THE SEATTLE CHAMBER SINGERS
George Shagrow, conductor

SOPRANO
Laila Adams
Jane Blackwell
Belle Chanuhi
Crisa Cugini
Kyla DeFrances
Laurie Fink
Catherine Haigh
Pamela Hill
Kathie Kerr
Jill Krakowski
Mary Jane Latou
Margaret Marshall
Liesel Rombouts
Jeanne VanBrookhors

ALTO
Marta Chulkopika
Kristina Haight
Mary Beth Hughes
Ruth Libbey
Suzi Means
Laurie Medill
Susan Miller
Janet Ellen Reed
Nancy Robinson
Nedra Shannon
Kay Vernier
Jane Siddman Vock
Luna Wilcox

TENOR
John Addison
Henry Eilen
Ronald Haight
Steven Kellogg
Phil Mortensen
Tom Neubert
Gene Paterson
David Reyes

BASS
John Behr
Gustave Blazek
Steve Braul
Jim Brigham
Andrew Dauzichik
Mark Hight
Ken Hart
Stuart Kendall
Brian McCue
Delvis Oliver
Robert Schipperov
John Stetsell
Richard Wyckoff

THE BROADWAY SYMPHONY
George Shagrow, conductor

The Broadway Symphony has the policy of regular rotation for orchestral seating. Therefore, our personnel are listed alphabetically in each section.

VIOLIN I
Timi Anderson
Finn Kah, concertmaster
Diane Lang
Eileen Lusk
Avon Malaksky
Janet Shoemaker

VIOLIN II
Jeff Babes
Jeanie Madeau, principal
Timothy Prior
Kenna Smith
Steve Tusa
Myriam Van Kempen

VIOLA
Beatrice Dolf
Katherine McWilliam
Stephanie Reed
Carina Sharples
Sam Williams, principal

CELLO
Gary Anderson
Vera Grooms
Mariana Tatro, principal
Julie Wheeler

BASS
David Crouch, principal
Jo Hansen

FLUTE
Janessa Shively

OBOE
Huntley Boyer
Shannon Hill, principal

BASSOON
Jeff Amsden
Bill Schenk, principal

HORN
Bill Hainum
Cynthia Jefferson, principal

TRUMPET
Gary Findlay
David Hester, principal

OUR CONTRIBUTORS AND PATRONS

FRIEND
Mr. & Mrs. Arthur Bestor
Belle Charmeck
Michele DeMatte
Gloria Derks
Eileen Lusk
Catherine Mortason
Phil Mortensen
Thomas Neubert
Gary Oslen
Clint Thomas
Gerald Sam
Mr. & Mrs. Earl Wheatley
Mrs. A. K. Winder

SPONSOR
Anonymous
Stephanie Bening
Crisa Cugini
F. Bruce Danielson
Pamela Hahn
Fred S. James & Co., Inc.
Alice Leighton
Ruth Libbey
Laurel Medill
Scott Motley

PATRON
The Boeing Company
Stan & Ann Dittmar
Beatrice Dolf
Maurice C. Eggerston
Frederick W. Klein
Timothy Prior
Nancy Robinson
Liesel Rombouts
Seattle First National Bank
Dwight Swafford

The Broadway Symphony/Seattle Chamber Singers would deeply appreciate your gift of support. Tax deductible contributions may be sent to BSSCS, 2115 N. 42nd, Seattle, WA 98103. (206) 547-0427.

JEPHTHA

1685

1799
PROGRAM NOTES
by Kay Verelst

By the time George Frederic Handel had reached the respectable age of 65, he was the leader of London's musical life. His deliberate appeal to the middle-class audience was achieved through the art form of oratorio—a non-staged form of music which used virtuosic vocalists, choruses and orchestras and—so important to the London success—used English as its language. The years 1729 to 1741 were the height of Handel's creative career. It was during these years that he wrote Israel in Egypt, L'Allegro ed il Penseroso, Samson, and Messiah (all have been previously performed). These works all took bold strides to achieve drama in music and to involve the full chorus in the action. During the period 1737 to 1741 the following: Semele, Theodora, and today's offering, Jephtha, were a consolidation of the concepts Handel had developed, a synthesis of what Handel liked best of his previous works into his last oratorios more character development, and was more conscious of tonalities and text working together to stress character and character themes. This departure from the flashy, obvious battle scenes and heroic deeds of the above-mentioned oratorios (Messiah excepted) cost him public favor. In several years Handel realized that Handel's personal favorite oratorio among all that he wrote, but Theodora did miserably at the box office. It had just a single performance. Jephtha, the last major work Handel composed, faced little interest and it did receive a total of six performances in Handel's lifetime. Mrs. Delaney—a contemporary and fan of Handel's—has been quoted as saying she enjoyed Mr. Handel's newest achievement very much, "but it is certainly different than his others!" Jephtha may not be so popular as Messiah or Samson or Judith, but it is certainly deserving of both admiration and performance. Like most of Handel's successful oratorios, Jephtha's story is based on Old Testament heroic figure. The biblical account is from the Book of Judges, chapter 11.

