
THE SEATTLE CHAMBER SINGERS

George Shangrow,
Conductor and Musical Director

Their 25th Anniversary Season
1969-1994

An
A Cappella Choral
Concert

May 13, 1994
University Congregational Church
Seattle

THE SEATTLE CHAMBER SINGERS

George Shangrow, Conductor and Musical Director

Sopranos

Belle Chenault
Elizabeth Chriswell
Liesel Van Cleeff
Crissa Cugini
Kyla DeRemer
Dana Durasoff
Ann Erickson
Christina Fairweather
Lucinda Freece
Meg Harrison
Pat Hokanson
Jill Kraakmo
Andra Miletta
Jenny Miletta
Paula Rimmer
Pamela Silimperi
Gwen Warren
Margaret Wright

Tenors

Paul Benningfield
Dexter Day
Bradley Esparza
Doug Machle
Thomas Nesbitt

Altos

Sharon Agnew
Margaret Alsup
Kay Benningfield
Luna Bitzer
Cheryl Blackburn
Marta Chaloupka
Penny Deputy
Kari Einset
Laurie Medill
Ann Minzel
Janet Ellen Reed
Nancy Shasteen
Nedra Slauson
Vicky Thomas

Basses

Paul Benningfield
Gustave Blazek
DeWayne Christenson
Andrew Danilchik
Douglas Durasoff
Dick Etherington
Jim Macemon
Robert Pincus
Robert Platt
Robert Schilperoort
John Stenseth
Richard Wyckoff

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May 13, 1994

University Congregational Church

Choral Songs, Op. 62 Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

1. Rosmarin
2. Von alten Liebesliedern (*from "Des Knaben Wunderhorn"*)
3. Waldesnacht
4. Dein Herzlein Mild
5. All meine Herzgedanken
6. Es geht ein Wehen
7. Vergangen ist mir Glück und Heil

Jephte Giacomo Carissimi (1605-1674)

Mary Bass, *soprano*
Ann Erickson, *soprano*
Laurie Medill, *alto*
Daniel Blake, *tenor*
Andrew Danilchik, *bass*

INTERMISSION

Folk Song Arrangements from the English Tradition

I Love My Love Gustav Holst

The Willow Song Ralph Vaughan Williams

Just As the Tide Was Flowing Ralph Vaughan Williams

The Lover's Ghost Ralph Vaughan Williams

The Girl I left Behind Me John Rutter

Swansea Town John Gardiner

PROGRAM NOTES
by Kay Benningfield

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
Choral Songs, Op. 62 No. 1-7

Works for chorus form the second largest category in Brahms' musical output; solo songs being the only larger classification. From the very beginning, Johannes Brahms routinely used the medium of choral music to try out new compositional techniques and structures before attempting to apply them to instrumental ensembles. Robert Schumann encouraged the young Brahms to study early classical choral music for lessons in form and to "get behind the spirit of song". There was also a practical side to Brahms' works for chorus. His first several jobs involved directing choirs, so it was natural for him to compose things for his own ensembles. Also, several of his friends in Germany and Austria had positions as choir directors, so there were opportunities to have his music performed "abroad".

In the mid 1860's Brahms shifted away from writing a *cappella* choral pieces and began composing large-scale works for chorus and orchestra, ever moving in the direction of a symphony. His choral writing in the orchestrated works changed from the motet/madrigal-like techniques of earlier works to a more lyrical and romantic style. Brahms did compose some non-orchestrated vocal works in this period. They were, however, mostly duets and quartets and, stylistically, belong to the realm of the solo *Lied*.

Then in 1874, between the duets Op. 61 and 66 and the quartets Op. 64 and 65, Brahms published a collection of seven unaccompanied choruses, Op. 62, which are featured in tonight's concert. These pieces are a wonderful synthesis of Brahms' developed romantic style and the strict form of early music he had learned to respect. In this set of songs Brahms followed the natural flow and emotion of the poetry but never lost the feeling of simple folk songs. Far from simple, though, is the range of expression and interdependence of the vocal parts. Sopranos, altos, tenors and basses have equal roles in shaping melody and harmony, and every part is given, at one time or another, the responsibility to stress suspensions and resolve chords. From the light, almost ethereal *Rosmarin* and *Dein Herzlein Mild* to the lush, hymn-like *Waldesnacht*, *O Wunderkühle*, the Op. 62 songs are as satisfying to perform as they are to listen to.

