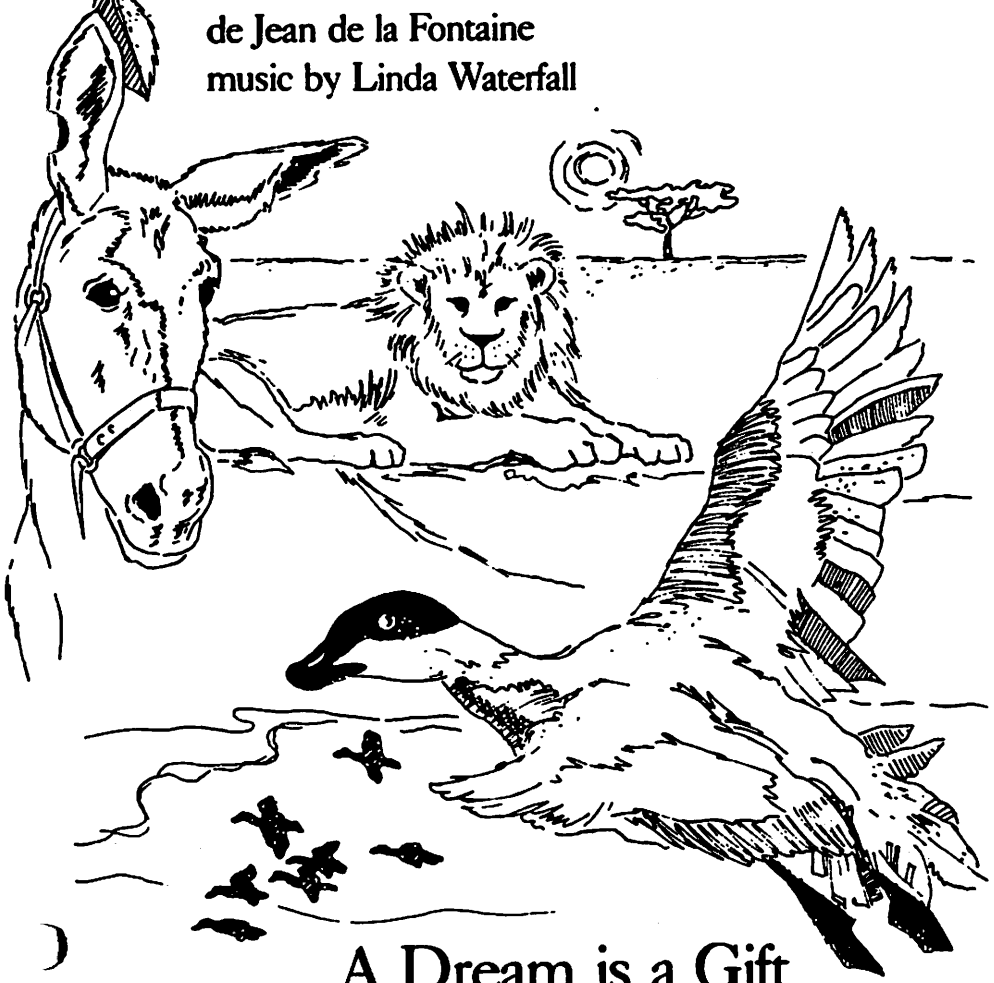




Six Fables

de Jean de la Fontaine
music by Linda Waterfall



A Dream is a Gift
words & music by Linda Waterfall

The collaboration of the BROADWAY SYMPHONY and the SEATTLE CHAMBER SINGERS has become a respected musical force in the Pacific Northwest. This company of volunteer artists is dedicated to the presentation of exciting and polished musical performances. Each ensemble rehearses at University Unitarian Church, where they enjoy the status of artists-in-residence, and where they further develop their repertoire under conductor George Shangrow. Membership is by audition, and general auditions for vacant positions are held every August and September. On several occasions each season, smaller ensembles are formed from the main ensembles for the performance of chamber music. Especially important to the Broadway Symphony/Seattle Chamber Singers is the support and presentation of local performing artists and the work of local composers.

