

ORCHESTRA SEATTLE ■ SEATTLE CHAMBER SINGERS
GEORGE SHANGROW, MUSIC DIRECTOR
2000-2001 SEASON

Choral Showcase

Sunday, February 18, 2001 ■ 3:00 PM

Illsley Ball Nordstrom Recital Hall

Benaroya Hall

Joyce Allison, *soprano* ■ Nancy Shasteen, *soprano*
Stephen Wall, *tenor* ■ Jerry Sams, *tenor* ■ Brian Box, *baritone*
Orchestra Seattle ■ Seattle Chamber Singers
George Shangrow, *conductor*

RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS [Selections from] *Five English Folksongs*
1872-1958

"Just As the Tide Was Flowing"

"The Dark-eyed Sailor"

"The Lover's Ghost"

GUSTAV HOLST "I Love My Love"
1874-1934

CLAUDIO MONTEVERDI *Lamento della Ninfa*
1567-1643

"Oh rosetta che rosetta"

"Dolci miei sospiri"

"Amor che deggio far"

JOHANNES BRAHMS *Liebeslieder Waltzes, Op. 52*
1833-1897

INTERMISSION

JOHN RUTTER "The Girl I Left Behind Me"
1945*

RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS "The Willow Song"

GUSTAV HOLST "Swansea Town"

CLAUDIO MONTEVERDI Three Madrigals

"Se vittorie si belle"

"Non voglio amare"

"Chiome d'oro"

FRANZ SCHUBERT Mass in G Major, D. 167
1797-1828

*Kyrie – Gloria – Credo – Sanctus –
Benedictus – Agnus Dei*

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

PROGRAM NOTES

RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

[Selections from] *Five English Folksongs*
"The Willow Song" from *Three Elizabethan Partsongs*

Ralph (pronounced "Rafe") Vaughan Williams was born October 12, 1872, in Down Ampney, Gloucestershire, and died August 26, 1958, in London.

Probably the most distinguished English composer of the 20th century, Vaughan Williams' music established a British national musical style. He was educated at the University of Cambridge and the Royal College of Music in London. 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 Impressionistic French composer Maurice Ravel. Beginning in about 1903 he collected English folk songs, making arrangements of them and incorporating their rhythms, scales, and melodic shapes into his own music. English music of the 17th century and English hymnody also exercised powerful influences on his musical language. He 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 greatly 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.

"The Dark-Eyed Sailor," "Just as the Tide was Flowing," and "The Lover's Ghost" are part of Vaughan Williams' *Five English Folksongs* of 1913. "The Willow Song" comes from *Three Elizabethan Partsongs* of 1891-96. The text is sung by Desdemona in Shakespeare's *Othello*, and the tune is an original melody by Vaughan Williams. The text of "The Lover's Ghost" exists in several different versions, all of which share a common theme: a young woman's lover returns after a long separation, and they spend the night together, he telling her of his time away and expressing his love for her. As dawn breaks, however, the lover disappears, and the woman realizes that he had died on his way home and returned only as a ghost.

GUSTAV THEODORE HOLST

[Selections from] *Six Choral Folksongs*, Op. 36b

Holst was born September 21, 1874, in Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, England, and died May 25, 1934, in London.

Gustav Holst was an influential music teacher and an outstandingly original composer noted for the excellence of his orchestration. His works combine an international flavor based on the styles of Maurice Ravel, Igor Stravinsky, and others; English Romanticism and folk music; and a deep interest in Hindu literature and philosophy. He was born into a very musical family and practiced piano daily under his pianist father's strict supervision. He later took up the trombone, realizing that a nerve inflammation in his right arm made becoming a solo pianist impossible, and perhaps hoping that playing a brass instrument would help to strengthen his weak lungs. In his teens he conducted village choirs near his hometown of Cheltenham, and joined the Royal College of Music in 1893 as a composition pupil of the famous British composer, Stanford. Here he met his lifelong friend and fellow folk music enthusiast, Ralph Vaughan Williams (the folk songs Vaughan Williams collected exerted a significant influence on Holst's music). In 1903, Holst began teaching, and two years later he became Director of Music at St. Paul's Girls' School, Hammersmith, the only teaching position that he kept throughout his life. Combining teaching with composition was exhausting, but Holst nonetheless became a celebrated and prolific composer, producing works for stage, orchestra, band, and smaller instrumental ensembles. The bulk of his musical output was vocal, however; even his most famous orchestral work, *The Planets*, concludes with a wordless chorus. Holst's health was always fragile, and he died at the age of 59 following an operation meant to cure an ulcer.

Like his music, Holst's personality combined contrasting elements. He was friendly and gregarious (his friends said that he set "a terrifically high

standard of being companionable," and was always exceeding it) but he was also at times quite solitary and remote. He was perceptive and business-like but could also be rather naive in life and music. He was a practical realist but he was also a visionary. He possessed a strong logical clarity of expression, but also demonstrated a capacity to create highly complex contrapuntal forms, and his was an irrational, romantic creativity. Holst was not influenced by fluctuating public tastes or fleeting musical fads, and in fact was wary of the popularity he achieved, commenting: "If nobody likes your work, you have to go on just for the sake of the work, and you are in no danger of letting the public make you repeat yourself."

Both of the Holst songs on this program come from his *Six Choral Folk Songs* of 1916. Holst had already used some of these tunes (including both "Swansea Town" and "I Love My Love") in his *Suite No. 2* in F for military band, written in 1911.

