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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

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.
Seattle Concert Theatre

George Shangrow, Director

SPRING 1979
PERSONS REPRESENTED

SAUL, King of Israel -- Peter Kechley
JONATHAN, his son -- Jerry Sams
ABNER, Captain of the Host -- Steve Stevens
DAVID -- 1st. Nancy Shasteen
2nd, Steve Stevens
Apparition of Samuel, the prophet -- Joe Hill
Doeg, a messenger -- Joe Hill
An, Amlekite -- Steve Stevens
Abiathar -- Jerry Sams
Merab -- Ann Duncan
Michal -- Polly Detels
Witch of Endor -- Nancy Williamson
High Priestess -- Sue Walsh
ISRAELITES

ARGUMENT

PART I -- David's Victory over Goliath -- he is presented to Saul-Jonathan's friendship for him -- Saul betroths his eldest daughter Merab to David -- her scorn of the alliance. Michal, Saul's youngest daughter; and her Companions, celebrate the praises of Saul and David -- Saul's envy is moved -- David attempts to quell his anger by music. Saul, on David's escaping rate, charges Jonathan and his attendants to destroy him. Jonathan's struggle between filial dut - and his affection for David -- supplication of Divine protection for David.

PART II -- The hatefulness of envy - Johnathan intercedes with David -- Saul, feigning to be reconciled to Davu, makes him lead his armies, and bestows on him his daughter Michal, who had cherished an affection for him instead of Merab, who had formerly scorned him and had since been given to another. Saul's rage is renewed on David's returning safe from the wars, and he again attempts his destruction.

PART III -- Saul, in remorse and fear, resorts to the Witch of Endor-Samuel being raised up warns him of his ruin -- tidings of the death of Saul and Jonathan are brought to David -- he avenges Saul's death -- lamentation for Saul and Jonathan -- recognition of David as leader and ruler of the people.

PART THE FIRST

No. 1 - OVERTURE

SCENE I -- The Israelites Camp by the Valley of Elah.
The Israelites assembled.
An Epinicion, or Song of Triumph, for the Victory over Goliath and the Philistines.

CHORUS

How excellent Thy Name, O Lord,
In all the world is known!
Above all heav'n, O King ador'd
How hast Thou set Thy glorious Throne

AIR

An infant, rais'd by Thy command
To quell Thy rebel foes,
Could' er Goliath's dreadful hand
Superior in the fight oppose.

TRIO

Along the Monster Atheist store
With more than human pride,
And armies of the livin' God,
Exulting in his strength, defied.

CHORUS

The youth inspir'd by Thee, O Lord,
With ease the boaster slew,
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A serpent in my bosom warm'd
Would sting me to the heart,
But of his venom soon disarmed
Himself shall feel the smart.
Ambitious boy! now learn what danger
It is to rouse a monarch's anger!
[Casts his javelin at David. Exit David.

REICT.

Has he escap'd my rage?
I charge thee, Jonathan, upon thy duty,
And all, on your allegiance, to destroy
This bold, aspiring youth: for while he lives
I am not safe. Reply not, but obey.

AIR.—Merab
Capricious man, in humour lost,
By every wind of passion toss'd!
Now sets his vassal on the throne,
Then low as earth he casts him down;
His temper knows no middle state,
Extreme unlike in love or hate.

REICT.—Jonathan.

O filial piety! O sacred friendship!
How shall I reconcile you?—Cruel Father!
Your just commands I always have obey'd:
But to destroy my friend! the brave, the virtuous
The God-like David! Israel's defender,
And terror of her foes!—to disobay you—
What shall I call it?—'Tis an act of duty
To God—to David—nay, indeed, to you.

AIR.
No, cruel father, no:
Your hard commands I can't obey.
Shall I with sacrilegious blow
Take pious David's life away?
No, cruel father, no!
No, with my life I must defend
Against the world, my best, my dearest friend.

CHORUS.
Preserve him for the glory of Thy name,
Thy people's safety, and the heathen's shame.

INTERMISSION

PART THE SECOND

SCENE I.—The palace.

CHORUS
Envy! eldest born of hell!
Cease in human breasts to dwell,
Ever at all good repining,
Still the happy undermining!
God and man by thee infected,
Thou by god and man0 destroyed,
Most thyself hast done to torment,
At once the crime and punishment,
Hide thee in the blackest night;
Virtue sickens at thy sight!
Hence, eldest-born of hell!
Cease in human breast to dwell.