Giacomo Carissimi (1605-1674)
Jephthe

Carissimi's main position in Rome was that of *Maestro di cappella* at the Jesuit German College, a post he held from 1629 until his death in 1674. He not only wrote liturgical music for the college, but also much secular works. It is, however, for his oratorios that he is most remembered today. His oratorios were commissioned by the fraternity of the "Most Holy Crucifix", a brotherhood of educated noblemen. Every Friday during Lent a non-liturgical service would take place. Following a psalm, an Old Testament oratorio would be performed (followed by a sermon and another oratorio based on the gospels). In Carissimi's oratorios, the narrative is often delivered by semi-choruses or by duos and trios. Soloists were also employed.

The scoring for voices in Carissimi's *Jephthe* is diverse. The crowd scene choruses (*turba*) are generally six-part. When specific groups are being depicted, such as the defeated Ammonites, the scoring is changed to three or two parts. One remarkable moment in the music is during the lament of Jephthe's daughter. Her solo passages are echoed by a two-part chorus of her attendants.

Jephthe, is one of Carissimi's longest oratorios, and many consider it his masterpiece. It presents the story in a series of tableaux, ending in a lament and final chorus. This final "scene" impressed Handel very deeply, and he adapted the music from Carissimi's *Jephthe* for use in his own oratorio, *Samson*.

The story of Jephthe (sometimes spelled Jephtha) is in the Old Testament Book of Judges, Chapter 11: Jephthe, driven out by his half-brothers from Gilead, grows up in exile to be a god-fearing "mighty man of valor". Meanwhile, Gilead is conquered by the Ammonites. After eighteen years of enslavement, the elders of Gilead send an appeal to Jephthe to deliver them from the Ammonites. Jephthe vows to Jehovah that, if he is victorious, he will make an offering to the Lord of the first being to come forth from the doors of his house to meet him upon his return. Jephthe wins his battle, but who should be the first to greet him upon his return but his beautiful young daughter! He deeply regrets his promise to God, but she accepts her fate, asking only two months time to go with her companions into the mountains to "bewail her virginity."

Von alten Liebesliedern (1873/74)
aus "Des Knaben Wunderhorn"

Spazieren wollt' ich reiten
Der Liebsten vor die Tür,
Sie blickt' nach mir von weitem
Und sprach mit größer Freud':
"Seht dort mein's Herzens Zier,
Wie trabt er her zu mir!
Trab, Rößlein, trab,
Trab für und für."

Den Zaum, den lieb ich schißen
Und sprengte hin zu ihr,
Ich tät' sie freundlich grüßen
Und sprach mit Worten süß:
"Mein Schatz, mein höchste Zier,
Was macht ihr vor der Tür?
Trab, Rößlein, trab,
Trab her zu ihr."

Vom Rößlein mein ich sprang
Und band es an die Tür,
Tät' freundlich sie umfassen,
Die Zeit ward uns nicht lang,
Im Garten gingen wir
Mit liebender Begier;
Trab, Rößlein, trab,
Trab leis herfür.

Wir setzten uns danieder
Wohl in das grüne Gras
Und sangen her und wieder
Die alten Liebeslieder,
Bis uns die Auglein naß
Von weg'n der Kläffer Haß.
Trab, Rößlein, trab,
Trab, trab fürß.

Old Songs of Love

I went a-riding
before my loved one' door; s
from afar she espied me
and cried with great joy,
"See there my heart' delights
how he rides to me!
Trot, little horse, trot,
trot on, trot on.

"I let fall the reins
and jumped down to her;
I greeted her tenderly
and said with loving words,
"My love, my sweet delight,
why do you stand at the door?
Trot, little horse, trot,
trot to her.

"From my horse I sprang,
tied it to the door,
and embraced her tenderly:
we had not long.
We went into the garden,
afire with love;
trot, little horse, trot,
trot softly away.

We sat down there
all in the green grass,
and sang to each other
the old songs of love
until our eyes grew moist
from the emnity of gossips.
Trot, little horse, trot,
trot forth, trot forth.

