The Chamber Ensembles from the Seattle Chamber Singers and the Broadway Symphony are pleased to announce this special Lenten Season performance

Joh. Sebastian Bach's

ST. JOHN PASSION

(unabridged)

Sunday afternoon April 1st, 1984
2:00 pm
University Unitarian Church
6556 35th Ave NE

Admission is $6.00 general
$4.00 students and seniors for ticket information

George Shangrow, conductor
January 21, 1984
8:00 pm
The Small Ensemble
THE SEATTLE CHAMBER SINGERS
SMALL ENSEMBLE
George Shangrow, conductor

Sopranos I
- Crissa Cugini
- Cathy Haight
- Ann Erickson
- Carol Sams
- Susanna Walsh

Sopranos II
- Kyla DeRemer
- Stephanie Lathrop
- Nancy Shasteen
- Kay Verelius

Altos
- Laila Hammond
- Laurie Medill
- Janet Reed
- Neda Slauson
- Katie Weld

Tenors
- Paul Anderson
- Ron Haight
- Jim Johnson
- Steve Kellogg
- Jerry Sams
- Robert Shangrow

Basses
- Tim Braun
- Mark Haight
- Joe Hill
- Peter Kechley
- Bob Schilpertoort
- Sandy Thornton

THE BROADWAY SYMPHONY
CHAMBER ENSEMBLE
George Shangrow, conductor

Violin I
- Rebecca Soukup
- Dean Drescher
- Kenna Smith

Violin II
- Eileen Lusk
- Phyllis Rowe
- Sandra Sinner

Viola
- Sam Williams
- Katherine McWilliams

Cello
- Maryann Tapiro
- Joyce Barnum

Bass
- Christine Howell

Harpischord
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ROAD ODE
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A CHANGE FOR THE BEST!
Seattle Chamber Singers and the Broadway Symphony George Shangrow, conductor
announce a change in location for their all-Beethoven event:

ITS THE BEETHOVEN 9TH SYMPHONY IN MEANY HALL
April 15th 3:00 pm ONLY
(Saturday, April 14 has been canceled due to this location change)
Echo: resonate.

Daughter: Plorante filii Israel, plorante virginatatem meam, et lepide filiam unigenitam in camine doloris lamentamenti.

Chorus: Plorante filii Israel, plorante omnes virgines, et lepide lepide unigenitam, in camine doloris, lamentamenti.

Daughter: Lament and weep, ye children of Israel, for a hapless maiden, for Jephthah's unhappy daughter with wailing notes of sadness.

Chorus: Weep and lament, ye children of Israel and all ye virgins, weep for Jephthah's daughter, with wailing notes of sadness, and lament for her.

THE MARSHES OF GLYN

Glooms of the live-oaks, beautiful-braided and woven
With intricate shades of the vines that myriad-cloven
Chamber the forks of the multifurcous bushes,--
Emerald twilights,--
Virginal shy lights,
Wrought of the leaves to allure to the whisper of vows,
When lovers pace timidly down through the green colonnades
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 Glyn;--

Beautiful glooms, soft dusks in the noon-day fire,--
Wildwood privacies, closets of lone desire,
Chamber from chamber parted with waversing 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 braidest 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 earsom sound of the stroke
Of the scythe of time and the toil 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 Glyn
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, unafraid, I am fain to face

PROGRAM

Concerto Grosso No. 1, Op. 6..........Archangelo Corelli
Largo, allegro
Minuet, allegro
Largo, allegro
Allegro

Jephthah.................................Giacomo Carissimi
The text and translation of this oratorio is on p. 6

Cast of Characters: Jephthah.............Jerry Sams
Daughter of Jephthah.........Carol Sams
Narrator.........................Katie Weld
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........................................Tim Braun
Bass solo.....................Peter Kashley
Bass...............Laurie Medill

- intermission -

The Choral Dances from "Gloriana"........Benjamin Britten

Time
Concord
Time and Concord
Spring Flowers
Rustics and Fishermen
Final Dance of Homage

The Marshes of Glynn.............................Carol Sams

Carol Sams, soprano
Katie Weld, mezzo-soprano
Jerry Sams, tenor
Peter Kashley, bass

The text of "The Marshes of Glynn" is the poem by Sidney Lanier
printed on page 6
Historia: Cum vocasset in proelium filios Israel rex filion Ammon, et verbis Jephthe acuescere noluisse, factus est super Jephthe Spiritus Domini, et progressus ad filios Ammon vobis Domini dicens:

Jephthe: Si transigistis Domini filios Ammon in manus meas quicumque primus de domo meae occurrerit mihi, offeram illum Domino in holocaustum.