GEORGE SHANGROW, Music Director and Conductor of the Broadway Symphony and Seattle Chamber Singers, is a native of Seattle who founded the chorus (in 1968) and the orchestra (in 1978) in order to give Seattle area artists and audiences an opportunity to hear and perform great works of music. In addition to acclaimed performances of the classic repertoire for both chorus and orchestra, he has brought to Seattle world premieres of operas, choral works, and symphonies by Seattle's most gifted local composers. Mr. Shangrow has toured Europe as a conductor and keyboard artist; appeared as a guest conductor with the Seattle Symphony, Northwest Chamber Orchestra, and Eastern Texas University Opera; and lectures frequently for the Seattle Opera and Symphony. As Director of Music for University Unitarian Church, Mr. Shangrow is a leader in the performance of sacred music, and as the guiding producer of The Bach Year in Seattle (1985) he brought to our city the world's most extensive celebration of the music of J.S. Bach.

LINDA WATERFALL is a well-known and popular composer/performer in the pop musical genre; her compositional style, influenced by rock, jazz, classical and ethnic elements, is difficult to categorize. She has produced four albums of her own work and toured the United States several times. In 1979 she was named Seattle's Best Solo Artist by the Seattle Sun-KZAM Arts and Entertainment Poll. Since 1980 she has also conducted numerous workshops and has been an Artist-in-Residence in Washington and Alaska. A fifth album of original songs is scheduled for May release on Flying Fish Records.

THE SEATTLE CHAMBER SINGERS
George Shangrow, conductor

present
a concert of new works by

LINDA WATERFALL

February 21, 1987

8:00pm

February 22, 1987

3:00pm

) Six Fables de Jean de la Fontaine Linda Waterfall

La Cigale et la Fourmi
La Chatte Métamorphosée en Femme
Le Pâtre et le Lion
Le Lion Abattu par L'Homme
Le Vieillard et L'Ane
Le Loup et le Chien

Four Songs for Voice and Guitar Linda Waterfall

INTERMISSION

Four Songs for Voice and Piano Linda Waterfall

A Dream is a Gift Linda Waterfall

A Dream is a Gift
Beautiful Earrings
To the Mountains

) This concert was made possible in part
by funding from the
Original Works Program
of the
SEATTLE ARTS COMMISSION

PROGRAM NOTES

Jean de la Fontaine (1621-1695) is best known for his books of Fables, the sources of which were, for the most part, the Fables of Aesop. At the beginning of the sixth book, la Fontaine presents a brief poetic justification of his art form:

"Une morale nue apporte de l'ennui:
Le conte fait passer le precepte avec lui.
En ces sortes de feinte il faut instruire et plaire;
Et conter pour conter me semble peu d'affaire."

"An unvarnished moral brings boredom:
A story can impart a teaching along with a telling.
In this sort of fiction one must instruct and please;
Any storytelling just for its own sake seems inconsequential."

"A Dream is a Gift" is a group of three pieces about nature; the compositional style is in contrast to the Fables, which are more or less in the tradition of Western European music. "A Dream is a Gift" was inspired by African folk music and makes more use of cyclic rhythm and vocal patterns, although some linear structure is also apparent. The subject matter for sections One and Three is nature in its joyful manifestations of beauty and unity with the One. Section Two, "Beautiful Earrings," is the stream-of-consciousness of a woman at work at a repetitive task; her internal dialogue focuses on the sorrowful manifestations and their contrast to physical beauty. This section was inspired by experiences I had while working as an Artist-in-Residence in an Eskimo village in the Alaskan tundra:

- Linda Waterfall

1.

La Cigale et la Fourmi

La cigale, ayant chanté tout l'été,
Se trouva fort depourvue
Quand la bise fut venue.
Pas un seul petit morceau
De mouche ou de vermisseau.
Elle alla crier famine
Chez la fourmi sa voisine,
La priant de lui prêter
Quelque grain pour subsister
Jusqu'à la saison nouvelle.
Je vous paierai, dit-elle,
Avant foût, foi d'animal,
Intérêt et principal.

The Grasshopper and the Ant

The grasshopper, having sung all summer,
Found herself quite impoverished
When the cold north wind came.
Not a single little crumb
Or fly or worm.
She went, crying of famine,
To her neighbor, the ant,
Asking her to lend
Some little bit to subsist on
Until the next growing season.
I will pay you, she said,
Before August, upon my oath as an animal,
Interest and principal.

La fourmi n'est pas préteuse;
C'est là son moindre défaut.
Que faisiez-vous au temps chaud?
dit-elle à cette emprunteuse.
Nuit et jour à tout venant,
je chantois, ne vous déplaie.
Vous chantiez, j'en suis fort aise;
Eh bien, dansez maintenant.