The warrior husband was cast out of Gilead by his half-brothers. While he was in exile, the Ammonites made war against Israel. The elders of Gilead sought out Jephtha for his courage and strength, and offered to him the leadership over Israel if he would lead the fight against the Ammonites. Jephtha agreed, but to insure victory, he made a vow to God that, if victorious, he would take the life of the first man to meet him upon his return home. Jephtha and his army were victorious — but by a cruel twist of fate — it was his own child, his beloved daughter, that met him on his way home. With extreme sorrow, Jephtha declared he could not withdraw his vow to God. His daughter must be sacrificed. She said to her father to let the deed be done, but to first allow her two months to wander with her companions in order to bewail her virginity. Jephtha granted her this, and after two months, she returned and was put to death.

Quite a grim story! Too grim to be an acceptable plot for the "enlightened" society of 1751 London. Handel chose his librettist Thomas Morell, and Morell quite re-wrote the story. He gave a name to the daughter of Jephtha where none appeared in the biblical Iphias (some think this was intended to bring Iphigenia to mind). He added characters that were never found at all in the Bible: Storgi, Jephtha's wife, Hamon, the young love of Iphias; and Zebed, a soldier and messenger who sorts of gets things rolling story-wise. And, crucial to its public acceptance, Morell changed the ending! Not only is Iphias spared, but seraphim intercede on her behalf. High priests declare that a life for Iphias lived out in celibity was possible. It may have been accidental that Handel chose the story of Jephtha for his last work, but there is strong argument that so faustical a story was deliberate. He wrote Jephtha under the worst possible conditions. He began with his usual vigor on January 21st of 1751. Luckily for music history buffs, the manuscript score of Jephtha reads quite like a block of German—Breitkopf & Hartel's hand (in German, though he was totally at home in English) that describe his condition. He wrote that he was experiencing trouble in his left eye and had considerable pain in his face. He was able to get only to the close of Act II, with the great chorus "How dark, O Lord are thy decrees" when he noted that he had lost sight in his left eye. He stopped working in mid-February, but on his 66th birthday he noted in his score that he was feeling better and was moved to finish the work. However, four days later he had to stop again — this time for several months. His last libretto was composed in the various technical style called "couching" performed on him (the corona is pierced and tilled back, supposed cure for cataract). On April 18th of 1751 he resumed writing Jephtha, because his health had improved even though his vision had not. By July 15th, he had completed the choruses "Theme Rosetime..." in Act III. He probably should have ended the work here, but in order to give balance to the oratorio, and a length to which his audiences had become accustomed, he continued. With great difficulty, Handel finished Jephtha on August 30. The first performance was given the following February 26, 1752. Handel was forced to stop composing original works from that point on — blindness had invaded his right eye as well. He did dictate revisings of his older works to his assistants, and he was constantly conducting his own works, and displaying his creative powers at the harpsichord and organ. Blindness certainly did not cause inactivity. By 1759, just one year before his death, Handel was conducting 10 major oratorios in little over a month to packed houses and Messiah closed this impressive effort. Handel collapsed after this performance, and 10 days later he died.

Knowing the circumstances which held Handel while he wrote Jephtha give much more effect to the oratorio. That his own world had grown dark at the very point of composing "How dark, O Lord are Thy decrees" makes one feel how closely Handel must have been involved with the work. He opened the oratorio with the recitative announcement by Zebed: "It must be so!" — rather like a pronounce ment or motto for the whole work. Morell had used the phrase "Whatever God orders, must be so." Handel changed this text himself to read "What ever is, is right". The real theme of Jephtha, as presented by the story, is one of humanity being at the hands of unalterable fate.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS
Jean Boulay, President
Robert Frey, William Irving, Marc Lagueres, Dr. Richard Lyman, Sazi Means, Thomas Neeley, Gary Oulds, Rebecca Parker

BUSINESS MANAGER
Sara Hedges

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS
Rick Lyman, recording engineer; Stephen Stelecki, typography

THE BROADWAY SYMPHONY/ SEATTLE CHAMBER SINGERS
The collaboration of the Broadway Symphony and the Seattle Chamber Singers has become a respected musical force in the Pacific Northwest. This company of volunteer artists is dedicated to the presentation of excellent well polishes musical performances. Each ensemble rehearse at University Unitarian Church where they enjoy the status of artists-in-residence, and where they develop further musical skills and repertoire under the direction of conductor George Shangraw. Membership is open to all without general auditions for vacant positions are held every August and September. On several occasions each season, smaller ensembles are formed from the main ensembles for the performance of chamber music. Especially important to the Broadway Symphony/Seattle Chamber Singers is the support and presentation of local performing artists and the work of local composers.

