

# Christmas Oratorio

Sunday, December 18, 2011 • 3:00 PM  
First Free Methodist Church

**Orchestra Seattle**  
**Seattle Chamber Singers**  
**Hans-Jürgen Schnoor**, conductor

**Maïke Albrecht**, soprano • **Melissa Plagemann**, alto  
**Wesley Rogers**, tenor • **Steven Tachell**, bass

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH (1685–1750)  
*Christmas Oratorio*, BWV 248



Chorus: *Jauchzet, frohlocket! auf, preiset die Tage*  
Evangelist: *Es begab sich aber zu der Zeit*  
Alto: *Nun wird mein liebster Bräutigam*  
Alto: *Bereite dich, Zion, mit zärtlichen Trieben*  
Chorale: *Wie soll ich dich empfangen*  
Evangelist: *Und sie gebar ihren ersten Sohn*  
Chorale: *Er ist auf Erden kommen arm* }  
Bass: *Wer will die Liebe recht erhöhen* }  
Bass: *Großer Herr, o starker König*  
Chorale: *Ach mein herzliebtes Jesulein*

Sinfonia  
Evangelist: *Und es waren Hirten in derselben Gegend*  
Chorale: *Brich an, o schönes Morgenlicht*  
Evangelist, Angel: *Und der Engel sprach zu ihnen*  
Bass: *Was Gott dem Abraham verheißten*  
Tenor: *Frohe Hirten, eilt, ach eilet*  
Evangelist: *Und das habt zum Zeichen*  
Chorale: *Schaut hin, dort liegt im finstern Stall*  
Bass: *So geht denn hin*

Alto: *Schlafe, mein Liebster, genieße der Ruh*  
Evangelist: *Und alsobald war da bei dem Engel*  
Angels: *Ehre sei Gott in der Höhe*  
Bass: *So recht, ihr Engel, jauchzt und singet*  
Chorale: *Wir singen dir in deinem Heer*

Chorus: *Herrscher des Himmels, erhöre das Lallen*  
Evangelist: *Und da die Engel von ihnen gen Himmel fuhren*  
Shepherds: *Lasset uns nun gehen gen Bethlehem*  
Bass: *Er hat sein Volk getröst'*  
Chorale: *Dies hat er alles uns getan*  
Duet: *Herr, dein Mitleid, dein Erbarmen*  
Evangelist: *Und sie kamen eilend*  
Alto: *Schließe, mein Herze, dies selige Wunder*  
Alto: *Ja, ja, mein Herz soll es bewahren*  
Chorale: *Ich will dich mit Fleiß bewahren*  
Evangelist: *Und die Hirten kehrten wieder um*  
Chorale: *Seid froh, dieweil*  
Chorus: *Herrscher des Himmels, erhöre das Lallen*

## —Intermission—

Chorus: *Fallt mit Danken, fällt mit Loben*  
Evangelist: *Und da acht Tage um waren*  
Bass: *Immanuel, o süßes Wort* }  
Chorale: *Jesu, du mein liebstes Leben* }  
Soprano and "Echo": *Flößt, mein Heiland, flößt dein Namen*  
Bass: *Wohlan, dein Name soll allein* }  
Soprano: *Jesu, meine Freud und Wonne* }  
Tenor: *Ich will nur dir zu Ehren leben*  
Chorale: *Jesus richte mein Beginnen*

Chorus: *Ehre sei dir, Gott, gesungen*  
Evangelist: *Da Jesus geboren war zu Bethlehem*  
Wise Men: *Wo ist der neugeborne König der Juden* }  
Alto: *Sucht ihn in meiner Brust* }  
Chorale: *Dein Glanz all Finsternis verzehrt*  
Bass: *Erleucht auch meine finstre Sinnen*  
Evangelist: *Da das der König Herodes hörte*

Alto: *Warum wollt ihr erschrecken?*  
Evangelist: *Und ließ versammeln alle Hohepriester*  
Trio: *Ach, wenn wird die Zeit erscheinen?*  
Alto: *Mein Liebster herrschet schon*  
Chorale: *Zwar ist solche Herzensstube*

Chorus: *Herr, wenn die stolzen Feinde schnauben*  
Evangelist, Herod: *Da berief Herodes die Weisen heimlich*  
Soprano: *Du Falscher, suchet nur den Herrn zu fällen*  
Soprano: *Nur ein Wink von seinen Händen*  
Evangelist: *Als sie nun den König gehöret hatten*  
Chorale: *Ich steh an deiner Krippen hier*  
Evangelist: *Und Gott befahl ihnen im Traum*  
Tenor: *So geht! Genug, mein Schatz geht nicht von hier*  
Tenor: *Nun mögt ihr stolzen Feinde schrecken*  
Quartet: *Was will der Höllen Schrecken nun*  
Chorale: *Nun seid ihr wohl gerochen*

Please disable cell phones and other electronics. The use of cameras and recording devices is not permitted during the performance.  
Portative organ manufactured by Raphi Giangiulio, Tacoma WA: [www.rwgiangiulio.com](http://www.rwgiangiulio.com)

## Guest Artists

Guest conductor **Hans-Jürgen Schnoor** has served as cantor and organist at the St. Jakobi Church in Lübeck, Germany, where he is a leading performer of early keyboard music and conductor of period-instrument performances of the works of Bach and other Baroque masters. Currently professor for harpsichord, basso continuo, early performance practice and music theory at the Lübeck Conservatory of Music, he directs the Neumünster Bach Choir, Concerto Lübeck and the Hamburg Consort (period instruments) and since 1980 has been music director at the Vicelinkirche in Neumünster. Mr. Schnoor has given numerous performances of all of the great works of Bach, as well as: Handel's *Messiah*; Mozart's *Requiem*, Mass in C Minor and *Idomeneo*; Beethoven's Mass in C Major; Brahms' *German Requiem*; and the Monteverdi *1610 Vespers*. He has released many solo recordings, including music of Weckmann and Bruhns, and much of the keyboard repertoire of J.S. Bach.

Soprano **Maike Albrecht** has performed numerous concerts as a soloist in oratorio and as a member of various ensembles for early music, and sung such opera roles as Idamante in Mozart's *Idomeneo* and Dido in Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas*. She studied piano at the Folkwang Hochschule in Essen and voice at the Conservatory of Music in Lübeck and in Salzburg, and particularly enjoys singing the lieder of Mozart, Schubert, Wolf, Mahler and Schoenberg, among others.

