, at dawn fast over the
mountains split.

I wake in a god. I wake in arms holding
my quilt, holding me as best they can
inside my quilt.

Someone is kissing me--already. I wake,
I cry "Oh", I rise from the pillow. Why
should I open my eyes?

I open my eyes. The god lifts from the
water. His head fills the bay. He is
Puget Sound, the Pacific; his breast rises
from pastures; his fingers are fir; islands
slide wet down his shoulders and glide
over the water, the empty, lighted water
like a stage.

Today's god rises, his long eyes flecked
in clouds. He flings his arms, spreading
colors; he arches, cupping sky in his
belly; he vaults, vaulting and spread,
holding all and spread on me like skin.

Robert Kechley was commissioned by the Masterworks Choral Society of Olympia and the Washington State Arts Commission to write a program of choral music to be presented in celebration of the Centennial of the State of Washington. *A Husk of Many Colors* resulted from the commission. Bob is a native of Seattle and a graduate of the University of Washington. He studied there with Ken Benshoof, Robert Suderberg, William O. Smith and others. He began composing at the age of 14 and has become one of Seattle's best liked and most frequently heard composers. He has had works commissioned by Orchestra Seattle/Seattle Chamber Singers, the Northwest Chamber Orchestra, the Northwest Boychoir and University and Eastshore Unitarian Churches. At University Unitarian Church he leads and composes for the Intergenerational Choir and, with Carol Sams, is a composer in residence.

David Wagoner was born in Ohio and educated at Pennsylvania State University and Indiana University at Bloomington. However, he has lived in Seattle and been an Associate Professor and Professor of English at the University of Washington since 1950. He is highly regarded as both a poet and novelist. The poem Kechley chose for his music is from a collection of Wagoner's poems which are based on the lore, legends and myths of Northwest Coast and Plateau Indians, entitled *Who Shall Be The Sun*.

Robert Sund was born in Olympia, Washington and grew up on a small farm in the Chehalis river valley near Elma. He has been poet-in-residence at Skagit Valley College and the Seattle Public Schools, and was poetry director for KRAB-FM radio from 1964-69. He now lives in LaConner, Washington. He won the Washington State Governor's Award for his book, *Ish River*.

Carol Sams is a composer and poet who received her doctorate of Musical Arts from the University of Washington. Carol has written several librettos for her own operas, many of which have been produced and performed by Orchestra Seattle/Seattle Chamber Singers. Among the many works she has composed especially for Orchestra Seattle/Seattle Chamber Singers are a complete Latin Mass, a four movement symphony, an oratorio (*The Earthmakers*), a set of five vocal songs (*Prayers of Steel*—premiered by The George Shangrow Chorale last year), and a multi-movement setting of the poem *The Marshes of Glynn*. She, with Robert Kechley, is a composer in residence at University Unitarian Church in Seattle. This evening's program gives but a brief sample of her work for UUC.

Annie Dillard, poet and novelist, was born in Pittsburg, PA and earned undergraduate and graduate degrees from Hollins College in Virginia. Her novel *Pilgrim at Tinker Creek* received the Pulitzer prize for nonfiction in 1975. It was in that year that she moved from Virginia to Bellingham to become "scholar in residence" at Western Washington University. For periods of time she lived in a cabin on an island in Puget Sound and it was there that she wrote her book *Holy the Firm*. The prose glorifying a Puget Sound morning, *Everyday is a God*, is the opening segment of that book.

The George Shangrow Chorale

George Shangrow, Conductor and Musical Director

Sopranos

Belle Chenault
Crissa Cugini
Tina Fairweather
Catherine Haight
Jennifer Mileta
Janet Sittig
Barbara Stephens

Altos

Kay Benningfield
Marta Chaloupka
Mary Beth Hughes
Laurie Medill
Linda Scheuffele
Nancy Shasteen
Nedra Slauson

Tenors

Paul Benningfield
Ron Haight
Phillip Jones
Jerry Sams

Basses

Gustav Blazek
DeWayne Christenson
Andrew Danilchik
Randy Johnson
Skip Satterwhite
Robert Schilperoort

Pianist

Karen Sigers

Acknowledgements

Wallingford United Methodist Church
University Unitarian Church
Western Pianos
Jane Blackwell
Liz Kennedy
Liesel van Cleeff
Dan Peterson

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and
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