

1983-1984

# SEATTLE CHAMBER SINGERS



**George Shangrow, conductor**

**January 21, 1984**

**8:00 pm**

## The Small Ensemble

THE SEATTLE CHAMBER SINGERS

**SMALL ENSEMBLE**

*George Shangrow, conductor*

*Sopranos I*

Crissa Cugini  
Cathy Haight  
Ann Erickson  
Carol Sams  
Susanna Walsh

*Sopranos II*

Kyla DeRemer  
Stephanie Lathrop  
Nancy Shasteen  
Kay Verelius

*Altos*

Laila Hammond  
Laurie Medill  
Janet Reed  
Nedra Slauson  
Katie Weld

*Tenors*

Paul Anderson  
Ron Haight  
Jim Johnson  
Steve Kellogg  
Jerry Sams  
Robert Shangrow

*Basses*

Tim Braun  
Mark Haight  
Joe Hill  
Peter Kechley  
Bob Schilperoort  
Sandy Thornton

THE BROADWAY SYMPHONY

**CHAMBER ENSEMBLE**

*George Shangrow, conductor*

*Violin I*

Rebecca Soukup  
Dean Drescher  
Kenna Smith

*Viola*

Sam Williams  
Katherine McWilliams

*Bass*

Christine Howell

*Violin II*

Eileen Lusk  
Phyllis Rowe  
Sandra Sinner

*Cello*

Maryann Tapiro  
Joyce Barnum

*Harpichord*

George Shangrow

PROGRAM

Concerto Grosso No. 1, Op. 6.....Archangelo Corelli

*Largo, allegro*  
*Minuet, allegro*  
*Largo, allegro*  
*Allegro*

Jephthah.....Giacomo Carissimi

*The text and translation of this oratorio is on p. 4*

*Cast of Characters:* Jephthah.....Jerry Sams  
Daughter of Jephthah.....Carol Sams  
Narrators.....Katie Weld  
.....Kyla DeRemer  
.....Tim Braun  
.....Paul Anderson  
Bass solo.....Peter Kechley  
Echos.....Cathy Haight  
.....Laurie Medill

- i n t e r m i s s i o n -

The Choral Dances from "Gloriana".....Benjamin Britten

*Time*  
*Concord*  
*Time and Concord*  
*Spring Flowers*  
*Rustics and Fishermen*  
*Final Dance of Homage*

The Marshes of Glynn.....Carol Sams

*Carol Sams, soprano*                      *Jerry Sams, tenor*  
*Katie Weld, mezzo-soprano*              *Peter Kechley, bass*

*The text of "The Marshes of Glynn" is the poem by Sidney Lanier  
printed on page 6*

## Carissimi — JEPHTHAH

### Historicus:

Cum vocasset in proelium filios Israel rex filiorum Ammon, et verbis Jephthe acquiescere noluisset, factus est super Jephthe Spiritus Domini, et progressus ad filios Ammon votum Domini dicens:

### Jephthe:

Si tradiderit Dominus filios Ammon in manus meas quicumque primus de domo mea occurrerit mihi, offeram illum Domino in holocaustum.

### Chorus:

Transivit ergo Jephthe ad filios Ammon, ut in spiritu forti et virtute Domini pugnaret contra eos. Et clangebant tubae, et personabant, tympana, et proelium commissum est adversus Ammon.

### Bass Solo:

Fugite, cedite, impii, perite gentes, occumbite in gladio; Dominus exercituum in proelium surrexit et pugnat contra vos.

### Chorus:

Fugite, cedite, impii, corruite, et in furore gladii dissipamini.

### Historicus:

Et percussit Jephthe viginti civitates Ammon plaga magna nimis.

### Chorus:

Et ululantes filii Ammon facti sunt coram filiis Israel humiliati.

### Historicus:

Cum autor victor Jephthe in domum suam reverteretur, occurrens ei unigenita filia sua cum tympanis et choris praecinebat:

### Daughter:

Incipite in tympanis et psallite in cymbalis. Hymnum canemus Domino et modulemur canticum. Laudemus regem coelitem laudemus belli principem, qui filiorum Israel victorem ducem reddidit.

### Chorus:

Hymnum canemus Domino, et modulemur canticum qui dedit nobis gloriam et Israel victoriam.

