REQUIEM FOR THE CHILDREN
HUNTLAY BEYER

I. Kyrie
Lord have mercy,
Christ have mercy,
Lord have mercy.

II. Offertorium
Lord Jesus Christ, King of Glory,
Deliver the souls of all the faithful departed
From the jaws of hell
And from the bottomless pit.
O, save them from the lion’s jaws
That hell may not engulf them,
that they may not fall into darkness.
But let St. Michael the standard bearer
Lead them into holy light
Which Thou of old did promise
To Abraham and his seed.
Sacrifices and prayers of praise
To Thee, O Lord, we offer.
Do thou receive them on behalf of their souls
Whom this day we commemorate.
Allow them to pass from death to life.
(Lullaby.)

III. Sanctus/Benedictus
Holy, holy, holy Lord God of hosts,
Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory;
Hosanna in the highest.
Blessed is He who comes in the name of the Lord.
Hosanna in the highest.

IV. Agnus Dei
Lamb of God, who takes away the sin of the world,
Grant them rest;
Lamb of God, who takes away the sin of the world,
Have mercy upon us;
Lamb of God, who takes away the sin of the world,
Grant us eternal rest.

V. Lament (text by Theresa Mason)
(Soprano solo)
My eyes flow with tears.
No one can comfort me
For my children are dead.
The enemy has prevailed.

Hear my cry, O God,
For I am in anguish.
My soul is in tumult,
My heart is torn apart.

In the street the sword brings grief;
Little ones have been dashed to pieces.
Young men and women
Have disappeared.

Hear me groan;
No one can comfort me;
I cry for the children
Of the world who are lost.
The old people are silenced by fear,
They sit on the ground and sigh;
The young men and women
Walk stooped in sorrow;
Children cry to their mothers and fathers
As they faint from hunger;
They gasp as their life is poured out
On their mothers’ breasts.

Arise and cry out
In the middle of the night
The time death squads come
And capture our loved ones,
We’ve seen the bodies of young
And old lie besides the streets;
Young men and women
Have been slaughtered.

We risk our lives to buy bread,
But our bodies are weak from hunger.
Young men are compelled to work the mines
And the old stagger under forced labor.

Our joy has fled,
Our dancing has turned to mourning;
We strain our eyes, watching and waiting
For justice and...peace.
Your rule, O God, is just and loving
For all your people.
You will build peace and bind our wounds
And you shall reign forever.

But why do you forget us now
And forsake us in our need?
O God, restore us to yourself
That we may be restored.

(Chorus)
Rachel’s voice is heard weeping and wailing.
It echoes through the world.
Sobbing and loud lamentations.
Rachel is weeping for her children,
The children of the world.

VI. Lux Aeterna
(Lullaby, haltingly)
Let eternal light shine upon them, O Lord,
With Thy saints for ever.
Thou art merciful!

THE GEORGE SHANGROW CHORALE

George Shangrow, Conductor
What better way could there be for Maestro George Shangrow to celebrate his twentieth year as a professional musician than to create and lead a new performing ensemble? We are proud to present the debut of The George Shangrow Chorale.

The GSC has its heritage in the Seattle Chamber Singers, which George Shangrow founded the Spring of 1968, and indeed, it reflects a format the SCS has taken in the past: small in size, with a concentration on a cappella literature and works requiring few accompanying instruments. Central to the GSC’s raison d’etre is the performance of works by local composers. Seattle is particularly fortunate to have many gifted composers, most of whom have composed for choir. Tonight we showcase two Seattle composers: Robert Keachley and Huntley Beyer.

The 22 members of The George Shangrow Chorale are musicians who take a great deal of pride in their work. They strive for a polished sound, well-balanced and blended, but still let their energy and enthusiasm for music shine through.

Choral music has become somewhat of an esoteric art—best appreciated, perhaps, by those who actually “do” it. The George Shangrow Chorale hopes that Seattle audiences will take great enjoyment and interest in the programs that lie ahead, and, in much the same way as chamber music has been embraced here in Seattle, choral music will win new fans.