CLAUDIO MONTEVERDI

Lamento della Ninfa

[Selections from] *Scherzi Musicali*

[Selections from] *Madrigals, Books VII and VIII*

Monteverdi was baptized May 15, 1567, in Cremona, Italy, and died November 29, 1643, in Venice.

His contemporaries called Claudio Monteverdi a "prophet of music." One of the most powerful figures in the history of Western classical music, he stood astride the Renaissance and Baroque style periods. He was a master of the older polyphonic style of composition of the Renaissance. He was also significant as a proponent of the new musical style characteristic of the early Baroque period: the so-called *seconda prattica* that features single-line melodies with chordal accompaniment, and that lent itself to word-painting, emotional nuance, and the depiction of personal feelings. He was an important pioneer in the development of the new musical form, opera, which arose from the combining of music and rhetoric. Using his outstanding gifts for bringing human personality and emotion to life, he produced what is generally considered the first "true opera," *La Favola d'Orfeo*, in 1607.

Monteverdi studied as a youth with the Director of Music at Cremona Cathedral. He had composed a book of madrigals by the time he was 17, and had published several books of motets and madrigals before he went to Mantua at age 24 to serve as a string player at the court of the Duke. In 1599 he married a court singer who bore him three children, and two years later he was appointed Mantua's Director of Music. He wrote madrigals, ballet music, and theater music, and by his mid-40s he was the most celebrated composer in Italy. In 1613 he succeeded Giovanni Gabrieli as Music Director at St. Mark's Cathedral in Venice, and he remained there for the rest of his life, writing music in all genres.

Monteverdi and his contemporaries used many "new" musical devices for the specific purpose of expressing the meanings and the emotions of their texts, including strikingly unusual harmonies, chromatic lines, vivid word-painting (illustrating a word's meaning through music), special coloristic and dramatic effects, great rhythmic flexibility and vitality, varieties of texture, theatrical declamation of solo vocal lines accompanied by instruments, and extreme virtuosity. These "experimental" characteristics are displayed in Monteverdi's *scherzi* (short pieces of a playful nature) and late madrigals.

The *Lamento della Ninfa*, the best of the pieces requiring small forces from Monteverdi's eighth book of madrigals (the so-called *Madrigals of Love and War*, 1638), is a study in loneliness. It is a triptych whose main central section, a soprano lament accompanied by the repetition of a descending four-note bass pattern (an example of a "ground bass"), is framed by a scene-setting introduction and conclusion. The harmonies here are astounding; the dissonances usually found in Monteverdi's tragic music are made more pronounced by the use of three male voices as a backdrop to the soprano's melody. Another unusual feature is the instruction that the soprano must employ a free and flexible rhythm while the rest of the ensemble keeps strict time. In this way the dissonance is emphasized, and the suffering of the lovelorn nymph and her emotional isolation from the rest of the world are depicted very powerfully. In its use of the ground bass, this exceptional work links the earlier laments consisting of solo lines accompanied by chords with those in later operas by other composers which usually make some use of repeated bass sequences.

JOHN RUTTER

"The Girl I Left Behind Me" from *Five Traditional Songs*

John Rutter was born in London in 1945.

John Rutter received his first musical training as a chorister at Highgate School. His studies continued at Clare College, Cambridge, where he later became Director of Music. He was still an undergraduate when his first compositions were published, and he went on to assist Sir David Willcocks in editing and arranging the highly popular *Carols for Choirs*. Rutter has both directed and edited many outstanding recordings with his excellent choir, the Cambridge Singers, and has composed both large and small-scale choral works, orchestral and instrumental pieces, a piano concerto, two children's operas, music for television, and special pieces for such groups as the Philip Jones Brass Ensemble and the King's Singers. He has guest-conducted or lectured worldwide at concert halls, universities, churches, music festivals and conferences.

JOHANNES BRAHMS

Liebeslieder Waltzes, Op. 52

Brahms was born in Hamburg on May 7, 1833, and died in Vienna on April 3, 1897. In addition to small chorus, the work is scored for piano four-hands.

Johannes Brahms was one of the major musical figures of the 19th century, and is now ranked among the finest composers of all time. With their clarity of structure and lack of dependence upon extra-musical images or ideas, and their rich harmonies, passion, and lyricism, his works combine the best characteristics of both the Classical and the Romantic styles of musical composition. His four symphonies are considered some of the greatest ever written, and his songs are loved throughout the musical world. He seems to have been pleasingly unassuming when it came to his own compositional prowess: asked by the daughter of Johann Strauss for his autograph, he scribbled out the opening bars of Strauss' *Blue Danube Waltz* on her paper and wrote beneath it, "Not, alas, by Johannes Brahms." He once commented, "It is not hard to compose, but it is wonderfully hard to let the superfluous notes fall under the table."

As a young teenager, Brahms found himself playing the piano in Hamburg's slum district taverns and dance halls in order to augment his family's income. By the age of 20, his reputation as a pianist enabled him to act as concert-tour accompanist to a famous Hungarian violinist. At about this time Brahms met the composer, Robert Schumann, who praised him in his musical journal as a genius. Brahms numbered among his other influential musical friends and advisors the great pianist Clara Schumann (to whom he remained close after Schumann's mental collapse and subsequent death in 1856), and Joseph Joachim, the famous violin virtuoso. After failing to obtain an official position in his native city, Brahms settled in Vienna where he lived for 35 years as a relatively successful bachelor composer of music in almost every genre except opera. ("It would be as difficult for me to marry," he said, "as to write an opera. But after the first experience I should probably undertake a second!") He conducted a Viennese musical society and revived many neglected compositions by Bach, Handel, and Mozart. He was widely acquainted with older music, edited music of the Baroque and Classical eras, and collected music manuscripts. The composer succumbed to liver cancer at age 64, ten months after the death of Clara Schumann, his one great love and life-long friend, and was buried not far from Beethoven and Schubert.

