

1980-81 Concert Series  
**THE BROADWAY  
CHAMBER SYMPHONY**

George Shangrow, *conductor*

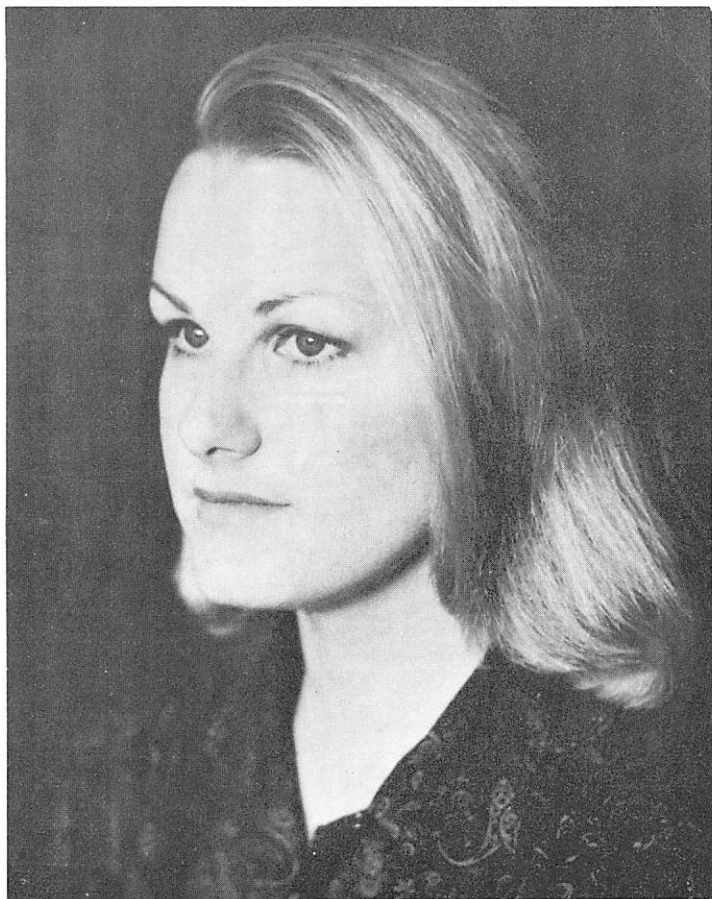


**Subscription Concert V**

**Guest Artist**  
**Jacalyn Schneider, soprano**

Friday, June 12 — University Unitarian Church  
Sunday, June 14 — Roethke Auditorium, UW

*Guest Artist*  
**JACALYN SCHNEIDER**



A native of Seattle, soprano Jacalyn Schneider received her musical education at Cornish Institute and at the University of Washington. In Seattle, she has performed with the University of Washington Opera Theater and Workshop, Seattle Civic Light Opera, Cornish Opera Workshops, and in 1980 she was finalist in the Seattle Opera Schultz Competition. She is presently on the faculty of Seattle Central Community College.

# PROGRAM

**Clarinet Concerto** ..... Copland  
Gary Oules, *clarinet*

**Les Nuits d'Ete (Summer Nights)** ..... Berlioz  
*Villanelle*  
*Le Spectre de la Rose*  
*Sur Les Lagunes*  
*Absence*  
*Au Cimetiere*  
*L'Île inconnue*  
Jacalyn Schneider, *soprano*

## INTERMISSION

**Incidental Music to  
"A Midsummer Night's Dream"** ..... Mendelssohn  
*Overture*  
*Scherzo*  
*Nocturne*  
*Allegro Appassionato*  
*March*

VILLANELLE

Quand viendra la saison nouvelle,  
Quand auront disparu les froids,  
Tous les deux nous irons, ma belle,  
Pour cueillir le muguet aux bois;  
Sous nos pieds égrenant les perles  
Que l'on voit au matin trembler,  
Nous irons écouter les merles  
Siffler.

Le printemps est venu, ma belle,  
C'est le mois des amants béni,  
Et l'oiseau, satinant son aile,  
Dit des vers au rebord du nid.  
Oh, viens, donc, sur ce banc de  
mousse

Pour parler de nos beaux amours,  
Et dis-moi de ta voix si douce:  
"Toujours".

Loin, bien loin, égarant nos courses,  
Faisant fuir le lapin caché

Et le daim au miroir des sources  
Admirant son grand bois penché;  
Puis chez nous, tout heureux, tout  
aises,

En panier enlacant nos doigts,  
Revenons, rapportant des fraises  
Des bois.

LE SPECTRE DE LA ROSE

Soulève ta paupière close  
Qu'effleure un songe virginal;  
Je suis le spectre d'une rose  
Que tu portais hier au bal.  
Tu me pris encore emperlée  
Des pleurs d'argent de l'arrosoir,  
Et parmi la fête étoilée  
Tu me promenas tout le soir.  
Oh toi, qui de ma mort fut cause,  
Sans que tu puisse le chasser,  
Toutes les nuits mon spectre rose  
A ton chevet viendra danser.