HERGEHN SHANGROW, Music Director and Conductor of the Broadway Symphony and the Seattle Chamber Singers, is a native of Seattle, who founded the chorus (in 1968) and the orchestra in 1982. The orchestra has played concerts in the Seattle area art and audiences an opportunity to hear and perform great works of music. In addition to acclaimed performances of the classic repertoire for both orchestra and chorus, they have performed in England, Europe and around the United States. Mr. Shangraw has been a guest conductor with various orchestras and ensembles including the Northwest Chamber Orchestra. The Seattle Symphony, and Eastern Texas University Opera; and lectures frequently for Seattle Opera and Symphony. As Director of Music at University Unitarian Church Mr. Shangraw is a leader in the performance of sacred music, and as the guiding producer of The Bach Year in Seattle he brought to our city in 1985 the world's most extensive celebration of the music of J. S. Bach.

WENDY ELLISON MULLEN attended college at Middlebury College, VT, where she performed with the Vermont Opera Workshop and the Vermont Symphony Orchestra, and studied conducting at the University of London and the University of Washington. She is currently pursuing a doctorate in music at the University of Washington in and is currently enrolled there as a Candidate in Philosophy. Wendy has appeared as a soloist with the Seattle Symphony and has performed leading roles in several UW Opera productions, including Arienande and The Magic Flute.

PETER KECHLEY has been performing as a featured soloist for the Seattle Chamber Singers for over fifteen years, and has also done a great deal of solo work for Seattle area churches and synagogues. No stranger to the operatic stage, Peter has most recently performed roles in all three one-act operas that were premiered last spring by the Broadway Symphony. He was an instrumental part of the Seattle Bach YEAR, having programmed all twelve of the Cantata Sunday Series, including the performance of the solo cantata for soprano "Juuchetz Gott in Allen Landen." She currently holds the position of soprano soloist/section leader at St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Seattle.

PAUL KARAITIS has performed with notable success throughout the Pacific Northwest in operatic and concert repertoire, singing everything from Abraham in Benjamin Britten's War Requiem to Alfred in Fledermaus for the Eugene (Oregon) Opera and Normann in the recent run of Seattle Opera's Lucia di Lammermoor.

Oratorio from Los Angeles, Paul makes his home in Seattle, where is a regular soloist at the Saint James Cathedral and the Temple Beth-Am synagogue. He will be joining the St. James choir when they sing for All Soul's Day Mass at the Vatican in Rome this November 2nd.

GRETCHEN HEWITT is a graduate of the Oberlin Conservatory of Music in Oberlin, Ohio, and has resided in Washington for the past twelve years. Gretchen performed with the Broadway Symphony/Seattle Chamber Singers during the BACH YEAR as soprano soloist in their presentations of J.S. Bach's Wedding Cantata and Christmas Oratorio. She has also performed with the Seattle Pro Musica and is a preview artist for Seattle Opera.

MARCFIA BELLAMY last appeared with the BSSCS in their BACH YEAR presentation of the St. Matthew Passion. She has performed as soloist with the Seattle Pro Musica, Opus I, The Contemporary Group, The Pacific Philharmonic, and Pacific Northwest Ballet. Marcia is currently completing her Master of Music degree at the University of Washington, where she recently portrayed the title roles in Ariadante and L'italiana in Algeri.
THE BROADWAY SYMPHONY
AND THE
SEATTLE CHAMBER SINGERS
George Shangrow, conductor

PRESENT

JEPHTHA

GEORGE FRIDERIC HANDEL

JEPHTHA

Paul Kantinis-Lash
Tenor

STORGE

Wendy Ellison Mullen
Mezzo Soprano

IPHIS

Gretchen Hewitt
Soprano

ZEBUL

Peter Kochley
Bass

HAMOR

Marcia Bellamy
Mezzo Soprano

AN ANGEL

Catherine Haight
Soprano

Sunday, September 28, 1986, 3:00 p.m.
Meany Theatre

Of all your crosses. — Of my father's vow,
Heavens spoke in approbation by success:
Jephtha had triumph'd. Israel is free.
For joy do we war, too little is the praise
Of one poor life — but oh! accept it, Heavens,
A grateful vicin, and the M ingle s still
Pour on my countrymen, friends, and dearest
father!

AIR

Happy they! this vital breath
With conscious I shall resign,
And not murmur or repine,
Sinking in the arms of death.
Happy they: De Cape.

JEREMIAH

Deeper and deeper still, thy goodness, child,
Perchon a father's bleeding heart, and sheaks
The true estases on my failing tongue.
Oh! let me whisper it to the raging winds,
Or howling deserts; for the ears of men
It is too shocking. — Yet! have I not vowed?
And can I think the great Jehovah sleeps,
Like Chemosh, and seek hiding places?
Ah no! Heaven heard my thoughts, and wrote
them down —
It must be so. — "This is that road my brain,
And pours into my brain a thousand pens;
That lead me to madness, — Horror thought!
My only daughter! — to dear, a child,
Do Om of thine! — Yes, — the vow is part,
And Ghinda hath triumph'd of his foes.
Therefore, to-morrow's dawn — I can no more.

