



George Shangrow, Director

SPRING  
1979

## PROGRAM

Marshes of Glynn

Carol Sams

TEXT: Sidney Lanier

\*Hunting Rags

Robert Kechley

Call and Preparation-The Call-  
The Chase-The Rag-Epilogue

## INTERMISSION

Requiem ..... W. A. Mozart

Requiem  
Dies Irae  
Tuba Mirum  
Rex Tremendae  
Recordare  
Confutatis  
Lacrymōsa  
Domine Jesu  
Hostias  
Sanctus  
Benedictus  
Agnus Dei

\*World Premiere

ORCHESTRA:

Violin I

Sandra Schwarz, Concertmistress  
Bob Crisfulli  
Eileen Bardarson

Viola

Eileen Swanson, Principal  
Ingrid Bushman  
Joy Wood  
Robert Shangrow

Bass

Michael Hovnanian  
Marlys Erickson

Bassoon

Bob Inzall  
Penny Baultier

Trombone

Star Jeffs  
Brian Amundsen  
Tom Cross

Trumpet

Rob Fletcher  
Chuck Fleming

Violin II

Carol Jean Brown, Principal  
Avron Maletsky  
Rita McClarty  
Jackie Abbott

Cello

Phillip Gaskill  
Frederick Inman

Clarinet

Laine Griffith  
Julie Oster

Horn

Dee Tindall  
Shirley Perkins

Oboe

Robert Kechley

Flute

Carol Wollenberg

Percussion

Sue Gilbreath

"The Marshes of Glynn"

GLOOMS of the live-oaks, beautiful-braided and  
woven  
With intricate shades of the vines that myriad-cloven  
Clamber the forks of the multiform boughs,--  
Emerald twilights,--  
Virginal shy lights,  
Wrought of the leaves to allure to the whisper of vows,  
When lovers pace timidly down through the green  
colonnades  
Of the dim sweet woods, of the dear dark woods,  
Of the heavenly woods and glades,  
That run to the radiant marginal sand-beach within  
The wide sea-marshes of Glynn;--

Beautiful glooms, soft dusks in the noon-day fire,--  
Wildwood privacies, closets of lone desire,  
Chamber from chamber parted with wavering arras of  
leaves,--  
Cells for the passionate pleasure of prayer to the soul that  
grieves,

Pure with a sense of the passing of saints through the  
wood,  
Cool for the dutiful weighing of ill with good;--

O braided dusks of the oak and woven shades of the vine,  
While the riotous noon-day sun of the June-day long did  
shine,

Ye held me fast in your heart and I held you fast in  
mine;

But now when the noon is no more, and riot is rest,  
And the sun is a-wait at the ponderous gate of the west,

And the slant yellow beam down the wood-aisle doth  
seem

Like a lane into heaven that leads from a dream,--  
Ay, now, when my soul all day hath drunken the soul of  
the oak,

And my heart is at ease from men, and the wearisome  
sound of the stroke

Of the scythe of time and the trowel of trade is low,  
And belief overmasters doubt, and I know that I know,  
And my spirit is grown to a lordly great compass within,  
That the length and the breadth and the sweep of the  
marshes of Glynn

Will work me no fear like the fear they have wrought  
me of yore

When length was fatigue, and when breadth was but  
bitterness sore,

And when terror and shrinking and dreary unnamable  
pain

Drew over me out of the merciless miles of the  
plain,--

Oh, now, unafraid, I am fain to face  
The vast sweet visage of space.

To the edge of the wood I am drawn, I am drawn,  
Where the gray beach glimmering runs, as a belt of  
the dawn,

For a mete and a mark  
To the forest-dark;--

So:

Affable live-oak, leaning low,--  
Thus-with your favor- soft, with a reverent hand,  
(Not lightly touching your person, Lord of the land!)  
Bending your beauty aside; with a step I stand

On the firm-packed sand,  
Free

By a world of marsh that borders a world of sea.  
Sinuous southward and sinuous northward the shimmer-  
ing band  
Of the sand-beach fastens the fringe of the marsh to the  
folds of the land.  
Inward and outward to northward and southward the  
beach-lines linger and curl  
As a silver-wrought garment that clings to and follows the  
firm sweet limbs of a girl.  
Vanishing, swerving, evermore curving again into sight,  
Softly the sand-beach wavers away to a dim gray loop-  
ing of light.  
And what if behind me to westward the wall of the  
woods stands high?  
The world lies east; how ample, the marsh and the sea  
and the sky!  
A league and a league of marsh-grass, waist-high, broad  
in the blade,  
Green, and all of a height, and unflecked with a light  
or a shade,

Stretch leisurely off, in a pleasant plain,  
To the terminal blue of the main.

Oh, what is abroad in the marsh and the terminal sea?  
Somehow my soul seems suddenly free  
From the weighing of fate and the sad discussion of  
sin,  
By the length and the breadth and the sweep of the  
marshes of Glynn.  
Ye marshes, how candid and simple and nothing-withhold-  
ing and free  
Ye publish yourselves to the sky and offer yourselves to  
the sea!  
Tolerant plains, that suffer the sea and the rains and the  
sun,  
Ye spread and span like the catholic man who hath  
mightily won  
God out of knowledge and good out of infinite pain  
And sight out of blindness and purity out of a stain.