### Daughter:

Cantate mecum Domino, cantate omnes populi laudate belli principem, qui dedit gloriam et Israel victoriam.

### Chorus:

Canemus omnes Domino, laudemus belli principem, qui dedit nobis gloriam et Israel victoriam.

### Historicus:

When the king of the children of Ammon made war against the children of Israel, and hearkened not unto the words of Jephthah; then there came upon Jephthah the Spirit of the Lord, and he went up against the children of Ammon. And he vowed unto the Lord, saying:

### Jephthah:

If thou shalt indeed deliver the children of Ammon into my hands, whatsoever first cometh forth of the doors of my house to meet me; I will offer to the Lord for a burnt offering.

### Chorus:

Then passeth over Jephthah to the children of Ammon, and he fought in the Spirit and the strength of God was against them. And the trumpets sounded, and the drums were beaten when the battle was begun against the children of Ammon.

### Bass Solo:

Flee from us; yield to us, impious ones; give way, ye heathen; and fall before our mighty sword. For the God of Israel is risen up to battle and fights against our foes.

### Chorus:

Flee from us; yield to us, impious ones; we scatter you; and with our keen and glittering swords we hew you down.

### Historicus:

Jephthah therefore smote them, and took from them twenty cities; and there was a very grievous slaughter.

### Chorus:

And Jephthah subdued the children of Ammon, for the Lord delivered them into his hand.

### Historicus:

And Jephthah came to Mispheh unto his house, when he returned; and behold, there came forth his only daughter to meet him, with timbrels and with dances. And she sang thus:

### Daughter:

Come, strike the merry timbrels, and sound the joyful cymbals. Let us sing praises unto the Lord; and let us magnify His name. Yea, let us praise the God of Heaven, and magnify the mighty king who to his people Israel the conquering leader doth restore.

### Chorus:

Yea, to the Lord sing joyfully; and His great name still magnify, who giveth us the glory and Israel the victory.

### Daughter:

Come, praise with me the God of Heaven; sing praises to Him joyfully. And magnify the mighty king, who giveth us the glory and Israel the victory.

### Chorus:

We to the Lord sing joyfully. Sing praises to the mighty King, who giveth us the glory and Israel the victory.

**Historicus:**

Cum vidisset Jephthe, qui votum Domino voverat, filiam suam venientem in occursum, prae dolore et lachrimis acidit vestimenta sue et ait:

**Jephthe:**

Heu, heu mihi! filia mea, heu decepisti me, filia unigenita, et tu pariter, heu filia mea decepta es.

**Daughter:**

Cur ego te pater decepi et cur ergo filia tua unigenita decepta sum?

**Jephthe:**

Aperui os meum ad Dominum, ut qui cumque primus de domo occurrerit mihi offeram illum Domino in holocaustum. Heu mihi! filia mea, heu decepisti me, filia unigenita et tu pariter, heu filia mea, decepta es.

**Daughter:**

Pater mi, si vovisti votum, domino reversus victor ab hostibus, ecce ego filia, tua unigenita, offer me in holocaustum victoriae tuae, hoc solum pater mi praesta filiae tuae unigenitae ante quem moriar.

**Jephthe:**

Quid poterit animam tuam, quid poterit te, moritura filia, consolari?

**Daughter:**

Dimitte me, ut duobus mensibus circumeam montes, ut cum sodalibus meis, plangam virginitatem meam.

**Jephthe:**

Vade filia mea unigenita et plange virginitatem tuam.

**Chorus:**

Abiit ergo in montes filia Jephthe, et plorabat cum sodalibus virginitatem suam, dicens:

**Daughter:**

Plorate colles, dolete montes et in afflictione cordis mei ululate!

**Echo:**

ululate!

**Daughter:**

Ecce moriar virgo et non potero morte mea meis filiis consolari, ingemiscite silvae, fontes et flumina, in interitu virginis lacrimate!

**Echo:**

lacrimate!

**Daughter:**

Heu me dolentem in laetitia populi, in victoria Israel et gloria patris mei, ego sine filiis virgo, ego, filia unigenita moriar et non vivam. Exhorrescite, rupes, obstupescite, colles, valles, et cavernae, in sonitu horribili resonare.

