

**THE
GEORGE SHANGROW
CHORALE**

George Shangrow, Conductor

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George Shangrow

Conductor and Musical Director

Soprano

Belle Chenault
Crissa Cugini
Cathy Haight
Mary Ann Landsverk*
Janet Sittig*
Barbara Stephens

* *Soprano II*

Alto

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

Tenor

Ron Haight
Darren Hollenbaugh
Philip Jones, Jr.
Robert Leavens

Bass

Ken Arkin
Gustav Blazek
Jay Cook
Andrew Danilchik
Skip Satterwhite
Bob Schilperoort

Special guests

Fritz Klein, *Violin*
Virginia Dziekonski, *cello*

Janeen Shigley, *Flute*
Valerie Ross, *cello*

John Zelinski, *piano*
MaryAnn Tapiro, *cello*

Dan Oie, *percussion*
Julie Wheeler, *cello*

Robert Kechley, *digital sampling keyboard*
Carol Sams, *soprano*

What better way could there be for Maestro George Shangrow to celebrate his twentieth year as a professional musician than to create and lead a new performing ensemble? We are proud to present the debut of **The George Shangrow Chorale**.

The GSC has its heritage in the Seattle Chamber Singers, which George Shangrow founded the Spring of 1968, and indeed, it reflects a format the SCS has taken in the past: small in size, with a concentration on a cappella literature and works requiring few accompanying instruments. Central to the GSC's *raison d'etre* is the performance of works by local composers. Seattle is particularly fortunate to have many gifted composers, most of whom have composed for choir. Tonight we showcase two Seattle composers: Robert Kechley and Huntley Beyer.

The 22 members of The George Shangrow Chorale are musicians who take a great deal of pride in their work. They strive for a polished sound, well-balanced and blended, but still let their energy and enthusiasm for music shine through.

Choral music has become somewhat of an esoteric art--best appreciated, perhaps, by those who actually "do" it. The George Shangrow Chorale hopes that Seattle audiences will take great enjoyment and interest in the programs that lie ahead, and, in much the same way as chamber music has been embraced here in Seattle, choral music will win new fans.

Welcome to this, the debut performance of the George Shangrow Chorale.

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George Shangrow, Conductor

PROGRAM

January 21, 1989

University Unitarian Church

Mein Lieb will mit mir kriegem Hans Leo Hassler

Ave verum corpus William Byrd

Ben sono i premi tuoi Orlando Lassus

Hear My Prayer, O Lord Henry Purcell

Dreams to Keep Robert Kechley

Sun Boat
Girl with 'Cello
Shell
The Clavichord
Song

Intermission

From the Fourth Book of Madrigals Claudio Monteverdi

Io mi son giovinetta
Anima mea perdona
Che se tu se'il cor mio
Si ch'io vorrei morire

Requiem for the Children * Huntley Beyer

Kyrie
Offertorium
Sanctus/Benedictus
Agnus Dei
Lament (text by Theresa Mason)
Carol Sams, *soprano soloist*
Lux Aeterna

** performance supported in part by the Seattle Arts Commission*

PROGRAM NOTES - All of tonight's music reflects the deep emotions that come from love and from death experiences. The lightest of the pieces, Hassler's *Mein Lieb will mit mir kriegem*, is a comical narration of someone in the midst of an amorous challenge. Hassler set the story by using two "opposing" choirs. *Ave Verum Corpus* by William Byrd uses the traditional Latin text by Pope Innocent the VI, but Byrd added to it his own plea for mercy at the close. The Lassus madrigal *Ben sono i premi tuoi* is a six-part piece that expresses a defiance to the devil. The lush writing reinforces the conviction of the text. One of the most inventive, and always surprising composers of the early Baroque era is Henry Purcell. The anthem *Hear My Prayer, O Lord*, can best be described as being one long crescendo--beginning with just one voice and building to a full eight parts. The dissonances are stark and obvious, and support the pleading text extremely well. All four of the madrigals by Monteverdi on this program are from the Fourth Book of Madrigals, published in 1603. *Io mi son giovinetta*, the lightest of the four, uses rapid passage-work sung simultaneously by two or more voices which serves to emphasize the text. *Anima mia perdona* and *Che se tu se' il cor mio* are consecutive scenes from the tragicomedy *Il pastor fido*. Amaryllis declares her love for Mirtillo, and then deplors the circumstances which force her to conceal her feelings. With *Si ch'io vorrei morire* there is no doubt at all about the intended meaning--a brilliant portrayal of sexual love.