Brahms made arrangements of many German folk songs, and declared that the folk song was his ideal in composing over 200 songs of his own. The 18 love-poem settings that make up his delightful *Liebeslieder Waltzes* ("Love-song Waltzes") express love's many moods, and feature exhilarating rhythmic freedom within the boundaries of the waltz's triple meter.

FRANZ PETER SCHUBERT

Mass in G, D. 167

Schubert was born January 31, 1797, in Himmelfortgrund, near Vienna, and died November 19, 1828, in Vienna. He composed this work between March 2 and 7, 1815.

The youngest son of a schoolmaster, Franz Schubert displayed as a child an extraordinary talent for music. His family was musical, and Franz, on the viola, joined in the string quartet playing that his father encouraged in their home. The boy received his first musical training from his father and

an older brother, later studying piano, violin, organ, singing and harmony; one of his teachers, Michael Holzner, choirmaster of the parish, told the able young Franz's father in amazement: "He seems to know the lessons perfectly before I begin to explain them to him!" By age 17 he had produced piano pieces, string quartets, his first symphony, and a three-act opera. Bowing to family pressure, however, he became a teacher in his father's school. He was thoroughly miserable in this position, but found comfort in musical composition: in 1815 alone, he wrote two symphonies, two masses, five operas, four sonatas, several smaller choral works, and over 140 songs!

In 1818 he left school teaching, having received a position as music tutor to the daughters of the Hungarian nobleman, Count Esterházy, at his estate at Zélesz, Hungary. Here, Schubert's only compositional inspiration appeared to be one of his attractive pupils, and he stayed only through the summer. The following winter, Schubert roomed with a friend, leading a rather Bohemian life. His mornings were devoted to intense compositional work: "He would sit down at the table clad only in his shirt and pants and compose the most beautiful things," wrote another friend. In the afternoon, Schubert and a number of friends would repair to the café-house for relaxation.

In 1820-21 aristocratic patronage and new friendships seemed to point toward a bright future, but instead, strained relationships, financial hardship, and serious illness (Schubert probably contracted syphilis in late 1822) made the next few years a dark period. Repeated musical failures plunged Schubert into a profound melancholy. "Picture to yourself," he wrote despondently to a friend, "a man whose health can never be reestablished, who from sheer despair makes matters worse instead of better; picture to yourself, I say, a man whose most brilliant hopes have come to nothing, to whom proffered love and friendship are but anguish, whose enthusiasm for the beautiful—an inspired feeling, at least—threatens to vanish entirely; and then ask yourself if such a condition does not represent a miserable and unhappy man.... Each night, when I go to sleep, I hope never again to waken, and every morning reopens the wounds of yesterday." His feelings of despair and futility did not staunch the flow of his musical creativity, however.

Despite an output of over one thousand compositions and an incredible gift for writing beautiful melodies, Schubert remained a comparatively unknown composer in his day. One taste of fame was a very successful public concert devoted entirely to his music given on March 26, 1828, by the Musikverein of Vienna. By the fall of 1828, however, more and more symptoms of a grave illness became evident, and in November, at the age of 31, he died, probably of typhoid fever. His monument bears an inscription from a poem by Franz Grillparzer: "Here lies buried a rich treasure, and yet more glorious hopes."

The first of the two Masses which Schubert composed in 1815, the G major (D. 167), was probably performed for the first time in the Viennese parish church of Lichtental. The three-section *Kyrie* is warm and intimate. The first part of the *Gloria*, which also has three sections, is more passionate. In the contrasting middle section, the soprano soloist and chorus join in pleading for the Lord's mercy. The *Credo*, set for four-part chorus, is written almost entirely in chordal style (all the parts sing the words at the same time and in the same rhythm), but Schubert gives the various phrases differing character through dynamic contrasts and changes in orchestral accompaniment. All six of Schubert's Masses omit from the *Credo* the lines that express belief in the Holy Catholic Church and in the resurrection of the dead. This suggests a resistance to formal religious teachings, whether at home (his father was very pious), at school (religion was the only subject in which Schubert received a poor grade), or in church. The brief triumphal *Sanctus* is likewise "homophonic," while the *Osanna* features the only fugal writing in the entire composition. The orchestra accompanies the beginning of the *Sanctus* and the end of the *Osanna* with energetic dotted-rhythmic figures. In the contrasting *Benedictus* the soprano soloist is joined first by the tenor soloist and then by the bass in blessing the One who comes in the Lord's name. The chorus' fugal *Osanna* then returns to conclude this portion of the Mass. In the tender *Agnus Dei*, soprano and bass soloists alternate with the chorus in asking the Lamb of God for mercy and peace. The Mass as a whole has a chamber musical quality and displays the composer's characteristic lyricism. It remains one of Schubert's most popular settings of the Latin mass.