CHORUS

How dark, O Lord, are thy decrees!
All hid from mortal sight!
All our joys to sorrow turning,
And our triumphs into mourning.
As the night succeeds the day;
No certain light,
No solid peace,
We mourns know
On earth below.
Yet on this maxim still obey:
Whatever is, is right.

INTERMISSION

PART III

SCENE 1

Jephtha is, Iphis, Priests, &c.

JEREMIAH

Hide thou thy brand, Os, on in clouds.
And darkness, deep as is a father's love;
A father, offering up his only child
In vow's return for victory and peace.

AIR

Wait her, angels, through the skies,
Far above you azure plain —
Glorious there, like you, so fair,
There, like you, for ever reign.
Wait her: De Cape.

IREN

Ye sacred priests, whose hands ne'er were
made
With human blood, why are ye thus afraid
To execute my father's will — The call
Of Heaven
With humble resignation obey.

AIR

Farewell, ye limpid springs and floods,
Ye flow'ry woods and holy woods;
Farewell, thou busy world, where reign
Short hours of joy, and years of pain.
A father's summa I seek above,
In the realms of peace and love.

CHORUS OF PRIESTS

Humbled fear and reverent awe.
Stoles us, Lord, while here we bow:
Christ's by thy all-carted law,
Yet commanded by the vow.
Hear our pray's in this distress,
And thy determin'd will declare.

SYMPHONY

As we.
Rise, Jephtha. And ye revered priests, withdraw
The slumberous hand. — No vow can
be
The law of God: — nor such was in intent,
When rightly scane'd: yet still shall be
fulfill'd; —
Thy daughter, Jephtha, thou must dedicate
To God, in pure and virgin state for ever,
As an object most for sacrifices,
Else she had fell as holocaust to God —
The Holy Spirit, that didst

AIR

Bade thee explain it,
And approve thy faith.

Happy, Iphis, shall thou live,
While she shews the virgin dance,
Toss their harps of golden wire,
And their pearly tribute give.
Happy, Iphis all thy days,
(Pure, angelic, virgin-state)
Shall thou live: and ages long
Crowns thee with immortal praise.

ARIDOS

For ever blessed be the holy name,
Lord God of Israel!

CHORUS

Theme sublime of endless praise,
Just and righteous are thy ways;
And thy mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

SCENE 2

Enter Zebul, Storik, Hamor, &c.

ZEBUL

Let me congratulation this happy turn,
My hounour'd brethren, judge of Israel.
Thy faith, thy courage, constancy and truth,
Nations shall sing: and to their justly
Appolishes,
All join to celebrate thy daughter's name.

AIR

Lead her, all ye virgin train,
In glad songs of choicer strain!
Ye holy angels all around,
Lead her in melodious round.
Virtues that we own,
Love and truth demand the song.

IREN

O let me fold thee in a mother's arms.
And with submissive joy, my child, receive
Thy designation to the life of Heaven.

AIR

Sweet as sight to the blind,
Or freedom to the slave,
Such joy in thee I feel.
Safe from the grave.
Still I'm of that promise,
Such is kind Heaven's decree.
Thus hath thy parent Blake, in blessing thee.

HONOR

With transports, Iphis, I behold thy safety,
But more for ever mean to hear a song
Dearest thou great Jephtha's were in honour
Still with the name of wilt.

AIR

'Tis Heaven's all-creating power
That doth the rising sight:
Yet in me still adores,
And think as engag'd by.
While thou such thorns and besoms lines
With more than human tears shine.
'T is Heaven's: De Cape.

IREN

My faithful Honor, may that Providence
Which gently claims or forces our submission,
Direct thee to some happier choice.

QUINTETTO.

All that is in Honor mine,
Freely I to heaven's reign.

HONOR

All that is in Iphis mine,
Freely I to heaven's reign.

IREN

Unto thee to the will supreme,
Still my Honor I'll esteem.

HONOR

Unto thee, Almighty pow'r,
Still my Iphis I'll adore.

STORGE — JEPHTHA — ZEBUL.

Joy's triumphant crowns thy days,
And thy name eternal praise.

CHORUS

Ye house of Ghinda, with one voice.
In blessings manifest rejoice.
Freed from war's destructive sword,
Peace her splendid round shall spread,
While in virtuous path you tread.
So are they blest who fear the Lord.
Hallelujah. Amen.
OUVERTURE

Zebul, with his brethren, 6c.

Zereb. It must be so,—or these vile Ammonites, (Our countrymen, now and no longer) will crush the race of Israel. —

Since Heaven vomits thee out, with immediate death.

To point us out a leader, as before, Ourselves must do so for him, as a man, as Gideon’s son, our brother, valiant Jephtha! —

True, we have sighed for, escaped, expatiate here. As of a stranger born; but I will know him; His blood, with the same revenge, when his disloyal countryman calls his aid, and, perhaps, Heaven may favor our request. If with repugnance we hear the voice for mercy.