Mezzo-soprano **Melissa Plagemann** has been praised by audiences and the press for her "clear, burnished voice" (*Tacoma News Tribune*) and "attractively expressive mezzo" (*Crosscut Seattle*). She performs frequently with the finest musical organizations throughout the Pacific Northwest, and is rapidly becoming known for the passion and musical intelligence she brings to performances on opera and concert stages alike. A first-prize winner in competitions of the

## Program Notes

### Johann Sebastian Bach *Christmas Oratorio, BWV 248*

*Bach was born in Eisenach, Germany, on March 21, 1685, and died in Leipzig on July 28, 1750. He composed his Christmas Oratorio in 1734, drawing upon music previously used in earlier secular cantatas. The composer led the first performances in Leipzig between December 24, 1734, and January 6, 1735. In addition to vocal soloists and chorus, the six cantatas that comprise the oratorio call for various combinations of two flutes, two oboes (both doubling oboe d'amore), two English horns, bassoon, two horns, three trumpets, timpani, strings and continuo.*

For hundreds of years, Western Christianity celebrated the birth of Jesus and the events surrounding it not with a single feast day, but with a "season"—a number of special commemorations occurring on various days between December 25 (Christmas Day) and January 6 (The Feast of the Epiphany, the celebration of the manifestation of Je-

Ladies' Musical Club, the Seattle Musical Art Society and the Seattle Gilbert and Sullivan Society, she holds degrees from the University of Victoria and Indiana University.

Tenor **Wesley Rogers** has been hailed by *San Francisco Classical Voice* as possessing the "kind of tenor that pours forth powerfully, effortlessly, seemingly for any length of time." Next June he sings Don Ottavio in a new production of *Don Giovanni* with the National Theatre Opera Prague and during the 2012–2013 season he will sing Belmonte in *Die entführung aus dem Serail* with the Opéra de Liège in Belgium. In the spring of 2011, Mr. Rogers made an important debut as Belmonte at the Semperoper Dresden, followed by performances of the Berlioz *Te Deum* at the University of California, Davis' Mondavi Center, Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* with OSSCS, and a concert appearance as Belmonte at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées in Paris. Performances on the Seattle Opera mainstage include roles in *Billy Budd*, *La Fanciulla del West*, *Salome* and Daron Hagen's *Amelia*. Previous concert engagements include Handel's *Messiah* and Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* with the American Bach Soloists, Britten's *War Requiem* with OSSCS and Mozart's *Coronation Mass* with EOS Orchestra.

Bass-baritone **Steven Tachell** studied at the University of Washington and at the Vienna Academy of Music and Performing Arts. His initial professional experience included two summers with the Santa Fe Opera in their Young Singers Apprentice program, and continued with his engagement as resident bass-baritone with the St. Gallen Opera Theater in Switzerland. He appeared as soloist in concerts and operas throughout Bavaria and performed frequently with the Munich Savoyards. In the United States, Mr. Tachell has performed with the Opera Orchestra of New York, conducted by Eve Queler, Opera New England, Arizona Opera, New Jersey Opera and Chattanooga Opera, among others. He has also performed frequently with Seattle Opera.

sus as God's Anointed One to the Gentiles, personified by the Magi, Persian priests known for their knowledge of astrology and their skills in dream interpretation). Imagine participating in six celebrations of six different events on six different days: First, the birth of the Christ Child (December 25), then the announcement of the birth to the shepherds by a host of angels (December 26), the adoration of the baby by the shepherds (December 27), the circumcision and naming of Jesus (New Year's Day), the coming of the Magi from the East to find the child "born King of the Jews" (Matthew 2:2; the Sunday after New Year's Day), and finally the Magi's worship of the Holy Child with their gifts (January 6). On each of these days, you are inspired by a cantata from Johann Sebastian Bach that recounts one of these stories and comments and reflects upon the events and their meanings for the Christian individual and community. Now contract these six days and six cantata performances into a single presentation, on a single afternoon, of the chief events of the Christmas story and their accompanying interpretative

meditations, and you have Bach's magnificent *Christmas Oratorio* as you will hear it today. Let it introduce you to, and prepare you for, the rapidly approaching season of Christmastide and lead you, as you listen, to ask yourself, "How does the Christmas story really end?"

Johann Sebastian Bach was born into a family that had produced church and town-band musicians for over 150 years. Orphaned at 10, he was raised by an older brother who was an organist, and who taught young Sebastian music. The boy was endlessly curious about every aspect of the art: "I had to work hard," he said. "Anyone who works as hard will get just as far."

Bach began his professional musical career at age 18, when he was appointed organist at a church in Arnstadt. At 23, he became court organist and chamber musician to the Duke of Weimar; during his nine years in that post (1708–1717), he gained fame as an organ virtuoso and composer. From 1717 to 1723, Bach served the Prince of Anhalt-Cöthen, producing suites, concertos, sonatas for various instruments, a great amount of keyboard music, and the six wonderful Brandenburg Concertos. Maria Barbara, Bach's wife and the mother of his seven children, died in 1720, and the composer soon married Anna Magdalena, a young singer who proved to be a loyal and supportive wife, and who provided her mate with 13 more offspring.

At age 38, Bach (considered by the town officials to be only a mediocre musician!) obtained the position of Cantor of St. Thomas' in Leipzig, one of the most important musical posts in Germany. He taught at the choir school, which trained the choristers of the city's chief churches (he had to teach non-musical subjects as well) and also functioned as music director, composer, choirmaster and organist of St. Thomas' Church. In this post, in which he served for his remaining 27 years, Bach produced monumental musical masterworks, including the *Christmas Oratorio*, *St. John Passion*, *St. Matthew Passion*, *Mass in B Minor*, *The Musical Offering* and *The Art of the Fugue*—all while dealing with the cares of his large family and circle of friends, the tasks of a very busy professional life, and ongoing struggles with the officials of town, school and church who never recognized that they were in the presence of perhaps the greatest musical genius of all time.

Although the composer described himself as living "amidst continual vexation, envy and persecution," he remained in Leipzig until his eyesight failed and he suffered a stroke followed by a raging fever. Bach died July 28, 1750, bequeathing only a very modest material estate, but leaving to us a wondrous wealth of musical treasures of which the *Christmas Oratorio* is a particularly glittering example.

This joyous work, completed around Christmastime of 1734 when Bach was 49, is not an oratorio in the usual sense (a single work consisting of many contrasting movements for chorus and soloists, based on a dramatic story from the Bible). Instead, it consists of a series of lyrical meditations, unified by recitatives that tell the story of the events surrounding the birth of Christ as it appears in Luke 2:1–21 and Matthew 2:1–12. The compiler of the libretto

remains unknown, but most scholars believe that Christian Friedrich Henrici (who employed the pseudonym Picander), a German poet and the librettist for many of Bach's Leipzig cantatas, probably assembled and arranged the texts.

