

HOLIDAY

MONDAY, DECEMBER 19, 2005 – 7:30 PM
MEANY HALL

ORCHESTRA SEATTLE and the SEATTLE CHAMBER SINGERS
George Shangrow, conductor

PROGRAM

A Christmas Festival	arr. Leroy Anderson
O Come, All Ye Faithful – <i>please sing along</i>	arr. David Willcocks
God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen – <i>please sing along</i>	arr. David Willcocks
Hark! The Herald Angels Sing – <i>please sing along</i>	arr. David Willcocks
Lo! How a Rose E'er Blooming	Praetorius/Robert Kechley
The First Noël – please sing along	arr. David Willcocks & Robert Kechley
Jingle Bells – please sing along	arr. Robert Kechley
Sleigh Ride	Leroy Anderson

– Intermission –

Hodie (This Day)

- I. Prologue
- II. Narration
- III. Song
- IV. Narration
- V. Choral
- VI. Narration
- VII. The Oxen
- VIII. Narration
- IX. Pastoral
- X. Narration
- XI. Lullaby
- XII. Hymn
- XIII. Narration
- XIV. The March of the Three Kings
- XV. Choral
- XVI. Epilogue

Ralph Vaughan Williams

OSSCS' performance of *MESSIAH* will be aired on SCCTv (Channel 28 in Seattle) on December 24th from 6 to 10 p.m. and on December 25th from 8:00 a.m. to Noon and 9:00 p.m. to midnight

Please disconnect signal watches, pagers and cellular telephones. Thank you.
Use of cameras and recording equipment is not permitted in the concert hall.

Please join us in the following Carols:

O Come, All Ye Faithful

O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold him
Born the King of Angels:
O come let us adore him,
O come let us adore him,
O come let us adore him,
Christ the Lord!

Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heav'n above;
Glory to God in the highest:
O come...

Yea, Lord, we greet thee,
Born this happy morning,
Jesu, to thee be glory giv'n;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing:
O come...

God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen

God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born upon this day,
To save us all from Satan's power
When we were gone astray:
O tidings of comfort and joy.

From god our heav'nly Father
A blessed angel came,
And unto certain shepherds
Brought tidings of the same,
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by name:
O tidings of comfort and joy.

Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood
Each other now embrace;
This holy tide of Christmas
All others doth deface
O tidings of comfort and joy.

Hark! the Herald Angels Sing

Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the newborn King;
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled:
Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies,
With th'angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.
Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the newborn King.

Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings;
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the newborn King.

The First Nowell

The first Nowell the angel did say
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they
lay;
In fields where they lay, keeping their sheep,
On a cold winter's night that was so deep:
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel!

They looked up and saw a star,
Shining in the East, beyond them far;
And to the earth it gave great light,
And so it continued both day and night:
Nowell...

And by the light of that same star,
Three wise men came from country far;
To seek for a king was their intent,
And to follow that star wherever it went:
Nowell...

Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our heav'nly Lord,
That hath made hev'n and earth of naught,
And with his blood mankind hath bought:
Nowell...

Jingle Bells

Dashing through the snow
In a one horse open sleigh,
O'er the fields we go,
Laughing all the way;
Bells on bobtails ring,
Making spirits bright;
What fun it is to ride and sing
A sleighing song tonight!

Jingle Bells! Jingle Bells! Jingle all the way!
Oh, what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh!
Jingle Bells! Jingle Bells! Jingle all the way!
Oh, what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh!

A day or two ago
I though I'd take a ride,
And soon Miss Fanny Bright

ORCHESTRA SEATTLE

VIOLIN

Susan Carpenter
Lauren Daugherty
Stacey Dye
Stephanie Endy
Sue Herring
Jason Hershey
Manchung Ho
Emmy Hoech
Fritz Klein*
Natasha Lewis
Mark Lutz
Avron Maletzky
Leif-Ivar Pedersen
Stephen Provine**
Elizabeth Robertson
Janet Showalter
Kenna Smith-Shangrow

VIOLA

Deborah Daoust
Audrey Don
Jim Lurie
Katherine McWilliams*

Håkan Olsson
Stephanie Read
Andrew Schirmer

CELLO

Jennifer Ellison
Julie Reed
Katie Sauter Messick
Valerie Ross
Matthew Wyant*

STRING BASS

Jo Hansen*
Steve Messick
Chris Simison

FLUTE/PICCOLO

Jenna Calixto
Shari Müller-Ho*
Melissa Underhill

OBOE

Brent Hages*
Scott Pollack

SEATTLE CHAMBER SINGERS

SOPRANO

Sue Cobb
Crissa Cugini
Kyla DeRemer
Susan Dier
Dana Durasoff
Lisa Hoffman
Kiki Hood
Jill Kraakmo
Peggy Kurtz
Linda Mendez
Nancy Shasteen

