4. Verlorene Jugend
Bohemian poem, freely translated by Wenig

Brautcn alle Berge,
Sauerte rings der Wald—
Meine jungen Tage,
Wo sind sie so bald?

Jugend, teure Jugend,
Flohest mir dahin;
O, du holde Jugend,
Achtlos war mein Sinn!

Ich verlor dich leider,
Wie wenn ein Stein
Jemand von sich schleudert
In die Flut hinein.

Wender sich der Stein auch
Um in tiefer Flut,
Weiss ich, dass die Jugend
Doch kein Gleiches tut.

Lost Youth

Raging over the mountains,
rushing round the woods,
O my days of youth,
where have you gone so soon?

Youth, precious youth,
you have fled from me;
O lovely youth,
unheedingly was my mind!

Sadly, I have lost you,
as if someone
had idly thrown a stone
into the water.

Though the stone may return
from the water's depth,
I know that youth
does no such thing.

5. Im Herbst
poetry by Klaus Groth

Ernst ist der herbst,
Und wenn die Blater fallen,
Sinkt auch das Herz zu
Trubem Weh herab.
Still ist die Flur,
Und nach dem Sinden wollen
Die Sanger stunken, wie nach dem Grab.

Blach ist der Tag,
Und blasse nebel schiefern
Die Sonne wie die Herson ein.
Frühs kommt die nacht,
Denn alle Kräfe felern,
Und tief verschlossen ruht das Sein.

Sanft wird der Mensch,
Er sieht die Sonne sinken,
Er ahnt des Lebens wie
des Jahres Schluss.
Feucht wird das Aug',
Doch in der Trüne Blinken
Erzrückt des herzen seligst Erguss.

In Autumn

Gloomy is Autumn,
and when the leaves fall
the heart too sinks

to cheerless woe.
Still is the pasture,
and southwards travel
the songsters, silent as if to the grave.

Wan is the day,
and pallid mists veil
the sun and the chart too.
Soon comes night:
thent all strength fails,
and life rests in deep oblivion.

Man mellowes,
He sees the sun sink,
and foresees the end of life as
of the year.
His eyes grow moist,
but in his shining tears flows
the most blissful outpouring of the heart.
The George Shangrow Chorale  
George Shangrow, Conductor & Musical Director

Soprano

Belle Chenault  
Crissa Cugini  
Ann Erickson  
Catherine Haight  
Mary Ann Landesverk  
Janet Sittig  
Barbara Stephens

Alto

Marta Chaloupka  
Mary Beth Hughes  
Laurie Medill  
Nancy Shasteen  
Nedra Slauson  
Kay Verelius

Tenor

Ron Haight  
Darren Hollenbaugh  
Philip Jones  
Gino Luchetti  
Paul Raabe

Bass

Gustav Blazek  
Jay Cook  
Andrew Danichuk  
Randy Johnson  
Skip Satterwhite  
Bob Schlipperoort

CAROL SAMS

The George Shangrow Chorale is pleased to premiere Six Poems of Carl Sandburg composed by CAROL SAMS. Ms. Sams has worked in close association with George Shangrow for the last fifteen years, and Shangrow's musical ensembles have had the privilege of premiering several of her works, including her oratorio The Earthmakers, and four of her operas (Bennji, Beauty and the Beast, Daddy's Money and Swamptet.) Ms. Sams is also often featured as soprano soloist for the Broadway Symphony/Seattle Chamber Singers. This season she performed Richard Strauss' Four Last Songs with the orchestra, and in past years has sung the soprano roles in Beethoven's 9th Symphony, several Handel oratorios and Bach cantatas. In addition to her work with B5/SCS, she teaches music courses at Seattle Central Community College and she serves University Unitarian Church as lead soprano for the church choir and, with Robert Keckley, is composer in residence.

Next Spring, The Broadway Symphony/Seattle Chamber Singers will reprise Carol Sams' operas Daddy's Money and Swamptet (a barbershop operal) and will add the premiere of her newest opera, Haven.

