

Orchestra Seattle
and the
Seattle Chamber Singers
present

Saul

An Oratorio for Soli, Chorus and Orchestra



by George Frideric Handel

Sunday, November 16, 1997 ♦ 3:00 PM
University Christian Church

OS ❖ SCS

Orchestra Seattle ❖ Seattle Chamber Singers
George Shangrow, Founder and Music Director
29th Season

PROGRAM

Sunday, November 16, 1997 ❖ 3:00 P.M.
University Christian Church

Saul

An Oratorio in Three Acts

George Frideric Handel

1685-1759

Michael Delos, bass
as *Saul*

Carol Sams, soprano
as *Michal*

Emily Lunde, mezzo-soprano
as *David (as a young man)*

Julie Finch, soprano
as *Merab*

Jerry Sams, tenor
as *Jonathan*

Stuart Lutzenhiser, tenor
as *David (as a man)*

Kathy Hanson Mack, soprano
as the *High Priestess*
and as the *Witch of Endor*

Andrew Danilchik, bass
as *Samuel*
and as a *Messenger*

Robert Kechley, harpsichord

Orchestra Seattle
The Seattle Chamber Singers
George Shangrow, conductor

❖ Program Notes

by Lorelette Knowles

"Mr. Handel's head is more full of maggots than ever. I found yesterday in his room a very queer instrument which he calls carillon (Anglice, a bell) and says some call it a Tubalcain, I suppose because it is both in the make and tone like a set of Hammers striking upon anvils. 'Tis played upon with keys like a Harpsichord and with this Cyclopean instrument he designs to make poor Saul stark mad. His second maggot is an organ of £500 price which (because he is overstocked with money) he has bespoke of one Moss of Barnet. This organ, he says, is so constructed that as he sits at it he has a better command of his performers than he used to have, and he is highly delighted to think with what exactness his Oratorio will be performed by the help of this organ; so that for the future instead of beating time at his oratorios, he is to sit at the organ all the time with his back to the Audience. His third maggot is a Hallelujah which he has trump'd up at the end of his oratorio since I went into the Country, because he thought the conclusion of the oratorio not Grand enough; . . . I could tell you more of his maggots: but it grows late and I must defer the rest till I write next, by which time, I doubt not, more new ones will breed in his Brain."

So wrote the wealthy Charles Jennens (who would later arrange the biblical texts of George Friderich Handel's most famous work, the oratorio, *Messiah*) after visiting Handel in September, 1738. Handel was at that time composing the music for what was probably Jennens' own retelling of the famous biblical tale of Saul and David, a text that proved to be the most dramatic and colorful libretto that Handel ever set. In setting this text, Handel succeeded, despite his "maggots," in blending opera, oratorio, and concerto into "An Oratorio or Sacred Drama" that is a powerful and very personal expression of his unique musical vision.



As the traditional genres of drama (with musical numbers) and of opera were beginning to merge, and the English oratorio as a dramatic musical genre was beginning to emerge and gain prominence, Handel began the composition of *Saul*, taking up his task near the end of July, 1738. The text, which tells the story of King Saul of Israel and David (Saul's

rival and successor), was possibly one that Handel had received from Charles Jennens three years earlier. After working on this text for several weeks, however, Handel laid the oratorio aside and turned to the composition of a new opera, *Imeneo*, but he soon ceased work on the opera and returned to *Saul*, writing, deleting, rewriting, revising, and writing again, as if experiencing considerable inner turmoil. Perhaps doubts about the future course of his career were undermining his optimism and compositional facility. About this time, however, a visit from Jennens (noted above) seems to have contributed to the settling of Handel's mind regarding his compositional course. By the end of September he had completed *Saul*, and he found that he had sufficient energy to begin the composition of the great choral oratorio, *Israel in Egypt*, within a few days!



Saul opened on January 16, 1739, at the King's Theatre in the Haymarket. The chorus numbered fewer than thirty-five, as did the band of instrumentalists, and the sizable cast of less-than-stellar soloists nevertheless included, in the countertenor role of David, "one Rusell, an Englishman that sings extremely well" (Lord Wentworth). Word of the oratorio's unusual orchestration had already spread: "I hear Mr. Handell has borrow'd of the Duke of Argyll a pair of the largest kettle-drums in the Tower", wrote Lord Wentworth on January 13, "so to be sure it will be most excessive noisy with a bad set of singers . . ." The great double drums from the artillery train, which sounded an octave lower than the normal timpani, must indeed have been impressive when they were heard in the solemn "Dead March," but it was the carillon that proved to be especially intriguing to the architect William Kent, who reported on January 27: "The oratorio's goe on well, I was there with a handsom widow fatt, which has given much diversion to the looker on & whe was in the box you us'd to have - There is a pritty concerto in the oratorio there is some stops in the Harpsicord that are little bells, I thought it had been some squerrls in a cage." The *Daily Post* reported on January 17 that the work "met with general Applause by a numerous and splendid Audience"

(including the Royal Family), and it ran for five more nights that season. The London audience was not able at that time to grasp the full significance of the powerful work, however, and it did not achieve great success until two years later in Dublin.