REQUIEM FOR THE CHILDREN

Huntley Beyer

Notes by the composer

This Requiem was written during the summer of 1988. I was home, taking care of a 6 year old, and the time I spent with her and her friends increased my sense of poignancy as I sat at the piano, composing for children for whom there would never be a child's summer. The work is compiled of five traditional Requiem movements: *Kyrie*, *Offertorium*, *Sanctus/Benedictus*, *Agnus Dei* and *Lux Aeterna*. I have added *Lament* using a text written by Theresa Mason, a Methodist minister. I have also added two Lully, Lullay's, the traditional lament for the massacre of the innocent children by King Herod after the birth of Christ.

Requiem for the Children begins with an insistent, forceful *Kyrie* that is a cry for mercy for dead children. The *Offertorium* describes the agony of hell and the delight of salvation. It bases its plea on God's promise to Abraham, thus connecting the singers and those for whom our appeal is made, the children, to Abraham's descendants.

Sanctus/Benedictus, by joyfully proclaiming the glory of God in heaven and earth, reassures the singers and the audience that God can extend salvation to all. The *Agnus Dei* begins with one voice beseeching, again, for salvation, and that voice is joined by others in a slow supplication. *Lament* uses solo voice and piano to express the theme of the entire Requiem: the yearning and anger of a mother whose children suffer and die, and her imploration that God "bind our wounds" and help establish justice and peace. *Lux Aeterna* asks that eternal light be upon those, the children, who have died.

This Requiem is for children. I intended to express my own anguish at the knowledge that children starve, are abused, tortured, repressed and killed anywhere in the world for any reason. I hope for them there is light and I hope for us we will never be free of anguish until all children live on an earth that is full of glory.

DREAMS TO KEEP -

Robert Kechley

Dreams to Keep was written for the Eastshore Unitarian Church Choir in remembrance of Katarina Jennings, one year after her death in 1986. Lila McKey, a member of the Eastshore congregation wrote the following notes about the music:

"Bob Kechley has captured the essence of Katarina Jennings in the choice of May Sarton's poems and his creation of music. Simple melodies and harmonies would not do her justice. The struggle to master these unusual harmonies and tricky rhythms is like the struggle of coming to grips with the reality of life and death. Too easy or too melodic would have trivialized the process on this occasion of remembering. Here we have Bob's onomatopoeic creations; the music illuminating May Sarton's words, the words lightly brush-stroking our memory pictures of Katarina over the year. The music, like the person it celebrates, is bitter/sweet, sad/happy, disquieting/comforting, complex/simple, despairing/hopeful, discordant/harmonic."

MEIN LIEB WILL MIT MIR KRIEGEN - HASSLER

*Mein Lieb will mit mir kriegen,
hat sich gerüst' zur Schlacht,
Lässt ihre Fahnen fliegen,
trutzt auf ihr grosse Macht,
Vermeint, ich soll sie fliehen,
hab Liebskrieg nie versucht
Gen ihr will ich auch ziehen
sie jagen g' schwind in d' Flucht.
Frisch her tu tapfer schiessen
mit dei' m vergiften Pfeil.
Den Hochmut sollst du Büssen
gar bald in schneller Eil.
Schiess zu, nur g' schwind daran;
Ach, weh, ich bin durchschossen
mit ihren Äuglein zart,
Viel Blut hab ich vergossen
todlich verwundet hart.
O Lieb, ich tu mit geben
dir auf die Gnade dein,
Ich bitt, schenk mir das leben
dein Gfanger will ich sein.*