**Historicu:**

And it came to pass, when Jephthah saw his only daughter, his well-beloved, coming forth to meet his, he remembered his vow to God; and he rent his garments and spake thus:

**Jephthah:**

Woe is me! Alas! My daughter, thou hast undone me; and thou likewise, my daughter, thou art undone.

**Daughter:**

How have I, O my father, undone thee? And how am I, thy only daughter, how am I undone?

**Jephthah:**

I have opened my mouth to the Lord that whatsoever first cometh forth of the doors of my house to meet me, I will offer to the Lord for a burnt offering. Alas! my daughter, thou hast undone me, thou, my only daughter, and thou likewise, thou art undone!

**Daughter:**

O my father, thou hast opened thy mouth to the Lord, and hast returned to thy house in peace, therefore do to me according to thy vow, offer me for a burnt offering before the Lord, but this thing, O my father, grant to me, thy only beloved daughter, this thing before I die.

**Jephthah:**

But what can give thee consolation, yea, what can give thee, my unhappy daughter, consolation?

**Daughter:**

O let me go, that for two months I may wander upon the mountains, with my companions, bewailing my unfulfilled days.

**Jephthah:**

Go, my only beloved daughter, and bewail thy untimely end.

**Chorus:**

Then went the daughter of Jephthah unto the mountains and bewailed her virginity with her companions, saying:

**Daughter:**

Lament ye valleys, bewail ye mountains, and in the affliction of my heart be ye afflicted!

**Echo:**

be ye afflicted!

**Daughter:**

Lo! I shall die a virgin, and I shall not in my death find consolation in my children, then bemoan ye woods and meadows and fountains for the death of a maiden make lamentation!

**Echo:**

make lamentation!

**Daughter:**

See, I am mourning in the joy of my people, in the victory of Israel, in the glory of my father, I in my bitterness childless, I, an only beloved daughter, must die and no longer live. Then tremble ye rocks, be astonished ye mountains, valleys, and caves, and with horror and with fearfulness be resounding.

**Echo:**  
resonate.

**Daughter:**  
Plorate, filii Israel, plorate virginitatem meam, et Jephthæ filiam unigenitam in carmine doloris lamentamini.

**Chorus:**  
Plorate, filii Israel, plorate omnes virgines, et filiam Jephthæ unigenitam, in carmine doloris, lamentamini.

**Echo:**  
resounding.

**Daughter:**  
Lament and weep, ye children of Israel, for a hapless maiden, for Jephthah's unhappy daughter with wiling notes of sadness.

**Chorus:**  
Weep and lament, ye children of Israel and all ye virgins, weep for Jephthah's daughter, with wailing notes of sadness, and lament for her.

### THE MARSHES OF GLYNN

Glooms of the live-oaks, beautiful-braided and woven  
With intricate shades of the vines that myriad-cloven  
Chamber the forks of the multiform boughs,—  
Emerald twilights,—  
Virginal shy lights,  
Wrought of the leaves to allure to the whisper of vows,  
When lovers pace timidly down through the green colonnades  
Of the dim sweet woods, of the dear dark woods,  
Of the heavenly woods and glades,  
That run to the radiant marginal sand-beach within  
The wide sea-marshes of Glynn;—

Beautiful glooms, soft dusks in the noon-day fire,—  
Wildwood privacies, closets of lone desire,  
Chamber from chamber parted with wavering arras of leaves,—  
Cells for the passionate pleasure of prayer to the soul that grieves,  
Pure with a sense of the passing of saints through the wood,  
Cool for the dutiful weighing of ill with good;—

O braided dusks of the oak and woven shades of the vine,  
While the riotous noon-day sun of the June-day long did shine,  
Ye held me fast in your heart and I held you fast in mine;  
But now when the noon is no more, and riot is rest,  
And the sun is a-wait at the ponderous gate of the West,  
And the slant yellow beam down the wood-aisle doth seem  
Like a lane into heaven that leads from a dream,—  
Ay, now, when my soul all day hath drunken the soul of the oak,  
And my heart is at ease from men, and the wearisome sound of the stroke  
Of the scythe of time and the trowel of trade is low,  
And belief overmasters doubt, and I know that I know,  
And my spirit is grown to a lordly great compass within,  
That the length and the breadth and the sweep of the marshes of Glynn  
Will work me no fear like the fear they have wrought me of yore  
When length was fatigue, and when breadth was but bitterness sore,  
And when terror and shrinking and dreary unnamable pain  
Drew over me out of the merciless miles of the plain,—  
Oh, now, unafraid, I am fain to face