In the story of King Saul, Handel found a subject worthy of his unique dramatic talents. The libretto is skillfully constructed, and for it, Handel composed music combining awesome force and majesty with remarkable originality. He divided the oratorio into acts and scenes, sometimes including stage directions, and emphasized its dramatic structure with many instrumental interludes. Among the work's most noteworthy characteristics are the strength of the character-delineations, which are more forceful than anything Handel had before attempted, and the wealth of graphic touches through which every scene's details spring to life. Handel employed colorful instrumental effects in this work that he never again attempted in his oratorios. The basic string orchestra is enriched by the addition of kettledrums and of two each of flutes, oboes, and trumpets. Three trombones sound notes of judgment; the carillon of bells adds sparkle to the rejoicings of the Israelites over David's victories; two guttural solo bassoons summon the Ghost of Samuel at the command of the Witch of Endor.



The complex and emotionally rich stories of Saul, a king who had wielded great power, but whose jealousy drives him into derangement, and of David, the object of Saul's destructive envy, are told in the Old Testament books of I and II Samuel. Handel's action-filled tragic masterpiece opens with a remarkable four-movement overture for orchestra, based on one of Handel's own trio sonatas. This leads into a ceremonial scene that celebrates David's triumph over "the monster atheist," Goliath, and the Philistines, and concludes with a mighty "Hallelujah Chorus." A symphony employing the carillon (or glockenspiel) precedes the great choral scene in which the Israelite women welcome Saul and David, and incite Saul's wrath by their adulation of David. David fails in his attempt to soothe Saul by playing the harp, and in his rising jealous rage, Saul hurls his javelin at David. Saul's son, Jonathan, who has

become David's friend, is torn between his love for his father and for David.



Act II begins with "Envy! Eldest born of Hell," one of the most dramatic choruses Handel ever wrote. Jonathan reveals to David that Saul seeks David's life, and attempts to reconcile his father with his friend. Saul promises his younger daughter, Michal, to David in marriage, but Saul expresses the hope that, as his general, David will fall in battle. The ensuing love duet between David and Michal provides a soothing respite from the building tension of the swiftly-unfolding events. Now Michal and David devise a plan to foil Saul's next attempt on David's life. David flees, and when Saul's retainer, Doeg, enters the room, he discovers an image in David's bed. Another interlude in the form of a symphony leads to a scene in which Saul again seeks an opportunity to do away with David at the feast of the Full Moon, but, frustrated once more, throws his javelin at his son instead as Jonathan intercedes for David.



As the tense and tightly-composed third act begins, Saul is depicted as a tortured soul who is "of my own ruin author." Declaring in desperation that "If Heav'n denies thee aid - seek it from Hell," Saul persuades the Witch of Endor to summon from the grave the ghost of the prophet, Samuel, so that Saul might beg for his aid. From the ghost, in one of musical drama's most theatrically stunning scenes, Saul learns his doom. The next scene, which Handel and Jennens called "Elegy on the death of Saul and Jonathan," opens with another sinfonia. An Amalekite informs David of the deaths of Saul and Jonathan in battle, and to the strains of the Dead March, which soon became one of the most famous portions of the oratorio, the bodies of the king and his son are borne away. Following laments of heartrending beauty in which David and the chorus mourn the fallen warriors, the High Priestess urges the people of Israel to "let gladness reign in all our host; for pious David will restore what Saul by disobedience lost." The oratorio concludes triumphantly with a joyful choral prophecy of continued victories for David, as the people encourage their hero to "pursue thy wonted fame" as their new king.

❖ Guest Artists

Michael Delos

Michael Delos has won critical acclaim for his performances in a diverse repertoire of over three dozen operatic roles, including *Faust*, the title roles in *Le Nozze de Figaro* and *Don Giovanni*, Olin Blitch in Floyd's *Susannah* and Nick Shadow in Stravinsky's *Rake's Progress*, the role of his European debut with L'Opera de Monte Carlo, Monaco. Delos joined the roster of the New York City Opera in 1987 and is a welcome guest artist with Vancouver (BC) Opera, Chicago Opera Theater, Seattle Opera, Opera Utah, Portland Opera and Hawaii Opera Theater.

