

University Unitarian Church

presents the

Seattle Chamber Singers

Directed by

George Shangrow

in a

S P R I N G F E S T !

-PROGRAM-

My Beloved Spake (*Song of Solomon*) Purcell  
Margaret Russell, *alto*  
Roupen Shakarian, *tenor*  
Peter Kechley, *bass*  
Chris Hartman, *bass*

Lo, She Flies Morley  
Ah, Dear Heart Gibbons  
Hence, Care, Thou art too cruel Weelkes  
Dainty fine, sweet nymph Morley  
Mary Lynn Young, *soprano*  
Shirley Kraft, *soprano*  
Marlene Kraft, *alto*  
Roupen Shakarian, *tenor*  
Dennis Van Zandt, *bass*

Frau Musica Hindemith

-INTERMISSION-

Trois Chansons Debussy  
i. Dieu! Qu'il la fait bon regarder  
ii. Quant j'ai ouy le tambourin  
iii. Yver, vous n'estes qu'un villain  
Carol Sams, *alto*  
Bonnie Blanchard, *soprano*  
Jerry Sams, *tenor*  
Peter Kechley, *bass*

Deux Chansons le Jeune  
Qu'est devenu ce be Oeil  
Tu ne l'entends pas, la, la, la, la

Jephte, an oratorio Carissimi

The audience is invited to stay for a reception and meet with the Chamber Singers following the concert.  
We wish to thank William Newman of Newman Harpsichords for the two instruments and Kristina Newman for their intonation.

Lord! lovely hast Thou made  
 my dear;  
 A graceful, good, and winsome  
 creature;  
 Perfect in mind, and form,  
 and feature;  
 Her praise is sounded everywhere.  
 Could any tire of one so fair?  
 So rich endowed by grace and nature.  
 Over seas, far away, or near,  
 Every other maiden excelling,  
 She reigns a queen, homage com-  
 pelling.  
 Happy I, dreaming but of her.

Whenever the tambourine I hear  
 That sounds to call us all to May,  
 Snug lie I at the break of day,  
 From the pillow lift not my head;  
 'Tis too soon for to leave my bed.  
 Liefer to slumberland away.  
 Whene'er the tambourine I hear  
 That sounds to call us all to May,  
 Man and maids; tokens for the fair  
 Yet without smart hear I their lay  
 Thoug tokens get I none today;  
 But snug lie I from chilly air.

Cold winter! Villian that thou  
 art,  
 How sweet to see along my way,  
 The tokens of April and May  
 Around me shown in every part;  
 To see sombre woodlands bowers  
 Burst into leaf at Spring's  
 gay call,  
 And river banks, meadows, and all,  
 Put on their livery of flowers.  
 But thou, cold winter, mak'st us  
 smart  
 With snowstorm, wind, hail, all  
 the day.  
 Fain would I exile thee for aye.  
 So frankly I say unto thee:  
 Cold winter, villain that thou  
 art.

HISTORICUS: When the king of the children of Ammon made war against the children of Israel, and hearkened not unto the words of Jephthe; then there came upon Jephthe the Spirit of the Lord, and he went up against the children of Ammon. And he vowed unto the Lord, saying:

JEPHTE: If thou shalt indeed deliver the children of Ammon into my hands, whatsoever first cometh forth of the doors of my house to meet me; I will offer to the Lord for a burnt offering.

CHORUS: Then passed over Jephthe to the children of Ammon, and he fought in the Spirit and the strength of God against them. And the trumpets sounded, and the drums were beaten when the battle was begun against the children of Ammon.

BASS SOLO: Flee from us; yield to us, impious ones; give way, ye heathen; and fall before our mighty sword. For the God of Isrel is risen up to battle and fights against our foes.

CHORUS: Flee from us; yield to us, impious ones; we scatter you; and with our keen and glittering swords we hew you down.

HISTORICUS: Jephthe therefore smote them, and took from them twenty cities; and there was a very grievous slaughter.

CHORUS: And Jephthe subdued the children of Ammon, for the Lord delivered them into his hand.

HISTORICUS: And Jephthe came to Mispheh unto his house, when he returned; and behold, there came forth his only daughter to meet him, with timbrels and with dances. And she sang thus:

FILIA: Come, strike the merry timbrels, and sound the joyful cymbals. Let us sing praises unto the Lord; and let us magnify his name. Yea, let us praise the God of heaven, and magnify the mighty King who to his people Isrel the conquering leader doth restore.