Mais ne crains rien, je ne réclame  
Ni messe ni 'De Profundis';  
Ce léger parfum est mon âme,  
Et j'arrive du Paradis.

Mon destin fut digne d'envie,  
Et pour avoir un sort si beau  
Plus d'un aurait donné sa vie,  
Car sur ton sein j'ai mon tombeau,

VILLANELLE

When the new season comes  
and the cold weather has gone,  
the pair of us will go, my pretty one,  
to gather lilies-of-the-valley in the  
woods  
Shaking free beneath our feet the  
dewdrops  
that one sees a-tremble in the early  
morn,  
we will go to hear the blackbirds sing.  
Spring has come, my pretty one,  
it is the month that lovers bless,  
and the birds, preening their wings,  
sing verses from the rim of their nest.  
Oh, come then to this mossy bank  
to discourse of our sweet loves,  
and say to me in that gentle voice  
of yours: "For ever!"

Straying far, very far, from our way,  
startling the timid rabbit from its  
hiding place  
and the deer at the mirror-ing spring,  
admiring its great lowered antlers,  
all filled with content and happiness,  
then,  
entwining our fingers basket-like,  
homewards we will go, bringing  
wild strawberries.

THE SPECTRE OF THE ROSE

Open your closed lids  
that a virginal dream lightly brushes.  
I am the spectre of a rose  
you wore at the ball last eve.  
You took me still pearly  
with the watering-pot's silvery tears  
and about the starry gathering  
carried me all the night.

Oh, you, who caused my death,  
powerless to banish it,  
my rosy spirit every night  
will come to dance by your bedside.

But do not be afraid—I demand  
neither mass nor De Profundis.  
This fragile perfume is my soul  
and I come from paradise.

My lot was to be envied,  
and to have so beautiful a fate  
many a one would have rendered up his life—  
for my grave is on your breast

Et sur l'albâtre où je repose  
Un poète avec un baiser  
Ecrivit: Ci-gît une rose  
Que tous les rois vont jalouser.

*and on the alabaster where I lie at rest  
with a kiss a poet  
has written: Here lies a rose  
that every king will envy!*

#### SUR LES LAGUNES

Ma belle amie est morte:  
Je pleurerai toujours;  
Sous la tombe elle emporte  
Mon âme et mes amours.  
Dans le ciel, sans m'attendre,  
Elle s'en retourna;  
L'ange qui l'emmena  
Ne voulut pas me prendre.  
Que mon sort est amer!  
Ah! Sans amour s'en aller sur la mer!  
La blanche créature  
Est couchée au cercueil.  
Comme dans la nature  
Tout me paraît en deuil!  
La colombe oubliée  
Pleure et songe à l'absent;  
Mon âme pleure et sent  
Qu'elle est dépareillée.  
Que mon sort est amer!  
Ah! Sans amour s'en aller sur la mer!  
Sur moi la nuit immense  
S'étend comme un linceuil;  
Je chante ma romance  
Que le ciel entend seul.  
Ah! Comme elle était belle  
Et comme je l'aimais!  
Je n'aimerai jamais  
Une femme autant qu'elle.  
Que mon sort est amer!  
Ah! Sans amour s'en aller sur la mer! Ah!

#### ON THE LAGOONS

*My dearest love is dead—  
I shall weep for ever more.  
Into the grave she takes with her  
my soul and all my love.  
She returned to heaven  
without waiting for me—  
the angel that took her  
would not take me, too.  
How bitter is my fate!  
Alas, to go over the sea without love!  
The pure white being  
is lying in her grave.  
Oh, how everything in nature  
seems to me to be in mourning!  
The forsaken dove  
weeps and dreams of its absent mate.  
My soul weeps and feels  
itself to be incomplete.  
How bitter is my fate!  
Alas, to go over the sea without love!  
Above me the immensity of night  
spreads like a shroud.  
I chant my lay,  
which is heard by heaven alone.  
Oh, how beautiful she was  
and how I loved her!  
I shall never love another woman  
as I do her.  
How bitter is my fate!  
Alas, to go over the sea without love! Alas!*

#### ABSENCE

Reviens, reviens ma bien aimée!  
Comme une fleur loin du soleil,  
La fleur de ma vie est fermée  
Loin de ton sourire vermeil.  
Entre nos coeurs quelle distance!  
Tant d'espace entre nos baisers!  
O sort amer! O dure absence!  
O grands désirs inapaisés!  
Reviens, reviens ma bien aimée, etc.  
D'ici là-bas, que de campagnes,  
Que de villes et de hameaux,  
Que de vallons et de montagnes,  
A lasser le pied des chevaux!  
Reviens, reviens ma bien aimée, etc.