As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,  
Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of God;  
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen flies  
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh  
and the skies:  
By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the sod  
I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of God;  
Oh, like to the greatness of God is the greatness within  
The range of the marshes, the liberal marshes of Glynn

And the sea lends large, as the marsh: lo, out of his plenty  
the sea

Pours fast: full soon the time of the flood-tide must be:

Look how the grace of the sea doth go  
About and about through the intricate channels that  
flow

Here and there,

Everywhere,

Till his waters have flooded the uttermost creeks and the  
low-lying lanes,

And the marsh is meshed with a million veins,  
That like as with rosy and silvery essences flow  
In the rose-and-silver evening glow.

Farewell, my lord Sun!

The weeks overflow: a thousand rivulets run  
'Twixt the roots of the sod; the blades of the marsh-  
grass stir;

Passeth a hurrying sound of wings that westward hurr;  
Passeth, and all is still; and the currents cease to run;

And the sea and the marsh are one.

How still the plains of the waters be!

The tide is in his ecstasy.

The tide is at his highest height:

And it is night.

And now from the Vast of the Lord will the waters of  
sleep

Roll in on the souls of men,

But who will reveal to our waking ken

The forms that swim and the shapes that creep

Under the waters of sleep?

And I would I could know what swimmeth below when  
the tide comes in

On the length and the breadth of the marvellous  
marshes of Glynn.

MOZART REQUIEM

1. INTROITUS: Requiem  
Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine,  
et lux perpetua luceat eis.  
Te decet hymnus, Deus, in Sion,  
et tibi reddetur votum in Jerusalem:  
Frandi orationem meam,  
ad te omnis caro veniet.  
Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine,  
et lux perpetua luceat eis.

Eternal rest give to them, O Lord,  
and let perpetual light shine upon them.  
A hymn, O God, becometh Thee in Sion,  
and a vow shall be paid to Thee in  
Jerusalem:  
O Lord, hear my prayer,  
all flesh shall come to Thee.  
Eternal rest give to them, O Lord,  
and let perpetual light shine upon them.

2. KYRIE  
Kyrie eleison.  
Christe eleison.

Lord, have mercy on us.  
Christ, have mercy on us.

3. SEQUENTIA: I. Dies irae  
Dies irae, dies illa,  
solvat saeculum in favilla,  
teste David cum Sibylla.  
Quartus tremor est futurus,  
quando iudex est venturus,  
cuncta stricte discussurus.

Dreaded day, that day of ire,  
when the world shall be melt in fire,  
told by Sibyl and David's lyre.  
Fright men's heart shall rudely shift,  
as the judge through gleaming rift  
comes each soul to closely sift.

2. Tuba mirum  
Tuba mirum spargens sonum  
persepulcra regionum  
coquet omnes ante thronum.  
Mors stupebit et natura,  
cum resurget creatura,  
judicanti responsura.  
Liber scriptus proferetur,  
in quo totum continetur,  
unde mundus iudicetur.  
Iudex ergo cum sedebit  
quidquid latet apparebit,  
nil inultum ramanebit.  
Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?  
quem patronum rogaturus,  
cum vix justus sit securus?

Then the trumpet's shrill refrain  
piercing tombs by hill and plain  
souls to judgement shall arraign.  
Death and nature stand aghast,  
as the bodies rising fast,  
hie to hear the sentence past.  
Then before Him shall be placed,  
that whereon the verdict's based  
book whereon the deed is traced.  
When the judge His seat shall gain  
all that's hidden shall be plain,  
nothing shall unjudged remain.  
Wretched man, what can I plead,  
whom to ask to intercede,  
when the just much mercy need?

3. Rex tremendae  
Rex tremendae majestatis,  
qui salvandos salvas gratis,  
salva me, fons pietatis.

Thou, O awe-inspiring Lord,  
saving e'en when unimplored,  
save me, mercy's fount adored.

4. Recordare  
Recordare, Jesu pie,  
quod sum causa tuae viae:  
ne me perdas illa die.  
Quaerens me, sedisti lassus,  
redemisti crucem passus,  
tantus labor non sit cassus.

Ah! Sweet Jesus, mindful be,  
that Thou cam'st on earth for me,  
cast me not this day from Thee.  
Seeking me Thy strength was spent,  
ransoming Thy limbs were rent,  
is this toil to no intent?

Juste judex ultionis,  
 donum fac remissionis,  
 ante diem rationis.  
 Ingemisco, tamquam reus,  
 culpa rubet vultus meus,  
 supplicanti parce Deus.  
 Qui Mariam absolvisti,  
 et latronem exaudisti,  
 mihi quoque spem dedisti.  
 Preces meae non sunt dignae,  
 sed tu bonus fac benigne,  
 sed tu bonus fac benigne,  
 ne perenni cremer igne.  
 Inter oves locum praesta,  
 et ab haedis me sequestra,  
 statuens in parte dextra.