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Johannes Brahms

Rosmarin (1873/74) aus *"Des Knaben Wunderhorn"*

Es wollt' die Jungfrau früh aufstehn,
Wollt' in des Vaters Garten gehn.
Rot Röslein wollt' sie brechen ab,
Davon wollt' sie sich machen
Ein Kränzelein wohl schön.

Es sollt' ihr Hochzeitskränzelein sein:
"Dem feinen Knab', dem Knaben mein.
Ihr Röslein rot, ich brech' euch ab,
Davon will ich mir winden
Ein Kränzelein so schön."

Sie ging im Grünen her und hin,
Statt Röslein fand sie Rosmarin:
"So bist du, mein Getreuer, hin!
Kein Röslein ist zu finden,
Kein Kränzelein so schön!"

Sie ging im Garten her und hin,
Statt Röslein brach sie Rosmarin:
"Das nimm du, mein Getreuer, hin!
Lieg' bei dir unter Linden,
Mein Totenkränzelein schön."

Rosemary

A maid chose to rise up early
and go walking in her father' gardens
She wished to pluck red roses
and make of them
a lovely garland for herself.

It was to be her bridal wreath.
"Red roses, I pluck you
for the fine lad who is my lad,
and twine from you
a lovely garland for myself.

"Back and forth in the bushes she went,
but instead of roses found rosemary.
"So thou art lost, my own true love!
No roses can be found,
no lovely garland!

"Back and forth in the garden she went,
picking rosemary instead of roses.
"Accept thou this, my own true love!
I'll lay beside thee under the linden
my lovely funeral wreath.



Lieder aus der Märchensammlung "Der Jungbrunnen"
Paul Heyse

Waldesnacht (1873/74)

Waldesnacht, du wunderkühle,
Die ich tausend Male grüß,
Nach dem lauten Weltgewühle,
O, wie ist dein Rauschen süß!
Träumerisch die müden Glieder
Berg' ich weich ins Moos,
Und mir ist, als würd' ich wieder
All der irren Qualen los.

Fernes Flötenlied, vertöne,
Das ein weites Sehnen rührt,
Die Gedanken in die schöne,
Ach, mißgönnte Ferne führt.
Laß die Waldesnacht mich wiegen,
Stillen jede Pein,
Und ein seliges Genügen
Saug' ich mit den Düften ein.

In den heimlich engen Kreisen
Wird dir wohl, du wildes Herz,
Und ein Friede schwebt mit leisen
Flügel schlagen niederwärts.
Singet, holde Vögellieder,
Mich in Schlummer sacht!
Irre Qualen, löst euch wieder,
Wildes Herz, nun gute Nacht!

Dein Herzlein mild (1859)

Dein Herzlein mild,
Du liebes Bild,
Das ist noch nicht erglommen,
Und drinnen ruht
Verträumte Glut,
Wird bald zu Tage kommen.

Es hat die Nacht
Ein'n Tau gebracht
Den Knöspen all im Walde,
Und Morgens drauf
Da blüht's zuhauf
Und duftet durch die Halde.

Die Liebe sacht
Hat über Nacht
Dir Tau ins Herz gegossen,
Und Morgens dann,
Man sieht dir's an,
Das Knösplein ist erschlossen!

Songs from the collection of legends "Der Jungbrunnen"
Paul Heyse

Darkness of the woods (1873-4)

Darkness of the woods, wondrous cool,
I greet thee a thousandfold;
after the noisy turmoil of the world,
oh how sweet is thy rustling!
Dreamily I rest my weary limbs
in the soft moss,
and it is as if I were freed
from all my doubts and fears.

Sound, distant flute song,
that stirs a vast longing
and leads my thoughts
into the lovely distance, oh so envied.
Let the woods' darkness lull me
and deaden my pain,
and with its fragrance let me
breathe a blissful content.

In thy secret, close confines
you will recover, turbulent heart;
and peach floats downwards
on lightly beating wings.
Tender birdsongs,
sing me to gentle sleep!
Doubts and fears, begone;
restless heart, good night!

Thy gentle heart (1859)

Thy gentle heart,
O lovely creature,
has not yet begun to glow,
but in it sleeps
a dreaming fire
that soon will see the light.