Welcome to this, the debut performance of the George Shangrow Chorale.
DREAMS TO KEEP - ROBERT KECHLEY
Poetry by May Sarton

I. SUN BOAT
As if this light boat had no keel,
As if the mast carried no sail,
With no hand on the tiller to guide
The gentle rocking, the glide.
It swings up floated upon air,
And never changeable wind there,
Only the lightest little motion,
That ripple on the pulse of ocean,
As the sun breathes in stillness, weaves
The warmth in slowly rising waves,
And if the boat seems strangely gifted,
It is that it is being lifted.
The mariner has yielded will
And given to the sun his skill,
And lost his course in summer air
Content to be a passenger.

II. GIRL WITH 'CELLO
There had been no such music here until
A girl came in from falling dark and snow
To bring into this house her glowing 'cello
As if some siren, magical animal.
She sat, head bent, her long hair all a-dip
Over the breathing wood, and drew the bow.
There had been no such music here until
A girl came in from falling dark and snow.

And she drew out that sound so like a wall,
A rich dark suffering joy, as if to show
All that a wrist holds and that fingers know
When they caress a magic animal.
There had been no such music here until
A girl came in from the falling dark and snow.

III. SHELL
Outside,
The sea's supination,
Inside,
A terrible silence
As though everything had died,
One of those shells
Abandoned by the creature
Who lived there once
And opened to the tide.
Lift it to an ear
And you will hear
A long reverberation
In its tiny cave,
The rumor of a wave
Long ago broken
And drawn back
Into the ocean—
And so, with love.

IV. THE CLAVICHORD
She keeps her clavichord
As others keep delight, too light
To breathe, the secret word
No lover ever heard
Where the spirit lives
And garlands weaves.

To make the pure notes sigh
(Not of a human grief, too brief)
A sigh of such fragility
Her fingers' sweet agility
Must hold the horizontal line
In the stern power of design.
The secret breathed within
And never spoken, woken
By music; the garland in
Her hands no one has seen.
She weaves the air with green
And weaves the stillness in.

V. SONG
No, I will never forget you and your great eyes,
O animal and power.
You will be walking
The woods where I am walking,
You will lie asleep
In the places where I weep,
And you will wake and move
In the first hour of love,
And in the second hour
Love flee before your power.
No, I will never forget you and your great eyes
Angel and challenger.

You will be there
Dressed in your wild hair
Angel and animal
Wherever I may dwell,
Wherever I may sleep
You have the dreams to keep.

Walking in the still landscape by the rock and bone,
You will be beside me when I am most alone.
PROGRAM NOTES - All of tonight’s music reflects the deep emotions that come from love and from death experiences. The lightest of the pieces, Hassler’s Mein Lieb will mit mir kriegen, is a comical narration of someone in the midst of an amorous challenge. Hassler set the story by using two “opposing” choirs. Ave Verum Corpus by William Byrd uses the traditional Latin text by Pope Innocent VI, but Byrd added to it his own plea for mercy at the close. The Lassus madrigal Ben sono i premi tuoi is a six-part piece that expresses a defiance to the devil. The lush writing reinforces the conviction of the text. One of the most inventive, and always surprising composers of the early Baroque era is Henry Purcell. The anthem Hear My Prayer, O Lord, can best be described as being one long crescendo—beginning with just one voice and building to a full eight parts. The dissonances are stark and obvious, and support the pleading text excellently. All four of the madrigals by Monteverdi on this program are from the Fourth Book of Madrigals, published in 1603. Io mi son giovinetta, the lightest of the four, uses rapid passage-work sung simultaneously by two or more voices which serves to emphasize the text. Anima mia perdona and Che se tu zeli il cor mio are consecutive scenes from the tragicomedy Il pastor fido. Amarellis declares her love for Mirtillo, and then deplores the circumstances which force her to conceal her feelings. With Si ch’io morireter there is no doubt at all about the intended meaning—a brilliant portrayal of sexual love.

