JEPTHE by Carissimi

Alto: When the king of the Ammonites called the Israelites to battle, and would not listen to the words of Jephthah, the Spirit of the Lord came upon Jephthah, and he went out against the Ammonites and made a vow to the Lord, saying:

Jephthah: If the Lord gives the Ammonites into my hands, whoever first comes to meet me from my house, him will I offer in sacrifice to the Lord.

Chorus: So Jephthah went out against the Ammonites, to fight them with great courage and the strength of the Lord.

Two sopranos: And the trumpets sounded and the drums roared and battle was joined against the Ammonites.

Bass: Flee, yield, impious ones, perish you people, fall before the sword; the Lord has raised an army in battle and fights against you.

Chorus: Flee, yield, impious ones, collapse, and scatter at the fury of the sword.

Soprano: And Jephthah struck twenty cities of Ammon with a terrible blow.

Two sopranos & alto: And the wailing Ammonites were humiliated in the face of Israel.

Bass: But when Jephthah returned home, victorious, his only daughter ran out to meet him with drums and with dancing, singing:

Daughter: Strike up the drums, clash the cymbals. Let us sing a hymn to the Lord, and chant a song. Let us praise the king of heaven, let us praise the prince of battle who has brought back the captain of Israel victorious.

Two sopranos: Let us sing a hymn to the Lord, and chant a song, for he has given glory to us and victory to Israel.

Daughter: Sing to the Lord with me, sing all you people, praise the prince of battle who has given glory to us and victory to Israel.

Chorus: Let us all sing to the Lord, let us praise the prince of battle who has given glory to us and victory to Israel.

Alto: When Jephthah, who had sworn an oath to the Lord, saw his daughter coming to meet him, he tore his clothes in grief and tears, and said:

Jephthah: Woo, woe is me, my daughter, you have ensnared me, my only daughter, and you likewise, o my daughter, are ensnared.

Daughter: Why have I ensnared you, father, and why am I, your only daughter, ensnared?
The Seattle Chamber Singers
George Shangrow, Conductor and Musical Director
May 13, 1994
University Congregational Church

Choral Songs, Op. 62 ............... Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)
1. Rosmarin
2. Von alten Liebesliedern (from 'Des Knaben Wunderhorn')
3. Waldfischnacht
4. Dein Herzlein Mild
5. All meine Herzgedanken
6. Es geht ein Wehen
7. Vergangen ist mir Glück und Heil

Jepthe ........................................... Giacomo Carissimi
(1605-1674)
Mary Bass, soprano
Ann Erickson, soprano
Laurie Medill, alto
Daniel Blake, tenor
Andrew Danilchik, bass

INTERMISSION

Folk Song Arrangements from the English Tradition

I Love My Love ................................... Gustav Holst
The Willow Song ................................ Ralph Vaughan Williams
Just As the Tide Was Flowing ............. Ralph Vaughan Williams
The Lover's Ghost ............................... Ralph Vaughan Williams
The Girl I left Behind Me ................. John Rutter
Swansea Town ................................. John Gardiner

All meine Herzgedanken (1859)
All meine Herzgedanken
Sind immerd bei dir;
Das ist das stille Kranken,
Das innen zehrt an mir.
Da du mich einst umfangen hast,
Ist mir gewichen Ruh und Rast;
All meine Herzgedanken
Sind immerd bei dir.

Der Maßlieb und der Rosen
Begehr ich fürder nicht,
Wie kann ich Lust erlösen.
Wenn Liebe mir gebrieh!
Seit du von mir geschieden bist,
Halt ich gelericht zu keiner Frist.
Der Maßlieb und der Rosen
Begehr ich fürder nicht.

Gott wolle die vereine,
Die fürereinander sind!
Von Grämen und von Weinzen
Sind sonst das Auge blind.
Trostliebe steht in Himmelslucht,
Es wird noch alles, alles gut.
Gott wolle die vereine,
Die fürereinander sind.

Es geht ein Wehen (1859)
Es geht ein Wehen durch den Wald,
Die Windesbrust bricht ich ringen.
Sie singt von einem Bühlen gut,
Und bis sie dem in Armen ruht.
Muß sie noch weit mit bangeim Mut
Sich durch die Lande schwingen.

Der Sang, der klingt so schauertlich,
Der klingt so wild, so trieb,
Das heißt Sehnen ist erweckt,
Mein Schatz zu tussend gute Nacht!
Es Kimmet der Tag, oh' du's gedacht,
Der ein getreu Liebe!

All my inmost thoughts (1859)
All my inmost thoughts
are ever of you;
it is the silent sickness
that gnaws at my heart.
That once you embraced me
has sapped my peace and rest;
all my inmost thoughts
are ever of you.

No longer do I desire
the daisy and the rose;
how can I find pleasure
when love has left me?
Since you were parted from me
I have not smiled again.
No longer do I desire
the daisy and the rose.