JOHANNES BRAHMS 1833-1897  
Op. 104 (1886-1888)

1. Nachtwache I  
   Poetry by Friedrich Ruckert
   Leise Tone der Brust,  
   geweckt vom Odem der Liebe,  
   Hauchet siterad hinaus,  
   ob sich euch offn' ein Ohr,  
   Offn' ein liebendes Herz,  
   und wenn sich keines euch offnet,  
   Trag' ein Nachwind euch  
   seufzend in meines rucke.

   Night Watch I
   Soft notes of the heart,  
   awakened by the breath of love,  
   Whisper forth tremulously  
   if an ear or loving heart  
   Should open to you;  
   And should none be open,  
   let a night wind bear you back,  
   sighing, to mine.

   Night Watch II
   Do they rest? There from the west  
   the watchman's horn is calling,  
   and from the east the horn  
   calls back, "They rest!"  
   Timorous heart, do you hear  
   the angel's whispering voices?  
   Put out your lamp confidentially,  
   and let Peace envelop you.

3. Letztes Glück  
   poetry by Max Kalbeck
   Leblos gleitet Blatt um Blatt  
   Still und traurig von den Baumen;  
   Seines Hoffens immer satt,  
   Lebt das Herz in Frühlingstraumen.
   Noch verweilt ein Sonnenblick  
   Bei den Spaten Hagerosen—  
   Wie bei einem letzten Gluck,  
   Einem suszen, hoffnungslosen.

   Last Happiness
   Quietly and sadly, from the trees  
   leaf glides down lifelessly on leaf;  
   the heart lives in Spring dreams,  
   its hopes never fulfilled.
   But a ray of sun still lingers  
   on the late wild rose—  
   as on a last happiness,  
   sweet to one who has given up hope.
The George Shawgrow Chorale
George Shawgrow, Musical Director and Conductor
May 22, 1989
University Unitarian Church
Seattle

PROGRAM

Motet BWV 228
J. S. Bach

Furchte dich nicht
1685-1750

Four Motets for the Season of Lent
Francis Poulenc

Timor et tremor
Vinea mea electa
Vinea mea electa
Tenebrosa factae sunt
Tremis est anima mea
1699-1963

Prayers of Steel: Six Poems of Carl Sandburg
Carol Sams

Prayers of Steel
Maroon with Silver Frost
Sea Wash
Phizaxog
Old Music for Quiet Hearts
Happiness

Intermission

Choral Songs, Op. 104
Johannes Brahms

No. 1 Nachtwache I
No. 2 Nachtwache II
No. 3 Letztes Gluck
No. 4 Verlorene Jugend
No. 5 Im Herbst

Choral Songs
Gerald Kechley

Sing No Sad Songs
Psalm 121
Invitation
English Horn Solo, Robert Kechley

English Folk Songs
arr. John Rutter

The Girl I Left Behind Me
arr. Ralph Vaughan-Williams
The Turtle Dove
arr. Gustav Holst
Baritone Solo, Bob Schlipper

Swansea Town
Percy Grainger
Brigg Fair
arr. John Gardner
Tenero Solo, Ben Height
Our Captain Calls All Hands

1. Prayers of Steel
Lay me on an anvil, O God.
Beast me and hammer me into a crows.
Let me pry loose old walls.
Let me lift and loosen old foundations.
Lay me on an anvil, O God.
Beast me and hammer into a steel spike.
Drive me into the girders that hold a skyscraper together.
Take red hot iron and hasten me into the central girders.
Let me be the great nail holding a skyscraper through blue nights into white suns.

2. Maroon With Silver Frost
Whispers of Maroon came on the little river.
The blasted hill took up the sunset,
Took up the evening star.
The brambles cracked in a fire call
The beginnings of frost.
"It is almost night," the maroon whispered in widening blood rings on the little river.
"It is night," the mouse, the evening star said later over the hump of the blasted hill.
"What if it is?" the brambles cracked across the sure silver beginnings of frost.

3. The Sea-Wash
The sea-wash never ends.
The sea-wash repeats, repeats.
Only old songs? Is that all the sea know?
Only the old strong songs?
Is that all?
The sea-wash repeats, repeats.