A highly respected concert artist, Mr. Delos has appeared with many major symphony orchestras throughout North America, Europe and Japan, including those of Detroit, Tokyo, Osaka, Seattle, Calgary, Edmonton, Oregon, Sacramento and Spokane. Mr. Delos has appeared frequently as a popular recitalist for the Community Concert Association, and he recently was heard in a series of recitals with beloved Metropolitan Opera star Roberta Peters. His performances of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, the Bach Passions and the major Handel oratorios have been heard throughout the United States and Canada, most recently as featured soloist with the Carmel Bach Festival under the direction of conductor Bruno Weil. Mr. Delos has appeared extensively with Orchestra Seattle and the Seattle Chamber Singers in the major Bach works, Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*, Vaughan Williams' *Hodie*, Handel's *Messiah* and Haydn's *The Seasons*.

Carol Sams

Carol Sams is a well-known Seattle composer and soprano who has been featured by many orchestras and groups, including Orchestra Seattle and the Seattle Chamber Singers, University of Washington Contemporary Group, Cornish Performing Group, Washington Composers Forum, City Cantabile Choir, and others. Her compositions have been performed throughout the United States and Europe. Her latest opera, based upon the Pied Piper of Hamelin, was commissioned by the Tacoma Opera and has been performed by that group on two different occasions since its premiere in November of 1993.

Emily Lunde

Northwest native Emily Lunde made her solo debut with Orchestra Seattle and the Seattle Chamber Singers in their 1989 presentation of Bach's *B minor Mass*. Ms. Lunde makes frequent solo appearances with many other Northwest ensembles. She has soloed in the Seattle Symphony's Baroque series under the baton of Gerard Schwarz, was the featured soloist with City Cantabile Singers in the world premiere of Fred West's oratorio in celebration of Earth Day (*Upon This Land*), and was heard in the Pacific Northwest Ballet production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Her solo appearances with the New Whatcom Choral Society of Bellingham include Handel's *Messiah* and the Dvorak *Mass in D*.

Julie Finch

Soprano Julie Finch of Wapato, Washington is a graduate of Santa Clara University, where she studied with Nancy Wait-Kromm and Kathleen Ludowise. A finalist in the 1996 and 1997 Ladies Musical Club of Seattle's Awards-Debut Competition, she has presented recitals in the Bay Area and in the Yakima Valley. She currently studies with Geoffrey Boers at the University of Washington and Mia Spencer at Central Washington University. Julie makes her professional debut in this performance.

Stuart Lutzenhiser

Tenor Stuart Lutzenhiser grew up in Bellevue and attended university in Bellingham and Bloomington, Indiana, where he received a Master's degree. He has performed with the Vancouver Opera, Utah Festival Opera, Bellevue Opera, and Western Concert Opera. Stuart has also appeared as featured soloist with the symphonies of Milwaukee, Vancouver, Yakima and Maricao, Venezuela. He has been a Metropolitan Opera reginal finalist, a Bel Canto Foundation winner and a semi-finalist in both the MacAllister voice competition and the Iris Adami Corradetti competition in Padova, Italy. An advocate for music of the twentieth century, he has sung the world premieres of John Corigliano's *Of rage and remembrance* and the *St. Mark's Passion* of McGary.

❖ Orchestra Seattle

Violin Dajana Akrapovic- Hobson Stephen Hegg Sue Herring Deborah Kirkland <i>Principal second</i> Fritz Klein <i>Concertmaster</i> Eileen Lusk Avron Maletzky Sondra Nelson	Leif-Ivar Pedersen Janet Showalter Viola Beatrice Dolf Saundrah Humphrey <i>Principal</i> James Lurie Shari Peterson Bass Allan Goldman	Cello Julie Reed <i>Principal</i> Valerie Ross Harpsichord & Carillon Robert Kechley Flute Robin Carlson Janeen Field	Oboe Alex DeJarnatt <i>Principal</i> Anna Velzo Bassoon Jeff Eldridge <i>Principal</i> Chris Harshman Percussion Daniel Oie	Trumpet Gordon Ullmann <i>Principal</i> Chuck Colburn Trombone David Brewer Moc Escobedo <i>Principal</i> David Holmes
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❖ Seattle Chamber Singers