The ant is not a moneylender;
That is her least fault.
What were you doing when it was warm?
She asked the borrower.
Night and day, no matter what happened,
I sang, don't be displeased.
You sang, I feel fine about it;
Well, then, you can dance now.

2.

La Chatte Metamorphosée en Femme

The Cat That Turned into a Woman

Un homme chérissait éperdument sa chatte;
Il la trouvait mignonne, et belle, et délicate,
Qui miaulait d'un ton fort doux:
Il était plus fou que les fous.
Cet homme donc, par prières, par larmes,
Par sortilèges et par charmes,
Tant qu'il obtient du Destin
De sa chatte, en un beau matin,
Devient femme; et, le matin même,
Maître sot en fait sa moitié.
Le voilà fou d'amour extrême,
De fou qu'il était d'amitié.
Jamais la dame la plus belle
Ne charma tant son favori
Que fait cette épouse nouvelle
Son hypocondre de mari.
Il l'amadou; elle le flatte,
Il n'y trouve plus rien de chatte,
Et, poussant l'erreur jusqu'au bout
La croit femme en tout et partout:
Lorsque quelques souris qui rongeaient de la natte
Troublèrent le plaisir de nouveaux mariés.
Aussitôt la femme est sur pieds.
Elle manqua son aventure.
Souris de revenir, femme d'être en posture.
Pour cette fois elle accourut à point;
Car, ayant changé de figure,
Les souris ne la craignaient point.
Ce lui fut toujours une amorce,
Tant le naturel a de force.
Il se moque de tout: certain âge accompli,
Le vase est imbibé, l'étoffe a pris son pli.

A man loved his cat to distraction;
He found her sweet, beautiful, and delicate,
She meowed in such a gentle voice:
He was more foolish than madmen.
This man, with prayers and tears,
With sorcery and charms,
Was able to obtain from Destiny
That his cat, one fine morning,
Became a woman; that same morning,
Mr. Fool made her his wife.
There he was, as crazy in love
As he had been in friendship.
Never had the most beautiful woman
so charmed her spouse
As did this new wife
Her eccentric husband.
He coaxed her, she caressed him,
He found nothing of the cat left in her,
And, going to the extreme,
Believed her to be a woman through and through:
When some mice, who were gnawing on the matting,
Disturbed the newlyweds' pleasure.
Immediately the wife was on her feet.
She longed for the chase.
Whenever they returned, she stalked.
But now her pursuit was pointless;
Because, having changed her form,
The mice did not fear her at all.
It was always a temptation for her,
So strong is nature.
It makes fun of everything: After a certain age,
The vase is molded, the fabric has taken its pleat.

3.

Le Pâtre et le Lion

The Shepherd and the Wolf

Un pâtre, à ses brebis trouvant quelque mécompte,
Mûlut à toute force attraper le larron.
Il s'en va près d'un antre et tend à l'environ
Des lacs à prendre loups, soupçonnant cette engeance.
Avant que partir de ces lieux,
Si tu fais, disait-il, ô monarque des dieux,
Que le drôle à ces lacs se prenne
en ma présence,

A shepherd, finding some of his flock missing,
Resolved to catch the thief.
All around the mouth of a lair
He set wolf traps, suspecting them to be the culprits.
Before I leave this place,
O king of the gods, if you could arrange
That the scoundrel would be taken in these traps,
in my presence,

Et que je goûte ce plaisir,
 Parmi vingt veaux je veux choisir
 Le plus gras et t'en faire offrande!
 A ces mots sort de l'autre un lion grand et fort;
 La pâture se tapit et dit, à demi-mort:
 Que l'homme ne sait guère, hélas! ce qu'il demande!
 Pour trouver le larron qui détruit mon troupeau,
 Et le voir en ces lacs pris avant que je parte,
 O monarque des dieux, je t'ai promis un veau:
 Je te promets un boeuf si tu fais qu'il s'écarte.

And that I would taste this pleasure,
 From twenty calves I would choose
 The fattest and offer it to you!
 At these words came forth from the den a big strong lion;
 The shepherd cowered, and said,
 How man never knows, alas! what he asks for!
 To catch the marauder that destroyed my flock,
 And see it in my traps,
 Oh lord, I promised you a calf:
 I promise you an ox if you'll take him away.

4.

