

The George Shangrow Chorale

George Shangrow, Conductor & Musical Director

May 22, 1989
University Unitarian Church
Seattle



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Soprano

Belle Chenault
Crissa Cugini
Ann Erickson
Catherine Haight
MaryAnn Landsverk
Janet Sittig
Barbara Stephens

Alto

Marta Chaloupka
Mary Beth Hughes
Laurie Medill
Nancy Shasteen
Nedra Slauson
Kay Verelius

Tenor

Ron Haight
Darren Hollenbaugh
Philip Jones
Gino Luchetti
Paul Raabe

Bass

Gustav Blazek
Jay Cook
Andrew Danilchik
Randy Johnson
Skip Satterwhite
Bob Schilperoort

CAROL SAMS

The George Shangrow Chorale is pleased to premiere *Six Poems of Carl Sandburg* composed by CAROL SAMS. Ms. Sams has worked in close association with George Shangrow for the last fifteen years, and Shangrow's musical ensembles have had the privilege of premiering several of her works, including her oratorio *The Earthmakers*, and four of her operas (*Benji*, *Beauty and the Beast*, *Daddy's Money* and *Swampstet*.) Ms. Sams is also often featured as soprano soloist for the Broadway Symphony/Seattle Chamber Singers. This season she performed Richard Strauss' *Four Last Songs* with the orchestra, and in past years has sung the soprano roles in Beethoven's 9th Symphony, several Handel oratorios and Bach cantatas. In addition to her work with BS/SCS, she teaches music courses at Seattle Central Community College and she serves University Unitarian Church as lead soprano for the church choir and, with Robert Kechley, is composer in residence.

Next Spring, The Broadway Symphony/Seattle Chamber Singers will reprise Carol Sams' operas *Daddy's Money* and *Swampstet* (a barbershop opera!) and will add the premiere of her newest opera, *Heaven*.

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PROGRAM

Motet BWV 228

Fürchte dich nicht

J. S. Bach
1685-1750

Four Motets for the Season of Lent

Timor et tremor
Vinea mea electa
Tenebrae factae sunt
Tristis est anima mea

Francis Poulenc
1899-1963

Prayers of Steel: Six Poems of Carl Sandburg

Prayers of Steel
Maroon with Silver Frost
Sea Wash
Phizzog
Old Music for Quiet Hearts
Happiness

Carol Sams
1945-

-Intermission-

Choral Songs, Op. 104

No. 1 Nachtwache I
No. 2 Nachtwache II
No. 3 Letztes Gluck
No. 4 Verlorene Jugend
No. 5 Im Herbst

Johannes Brahms
1833-1897

Choral Songs

Sing No Sad Songs
Psalm 121
Invitation *English Horn Solo, Robert Kechley*

Gerald Kechley
1919-

English Folk Songs

The Girl I Left Behind Me
The Turtle Dove *Baritone Solo, Bob Schilperoort*
Swansea Town
Brigg Fair *Tenor Solo, Ron Haight*
Our Captain Calls All Hands

arr. John Rutter
arr. Ralph Vaughan-Williams
arr. Gustav Holst
arr. Percy Grainger
arr. John Gardner

J. S. BACH: 1685-1750: MOTET BWV 228

(opening)

*Furchte dich nicht, ich bin bei dir;
Weiche nicht, denn ich bin dein Gott;
Ich starke dich, ich helfe dir auch;
Ich erhalte dich durch die rechte Hand
Meiner Gerechtigkeit.*

(fugue)

*Denn ich habe dich erloset,
ich habe dich bei deinem Namen gerufen,
Du bist mein.
Furchte dich nicht, du bist mein.*

(chorale)

*Herr, mein Hirt, Brunnen aller Freuden!
Du bist mein, ich bin dein,
Niemand kann uns scheiden.
Ich bin dein, weil du dein Leben
und dein Blut, mir zu gut,
in den Tod gegeben.
Du bist mein, weil ich dich fasse
und dich nicht, O mein Licht,
aus dem Herzen lassen!
Lass mich, lass mich hingelangen,
wo du mich und ich dich
ewig werd' umfassen.*

Fear not, for I am with thee;
Be not dismayed, for I am thy God;
I will strengthen thee, I will help thee;
I will uphold thee with the right hand
of my righteousness. (Isaiah 41:10)

For I have redeemed thee,
I have called thee by thy name,
thou art mine. (Isaiah 43:1)

Lord, my shepherd, fountain of all joys!
You are mine, I am yours,
none can part us.
I am yours, for you have delivered your life and
your blood for my sake
unto death.
You are mine for I hold you fast
and will not, O my light,
release you from my heart!
Let me, let me reach
the place where we
may embrace eternally.

GERALD KECHELY B. 1919

Sing No Sad Songs (Composed 1969)
Christina Rossetti, 1830-1894

When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cyprus tree:
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet;
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.
I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on, as if in pain:
And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Happily I may remember,
And happily may forget.