SEATTLE CHAMBER SINGERS

Soprano

Sue Cobb
Crissa Cugini
Kyla DeRemer*
Susanna Dier
Dana Durasoff*
Terri Fincham*
Cinda Freece
Kiki Hood*
Lorelette Knowles
Jill Kraakmo
Nancy Lewis

Ana McCardell
Nancy Shasteen
Liesel van Cleeff

Alto

Sharon Agnew
Julia Akoury-Thiel*
Caroline Cross Avery*
Cheryl Blackburn*
Jane Blackwell
Shireen Deboo
Laura Dooley

Deanna Fryhle
Kimberley Osberg Lippman
Adrienne McCoy
Suzi Means
Laurie Medill*
Kristin O'Donnell
Christine Rickert
Debra Schilling
Nedra Slauson
Annie Thompson

Tenor

Alex Chun
Ralph Cobb*
Alvin Kroon*
Jon Lange
Timothy Lunde*
Thomas Nesbitt
Vic Royer
Jerry Sams*

Bass

Andrew Danilchik*
Steve Carl*
Douglas Durasoff*
Dennis Moore
Gary Oules
John Stenseth*
Richard Wyckoff*

* *Liebeslieder* chorus

LIBRETTO

"Just as the Tide Was Flowing"

One morning in the month of May,
Down by some rolling river,
A jolly sailor, I did stray,
When I beheld my lover.
She carelessly along did stray,
A-picking of the daisies gay;
And sweetly sang her roundelay,
Just as the tide was flowing.

O! her dress it was so white as milk,
And jewels did adorn her.
Her shoes were made of the crimson silk,
Just like some lady of honour.
Her cheeks were red, her eyes were brown,
Her hair in ringlets hanging down;
She'd a lovely brow without a frown,
Just as the tide was flowing.

I made a bow and said "Fair maid,
How came you here so early;
My heart by you it is betray'd
For I do love you dearly.
I am a sailor come from sea
If you will accept of my company
To walk and view the fishes play"
Just as the tide was flowing.

No more we said, but on our way
We gang'd along together;
The small birds sang, and the lambs did play,
And pleasant was the weather.
When we were weary we did sit down,
Beneath a tree with branches round;
For my true love at last I'd found,
Just as the tide was flowing.

"The Lover's Ghost"

Well met, well met my own true love;
Long time I have been absent from thee.
I am lately come from the salt sea,
And 'tis all for the sake, my love, of thee.

I have three ships all on the salt sea,
And one of them has brought me to land.
I've four and twenty mariners on board;
You shall have music at your command.

The ship wherein my love shall sail
Is glorious for to behold.
The sails shall be of shining silk,
The mast shall be of the fine beaten gold.

I might have had a king's daughter,
And fain, she would have married me,
But I forsook her crown of gold,
And 'tis all for the sake, my love, of thee.

"The Dark-eyed Sailor"

It was a comely young lady fair,
Was walking out for to take the air;
She met a sailor all on her way,
So I paid attention to what they did say.

Said William, "Lady, why walk alone?
The night is coming and the day near gone."
She said, while tears from her eyes did fall,
"It's a dark eyed sailor that's proving my downfall.

"It's two long years since he left the land;
He took a gold ring from off my hand,
We broke the token, here's part with me,
And the other lies rolling at the bottom of the sea."

Then half the ring did young William show,
She was distracted midst joy and woe.
"O welcome, William, I've lands and gold
For my dark eyed sailor, so manly true and bold."

Then in a village down by the sea,
They joined in wedlock and well agree.
So maids be true while your love's away,
For a cloudy morning brings forth a shining day.

"I Love my Love"

Abroad as I was walking, one evening in the spring,
I heard a maid in Bedlam so sweetly for to sing;
Her chains she rattled with her hands, and thus replied she:
"I love my love because I know my love loves me!

"O cruel were his parents who sent my love to sea,
And cruel was the ship that bore my love from me;
Yet I love his parents since they're his although they've ruined me:
I love my love because I know my love loves me!

"With straw I'll weave a garland, I'll weave it very fine;
With roses, lilies, daisies, I'll mix the eglantine;
And I'll present it to my love when he returns from sea.
For I love my love, because I know my love loves me."

Just as she there sat weeping, her love he came on land,
Then, hearing she was in Bedlam, he ran straight out of hand;
He flew into her snow-white arms, and thus replied he:
"I love my love, because I know my love loves me."

She said: "My love, don't frighten me; are you my love or no?"
"O yes, my dearest Nancy, I am your love, also
I am return'd to make amends for all your injury;
I love my love because I know my love loves me!"

So now these two are married, and happy may they be
Like turtle doves together, in love and unity.
All pretty maids with patience wait that have got loves at sea;
I love my love because I know my love loves me.

Lamento della Ninfa

Non havea Febo ancora
Recato al mondo il di
Ch'una donzella fuora
Del proprio albergo usci.
Sul pallidetto volto
Scorgea se il suo dolor.
Spesso gli veniva sciolto
Un gran sospir dal cor.
Si calpestando fiori
Errava hor qua, hor là,
I suoi perduti amori
Così piangendo va:

Amor, dicea, e' l ciel
Mirando, il piè fermò,
Amor, dov'è la fe' Amor,
Amor, dov'è la fe' Amor,
Fa che ritorni il mio
Amor com'ei pur fu,
O tu m'ancidi ch'io
Non mi tormenti più.
Miserella, ah più no, no
Tanto gel soffrir non può.
Non vo' più che i sospiri
Se non lontan da me,
No, no che i martiri
Più non dirammi affè.
Perchè di lui mi struggo
Tut t'orgoglioso sta,
Che si, se' fuggo
Ancor mi pregherà.
Se ciglio ha più sereno
Colei ch'el mio non è,
Già non richiude in seno
Amor si bella fè.
Ne mai si dolci baci
Da quella boca havrai,
Ne più soavi, ah taci,
Taci, che troppo il sa.