Le Lion Abattu Par L'Homme

The Lion Cast Down by the Man

On exposait une peinture
 Où l'artisan avait tracé
 Un lion d'immense stature
 Par un seul homme terrassé.
 Les regardants en tiraient gloire.
 Un lion en passant rabattit leur caquet.
 Je vois bien, dit-il, qu'en effet
 On vous donne ici la victoire;
 Mais l'ouvrier vous a déçus:
 Il avait liberté de feindre.
 Avec plus de raison nous aurions le dessus,
 Si mes confrères savaient peindre.

A painting was on exhibit
 Where the artist had depicted
 A lion of immense stature
 Thrown down by a single man.
 The onlookers were partaking in the glory.
 A lion passing by silenced their babble.
 I can see very well, he said, that
 In effect you've been given the victory;
 But the artist has deceived you:
 He had the liberty to imagine.
 More reasonably we would have the upper hand,
 If my brethren knew how to paint.

5.

Le Vieillard et l'Âne

The Old Man and the Donkey

Un vieillard sur son âne aperçut en passant
 Un pré plein d'herbe et fleurissant:
 Il y lâche sa bête, et le grison se rue
 Au travers de l'herbe menue,
 Se vautrant, grattant et frottant,
 Gambadant, chantant et broutant,
 Et faisant mainte place nette.
 L'ennemi vient sur l'entrefaite.
 Fuyons, dit alors le vieillard.
 Pourquoi? répondit le paillard;
 Me fera-t-on porter double bât, double charge?
 Non pas, dit le vieillard, qui prit d'abord le large.
 Et que m'importe donc, dit l'âne, à qui je sois?
 Sauvez-vous, et me laissez paître.
 Notre ennemi, c'est notre maître:
 Je vous le dis en bon français.

An old man on his donkey saw, in passing,
 A field, full of grass and blooming:
 He tied up his animal, and the donkey threw himself
 All about the field,
 Sprawling, rubbing, scratching himself,
 Romping, singing and braying,
 And making many bare spots.
 Meanwhile the old man's enemy came along.
 Let us flee, said the old man.
 Why? responded the donkey;
 Will they make me carry double weight?
 No, said the old man, who was already running off.
 What does it matter then, said the donkey, who I belong to?
 Save yourself, and leave me to graze.
 Our enemy is our master:
 I tell you so in good French.

* (a good idiomatic equivalent would be "in plain English.")

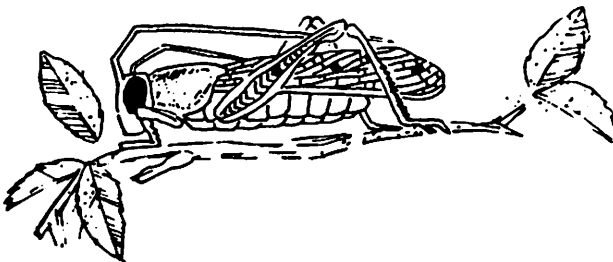
Le Loup et le Chien

Un loup n'avait que les os et la peau,
 Tant les chiens faisaient bonne garde.
 Ce loup rencontre un dogue aussi puissant que beau,
 Gras, poli, qui s'était fourvoyé par mégarde.
 L'attaquer, le mettre en quartiers,
 Sir loup l'eût fait volontiers;
 Mais il fallait livrer bataille;
 Et le matin était de taille
 A se défendre hardiment.
 Le loup donc l'aborde humblement,
 Entre en propos, et lui fait compliment
 Sur son embonpoint, qu'il admire.
 Il ne tiendra qu'à vous, beau sire,
 D'être aussi gras que moi, lui repartit le chien.
 Quittez les bois, vous ferez bien:
 Vos pareils y sont misérables,
 Les uns, hères et pauvres diables,
 Dont la condition est de mourir de faim.
 Car, quoi? rien d'assuré, point de franche lipée,
 Tout à la pointe de l'épée.
 Suivez-moi, vous aurez un bien meilleur destin.
 Le loup reprit: Que me faudra-t-il faire?
 Presque rien, dit le chien: donner la chasse aux gens
 Portants bâtons et mendians;
 Flatter ceux du logis, à son maître complaire:
 Moyennant quoi votre salaire
 Sera force reliefs de toutes les façons,
 Os de poulets, os de pigeons:
 Sans parler de mainte caresse.
 Le loup déjà se forge une félicité
 Qui le fait pleurer de tendresse.
 Chemin faisant, il vit le cou du chien pelé.