Soprano Jennifer Adams Barbara Anderson Debra Browning Sue Cobb Crissa Cugini Kyla DeRemer Dana Durasoff Cinda Freece Kiki Hood Lorelette Knowles Jill Kraakmo Nancy Lewis	Alexandra Miletta Caroline Pachaud Paula Rimmer Liesel Van Cleeff Alto Laila Adams Sharon Agnew Cheryl Blackburn Nicole Blackmer Jane Blackwell Wendy Borton Penny Deputy	Christine Hackenberger Adrienne Thomas McCoy Suzy Means Laurie Medill Veronica Parnitski Nedra Slauson Tenor Ralph Cobb Jon Lange Doug Machle Thomas Nesbitt	Dave Spurling Ben Waldman David Zapolsky Bass Andrew Danilchik Douglas Durasoff Dick Etherington Peter Henry Charles Hobson Rob Kline Tim Ramos Richard Wyckoff
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❖ Administration

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PART THE FIRST

Symphony

SCENE I — *The Israelitish Camp by the Valley of Elah. The Israelites assembled.*

An Epinicon, or Song of Triumph, for the Victory over Goliath and the Philistines.

Chorus

How excellent Thy Name, O Lord,
In all the world is known!
Above all heav'ns, O King ador'd,
How hast Thou set Thy glorious Throne!

Air — High Priestess

An infant, rais'd by Thy command
To quell Thy rebel foes,
Could fierce Goliath's dreadful hand
Superior in the fight oppose.

Trio

Along the monster atheist strode
With more than human pride,
And armies of the living God,
Exulting in his strength, defied.

Chorus

The youth inspir'd by Thee, O Lord,
With ease and the boaster slew,
Our fainting courage soon restor'd,
And headlong drove that impious crew.

Chorus

How excellent Thy Name, O Lord,
In all the world is known!
Above all heav'ns, O King ador'd,
How hast Thou set Thy glorious Throne!
Hallelujah.

SCENE II — *Saul's Tent*

Saul, Jonathan, Merab, Michal, etc.
Abner introducing David

Recitative — Michal

He comes, he comes!

Air — Michal

O god-like youth! By all confess'd
Of human race the pride!
O virgin among women blest,
Whom Heav'n ordains thy bride!
But ah! How strong a bar I see
Betwixt my happiness and me!

Recitative — Jonathan

Behold, O King, the brave victorious youth,
And in his hand the haughty giant's head
Saul

Young man, whose son art thou?

David

The Son of Jesse,
Thy faithful servant, and a Bethlehemite.

Saul
Return no more to Jesse: stay with me,
And as an earnest of my future favour,
Thou shalt espouse my daughter: small reward
Of such desert! since to thy arm alone
We owe our safety, peace, and liberty.

Air — David

O King, your favours with delight
I take, but must refuse your praise:
For ev'ry pious Israelite
To God alone that tribute pays.

Recitative — Jonathan

O early piety! O Modest Merit!
In this embrace my heart bestows itself.
Henceforth, thou noble youth, accept my friendship,
And Jonathan and David are but one.

Recitative — High Priestess

Go on, illustrious pair! — your great example
Shall teach our youth, to scorn the sordid world,
And set their hearts on things of real worth.

Air — High Priestess

While yet thy tide of blood runs high,
To God thy future life devote;
Thy early vigour all apply,
His glorious service to promote.

So shall thy great Creator bless,
And bid thy days serenely flow:
So shall thy youthful happiness
In age no diminution know.

With sweet reflection thou shalt taste,
Declining gently to thy tomb,
The pleasure of good actions past,
And hope with rapture joys to come.

Recitative — Saul

Thou, Merab, first in birth, be first in honour;
Thine be the valiant youth, whose arm has sav'd
Thy country from her foes.

Merab (aside)

O mean alliance!

Air — Merab

My soul rejects the thought with scorn,
That such a boy, 'til now unknown,
Of poor plebeian parents born,
Should mix with royal blood his own!
Though Saul's commands I can't decline,
I must prevent his low design,
And save the honour of his line.

Air — Michal

See, with what a scornful air,
She the precious gift receives!
Though e'er so noble, or so fair,
She cannot merit what he gives.

Ah! lovely youth! wast thou design'd
With that proud beauty to be join'd?

Symphony

Recitative — Michal

Already see the daughters of the land,
In joyful dance, with instruments of music,
Come to congratulate your victory.

SCENE III — *Before an Israelitish City.*

Saul, Michal, Jonathan, David, etc.
A number of women meeting them.