REICT.—Jonathan
Ah! dearest friend, undone by too much virtue!
Think you, an evil spirit was the cause
Of all my father's rage? It was, indeed,
A spirit of envy, and of mortal hate,
He has resolved your death? and sternly charg'd
His whole retina, me especially,
To execute his vengeance.

AIR.
But sooner Jordan's stream, I swear,
Back to his spring shall swiftly roll,
Than I consent to hurt a hair
Of thee, thou darling of my soul.

REICT.

Hast thou obey'd my orders, and destroyed
My mortal enemy, the son of Jesse?
Think, with what joy thou didst thus, man,
Alas! my father! he was your enemy.
Say rather, he has done important service
To you and to the nation; hazarded
His life for both, and slain our giant foe,
Whose presence made the boldest of us tremble.

AIR.

Sin not, O king, against the youth,
Who ever offended you:
Think, to his loyalty and truth
What great rewards are due!
You saw that glorious day!
Think, and with ruin, if you can,
Such services repay.

AIR.—Saul.

As great Jehovah lives, I swear,
The youth shall not be slain;
Bid him return, and, void of fear,
Adorn our court again.

AIR.—Jonathan

From cities storm'd, and battles won,
What glory can accrue;
By this the hero best is known,
He can himself subdue,
Wise, and greatest of his kind,
Who can in reason's fetters bind
The madness of his angry mind?

REICT.

Appear, my friend.

REICT.—Saul

Yes, he shall wed my daughter! but how long
Shall he enjoy her!—He shall lead my armies!
But have the Philistines no darts, no swords,
To pierce the heart of David?—Yes, this once
To them I leave him! they shall do me right!

SCENE II.—Another part of the palace

DAVID and MICHAL.

REICT.—Michal.

A father's will has authorized my love:
No longer, Michal, then attempt to hide
The secret of thy soul. I love thee, David,
And long have lov'd. Thy virtue was the cause;
And that be my defence.

DUET

DAVID and Michal.

O fairest of ten thousand fair,
Yet for thy virtue more admired,
Thy words and actions all declare
The wisdom by thy God inspir'd.

MICHAL.

O lovely maid, thy form beheld,
Above all beauty charms our eyes;
Yet still within that form conceal'd,
Thy mind, a greater beauty, lies.

Both.

How well in thee does Heav'n at last,
Compensate all my sorrows past.

CHORUS.

Is there a man who all his ways
Directs, his God alone to please?
In vain his foes against him move;
Superior pow'r their hate disarms,
He makes them yield to virtue's charms,
And melts their fury down to love.

SCENE III.—David's House.

DAVID and Michal.

AIR—Saul.

Thy father is as cruel, and as false,
As thou art kind and true. When I approach'd him,
New from the slaughter of his enemies,
His eyes with fury fiend'd, his arm he raised,
With rage grown stronger; by my guileless head
The iron wheel whirling flew, and in the wall
Mock'd once again his impotence of malice.

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At persecution I can laugh,
No fear my soul can move
In God's protection safe,
And blest in Michal's love.

MICHAL.

Ah! dearest youth! for thee I fear!
Fly!—begone! for death is near!

DAVID.

Fear not, lovely fair, for me:
Death where thou art, cannot be.
Smile, and danger is no more.

MICHAL.

Fly— for death is at the door!
Ah! dearest youth for thee I fear!
See, the murdrous band comes on!
Stay no longer! fly—begone!
[David escapes by a window]

Enter DOEG

REICT.—Michal.

Whom dost thou seek? And who hast sent thee hither?

DOEG.

I seek for David; and am sent by Saul.

MICHAL.

Thy errand?

DOEG.

'Tis a summons to the court.

MICHAL.

Say, he is sick.

DOEG.
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A serpent in my bosom warm'd
Would sting me to the heart,
But of his venom soon disarm'd
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What shall I call it!—'Tis an act of duty
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Michal.

Thy errand?

DOEG.

'Tis a summons to the court.

Michal.

Say, he is sick.

DOEG.
In sickness, or in health,  
Alive, or dead, he must be brought to Saul.  
Show me his chamber.  
[She shows him David's bed with an image in it.]

Do you mock the King?  
This disappointment will enrage him more:  
Then tremble for thy event.  
[Exit.]

AIR.—Michal.

No, no, let the guilty tremble  
At ev'ry thought of danger near;  
Though numbers, arm'd with death, assemble  
My innocence disdains to fear.  
Though great their power as their spite.  
Undaunted still, my soul, remain,  
For greater is Jehovah's might,  
And will their lawless force restrain.