Qu'est-ce là? lui dit-il. — Rien—
 Quoi? Rien? Peu de chose.
 Mais encor? — Le collier dont je suis attaché
 De ce que vous voyez est peut-être la cause.
 Attaché! dit le loup: vous ne courez donc pas
 Où vous voulez? — Pas toujours: mais qu'importe?—
 Il importe si bien que de tous vos repas
 Je ne veux en aucune sorte,
 Et ne voudrais pas même à ce prix un trésor.
 Cela dit, maître loup s'enfuit et court encor.

The Wolf and the Dog

There was a wolf who was nothing but skin and bones,
 So well did the dogs do their job of guarding.
 This wolf encountered a mastiff as powerful as he was beautiful,
 Fat, and sleek, who had strayed through carelessness.
 Attack and butcher him,
 This the wolf would have gladly done;
 But he would have had to do battle;
 And the mastiff was of a size
 To put up a good fight.
 The wolf therefore approached him humbly,
 Conversed, and complimented him
 On his appearance, which the wolf admired.
 It is within your grasp, my friend,
 To be as fat as I am, said the dog.
 Leave the woods, you will do well:
 Your brethren there are miserable wretches,
 Dunces, sorry fellows, poor devils,
 Whose life is to die of hunger.
 And what for? Nothing assured, no fresh food,
 Everything at the point of the sword.
 Follow me, you will have a much better destiny.
 The wolf answered: What must I do?
 Hardly anything, said the dog: hunt with the people
 Fetch the stick and beg;
 Fawn over the people in the house, and please your master:
 Doing these things, your salary will be
 Generous table scraps of all kinds,
 Chicken bones, pigeon bones;
 Not to mention lots of affection.
 The wolf was already imagining a happiness
 That made him weep with tenderness.
 As they went on their way, he noticed that the dog's neck had
 bald spots.
 What is that? he said. —Nothing—
 What? Nothing? A trifling matter.
 But what is that? —The collar with which they tied me up
 Is perhaps the cause of what you see.
 Tied up? said the wolf: then you don't run free
 Whenever you wish to? —Not always: but what does it matter?—
 It matters so much that of all your fine meals
 I want no part of them,
 And I would not want even a treasure for that price.
 Having said this, Master Wolf ran off, and he is still running free.



A DREAM IS A GIFT

1. A Dream is a Gift

The mountains rise around the lake
And from my left the birds are flying
They're movin' slow, I see them very clearly now
They're movin' slow

The island is inside the lake
I see the angelfish through water
Their colored stripes are bending in the waves
They're movin' slow

I walked along the road 'til the road became a
path and closed behind me

The mountains rise around the lake
I see the birds are landing in the water
The patterns in their wings are like the waves
They're movin' slow

2. Beautiful Earrings

Beautiful earrings

I have to do my work
Beautiful earrings
Color so bright fade in time pain and separation

Breathing
Something was wrong with his breathing
It brings itself forth as life, it takes back
into itself

I have to do my work
Beautiful earrings
Color so bright fade in time

Beautiful earrings

3. To the Mountains

The clouds are moving in a heavy wind
Turning and winding as it rolls them in
Blow from the ocean to the eastern mountains
I'd like to jump up there and fly with them

Want to be there

The sun is down behind the western ridge
Right now it's dipping at the water's edge
Bronzing the water with a film of rose and gold
And disappearing in its shining folds

I'm coming
Want to be there

I am one with it
You found it, you're on your way
You found it, no stopping you now

I walk through patterns in the shifting sand
They write a language that I understand
My fingers whisper as they trace the passing breeze
The lines of branches and the shapes of leaves