The oratorio was never performed under Bach's direction as you will hear it this afternoon—as a whole and in one sitting—but in six individual parts, as described above. To this composition, Bach most probably transferred the music from the choruses and arias of two secular cantatas dating from 1733, the year before he produced the *Christmas Oratorio: Hercules at the Crossroads* (composed for the 11th birthday of Friedrich Christian, Prince Elector of Saxony) and *Resound, Ye Drums, Ring Out, Ye Trumpets* (written to celebrate the birthday of Maria Josepha, Queen of Poland and Electress). In this manner, he preserved the best movements of these relatively ephemeral secular cantatas for regular performance within the framework of the church year. Bach's ability to create a new and beautifully unified work of art out of existing "occasional" compositions is truly astonishing!

Throughout the oratorio, texts from the New Testament appear in recitatives (vocal lines that follow the natural rhythms, accentuation and pitch contours of normal speech) by the solo tenor "Evangelist" with continuo accompaniment. Soloists generally present the words of individual persons, while those of a group are assigned to the chorus. The Biblical texts are intermingled with a wonderful variety of pieces: orchestrally accompanied choruses, diversely arranged chorales (mostly familiar Christmas hymns), vocal ensemble numbers (several duets, a trio and a fugal recitative for quartet), an "echo" aria (for soprano, echoing soprano and oboe), and an amazing assortment of solo arias and recitative-like arioso settings of poetic texts that reflect or comment on the narratives. Nearly all of the six cantatas begin with an exuberant introductory chorus in a dance-like triple meter. The second cantata, however, begins with one of the most beautiful of orchestral pastorales, written in a characteristically lilting  $\frac{12}{8}$  meter and featuring sounds of double reeds that bring to mind shepherds' pipes, transporting the listener to the fields near Bethlehem, above which the angels are about to astound the shepherds.

The *Christmas Oratorio* is not simply a holiday entertainment, but true church music, meant to edify and uplift a congregation. Although the overall mood of the oratorio is one of festivity and exultation, Bach stresses the importance of Christ's sacrificial death through his use of the Passion chorale, "Herzlich tut mich verlangen" ("My heart is ever yearning"), with which the words "O Sacred Head, Sore Wounded" are usually associated. This "Good Friday hymn" appears in the oratorio as both its first and its final chorale, where Bach transforms it into a triumphant trumpet-studded chorale fantasia, thus presenting, through his incomparable music, his conviction that the salvation of humanity is initiated in Christ's birth and finally accomplished through His death and resurrection. The story of Christmas does not "end" until Easter!

—Lorelette Knowles

## Text & Translation

### Part One

Jauchzet, frohlocket! auf, preiset die Tage,  
Rühmet, was heute der Höchste getan!  
Lasset das Zagen, verbannet die Klage,  
Stimmet voll Jauchzen und Fröhlichkeit an!  
Dienet dem Höchsten mit herrlichen Chören,  
Laßt uns den Namen des Herrschers verehren!

Es begab sich aber zu der Zeit, daß ein Gebot von dem Kaiser Augusto ausging, daß alle Welt geschätzt würde. Und jedermann ging, daß er sich schätzen ließe, ein jeglicher in seine Stadt. Da machte sich auch auf Joseph aus Galiläa, aus der Stadt Nazareth, in das jüdische Land zur Stadt David, die da heißet Bethlehem; darum, daß er von dem Hause und Geschlechte David war: auf daß er sich schätzen ließe mit Maria, seinem vertrauten Weibe, die war schwanger. Und als sie daselbst waren, kam die Zeit, daß sie gebären sollte.

Nun wird mein liebster Bräutigam,  
Nun wird der Held aus Davids Stamm  
Zum Trost, zum Heil der Erden  
Einmal geboren werden.  
Nun wird der Stern aus Jakob scheinen,  
Sein Strahl bricht schon hervor.  
Auf, Zion, und verlasse nun das Weinen,  
Dein Wohl steigt hoch empor!

Bereite dich, Zion, mit zärtlichen Trieben,  
Den Schönsten, den Liebsten bald bei dir zu sehn!  
Deine Wangen  
Müssen heut viel schöner prangen,  
Eile, den Bräutigam sehnlichst zu lieben!

Wie soll ich dich empfangen  
Und wie begegn' ich dir?  
O aller Welt Verlangen,  
O meiner Seelen Zier!  
O Jesu, Jesu, setze  
Mir selbst die Fackel bei,  
Damit, was dich ergötze,  
Mir kund und wissend sei!

Und sie gebar ihren ersten Sohn und wickelte ihn in Windeln und legte ihn in eine Krippe, denn sie hatten sonst keinen Raum in der Herberge.

Er ist auf Erden kommen arm,  
Wer will die Liebe recht erhöhn,  
Die unser Heiland vor uns hegt?  
Daß er unser sich erbarm,  
Ja, wer vermag es einzusehen,  
Wie ihn der Menschen Leid bewegt?  
Und in dem Himmel mache reich,  
Des Höchsten Sohn kömmt in die Welt,  
Weil ihm ihr Heil so wohl gefällt,  
Und seinen lieben Engeln gleich.  
So will er selbst als Mensch geboren werden.  
Kyrieleis!

Großer Herr, o starker König,  
Liebster Heiland, o wie wenig  
Achtest du der Erden Pracht!  
Der die ganze Welt erhält,  
Ihre Pracht und Zier erschaffen,  
Muß in harten Krippen schlafen.

Triumph, rejoicing, rise, praising these days now,  
Tell ye what this day the Highest hath done!  
Fear now abandon and banish complaining,  
Join, filled with triumph and gladness, our song!  
Serve ye the Highest in glorious chorus,  
Let us the name of our ruler now honor!

It occurred, however, at the time that a decree from the Emperor Augustus went out that all the world should be enrolled. And everyone then went forth to be enrolled, each person unto his own city. And then as well went up Joseph from Galilee from the city of Nazareth into the land of Judea to David's city which is called Bethlehem, because he was of the house and of the lineage of David to be enrolled there with Mary, who was betrothed to be his wife, and she was pregnant. And while they were in that place, there came the time for her to be delivered.

Now is my dearest bridegroom rare,  
Now is the prince of David's stem  
As earth's redeeming comfort  
Here born in time amongst us.  
Now will shine bright the star of Jacob,  
Its beam e'en now breaks forth.  
Rise, Zion, and abandon now thy weeping,  
Thy fortune soars aloft.

Prepare thyself, Zion, with tender affection,  
The fairest, the dearest soon midst thee to see!  
Thy cheeks' beauty  
Must today shine much more brightly,  
Hasten, the bridegroom to love with deep passion.

How shall I then receive thee  
And how thy presence find?  
Desire of ev'ry nation,  
O glory of my soul!  
O Jesus, Jesus,  
Set out for me thy torch,  
That all that brings thee pleasure  
By me be clearly known.