Si tra sdegnosi pianti
Spargea le voci al ciel.
Così ne' cori amanti
Mesce amor fiamma e gel.

Phoebus had not yet given
the day back to the world,
when a damsel came out
of her own house.
On her pale face
her suffering
was plainly to be observed,
a deep sigh often rose from her heart.
Crushing the flowers underfoot,
she strayed back and forth,
bemoaning her
lost loves.

Amor! she cried, paused,
looking up to heaven:
Amor, where is the fidelity
that the betrayer swore?
Send back my lover,
as he once was;
or kill me,
that I may no longer torment myself.
Ah, wretch! No, no further!
She cannot bear so much coldness.
No longer will I have
these sighs - unless from afar -
no, no, nor these torments
speak to me.
If I torture myself for his sake
he is unmoved,
but if I flee from him,
he will again bid me.
Even though she who is not mine
has a pleasing smile,
Amor has not endowed her heart
with equal fidelity.
Never again will you receive such sweet kisses
from that mouth,
and none more tender; - ah, say no more,
say no more, you know it only too well.

Thus she raised her voice to heaven
with reproachful laments:
Thus does Amor mingle fire and ice
within lovers' hearts.

"Oh rosetta che rosetta"

Oh rosetta che rosetta
tra' l bel verde di tue frondli
vergognosa ti nascondi
come pura donzelletta
che sposata ancor non e.

Se dal bel cespo natio
ti torro non te ne caglia
ma con te tanto mi vaglia
che ne lodi il pensier mio
se servizio ha sua merce.

Caro pregio il tuo colore
tra le man sia di colei
che governa i pensier miei
che mi mira il petto e' l core
ma non mira la mia fe'.

Non mi dir come t'apprezza
la belta di Citerea
io me' l so, ma questa Dea
e di gratia e di bellezza
non ha Dea sembiante a se.

"Dolci miei sospiri"

Dolci miei sospiri
dolci miei martiri
dolci mio desio
e voi dolci canti
e voi dolci pianti
rimanet'a Dio.

A la ria partita
vento e mare invita
o volubile hore
ma non piu querele
duro Amor crudele
Ama il mio dolore.

Hora miei sospiri
hora miei martiri
e tu miei desio
e voi dolci canti
e voi dolci pianti
rimanet'a Dio.

E se mai soletta
suoi pensier dilettea
per solingo loco
e voi dolci canti
e voi dolci pianti
dite del mio foco.

E se tutta adorna
unque mai soggiorna
festeggiando in gioco
dite miei sospiri
dite miei martiri
a lei del mio foco.

My sweet sighs
my sweet torments,
my sweet desire
and you, sweet songs
and you, sweet plaints,
be with God.

Waters
and sea invite,
o changing hours,
but no more complaining,
harsh, cruel Love
loves my grief.

Now my sighs,
now my torments,
and you, my desire,
and you, sweet songs,
and you, sweet plaints,
be with God.

And if she is alone,
beloved, with her thoughts
in that solitary place
and you, sweet songs,
and you, sweet plaints,
tell her of my passion.

And if she is all decked out
and spends time
in sport and feasting,
tell her, my sighs,
tell her, my torments,
of my passion.

O rose, rose that
through the fair green of your leaves
in modesty lie hid
like a pure maiden
that is still unwed.

If born of a fair cluster
it did not worry or concern you,
but so I esteem you
that in your praise my thoughts
have their reward.

Dear in worth your colour
in the hands of her
who rules my thoughts
who sees my bosom and my heart
but does not see my faith.

I cannot say how much I esteem you
beauty of Cytherea,
I know it, but this Goddess
in grace and in beauty
has no other Goddess like her.