Semi-chorus

Welcome, welcome, mighty King!
Welcome all who conquest bring!
Welcome David, warlike boy,
Author of our present joy!

Saul, who hast thy thousand slain,
Welcome to thy friends again!
David his ten thousand slew,
Ten thousand praises are his due!

Recitative — Saul

What do I hear? Am I then sunk so low,
To have this upstart boy prefer'd before me?

Chorus

David his ten thousands slew,
Ten thousand praises are his due!

Recitative — Saul

To him ten thousands! and to me but thousands!
What can they give him more, except the kingdom?

Air — Saul

With rage I shall burst his praises to hear!
Oh! how I both hate the stripling, and fear!
What mortal a rival in glory can bear?
Exit

SCENE IV

Recitative — Jonathan

Imprudent women! your ill-tim'd comparisons,
I fear, have injur'd him you meant to honour.
Saul's furious look as he departed hence,
Too plainly shew'd the tempest of his soul.
Michal (To David)

'Tis but his old disease, which thou canst cure:
O take thy harp, and, as thou oft hast done,
From the king's breast expel the raging fiend,
And soothe his tortur'd soul with sounds divine.
Exit David

Air — Michal

Fell rage and black despair possess'd
With horrid sway the monarch's breast;
When David with celestial fire
Struck the sweet persuasive lyre;
Soft gliding down his ravish'd ears,
The healing sounds dispel his cares;
Despair and rage at once are gone,
And peace and hope resume the throne.

Recitative — High Priestess

This but the smallest part of harmony,
Great attribute of attributes divine,
And centre of the rest, where all agree:
Whose wond'rous force what great effects proclaim!

Accompagnato — High Priestess

By thee this universal frame
From its Almighty Maker's hand
In primitive perfection came,
By thee produc'd, in thee contain'd:
No sooner did th' eternal word dispense
Why vast mysterious influence,
Than Chaos his old discord ceas'd;
Nature began, of labour eas'd,
Her latent beauties to disclose,
A fair harmonious world arose;
And though, by diabolic guile,
Disorder'd it for a-while,
The time will come,
When Nature shall her pristine form regain,
And Harmony forever reign.

SCENE V — *The King's House.*

Saul, David, Jonathan, Merab, Michal,
Abner

Recitative — Jonathan

Rack'd with infernal pains, ev'n now the king
Comes forth, and mutters horrid words, which hell,
No human tongue has taught him.

Air — David

O Lord, whose mercies numberless
O'er all Thy works prevail,
Though daily man Thy laws transgress,
Thy patience cannot fail.

If yet his sins be not too great,
The busy fiend control,
Yet longer for repentance wait,
And heal his wounded soul.

Recitative — Jonathan

'Tis all in vain, his fury still continues;
With wild distraction on my friend he stares,
Stamps on the ground and seems intent on mischief.

Air — Saul

A serpent in my bosom warm'd
Would sting me to the heart:
But of his venom soon disarm'd
Himself shall feel the smart.
Ambitious boy! now learn what danger
It is to rouse a monarch's anger!

Casts his javelin at David. Exit David.

Recitative — Saul

Has he escap'd my rage?
I charge thee, Jonathan, upon thy duty.
And all, on your allegiance, to destroy
This bold, aspiring youth; for while he lives
I am not safe. Reply not, but obey.
Exit.

Air — Merab

Capricious man, in humour lost,
By ev'ry wind of passion toss'd!
Now sets his vassal on the throne,
Then low as earth he casts him down!
His temper knows no middle state,
Extreme alike in love or hate.

SCENE VI

Recitative — Jonathan

O filial piety! O sacred friendship!
How shall I reconcile you? — Cruel Father!
Your just commands I always have obey'd:
But to destroy my friend! the brave, the virtuous,
The God-like David! Israel's defender,
And terror of her foes! to disobey you —
What shall I call it? — 'Tis an act of duty
To God, to David — nay, indeed, to you.

Air — Jonathan

No, cruel father, no:
Your hard commands I can't obey.
Shall I with sacrilegious blow
Take pious David's life away?
No, cruel father, no!

No; with my life I must defend
Against the world, my best, my dearest friend.

Chorus

Preserve him for the glory of Thy name,
Thy people's safety, and the heathen's shame.



INTERMISSION



PART THE SECOND

SCENE I — The Palace

Chorus

Envy! eldest born of hell!
Cease in human breasts to dwell.
Ever at all good repining,
Still the happy undermining!
God and man by thee infested,
Thou by God and man detested!
Most thyself thou dost torment,
At once the crime and punishment.
Hide thee in the blackest night;
Virtue sickens at thy sight!