Want to be there

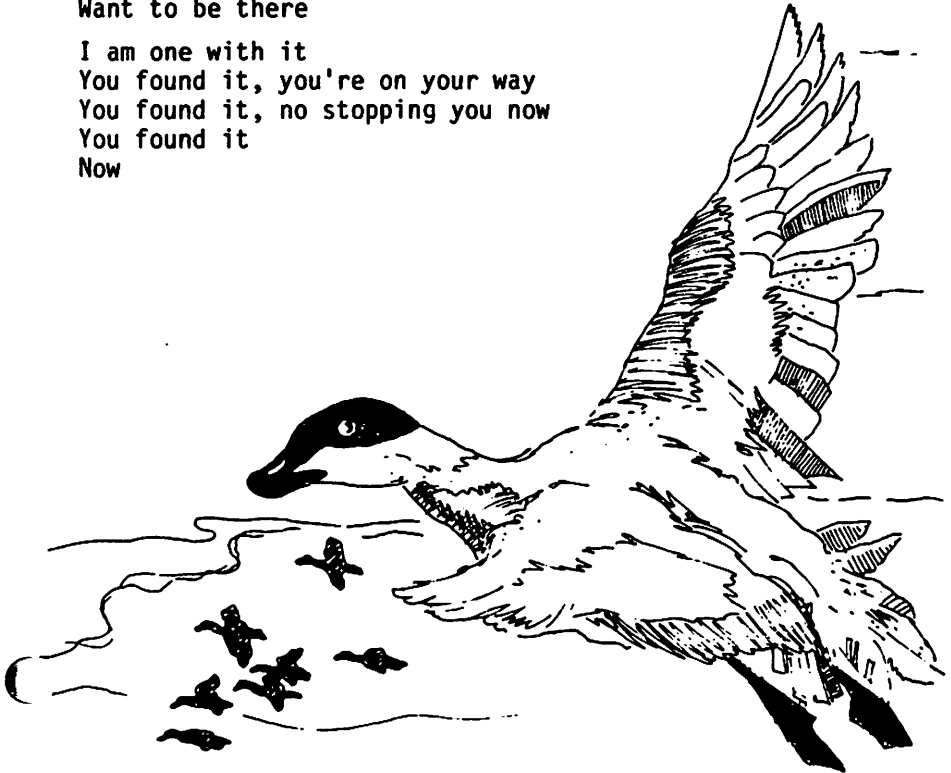
Bronzing the water with a film of rose and gold

Want to be there

I am one with it
You found it
I'd like to jump up there and fly
I'm coming

Want to be there

I am one with it
You found it, you're on your way
You found it, no stopping you now
You found it
Now



THE SEATTLE CHAMBER SINGERS
George Shangrow, conductor

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Pamela Hill
Kathe Kern
Jill Kraakmo
Jeanne Van Bronkhorst

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Marta Chaloupka
Mary Beth Hughes
Susan Miller
Nancy Shasteen
Nedra Slauson
Kay Verelius

BASS

John Behr
Gustave Blazek
Andrew Danilchik
Ken Hart
Peter Kechley

TENOR

John Addison
Henry Elsen
Ronald Haight
Phil Mortenson
Gene Patterson
Jerry Sams
Tim Southwell

HARMONY VOCALISTS FOR LINDA WATERFALL

Julie Miller
Kim Scanlon

PERCUSSIONISTS FOR "A DREAM IS A GIFT"

Christine Bard
Scott Nygaard
Robert Shangrow

PIANIST FOR "A DREAM IS A GIFT"

Linda Waterfall

**BROADWAY SYMPHONY/SEATTLE CHAMBER SINGERS
BUSINESS MANAGER**

Sara Hedgpeth

UPCOMING BROADWAY SYMPHONY/SEATTLE CHAMBER SINGERS CONCERTS

- Saturday, March 7, 8pm, St. Paul's Church
Sunday, March 8, 8pm, University Unitarian Church
THE BROADWAY BRASS - Our Chamber Music Series continues with a concert featuring the Broadway Symphony's fine brass section and several guest performers.
- Saturday, March 14, University Unitarian Church
SEATTLE CHAMBER SINGERS - Performing Robert Kechley's choral masterpiece "Frail Deeds" and a reprise of the works by Linda Waterfall.
- Friday, March 27, 7:30pm, Kane Hall (UW)
BROADWAY SYMPHONY OPEN DRESS REHEARSAL - This special treat is free to ticket holders and only \$2.00 for others. This is your chance to increase your pre-concert knowledge of the music. Conductor Shangrow will comment on the pieces from the podium.
- Sunday, March 29, 3pm, Kane Hall (UW)
THE BROADWAY SYMPHONY IN CONCERT - Join us for Haydn's Symphony No. 103, Beethoven's First Symphony and Stravinsky's Jeu de Cartes.
- Friday, April 17, 7:00pm, Meany Hall (UW)
THE SAINT MATTHEW PASSION - This will mark the sixth time that the BS/SCS perform Bach's monumental masterpiece. Commemorate Good Friday by sharing in the experience of the Passion.
- Sunday, June 7, 3pm, Meany Hall (UW)
JOSEPH HAYDN - THE SEASONS - The Broadway Symphony and Seattle Chamber Singers will close their season with Haydn's tribute to love, life, and nature.
- Call 547-0427 for information.

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