My love wants to fight with me,
she is ready for battle.
She raises her flag
and calls upon her great power.
I think I should leaver her--
I've never tried a love-battle,
Yet, against her I will go.
She wants to chase me into flight.
Anew, she tries to shoot me
with her poisoned arrow.
Soon you will repent
of this conceited action!
Shoot quickly! Do it fast!
Oh! She's crushed me
with her tender eyes;
I've lost my strength;
my heart is mortally wounded.
O dearest, I beg your pardon--
I pray, give me back my life
to be your prisoner for ever.

AVE VERUM CORPUS - WILLIAM BYRD

*Ave verum corpus, natum de Maria Virgine:
Vere passus, immolatum in cruce pro homine:
Cuius latus perforatum unda fluxit sanguine:
Esto nobis praegustatum in mortis examine.
O dulcis, O pie, O Jesu Fili Marie,
Miserere mei. Amen.*

(Pope Innocent VI 1342: Sequence hymn
for the Feast of Corpus Christi.)

Hail, true body, born of the blessed Virgin,
Which, in anguish, did suffer upon the cross to redeem us;
From whose pierced side came forth both water and blood:
Be the source of consolation at our last hour.
O loving, O holy, O Jesus, thou Son of Mary,
Have mercy upon me. Amen.

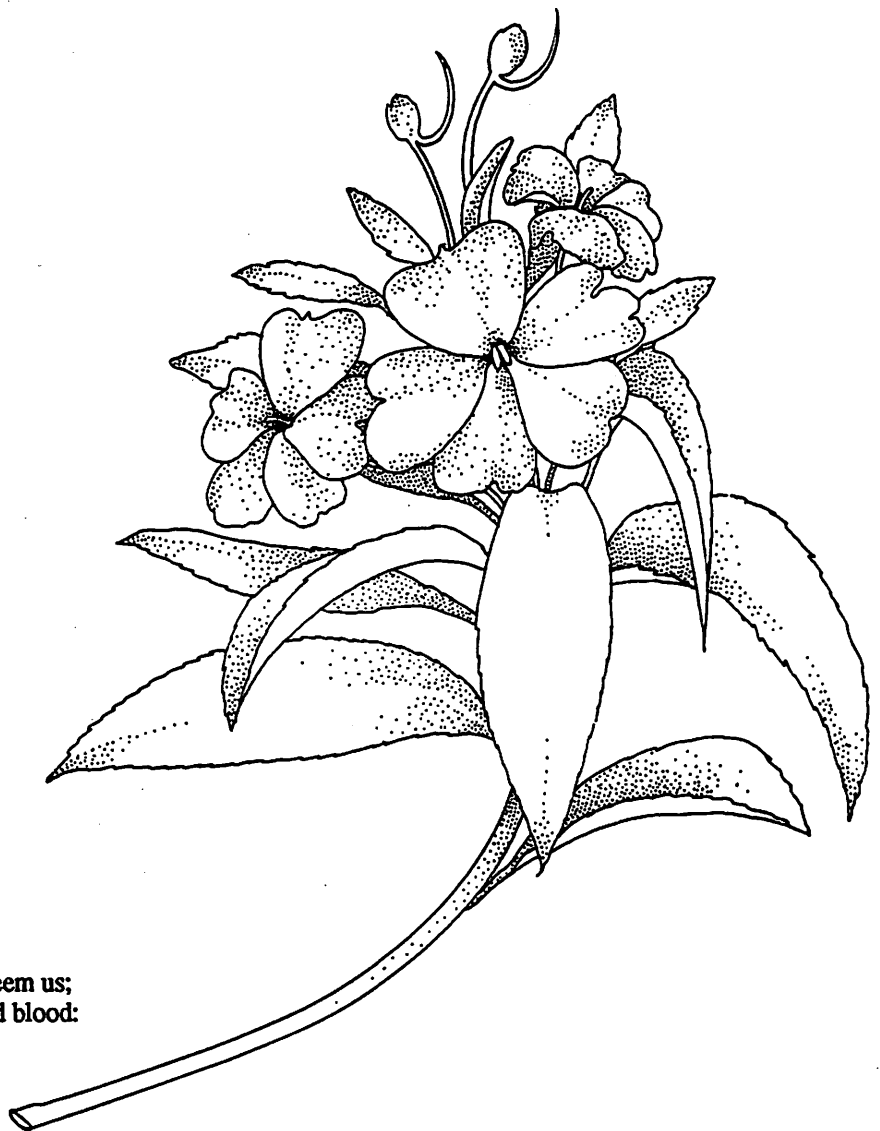
BEN SONO I PREMI TUOI - LASSUS

*Ben sono i premi tuoi, signor mio, degni,
Onde non schifi il cor stratio ne morte,
E quella, che prometti, eterna sorte,
Onde ogni ben mortal l' huom sprezzi e sdegni.
Sien di lagrime ogn' hor quest' occhi pregni,
E quanto io miro sol, noia m' apporte;
Contra me s' erga il fier nemico e forte,
Ed usi al danno mio tutti gl' ingegni.*

Lord, I believe steadfastly in your good gifts.
Therefore, I do not shy away from the pain of death;
Nor from either eternal fate you have promised.
Earthly pleasures are insignificant.
My eyes flow with bitter tears,
I am binded by the sight of the sun.
O arrogant Enemy, you try to tempt me,
To harm me with your scheming tricks!

HEAR MY PRAYER, O LORD - PURCELL

Hear my prayer, O Lord,
And let my crying come unto thee.
(Psalm 102, v.1)



DREAMS TO KEEP - ROBERT KECHLEY