Liebeslieder Waltzes

- 1 Rede, Mädchen, allzu liebes,
das mir in die Brust, die kühle,
hat geschleudert mit dem Blicke
diese wilden Glutgeföhle!
- Willst du nicht dein Herz erweichen,
willst du, eine Überfromme,
rasten ohne traute Wonne,
oder willst du, daß ich komme?
- Rasten ohne traute Wonne,
nicht so bitter will ich büßen.
Komme nur, du schwarzes Auge.
Komme, wenn die Sterne grüßen.
- 2 Am Gesteine rauscht die Flut,
heftig angetrieben;
wer da nicht zu seufzen weiß,
lernt es unterm Lieben.
- 3 O die Frauen, o die Frauen,
wie sie Wonne tauen!
Wäre lang ein Mönch geworden,
wären nicht die Frauen!
- 4 Wie des Abends schöne Röte
möcht ich arme Dime glühn,
Einem, Einem zu gefallen,
sonder Ende Wonne sprühn.
- 5 Die grüne Hopfenranke,
sie schlängelt auf der Erde hin.
Die junge, schöne Dime,
so traurig ist ihr Sinn!
- Du höre, grüne Ranke!
Was hebst du dich nicht himmelwärts?
Du höre, schöne Dime!
Was ist so schwer dein Herz?
- Wie höbe sich die Ranke,
der keine Stütze Kraft verleiht?
Wie wäre die Dime fröhlich,
wenn ihr das Liebste weit?
- 6 Ein kleiner, hübscher Vogel
nahm den Flug
zum Garten hin,
da gab es Obst genug.
Wenn ich ein hübscher,
kleiner Vogel wär,
ich säumte nicht,
ich täte so wie der.
- Leimruten-Arglist
lauert an dem Ort;
der arme Vogel
konnte nicht mehr fort.
Wenn ich ein hübscher,
kleiner Vogel wär,
ich säumte doch,
ich täte nicht wie der.
- Der Vogel kam
in eine schöne Hand,
da tat es ihm,
dem Glücklichen, nicht and.
Wenn ich ein hübscher,
kleiner Vogel wär,
ich säumte nicht,
ich täte doch wie der.
- Speak, maiden, whom I love all too much,
who hurled into my once aloof heart,
with only one glance,
these wild, ardent feelings!
- Will you not soften your heart?
Do you wish to be chaste
and remain without sweet bliss,
or do you want me to come to you?
- To remain without sweet bliss -
I would never make such a bitter penance.
So come, dark-eyes,
come when the stars greet you.
- Against the stones the stream rushes,
powerfully driven:
those who do not know to sigh there,
will learn it when they fall in love.
- O women, O women,
how they melt one with bliss!
I would have become a monk long ago
if it were not for women!
- Like the evening's lovely red,
would I, a poor maiden, like to glow,
to please one, one boy -
and to then radiate bliss forever.
- The green hops vine,
it winds along the ground.
The young, fair maiden -
so mournful are her thoughts!
- You - listen, green vine!
Why do you not raise yourself heavenwards?
You - listen, fair maiden!
Why is your heart so heavy?
- How can the vine raise itself
when no support lends it strength?
How can the maiden be merry
when her sweetheart is far away?
- A small, pretty bird
took flight
into the garden -
there was fruit enough there.
If I were a pretty,
small bird,
I would not tarry -
I would do just as he did.
- Malicious lime-twigs
lurked in that place;
the poor bird
could not escape.
If I were a pretty,
small bird,
I would have hesitated,
I would not have done that.
- The bird came
into a pretty girl's hand,
and she did not harm him,
the lucky thing.
If I were a pretty,
small bird,
I would not linger -
I would do just as he did.
- 7 Wohl schön bewandt
war es vor ehe
mit meinem Leben,
mit meiner Liebe;
durch eine Wand,
ja, durch zehn Wände
erkannte mich
des Freundes Sehe.
Doch jetzo, wehe,
wenn ich dem Kalten
auch noch so dicht
vorm Auge stehe,
es merkt's sein Auge,
sein Herze nicht.
- 8 Wenn so lind dein Auge mir
und so lieblich schauet,
jede letze Trübe flieht
welche mich umgrauet.
- Dieser Liebe schöne Glut,
laß sie nicht verstieben!
Nimmer wird, wie ich, so treu
dich ein andrer lieben.
- 9 Am Donaustrande,
da steht ein Haus,
da schaut ein rosiges
Mädchen aus.
Das Mädchen,
es ist wohl gut gehegt,
zehn eiserne Riegel
sind vor die Türe gelegt.
Zehn eiserne Riegel
das ist ein Spaß;
die spreng ich
als wären sie nur von Glas.
- 10 O wie sanft die Quelle sich
durch die Wiese windet!
O wie schön, wenn Liebe sich
zu der Liebe findet!
- 11 Nein, es ist nicht auszukommen
mit den Leuten;
Alles wissen sie so giftig
auszudeuten.
- Bin ich heiter, hegen soll ich
lose Triebe;
bin ich still, so heißts, ich wäre
irr aus Liebe.
- 12 Schlosser auf, und mache Schlösser,
Schlösser ohne Zahl;
denn die bösen Mäuler will ich
schließen allzumal.
- 13 Vögelein durchrauscht die Luft,
sucht nach einem Aste;
und das Herz, ein Herz, ein Herz begehrt's,
wo es selig raste.
- 14 Sieh, wie ist die Welle klar,
blickt der Mond hernieder!
Die du meine Liebe bist,
liebe du mich wieder!

Quite fair and contented
was I previously
with my life
and with my sweetheart;
through a wall,
yes, through ten walls,
did my friend's gaze
recognize me.
But now, oh woe,
if I am with that cold boy,
no matter how close
I stand before his eyes,
neither his eyes
nor his heart notices.

When your eyes look at me
so gently and lovingly,
you chase away every last anxiety
that troubles my life.

The lovely glow of this love -
do not let it disappear!
No one else will ever love you
as faithfully as I.

On the banks of the Danube,
there stands a house,
and looking out of it
is a pink-cheeked maiden.

The maiden
is very well-protected:
ten iron bolts
have been placed on the door.
But ten iron bolts
are but a joke;
I will snap them
as if they were only glass.

O how gently the stream
winds through the meadow!
O how lovely it is when Love
finds Love!

No, there's just no getting along
with people;
they always make such poisonous
interpretations of everything.

If I'm merry, they say I cherish
loose urges;
if I'm quiet, they say
I am crazed with love.

Locksmith - get up and make your locks,
locks without number;
for I want to lock up
all the evil mouths.

The little bird rushes through the air,
searching for a branch;
and my heart desires a heart, a heart
on which it can blessedly rest.

See how clear the waves are
when the moon gazes down!
You who are my love,
you love me back!

15 Nachtigall, sie singt so schön,
wenn die Sterne funkeln.
Liebe mich, geliebtes Herz,
küsse mich im Dunkeln!

16 Ein dunkeler Schacht ist Liebe,
ein gar zu gefährlicher Brunnen;
da fiel ich hinein, ich Armer,
kann weder hören noch sehn,
nur denken an meine Wonnen,
nur stöhnen in meinen Wehn.