AIR

Fear not so much unbridled praise To Idols dead and vain. Nor more with violaceous Notes the sacred rites profane.

CHORUS

No more to Amnon’s god and king, Fear Melach, shall we in any song, In dismal dance around the furnace blue. Chorus will we adore

With timbrel’s sound to Jehovah does.

SCENE 2

Enter Jephtha, Sgoby, 5c.

Zereb. But Jephtha comes,— Kind Heavens, assist us in their plea.

Jephtha, with an eye of joy look On thy expectant brethren in distress, Forget not thy rights, valiant son of thy country, thy countrymen, in extreme despair.

JEPHTHA. I will: so please it Heaven; and so the instance.

If I command in war, the like command, (Should Heavens vouchsafe us as a victorious peace.) Shall still be mine.

Zereb. Agreed; be witness, Heaven.

AIR

JEPHTHA. Virtue my soul shall still embrace, Virtue shall make great my name, Who builds upon this steady base, Virtue my soul: Do Cape.

STREICH. ’Twill be a painful separation, Jephtha, To thee then hasten for the bloody field; Yet all by trivial is the world’s concern, When a whole nation bleed, and growing figs. Pining for liberty and life.

AIR

In gentle murmurs will I mourn, As mothers at the mass-famine days, And sighing with thy dear return To liberty and lasting love.

SCENE 3

Enter Jeptha and Ichiss. Ichiss.

JEPHTHA. God, behold our true diuresis, Omnipotency to place, or bless! But turn thy wrath, and bless now more Thy servants, thy name adore. (Exit.)

SCENE 5

STREICH. Some dire event happen o’er our heads, Some wondrous thing we say to be in misery extreme. —

AIR

Sung, in sorrow, scenes of woe, Of Israel I beheld, I longed to our land, Wept at the shades below, Add new terror to the night. While ever-increasing light, That inescapable servitude, Joyless fly the hours of light. Scenes of horror: Do Cape.

SCENE 6

Enter Ichiss. Ichiss.

JEPHTHA. Say, my dear mother, whose these piercing criers That fear me, like a fainted bird, to fly My place of rest? —

STREICH. For thou fear, my child; Such ghastly dreams last night surprised my soul.

AIR

Heed not these black visions of the night, The mocking of unquiet slumber, that will not cease. My father, smiteth with a skilled fist, Already seems to triumph in victory. Nor doubt I but Jehovah hear our prayers.

AIR

The smiling dawn of happy days Promises a prospect clear. And gleaming hope all-brightening rays Dispels each gloomy fear. While ev’ry daze that peace displays Makes spring-time all the year. The smiling dawn: Do Cape. (Exit.)

SCENE 4

JEPHTHA, alone.

JEPHTHA. What means these doubtful faculties of the brain? Vision of joy rise in my repugnant soul, These play with sight, and set my soul to anguish. Strenuous ardor fires my heart; my arms are armed With tell’tud vigour, and my mental helm To wash thee clean. — It be humble still, my soul, It is the Spirit of God; in which great strength I offer up my soul.

AIR

I, Lord, sustaine by thy almighty pow’r, Ammon I drive, and his enquiring hands, From these our long-severed tribes. And safe return a glorious conqueror; Nor what of ever shall fire mine eyes, Shall it be ever there, or else a sacrificer. Said. —

(Enter Israelites, 6c.)

ATTEND, ye Chiefs, and with united sound, Invoke the holy name of Israel’s God.

SCENE 2

Enter Zebul, Jephtha, 5c.

Zereb. Sooth, Jephtha, was the hungry king’s reply: Not, or what ever shall fire mine eyes, Shall it be ever there, or else a sacrificer. Said. —

JEPHTHA. Sound then the last alarm, and to the field, Ye sons of Israel, with intermedial joy. Dependence on the wish of Israel’s God. (Exit.)

AIR

When his loud voice in thunder spake, With closing fears the brilliants, Obscureness of his commands conveyed. In every roll their remaining side; Canst thou by that great power, That gave them strength to come, —

They confess their highest pride, And walk with ile rage the laughing storm.

AIR

Freedom now o’er more promising, Peace shall spread with ev’ry blessing Triumphant joy ascends. Soon shall reappear, In blissful plying reaping. The glorious peace received. Freedom now: Do Cape.

JEPHTHA. Zebul, thy deeds were valiant; nor less chaste, My Jephtha; but the glory is the Lord’s.

AIR

Gliding sight of joy so true, dear Jephtha; And to the house of Israel I bring my peace, Thus then, in bliss. — Both armies in array Of battle rang’d, our general supreem forth, And offer’d Jephtha Ammon’s terms of peace. Must just and righteous; these with scorn refuse’d. He brande the trumpeter’s sound; but scarce a sword Was sing’d in baleful blood, ere all around The confounding heavens opend, and pour’d forth Thousands of sword; when straight Our general cried: “This is thy signal, Lord. I follow thee, and thy word.” Then rushing on proud Ammon, all agast, Headed by his bloody slaughtr’d enemy, The flying foe, till night sheathe the sword, And cause the joys of victory and peace.

