BOARD OF DIRECTORS
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1201 185th Ave. NE
Bellevue, WA 98008

COMING EVENTS
Mozart Requiem
February 23, 8:00 p.m.
University Unitarian Church

Handel’s Saul
April 1, 8:00 p.m.
Meany Theatre, U of W

Vaughan Williams’ G minor Mass
March 16, 8:00 p.m.
Seattle Concert Theatre

Mayfest of Madrigals
May 18, 8:00 p.m.
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PROGRAM

Marshes of Glynn
   Carol Sams
   TEXT: Sidney Lanier

*Hunting Rags
   Robert Kechley

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

INTERMISSION

Requiem
   W. A. Mozart

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

*World Premiere

And the sea lands large, as the marsh: lo, out of his plenty
the sea
Pours fast; full soon the time of the flood-tide must be:

Look how the grace of the sea doth go
About and about through the intricate channels that
flow
Here and there,
Everywhere,
Till his waters have flooded the uttermost creeks and the
low-lying lanes,
And the marsh is meshed with a million veins,
That like as with rosy and silvery essences flow
In the rose-and-silver evening glow.

Farewell, my lord Sun!
The weeks overflow; a thousand rivulets run
'Twixt the roots of the sod; the blades of the marsh-
graze stir;

Passeth a hurrying sound of wings that westward hirr;

Passeth, and all is still; and the currents cease to run;
And the sea and the marsh are one.

How still the plains of the waters be!
The tide is in his ecstasy,
The tide is at his highest height;
And it is night.

And now from the Vast of the Lord will the waters of sleep
Roll in on the souls of men,
But who will reveal to our waking ken
The forms that swim and the shapes that creep
Under the waters of sleep?

And I would I could know what swimmeth below when
the tide comes in
On the length and the breadth of the marvellous marshes of Glynn.
"The Marshes of Glynn"

GLOOMS of the live-oaks, beautiful-braided and
woven
With intricate shades of the vines that myriad-cloven
Clamber the forks of the multiform boughs,
Emerald twilights,
Virginal shy lights,
Wrought of the leaves to allure to the whisper of vows.
When lovers pace tidily down through the green
columnades
Of the dim sweet woods, of the dear dark woods,
Of the heavenly woods and glades,
That run to the radiant marginal sand-beach within
The wide sea-marshes of Glynn;--
5. SANCTUS
Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus,
Lorid God of hosts.
The heavens and the earth are full
Of Thy glory.
Hosanna in the highest.
Hosanna in excelsis.

6. BENEDICTUS
Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domine.
Hosanna in excelsis.

7. AGNUS DEI
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,
Dona eis requiem.
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,
Dona eis requiem sempiternam.

8. CONVINCIO
Lux et terra lucent eis, Domine,
cum sanctis suis in aeternum,
quiescant eis
Requiem aeternam dona eis,
Domine et lux perpetua lucent
Eis, cum sanctis suis in
aeternum, quiescant eis.

Holy, Holy, Holy.
Blessed is He who cometh in the name
of the Lord.
Lamb of God who takest away the sin
of the world, give unto them rest.
Key eternal light shine upon them,
O Lord, with Thy saints forever,
for Thou art kind.
Grant them everlasting rest, O Lord,
and let perpetual light shine upon
them, with Thy saints forever, for
Thou art kind.

MOZART REQUIEM – page three

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

Pure with a sense of the passing of saints through the
wood,
Cool for the dutiful weighing of ill with good;--
O braided dusks of the oak and woven shades of the vine.
While the riotous noon-day sun of the June-day long did
shine,
Ye held me fast in your heart and I held you fast in
mine;
But now when the noon is no more, and riot is rest,
And the sun is a-wait at the ponderous gate of the west,
And the slant yellow beam down the wood-aisle doth
seem
Like a lane into heaven that leads from a dream,--
Ay, now, when my soul all day hath drunken the soul of
the oak,
And my heart is at ease from men, and the wearisome
sound of the stroke
Of the scythe of time and the trowel of trade is low,
And belief overmasters doubt, and I know that I know,
And my spirit is grown to a lordly great compass within,
That the length and the breadth and the sweep of the
marshes of Glym
Will work me no fear like the fear they have wrought
in of yore
When length was fatigue, and when breadth was but
bitterness sore,
And when terror and shrinking and dreary unnamable
pain
Drew over me out of the merciless miles of the
plain,--
Oh, now, unsad, I am fain to face
The vast sweet visage of space.