And she brought forth her first-born son and wrapped him in swaddling cloths and laid him within a manger, for they had no other room in the inn for them.

He is to earth now come so poor,  
Who will the love then rightly praise  
Which this our Savior for us keeps?  
That he us his mercy show  
Yea, is there one who understandeth  
How he by mankind's woe is moved?  
And in heaven make us rich  
The Most High's Son comes in the world  
Whose health to him so dear is held,  
And to his own dear angels like.  
So will he as a man himself be born now.  
Kyrieleis!

Mighty Lord, O strongest sovereign,  
Dearest Savior, O how little  
Heedest thou all earthly pomp!  
He who all the world doth keep,  
All its pomp and grace hath fashioned,  
Must within the hard crib slumber.

Ach mein herzliebes Jesulein,  
Mach dir ein rein sanft Bettelein,  
Zu ruhn in meines Herzens Schrein,  
Daß ich nimmer vergesse dein!

### Part Two

Und es waren Hirten in derselben Gegend auf dem Felde bei den Hürden, die hüteten des Nachts ihre Herde. Und siehe, des Herren Engel trat zu ihnen, und die Klarheit des Herren leuchtet um sie, und sie fürchten sich sehr.

Brich an, o schönes Morgenlicht,  
Und laß den Himmel tagen!  
Du Hirtenvolk, erschrecke nicht,  
Weil dir die Engel sagen,  
Daß dieses schwache Knäbelein  
Soll unser Trost und Freude sein,  
Dazu den Satan zwingen  
Und letztlich Friede bringen!

Und der Engel sprach zu ihnen:  
Fürchtet euch nicht, siehe, ich verkündige euch große Freude, die allem Volke widerfahren wird. Denn euch ist heute der Heiland geboren, welcher ist Christus, der Herr, in der Stadt David.

Was Gott dem Abraham verheißen,  
Das läßt er nun dem Hirtenchor  
Erfüllt erweisen.  
Ein Hirt hat alles das zuvor  
Von Gott erfahren müssen.  
Und nun muß auch ein Hirt die Tat,  
Was er damals versprochen hat,  
Zuerst erfüllet wissen.

Frohe Hirten, eilt, ach eilet,  
Eh ihr euch zu lang verweilet,  
Eilt, das holde Kind zu sehn!  
Geht, die Freude heißet zu schön,  
Sucht die Anmut zu gewinnen,  
Geht und labet Herz und Sinnen!

Und das habt zum Zeichen: Ihr werdet finden das Kind in Windeln gewickelt und in einer Krippe liegen.

Schaut hin, dort liegt im finstern Stall,  
Des Herrschaft gehet überall!  
Da Speise vormals sucht ein Rind,  
Da ruhet itzt der Jungfrau'n Kind.

So geht denn hin, ihr Hirten, geht,  
Daß ihr das Wunder seht:  
Und findet ihr des Höchsten Sohn  
In einer harten Krippe liegen,  
So singet ihm bei seiner Wiegen  
Aus einem süßen Ton  
Und mit gesamtem Chor  
Dies Lied zur Ruhe vor!

Schlafe, mein Liebster, genieße der Ruh,  
Wache nach diesem vor aller Gedeihen!  
Labe die Brust,  
Empfinde die Lust,  
Wo wir unser Herz erfreuen!

Und alsobald war da bei dem Engel die Menge der himmlischen Heerscharen, die lobten Gott und sprachen:

Ah my beloved'd Jesus-child,  
Make here thy bed, clean, soft and mild  
For rest within my heart's own shrine,  
That I no more fail to be thine!

And there were shepherds in that very region  
in the field nearby their sheepfolds, who  
kept their watch by night over their flocks. And  
see now, the angel of the Lord came before  
them, and the glory of the Lord shone round  
about them, and they were sore afraid.

Break forth, O beauteous morning light,  
And bring day to the heavens!  
Thou shepherd folk, be not afraid,  
For thee the angel telleth  
That this the helpless little boy  
Shall be our comfort and our joy,  
Here for to conquer Satan  
And peace at last to bring us!

And the angel spake unto them:  
Be not afraid, see now, I proclaim to you news  
of great gladness, which all the nations of the  
world will learn. For to you today is the Savior  
born, who is Christ, the Lord, in the city of  
David.

What God to Abraham did promise,  
This hath he to the shepherd choir  
Revealed and proven.  
A shepherd all this once before  
Of God to learn was destined;  
And now as well a shepherd must  
The deed of yore he promised us  
Be first to see completed.

Joyful shepherds, haste, ah hasten,  
Ere ye here too long should tarry,  
Haste, the gracious child to visit!  
Go, your gladness is too fair,  
Seek his grace's inspiration,  
Go and comfort heart and spirit.

And let this be your sign: ye will discover  
the babe in swaddling clothes there wrapped  
and in a manger lying.

Look there, he lies in manger drear  
Whose power reacheth ev'rywhere!  
Where fodder once the ox did seek,  
There resteth now the Virgin's child.

So go then there, ye shepherds, go,  
That ye this wonder see:  
And when ye find the Highest's Son  
Within an austere manger lying,  
Then sing to him beside his cradle  
In tones that sweetly ring  
And with assembled choir  
This song of slumber bring!

Sleep now, my dearest, enjoy now thy rest,  
Wake on the morrow to flourish in splendor!  
Lighten thy breast,  
With joy be thou blest,  
Where we hold our heart's great pleasure!

And suddenly there was with the angel the  
multitude of the host of heaven, there praising  
God and saying:

Ehre sei Gott in der Höhe und Friede auf Erden  
und den Menschen ein Wohlgefallen.

So recht, ihr Engel, jauchzt und singet,  
Daß es uns heut so schön gelinget!  
Auf denn! wir stimmen mit euch ein,  
Uns kann es so wie euch erfreun.

Wir singen dir in deinem Heer  
Aus aller Kraft, Lob, Preis und Ehr,  
Daß du, o lang gewünschter Gast,  
Dich nunmehr eingestellt hast.

### Part Three

Herrscher des Himmels, erhöere das Lallen,  
Laß dir die matten Gesänge gefallen,  
Wenn dich dein Zion mit Psalmen erhöht!  
Höre der Herzen frohlockendes Preisen,  
Wenn wir dir itzo die Ehrfurcht erweisen,  
Weil unsre Wohlfahrt befestiget steht!

Und da die Engel von ihnen gen Himmel  
fuhren, sprachen die Hirten untereinander:

Lasset uns nun gehen gen Bethlehem und  
die Geschichte sehen, die da geschehen ist, die  
uns der Herr kundgetan hat.

Er hat sein Volk getröst',  
Er hat sein Israel erlöst,  
Die Hül' aus Zion hergesendet  
Und unser Leid geendet.  
Seht, Hirten, dies hat er getan;  
Geht, dieses trifft ihr an!