SCENE 3

Symphony of Peace.

CHORUS. Choir and Seraphim, unsullied forms, The messengers of fay. His dread command assign’d: Of sev’rall flight, and subtle frame, Than lightning’s winged flame. They ride on whirlwinds, directing the storms.

AIR

Arrive, as the cheerful light, Driving darkness shades of night: Welcome, as the spring that raiseth Peace and plenty to the plains! Not spring so gay, Such mighty blessings bring, As peace on her triumphant wings.

SEMIHORUS

Welcome thou, whose deeds conduce To provoking the warlike arts; Welcome, who God’s ord’nance Guardians and assistants are. Thou went, his glorious name Dreads no new wonder to procure.

JEPHTHA. hornet confusion! harsh this music graces Upon my careless ears. — Be gone, my child, Thou hast undone his work, Fly, be gone, And leave me to the rack of wild despair. (Exit.)

AIR

Open thy marble jaws, 0 tomb; And hide me, earth, in thy dark womb! Ere I have seen thee, and despair And deeper vassl from conquest gain. Open: Do Cape.

AIR

Why is my brother thus afflicted? Say, why didst thou spare thy参考答案的错误或不足之处。
PART I

SCENE 1

OUVERTURE

Zephil, with his brethren, 6c.

Zera

It must be so—or these vile Ammonites, (Our cowardly foes, now eighteen thousand.) Will crush the race of Israel. —

Since Heaven vouchsafed me, with immediate diligence, to point out to a leader, as before, Companies most durée to the way, who as a man, As Gideon’s son, our brother, valiant Jephthah! —

True, we have slain all, scord, exp’l’d him here.

As of a stronger born: but I will know him;
His name is Jephthah, and thine revenge.
When his dissembling country calls his aid.

And, perhaps, Heaven may favour our request.

If with expectant hearts we use for mercy.

AIR

Pore now for me unhesitating pleas
To Idols dead and vain.
No more with vain unlabor’d zeal
The sacred rites profane.

CHORUS

No more to Ammon’s god and king,
Porne Moloch, shall he cfuyah ring,
In dismal dance around the furnace blue.
Charlotte’s slumber—

Will we adore

With timbrel’s anthem to Jehovah be.

SCENE 2

Enter Jephthah, Storga, 6c.

Zera

But Jephthah comes— Kind Heaven, assist our plea.

O Meba, with an eye of joyful look
On thy repentant brethren in distress.
Forgotten of thy wrongs, environed by thy friends, thy country, in extreme despair.

Jephthah

I will: so please it Heaven; and thrice the nation.

If I command, the law, the like command, (Should Heaven vouchsafe my avarice supreme.)

Shall still be mine.

Zera

Agreed; be wisest, Heaven.

Jephthah

Virtue my soul shall still embrace,
Virtue shall still make me great.
Who builds upon this steady base,
Virtue my soul—

Enter Jephthah: Da Capo.

SCENE 4

Jephthah, alone.

Jephthah

What mean these doubtful families of the face?
Vision of joy in rise upon my soul;
Those play without, and set in darkness some:
Strange apparel lures my heart; my arms armed
With tendril vigour, and my crusted helm.
To wash the skies— It burns a cloud, still my soul.
Is it the Spirit of God; in whose great arm
I offer up my soul.

If, Lord, sustains by thy bright arm’s pow’r,
Ammon I drive, and anguish my hands.
From those one long-suffered, and satiate.
And save return a glorious conqueror;—

What, or who ever will shun mine eyes,
Shall be all ever than, or of fail a sacrifice.

(Enter Israelites, 6c.)

Attend, ye Chiefs, and with unwield
Invoke the holy name of Israel’s God.

SCENE 3

Enter Honor and Iphis.

Honor

Happy this embassy, my cherishing Iphis,
Which once more gives them to thy longini.
As Cynthia, breaking from revolving eyes.
On the beheld traveler: the sight of thee,
My love, drives darkness and despair.
Again I love; in thy smiles I live,
As in thy father’s ever-wished care.
Our wretched nation finds new life, new joy.
O heaven, and make my happiness complete!

AIR

Dull delay is, in piercing anguish,
Bid thy faithful health to the field.
While he pants for bliss in vain.
Oh! with gentle smiles return.
No more false hope deceive me,
Nor vain fears affright a pain.

Iphis

I’ll diet the voice of love when glory calls,
And bid thee follow Jephthah to the field.
There art the men, and the rival deeds
Proclaim them worthy to be called his son;
And Honor shall not be his dearest.

Jephthah

Enter the heart you fondly gave,
Lodged in your breast for a double flame,
Sure conquest shall be thine.
Take the heart you fondly gave,
Lodged in your breast with mine.

