The Seattle Chamber Singers is a non-profit tax-exempt corporation in and for the State of Washington. For the continuance of excellence in musical programming the SCS is in need of additional funding. No arts organization can exist solely on box office revenues if the organization wishes to present professional performances of exceptional quality. We ask your help in the continuation of fine chamber ensemble performances in the Greater Seattle area. Tax-deductible contributions may be sent to:

Seattle Chamber Singers
1201 185th Ave. NE
Bellevue, WA 98008

COMING EVENTS

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

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

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

Mayfest of Madrigals
May 18, 8:00 p.m.
Seattle Concert Theatre
V.

Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,
Because their words had forked no lightning they
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay.
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on the sad height,
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.
Do not go gentle into that good night.
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Dylan Thomas

VI.

He fumbles at your Soul
As Players at the Keys
Before they drop full Music on —
He stuns you by degrees —
Prepares your brittle Nature
For the Ethereal Blow
By fainter Hammers — further heard —
Then nearer — Then so slow.

Your Breath has time to straighten
Your Brain — to bubble Cool —
Deals-One-imperial-Thunderbolt —
That scalps your naked Soul —
When Winds take Forests in their Paws —
The Universe — is still —

Emily Dickinson
THE SINGERS

Sopranos
Polly Detels
Ann Duncan
Carol Leenstra
Shirley Kraft
Carol Sams
Sue Walsh
Nancy Williamson
Valerie Yockey

Altos
Jane Borns
Kathy Elkins
Sara Hedgepeth
Jan Kinney
Betty McWilliams
Judy Rosenfeld
Nancy Shasteen
Kay Shirey
Kay Verelius
Katie Jezerinac

Tenors
Gregg Neilson
Jerry Sams
Charles Scurlock
Steve Stevens
Dennis VanZandt

Bass
Greg Abbott
Joe Hill
Peter Kechley
Robert Kechley
Domenico Minotti
Cy Ulberg

KOMM, JESU, KOMM
(Come, Jesus, Come)

Come, Jesus, come,
I am so weary,
My strength declines from day to day,
I yearn for Thee,
Thy realm so peaceful,
Life's bitter path doth me dismay.
Come, come, to Thee, O Christ, I yield me,
Thou art alone the Way, the Truth, the Life, the Savior,

In faith I grasp Thy hand extended
And bit this vale of tears farewell;
My life is spent, my grief has ended,
My spirit hastens in bliss to dwell.
My soul shall be with my Creator,
For Jesus is to life the one true Way, the Saviour.

FRAILE DEEDS

I.

A noiseless patient spider,
I mark'd where on a little promontory it stood isolated,
Mark'd how to explore the vacant vast surrounding,
It launch'd forth filament, filament, filament, out of itself,
Ever unreeling them, ever tirelessly speeding them.
And you O my soul where you stand,
Surrounded, detached, in measureless oceans of space,
Ceaselessly musing, venturing, throwing, seeking the spheres to connect them
Till the bridge you will need be form'd, till the ductile anchor hold,
Till the gossamer thread you fling catch somewhere, O my soul.
Walt Whitman

II.

There was a child went forth every day,
And the first object he looked upon and received with wonder or
pity or love or dread, that object he became,
And that object became part of him.
The early lilacs became part of this child ... all became part of him.
And the March-born lambs, and the sow's pink-faint litter, and the
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II (cont.)

mare’s foal, and the cow’s calf, and the noisy brood of the
burnyard or by the mire of the pondside . . . and the fish
suspending themselves so curiously below there . . . and the
beautiful curious liquid . . . and the water-plants with their
graceful flat heads . . . all became part of him.

And the old drunkard staggering home from the outhouse of the
tavern whence he had lately risen,

And the schoolmistress that passed on her way to the school
And the friendly boys that passed and the tidy and fresh cheeked girls . . .
all became part of him.

Walt Whitman

III.

I cannot dance upon my toes—
No Man instructed me —
But oftentimes, among my mind,
A Glee possesseth me,
That had I Ballet knowledge —
Would put itself abroad
In Frouette to blanch a Troupe —
Or lay a Prima, mad,
And though I had no Gown of Gauze —
No Ringlet, to my Hair,
Nor hopped to Audiences like Birds
One Claw upon the Air,

Nor tossed my shape in Eider Ball
Nor rolled on wheels of snow
Till I was out of sight, in sound,
The House encore me so —
Nor any know I know the Art
I mention-easy-Here —
Nor any Placard Boost me —
It’s full as Opera.

Emily Dickinson

IV.

Down by the salley gardens my love and I did meet:
She passed the salley gardens with little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the trees;
But I, being young and foolish, with her would not agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand.
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs;
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

W.B. Yeats
PROGRAM

Komm, Jesu, Komm. .......................... Johann Sebastian Bach
Mass in g Minor. ............................ Ralph Vaughan Williams
Kyrie
Gloria in excelsis
Credo
Sanctus–Osanna I–Benedictus–Osanna II
Agnus Dei
  Sue Walsh, soprano
  Katie Jezerinac, alto
  Steve Stevens, tenor
  Peter Kechley, bass

INTERMISSION

Frail Deeds ................................. Robert Kechley
I.  A noiseless, patient spider
II. There was a child went forth
III. I cannot dance upon my toes
IV. The Salley Gardens
V. Do not go gentle into that good night
VI. He fumbles at your soul as players at the keys
  Carol Sams, soprano
  Valerie Yockey, soprano
  Nancy Shasteen, alto
  Katie Jezerinac, alto
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  Steve Stevens, tenor
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