Poetry by May Sarton

I. SUN BOAT

As if this light boat had no keel,
As if the mast carried no sail,
With no hand on the tiller to guide
The gentle rocking, the glide,

It swings up floated upon air,
And never changeable wind there,
Only the lightest little motion,
That ripple on the pulse of ocean,

As the sun breathes in stillness, weaves
The warmth in slowly rising waves.
And if the boat seems strangely gifted,
It is that it is being lifted.

The mariner has yielded will
And given to the sun his skill,
And lost his course in summer air
Content to be a passenger.

II. GIRL WITH 'CELLO

There had been no such music here until
A girl came in from falling dark and snow
To bring into this house her glowing 'cello
As if some silent, magical animal.

She sat, head bent, her long hair all aspill
Over the breathing wood, and drew the bow.
There had been no such music here until
A girl came in from falling dark and snow.

And she drew out that sound so like a wail,
A rich dark suffering joy, as if to show
All that a wrist holds and that fingers know
When they caress a magic animal.
There had been no such music here until
A girl came in from the falling dark and snow.

III. SHELL

Outside,
The sea's susurration,
Inside,
A terrible silence
As though everything had died,
One of those shells
Abandoned by the creature
Who lived there once
And opened to the tide.
Lift it to an ear
And you will hear
A long reverberation
In its tiny cave,
The rumor of a wave
Long ago broken
and drawn back
Into the ocean--
And so, with love.

IV. THE CLAVICHORD

She keeps her clavichord
As others keep delight, too light
To breathe, the secret word
No lover ever heard
Where the spirit lives
And garlands weaves.

To make the pure notes sigh
(Not of a human grief, too brief)
A sigh of such fragility
Her fingers' sweet agility
Must hold the horizontal line
In the stern power of design.

The secret breathed within
And never spoken, woken
By music; the garlands in
Her hands no one has seen.
She wreathes the air with green
And weaves the stillness in.