Honor

I go— my soul, in thy dire command,
Though Jephthah’s blood be on my face.
On these lovely infernal Da Capo.

Jephthah

(Exit.)

Jephthah, alone.

Jephthah

The shadow past, how happy!—
How glorious will they prove?—
When glistening fruit from conqueror’s tree,
We lock the feast of love.

These lovely infernal Da Capo.

AIR

The smiling dawn of happy days
Promises a prospect clear;
And glowing hope all-bright’ning rays
Dispel each gloomy fear.
While ev’ry shade that peace displays
Make spring-spring all the year.

The smiling dawn: Da Capo.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE 5

Enter Zebul, Jephthah, 6c.

Zera

Sure, Jephthah, was the haughty king’s reply:
Nothing but, rain, starvation, and death.

Jephthah

Sound then the last alarm; and to the field,
Ye sons of Israel, with refulgent beams.
Dependence on the mercy of Israel’s God.

CHORUS

When his loud voice in thunder spoke,
With conscious fear the billows break,
Observations of his giant command;
In thy tail roll their foaming side;
Confid’st by that great pow’r,
That gave them strength to cope—
To perform their contract thine union’s pride.
And lack with idle rage the laughing internment.

INTERMISSION

PART II

SCENE 1

Enter Honor, Iphis, 6c.

Honor

Glad tidings of great joy to thee, dearest Iphis,
And to the house of Israel I bring:
Then, is it true—

AIR

Both armies in array
Of battle rang’d, our general suprize forth,
And offer’d Ammon Atonus arms of peace.
Most just—and generous these with scorn refus’d.
He became the trumpet sound: but scarce a sword
Was ting’d in battle blood; ere all around
The crouding heavens open and pour’d forth
Thousands of sword Cherubim: when straight
Our general cried: This is thy signal, Lord,
I follow thee, and thy war, my heart’s joy.
Then rushing on proud Ammon, all aghast,
His mighty arms, with sudden blow.
The flying bow, till night buds sheaths the sword,
And save the joys of victory and peace.

CHORUS

Chorus and Seraphim, unsubdued forms.
The messengers of fire.
His dread command advis’d:
Of sev’rall flight, and order frame,
Then light’snig’s winged flame.
They ride on whirlwinds, directing the storms.

AIR

Up the dreadful steep ascending,
While fire and love contending.
Sought I; and my glorious prize,
And now happy in the blessing,
Thus, my sovereign joy, rejoicing.
Other honours I depose.
Under the dreadful: Da Capo.

AIR

Tis well—

Haste, haste, ye maidens, and in richest
Adorns me, like a stately bride, to meet
My father in triumphal pomp.
And while around the dancing banquet run—

AIR

Sweat the melodious line
Pleased harp and warbling flute,
To sounds of rapture joy.

Jephthah

Sound then the last alarm; and to the field,
Ye sons of Israel, with refulgent beams.
Dependence on the mercy of Israel’s God.

AIR

Open thy marble jaws, 0 croust.
And hide me, earth, in thy dark woods!
Ere I the form of man reveal,
And deeper sole from conquest gain.
Open: Da Capo.

AIR

Why is my brother thus afflicted? say,
Why didst thou spare thy sons?—
And fling her from thee with unspeak’d disdain?

Jephthah

Most just—to Heaven, and my dearest wife,
Bedecked a wedding—

AIR

From heaven the solemn of presumptuous joy.
Downs to the lowest depth of misery—
Know thou, I fall, I first should fall.
A virgin’s grace in the living God—
A father’s love, my daughter, and she.

STORIO

Enter Zebul, thy deed was valiant; nor less than, My Hamor; but the glory is the Lord’s.

STORIO

His mighty arm, with sudden blow,
Dorip and quell’d the haughty foe.
They fell before him; as when through the sky.
He bids the sweeping wind in vengeful blast.
His mighty arm: Da Capo.

STORIO

In glory high; in mirth serene,
He sees, moves all, summer’s, unseen.
His mighty arms, with sudden blow,
Dorip and quell’d the haughty foe.

STORIO

Enter Iphis, Storga, 6c.

Iphis

Hail, glorious conqueror, maid-lub’d father, ball.
Behold, thy daughter, and her virgin train.
Come to acclaim thee with all divine love.

AIR

Welcome, as the dearth’s light,
Driving darkene shades of night:
Welcome, as the spring that raises Peace and plenty on the plains!

STORIO

Nay, spring so gay,
Such mighty blessings bring.
As peace on her triumphs wings.

SEMPHORIO

Welcome thou, whose deeds conquer
To provoke the warlike hues.
Welcome, who God ordain’d
Guardian and open to the view.
Thou didst write, her glorious name
Dread no more to wonders proclaim.

Jephthah

Horrid confusion! carth this music grapes
Upon my cautious ears— Be gone, my child,
Thou hast undone the peace, fly, be gone,
And leave me to the rack of wild despair.

(Exeunt.)

