

A decorative border in a reddish-brown color frames the top half of the page. It features various musical instruments and figures: a trumpet on the left, a saxophone on the right, a harp in the center, and two figures on the left and right sides, one holding a book and the other holding a scroll. The text "SEATTLE CHAMBER SINGERS" is centered within this border in a stylized, serif font.

SEATTLE
CHAMBER
SINGERS

George Shangrow, Director

SPRING
1979

PROGRAM

- Komm, Jesu, Komm. Johann Sebastian Bach
- Mass in g Minor. Ralph Vaughan Williams
- Kyrie
- Gloria in excelsis
- Credo
- Sanctus-Osanna I-Benedictus-Osanna II
- Agnus Dei

Sue Walsh, soprano
Katie Jezerinac, alto
Steve Stevens, tenor
Peter Kechley, bass



INTERMISSION



- Frail Deeds Robert Kechley

- I. A noiseless, patient spider
- II. There was a child went forth
- III. I cannot dance upon my toes
- IV. The Salley Gardens
- V. Do not go gentle into that good night
- VI. He fumbles at your soul as players at the keys

Carol Sams, soprano
Valerie Yockey, soprano
Nancy Shasteen, alto
Katie Jezerinac, alto
Jerry Sams, tenor
Steve Stevens, tenor
Peter Kechley, bass
Greg Abbott, bass
Joe Hill, bass

THE SINGERS

Sopranos

Polly Detels
Ann Duncan
Carol Leenstra
Shirley Kraft
Carol Sams
Sue Walsh
Nancy Williamson
Valerie Yockey

Tenors

Gregg Neilson
Jerry Sams
Charles Scurlock
Steve Stevens
Dennis VanZandt

Altos

Jane Borns
Kathy Elkins
Sara Hedgpeth
Jan Kinney
Betty McWilliams
Judy Rosenfeld
Nancy Shasteen
Kay Shirey
Kay Verelius
Katie Jezerinac

Bass

Greg Abbott
Joe Hill
Peter Kechley
Robert Kechley
Domenico Minotti
Cy Ulberg

Seattle Philharmonic Orchestra

Jerome Glass, *Conductor*

presents

JERRY ARNOLD, clarinet

Don Bushell Concerto Competition winner

Wednesday, April 4

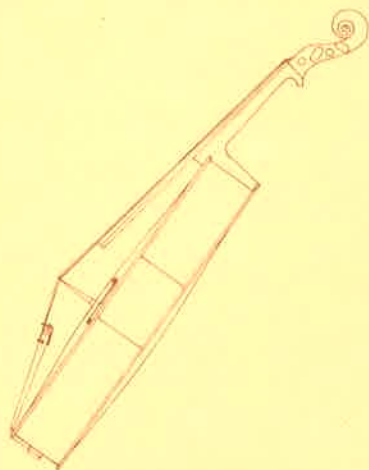
Meany Hall, 8 pm

Mahler: Symphony No. 1 in D Major

Nielsen: Concerto for Clarinet and Orchestra

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philharmonic
Orchestra

Seattle's Community Orchestra



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senior citizens) Available at the
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Lane and outlets, or by mail:
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Tickets also at the door.

KOMM, JESU, KOMM
(Come, Jesus, Come)

Come, Jesus, come,
I am so weary,
My strength declines from day to day,
I yearn for Thee,
Thy realm so peaceful,
Life's bitter path doth me dismay.
Come, come, to Thee, O' Christ, I yield me,
Thou art alone the Way, the Truth, the Life, the Savior,

In faith I grasp Thy hand extended
And bid this vale of tears farewell;
My life is spent, my grief has ended,
My spirit hastes in bliss to dwell.
My soul shall be with my Creator,
For Jesus is to life the one true Way, the Saviour.

FRAIL DEEDS

I.

A noiseless patient spider,
I mark'd where on a little promontory it stood isolated,
Mark'd how to explore the vacant vast surrounding,
It launch'd forth filament, filament, filament, out of itself,
Ever unreeling them, ever tirelessly speeding them.
And you O my soul where you stand,
Surrounded, detached, in measureless oceans of space,
Ceaselessly musing, venturing, throwing, seeking the spheres to connect them
Till the bridge you will need be form'd, till the ductile anchor hold,
Till the gossamer thread you fling catch somewhere, O my soul.
Walt Whitman

II.

There was a child went forth every day,
And the first object he looked upon and received with wonder or
pity or love or dread, that object he became,
And that object became part of him.
The early lilacs became part of this child . . . all became part of him.
And the March-born lambs, and the sow's pink-faint litter, and the

II (cont.)

mare's foal, and the cow's calf, and the noisy brood of the barnyard or by the mire of the pondside . . . and the fish suspending themselves so curiously below there . . . and the beautiful curious liquid . . . and the water-plants with their graceful flat heads . . . all became part of him.

And the old drunkard staggering home from the outhouse of the tavern whence he had lately risen,

And the schoolmistress that passed on her way to the school

And the friendly boys that passed and the tidy and fresh cheeked girls . . . all became part of him.

Walt Whitman

III.

I cannot dance upon my toes-
No Man instructed me —
But oftentimes, among my mind,
A Glee possesseth me,

That had I Ballet knowledge —
Would put itself abroad
In Pirouette to blanch a Troupe —
Or lay a Prima, mad,

And though I had no Gown of Gauze —
No Ringlet, to my Hair,
Nor hopped to Audiences like Birds
One Claw upon the Air,

Nor tossed my shape in Eider Ball
Nor rolled on wheels of snow
Till I was out of sight, in sound,
The House encore me so —

Nor any know I know the Art
I mention-easy-Here —
Nor any Placard Boast me —
It's full as Opera.

Emily Dickinson

IV.

Down by the salley gardens my love and I did meet:
She passed the salley gardens with little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the trees;
But I, being young and foolish, with her would not agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand.
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs;
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

W.B. Yeats

V.

Do not go gentle into that good night,
 Old age should burn and rave at close of day;
 Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,
 Because their words had forked no lightning they
 Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright
 Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,
 Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,
 And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,
 Do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight
 Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,
 Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on the sad height,
 Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.
 Do not go gentle into that good night,
 Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Dylan Thomas

VI.

He fumbles at your Soul
 As Players at the Keys
 Before they drop full Music on —
 He stuns you by degrees —
 Prepares your brittle Nature
 For the Ethereal Blow
 By fainter Hammers — further heard —
 Then nearer — Then so slow.

Your Breath has time to straighten
 Your Brain — to bubble Cool —
 Deals-One-imperial-Thunderbolt —
 That scalps your naked Soul —
 When Winds take Forests in their Paws —
 The Universe — is still —

Emily Dickinson



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1201 185th Ave. NE
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COMING EVENTS

Mozart Requiem
February 23, 8:00 p.m.
University Unitarian Church

Handel's Saul
April 1, 8:00 p.m.
Meany Theatre, U of W

Vaughan Williams' G minor Mass
March 16, 8:00 p.m.
Seattle Concert Theatre

Mayfest of Madrigals
May 18, 8:00 p.m.
Seattle Concert Theatre