Psalm 121 (Composed 1968)

I lift mine eyes to the hills
From whence my help doth come.
My help comes from the Lord
Who made heaven and the earth.
He who keeps you will not slumber.
The Lord is your keeper,
And the sun shall not smite you by day,
Nor the moon by night.
He will keep your life,
The Lord will keep your life,
Your going out and your coming in.
From this time forth and forever more.

Invitation (Composed 1987)
Rabindranath Tagore

There is a flutter in the woods and glades
with the advent of Spring.
The lovelorn heart pulsates once again
to the quick rhythm of dancing feet.
There was a wordless longing
in the bare twigs of Madhavi until the
other day.
Today words tumble out of the fullness of her
heart
in a fine frenzy of sprouting leaves.
Butterflies flit about everywhere.
Their brilliant wings are an invitation to a festival.

FRANCIS POULENC 1889-1963
FOUR MOTETS FOR THE SEASON OF LENT

1. Timor et tremor (1933)

Timor et tremor venerunt super me et caligo cecidit super me, miserere mei Domine, quoniam in te confidit anima mea.

Fear and trembling have come over me and darkness has fallen upon me; have mercy upon me, Lord, for I have trusted my soul to Thee.

Exaudi Deus deprecationem meam, quia refugium meum es tu et adjutor fortis. Domine in vocavite, non confundar.

Lord, hear my prayer, for Thou art my refuge and my help. Omnipotent Lord, I have called upon Thy name, I shall not be confounded.

2. Vinea mea electa (1938)

Vinea mea electa, ego te plantavi: quo modo conversa es in amaritudinem, ut me crucifigeres et Barrabam dimitteres. Sepivi te et lapides elegi ex te et oedificat turrim.

Vine that I selected, I planted you: why have you turned to bitterness, that you should crucify me and set Barrabas free? I built a fence around you and picked up the stones and built a watch tower.

3. Tenebrae factae sunt (1938)

Tenebrae factae sunt, dum crucifixissent Jesum Jdaei: et circa horam nonam exclamavit Jesus voce magna: "Deus Meus, quid me dereliquisti?" Et inclinato capite, emisit spiritum. Exclamans Jesus voce magna, ait: "Pater, in manus tuas commendo spiritum meum."

There was darkness when they crucified Jesus of Judaea: and at about the ninth hour Jesus cried out with a loud voice: "My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" And inclining His head, He gave up His spirit. Crying out with a loud voice, he said "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit."

4. Tristis est anima mea (1938)

Tristis est anima mea usque ad mortem: sustinate hic, et vigilate mecum: nunc videbitis turbam, quae circumdabit me.

My heart is sorrowful unto death: stay here, and keep watch with me: soon you will see a crowd coming to surround me.

Vos fugam capietis, et ego vadam immolari pro nobis, Ecce appropinquat hora et Filius hominis tradetur in manus peccatorum.

You will take flight, and I shall go to be sacrificed for us. Behold, the hour approaches when the Son of Man will be betrayed into the hands of sinners.

CAROL SAMS b. 1945

PRAYERS OF STEEL: SIX POEMS OF CARL SANDBURG

(Composed January and February, 1989, dedicated to George Shangrow)

1. Prayers of Steel

Lay me on an anvil, O god.
Beat me and hammer me into a crowbar.
Let me pry loose old walls.
Let me lift and loosen old foundations.

Lay me on an anvil, O God.
Beat me and hammer into a steel spike.
Drive me into the girders that hold a skyscraper together.
Take red hot rivets and fasten me into the central girders.
Let me be the great nail holding a skyscraper through
blue nights into white stars.

2. Maroon With Silver Frost

Whispers of Maroon came on the little river.
The slashed hill took up the sunset,
Took up the evening star.
The brambles cracked in a fire call
To the beginnings of frost.
"It is almost night," the maroon whispered in widening
blood rings on the little river.
"It is night," the sunset, the evening star said later over
the hump of the slashed hill.
"What if it is?" the brambles crackled across the sure
silver beginnings of frost.

3. The Sea-Wash

The sea-wash never ends.
The sea-wash repeats, repeats.
Only old songs? Is that all the sea knows?
Only the old strong songs?
Is that all?
The sea-wash repeats, repeats.

4. Phizzog

This face you got,
This here phizzog you carry around,
You never picked it out for yourself, at all, at all
--did you?
This here phizzog--somebody handed it to you
--am I right?
Somebody said, "Here's yours, now go see
what you can do with it."
Somebody slipped it to you and it was like
a package marked:
"No goods exchanged after being taken away"--
This face you got.