V. SONG

No, I will never forget you and your great eyes,
O animal and power.

You will be stalking
The woods where I am walking.

You will lie asleep
In the places where I weep,

And you will wake and move
In the first hour of love,

And in the second hour
Love flee before your power.

No, I will never forget you and your great eyes
Angel and challenger.

You will be there
Dressed in your wild hair
Angel and animal
Wherever I may dwell,
Wherever I may sleep
You have the dreams to keep.

Walking in the still landscape by the rock and bone,
You will be beside me when I am most alone.



IO MI SON GIOVINETTA - MONTEVERDI

*"Io mi son giovinetta
E rido e canto alla stagion novella,"
Cantava la mia dolce pastorella,
Quando subitamente
A quel canto il cor mio canto
Quasi augellin vago e ridente:
"Son giovinett' anch'io
E rido e canto alla gentil e bella
Primavera d'amore
Che ne begl'occhi tuoi fiorisce."
Et ella: "Fuggi, se saggio sei,
disse, l'ardore, fuggi, ch'in questi rai
Primavera per te non sara mai."*

Giovanni Boccaccio

"I am a young girl
and I laugh and sing in springtime,"
So sang my sweet shepherdess,
when all of a sudden
my heart began to sing too,
like a fair, joyous bird,
"I too am young,
and I laugh and sing at the sweet, beautiful
springtime of love
which blossoms in your lovely eyes."
And she said: "Flee, if you are wise,
flee from passion; for in the glances of my eyes
there will never be spring for you."

ANIMA MIA, PERDONA-MONTEVERDI

*(Prima parte - Giovanni Battista Guarini, Il pastor fido II, 4)
Anima mia, perdona
A chi t'è cuda sol
Dove pietosa esser non puo.
Perdona a questa
Nei detti e nel sembiante
Riggida tua nemica
Ma nel core
Pietosissima amante.
E se pur hai desio di vendicarti,
Deh, qual vendett' haver puoi tu maggiore
Del tuo proprio dolore?*

(First part)

Beloved, forgive
the cruelty of one
who dares not show tenderness;
forgive her for being,
by word and by expression,
your implacable enemy,
while in her heart
she is your tender lover.
And, should you desire revenge,
Oh, what greater vengeance could you have
than your own suffering?

CHE SE TU SE'IL COR MIO - MONTEVERDI

*(Seconda parte - Giovanni Battista Guarini, Il pastor fido II, 4)
Che se tu se' il cor mio,
Come se' pur malgrado
Del Ciel, e de la terra,
Qual' hor piangi e sospiri,
Quelle lagrime tue
Son il mio sangue,
Quei sospir, il mio spirito
E quelle pen' e quel dolor che senti
Son miei, non tuoi tormenti.*

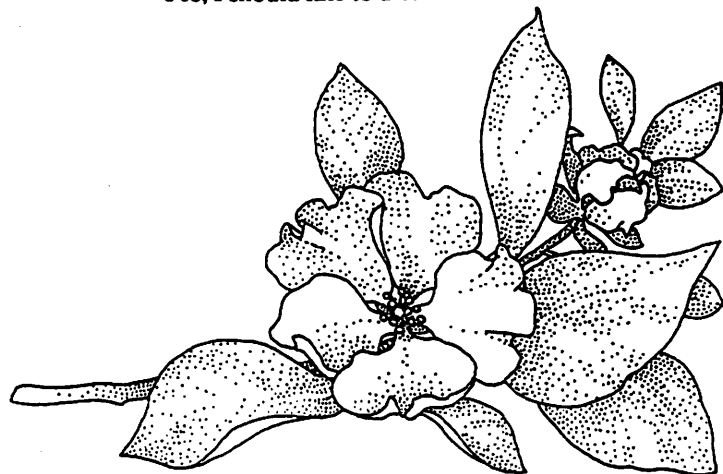
(Second part)

Since you are my beloved,
as you are, despite
all that earth and heaven may do,
whenever you weep or sigh
those tears of yours
are my blood,
your sighs are my breath,
and the pain and sorrow that you feel
are my griefs, not yours.

