

George Shangrow, Director

SPRING
1979

Saul

an oratorio

by

George Friedrich Handel

performed by

The Seattle Chamber Singers

and

Chamber Orchestra

conducted by

George Shangrow

Meany Theatre

Sunday, April 1, 8 p.m.

ORCHESTRA

Violin I

Sandra Schwarz
Peggy Bardarson
Rita McClarty
Eileen Lusk

Violin II

Carol Jean Brown
Aloysia Friedman
Avron Maletsky

Viola

Robert Shangrow
Ingrid Buschman
Beatrice Dolf
Joy Wood

Cello

Virginia Luke
Jeff Shank
Michael Hovnanian
Mike Bisio

Flute

Carol Wollenberg
Shirley Kraft

Oboe

Geoff Grosbong
Jeanette Houle

Bassoon

Bob Ingalls
Gary Claunch

Trombones

Stan Jeffs
Brian Amundsen
Ron Bull

Tympani

Paul Hansen

Continuo

Robert Kechley
Phil Gaskill

CHORUS

Sopranos

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

Tenor

Gregg Nelson
Jerry Sams
Charles Scurlock
Steve Stevens

Altos

Jane Borns
Kathy Elkins
Sara Hedgpath
Jan Kinney
Judy Rosenfeld
Nancy Shasteen
Kay Verelius

Bass

Joe Hill
Peter Kechley
Domenico Minotti
Cy Ulberg
Dennis VanZandt

PERSONS REPRESENTED

SAUL, King of Israel -- Peter Kechley
JONATHAN, his son -- Jerry Sams
ABNER, Captain of the Host -- Steve Stevens
DAVID -- 1st. Nancy Shasteen
 2nd, Steve Stevens
Apparition of Samuel, the prophet--
 Joe Hill
Doeg, a messenger -- Joe Hill
An Amlekite -- Steve Stevens
Abiathar -- Jerry Sams
Merab -- Ann Duncan
Michal -- Polly Detels
Witch of Endor -- Nancy Williamson
High Priestess -- Sue Walsh
ISRAELITES

ARGUMENT

PART I -- David's Victory over Goliath-- he is presented to Saul-Jonathan's friendship for him-Saul betroths his eldest daughter Merab to David-her scorn of the alliance-Michal, Saul's youngest daughter, and her Companions, celebrate the praises of Saul and David-Saul's envy is moved-David attempts to quell his anger by music-Saul, on David's escaping rate, charges Jonathan and his attendants to destroy him-Jonathan's struggle between filial duty and his affection for David-supplication of Divine protection for David.

PART II -- The hatefulness of envy - Johnathan intercedes with David - Saul, feigning to be reconciled to David, makes him leader of his armies, and bestows on him his daughter Michal, who had cherished an affection for him instead of Merab, who had formerly scorned him and had since been given to another-Saul's rage is renewed on David's returning safe from the wars, and he again attempts his destruction.

PART III -- Saul, in remorse and fear, resorts to the Witch of Endor-Samuel being raised up warns him of his ruin-tidings of the death of Saul and Jonathan are brought to David-he avenges Saul's death-lamentation for Saul and Jonathan-recognition of David as leader and ruler of the people.

PART THE FIRST

No. 1 - OVERTURE

SCENE I -- The Israelitish Camp by the Valley of Elah.

The Israelites assembled.

An Epinicion, 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

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

TRIO

Along the Monster Atheist storde
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 the boaster slew,

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.]

RECIT.

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.

RECIT.—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.

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 1.—Th 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.

RECIT-- 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

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.

RECIT

Hast thou obey'd my orders, and destroyed
My mortal enemy, the son of Jesse?
Think, with what joy this god-like man,
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

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

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!

RECIT

Appear, my friend.

RECIT -- 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 II' - Another part of the palace
DAVID and MICHAL

RECIT. - Michal.

A father's will has authorized 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.

O fairest of ten thousand fair,
Yet for thy virtue more admired,
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 conceal'd,
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 III.--David's House.

David and Michal.

RECIT.--David.

Thy father is as cruel, and as false,
As thou art kind and true. When I approach'd
him,
New from the slaughter of his enemies,
His eyes with fury 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.

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!
Ah! dearest youth for thee I fear!
See, the murd'rous band comes on!
Stay no longer! fly!--begone!

[David escapes by a window]

Enter DOEG

RECIT.--Michal.

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

Doeg.

I seek for David; and am sent by Saul.

Michal.

Thy errand?

Doeg.

'Tis a summons to the court.

Michal.

Say, he is sick.

Doeg.

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.

RECIT'--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

Author of peace, who canst controul
Ev'ry passion of the soul;
To whose good spirit 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.

SINFONIA.

SCENE IV.--The Palace.

The feast of the New Moon.

Saul, Jonathan, & c.

RECIT. --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! This blaster of my fame--
Bane of my peace, and author of my shame.

RECIT.

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

Jonathan.

He earnestly asked 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 that thou hast chos'r
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.

CHORUS

O fatal consequence
Of rage, by reason uncontroll'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

Saul, disguised

RECIT.--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 reduced to ask the counsel
Of those I once abhorr'd!

SCENE II.—The Witch's Abode.

Saul and the Witch.

RECIT.—Witch.

With me what wouldst thou?

Saul.

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

Witch.

Alas; thou knowst
How Saul has cut off those who use this art.
Wouldst 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 forms 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]

RECIT.—Samuel.

Why hast thou forced 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 bestowed it
On David, whom thou hatest for his virtue.
Thou and thy sons shall be with me to-morrow,
And Israel by Philistine arms shall fall.
The Lord hath said it: He will make it good.

SCENE III.—Ziklag.

SINFONIA.

David and Israelites.—To them an Amalekite.

RECIT.—David.

Whence comest thou?

Amalekite.

Out of the camp of Israël.

David.

Thou can'st 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 knowest thou
That they are dead?

Amalekite.

Upon Mount Gilboa
I met with Saul, just fall'n upon his spear.
Swiftly the foe pursued. He cried to me,
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

I am an Amalekite.

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;

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

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

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' uncircumcis'd
Rejoice and triumph in our shame.

AIR

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

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

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 survived!

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

CHORUS

O fatal day! how low the mighty lie!
O Jonathan, how nobly didst thou die,
For thy king and country slain!

SOLO

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!

CHORUS

O fatal day! how low 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.

AIR - 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.

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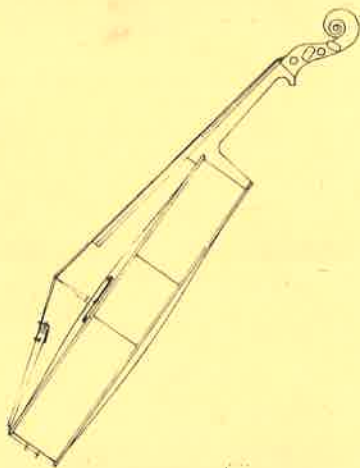
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Nielsen: Concerto for Clarinet and Orchestra

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COMING EVENTS

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

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

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

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