Hence, eldest-born of hell!
Cease in human breast to dwell.

SCENE II — Jonathan and David

Recitative — Jonathan

Ah! Dearest friend, undone by too much virtue!
Think you, an evil spirit was the cause
Of all my father's rage? It was, indeed,
A spirit of envy, and of mortal hate.
He has resolv'd your death; and sternly charg'd
His whole retinue, me especially,
To execute his vengeance.

Air — Jonathan

But sooner Jordan's stream, I swear,
Back to his spring shall swiftly roll,
Than I consent to hurt a hair
Of thee, thou darling of my soul.

SCENE III — Saul and Jonathan

Recitative — Saul

Hast thou obey'd my orders, and destroyed
My mortal enemy, the son of Jesse?

Jonathan

Alas, my father! he your enemy?
Say rather, he has done important service
To you and to the nation; hazarded
His life for both, and slain our giant foe,
Whose presence made the boldest of us tremble.

Air — Jonathan

Sin not, O king, against the youth,
Who ne'er offended you:
Think, to his loyalty and truth
What great rewards are due!

Think, with what joy this God-like man,
You saw, that glorious day!
Think, and with ruin, if you can,
Such services repay.

Air — Saul

As great Jehovah lives, I swear,
The youth shall not be slain;
Bid him return, and, void of fear,
Adorn our court again.

Air — Jonathan

From cities storm'd, and battles won,
What glory can accrue;
By this the hero best is known,
He can himself subdue.

Wisest and greatest of his kind,
Who can in reason's fetters bind
The madness of his angry mind!

SCENE IV

Recitative — Jonathan

Appear, my friend.
Enter David.

Saul

No more imagine danger;
Be first in our esteem; with wonted valour
Repel the insults of the Philistines:
And as a proof of my sincerity
(O harness to dissemble!), instantly
Espouse my daughter, Michal.

Recitative — Saul

Yes, he shall wed my daughter! But how long
Shall he enjoy her? — He shall lead my armies!
But have the Philistines no darts, no swords,
To pierce the heart of David? — Yes, this once
To them I leave him; they shall do me right!

**SCENE V — Another part of the Palace
David and Michal**

Recitative — Michal

A father's will has authoriz'd my love:
No longer, Michal, then attempt to hide
The secret of thy soul. — I love thee, David,
And long have lov'd. Thy virtue was the cause;
And that be my defence.

Duet — Michal and David

Michal

O fairest of ten thousand fair,
Yet for thy virtue more admir'd.
Thy words and actions all declare
The wisdom by thy God inspir'd.

David

O lovely maid! thy form beheld,
Above all beauty charms our eyes:
Yet still within that form concealed,
Thy mind, a greater beauty, lies.

Both

How well in thee does Heav'n at last,
Compensate all my sorrows past.
Exeunt.

Chorus

Is there a man, who all his ways
Directs, his God alone to please?
In vain his foes against him move:
Superior pow'r their hate disarms;
He makes them yield to virtue's charms,
And melts their fury down to love.

SCENE VI — David's House

David and Michal

Recitative — David

Thy father is as cruel, and as false,
As thou art kind to him and true. When
I approach'd him,
New from the slaughter of his enemies,
His fury with eyes flam'd, his arm he raised,
With rage grown stronger; by my guiltless head
The javelin whizzing flew and in the wall
Mock'd once again his impotence of malice.

Duet — David and Michal

David

At persecution I can laugh
No fear my soul can move
In God's protection safe,
And blest in Michal's love.

Michal

Ah! Dearest youth! for thee I fear!
Fly, begone, for death is near!

David

Fear not, lovely fair, for me:
Death, where thou art, cannot be;
Smile, and danger is no more.

Michal

Fly, for death is at the door!
See, the murd'rous band comes on!
Stay no longer, fly, begone!

David escapes by a window

SCENE VII — Michal and a Messenger

Recitative — Michal

Whom dost thou seek?
And who has sent thee hither?

Messenger

I seek for David; and am sent by Saul.

Michal

Thy errand?

Messenger

'Tis a summons to the court.

Michal

Say, he is sick.

Messenger

In sickness, or in health,
Alive, or dead, he must be brought to Saul.
Show me his chamber.

She shows him David's bed with an image in it.

Do you mock the king?
This disappointment will enrage him more:
Then tremble for th' event.
Exit.