4. Phizaxog
This face you got,
This face phizaxog you carry around,
You never picked it out for yourself, at all, at all
--did you?
This face phizaxog--somebody handed it to you
--am I right?
Somebody said, "Here's yours, now go see what you can do with it."
Somebody slipped it to you and it was like
a package marked:
"No goods exchanged after being taken away"--
This face you got.

5. Old Music For Quiet Hearts
Be still as before oh pool
Be blue and still oh pool
As before blue as before still
Oh pool of the many communions
A winged men may come
Flash over and be gone
A yellow leaf may fall
May sink and join
Companion fallen leaves
The print of blue sky
The sight bowl of stars
These far off pass and bypass
Over you blue over you still
Oh pool of the many communions
Now hold your quiet glass oh pool
Now keep your minnegale blue
They come and they go
And one and all
You know them one and all
And they know not you
Nor your minnegale blue
Only old music for quiet hearts.

6. Happiness
I asked professors who teach the meaning of life
to tell me what is happiness.
And I went to famous executives who boss the work
of thousands of men.
They all shook their heads and gave me a smile
as though I was trying to fool with them.
And then one Sunday afternoon I wandered out along the Desplains River
And I saw a crowd of Hungarians under the trees
with their women and their children
and a leg of beer and an accordion.

---End---
J. S. BACH: 1685-1750: MOTET BWV 228

(opening)
Furchte dich nicht, ich bin bei dir;
Welche nicht, denn ich bin dein Gott;
Ich sturke dich, ich heils dir auch:
Ich erhalte dich durch die rechte Hand Meiner Gerechtigkeit.

(fugue)
Denn ich habe dich errettet,
ich habe dich bei deinem Namen gerufen,
Du bist mein.
Parchte dich nicht, du bist mein.

(choral)
Herr, matth Hirn, Brünnen aller Freuden!
Du bist mein, ich bin dein.
Niemand kann uns scheiden.
Ich bin dein, weil du dein Leben und dein Blut mir zu gut, in den Tod gegeben.
Du bist mein, weil ich dich fasse und dich nicht, O mein Licht, aus dem Herzen lassen!
Lass mich, lass mich hingelangen, wo du mich und ich dich ewig werd' umfangen.

Gerald Kechley B. 1919
Sing No Sad Songs (Composed 1969)
Christina Rossetti, 1829-1894

When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress tree:
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet;
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget:
I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on, as if in pain:
And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Happily I may remember,
And happily may forget.

Psalm 121 (Composed 1968)

I lift mine eyes to the hills
From whence my help doth come.
My help comes from the Lord
Who made heaven and earth.
He who keeps you will not slumber.
The Lord is your keeper,
And the sun shall not smite you by day,
Nor the moon by night.
He will keep your life,
The Lord will keep your life,
Your going out and your coming in.
From this time forth and forever more.

FRANCIS POULENC 1889-1963
FOUR MOTETS FOR THE SEASON OF LENT

1. Timor et tremor (1933)

Timor et tremor venerator super me et caligo cecidit super me, miserere mei
Domine, quoniam in te confidit anima mea.

Exaudi Deus deprecationem meam, quia refugium meum es tu et adjutor foris.
Domine in vocavit, non confundar.

2. Vinea mea electa (1938)

Vinea mea electa, ego te planavi: quo modo conversa et in anaridinem, ut me crucifigirais et Barrabam dimiseres.
Sepivi te et lapides elegi ex te et oeditat turrim.

3. Tenebrae factae sunt (1938)

Tenebrae factae sunt, dum crucifixissent
Jesum Iasui: et circa horam nonam
exclamavit Jesus voce magna:
"Deus Meus, quid me dereliquisti?"
Et inclinavit capite, emitit spiritum.
Exclamans Jesus voce magna, ait:
"Pater, in manus tuas commendo spiritum meum."

4. Tristis est anima mea (1938)

Tristis est anima mea usque ad mortem:
sustinate hic, et vigilate mement: nunc videbitis turbam, quae circumdabit me.

Vos fugam capietis, et ego vadam
immolari pro nobis, Ecce appropriquat
hora et Filii hominis tradetur in manus peccatorum.

Fear not, for I am with thee;
Be not dismayed, for I am thy God;
I will strengthen thee, I will help thee;
I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.

( Isaiah 41:10)

For I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name, thou art mine.