Night has brought
a dew upon
every bud within the wood,
and in the morning
they bloom together
and perfume the hillside.

Overnight,
Love has lightly sprinkled
dew in thy heart,
and then in the morning,
as can be seen in thee,
the tender bud has opened.

All meine Herzgedanken (1859)

All meine Herzgedanken
Sind immerdar bei dir;
Das ist das stille Kranken,
Das innen zehrt an mir.
Da du mich einst umfassen hast,
Ist mir gewichen Ruh und Rast;
All meine Herzgedanken
Sind immerdar bei dir.

Der Maßlieb und der Rosen
Begehr' ich fürder nicht,
Wie kann ich Lust erlösen,
Wenn Liebe mire gebricht!
Seit du von mir geschieden bist,
Haß' ich gelacht zu keiner Frist.
Der Maßlieb und der Rosen
Begehr' ich fürder nicht.

Gott wolle die vereinen,
Die füreinander sind!
Von Grämen und von Weinen
Wird sonst das Auge blind.
Treuliebe steht in Himmelshut,
Es wird noch alles, alles gut.
Gott wolle die vereinen,
Die füreinander sind.

Es geht ein Wehen (1859)

Es geht ein Wehen durch den Wald,
Die Windsbraut hör' ich singen.
Sie singt von einem Buhlen gut,
Und bis sie dem in Armen ruht,
Muß sie noch weit mit bangem Mut
Sich durch die Lande schwingen.

Der Sang, der klingt so schauerlich,
Der klingt so wild, so trübe,
Das heiße Sehnen ist erwacht,
Mein Schatz zu tausend gute Nacht!
Es Kimmt der Tag, eh' du's gedacht,
Der eint getreue Liebe!

All my inmost thoughts (1859)

All my inmost thoughts
are ever of you;
it is the silent sickness
that gnaws at my heart.
That once you embraced me
has sapped my peace and rest;
all my inmost thoughts
are ever of you.

No longer do I desire
the daisy and the rose;
how can I find pleasure
when love has left me?
Since you were parted from me
I have not smiled again.
No longer do I desire
the daisy and the rose.

May God unite those
who love each other!
Otherwise their eyes, from sorrows
and from weeping, will be blinded.
True love lies in heaven' keepings,
and everything will come right.
May God unite those
who love each other.

A lament runs through the wood (1859)

A lament runs through the wood,
I hear the wind' bride singing.
She sings of her true lover,
and till she rests with in his arms
she must range far and wide
through the land with anxious mien.

Her song rings out so fearfully,
it sounds so wild, so sad,
that ardent longing is aroused,
my love, for a thousand goodnights.
Before you know, the day will come
that unites true love!

Vergangen ist mir Glück und Heil (1873/74)

Volkslied

Vergangen ist mir Glück und Heil
Und alle Freud' auf Erden;
Elend bin ich verloren gar,
Mir mag nit besser werden.
Bis in den Tod
Leid' ich groß' Not,
So ich dich, Lieb', muß meiden,
Geschieht mir, ach,
O weh der Sach'!
Muß ich mich dein verjehen,
Groß' Leid wird mir geschehen.

Erbarmen tu' ich mich so hart,
Das kommt aus Buhlers Hulde,
Die mich in Angst und Not hat bracht,
Und williglich das dulde.
Um dich allein,
Herzliebste mein,
Ist mir kein' Bürd' zu schwere,
Wär's noch so viel,
Ich dennoch will
In deinem Dienst ersterben,
Nach fremder Lieb' nit werben.

Um Hilf' ich ruf', mein höchster Hort,
Erhör mein sehnlich Klagen!
Schaff mir, Herzlieb, dein' Botschaft schier,
Ich muß sonst vor Leid verzagen!
Mein traurig's Herz,
Leid't großen Schmerz,
Wie soll ich's überwinden?
Ich sorg', daß schier
Der Tod mit mir
Will ringen um das Leben,
Tu mir dein Troste geben.

Gone are my happiness and weal (1873-4)

Folksong

Gone are my happiness and weal
and every joy on earth;
wretched am I, quite lots,
and never can recover.
Until I die
grief will weigh me down
if I, my love, must lose you.
Alas the day!
Woe is me!
From you I must be parted;
I languish, broken-hearted.