AIR

Open thy marble jaws, O croust.
And hide me, earth, in thy dark woods!
Ere I the form of man reveal,
And deeper sole from conquest gain.
Open: Da Capo.

AIR

Such news fleet anal— I heard the mournful cause

QUARTET

Zera

O spare your daughter.

STORIO

Spare my child.

Honor

My love.

Jephthah

Recorded stand my vow in Heaven above.

STORIO

Impress the raptious vow, 0 tie’s too late.

Honor

And think not Heaven delights
Zera

In Moloch’s hurried rites.

Jephthah

I’ll hear no more; her doom is fate as fast.

SCENE 4

Enter Iphis.

Iphis

Such news fleet anal— I heard the mournful cause
THE BROADWAY SYMPHONY
AND THE
SEATTLE CHAMBER SINGERS
George Shangrow, conductor

PRESENT

JEPHTHA
GEORGE FRIDERIC HANDEL

Sunday, September 28, 1986, 3:00 p.m.
Meany Theatre
The Broadway Symphony and the Seattle Chamber Singers have become a respected musical force in the Pacific Northwest. This company of volunteer artists is devoted to the presentation of excellent well polished musical performances. Each ensemble rehearses at University Unitarian Church, where they enjoy the status of artists-in-residence, and where they develop further musical skills and repertoire under the direction of conductor George Shangrow. Membership is by audition; there are no general auditions for vacant positions are held every August and September. On several occasions each season, smaller ensembles are formed from the main ensembles for the performance of chamber music. Especially important to the Broadway Symphony/Seattle Chamber Singers is the support and presentation of local performing artists and the work of local composers.
THE SEATTLE CHAMBER SINGERS
George Shawrow, conductor

SOPRANO
Laila Adams
Jane Blackwell
Belle Chemnick
Crissi Cegini
Kyla Dellmer
Laurie Fink
Catherine Haight
Pamela Hill
Karle Kern
Jill Krizak
Mary Jane Lelievre
Margaret Marshall
Liesel Rembous
Jeanne Van Broekhoven

ALTO
Marta Chaloupek
Kristina Haight
Mary Beth Hughes
Ruth Libby
Suzi Meeks
Laurie Medill
Susan Miller
Janet Ellen Reed
Nancy Robinson
Nedra Shloren
Kay Viretta
June Sedlman Voel

TENOR
John Addison
Henry Eisen
Ronald Haight
Steven Kellogg
Phil Mortonson
Tom Neubitt
Gene Pattern
Davon Reynolds

BASS
John Beier
Gustave Blazek
Steve Braul
Jim Brightman
Andrew Donichik
Mark Haight
Ken Hart
Stuart Kendall
Brian McGee
Declan Oliver
Robert Schlipfert
John Steinhoff
Richard Wyckoff

THE BROADWAY SYMPHONY
George Shawrow, conductor

The Broadway Symphony has the policy of regular rotation for orchestral seating. Therefore, our personnel are listed alphabetically in each section.

VIOLIN I
Timika Anderson
Pamela Anderson
Joanne Laug
Eliseo Laug
Avon Miletzy
Janet Shoveler

VIOLIN II
Jeff Forbes
Jeanne Nadeau, principal
Timothy Prior
Kensa Smith
Steve Tada
Myrtle Van Kempen

VIOLA
Beatrice Doll
Katherine McIntyre
Stephanie Read
Karina Sharp
Sam Williams, principal

CELLO
Gary Anderson
Vera Gons
Marlina Tapio, principal
Julie Wheeler

FLUTE
Janine Scharberg

OBOE
Huntley Beyer
Shannon Hill, principal

BASSOON
Jeff Ehrlich
Bill Schell, principal

HORN
Bill Hamrick
Cynthia Jefferson, principal

TRUMPET
Gary Hardin
David Hensley, principal

OUR CONTRIBUTORS AND PATRONS

FRIEND
Mr. & Mrs. Arthur Bester
Bello Chemnick
Michele DeMarinis
Glenda Doff
Elisa Fink
Catherine Filter
Phil Mortonson
Thomas Neubitt
Gary Oakes
Charles Thomas
Ronald Selig
Mr. & Mrs. Earl Wheatley
Mrs. C. A. Vincennes

SPONSOR
Anonymous
Crissi Cegini
E. Bruce Danilson
Pamela Hill
Fred S. James & Co., Inc.
Alice Leighton
Ruth Libby
Laurie Medill
Scott Mokine

PATRON
The Boeing Company
Stan & Ann Dettmar
Beatrice Doll
Maureen C. Eggertson
Frederick W. Klein
Timothy Prior
Nancy Robinson
Liesel Rembous
Seattle First National Bank
Dwight Swafford

JEPHTHA

The Broadway Symphony/Seattle Chamber Singers would deeply appreciate your gift of support. Tax-deductible contributions may be sent to BS/SCS, 2115 N. 42nd, Seattle, WA 98103. (206) 547-0427.