CHORUS: Yea, to the Lord sing joyfully; and his great name still magnify, who giveth us the glory and Israel the victory.

FILIA: Come, praise with me the God of Heaven; sing praises to him joyfully. And magnify the mighty King, who giveth us the glory and Israel the victory.

CHORUS: We to the Lord sing joyfully. Sing praises to the mighty King, who giveth us the glory and Israel the victory.

HISTORICUS: And it came to pass, when Jephthe saw his only daughter, his well-beloved, coming forth to meet him, he remembered his vow to God; and he rent his garments and spake thus:

JEPHTE: Woe is me! Alas! My daughter, thou has undone me; and thou likewise, my daughter, thou art undone.

FILIA: How have I, O my father, undone thee? And how am I, thy only daughter, How am I undone?

... into our hands,  
 ... pleasure given  
 ... singing  
 ... music ringing.  
 ... be  
 ... friends join in melody;  
 ... no wrath, strife, grudge nor hate;  
 ... softens the hardest fate;  
 ... and all that brings distress  
 ... with every bitterness.  
 ... and all to sing are free,  
 ... since in this joy no sin can be;  
 ... rather does God joy in it most,  
 ... of all the pleasures Earth can boast  
 ... Satan neck and crop,  
 ... the murderers hand it can stop.  
 ... David, that Kingly soul,  
 ... Saul oft obtained control  
 ... sweet of harp and song,  
 ... lest he commit some dreadful wrong.  
 ... For God's Holy Law and True Word  
 ... joyful harp (heart) are clearly heard.  
 ... So once wise Elisha required  
 ... to be by sound of harp inspired.  
 ... Of all the seasons best is Spring,  
 ... Then little birds begin to sing.  
 ... Heaven and Earth are filled with cheer  
 ... and goodly song is ringing clear.  
 ... and most the lovely nightingale  
 ... makes music everywhere prevail  
 ... Throughout the night with songs so free;  
 ... for her we all must grateful be,  
 ... or rather we the Lord must hail,  
 ... For he hath made the nightingale.  
 ... the first of all the singing throng,  
 ... and mistress of the art of song.  
 ... to him both night and day she sings,  
 ... theiring praise to him she brings.  
 ... to him I too lift up my song  
 ... when thanks evermore shall belong.  
 ... Martin Luther

\* PAGE TWO \*

JEPHTE: I have opened my mouth to the Lord that whatsoever first cometh forth of the doors of my house to meet me, I will offer to the Lord for a burnt offering. Alas! My daughter, thou hast undone me; and thou likewise, my daughter, thou art undone.

FILIA: O my father, thou hast opened thy mouth to the Lord, and hast returned to thy house in peace. Therefore do to me according to thy vow; offer me for a burnt offering before the Lord. But this thing, O my father, grant to me, thy only beloved daughter, this thing before I die.

JEPHTE: But what can give thee consolation, my unhappy daughter?

FILIA: o let me go; that for two months I may wander upon the mountains, may wander with my companions, bewailing my unfulfilled days.

JEPHTE: Go, my daughter, and bewail thy untimely end.

CHORUS: Then went the daughter of Jephthe and her companions unto the mountains, and bewailed her virginity, saying;

FILIA: Lament, ye valleys, bewail, ye mountains; and in the affliction of my heart be ye afflicted. ECHO: Be ye afflicted.

FILIA: Lo! I shall die a virgin, and I shall not in my death find consolation in my children. Then bemoan me, ye woods and meadows and fountains; for the death of a maiden make lamentation! ECHO: Make lamentation! See, I am mourning in the joy of my people, in the victory of Israel, in the glory of my father, I in my bitterness, childless, I, an only beloved daughter, must die, and no longer live. Then tremble, ye rocks, be

astonished, ye mountains, valleys, and caves; and with horror and with fearfulness be resounding! ECHO: Be resounding! Lament and weep, ye children of Israel, for a hapless maiden. Yea, weep for Jephthe's unhappy daughter with wailing notes of sadness; and lament for her.

CHORUS: Lament, ye children of Israel; and all ye maidens weep for her. With wailing notes of sadness, lament for her.