Dies hat er alles uns getan,  
Sein groß Lieb zu zeigen an;  
Des freu sich alle Christenheit  
Und dank ihm des in Ewigkeit.  
Kyrieleis!

Herr, dein Mitleid, dein Erbarmen  
Tröstet uns und macht uns frei.  
Deine holde Gunst und Liebe,  
Deine wundersamen Triebe  
Machen deine Vätertreu  
Wieder neu.

Und sie kamen eilend und funden beide,  
Mariam und Joseph, dazu das Kind in der  
Krippe liegen. Da sie es aber gesehen hatten,  
breiteten sie das Wort aus, welches zu ihnen  
von diesem Kind gesaget war. Und alle, für die  
es kam, wunderten sich der Rede, die ihnen die  
Hirten gesaget hatten. Maria aber behielt alle  
diese Worte und bewegte sie in ihrem Herzen.

Schließe, mein Herze, dies selige Wunder  
Fest in deinem Glauben ein!  
Lasse dies Wunder, die göttlichen Werke,  
Immer zur Stärke  
Deines schwachen Glaubens sein!

Ja, ja, mein Herz soll es bewahren,  
Was es an dieser holden Zeit  
Zu seiner Seligkeit  
Für sicheren Beweis erfahren.

Glory to God in the highest and peace on the  
earth now and to mankind a sign of favor.

'Tis meet, ye angels, sing and triumph,  
That we today have gained such fortune!  
Up then! We'll join our voice to yours,  
We can as well as ye rejoice.

We sing to thee amidst thy host  
With all our strength, laud, fame and praise,  
That thou, O long desired guest,  
Art come into this world at last.

Ruler of heaven, give ear to our stammer,  
Let these our weary refrains bring thee pleasure,  
As thee thy Zion with psalms doth exalt!  
Hear thou our hearts, though, exultant with praises,  
As we to thee here our homage now render,  
For our salvation stands strong and secure!

And when the angel went away from them  
up to heaven, said the shepherds one to another:

"Let us now go quickly to Bethlehem and  
this event now witness which hath here taken  
place, that which the Lord made known to us."

He brought his people hope,  
He hath his Israel redeemed,  
His help from Zion he hath sent us  
And all our suff'ring ended.  
See, shepherds, this thing hath he done;  
Go, this thing go and see!

This hath he all for us brought forth,  
His great love to manifest;  
Rejoice thus all Christianity  
And thank him in eternity.  
Kyrieleis!

Lord, thy mercy, thy forgiveness,  
Comforts us and sets us free.  
Thy most gracious love and favor,  
Thy most wonderful affection  
Here make thy paternal faith  
New again.

And they went forth quickly and found there  
both Mary and Joseph, and the child lying in  
the manger. When they, however, had ceased  
their looking, they spread forth the saying  
which had been told unto them concerning this  
child. And all to whom it came wondered at  
the story which had been reported to them by  
the shepherds. But Mary kept to herself then all  
these sayings, and she pondered them within  
her heart.

Keep thou, my heart now, this most blessed wonder  
Fast within thy faith alway!  
And let this wonder, these godly achievements,  
Ever as comfort  
Of thy feeble faith abide!

Oh yes, my heart shall ever cherish  
All it at this most gracious time  
To its eternal bliss  
With certain signs of proof hath witnessed.

Ich will dich mit Fleiß bewahren,  
Ich will dir  
Leben hier,  
Dir will ich abfahren,  
Mit dir will ich endlich schweben  
Voller Freud  
Ohne Zeit  
Dort im andern Leben.

Und die Hirten kehrten wieder um, preise-  
ten und lobten Gott um alles, das sie gesehen  
und gehöret hatten, wie denn zu ihnen gesaget  
war.

Seid froh dieweil,  
Dass euer Heil  
Ist hie ein Gott und auch ein Mensch geboren,  
Der, welcher ist  
Der Herr und Christ  
In Davids Stadt, von vielen auserkoren.

Herrscher des Himmels, erhöre das Lallen. . .

#### Part Four

Fallt mit Danken, fallt mit Loben  
Vor des Höchsten Gnadenthron!  
Gottes Sohn  
Will der Erden  
Heiland und Erlöser werden,  
Gottes Sohn  
Dämpft der Feinde Wut und Toben.

Und da acht Tage um waren, daß das Kind be-  
schnitten würde, da ward sein Name genennet  
Jesus, welcher genennet war von dem Engel,  
ehe denn er im Mutterleibe empfangen ward.

Immanuel, o süßes Wort!  
Mein Jesus heißt mein Hort,  
Mein Jesus heißt mein Leben.  
Mein Jesus hat sich mir ergeben,  
Mein Jesus soll mir immerfort  
Vor meinen Augen schweben.  
Mein Jesus heißet meine Lust,  
Mein Jesus labet Herz und Brust.  
Jesus, du mein liebstes Leben,  
Komm! Ich will dich mit Lust umfassen,  
Meiner Seelen Bräutigam,  
Mein Herze soll dich nimmer lassen,  
Der du dich vor mich gegeben  
Ach! So nimm mich zu dir!  
An des bittern Kreuzes Stamm!  
Auch in dem Sterben sollst du mir  
Das Allerliebste sein;  
In Not, Gefahr und Ungemach  
Seh ich dir sehnlichst nach.  
Was jagte mir zuletzt der Tod für Grauen ein?  
Mein Jesus! Wenn ich sterbe,  
So weiß ich, daß ich nicht verderbe.  
Dein Name steht in mir geschrieben,  
Der hat des Todes Furcht vertrieben.

Flößt, mein Heiland, flößt dein Namen  
Auch den allerkleinsten Samen  
Jenes strengen Schreckens ein?  
Nein, du sagst ja selber nein. (Nein!)  
Sollt ich nun das Sterben scheuen?  
Nein, dein süßes Wort ist da!  
Oder sollt ich mich erfreuen?  
Ja, du Heiland sprichst selbst ja. (Ja!)

I will thee steadfastly cherish,  
For thy sake  
My life make,  
In thee I will perish,  
With thee will I one day hover  
Full of joy  
For alway  
There when life is over.

And the shepherds then turned back again,  
glorifying and praising God for all the things  
which they had seen and had heard, just as it  
had been told to them.

Be glad this while,  
For now your health  
Is here as God and as a man born to you,  
The one who is  
The Lord and Christ  
In David's city, out of many chosen.

Ruler of heaven, give ear to our stammer. . .

Fall and thank him, fall and praise him  
At the Highest's throne of grace!  
God's own Son  
Will of earth the  
Savior and Redeemer be now,  
God's own Son  
Stems our foe's great wrath and fury.