#### ABSENCE

*Come back, come back, my best beloved!  
Like a flower far from the sun  
my life's flower is fast shut  
far from your rosy smile.  
What a distance there is between our hearts!  
So much space between our kisses!  
Oh, bitter fate! Oh, cruel absence!  
Oh, frantic desires unappeased!  
Come back, come back, my best beloved, etc.  
From here thither, so many plains,  
so many towns and hamlets,  
so many valleys and mountains—  
enough to tire the horses' feet!  
Come back, come back, my best beloved, etc.*

## AU CIMETIÈRE

Connaissez-vous la blanche tombe

Où flotte avec un son plaintif

L'ombre d'un if?

Sur l'if, une pâle colombe,

Trieste et seul, au soleil couchant,

Chante son chant :

Un air maladivement tendre,

A la fois charmant et fatal,

Qui vous fait mal,

Et qu'on voudrait toujours entendre,

Un air, comme en soupire aux cieux

L'ange amoureux.

On dirait que l'âme éveillée

Pleure sous terre à l'unison

De la chanson,

Et du malheur d'être oubliée

Se plaint dans un roucoulement

Bien doucement.

Sur les ailes de la musique

On sent lentement revenir

Un souvenir :

Une ombre, une forme angélique

Passe dans un rayon tremblant,

En voile blanc.

Les belles de nuit, demi-closes,

Jettent leur parfum faible et doux

Autour de vous,

Et le fantôme aux molles poses

Murmure en vous tendant les bras :

"Tu reviendras!"

Oh! Jamais plus, près de la tombe,

Je n'irai quand descend le soir

Au manteau noir,

Ecouter la pâle colombe

Chanter sur la pointe de l'if

Son chant plaintif!

## L'ÎLE INCONNUE

Dites, la jeune belle!

Où voulez-vous aller?

La voile enfle son aile,

La brise va souffler!

L'aviron est d'ivoire,

Le pavillon de moire,

Le gouvernail d'or fin;

J'ai pour lest une orange,

Pour voile une aile d'ange,

Pour mousse un séraphin.

Dites, la jeune belle, etc.

Est-ce dans la Baltique,

Dans la mer Pacifique,

Dans l'île de Java?

Ou bien est-ce en Norvège,

Cueillir la fleur de neige,

Ou la fleur d'Angsoka?

## IN THE CEMETERY

Do you know the white tomb  
where, with plaintive moan, the shadow  
of a yew tree floats?

On that yew a pale dove,  
sad and solitary, at sundown  
sings its lay:

a refrain sickly-tender,  
at once both delightful and deadly,  
that hurts,  
which yet one would fain listen to for ever—  
an air like the amorous angel might sing  
in the heavens.

One would say the soul awakened  
is weeping beneath the sod  
in unison with the song,  
and in a gentle cooing  
complaining of the misery  
of being forgot.

On the music's wing  
one feels a memory  
slowly return—  
a shadow, an angelic form,  
passes in a tremulous beam,  
shrouded in a white veil.

Night-scented blossoms, half-open,  
exhale their scent mild and sweet  
about you,  
and the phantom with its sluggish gestures  
whispers as it extends to you its arms:  
You will return!

Oh, never again will I go near  
that tomb, when the sombre cloak  
of night descends,  
to listen to the pale dove  
from the summit of the yew tree sing  
its plaintive song!

## THE UNKNOWN ISLE

Tell me, pretty young maid,  
where would you like to go?  
The sail bellies like a wing,  
the breeze is about to blow.

The oar is of ivory,  
the flag of watered silk,  
the rudder of fine gold,  
for ballast I have an orange,  
for sail, an angel's wing,  
for ship's boy, a seraph.

Tell me, pretty young maid, etc.  
Would it be to the Baltic,  
or to the Pacific,  
or to the isle of Java?  
Or else would it be to Norway,  
to pluck the snow flower?  
Or the flower of Angsoka?

Dites, dites, la jeune belle,  
Dites, où voulez-vous aller?  
Menez-moi, dit la belle,  
A la rive fidèle  
Où l'on aime toujours.  
Cette rive, ma chère,  
On ne la connaît guère  
Au pays des amours.  
Où voulez-vous aller?  
La brise va souffler.

*Tell me, tell me, pretty young maid,  
tell me where you'd like to go?  
Take me, said the pretty young maid,  
to the faithful shore,  
where love endures for ever.  
That shore, my dear,  
is scarce known  
in the realm of love.  
Where would you like to go?  
The breeze is about to blow.*

## PROGRAM NOTES

by Gary Fladmoe

### ***Incidental Music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" – Felix Mendelssohn***

When Mendelssohn was but seventeen he wrote an overture, opus 21. Some seventeen years later he was commissioned by King Frederick William of Prussia to compose incidental music for a staging of Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in a new royal theater in Potsdam. To the overture Mendelssohn added thirteen new compositions, opus 61a. From this set of pieces has derived a suite for concert performance which in addition to the Overture, includes the Nocturne, Scherzo, and the classic Wedding March.