REQUIEM FOR THE CHILDREN Huntley Beyer Notes by the composer

This Requiem was written during the summer of 1988. I was home, taking care of a 6 year old, and the time I spent with her and her friends increased my sense of poignancy as I sat at the piano, composing for children for whom there would never be a child’s summer. The work is compiled of five traditional Requiem movements: Kyrie, Offertorium, Sanctus/Benedictus, Agnus Dei and Lux Aeterna. I have added Lament using a text written by Theresa Mason, a Methodist minister. I have also added two Lulli, Lullay’s, the traditional lament for the massacre of the innocent children by King Herod after the birth of Christ.

Requiem for the Children begins with an insistent, forceful Kyrie that is a cry for mercy for dead children. The Offertorium describes the agony of hell and the delight of salvation. It bases its plea on God’s promise to Abraham, thus connecting the singers and those for whom our appeal is made, the children, to Abraham’s descendants. Sanctus/Benedictus, by joyfully proclaiming the glory of God in heaven and earth, reassures the singers and the audience that God can extend salvation to all. The Agnus Dei begins with one voice beseeching, again, for salvation, and that voice is joined by others in a slow process. Lament uses solo voice and piano to express the theme of the entire Requiem: the yearning and anger of a mother whose children suffer and die, and her imploitation that God “bind our wounds” and help establish justice and peace. Lux Aeterna asking that eternal light be upon those, the children, who have died.

This Requiem is for children. I intended to express my own anguish at the knowledge that children starve, are abused, tortured, repressed and killed anywhere and at any time. I hope for them there is light and I hope for us we will never be free of anguish until all children live on earth that is full of glory.

DREAMS TO KEEP - Robert Kechley

Dreams to Keep was written for the Eastshore Unitarian Church Choir in remembrance of Katarina Jennings, one year after her death in 1986. Lila McKey, a member of the Eastshore congregation wrote the following notes about the music:

"Bob Kechley has captured the essence of Katarina Jennings in the choice of May Sarton’s poems and his creation of music. Simple melodies and harmonies would not do the job. The struggle to master these unusual harmonies and tricky rhythms is like the struggle of coming to grips with the reality of life and death. Too easy or too melodic would have trivialized the process on this occasion of remembering. Here we have Bob’s onomatopoetic creation. By using May Sarton’s words, the words lightly brush-stroking our memory pictures of Katarina over the year. The music, like the person it celebrates, is bitter/sweet, sad/happy, disquieting/comforting, complex/simple, despairing/hopeful, discordant/harmonic."

MEIN LIEB WILL MIT MIR KRIEGEN - HASSLER


My love wants to fight with me, she is ready for battle. She raises her flag and calls upon her great power. I think I should have her--I’ve never tried a love-battle, yet, against her I will go. She wants to chase me into flight. Anew, she tries to shoot me with her poisoned arrow. Soon you will repeat of this conceived action! Shoot quickly! Do I fast? Oh! She’s crushed me with her tender eyes; I’ve lost my strength; my heart is mortally wounded. O dearest, I beg your pardon— I pray, give me back my life to be your prisoner for ever.

AVE VERUM CORPUS - WILLIAM BYRD

Ave verum corpus, natum de Maria Virigin: Vere passus, immolatum in cruce pro homine: Colui qui moriatur unum facit salutem: Tu es nobis praeceptator in mortuis examine: O dulcis, O piet, O Jesu Piti Mariar, Misereor mei. Amen.

(Pope Innocent VI 1342: Sequence hymn for the Feast of Corpus Christi.)

Hail, true body, born of the blessed Virgin, Which, in anguish, did suffer upon the cross to redeem us; From whose pierced side came forth both water and blood: Be the source of consolation at our last hour. O loving, O holy, O Jesus, thou Son of Mary, Have mercy upon me. Amen.
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O dulcis, O piet, O Jesu Pfil Marie, Misereore mei. Amen.

(Pope Innocent VI 1534: Sequence hymn for the Feast of Corpus Christi.)

Hail, true body, born of the blessed Virgin, Which, in anguish, did suffer upon the cross to redeem us; From whose pierced side came forth both water and blood; Be the source of consolation at our last hour.
O loving, O holy, O Jesus, thou Son of Mary, Have mercy upon me. Amen.