And when eight days were accomplished  
that the child be circumcised, was his name  
then called Jesus, which was so named by  
the angel, before he was conceived within his  
mother's womb.

Immanuel, O sweetest word!  
My Jesus is my shield,  
My Jesus is my being.  
My Jesus is to me devoted,  
My Jesus shall I ever hold  
Before my eyes suspended.  
My Jesus is my joyful rest,  
My Jesus soothes my heart and breast.  
Jesus, thou, my life belove'd,  
Come! I would now with joy embrace thee,  
Of my soul the bridegroom true,  
My heart shall nevermore release thee,  
Thou who didst for me surrender  
To the bitter cross's tree!  
Ah! Take me to thyself!  
E'en in my dying shalt thou my  
Most cherished treasure be;  
In need, in dread and sore distress  
I'll look and yearn for thee.  
What cruelty at last can death then hound me with?  
My Jesus! When I die here,  
I know that I shall never perish.  
Thy name is written deep within me,  
It hath the fear of death now banished.

Doth, my Savior, doth thy name have  
E'en the very smallest kernel  
Of that awful terror now?  
No, thyself thou sayest "No." (No!)  
Ought I now of death be wary?  
No, the gentle word is here!  
Rather, ought I greet it gladly?  
Yes, O Savior, thou say'st "Yes." (Yes!)

Wohlan, dein Name soll allein  
In meinem Herzen sein!  
Jesus, meine Freud und Wonne,  
Meine Hoffnung, Schatz und Teil,  
So will ich dich entzückt nennen,  
Wenn Brust und Herz zu dir vor Liebe brennen.  
Mein Erlösung, Schmuck und Heil,  
Hirt und König, Licht und Sonne,  
Doch, Liebster, sage mir:  
Wie rühm ich dich, wie dank ich dir?  
Ach! wie soll ich würdiglich,  
Mein Herr Jesu, preisen dich?

Ich will nur dir zu Ehren leben,  
Mein Heiland, gib mir Kraft und Mut,  
Daß es mein Herz recht eifrig tut!  
Stärke mich,  
Deine Gnade würdiglich  
Und mit Danken zu erheben!

Jesus richte mein Beginnen,  
Jesus bleibe stets bei mir,  
Jesus zäume mir die Sinnen,  
Jesus sei nur mein Begier,  
Jesus sei mir in Gedanken,  
Jesu, lasse mich nicht wanken!

#### Part Five

Ehre sei dir, Gott, gesungen,  
Dir sei Lob und Dank bereit.  
Dich erhebet alle Welt,  
Weil dir unser Wohl gefällt,  
Weil anheut  
Unser aller Wunsch gelungen,  
Weil uns dein Segen so herrlich erfreut.

Da Jesus geboren war zu Bethlehem im jü-  
dischen Lande zur Zeit des Königes Herodis,  
siehe, da kamen die Weisen vom Morgenlande  
gen Jerusalem und sprachen.

Wo ist der neugeborne König der Juden?  
Sucht ihn in meiner Brust,  
Hier wohnt er, mir und ihm zur Lust!  
Wir haben seinen Stern gesehen im Morgenlan-  
de und sind kommen, ihn anzubeten.

Wohl euch, die ihr dies Licht gesehen,  
Es ist zu eurem Heil geschehen!  
Mein Heiland, du, du bist das Licht,  
Das auch den Heiden scheinen sollen,  
Und sie, sie kennen dich noch nicht,  
Als sie dich schon verehren wollen.  
Wie hell, wie klar muß nicht dein Schein,  
Geliebter Jesu, sein!

Dein Glanz all Finsternis verzehrt,  
Die trübe Nacht in Licht verkehrt.  
Leit uns auf deinen Wegen,  
Daß dein Gesicht  
Und herrliches Licht  
Wir ewig schauen mögen!

Erleucht auch meine finstre Sinnen,  
Erleuchte mein Herze  
Durch der Strahlen klaren Schein!  
Dein Wort soll mir die hellste Kerze  
In allen meinen Werken sein;  
Dies lasset die Seele nichts Böses beginnen.

Da das der König Herodes hörte, erschrak  
er und mit ihm das ganze Jerusalem.

O joy, thy name shall now alone  
Within my bosom dwell!  
Jesus, my true joy and pleasure,  
My true treasure, share and hope,  
Thus will I call thy name with rapture  
When breast and heart for thee with love are burning.

My salvation, crown and health,  
King and shepherd, sun and radiance,  
But, dearest, tell me now:  
How thee to praise, how thee to thank.  
Ah, how shall I worthily,  
My Lord Jesus, give thee praise?

I would but for thine honor live now;  
My Savior, give me strength of will,  
That this my heart with zeal may do.  
Strengthen me  
Thy mercy worthily  
And with gratitude to honor!

Jesus order my beginning,  
Jesus bide away with me,  
Jesus bridle my intention,  
Jesus be my sole desire,  
Jesus be in all my thinking,  
Jesus, let me never waver.

Glory to thee, God, be sung now,  
Thee be praise and thanks prepared,  
Thee exalteth all the world,  
For our good is thy desire,  
For today  
Is our ev'ry wish accomplished,  
For us thy favor brings such splendid joy.

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem in the  
land of Judea in the days when Herod was the  
king, behold, there came the wise from the East  
to Jerusalem, who said:

Where doth the newborn babe, the king of the Jews, lie?  
Seek him within my breast,  
He dwells here, mine and his the joy!  
We have indeed his star now witnessed where  
morning riseth and are come now to give him  
worship.  
Blest ye, who have this light now witnessed,  
It is for your salvation risen!  
My Savior, thou, thou art that light,  
Which to the nations shall shine also,  
And they, they do not know thee yet,  
As they e'en now would pay thee honor.  
How bright, how clear must then thy rays,  
Belove'd Jesus, be!

Thy light all darkness doth consume,  
The gloomy night to day transform.  
Lead us upon thy pathways,  
That we thy face  
And glorious light  
For evermore may witness!

Illuminate, too, my gloomy spirit,  
Illuminate my bosom  
With the beams of thy clear light!  
Thy word shall be my brightest candle  
In all the works which I shall do;  
My soul shall this keep from all wicked endeavor.

And thus when Herod the king had heard this,  
he trembled, and with him the whole of Jerusalem.

Warum wollt ihr erschrecken?  
Kann meines Jesu Gegenwart euch solche  
Furcht erwecken?  
O! solltet ihr euch nicht  
Vielmehr darüber freuen,  
Weil er dadurch verspricht,  
Der Menschen Wohlfahrt zu verneuen.