Air — Michal

No, no, let the guilty tremble
At ev'ry thought of danger near.
Though numbers, arm'd with death, assemble,
My innocence disdains to fear.

Though great their power as their spite —
Undaunted still, my soul, remain,
For greater is Jehovah's might,
And will their lawless force restrain.

SCENE VIII

Recitative — Merab

Mean as he was, he is my brother now,
My sister's husband; and to speak the truth,
Has qualities, which justice bids me love,
And pity his distress. My father's cruelty
Strikes me with horror! At th' approaching feast
I fear some dire event, unless my brother,
His friend, the faithful Jonathan, avert
Th' impending ruin. I know he'll do his best.

Air — Merab

Author of peace, who canst control
Ev'ry passion of the soul;
To whose goods spirits alone we owe
Words that sweet as honey flow:
With thy dear influence his tongue be fill'd,
And cruel wrath to soft persuasion yield.

SCENE IX — *The Palace The Feast of the New Moon*

Symphony

Recitative — Saul

The time at length is come, when I shall take
My full revenge on Jesse's son.
No longer shall the stripling make
His sovereign totter on the throne.
He dies — the blaster of my fame,
Bane of my peace, and author of my shame.

SCENE X

Saul, Jonathan, etc.

Recitative — Saul

Where is the son of Jesse? Comes he not
To grace our feast?

Jonathan

He earnestly ask'd leave
To go to Bethlem, where his father's house,
At solemn rites of annual sacrifice,
Requir'd his presence.

Saul

O perverse! rebellious!
Think'st thou, I do not know what thou has't chose
The son of Jesse to thy own confusion!
The world will say, thou art no son of mine,
Who thus canst love the man I hate; the man
Who, if he lives, will rob thee of thy Crown.
Send, fetch him hither, for the wretch must die.

Jonathan

What has he done? and wherefore must he die?

Saul

Dar'st thou oppose my will? Die then thyself!

Throws his javelin. Exit Jonathan, then Saul.

Chorus

O fatal consequence
Of rage, by reason uncontrol'd!
With ev'ry law he can dispense;
No ties the furious monster hold:
From crime to crime he blindly goes,
Nor end, but with his own destruction, knows.

INTERMISSION



PART THE THIRD

SCENE I — *Endor
Saul, disguised*

Recitative — Saul

Wretch that I am! Of my own ruin author!
Where are my old supports? The valiant youth,
Whose very name was terror to my foes,
My rage has drove away. Of God forsaken,
In vain I ask His counsel! He vouchsafes
No answer to the sons of disobedience!
Ev'n my own courage fails me! — Can it be?
Is Saul become a coward? — I'll not believe it!
If heav'n denies thee aid — seek it from hell!

'Tis said, here lives a woman, close familiar
With th' enemy of mankind: her I'll consult,
And know the worst. Her art is death by law;
And whilst I minded law, sure death attended
Such horrid practices: Yet, O hard fate!
Myself am now reduc'd to ask the counsel
Of those I once abhor'd!

SCENE II — *The Witch's Abode
Saul and the Witch of Endor*

Recitative — Witch

With me that would'st thou?

Saul

I would, that by thy art thou bring me up
The man whom I shall name.

Witch

Alas! thou know'st
How Saul has cut off those who use this art.
Would'st thou ensnare me?

Saul

As Jehovah lives,
On this account no mischief shall befall thee.

Witch

Whom shall I bring up to thee?

Saul

Bring up Samuel.

Air — Witch

Infernal spirits, by whose power
Departed ghosts in living form appear,
Add horror to the midnight hour,
And chill the boldest hearts with fear:
To this stranger's wond'ring eyes
Let the Prophet Samuel rise.

The apparition of Samuel rises.

SCENE III
Apparition of Samuel, Saul

Recitative — Samuel

Why hast thou forc'd me from the realms of peace
Back to this world of woe?

Saul

O holy prophet!
Refuse me not thy aid in this distress.
The num'rous foe stands ready for the battle:
God has forsaken me: No more He answers
By prophets or by dreams: No hope remains
Unless I learn from thee, what course to take.

Samuel

Hath God forsaken thee? and dost thou ask
My counsel? Did I not foretell thy fate,
When, madly disobedient, thou didst spare
The curst Amalekite, and on the spoil
Didst fly rapacious? Therefore God this day
Hath verified my words in thy destruction!
Hath rent the kingdom from thee, and bestow'd it
On David, whom thou hatest for his virtue.
Thou and thy sons will be with me tomorrow,
And Israel by Philistine arms shall fall.
The Lord hath said it: He will make it good.