Melissa Thirloway
Liesel Van Cleeff

ALTO

Sharon Agnew
Carolyn Avery
Jane Blackwell
Ann Erickson
Deanna Fryhle
Courtney Fuller
Theodora Letz
Adrienne McCoy

Was seated by my side.
The horse was lean and lank,
Misfortune seem'd his lot,
He got into a drifted bank,
And we, we got upsot.
Jingle Bells! ...

Now the ground is white,
Go it while you're young;
Take the girls tonight,
And sing this sleighing song;
Just get a bobtailed nag,
Two forty for his speed,
Then hitch him to an open sleigh,
And crack! You'll take the lead.
Jingle Bells! ...

ENGLISH HORN

Taina Karr

CLARINET

Alan Lawrence*
Steve Noffsinger*

BASSOON

Jeff Eldridge
Judith Lawrence*

CONTRA BASSOON

Michel Jolivet

HORN

Barney Blough
Don Crevie
Laurie Heidt*
Jim Hendrickson

TRUMPET

David Cole*
Rabi Lahiri
Gary Roberts

TROMBONE

Paul Bogataj
Moc Escobedo*
David Holmes

TUBA

David Brewer

PERCUSSION

Lacey Brown
Kathie Flood
Dan Oie*
Maren Van Nostrand

HARP

Tiffany Wirt

KEYBOARDS

Tim Anderson
Robert Kechley

* *principal*

** *concertmaster*

Suzi Means
Laurie Medill
Christine Rickert
Julia Akoury Thiel

TENOR

Ronald Carson
Ralph Cobb
Alvin Kroon
Jon Lange
Dan Lee
Timothy lunde

Thomas Nesbitt
Brian Russell
Jerry Sams
BASS
Steohen Brady
Greg Canova
Andrew Danilchik
Douglas Durasoff
Patrick McDonald
Dennis Moore
Jeff Thirloway
Richard Wyckoff

I. Prologue

Hodie Christus natus est: Hodie Salvator apparuit:
Hodie in terra canunt angeli, letantur archangeli:
Hodie exultent justi, dicentes: Gloria in excelsis Deo:
Alleluia.

— *from the Vespers for Christmas Day*

II. Narration

Now the birth of Jesus Christ was on the wise: When as his mother Mary was espoused to Joseph, before they came together, she was found with child of the Holy Ghost.

Then Joseph her husband, being a just man, was minded to put her away privily. But while he thought on these things, behold, the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a dream.

Angel: Joseph, thou son of David, fear not to take to thee Mary thy wife: for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost. And she shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus: He shall be great, and shall be called the son of the Highest: Emmanuel, God with us.

— *from Matthew 1:18–21 and Luke 1:32*

III. Song

It was the winter wild
While the heaven-born Child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature in awe to Him
Had doff'd her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize:
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

No war, or battle's sound
Was heard the world around:
The idle spear and shield were high uphung;
The hooked chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean—
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

— *Milton (from "Hymn on the Morning of Christ's Nativity")*

IV. Narration

And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed. And all went to be taxed, every one into his

own city. And Joseph also went up unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem; to be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child. And so it was that while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

— *from Luke 2:1–7*

V. Choral

The blessed son of God only
In a crib full poor did lie;
With our poor flesh and our poor blood
Was clothed that everlasting good.
Kyrie eleison.

The Lord Christ Jesu, God's son dear,
Was a guest and a stranger here;
Us for to bring from misery,
That we might live eternally.
Kyrie eleison.

All this did he for us freely,
For to declare his great mercy;
All Christendom be merry therefore,
And give him thanks for evermore.
Kyrie eleison.

— *Miles Coverdale, after Martin Luther*

VI. Narration

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo! the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, "Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger." And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men. We praise thee, we bless thee, we worship thee, we glorify thee, we give thanks to thee for thy great glory; O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty." "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us." And the shepherds came with haste and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger. And when they had seen it, they made know abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child. And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds.