SI, CH'IO VORREI MORIRE - MONTEVERDI

*Si, Ch'io vorrei morire,
Hora ch'io bacio, amore,
La bella bocca del mio amato core.
Ahi, car' e dolce lingua,
Datemi tant' humore
Che di dolcezz' in questo sen m'estingua.
Ahi, vita mia! a questo bianco seno
Deh, stringetemi fin ch'io venga meno.
Ahi, bocca! ahi, baci! ahi, lingua, torn' a dire
Si, ch'io vorrei morire.*

Yes, I should like to die
now that I kiss, o love,
the beautiful mouth of my beloved one.
Ah! dear sweet tongue.
give me such moisture
as will make me die for the sweetness I feel in my breast.
Ah, my life!
Press me close to your white breast
until I faint.
Ah, mouth! Ah, kisses! Ah, tongue! I say again,
Yes, I should like to die.



REQUIEM FOR THE CHILDREN

HUNTLEY BEYER

I. Kyrie

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

II. Offertorium

Lord Jesus Christ, King of Glory,
Deliver the souls of all the faithful departed
From the jaws of hell
And from the bottomless pit.
O, save them from the lion's jaws
That hell may not engulf them,
that they may not fall into darkness.
But let St. Michael the standard bearer
Lead them into holy light
Which Thou of old did promise
To Abraham and his seed.
Sacrifices and prayers of praise
To Thee, O Lord, we offer.
Do thou receive them on behalf of their souls
Whom this day we commemorate.
Allow them to pass from death to life.
(Lullaby.)

III. Sanctus/Benedictus

Holy, holy, holy Lord God of hosts,
Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory;
Hosanna in the highest.
Blessed is He who comes in the name of the Lord.
Hosanna in the highest.

IV. Agnus Dei

Lamb of God, who takes away the sin of the world,
Grant them rest;
Lamb of God, who takes away the sin of the world,
Have mercy upon us;
Lamb of God, who takes away the sin of the world,
Grant us eternal rest.

V. Lament (text by Theresa Mason)

(Soprano solo)

My eyes flow with tears.
No one can comfort me
For my children are dead.
The enemy has prevailed.

Hear my cry, O god,
For I am in anguish.
My soul is in tumult,
My heart is torn apart.

In the street the sword brings grief;
Little ones have been dashed to pieces.
Young men and women
Have disappeared.

Hear me groan,
No one can comfort me;
I cry for the children
Of the world who are lost.

The old people are silenced by fear,
They sit on the ground and sigh;
The young men and women
Walk stooped in sorrow;

Children cry to their mothers and fathers
As they faint from hunger;
They gasp as their life is poured out
On their mothers' breasts.

Arise and cry out
In the middle of the night
The time death squads come
And capture our loved ones,

We've seen the bodies of young
And old left beside the streets;
Young men and women
Have been slaughtered.

We risk our lives to buy bread,
But our bodies are weak from hunger.
Young men are compelled to work the mines
And the old stagger under forced labor.

Our joy has fled,
Our dancing has turned to mourning;
We strain our eyes, watching and waiting
For justice and...peace.
Your rule, O God, is just and loving
For all your people.
You will build peace and bind our wounds
And you shall reign forever.

But why do you forget us now
And forsake us in our need?
O God, restore us to yourself
That we may be restored.

(Chorus)

Rachel's voice is heard weeping and wailing,
It echoes through the world.
Sobbing and loud lamentations.
Rachel is weeping for her children,
The children of the world.

VI. Lux Aeterna

(Lully, lullay)
Let eternal light shine upon them, O Lord,
With Thy saints for ever.
Thou art merciful!