The Overture is an enchanting achievement for a boy of seventeen. It evokes the fairy world of Shakespeare's play with remarkable accuracy and delicacy. Following four sprite-like chords, a rapid string passage plunges us headlong into the imaginary world. In turn we hear a haunting horn melody, a broad lyrical theme shared by woodwinds and strings, and a country dance for strings. The overture ends as it began, with four delicate chords.

The Nocturne features the lyric romanticism of a solo horn, giving way to the Scherzo which transports us back to the realm of the fairies. Woodwinds and unison strings both of the main themes of the Scherzo. The Wedding March is one of the two most popular pieces of music for weddings ever composed (the other being that from Wagner's *Lohengrin*). A trumpet fanfare opens the march. It is followed by the familiar, stately theme. A trio section of two contrasting parts concludes the movement.

The other, less frequently performed episodes from the incidental music include: Fairies' March, Intermezzo or Entr'acte, Melodrama, Andante, Allegro comodo and Marcia funebre, Bergomask Dance, and Finale. The music, despite its familiarity, wears well and has remained an audience favorite through the years.

## **Concerto for Clarinet and String Orchestra — Aaron Copland**

Aaron Copland began work on his Clarinet Concerto in 1947 as the result of a commission by Benny Goodman. The first movement was completed while the composer was on a good-will tour of South America, and the second movement was completed in Copland's own New York State in early autumn of 1948.

Since the work was written for Benny Goodman it makes use of the elements of jazz. It is interesting to note that the features of the style which characterized the Benny Goodman sextet in the 1930s and '40s are strikingly reminiscent of the stark and often dissonant elements of Copland's music which gave him the reputation of being an esoteric in the early 1930s.

Copland has provided his own analysis of the work: "The Clarinet Concerto is cast in a two-movement form, played without pause, and connected by a cadenza for the solo instrument. The first movement is simple in structure, based upon the usual A-B-A song form. The general character of this movement is lyric and expressive. The cadenza that follows provides the soloist with considerable opportunity to demonstrate his prowess, at the same time introducing fragments of the melodic material to be heard in the second movement. Some of this material represents an unconscious fusion of elements obviously related to North and South American popular music. (For example, a phrase from a currently popular Brazilian tune, heard by the composer in Rio, became imbedded in the secondary material in F major.) The overall form of the final movement is that of a free rondo, with several side issues developed at some length. It ends with a fairly elaborate coda in C major."

The first movement displays a tender, lyrical mood, descriptive of a slow ballet. The jazz elements enter in the extended cadenza which connects the two movements and go on to dominate the fast, second movement. The concerto became the music accompaniment to the ballet, *The Pied Piper*, by Jerome Robbins. Scored for strings, harp, piano and solo clarinet, the orchestration imparts much subtlety to the work. The use of the harp and piano lends a delicate edge to the string sonority and serves to illuminate the orchestral score.

The solo instrument rises to range limits beyond those of traditional scoring practices, and the rhythmic intricacy, particularly in the final movement, displays the soloist at his best.

## **Nuits d'ete — Hector Berlioz**

Hector Berlioz, usually regarded in high esteem as a composer of instrumental music and a master orchestrator, is equally at home when writing for the voice. Alfred Einstein has said of him: "Berlioz sowed the seeds for the entire musical lyricism of the Nineteenth Century in the French language — in its color, noble sentimentality, and refined seriousness and grace."

One has to listen to very little of the music of Berlioz to reach the conclusion that melody is everywhere present in it, and the primary concern in his music is melodic expression. His use of orchestral colors and of the intricacies of language all serve to amplify and highlight his melodic sense. *Nuits d'ete* is a masterpiece of French vocal music which combines the best of the instrumental shimmer and vocal elegance which are foremost characteristics of the style of Berlioz.



*Nuits d'ete* is a cycle of six songs. They were first composed in 1832 with piano accompaniment and were musical settings of the poems of the arch-Romantic Theophile Gautier. Berlioz later orchestrated them, and the orchestration only added to his reputation for brilliance in that musical medium.

The poems all treat some aspect of love, a subject with which Berlioz, being a typical Frenchman, was more than ordinarily acquainted. They spill over with the passion of a man in love with love. As Jay Harrison has written: "Berlioz, the world has finally come to acknowledge, was a genius of the highest artistic virtue. One listening to *Nuits d'ete* will convince you that while writing these songs the gods swept down to touch his pen."

The members of the Broadway Chamber Symphony extend their gratitude to these contributors.

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