— *adapted from Luke 2:8–17 and the Book of Common Prayer*

VII. The Oxen

Christmas Eve, and twelve of the clock.
"Now they are all on their knees,"
An elder said as we sat in a flock
By the embers in hearth-side ease.

We pictured the meek, mild creatures where
They dwelt in their strawy pen,
Nor did it occur to one of us there
To doubt they were kneeling then.

So fair a fancy few would weave
In these years! Yet I feel,
If someone said on Christmas Eve,
"Come; see the oxen kneel,
In the lonely barton by yonder coomb
Our childhood used to know,"
I should go with him in the gloom,
Hoping it might be so.

— *Thomas Hardy*

VIII. Narration

And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising
God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as
it was told unto them. Glory to God in the Highest.

— *Luke 2:20*

IX. Pastoral

The shepherds sing; and shall I silent be?
My God, no hymn for Thee?
My soul's a shepherd too: a flock it feeds
Of thoughts, and words, and deeds.
The pasture is Thy word: the streams, Thy grace
Enriching all the place.

Shepherd and flock shall sing, and all my powers
Out-sing the daylight hours.
Then will we chide the sun for letting night
Take up his place and right;
We sing one common Lord; wherefore he should
Himself the candle hold.

I will go searching, till I find a sun
Shall stay, till we have done;
A willing shiner, that shall shine as gladly,
As frost-nipped suns look sadly.
Then will we sing, and shine all our own day,
And one another pay;

His beams shall cheer my breast, and both so twine,
Till even his beams sing, and my music shine.

— *George Herbert*

X. Narration

But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in
her heart.

— *Luke 2:19*

XI. Lullaby

Sweet was the song the Virgin sung,
When she to Bethl'em Juda came,

And was delivered of a son,
That blessed Jesus hath to name:
"Lulla, lulla, lullabye,
Sweet babe," sang she,
And rocked him sweetly on her knee

"Sweet babe," she sang, "my son,
And eke a saviour born,
Who hath vouchsafed from on high
To visit us that were forlorn:
"Lalula, lalula, lalula-bye,
Sweet babe," sang she,
And rocked him sweetly on her knee.

— *W. Ballet*

XII. Hymn

Bright portals of the sky,
Emboss'd with sparkling stars,
Doors of eternity,
With diamantine bars,
Your arras rich uphold,
Loose all your bolts and springs,
Ope wide your leaves of gold,
That in your roofs may come the King of Kings.
O well-spring of this All!
Thy Father's image vive;
Word, that from nought did call
What is, doth reason, live;
The soul's eternal food,
Earth's joy, delight of heaven;
All truth, love, beauty, good:
To thee, to thee be praises ever given!

O glory of the heaven!
O sole delight of earth!
To thee all power be given,
God's uncreated birth!
Of mankind lover true,
Indearer of his wrong,
Who doth the world renew,
Still be thou our salvation and our song!

— *William Drummond*

XIII. Narration

Now when Jesus was born, behold, there came wise men
from the East, saying, "Where is he that is born King? for
we have seen his star in the East, and are come to
worship him." And they said unto them, "In Bethlehem."
When they had heard that they departed; and lo! the star,
which they saw in the East, went before them, till it came
and stood over where the young child was. When they
saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. And
when they were come into the house, they saw the young
child with Mary his mother, and fell down and
worshipped him; and when they had opened their
treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and
frankincense, and myrrh.

— *adapted from Matthew 2:1, 2 and 11*

XIV. The March of the Three Kings

From kingdoms of wisdom secret and far
Come Caspar, Melchior, Balthasar;
They ride through time, they ride through night
Led by the star's foretelling light.

Crowning the skies
The star of morning, star of dayspring calls,
Lighting the stable and the broken walls
Where the prince lies.

Gold from the veins of the earth he brings,
Red gold to crown the King of Kings.
Power and glory here behold
Shut in a talisman of gold.

Frankincense from those dark hands
Was gathered in eastern, sunrise lands,
Incense to burn both night and day
To bear the prayers a priest will say.

Myrrh is a bitter gift for the dead,
Birth but begins the path you tread;
Your way is short, your days foretold
By myrrh, and frankincense and gold.

Return to kingdoms secret and far,
Caspar, Melchior, Balthasar,
Ride through the desert, retrace the night
Leaving the star's imperial light.
Crowning the skies
The star of morning, star of dayspring calls,
Lighting the stable and the broken walls
Where the prince lies.