Sorely I seek the pity
that comes from a beloved' favour;
it has brought me distress and woe,
but willingly I suffer.
For you alone,
my dearest dear,
no burden is too heavy.
However great the task,
you have but to ask;
in your service I will die,
and never court another love.

I cry for help, my dearest treasure;
O hear my ardent plea!
Send me but a word, my love,
or I shall die of grief!
My heavy heart
is full of woe,
how can I endure it?
I greatly fear
that death is near
and will end my lamentation
unless you give me consolation.

Orchestra Seattle and Seattle Chamber Singers
George Shangrow, Music Director
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JEPHTE by Carissimi

Alto: When the king of the Ammonites called the Israelites to battle, and would not listen to the words of Jephthe, the Spirit of the Lord came over Jephthe, and he went out against the Ammonites and made a vow to the Lord, saying:

Jephthe: If the Lord gives the Ammonites into my hands, whoever first comes to meet me from my house, him will I offer in sacrifice to the Lord.

Chorus: So Jephthe went out against the Ammonites, to fight them with great courage and the strength of the Lord.

Two sopranos: And the trumpets sounded and the drums roared and battle was joined against the Ammonites.

Bass: Flee, yield, impious ones, perish you people, fall before the sword; the Lord has raised an army in battle and fights against you.

Chorus: Flee, yield, impious ones, collapse, and scatter at the fury of the sword.

Soprano: And Jephthe struck twenty cities of Ammon with a terrible blow.

Two sopranos & alto: And the wailing Ammonites were humiliated in the face of Israel.

Bass: But when Jephthe returned home, victorious, his only daughter ran out to meet him with drums and with dancing, singing:

Daughter: Strike up the drums, clash the cymbals. Let us sing a hymn to the Lord, and chant a song. Let us praise the king of heaven, let us praise the prince of battle who has brought back the captain of Israel victorious.

Two sopranos: Let us sing a hymn to the Lord, and chant a song, for he has given glory to us and victory to Israel.

Daughter: Sing to the Lord with me, sing all you people, praise the prince of battle who has given glory to us and victory to Israel.

Chorus: Let us all sing to the Lord, let us praise the prince of battle who has given glory to us and victory to Israel.

Alto: When Jephthe, who had sworn an oath to the Lord, saw his daughter coming to meet him, he tore his clothes in grief and tears, and said:

Jephthe: Woe, woe is me, my daughter, you have ensnared me, my only daughter, and you likewise, o my daughter, are ensnared.

Daughter: Why have I ensnared you, father, and why am I, your only daughter, ensnared?

Jephthe: I opened my mouth to the Lord, vowing that whoever came first from the doors of my house to meet me, him would I offer as a sacrifice to the Lord. Woe is me, my daughter! Alas you have ensnared me, my only daughter, you have ensnared me, and you equally, alas my daughter, are ensnared.

Daughter: My father, if you have made a vow to the Lord on coming home victorious over the enemy, behold me, your only daughter, and offer me as the sacrifice for your victory. But this alone, my father, grant to your only daughter before I die.

Jephthe: What can comfort your soul, what can serve to console you, my child, who are about to die?

Daughter: Send me away for two months to wander through the mountains, and with my companions bewail my virginity.

Jephthe: Go, my only daughter, and bewail your virginity.

Two sopranos, alto & bass: So the daughter of Jephthe went away into the mountains, and with her companions wept for her virginity, saying:

Daughter: Weep you valleys, grieve you mountains, and bewail with the affliction of my heart! (Echo: Bewail!) Behold I die a virgin and no children of my own will be able to console me at my death; sigh you woods, springs and rivers, weep for the death of a virgin! (Echo: Weep!) Alas for me, grieving in the midst of the people's rejoicing, the victory of Israel and my father's glory; while I, a childless virgin, his only daughter, die, and live no longer. Shudder you rocks, be stunned with shock you hills, valleys and caves, with hideous shrieks resound! (Echo: Resound!) Mourn, children of Israel, mourn for my virginity, and for the only daughter of Jephthe lament in doleful song.

Chorus: Mourn, children of Israel, mourn, all virgins, and for the only daughter of Jephthe lament in doleful song.