Symphony

SCENE IV — *Ziklag
David and the Israelites. To them an Amalekite.*

Recitative — David
Whence comest thou?

Amalekite

Out of the camp of Israel.

David

Thou canst inform me then: how went the battle?

Amalekite

The people, put to flight, in numbers fell,
And Saul, and Jonathan his son, are dead.

David

Alas! my brother! — but how know'st thou
That they are dead?

Amalekite

Upon Mount Gilbon

I met with Saul, just fall'n upon his spear.

Swiftly the foe pursu'd. He cried to me,

Beg'd me to finish his imperfect work,

And end a life of pain and ignominy.

I knew he could not live, therefore slew him;

Took from his head the crown, and from his arms

The bracelets, and have brought them to my Lord.

David

Whence art thou?

Amalekite

Of the race of Amalek.

Air — David

Impious wretch, of race accurst!
And of all that race the worst!
How hast thou dar'd to lift thy sword
Against th' anointed of the Lord?
Fall on him — smite him — let him die!
(*To one of his attendants, who kills the Amalekite.*)

On thy own head thy blood will lie;
Since thy own mouth has testified,
By thee the Lord's anointed died.

Dead March

SCENE IV
An Elegy on the Death of Saul and Jonathan.

Chorus

Mourn, Israel, mourn thy beauty lost,
Thy choicest youth on Gilboa slain!
How have thy fairest hopes been cross'd!
What heaps of mighty warriors strew the plain!

Air — David (as Man)

O let it not in Gath be heard,
The news in Askelon let none proclaim;
Lest we, whom once so much they fear'd,
Be by their women now despis'd,
And lest the daughters of th' uncircumsis'd
Rejoice and triumph in our shame.

Air — David
From this unhappy day
No more, ye Gilboan hills, on you
Descend refreshing rain, or kindly dew,
Which erst your heads with plenty crown'd;
Since there the shield of Saul, in arms renown'd,
Was vilely cast away.

Air — David
Brave Jonathan his bow ne'er drew,
But wing'd with death his arrow flew,
And drank the blood of slaughter'd foes:
Nor drew great Saul his sword in vain;
It reek'd where'er he dealt his blows
With entrails of the mighty slain.

Chorus
Eagles were not so swift as they,
Nor lions with so strong a grasp,
Held fast and tore the prey.

Air — David (as a Boy again)
In sweetest harmony they liv'd,
Nor death their union could divide.
The pious son ne'er left his father's side,
But, him defending, bravely died:
A loss too great to be surviv'd!

For Saul, ye maids of Israel, moan,
To whose indulgent care
You owe the scarlet and the gold you wear,
And all the pomp in which your beauty
long has shone.

Solo (David) and Chorus
O fatal day! how the mighty lie!
O Jonathan, how nobly didst thou die,
For thy king and country slain!
For thee, my brother Jonathan,
How great is my distress!
What language can my grief express?
Great was the pleasure I enjoy'd in thee!
And more than woman's love thy
wondrous love to me!

O fatal day! how the mighty lie!
Where, Israel, is thy glory fled?
Spoil'd of thy arms, and sunk in infamy,
How canst thou raise again thy drooping head?

Recitative — High Priestess
Ye men of Judah, weep no more;
Let gladness reign in all our host;
For pious David will restore
What Saul by disobedience lost.
The Lord of Hosts is David's friend,
And conquest will his arms attend.

Chorus
Gird on thy sword, thou man of might,
Pursue thy wonted fame:
Go on, be prosperous in fight,
Retrieve the Hebrew name!

Thy strong right hand, with terror arm'd,
Shall thy obdurate foes dismay;
While others, by thy virtue charm'd,
Shall crowd to own thy righteous sway.

❖ Upcoming Performances

Handel: *The Messiah*

December 20, 7:00 PM, University Christian Church
December 21, 3:00 PM, University Christian Church

Handel: *Hercules*

February 8, 3:00 PM, University Christian Church

Handel: *Brookes Passion*

April 10, 7:30 PM, University Christian Church

Handel: *Theodora*

June 7, 7:00 PM, University Christian Church

Orchestra Winds: Poulenc & Stravinsky

with Mark Salman, piano
January 25, 3:00 PM, Shorecrest Performing Arts Center

Chamber Music Marathon

February 13-15, location to be announced

Baroque Courts

March 8, 3:00 PM, location to be announced

Orchestra Winds: Holst & Hindemith

March 28, 8:00 PM, location to be announced

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