— Ursula Vaughan Williams

XV. Choral

No sad thought his soul affright,
Sleep it is that maketh night;
Let no murmur nor rude wind
To his slumbers prove unkind:
But a quire of angels make
His dreams of heaven and let him wake
To as many joys as can
In this world befall a man.

— anonymous

Promise fills the sky with light,
Stars and angels dance in flight;
Joy of heaven shall now unbind
Chains of evil from mankind,
Love and joy their power shall break,
And for a new-born prince's sake;
Never since the world began
Such a light such dark did span.

— Ursula Vaughan Williams

XVI. Epilogue

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with
God, and the Word was God. In Him was life; and the

life was the light of men. And the Word was made flesh,
and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth. Emmanuel,
God with us.

— adapted from *John 1:1–14*

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow;
And, with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

Such music (as 'tis said),
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set.
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung;
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

Yea. Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orbed in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering;
And heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

— Milton (from "Hymn on the Morning of Christ's
Nativity")

RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS'

Hodie

Notes by Lorelette Knowles

His grandmother taught Ralph Vaughn Williams to read using the same book with which she had tutored her younger brother, Charles Darwin. The publication of *The Origin of Species* created quite a commotion among the members of the family, as it did everywhere else, and Ralph, who was about seven, inquired about it. His eminently sensible mother said to her son: "The Bible tells us that God made the world in six days. Great-uncle Charles thinks it took rather longer. But we needn't worry--it is equally wonderful either way."

The choral music of Ralph Vaughan Williams, one of the most distinguished and influential composers of the 20th century, is steeped in that appreciation for the wonders of life, the world, and the divine, whose confluence occurs at Christmas, and this love is given glorious voice in the luminous but relatively little-known Christmas cantata, *Hodie*.

The youngest of three children, Vaughan Williams, composer, conductor, teacher, writer, lecturer, and mentor to many younger musicians, was born in 1872 at Down Ampney, where his father was rector. A descendant of eminent lawyers on his father's side and of the pottery manufacturer, Josiah Wedgwood, and the eighteenth-century intellectual, Erasmus Darwin, on his mother's side, three-year-old Ralph was taken

by his mother to live with her family at the Wedgwood home after his father's early death in 1875. The boy began to learn the violin at the age of seven, and also studied the piano and organ and played the viola. Vaughan Williams studied at the Royal College of Music in London and at Trinity College, Cambridge. His teachers included two British composers who contributed much to the 20th-century revival of British music, Charles Hubert Hastings Parry and Sir Charles Villiers Stanford. Vaughan Williams also studied in Berlin (1897-98) with the German composer Max Bruch and in Paris (1909) with the famous Impressionist composer, Maurice Ravel. He began to collect English folk songs around 1903, making arrangements of them and incorporating their rhythms, scales, and melodic shapes into his own music. English music of the 17th century (he edited the works of Henry Purcell) and English hymnody also exercised powerful influences on his musical language. He was a president of the English Folk Dance and Song Society, served as music editor for the *English Hymnal* (1906), wrote a number of hymn tunes of his own, and also edited *Songs of Praise* (1925) and *The Oxford Book of Carols* (1928). After artillery service in World War I, he became professor of composition at the Royal College of Music. He was always deeply interested in the English choral tradition, conducting local choruses at the Leith Hill Music Festival from 1909 to 1953 and composing choral works for such festivals. In 1951, he lost his wife of 54 years, and two years later he married the poet Ursula Wood, nearly 40 years his junior, whom he had met in 1938 and with whom he collaborated on a number of vocal works (in 1964 she published the biography which remains the standard work on her husband's life). The composer died in his sleep in London two months before his 86th birthday, leaving the world a wealth of wonderful compositions that somehow not only exude the essence of "Englishness," but also exhibit a timeless, visionary quality that uplifts the hearts of his hearers everywhere.

Vaughan Williams' many and varied works include nine symphonies, five operas, film music, ballet and stage music, several song cycles, church music, works for chorus and orchestra, and even a tuba concerto and a romance for harmonica and strings! His finest and best-known compositions include his symphonies, the *Fantasia on a Theme of Thomas Tallis* for double string orchestra, *The Lark Ascending* for solo violin and orchestra, and such stage works as the ballad opera *Hugh the Drover*, the operas *The Pilgrim's Progress* and *Sir John in Love*, and *Job: A Masque for Dancing*. Em Marshall, Managing and Artistic Director of the English Music Festival, describes Vaughan Williams as "one of the truly outstanding composers of his or any age. One who had all the techniques one could wish for; who could experiment with the best of them; who rejuvenated a nation's musical life; who preserved its musical heritage; and who remained modest and unassuming throughout. This, of course, was part of his greatness."