To the edge of the wood I am drawn, I am drawn,
Where the gray beach glistening runs, as a belt of
the dawn,
For a mate and a mark
To the forest-dark;--
So;
Affable live-oak, leaning low,--
Thus—with your favor—soft, with a reverent hand,
(Not lightly touching your person, Lord of the land!)
Bending your beauty aside; with a step I stand
On the firm-packed sand,
Free
By a world of marsh that borders a world of sea,
Sinuous southward and sinuous northward the shimmer-
ing band
Of the sand-beach fastens the fringe of the marsh to the
folds of the land.
Inward and outward to northward and southward the
beach-lines linger and curl
As a silver-wrought garment that clings to and follows the
firm sweet limbs of a girl.
Vanishing, swerving, evermore curving again into sight,
Softly the sand-beach wavers away to a dim gray loop-
ing of light.
And what if behind me to westward the wall of the
woods stands high?
The world lies east; how ample, the marsh and the sea
and the sky!
A league and a league of marsh-grass, waist-high, broad
in the blaze,
Green, and all of a height, and unflecked with a light
or a shade.
Stretch leisurely off, in a pleasant plain,
To the terminal blue of the main.
Oh, what is abroad in the marsh and the terminal sea?
Somehow my soul seems suddenly free
From the weighing of fate and the sad discussion of
sin.
By the length and the breadth and the sweep of the
marshes of Glynn,
Ye marshes, how candid and simple and nothing-withhold-
ing and free
Ye publish yourselves to the sky and offer yourselves to
the sea!
Tolerant plains, that suffer the sea and the rains and the
sun,
Ye spread and span like the catholic man who hath
mightily won
God out of knowledge and good out of infinite pain
And sight out of blindness and purity out of a stain.

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

Seattle Philharmonic Orchestra
Jerome Glass, Conductor

presents
JERRY ARNOLD, clarinet
Don Bushell Concerto Competition winner

Wednesday, April 4
McCaw Hall, 8 pm

Mahler: Symphony No. 1 in D Major
Nielsen: Concerto for Clarinet and Orchestra

Tickets $3.50 (S2 students, senior citizens) Available at the
HUB Ticket Office, Fidelity Lane and outlets, or by mail:
P.O. Box 177, Seattle 98111
Tickets also at the door.
And the sea lends large, as the marsh; lo, out of his plenty
the sea
Pours fast; full soon the time of the flood-tide must be:
Look how the grace of the sea doth go
About and about through the intricate channels that flow
Here and there,
 Everywhere,
Till his waters have flooded the uttermost creeks and the low-lying lanes,
And the marsh is meshed with a million veins,
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And now from the Vast of the Lord will the waters of sleep
Roll in on the souls of men,
But who will reveal to our waking ken
The forms that swim and the shapes that creep
Under the waters of sleep?
And I would I could know what swimmeth below when
the tide comes in
On the length and the breadth of the marvellous marshes of Glynn.
1. INNOCENT: Requiem
Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine, et lux perpetuam luxceat eis.
No, I say, depart from us, Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them.

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

I am, have mercy on us.
Christ, have mercy on us.

2. VENI
Veni creator spiritus
Christe eleison.
Chritete eleison.

3. SECUENTIA: I. Lacta irae
Lacta irae, fides illa,
Sola sanet ex favilla,
Sola salvabunt eam.
Quae vis est venturus,
Cuncta stricte dicentur.

Then the trumpet's shrill refrain
Piercing tombs by hill and plain,
Souls to judgement shall arrive.
Death and nature stand aghast,
As the bodies rising fast
Hie to hear the sentence past.
Then before Him shall be placed,
That wherein the verdict's based,
Book whereon the deed is traced.
When the Judge His seat shall gair,
All that's hidden shall be plain,
Nothing in the unjudged remain.
Wretched man, what can I plead,
Whom to ask to intercede,
When the just much mercy need?

Thou, O awe-inspiring Lord,
Saving even when unimpressed,
Save me, mercy's fount adored.

AHI Sweet Jesus, mindful be,
That Thou canst on earth for me, cast me not this day from Thee.

Juste iuxta ulterior,
Domum fac remissionem,
antie dies rationem.

Iniquum, tamen peccat,
culpa superest in meus,
suppliantur per te.
Qui facinas absorbit,
et te precepit ex ilia,
nisi quae superest putem.

Peces meae non sunt dense,
Sinit te bonus fac benigne,
Sinit te bonus fac benigne,
Re peremni creare igne.
Inter vesic locum praeest,
et mea me secutere,
Stabiles in partes dextra.

4. CONSERTATIS
Consurripit aedificium,
Flammas acribus addicit,
Vorsa me cum beneficis.
Cor supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi clinic,
Sine curae mea finis.

5. Incredula
Incredula dies illa,
Quae resurrexit ex favilla,
Jugulando hominum renum.
Huic ergo parce, Deus,
Pie Jesu Domine,
Dona eis requiem.

4. GREGORIANTII: 1. Domine Jesu
Domine Jesu Christe, Rex gloriae.
Libertatis omnium timentium,
Defensorum dei poenae inferni,
Et de profundo loco libera eos.