HEAR MY PRAYER, O LORD - PURCELL

Hear my prayer, O Lord, And let my crying come unto thee. (Psalm 102: 2, 3)
THE GEORGE SHANGROW CHORALE
George Shangrow, Conductor

PROGRAM
January 21, 1989
University Unitarian Church

Mein Lieb will mit mir kriegen .................................. Hans Leo Hassler
Ave verum corpus ......................................................... William Byrd
Ben sono i premi tuo .................................................... Orlando Lassus
Hear My Prayer, O Lord ................................................... Henry Purcell
Dreams to Keep ............................................................. Robert Kechley

Sun Boat
Girl with 'Cello
Shell
The Clavichord
Song

Intermission

From the Fourth Book of Madrigals ................................. Claudio Monteverdi

Io mi son giovinetta
Anima mea perdonna
Che se tu sel' cor mio
Si ch'io vorrò morire

Requiem for the Children .............................................. Huntley Beyer

Kyrie
Offertorium
Sanctus/Benedictus
Agnus Dei
Lament (text by Theresa Mason)
Carol Sams, soprano soloist
Lux Aeterna

*DREAMS TO KEEP - ROBERT KECHLEY

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Only the lightest little motion,
That ripple on the pulse of ocean,
As the sun breathes in stillness, weaves
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And if the boat seems strangely gifted,
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III. SHELL
Outside
The sea's susurration, inside,
A terrible silence
As though everything had died,
One of those shells
Abandoned by the creature
Who lived there once
And opened to the tide.
Lift it to an ear
And you will hear
A long reverberation
In its tiny cave,
The rumor of a wave
Long ago broken
And drawn back
Into the ocean—
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V. SONG
No, I will never forget you and your great eyes,
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In the first hour of love,
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Love flee before your power.
No, I will never forget you and your great eyes
Angel and challenger.
You will be there
Dressed in your wild hair
Angel and animal
Wherever I may dwell,
Wherever I may sleep
You have the dreams to keep.

Walking in the still landscape by the rock and bone,
You will be beside me when I am most alone.
IO MI SON GIOVINETTA - MONTEVERDI
"Io mi son giovincetta
E rido e canzo alla stagion novella,"
Canzona la mia dolce pastorella,
Quando subitamente
A quel canzo il cor mio canto
Quasi augellino vago e ridante:
"Son giovinez' anch'io
E rido e canzo alla gentil e bella
Primavera d'amore
Che ne beg'och occhi tue, florisce."
E' ella: "Fuggi, se se' diggialto sei,
dizze, ardore, fuggi, ch' in questi rai
Primavera per te non sara mai."
Giovanni Boccaccio
"I am a young girl
and I laugh and sing in springtime,"
So sang my sweet shepherdess,
when all of a sudden
my heart began to sing too,
like a fair, joyous bird,
"I too am young,
and I laugh and sing at the sweet, beautiful
springtime of love
which blossoms in your lovely eyes."
And she said: "Pien, if you are wise,
fly from passion; for in the glances of my eyes
there will never be spring for you."

ANIMA MIA, PERDONA-MONTEVERDI
(Prima parte - Giovanni Battista Guarini, Il pastor fido II, 4)
Anima mia, perdona
A chi e' tua qual' ombra
Dove pietsosa eser non pao.
Perdona a questa
Nei desti e nel sembiante
Rigida tua nemica
Ma nel core
Pienissima amame.
E se pur hai desti di vendicarti,
Dah, qual vendita' haver puol tu maggiore
Del tuo proprio dolore?

(Second part)
Bowler, forgive
the cruelty of one
who dares not show tenderness;
forgive her being,
by word and by expression,
your implacable enemy,
while in her heart
she is your tender lover.
And, should you desire revenge,
Oh, what greater vengeance could you have
than from your own suffering?

CHE SE TE SE'IL COR MIO - MONTEVERDI
(Secondo parte - Giovanni Battista Guarini, Il pastor fido II, 4)
Che se tu se' il cor mio,
Come se' pur malgrado
Del Ciel, e de la terra,
Quel'hor piangi e sopiri,
Quelle lagrime tue
Son il mio sospir,
Quel sospir, il mio sospir
E quelle pen' e quel dolor che sensi
Son miei, non tuoi tormenti.