Vaughan Williams' cantata *Hodie* (Latin for "this day"), scored for a large orchestra, soprano, tenor, and baritone soloists, four-part chorus, organ (optional), and a choir of treble voices, was first performed at the Three Choirs Festival in Worcester Cathedral on September 8, 1954, with the composer conducting. Though it was written in 1953-54 when Vaughan Williams was 81 years old, it exhibits an unbelievable power, vitality, and

ingenuity. The work is dedicated to the British composer, Herbert Howells, with these words: "Dear Herbert, I find that in this cantata I have inadvertently cribbed a phrase from your beautiful *Hymnus Paradisi*. Your passage seems so germane to my context that I have decided to keep it.—R.V.W." (Neither composer was ever able to identify the phrase in question in either work!) Vaughan Williams had always wanted to produce a large-scale Christmas work, and with this cantata he not only fulfilled this desire, but also clothed the religious spirit of the season in the colors of the carols sung around the British countryside.

This cantata is a work that combines the exhilaration of a child's contagious Christmas joy with a mature understanding of the season's deeper and more solemn aspects. The texts Vaughan Williams selected for *Hodie*, which are taken from the Gospels and from works by Miles Coverdale, John Milton, William Drummond, W. Ballet, Thomas Hardy, George Herbert, an anonymous author, and Ursula Vaughan Williams, form a moving Christmas "anthology" that displays the main themes of the holy day as well as the different facets of the composer's unique style. The sixteen-section work is unified by the ethereal chant-like narration, by treble choristers accompanied by the organ, of the Scriptural account of Jesus' nativity, while passages of secular poetry alternate with and "meditate upon" the various portions of the Christmas story (Bach employed this compositional device in his Passions, for which Vaughan Williams had a life-long love).

As the mystery of the Incarnation (God made flesh) catches up all of human history in a miraculous moment that occurred on "This Day" two thousand years ago, so *Hodie* serves as a summation, not only of Vaughan Williams' own lifetime of music-making, but, in a sense, of the history of all Western music. The span of its texts, written over the course of two millennia, joins past and present. Its music sweeps across an entire cosmos of contrasting moods and musical styles: antique and contemporary, tonal and modal, simple and complex, sweet and acerbic, ebullient and contemplative, chordal and contrapuntal, energetically rhythmic and meditatively lyrical, exuberant and wistful, dramatic and reflective. The work as a whole reflects the composer's longing for a clear sign of God's presence that is as "real" and tangible in the contemporary world as was Jesus' birth in his. After the faith-shaking horrors, including two hideous wars, that had befallen the world over the course of Vaughan Williams' eight decades of life, he still dares to hope that the birth of the Christ Child might somehow bring to us the joy of heaven that "shall now unbind chains of evil from mankind," the antidote to the cacophony and carnage of human conflict for which the whole creation yearns. He thus concludes the cantata with a plea for another miracle: the ringing out of the music of "Emmanuel, 'God with us,'" music that will drown the dissonance of human discord in love and peace, that will let truth, justice, and mercy return, and that will allow the harmonies of heaven to be heard once more. Seldom since the world began has such light as shines from the music of this cantata spanned the darkness of our souls!

Mezzo-soprano Kathryn Weld has made a name for herself as a gifted and versatile concert singer. As an early music specialist, she has been a featured soloist with such ensembles as the Philharmonia Baroque, under the direction of Nicholas McGegan, Music at St. John's in New York, the Magnificat Baroque Orchestra in San Francisco, and the Portland Baroque Orchestra, with whom she was heard in a live broadcast of *Messiah* on National Public Radio. Ms. Weld made her Carnegie Hall debut to critical acclaim in a performance of Bach's *B Minor Mass*, with Musica Sacra. She was previously a winner of Musica Sacra's Bach Vocal Competition. She has also made two solo appearances with the New York Philharmonic, one with Charles Dutoit conducting De Falla's *Three-Cornered Hat*, and the other under Kurt Masur's baton in *Peer Gynt*. Kathryn is recently returned from Munich, Germany, where she appeared as a soloist with the Bayerischen Rundfunkchor (Bavarian Radio Choir), the Consortium Musicum of Munich, and the Munich Baroque Orchestra, among others. She is delighted to return once again to sing with OS/SCS, with whom she has been a frequent soloist. In the Northwest, she has also appeared with the Oregon Symphony, the Northwest Chamber Orchestra, Seattle Pro Musica, and many others.