( Isaiah 43:1)

Lord, my shepherd, fountain of all joy!
You are mine, I am yours,
None can part us.
I am yours for you have delivered your life and your blood for my sake unto death.
You are mine for I hold you fast and will not, O my light, release you from my heart.
Let me, let me reach the place where we may embrace eternally.

Invitation (Composed 1987)
Rabindranath Tagore

There is a flutter in the woods and glades
With the advent of Spring.
The lovelorn heart pulsates once again
To the quick rhythm of dancing feet.
There was a wordless longing
In the bare twigs of Madhavi until the other day.
Today words tumble out of the fullness of her heart
In a fine frenzy of sprouting leaves.
Beneath fill all over everywhere.
Their brilliant wings are an invitation to a festival.

There was darkness when they crucified Jesus of Judea: and at about the ninth hour Jesus cried out with a loud voice:
"My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"
And inclining His head, He gave up His spirit. Crying out with a loud voice, He said "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit."

Vine that I selected, I planted you:
Who have you turned to bitterness, that you should crucify me and set Barabbas free?
I built a fence around you and picked up the stones and built a watch tower.

My heart is sorrowful unto death: stay here, and keep watch with me: soon you will see a crowd coming to surround me.

You will take flight, and I shall go to be sacrificed for us. Behold, the hour approaches when the Son of Man will be betrayed into the hands of sinners.
Fear not, for I am with thee;
Be not dismayed, for I am thy God;
I will strengthen thee, I will help thee;
I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.
(Isaiah 41:10)

For I have redeemed thee,
I have called thee by thy name, thou art mine.
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You are mine, I am yours,
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I am yours, for you have delivered your life and your blood for my sake unto death.
You are mine for I hold you fast and I will not, O my light, release you from my heart.
Let me, let me reach the place where we may embrace eternally.

Invitation (Composed 1987)
Rabindranath Tagore
There is a flutter in the woods and glades
With the advent of Spring.
The lover's heart pales once again
To the quick rhythm of dancing feet.
There was a worldless longing
In the bare twigs of Madhavi until the other day.
Today words tumble out of the fullness of her heart
In a fine frenzy of sprouting leaves.
Beneath flit about everywhere.
Their brilliant wings are an invitation to a festival.

Tenebrae factae sunt (1938)
Tenebrae factae sunt, dum crucisisset
Jesus Idsai: et circa horam nonam
Exclamavit Jesus voce magna:
"Deus Meus, quid me dereliquisti?"
Et inclinato capite, emitit spiritum.
Exclamans Jesus voce magna, ait:
"Pater, in manus tuas commendo spiritum meum."

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Rabindranath Tagore
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With the advent of Spring.
The lover's heart pales once again
To the quick rhythm of dancing feet.
There was a worldless longing
In the bare twigs of Madhavi until the other day.
Today words tumble out of the fullness of her heart
In a fine frenzy of sprouting leaves.
Beneath flit about everywhere.
Their brilliant wings are an invitation to a festival.

Tenebrae factae sunt, dum crucisisset
Jesus Idsai: et circa horam nonam
Exclamavit Jesus voce magna:
"Deus Meus, quid me dereliquisti?"
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My heart is sorrowful unto death: stay here, and keep watch with me: soon you will see a crowd coming to surround me.

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The George Shangrow Chorale
George Shangrow, Musical Director and Conductor

May 22, 1989
University Unitarian Church
Seattle

PROGRAM

Mett BWV 228
J. S. Bach

Four Motets for the Season of Lent
Francis Poulenc
Timor et tremor
Vinea mea electa
Tenebre facete sunt
Triistes est anima mea

Prayers of Steel: Six Poems of Carl Sandburg
Carol Sams

Prayers of Steel
Maroon with Silver Frost
Sea Wash
Phizsog
Old Music for Quiet Hearts
Happiness

-Intermission-

Choral Songs, Op. 104
Johannes Brahms

No. 1 Nachtmuske I
No. 2 Nachtmuske II
No. 3 Letzte Gluck
No. 4 Verkorene Jugend
No. 5 Im Herbst