REQUIT—Merab

Mean as he was, he is my brother now,  
My sister's husband, and to speak the truth,  
Has qualities, which justice bids me love,  
And pity his distress. My father's cruelty  
 Strikes me with horror! At th'approaching feast  
I fear some dire event, unless my brother,  
His friend, the faithful Jonathan, avert  
Th'impending ruin. I know, he'll do his best.

AIR

Author of peace, who canst control  
Ev'ry passion of the soul;  
To whose good spirit alone we owe  
Words that sweet as honey flow:  
With thy dear influence his tongue be fill'd,  
And cruel wrath to soft persuasion yield.

SINFONIA.

SCENE IV.—The Palace.  
The feast of the New Moon.  
Saul, Jonathan, & o.  

REQUIT.—Saul.

The time at length is come, when shall take  
My full revenge on Jesse's son.  
No longer shall the stripling make  
His sovereign terror on the throne.  
He dies! This blaster of my fame—  
Bane of my peace, and author of my shame.

With th' enemy of mankind. Her I'll consult,  
And know the worst. Her art is death by law;  
And whilst I minded law, sure death attended  
Such horrid practices; Yet, O hard fate!  
Myself am now reduced to ask the counsel  
Of those I once abhor'd!

REQUIT.—Saul.

Where is the son of Jesse? Comes he not  
To grace our feast?

Jonathan.

He earnestly asked leave  
To go to Bethlem, where his father's house,  
At solemn rites of annual sacrifice,  
Requir'd his presence.

Saul.

O perverse! rebellious!  
Thinkst thou, I do not know that thou hast chosen?  
The son of Jesse to thy own confusion!  
The world will say, thou art no son of mine,  
Who thus canst love the man I hate; the man  
Who, if he lives, will rob thee of thy crown,  
Send, fetch him hither, for the wretch must die.

Jonathan.

What has he done? and wherefore must he die?  
Saul.

Dar'st thou oppose my will? Die then thyself.

CHORUS

O fatal consequence  
Of rage, by reason uncontro'l'd!  
With ev'ry law he can dispense;  
No ties the furious monster hold;  
From crime to crime he blindly goes,  
Nor end, but with his own destruction, knows.

INTERMISSION

PART THE THIRD

SCENE I  
Saul, disguised.

REQUIT.—Saul.

Wretch that I am! Of my own ruin author!  
Where are my old supports? The valiant youth  
Whose very name was terror to my foes.  
My rage has decay'd away. Of God forsaken  
In vain I ask His counsel! He vouchefares  
No answer to the sons of disobedience!  
Ev'n my own courage fails me—Can it be?  
Is Saul become a coward?—I'll not believe it.  
If hell denies thee aid, seek it from hell!  
'Tis said, here lives a woman, dose familiar

SCENE II.—The Witch's Abode.  
Saul and the Witch.

REQUIT.—Witch.

With me what wouldst thou have?

Saul.

I would, that by th' art thou bring me up  
The man whom I shall name.

Witch.

Alas! thou knowest  
How Saul has cut off those who use this art.  
Woul'dst thou ensnare me?

Saul.

As Jehovah lives.  
On this account no mischief shall befal thee.

Witch.

Whom shall I bring up to thee?

Saul.

Bring up Samuel.

AIR.—Witch.

Infernal spirits, by whose power  
Departed ghosts in living forms appear,  
Add horror to the midnight hour,  
And chill the boldest hearts with fear:  
To this stranger's wond'ring eyes  
Let the prophet Samuel rise.  
[The Apparition of Samuel rises]

REQUIT.—Samuel.

Why hast thou forced me from the realms of peace  
Back to this world of woe?

Saul.

O holy Prophet!  
Refuse me not thy aid in this distress.

The num'rous foe stands ready for the battle:  
God has forsaken me; No more He answers  
By prophets or by dreams: No hope remains  
Unless I learn from thee what course to take.

Samuel.

Hath God forsaken thee? and dost thou ask  
My counsel? Did I not foretell thy fate?  
When, madly disobedient, thou didst spare  
The curst Amalekite, and on the spoil  
Didst fly rapacious? Therefore God this day  
Hath verified my words in thy destruction!  
Hath rent the kingdom from thee, and bestowed it  
On David, whom thou hatest for his virtue.  
Thou and thy sons shall be with me to-morrow,  
And Israel by Philiistine arms shall fall.  
The Lord hath said it: He will make it good.

SCENE III.—Ziklag.

SINFONIA.

David and Israelites.—To them an Amalekite.

REQUIT.—David.

Whence comest thou?

Amalekite.

Out of the camp of Israel.

David.

Woul'dst thou inform me then: How went the battle?

Amalekite.