Und ließ versammeln alle Hohepriester und  
Schriftgelehrten unter dem Volk und erfors-  
schete von ihnen, wo Christus sollte geboren  
werden. Und sie sagten ihm: Zu Bethlehem im  
jüdischen Lande; denn also stehet geschrieben  
durch den Propheten: Und du Bethlehem im  
jüdischen Lande bist mitnichten die kleinste  
unter den Fürsten Juda; denn aus dir soll mir  
kommen der Herzog, der über mein Volk Israel  
ein Herr sei.

Ach, wann wird die Zeit erscheinen?  
Ach, wann kömmt der Trost der Seinen?  
Schweigt, er ist schon wirklich hier!  
Jesu, ach so komm zu mir!

Mein Liebster herrschet schon.  
Ein Herz, das seine Herrschaft liebet  
Und sich ihm ganz zu eigen gibet,  
Ist meines Jesu Thron.

Zwar ist solche Herzensstube  
Wohl kein schöner Fürstensaal,  
Sondern eine finstre Grube;  
Doch, sobald dein Gnadenstrahl  
In denselben nur wird blinken,  
Wird es voller Sonnen dünken.

#### Part Six

Herr, wenn die stolzen Feinde schnauben,  
So gib, daß wir im festen Glauben  
Nach deiner Macht und Hülfe sehn!  
Wir wollen dir allein vertrauen,  
So können wir den scharfen Klauen  
Des Feindes unversehrt entgehn.

Da berief Herodes die Weisen heimlich und  
erlernet mit Fleiß von ihnen, wenn der Stern  
erschienen wäre? und weiset sie gen Bethlehem  
und sprach:  
Ziehet hin und forschet fleißig nach dem Kind-  
lein, und wenn ihr's findet, sagt mir's wieder,  
daß ich auch komme und es anbete.

Du Falscher, suche nur den Herrn zu fällen,  
Nimm alle falsche List,  
Dem Heiland nachzustellen;  
Der, dessen Kraft kein Mensch ermißt,  
Bleibt doch in sichrer Hand.  
Dein Herz, dein falsches Herz ist schon,  
Nebst aller seiner List, des Höchsten Sohn,  
Den du zu stürzen suchst, sehr wohl bekannt.

Nur ein Wink von seinen Händen  
Stürzt ohnmächtger Menschen Macht.  
Hier wird alle Kraft verlacht!  
Spricht der Höchste nur ein Wort,  
Seiner Feinde Stolz zu enden,  
O, so müssen sich sofort  
Sterblicher Gedanken wenden.

Wherefore would ye be frightened?  
Can my dear Jesus' presence then in you such  
fear awaken?  
Oh! Should ye not by this  
Instead be moved with gladness,  
That he thereby hath pledged  
To make anew mankind's well-being!

And assembling all the high priests and scribes  
from amongst the people, did he then inquire of  
them, where the birth of Christ was supposed to  
happen. And they said to him: "In Bethlehem  
in the land of Judea; for even thus is it written  
by the prophet: 'And thou, Bethlehem, in the  
land of Judea art by no means the least among  
the princes of Judah; for from thee shall to me  
come the ruler, who shall over my people Israel  
be master.'"

Ah, when will that time appear then?  
Ah, when will his people's hope come?  
Hush, he is already here!  
Jesus, ah, then come to me!

My dearest ruleth now.  
The heart which his dominion loveth  
And gives itself to him entirely  
Shall be my Jesus' throne.

Though in truth my heart's poor lodging  
Is no lovely royal hall,  
Rather but a dreary chamber,  
Yet, when once thy mercy's beams  
Bring to it the merest glimmer,  
It seems as though with sun to shimmer.

Lord, when our boastful foes blow fury,  
Help us to keep our faith unshaken  
And to thy might and help to look!  
We would make thee our sole reliance  
And thus unharmed the cutting talons  
And clutches of the foe escape.

Then did Herod summon the wise men in  
secret, and with diligence he learned from them  
when the star was to appear. And he sent them  
forth to Bethlehem and said:  
Go ye forth and search with diligence for the  
baby, and when ye find him, bring me word,  
that I as well may come and worship him.

Thou liar, seek nought but the Lord's destruction,  
Lay ev'ry cunning snare  
And pitfall for our Savior;  
He, whose great pow'r no man can gauge,  
Abides in hands secure.  
Thy heart, thy lying heart e'en now,  
Along with all its guile, to God's own Son  
Whom thou dost strive to fell is fully known.

But a wave of his own hand will  
Bring down feeble human might.  
Here is all dominion mocked!  
Speak the Highest but one word,  
His opponents' pride to finish,  
Oh, then surely must at once  
Change its course all mortal purpose.

Als sie nun den König gehöret hatten, zogen sie hin. Und siehe, der Stern, den sie im Morgenlande gesehen hatten, ging für ihnen hin, bis daß er kam und stund oben über, da das Kindlein war. Da sie den Stern sahen, wurden sie hoch erfreuet und gingen in das Haus und funden das Kindlein mit Maria, seiner Mutter, und fielen nieder und beteten es an und täten ihre Schätze auf und schenkten ihm Gold, Weihrauch und Myrrhen.

Ich steh an deiner Krippen hier,  
O Jesulein, mein Leben;  
Ich komme, bring und schenke dir,  
Was du mir hast gegeben.  
Nimm hin! es ist mein Geist und Sinn,  
Herz, Seel und Mut, nimm alles hin,  
Und laß dirs wohlgefallen!

Und Gott befahl ihnen im Traum, daß sie sich nicht sollten wieder zu Herodes lenken, und zogen durch einen andern Weg wieder in ihr Land.

So geht!  
Genug, mein Schatz geht nicht von hier,  
Er bleibet da bei mir,  
Ich will ihn auch nicht von mir lassen.  
Sein Arm wird mich aus Lieb  
Mit sanftmutsvollem Trieb  
Und größter Zärtlichkeit umfassen;  
Er soll mein Bräutigam verbleiben,  
Ich will ihm Brust und Herz verschreiben.  
Ich weiß gewiß, er liebet mich,  
Mein Herz liebt ihn auch inniglich  
Und wird ihn ewig ehren.  
Was könnte mich nun für ein Feind  
Bei solchem Glück versehren!  
Du, Jesu, bist und bleibst mein Freund;  
Und werd ich ängstlich zu dir flehn:  
Herr, hilf!, so laß mich Hülfe sehn!

Nun mögt ihr stolzen Feinde schrecken;  
Was könnt ihr mir für Furcht erwecken?  
Mein Schatz, mein Hort ist hier bei mir.  
Ihr mögt euch noch so grimmig stellen,  
Droht nur, mich ganz und gar zu fällen,  
Doch seht! mein Heiland wohnet hier.

Was will der Höllen Schrecken nun,  
Was will uns Welt und Sünde tun,  
Da wir in Jesu Händen ruhn?