Choral Songs
Gerald Kechley

Sing No Sad Song
Psalm 121
Invitation
English Horn Solo, Robert Kechley

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arr. John Rutter
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Tenor
Ron Haight
Darren Hollenbaugh
Philip Jones
Gino Luchetti
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Bass
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JOHANNES BRAHMS 1833-1897
Op. 104 (1886-1888)

1. Nachtwache I
Poetry by Friedrich Ruckert

Leise Tone der Brust,
geweckt vom Odem der Liebe,
Hauchet sinnend hinaus,
ob sich euch offn' ein Ohr,
Offn' ein liebendes Herz,
und wenn sich keines euch offnet,
Trag' ein Nachtwind euch
sofern in meines zuruck.

Night Watch I
Soft notes of the heart,
awakened by the breath of love,
Whisper forth tremulously
if an ear or loving heart
Should open to you;
And should none be open,
let a night wind bear you back,
sighing, to mine.

2. Nachtwache II
Ruckert

Ruhr sie? Rufet das Horn
des Wachters drüben aus Westen,
Und aus Osten das Horn
ruft entgegen: Sie ruhn!
Horst du, sagendes Herz,
die Flüsternenden Stimmen der Engel?
Löcher die Lampen gerost,
hälle in Frieden dich ein.

Night Watch II
Do they rest? There from the west
the watchman's horn is calling,
and from the east the horn
calls back, "They rest!"
Timorous heart, do you hear
the angel's whispering voices?
Put out your lamp confidently,
and let Peace envelop you.

3. Letztes Glück
poetry by Max Kalbeck

Leblos gleitet Blaut um Blaut
Still und traurnig von den Baumen;
Seines Hoffens immer satt,
Lebt das Herz in Frühlingsraumen.

Last Happiness
Quietly and sadly, from the trees
leaf glides down lifelessly on leaf;
the heart lives in Spring dreams,
it's hopes never fulfilled.

But a ray of sun still lingers
on the late wild rose—
as on a last happiness,
sweet to one who has given up hope.
4.  Verlorene Jugend
Bohemian poem, freely translated by Wenzig

Brausten alle Berge,
Sausten rings der Wald—
Meine jungen Tage,
Wo sind sie so bald?

Jugend, teure Jugend,
Floheh mir dahin;
O, du holde Jugend,
Ach los war mein Sinn!

Ich verlor dich leider,
Wie wenn einen Stein
Jemand von sich schleudert
In die Flut hinin.

Wendet sich der Stein auch
Um in tiefer Flut,
Weiss ich, dass die Jugend
Doch kein Gleiches tut.

5.  Im Herbst
poetry by Klaus Groth

Ernst ist der Herbst,
Und wenn die Blatter fallen,
Sinkt auch das Herz zu
Trubem Weh herab.

Still ist die Flur,
Und nach dem Sinden wolen
Die Sanger stumm, wie nach dem Grab.

Bleich ist der Tag,
Und blasse nebel schleieren
Die Sonne wie die Herzen ein
Frueh kommt die Nacht;

Denn alle Kruefe felsen,
Und tief verschlossen ruht das Sein.

Sanft wird der Mensch,
Er sieht die Sonne sinken,
Er ahnt des Lebens wie
des Jahres Schluss.

Feucht wird das Aug',
Doch in der Trine Blinken
Ersstromt des herzens seligster Erguss.

Lost Youth

Raging over the mountains,
rushing round the woods,
O my days of youth,
where have you gone so soon?

Youth, precious youth,
you have fled from me;
O lovely youth,
unheeding was my mind!

Sadly, I have lost you,
as if someone
had idly thrown a stone
into the water.

Though the stone may return
from the water's depth,
I know that youth
does no such thing.

In Autumn

Gloomy is Autumn,
and when the leaves fall
the heart too sinks
to cheerless woe.

Still is the pasture,
and southwards travel
the songsters, silent as if to the grave.

Wan is the day,
and pallid misty veil
the sun and the chart too.
Soon comes night;
then all strength fails,
and life rests in deep oblivion.

Man mellow,
He sees the sun sink,
and foresees the end of life as
of the year.

His eyes grow moist,
but in his shining tears flows
the most blissful outpouring of the heart.