17 Nicht wandle, mein Licht, dort außen
im Flurbereich!
Die Füße würden dir, die zarten,
zu naß, zu weich.

All überströmt sind dort die Wege,
die Stege dir;
so überreichlich tränke dorten
das Auge mir.

18 Es bebet das Gesträuche,
gestreift hat es im Fluge
ein Vögelein.
In gleicher Art erbebet
die Seele mir, erschüttert
von Liebe, Lust und Leide,
gedenkt sie dein.

- Georg Friederich Daumer

Mass in G, D. 167

Kyrie
Kyrie eleison.
Christe eleison.
Kyrie eleison.

Gloria
Gloria in excelsis Deo,
Et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis.

Laudamus te, benedicimus te,
adoramus te, glorificamus te.

Gratias agimus tibi
propter magnam gloriam tuam.

Domine Deus, Rex coelestis,
Deus Pater omnipotens,
Domine Fili unigenite,
Jesu Christe altissime,
Domine Deus, Agnus Dei, Filius Patris,

Qui tollis peccata mundi,
miserere nobis.
Qui tollis peccata mundi,
suscipe deprecationem nostram.

Quoniam tu solus sanctus,
tu solus Dominus,
tu solus altissimus Jesu Christe,

Cum Sancto Spiritu in gloria Dei Patris,
Amen.

The nightingale, it sings so beautifully,
when the stars are twinkling.
Love me, my beloved heart,
kiss me in the dark!

Love is a dark shaft,
a very dangerous well;
and I, poor man, fell in.
I can neither hear nor see,
I can only think about my bliss,
I can only moan in my woe.

Do not wander, my light, out there
in the field!
Your feet, your tender feet, would get
too wet, too soft.

All flooded are the paths there,
and the bridges,
so amply there
did my eyes weep.

The bushes are trembling;
they were brushed by a
little bird in flight.
In the same way,
my soul trembles,
overcome by love, pleasure and sorrow,
as it thinks of you.

- English translation by Emily Ezust

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.
Lord, have mercy.

Glory be to God on high,
And on earth peace to men of good will.

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,
O Lord, the only-begotten Son,
Jesus Christ, the Most High,
O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father,

Thou that takest away the sins of the world,
have mercy upon us.
Thou that takest away the sins of the world,
receive our prayer.

For thou only art holy;
thou only art the Lord;
thou only, O Jesus Christ, art most high,

With the Holy Ghost in the glory of God the Father,
Amen.

Credo

Credo in unum Deum, Patrem omnipotentem,
factorem coeli et terrae, visibilium omnium et invisibilium;

In unum Dominum Jesum Christum,
Filium Dei unigenitum
et ex Patre natum ante omnia secula;
Deum de Deo, lumen de lumine,
Deum verum de Deo vero,
genitum, non factum consubstantialem Patri,
per quem omnia facta sunt;
Qui propter nos homines
et nostram salutem descendit de caelis.

Et incarnatus est
de Spiritu Sancto ex Maria virgine,
et homo factus est.

Crucifixus etiam pro nobis
sub Pontio Pilato,
passus et sepultus est.

Et resurrexit tertia die
secundum scripturas,
et ascendit in caelum,
sedet ad dexteram Patris,
et iterum venturus est
cum gloria iudicare vivos et mortuos,
cuius regni non erit finis;

Credo in Spiritum Sanctum Dominum et vivificantem,
qui ex Patre Filio procedit;
qui cum Patre et Filio simul adoratur et conglorificatur;
qui locutus est per Prophetas.

Confiteor unum baptisma in remissionem peccatorum (mortuorum).

Et exspecto resurrectionem mortuorum
et vitam venturi saeculi,
Amen.

Sanctus
Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus,
Dominus Deus Sabaoth.
Pleni sunt coeli et terra gloria tua.

Osanna in excelsis

Benedictus
Benedictus qui venit
in nomine Domini.

Agnus Dei
Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi,
miserere nobis.

Dona nobis pacem.

I believe in one God, the Father Almighty,
maker of heaven and earth, of all things visible and invisible;

In one Lord Jesus Christ,
the only begotten Son of God,
and born of the Father before all worlds;
God of God, light of light,
very God of very God,
begotten, not made, of one substance with the Father,
by whom all things were made;
Who for us men
and our salvation came down from heaven.

And was incarnate
by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary,
and was made man.

And was crucified also for us
under Pontius Pilate,
suffered and was buried.

And the third day he rose again
according to the Scriptures,
and ascended into heaven,
sitteth at the right hand of the Father,
and shall come again
with glory to judge the quick and the dead;
whose kingdom shall have no end;

I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and giver of life,
who proceedeth from the Father and the Son;
who with the Father and the Son together is worshipped and glorified;
who spake by the prophets.

I acknowledge one baptism for the remission of sins (of the dead).

And I look for the resurrection of the dead
and the life of the world to come,
Amen.

Holy, holy, holy,
Lord God of hosts.
Heaven and earth are full of thy glory.

Hosanna in the highest.

Blessed is he that cometh
in the name of the Lord.

O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world,
have mercy upon us.

Grant us peace.

"The Girl I Left Behind Me"

I'm lonesome since I cross'd the hill, and o'er the moor and valley,
Such heavy thoughts my heart do fill since parting from my Sally;
I seek no more the fine and gay, for each doth but remind me
How swiftly passed the hours away with the girl I left behind me.