Bass Solo: Fugite, cedite, impii, perite gentes, occumbite in gladio; Dominus excitabimus in proelium suum et pugnat contra vos.

Chorus: Fugite, cedite, impii, corune, et in furore gladii dissipamini.

Historia: Et percutiisset Jephthe virginitatis Ammon plagae magna nima.

Chorus: Et utulantes filii Ammon facti sunt coram filiis Israele humiliati.

Historia: Cum autem victor Jephthe in dominum suum revertetur, occurrit ei unigenita filia sua cum tymanis et choris praecinctibus:


Chorus: Hymnus cantatur Domino et modulatur canticum qui dedit nobis gloriae et Israel victorian.

Daughter: Cantate mecum Domino, cantate omnes populi laudate bellum principem, qui dedit gloriae et Israel victorian.

Chorus: Cantatem omnes Domino, laudemus bellum principem, qui dedit nobis gloriae et Israel victorian.

Historia: Cum vidisset Jephthe, qui vobis Domino voverat, filiam suam venienientem in occurrem, praee dolore et lachrimis acidit ves- timineae suae et ali:

Jephthe: Heu, heu mihi! filia mea, heu decepti me, filia unigenita, et tu pariter, heu filia mea decepta es.

Daughter: Cur ego te pater decepi et cur ego filia tua unigenita decepta sum?

Jephthe: Aperiant os meum ad Dominum, ut qui cumque primus de domo occurrerit mihi offerant illum Domino in holocaustum. Heu mihi filia mea, heu decepti me, filia unigenita et tu pariter, heu filia mea, decepta es.

Daughter: Pater mi, si vovisti vobis, domino reversurus victor ab hostibus, ecce ego filia tua unigenita, offero in holocaustum victoriae tuae, hoc solum pati mi praesta filiae tuae unigenitae ante quem moriar.

Jephthe: Quid poterator animam tuam, quid poterit te, moritura filia, consolari?

Daughter: Dimittite me, ut dubius mensibus circumcirem montes, ut cum sodalis meus, plangam virginitatem meam.

Jephthe: Vade filia mea unigenitae ac plange virginitatem tuam.

Chorus: Abit ergo in montibus filia Jephthe, et plorabat cum sodalibus virginitatem suam, dicens:

Daughter: Plorabat collei, dolere montes et in afflictione cordis mei ululate!

Echo: Ululate!

Daughter: Ecce moriari virgo et nonpotero morte mea filius consolari, ingemiscit silvae, fontes et fluma, in interitus virginis lacrimata!

Echo: Lacrimata!

Daughter: Heu me dolenti in laetitia populi, in victoria Israel et gloria patrii mei, ego sine filius virgo, ego, filia unigenita morta et non vivam. Exhemiesce, rupe, obstupescat, colleis, valles, et caeamine, in sonitu horribili resonante.

Echo: Lacrimata!

Daughter: See, I am mourning in the joy of my people, in the victory of Israel, in the glory of my father. I am bitter-sweet childless, I am only beloved daughter, most grieved and no longer live. Then there blit- tle ye rocks, the astonished ye mountains, valleys, and caves, and with horror and with fearliness be resonating.

Historia: And it came to pass, when Jephthah saw his only daughter, her well-beloved, coming forth to meet his, he remembered her vow to God, and he rent his garments and spake thus:

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

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

Jephthah: I have opened my mouth to the Lord that whatsoever first cometh forth of the doors of my house to meet me, I will offer to the Lord for a burnt offering. Alas! my daughter, thou hast undone me, thou, my only daughter, and thou likewise, my daughter, thou art undone! Dolor autem mea, o filia unigenita, tunde cor pacem mei!

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

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

Daughter: Let me go, that for two months I may wander upon the mountains, with my companions, bewailing my unfulfilled days.

Jephthah: Go, my only beloved daughter, and bewail thee entirely end.

Chorus: Then went the daughter of Jephthah unto the mountains adn bewailed her virginity with her companions, saying:

Daughter: Lament over ye valleys, bewail ye mountains, and in the affliction of my heart be ye afflicted!

Echo: Be ye afflicted!

Daughter: Lo! I shall die a virgin, and I shall not in my death find consolation in my children, then bemoan ye woods and meadows and fountains for the death of a maiden make lamentation!