The vast sweet visage of space.  
To the edge of the wood I am drawn, I am drawn,  
Where the gray beach glimmering runs, as a belt of the dawn,  
For a mete and a mark  
To the forest-dark:—

So:  
Affable live-oak, leaning low,—  
Thus—with your favor—soft, with a reverent hand,  
(Not lightly touching your person, Lord of the land!)  
Bending your beauty aside, with a step I stand  
On the firm-packed sand,

Free  
By a world of marsh that borders a world of sea.  
Sinuous southward and sinuous northward the shimmering band  
Of the sand-beach fastens the fringe of the marsh to the folds of the land.  
Inward and outward to northward and southward the beach-lines linger and curl  
As a silver-wrought garment that clings to and follows the firm sweet limbs  
of a girl.  
Vanishing, swerving, evermore curving again into sight,  
Softly the sand-beach wavers away to a dim gray looping of light.  
And what if behind me to westward the wall of the woods stands high?  
The world lies east: how ample, the marsh and the sea and the sky!  
A league and a league of marsh-grass, waist-high, broad in the blade,  
Green, and all of a height, and unflecked with a light or a shade,  
Stretch leisurely off, in a pleasant plain,  
To the terminal blue of the main.

Oh, what is abroad in the marsh and the terminal sea?  
Somehow my soul seems suddenly free  
From the weighing of fate and the sad discussion of sin,  
By the length and the breadth and the sweep of the marshes of Glynn.  
Ye marshes, how candid and simple and nothing-withholding and free  
Ye publish yourselves to the sky and offer yourselves to the sea!  
Tolerant plains, that suffer the sea and the rains and the sun,  
Ye spread and span like the catholic man who hath mightily won  
God out of knowledge and good out of infinite pain  
And sight out of blindness and purity out of a stain.

As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,  
Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of God:  
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen flies  
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh and the skies:  
By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the sod  
I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of God:  
Oh, like to the greatness of God is the greatness within  
The range of the marshes, the liberal marshes of Glynn.

And the sea lends large, as the marsh: lo, out of his plenty the sea  
Pours fast: full soon the time of the flood-tide must be:  
Look how the grace of the sea doth go  
About and about through the intricate channels that flow  
Here and there,  
Everywhere,  
Till his waters have flooded the uttermost creeks and the low-lying lanes,

And the marsh is meshed with a million veins,  
That like as with rosy and silvery essences flow  
In the rose-and-silver evening glow.

Farewell, my lord Sun!

The creeks overflow: a thousand rivulets run  
'Twi'x the roots of the sod; the blades of the marsh-grass stir;  
Passeth a hurrying sound of wings that westward whirr;  
Passeth, and all is still; and the currents cease to run;  
And the sea and the marsh are one.

How still the plains of the waters be!  
The tide is in his ecstasy.  
The tide is at his highest height:  
And it is night.

And now from the Vast of the Lord will the waters of sleep  
Roll in on the souls of men,  
But who will reveal to our waking ken  
The forms that swim and the shapes that creep  
Under the waters of sleep?  
And I would I could know what swimmeth below when the tide comes in  
On the length and the breadth of the marvellous marshes of Glynn. (1878)

**CAROL SAMS** has a musical career that follows two parallel directions: she is a noted soprano soloist in the Northwest, having been a featured artist with the Seattle Chamber Singers, the University of Washington Contemporary Group, Cornish Opera and the Northwest Chamber Orchestra; and she is a composer of merit and public success. In 1981, she was part of the Seattle "Artist-in Residence" program, through which Seattle Opera commissioned an opera. Two other operas, in addition to several smaller scale pieces have been performed at the UW, and both Juneau, Alaska and Portland Oregon Opera companies have presented her works. Dr. Sams received her formal musical training at the University of California at Santa Barbara (BA), Mills College, Oakland (MM) and the University of Washington (DMA). In addition to her work with the Northwest Boychoir, Carol Sams has taught at Seattle Central Community College and the University of Washington.



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