6. Hostias
Hostias et precationes tibi,
Domine, laudem offertum.
Ut suscipe pro animabus illis,
quorum hostia
moriar famulae fidei fac eas.
Domine,
de morte transire ad sicut,
quomodo superabimus et
seminem eieun.

Thou, O merciful God, incline,
And in the reckoning Thou assister.
I, felon-like, my lot bewail.
Suffer in view of my unworthiness.
God! O let my prayers prevail.

Savior's soul Thou most white,
didst to heaven the thief invite,
hope in thee there now excite.
Prayers of mine in vain ascend,
Thou art good and wilt forfend
In quenchless fire my life to end.
Place amid Thy sheep scintil,
Keep me from the tainting horse,
Seat me in Thy sight, O Lord!

When the current by share oppress
Enter flames at Thy beheld,
call me then to look the least.
Prostrate, supplicant, now no more,
unrepenting, as of yore,
save me dying, I implore.

Kournful day! that day of sighs,
When from dust shall man arise,
 świecie with guilt his dom to know.
Mercy, Lord, or him bestow,
Jesus kind! Thy soul release,
Lead them thence to realms of peace.

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

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

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

Christ, have mercy on us.

2. VENI
Veni, sancte Spiritus.

3. SEQUENS: I. O, guide me into the place where the wicked are not, make me to dwell in thy house, and I will praise thy name for ever. Save me, O God, for men persecute me. I hear the voice of my well-beloved, as one entering the garden of the Lorp, 

Then the trumpet's shrill refrain piercing tombs by hill and plain, souls to judgement shall arise. Death and nature stand at rest, as the bodies rising fast, hie to hear the sentence past. Then before Him shall be placed, that wherein the verdict's based, whereon the deed is traced. When the judge His seat shall gait all that's hidden shall be plain, nothing but unjudged remain. Wretched man, what can I plead, whom to ask to intercede, when the just much mercy need. Thou, O swee-cympire Lord, saving even when unimplored, save me, mercy's foundadore.

Ahi Sweet Jesus, mindful be, that Thou canst on earth for me, cast me not this day from Thee, save me Thy strength was spent, ransom Thy limbs were rent, is this till to no intent?

4. CONCERTATIONUM
Sacrum pacificum spiritus, in manum regis de saeculis, et te participem dignum, te salutem et quintum, per Christum Dominum nostrum. Deus, Per Jesum Dominum, dona eis requiem.

5. CONVERSATIONE
Incipit in Sancto, quia resurrecit ex sepulchro, Jesu Christus, filius David, qui pro nobis passus est et natus est. Hic eris parce, Deus, Pie Jesu Domine, dona eis requiem.

6. CELESTIORUMX: 1. Domine Jesu

C 0 swee-inspiring Lord, saving even when unimplored, save me, mercy's foundadore.

We offer Thee, O Lord, sacrifices and prayers of praise; do Thou accept them for those souls whom we this day commiserate: grant when O Lord, to pass from death to the life which Thou once didst promise to Abraham and his seed.
5. SANCTUS
Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus,
Tori nos Deus Sabaothi
Fleni sunt coeli et terra gloria tua.
Hosanna in excelsis.

6. BENEDICTUS
Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domine.
Hosanna in excelsis.

7. AGNUS DEI
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi.
Dona eis requiem.
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi.
Dona eis requiem sempiternam.

8. CONXUNTO
Lux aeterna lucent eas, Domine,
cum sanctis tuis in aeternum,
quis plus es.
Requiem aeternam dona eis,
Domine et lux perpetua lucent
eas, cum sanctis tuis in
aeternum, quis plus es.

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

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

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

Key eternal light shine upon them,
O Lord, with Thy saints forever,
for Thou art kind.
Grant them everlasting rest, O Lord,
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leaves,--
Cells for the passionate pleasure of prayer to the soul that
grieves,

Pure with a sense of the passing of saints through the
wood,

Cool for the dutiful weighing of ill with good,--

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Like a lane into heaven that leads from a dream,--

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That the length and the breadth and the sweep of the
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Will work me no fear like the fear they have wrought
me of yore

When length was fatigue, and when breadth was but
bitterness sore,
And when terror and shrinking and dreary unnamable

pain

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

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

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

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

So:

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

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George Shangrow, Director

SPRING

1979
By a world of marsh that borders a world of sea.
Sinuous southward and sinuous northward the shimmering band.

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

Oh, what is abroad in the marsh and the terminal sea?
Somewhere my soul seems suddenly free
From the weighing of fate and the sad discussion of sin,
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Ye spread and span like the catholic man who hath mightily won
God out of knowledge and good out of infinite pain
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As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of God.
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen flies
In the freedom that fills all the space `twixt the marsh and the skyes.
By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the sod
I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of God.
Oh, like to the greatness of God is the greatness within
The range of the marshes, the liberal marshes of Glynn.