5. CONFUTATIS

Confutatis maledictis,  
 flammis acribus addictis,  
 voca me cum benedictis.  
 Oro supplex et acclinis,  
 cor contritum quasi clinis,  
 gere curam mei finis.

6. Lacrimosa

Lacrimosa dies illa,  
 quae resurget ex favilla,  
 judicandus homo reus.  
 Huic ergo parce, Deus,  
 Pie Jesu Domine,  
 dona eis requiem.

4. OFFERTORIUM: 1. Domine Jesu  
 Domine, Jesu Christe, Rex gloriae,  
 libera animas omnium fidelium  
 defunctorum de poenis inferni,  
 et de profundo lacu; libera eas  
 de ore leonis, ne absorbeat eas  
 tartarus, ne cadant in obscurum,  
 sed signifer sanctus Michael  
 repraesentet eas in lucem sanctam,  
 quam olim Abrahae promisisti et  
 semini ejus.

2. Hostias

Hostias et preces, tibi, Domine,  
 laudis offerimus; tu suscipe pro  
 animabus illis, quarum hodie  
 memoriam facimus; fac eas, Domine,  
 de morte transire ad vitam,  
 quam olim Abrahae promisisti et  
 semini ejus.

Thou, awarding pains condign,  
 mercy's ear to me incline,  
 ere the reckoning Thou assign  
 I, felon-like, my lot bewail,  
 suffused cheeks my shame unveil,  
 God! O let my prayers prevail.  
 Mary's soul Thou madest white,  
 didst to heaven the thief invite,  
 hope in me these now excite.  
 Prayers o'mine in vain ascend,  
 Thou art good and wilt forfend  
 in quenchless fire my life to end.  
 Place amid Thy sheep accord,  
 keep me from the tainted horde,  
 set me in Thy sight, O Lord!

When the cursed by shame opprest  
 enter flames at Thy behest,  
 call me then to join the blest.  
 Prostrate, suppliant, now no more,  
 unrepenting, as of yore,  
 save me dying, I implore.

Mournful day! that day of sighs,  
 when from dust shall man arise,  
 stained with guilt his doom to know.  
 Mercy, Lord, on him bestow.  
 Jesus kind! Thy soul release,  
 lead them thence to realms of peace.

O Lord Jesus Christ, King of glory,  
 deliver the souls of all the faithful  
 departed from the pains of hell,  
 and from the deep pit; deliver them  
 from the lion's mouth, that hell  
 engulf them not, nor they fall into  
 darkness, but that Michael, the holy  
 standard-bearer, bring them into the  
 holy light, which Thou once didst  
 promise to Abraham and his seed.

We offer Thee, O Lord, sacrifices  
 and prayers of praise; do Thou  
 accept them for those souls whom we  
 this day commemorate; grant them,  
 O Lord, to pass from death to the  
 life which Thou once didst promise  
 to Abraham and his seed.



MOZART REQUIEM - page three

5. SANCTUS

Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus,  
Dominus Deus Sabaoth!  
Pleni sunt coeli et terra gloria tua.  
Hosanna in excelsis.

Holy, Holy, Holy.  
Lord God of Hosts.  
The heavens and the earth are full of  
Thy glory.  
Hosanna in the highest.

6. BENEDICTUS

Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domine.  
Hosanna in excelsis.

Blessed is He who cometh in the name  
of the Lord,  
Hosanna in the highest.  
Lamb of God, who takest away the sins  
of the world, give unto them rest.

7. AGNUS DEI

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata  
mundi dona eis requiem.  
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata  
mundi, dona eis requiem sempiternam.

Lamb of God who takest away the sins  
of the world, give unto them  
everlasting rest.

8. COMMUNIO

Lux aeterna luceat eis, Domine,  
cum sanctis tuis in aeternum,  
quia pius es.  
Requiem aeternam dona eis,  
Domine et lux perpetua luceat  
eis, cum sanctis tuis in  
aeternum, quis pius es.

May eternal light shine upon them,  
O Lord, with Thy saints forever,  
for Thou art kind.  
Grant them everlasting rest, O Lord,  
and let perpetual light shine upon  
them, with Thy saints forever, for  
Thou art kind.

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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

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*presents*

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Wednesday, April 4

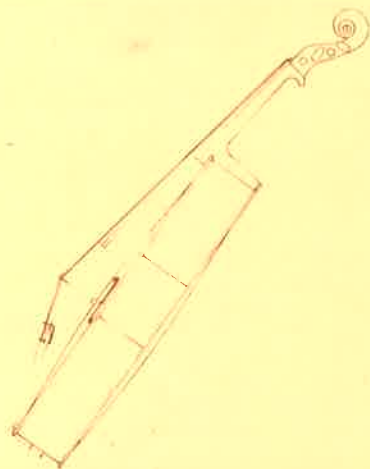
Meany Hall, 8 pm

Mahler: Symphony No. 1 in D Major

Nielsen: Concerto for Clarinet and Orchestra

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