O ne'er shall I forget that night—the stars were bright above me,
and gently lent their silv'ry light when first she vow'd to love me.
But now I'm bound to Brighton camp; kind heaven then pray guide me,
And bring me safely back again to the girl I left behind me.

Her golden hair in ringlets fair, her eyes like diamonds shining,
Her slender waist, with carriage chaste, may leave the swain repining.
Ye gods above! O hear my prayer, to my beauteous fair to bind me,
And send me safely back again to the girl I left behind me.
Ye gods above! O hear my prayer, to my beauteous fair to bind me,
And send me safely home again to the girl I left behind me.

"The Willow Song"

The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow.
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow.
The fresh streams ran by her and murmur'd her moans,
Sing willow, willow, willow.
Her salt tears fell from her, and softened the stones,
Sing willow, willow, willow,
Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

SOLO ARTISTS

A highly sought-after stage actress and concert soloist, soprano **Joyce Allison** has performed extensively as a soloist with many orchestras, opera companies and theaters including Theatre Magnifique, Bellevue Opera, Cascade Symphony, The Musical Company, Eastside Musical Theater, NOISE, Seattle Opera Guild and Broadway Rose. As a concert soloist, she has had the privilege of singing under the batons of Robert Shaw, Joseph Walnig and James DePriest, performing works including the Mass in B minor, *St. John Passion* and *St. Matthew Passion* of Bach, Fauré's *Requiem*, and Handel's *Messiah*. She was the Opera Diva in the highly acclaimed musical and theatrical tour de force Teatro Zinzanni and has sung with the Seattle Opera Chorus since 1996. The *Oregonian* has said of her work that it is "especially appealing" and her "soaring soprano and plucky demeanor are all one could ask for in a heroine." Building on the foundation of her degree in vocal performance, Miss Allison also is an esteemed director, composer, writer and private vocal instructor, teaching out of her home in Kirkland. She specializes in vocal technique and personalized coaching in many styles.

Tenor **Stephen Wall** has appeared frequently with Orchestra Seattle and the Seattle Chamber Singers since 1985, when he performed as a soloist in Bach's *St. Matthew Passion*. He has been featured in leading and supporting roles with Seattle Opera, Portland Opera, Utah Festival Opera, and Tacoma Opera, and has soloed with the symphonies of Seattle, Vancouver, Spokane, Everett, Bellevue, Yakima, Pendleton, Great Falls and Sapporo (Japan). Mr. Wall appears on our George Shangrow's new recording of Handel's *Messiah*, a work that he again performed with OSSCS earlier this season. In January of 2000, he appeared in a supporting role in Seattle Opera's performances of *Boris Godunov*. Last season, Mr.

"Swansea Town"

Oh! farewell to you my Nancy, ten thousand times adieu,
I'm bound to cross the ocean, girl, once more to part with you;
Once more to part from you, fine girl, you're the girl that I adore,
But still I live in hopes to see old Swansea Town once more.

Old Swansea Town once more, fine girl, you're the girl that I adore,
But still I live in hopes to see old Swansea Town once more.

Oh! it's now that I am out at sea, and you are far behind,
Kind letters I will write to you of the secrets of my mind;
The secrets of my mind, fine girl, you're the girl that I adore,
But still I live in hopes to see old Swansea Town once more.

Old Swansea Town once more, fine girl, you're the girl that I adore,
But still I live in hopes to see old Swansea Town once more.

Oh now the storm it's rising, I can see it coming on,
The night so dark as anything, we cannot see the moon;
Our good old ship she is toss'd aft, our rigging is all tore,
But still I live in hopes to see old Swansea Town once more.

Oh it's now the storm is over and we are safe on shore,
We'll drink strong drinks and brandies too, to the girls that we adore,
To the girls that we adore, fine girls, we'll make this tavern roar,
And when our money is all gone, we'll go to sea for more.

Old Swansea Town once more, fine girls, we'll make this tavern roar;
And when our money is all gone we'll go to sea for more.

Wall sang performances of Vaughan Williams' *Serenade to Music*, Monteverdi's 1610 *Vespers*, Handel's *Messiah* and Purcell's *Ode for St. Cecilia's Day* with OSSCS.

Tenor **Jerry Sams** has been an active soloist and chorus member with the Seattle Chamber Singers from the early years of the ensemble through the present. With OSSCS he has been a featured soloist in most of the great Handel oratorios, as well as many Bach cantatas and works of Mozart and other masters of the choral repertoire. Mr. Sams studied voice at Pomona College and the University of California at Santa Barbara, and since that time has sung with many of the choral groups in the Bay Area and the Pacific Northwest.

A native of Washington, baritone **Brian Box** received his Masters degree in vocal performance from Western Washington University in 1985. Mr. Box performs frequently with many Northwest ensembles, including Orchestra Seattle and the Seattle Chamber Singers, Seattle Choral Company, Seattle Pro Musica, Bellevue Chamber Chorus, and Choir of the Sound. He has performed with Rudolf Nureyev, singing Mahler's *Songs of a Wayfarer* to Mr. Nureyev's dance. Mr. Box has performed frequently with OSSCS in such works as Bach's *St. Matthew Passion*, *St. John Passion*, and Christmas Oratorio, and appears on their recording of Handel's *Messiah*, as well as on previous albums of music by Bach and Vaughan Williams. 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.

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