Howard Fankhauser is a frequent soloist with professional choirs, orchestras and ensembles throughout the Northwest, including Northwest Sinfonietta, Northwest Chamber Orchestra, Seattle Youth Symphony, The Early Music Guild, The Tacoma Symphony, The Bremerton Symphony, Lake Chelan Bach Fest, Orchestra Seattle and Seattle Chamber Singers, Opus7, Choral Arts, Everett Symphony, and Tacoma City Ballet. Earlier this season he was heard in concerts with Opus7, with Choral Arts and last week in *Vocal Music for Advent* at St. James Cathedral. He will

be featured in the Gala New year's Eve Concert at St. James Cathedral. Later this season Mr. Fankhauser will be featured soloist in concert with Opus7 and in concerts with St James Cathedral in Venice, Florence and Rome. In May he will be heard in the Carter Family Marionettes opera production of *The Tragedy of Tragedy, or, the Life and Death of Tom Thumb*. His solo CD *The Cathedral Tenor* has received critical acclaim: "Fankhauser's beautiful, unforced sound and his superb sense of musical style make his singing a consistent pleasure." (Melinda Bargreen, *The Seattle Times*.) He is Cathedral Soloist at St. James Cathedral, Seattle, Wa.

A native of Washington, baritone Brian Box received his Master's degree in vocal performance from Western Washington University in 1985. Mr. Box performs frequently with many Northwest ensembles, including OSSCS, Seattle Choral Company, Seattle Pro Musica, Bellevue Chamber Chorus, and Choir of the Sound. He has also performed with Rudolf Nureyev, singing Mahler's *Songs of a Wayfarer* to Mr. Nureyev's dance. Mr. Box has collaborated with OSSCS in such works as Bach's *St. Matthew Passion*, *St. John Passion*, and Christmas Oratorio, the world premieres of Huntley Beyer's *St. Mark Passion* and *The Mass of Life and Death*, and is featured on their recording of Handel's *Messiah*. The regional winner of San Francisco Opera's 1988 Merola Opera Program, he made his Seattle Opera debut as the Corporal in Donizetti's *Daughter of the Regiment*. For Tacoma Opera, Mr. Box created the role of Franz in the world premiere of Carol Sams' *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*. He has also performed extensively with Seattle Opera's Education Program and Northwest Operas in the Schools. Later this season Mr. Box will join OSSCS for a performance of the *Mass in b minor* by Johann Sebastian Bach.



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Sunday October 2 3:00PM Meany Hall
MOZART

Mozart: *Overture to Don Giovanni*
Piano Concerto No. 24 in C minor
Mark Salman, piano
Requiem in D minor

Saturday November 5 8:00PM Town Hall
BACH CANTATAS

JS Bach: *Wie schön leuchtet der Morgenstern*, BWV 1
Ich hatte viel Bekümmernis, BWV 21
Schütz: Selections from *Symphoniae Sacrae* III

Sunday December 4 3:00PM First Free Methodist Church
MESSIAH

Handel: *Messiah*

Monday December 19 7:30PM Meany Hall
HOLIDAY

Kechley: Holiday Arrangements
Seasonal Carols
Vaughan Williams: *Hodie*

Sunday February 12 3:00PM Town Hall
WINTER BAROQUE

Corelli: *Concerto Grosso Opus 6, No. 5 in B flat*
Bach: *Orchestral Suite No. 4 in D major*, BWV 1069
Haydn: *Symphony No. 31 in D major ("Hornsignal")*

Saturday March 11 8:00PM Meany Hall
ROMANTICISM

Opera arias
Stephen Wall, tenor
Debussy: *Prélude à l'après-midi d'un faune*
Benjamin: *Romantic Fantasy*
Duo Patterson, violin and viola
Elgar: *Variations on an Original Theme (Enigma)* Op. 36

Sunday April 9 7:00PM Meany Hall
REQUIEM

Verdi: *Requiem*

Sunday, May 14 3:00PM Town Hall
FIREWORKS

Handel: *Music for the Royal Fireworks*
Kechley: *New work for chamber orchestra*
OSSCS commission—world premiere

Saturday June 10 7:00 PM Blessed Sacrament Church
MASS IN B MINOR

JS Bach: *Mass in B minor*, BWV 232

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