The people, put to flight, in numbers fell,  
And Saul, and Jonathan his son, are dead.

David.

Alas! my brother!—but how knowest thou  
That they are dead?

Amalekite.

 Upon Mount Gilboa  
I met with Saul, just fall'n upon his spear.  
Swiftly the foe pursued. He cried to me,  
And end a life of pain and ignominy.  
I knew he could not live, therefore slew him;  
Took from his head the crown, and from his arms  
The bracelets, and have brought them to my Lord.
In sickness, or in health,  
Alive, or dead, he must be brought to Saul.  
Show me his chamber.  
[She shows him David's bed with an image in it.]

Do you mock the King?  
This disappointment will enrage him more:  
Then tremble for th'event.  
[Exit.]

AIR.—Michal.

No, no, let the guilty tremble  
At ev'ry thought of danger near;  
Though numbers, arm'd with death, assemble,  
My innocence disdains to fear.

Though great their power as their spine.  
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Amalekite.

Out of the camp of Israel.  
David.

Thou canst not inform me then: How went the battle?  
Amalekite.

The people, put to flight, in numbers fell,  
And Saul, and Jonathan his son, are dead.  
David.

Alas! my brother!—but how knowest thou  
That they are dead?  
Amalekite.

Upon Mount Gilboa  
I met with Saul, just fell'n upon his spear.  
Swiftly the foe pursues. He cried to me,  
And end a life of pain and ignominy.  
I knew he could not live, therefore slew him;  
Took from his head the crown, and from his arms  
The bracelets, and have brought them to my Lord.
David

Whence art thou?

Amailekite

I am an Amailekite.

AIR - David

Impious wretch, of race accursed
And of all that rade the worst
How hast thou dared to lift thy sword
Against th' Anointed of the Lord?
Fall on him - smite him - let him die:

On thy own head thy blood will lie;
Since thy own mouth has testified,
By thee the Lord's Anointed died.

CHORUS

Mourn, Israel, mourn thy beauty lost,
Thy choicest youth on Gilboa slain.
What heaps of mighty warriors strew the plain!

AIR - David

O let it not in Canna be heard,
The news in Askelon let none proclaim;
Let us, whom once so much they fear'd,
Be by their women now despis'd,
And lest the daughters of th' uncircumcised
Rejoice and triumph in our shame.

AIR

From this unhappy day
No more, ye Gilboa hills, on you
Descend refreshing rain, or kindly dew,
Which erst your heads with plenty crown'd;
Since there the shield of Saul, in arms repownd,
Was vily cast away.

AIR

Brave Jonathan his bow ne'er drew
But wing'd with death his arrow flew,
And drank the blood of slaughter'd foes:
Nor drew great Saul his sword in vain;
It reek'd where'er he dealt his blows
With entrails of the mighty slain.

CHORUS

Eagles were not so swift as they,
Nor lions with so strong a grasp, held fast and tore the prey.

AIR - David

In sweetest harmony they liv'd,
Nor death their union could divide;
The pious son ne'er left his father's side,
But, him defending, bravely died;
A loss too great to be survived!

For Saul, ye maid of Israel, moan,
To whose indulgent care
You owe the scarlet and the gold you wear,
And all the pomp in which your beauty long has shone

CHORUS

O fatal day! how low the mighty lie!
O Jonathan, how nobly didst thou die,
For thy king and country slain!

SOLO

For thee, my brother Jonathan,
How great is my distress!
What language can my grief express?
Great was the pleasure I enjoy'd in thee!
And more than woman's love thy wondrous love
To me!

CHORUS

O fatal day! how low the mighty lie!
Where, Israel, is thy glory fled?
Spoil'd of thy arms, and sunk in infamy,
How canst thou raise again thy drooping head.

AIR - High Priestess

Ye men of Judah, weep no more;
Let gladness reign in all our host:
For pious David will restore
What Saul by disobedience lost.
The Lord of Hosts is David's friend,
And conquest will his arms attend.

CHORUS

Gird on thy sword, thou man of might,
Pursue thy wondrous fame:
Go on, be prosperous in fight,
Retrieve the Hebrew name.

Thy strong right hand, with terror arm'd
Shall thy obdurate foes dismay?
While others, by thy virtue charm'd
Shall crowd to own thy righteous sway.

Seattle Philharmonic Orchestra
Jerome Glass, Conductor

presents
JERRY ARNOLD, clarinet
Don Bushell Concerto Competition winner

Wednesday, April 4
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Nielsen: Concerto for Clarinet and Orchestra

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Seattle Chamber Singers
1201 185th Ave. NE
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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