5. Old Music For Quiet Hearts

Be still as before oh pool
Be blue and still oh pool
As before blue as before still
Oh pool of the many communions

A wingprint may come
Flash over and be gone
A yellow leaf may fall
May sink and join
Companion fallen leaves
The print of blue sky
The night bowl of stars
These far off pass and bypass
Over you blue over you still
Oh pool of the many communions

Now hold your quiet glass oh pool
Now keep your mirrorlight blue
They come and they go
And one and all
You know them one and all
And they know not you
Nor your mirrorlight blue
Only old music for quiet hearts.

6. Happiness

I asked professors who teach the meaning of life
to tell me what is happiness.
And I went to famous executives who boss the work
of thousands of men.
They all shook their heads and gave me a smile
as though I was trying to fool with them.
And then one Sunday afternoon I wandered
out along the Desplaines River
And I saw a crowd of Hungarians under the trees
with their women and their children
and a keg of beer and an accordion.

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JOHANNES BRAHMS 1833-1897
Op. 104 (1886-1888)

1. Nachtwache I
Poetry by Friedrich Ruckert

*Leise Tone der Brust,
geweckt vom Odem der Liebe,
Hauchet zitternd hinaus,
ob sich euch offn' ein Ohr,
Offn' ein liebendes Herz,
und wenn sich keines euch offnet,
Trag' ein Nachtwind euch
seufzend in meines zuruck.*

2. Nachtwache II
Ruckert

*Ruhn sie? Rufet das Horn
des Wachers druben aus Westen,
Und aus Osten das Horn
rufet entgegen: Sie ruhn!
Horst du, zagendes Herz,
die Flusternden Stimmen der Engel?
Losche die Lampen getrost,
hulle in Frieden dich ein.*

3. Letztes Gluck
poetry by Max Kalbeck

*Leblos gleitet Blatt um Blatt
Still und traurig von den Baumen;
Seines Hoffens nimmer satt,
Lebt das Herz in Fruhlingstraumen.*

*Noch verweilt ein Sonnenblick
Bei den Spaten Hagerosen--
Wie bei einem letzen Gluck,
Einem sussen, hoffnungslosen.*

Night Watch I

Soft notes of the heart,
awakened by the breath of love,
Whisper forth tremulously
if an ear or loving heart
Should open to you;
And should none be open,
let a night wind bear you back,
sighing, to mine.

Night Watch II

Do they rest? There from the west
the watchman's horn is calling,
and from the east the horn
calls back, "They rest!"
Timorous heart, do you hear
the angel's whispering voices?
Put out your lamp confidently,
and let Peace envelop you.

Last Happiness

Quietly and sadly, from the trees
leaf glides down lifelessly on leaf;
the heart lives in Spring dreams,
its hopes never fulfilled.

But a ray of sun still lingers
on the late wild rose--
as on a last happiness,
sweet to one who has given up hope.

4. **Verlorene Jugend**
*Bohemian poem, freely
translated by Wenzig*

*Brausten alle Berge,
Sauste rings der Wald--
Meine jungen Tage,
Wo sind sie so Bald?*

*Jugend, teure Jugend,
Flohest mir dahin;
O, du holde Jugend,
Achtlos war mein Sinn!*

*Ich verlor dich leider,
Wie wenn einen Stein
Jemand von sich schleudert
In die Flut hinein.*

*Wendet sich der Stein auch
Um in tiefer Flut,
Weiss ich, dass die Jugend
Doch kein Gleiches tut.*

5. **Im Herbst**
poetry by Klaus Groth

*Ernst is der herbst,
Und wenn die Blatter fallen,
Sinkt auch das Herz zu
Trubem Weh herab.
Still ist die Flur,
Und nach dem Sünden wallen
Die Sänger stumm, wie nach dem Grab.*

*Bleich ist der Tag,
Und blasse nebel schleiern
Die Sonne wie die Herzen ein.
Früh kommt die nacht:
Denn alle Kräfte feiern,
Und tief verschlossen ruht das Sein.*

*Sanft wird der Mensch.
Er sieht die Sonne sinken,
Er ahnt des Lebens wie
des Jahres Schluss.
Feucht wird das Aug',
Doch in der Träne Blinken
Erströmt des herzens seligster Erguss.*

Lost Youth

Raging over the mountains,
rushing round the woods,
O my days of youth,
where have you gone so soon?

Youth, precious youth,
you have fled from me;
O lovely youth,
unheeding was my mind!

Sadly, I have lost you,
as if someone
had idly thrown a stone
into the water.

Though the stone may return
from the water's depth,
I know that youth
does no such thing.

In Autumn

Gloomy is Autumn,
and when the leaves fall
the heart too sinks
to cheerless woe.
Still is the pasture,
and southwards travel
the songsters, silent as if to the grave.

Wan is the day,
and pallid mists veil
the sun and the earth too.
Soon comes night;
then all strength fails,
and life rests in deep oblivion.

Man mellow.
He sees the sun sink,
and foresees the end of life as
of the year.
His eyes grow moist,
but in his shining tears flows
the most blissful outpouring of the heart.