Echo: Make lamentation!

Daughter: See, I am mourning in the joy of my people, in the victory of Israel, in the glory of my father. I am bitter-sweet childless, I am only beloved daughter, most grieved and no longer live. Then there blit- tle ye rocks, the astonished ye mountains, valleys, and caves, and with horror and with fearliness be resonating.
Carissimi — JEPHTHAH

Historici:
Cum vocasset in proelium filios Israel rex filion Amnon, et
verbiis Jephthi acque stridens, factus est e supplerem
Spiritum Domini, et progressus ad filios Amnon vatum Domini
dicens:

Jephthi:
Si tradierit Dominus filios Amnon in manus meas quicunque
primus de domo mea occurrerit mihi, offeram illum Domino
in holocaustum.

Chorus:
Transiti ergo Jephthi ad filios Amnon, ut in spiritu fortii et virtute
Domini pugnaret contra eos. Et clamans, uter, et personato-
ant, tympana, et proelium commissum est adversum Amnon.

Bass Solo:
Fugite, cedite, impii, perite gentes, occupante in gladio;
Domini exercitu in proelium surrexit et pugnatur contra vos.

Chorus:
Fugite, cedite, impii, corune, et in fuore gladi dissipamini.

Historici:
Et percutisset Jephthi viginti civitates Ammon plagae magna
nims.

Chorus:
Et ululantibus filii Amnon facti sunt coram filiis Israel humiliati.

Historici:
Cum autem in domum suam revinceretur, occurrerent
et unigenita filia sua cum tympanis et chorus praecitat:

Daughter:
Incipi in tympanis et psallite in cymbalis. Hymnus cantatus
dominus et modulator canticum. Laudamus regem deum
laudamus bellum principem, qui filion Amnon victorium duce
reeditum.

Chorus:
Hymnus cantus Ammonis, et modulatorum canticarum qui dedit
nobis gloriem et Israel victoriam.

Daughter:
Canite munee Dominato, cantate omnes populi laudate bellum
principem qui dedit gloriem et Israel victoriam.

Chorus:
Cantatem omnes Dominato, laudamus bellum principem qui dedit
nobis gloriem et Israel victoriam.

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Chorus:
Cantatem omnes Dominato, laudamus bellum principem qui dedit
nobis gloriem et Israel victoriam.
Daughter: 
Plorate filii Israel, plorate virginitatem tuam, et lux in illo tenebit unigenitam in carne doloris lamentarum. 

Chorus: 
Plorate filii Israel, plorate omnes virgines, et lux in illo tenebit unigenitam, in carne doloris, lamentarum. 

Echo: 
Resounding. 

Daughter: 
Lament and weep, ye children of Israel, for a hapless maiden, for Jephthah's unhappy daughter with wailing notes of sadness. 

Chorus: 
Weep and lament, ye children of Israel and all ye virgins, weep for Jephthah's daughter, with wailing notes of sadness, and lament for her.

THE MARSHES OF GLYNN

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Carol Sams, soprano..............Jerry Sams, tenor
Katie Weld, mezzo-soprano.....Peter Kesley, bass

The text of "The Marshes of Glynn" is the poem by Sidney Lanier
printed on page 6
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 mete 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 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 blade,
Green, and all of a height, and unfecked 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-withholding 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.

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,
That like as with rosy and silvery essences flow
In the rose-and-silver evening glow.
Farewell, my lord Sun!
The creeks overflow: a thousand rivulets run
'Twixt the roots of the sod; the blades of the marsh-grass stir;
Passeth a hurrying sound of wings that westward whirr;
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. (1878)

CAROL SAMS has a musical career that follows two parallel directions: she is a noted soprano soloist in the Northwest, having been a featured artist with the Seattle Chamber Singers, the University of Washington Contemporary Group, Cornish Opera and the Northwest Chamber Orchestra; and she is a composer of merit and public success. In 1981, she was part of the Seattle "Artist-in Residence" program, through which Seattle Opera commissioned an opera. Two other operas, in addition to several smaller scale pieces have been performed at the UW, and both Juneau, Alaska and Portland Oregon Opera companies have presented her works. Dr. Sams received her formal musical training at the University of California at Santa Barbara (BA), Mills College, Oakland (MM) and and the University of Washington (DMA). In addition to her work with the Northwest Boychoir, Carol Sams has taught at Seattle Central Community College and the University of Washington.
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