Nun seid ihr wohl gerochen  
An eurer Feinde Schar,  
Denn Christus hat zerbrochen,  
Was euch zuwider war.  
Tod, Teufel, Sünd und Hölle  
Sind ganz und gar geschwächt;  
Bei Gott hat seine Stelle  
Das menschliche Geschlecht.

And as soon as they had heard the king, they went their way. And lo, the star, which in the East they had seen already, went before their way, until it came and stood above that place where the baby was. And when they saw the star, they rejoiced with great gladness and went into the house and found there the baby with Mary, his mother, and fell before him and worshipped him and opened up their treasures then and gave to him gold, incense, and myrrh.

I stand before thy cradle here,  
O Jesus-child, my being,  
I come now, bring and offer thee  
What thou to me hast given.  
Take all! It is my spirit, will,  
Heart, soul and mind, take all to thee,  
And let it serve thy pleasure!

And God then warned them in a dream that they should not go again unto Herod, and they went by another way back to their country.

Then go!  
'Tis well, my treasure leaveth not,  
He bideth here with me,  
I will not ever let him leave me.  
His arm will in his love  
With soft affection's warmth  
And deepest tenderness embrace me;  
He shall remain my faithful bridegroom,  
I will my breast and heart assign him.  
I know full well he loveth me,  
My heart, too, loves him fervently  
And shall always adore him.  
What harm to me could any foe  
Amidst such fortune do now?  
Thou, Jesus, art fore'er my friend;  
And when in fear I cry to thee:  
"Lord, help!," let me thy help behold!

Now may ye boastful foes be frightened;  
Ye can in me what fear awaken?  
My store, my hoard is here by me.  
Be ye unbounded in your fury  
And threaten me with utter ruin,  
Beware, my Savior dwelleth here!

What hope hath hell's own terrors now,  
What harm will world and sin us do,  
While we in Jesus' hands rest sure?

Now are ye well avengéd  
Upon your hostile host,  
For Christ hath fully broken  
All that which you opposed.  
Death, devil, hell and error  
To nothing are reduced;  
With God hath now its shelter  
The mortal race of man.

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[www.uvm.edu/~classics/faculty/bach](http://www.uvm.edu/~classics/faculty/bach)

## OSSCS 2011–2012 Season

### Russian Masters

Sunday, February 5, 2012 • 3:00 PM  
Meany Hall • University of Washington  
Eric Garcia, conductor

Shostakovich *Festive Overture*  
Prokofiev Suite from *Lt. Kijé*  
Borodin Polovtsian Dances from *Prince Igor*  
Stravinsky Suite from *The Firebird*

Please note that the February 5 performance takes place at Meany Hall on the University of Washington campus.

### English Masters

Sunday, March 11, 2012 • 3:00 PM  
Alastair Willis, conductor  
Erich Parce, bass

Handel *Zadok the Priest*  
Vaughan Williams Five Variants of  
"Dives and Lazarus"  
Britten Four Sea Interludes from *Peter Grimes*  
Walton *Belshazzar's Feast*

### Easter Oratorio

Palm Sunday, April 1, 2012 • 3:00 PM  
Darko Butorac, conductor

J.S. Bach *Easter Oratorio*  
Sibelius *Valse Triste*  
R. Strauss Suite from *Der Rosenkavalier*

### Bruckner & Beethoven

Sunday, May 13, 2012 • 3:00 PM  
Jonathan Pasternack, conductor

Mozart *Kyrie* in D Minor  
Bruckner *Te Deum*  
Beethoven Symphony No. 3 in Eb ("Eroica")

All concerts except February 5 take place at First Free Methodist Church. Tickets available online at [www.ossccs.org](http://www.ossccs.org) or by calling 1-800-838-3006.

## Mark Salman: Liszt Bicentennial Project

To honor Franz Liszt's extraordinary generosity, pianist Mark Salman celebrates Liszt's bicentennial in five recitals, with each of the first four benefiting a local musical organization.

Friday, January 27, 2012 • 7:30 PM  
Benefiting KING-FM

Friday, February 12, 2012 • 4:00 PM  
Benefiting Seattle Conservatory of Music

Friday, March 2, 2012 • 7:30 PM  
Benefiting Orchestra Seattle | Seattle Chamber Singers

Friday, April 6, 2012 • 7:30 PM  
Benefiting Opera Plus

Friday, May 4, 2012 • 7:30 PM  
The complete *Transcendental Etudes*

All Liszt concerts take place at University Christian Church, 4731 15th Ave NE. Admission: \$25 (\$15 students/seniors) or \$100 (\$60) for entire series. Visit [www.marksalman.net](http://www.marksalman.net) for more information.



## Orchestra Seattle

### Violin

Susan Beals  
Dean Drescher  
Jason Hershey  
Manchung Ho  
Maria Hunt  
Fritz Klein\*  
Jim Lurie  
Gregor Nitsche  
Stephen Provine\*\*  
Theo Schaad  
Kenna Smith-Shangrow  
Janet Showalter

### Viola

Beatrice Dolf  
Audrey Don  
Genevieve Schaad  
Sam Williams\*

### Cello

Peter Ellis  
Katie Sauter Messick  
Valerie Ross  
Matthew Wyant\*

### Bass

Jo Hansen  
Steven Messick\*

### Harpichord

Robert Kechley

### Organ

Martin Olson

### Flute

Virginia Knight\*  
Melissa Underhill

### Oboe

David Barnes\*  
John Dimond

### English Horn

Lesley Bain  
Glen Danielson

### Bassoon

Jeff Eldridge

### Horn

Don Crevie\*  
Carey LaMothe

### Trumpet

Ethan Eade  
Rabi Lahiri  
Janet Young\*

### Timpani

Dan Oie

\*\* *concertmaster*

\* *principal*

## Seattle Chamber Singers

### Soprano

Barbara Anderson  
Hilary Anderson  
Crissa Cugini  
Kyla DeRemer  
Cinda Freece  
Catherine Haight  
Jill Kraakmo  
Peggy Kurtz\*  
Nancy Shasteen  
Liesel van Cleeff  
Pat Vetterlein

### Alto

Sharon Agnew  
Julia Akoury Thiel  
Jane Blackwell  
Suzanne Fry  
Deanna Fryhle  
Rose Fujinaka  
Pamela Ivezič  
Ellen Kaisse  
Jan Kinney  
Lorelette Knowles  
Theodora Letz

Laurie Medill  
Paula Rimmer  
Annie Thompson

### Tenor

Ron Carson  
Alex Chun  
Alvin Kroon  
Jon Lange  
Tom Nesbitt  
Victor Royer  
Jerry Sams  
Sterling Tinsley  
Stephen Wall

### Bass

Andrew Danilchik  
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Soloists Include: Soprano Shannon Mercer, Tenor Ross Hauck and Baritone Charles Robert Stephens.

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