(Second part)
Since you are my beloved,
as you are, despise
all that earth and heaven may do,
whenever you weep or sigh
those tears of yours
are my blood,
your sighs are my breath,
and the pain and sorrow that you feel
are my griefs, not yours.

SI, C'ITTO VERREI MORIRE - MONTEVERDI
Sì, ch'io vorrei morire,
Hora ch'io faccio, amore,
La bella bocca del mio amato core.
Ah, cara e dolce lingua,
Dantede sante l'amore
Che di dolcezza in questo sen m'estingua.
Ah, vita mia! a questo bianco seno.
Dah, arigasono: sì ch'io vegna meno.
Ah, bocca! ah! baciati ah! lingua, torn'a dire
Sì, ch'io vorrei morire.

Yes, I should like to die
now that I kiss, I love,
the beautiful mouth of my beloved one.
Ah! dear sweet tongue,
give me such moisture
as will make me die for the sweetness I feel in my breast.
Ah, my life!
Press me close to your white breast
until I faint.
Ah, mouth! Ah, kiss me! Ah, tongue! I say again.
Yes, I should like to die.
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I. Kyrie
Lord have mercy,
Christ have mercy,
Lord have mercy.

II. Offertorium
Lord Jesus Christ, King of Glory,
Deliver the souls of all faithful departed
From the jaws of hell
And from the bottomless pit.
O, save them from the lion's jaws
That hell may not engulf them,
that they may not fall into darkness.
But let St. Michael the standard bearer
Lead them into holy light
Which Thou of old did promise
To Abraham and his seed.
Sacrifice and prayers of praise
To Thee, O Lord, we offer.
Do Thou receive them on behalf of their souls
Whom this day we commemorate.
Allow them to pass from death to life.
(Lullaby.)

III. Sanctus/Benedictus
Holy, holy, holy Lord God of hosts,
Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory;
Hosanna in the highest.
Blessed is He who comes in the name of the Lord.
Hosanna in the highest.

IV. Agnus Dei
Lamb of God, who takes away the sin of the world,
Grant them rest;
Lamb of God, who takes away the sin of the world,
Have mercy upon us;
Lamb of God, who takes away the sin of the world,
Grant us eternal rest.

V. Lament (text by Theresa Mason)
(Soprano solo)
My eyes flow with tears.
No one can comfort me
For my children are dead.
The enemy has prevailed.

Hear my cry, O god,
For I am in anguish.
My soul is in tumult,
My heart is torn apart.

In the streets the sword brings grief;
Little ones have been dashed to pieces.
Young men and women
Have disappeared.

Hear me groan,
No one can comfort me;
I cry for the children
Of the world who are lost.

The old people are silenced by fear,
They sit on the ground and sigh;
The young men and women
Walk stooped in sorrow;
Children cry to their mothers and fathers
As they faint from hunger;
They gasp as their life is poured out
On their mothers' breasts.

Arise and cry out
In the middle of the night
The time death squads come
And capture our loved ones,
We've seen the bodies of young
And old left beside the streets;
Young men and women
Have been slaughtered.

We risk our lives to buy bread,
But our bodies are weak from hunger.
Young men are compelled to work the mines
And the old stagger under forced labor.

Our joy has fled,
Our dancing has turned to mourning;
We strain our eyes, watching and waiting
For justice and... peace.
Your rule, O God, is just and loving
For all your people.
You will build peace and bind our wounds
And you shall reign forever.

But why do you forget us now
And forsake us in our need?
O God, restore us to yourself
That we may be restored.

(Chorus)
Rachel's voice is heard weeping and wailing,
It echoes through the world.
Sobbing and loud lamentations.
Rachel is weeping for her children,
The children of the world.

VI. Lux Aeterna
(Lullaby, lullaby)
Let eternal light shine upon them, O Lord,
With Thy saints for ever.
Thou art merciful!

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