May God unite those
who love each other!
Otherwise their eyes, from sorrows
and from weeping, will be blinded.
True love lives in heaven’s keeping,
and everything will come right.
May God unite those
who love each other.

A lament runs through the wood (1859)
A lament runs through the wood,
I hear the wind: bride singing.
She sings of her true lover,
and till she rests with in his arms
she must range far and wide
through the land with anxious mien.

Her song rings out so fearfully,
it sounds so wild, so sad,
that ardent longing is awoken,
my love, for a thousand goodnights.
Before you know, the day will come
that unites true love!
Lieder aus der Märzensammlung “Der Jungrunnen”
Paul Heyse

Waldesnacht (1873/74)

Waldesnacht, du wunderkühle,
Die ich tausend Male grüßt,
Doch dem lautern Weingewächse,
O, wie ist dein Rauchen süß!

Träumerisch die müden Glieder
Berg’ ich weich ins Moos,
Und ich bin, als wär’ ich frei
All der irren Qualen los.

Fernes Flötenspiel verteilt,
Dass ein weites Sehnen rühret,
Die Gedanken in die schöne,
Ach, mißglühter Ernte führt.

Laßt die Waldesnacht mich weigen,
Stählen jede Pein,
Und ein seliges Genügen
Saug’ ich mit den Düften ein.

In den heimlichen engen Kreisen
Wir dich wohl, du wildes Herz,
Und ein Friede schweift mit leisen
Flügelschlägen niederwärts.

Singet, holde Vögel, singet,
Mein in Schlummer sahst ich
Irre Qualen, löst euch wieder,
Wilder Herz, nun gute Nacht!

Dein Herzlein mild (1859)

Dein Herzlein mild, du liebes Bild,
Das ist noch nicht erlogen,
Und drinnen rührt
Verträumte Glut,
Wird bald zu Tage kommen.

Es hat die Nacht
Ein’ Tau gebracht
Den Knospen all im Walde,
Und Morgens drauf
Da bühnt’s zahnhart
Und duftet durch die Halde.

Die Liebe sucht
Hat über Nacht
Dir Tau ins Herz gezogen,
Und Morgens dann,
Man sieht dir’s an,
Das Käuflein ist erloschen!

Songs from the collection of legends *Der Jungrunnen*
Paul Heyse

Darkness of the woods (1873–4)

Darkness of the woods, wondrous cool,
I greet thee a thousandfold;
After the noisy turmoil of the world,
oh how sweet is thy rustling!

Dreamily I rest my weary limbs
In the soft moss,
And it is as if I were freed
From all my doubts and fears.

Sound, distant flute song,
That stirs a vast longing
And leads my thoughts
Into the distant distance,
Oh, so enviable.

Let the woods’ darkness lull me
And drown my pain,
And with its fragrance let me
Breathe a blissful content.

In thy secret, close confines
You will recover, turbulent heart;
And peach floats downwards
On lightly winging waves.

Tender birdsongs,
Sing me to gentle sleep!
Doubts and fears, begone;
Restless heart, good night!

Thy gentle heart (1859)

Thy gentle heart,
O lovely creature,
has not yet begun to glow,
but in it sleeps
a dreaming fire
that soon will see the light.

Night has brought
A dew upon
Every bud within the wood,
And in the morning
They bloom together
And perfume the hillside.

Overnight,
Love has lightly sprinkled
de in thy heart,
And then in the morning,
as can be seen in thee,
The tender bud has opened.

Works for chorus form the second largest category in Brahms’ musical output; solo songs being the only larger classification. From the very beginning, Johannes Brahms routinely used the medium of choral music to try out new compositional techniques and structures before attempting to apply them to instrumental ensembles. Robert Schumann encouraged the young Brahms to study early classical choral music for lessons in form and to “get behind the spirit of song”. There was also a practical side to Brahms’ works for chorus. His first several jobs involved directing choirs, so it was natural for him to compose things for his own ensembles. Also, several of his friends in Germany and Austria had positions as choir directors, so there were opportunities to have his music performed “abroad”.

In the mid 1860’s Brahms shifted away from writing a cappella choral pieces and began composing larger-scale works for chorus and orchestra, even moving in the direction of a symphony. His choral writing in the orchestrated works changed from the motet/madrigal-like techniques of earlier works to a more lyrical and romantic style. Brahms did compose some non-orchestrated vocal works in this period. They were, however, mostly duets and quartets and, stylistically, belong to the realm of the solo lied.

Then in 1874, between the duets Op. 61 and 66 and the quartets Op. 64 and 65, Brahms published a collection of seven unaccompanied choruses, Op. 62, which are featured in tonight’s concert. These pieces are a wonderful synthesis of Brahms’ developed romantic style and the strict form of early music he had learned to respect. In this set of songs Brahms followed the natural flow and emotion of the poetry but never lost the feeling of simple folksongs. Far from simple, though, is the range of expression and interdependence of the vocal parts. Soprano, alto, tenor and bass lines have equal roles in shaping melody and harmony, and every part is given, at one time or another, the responsibility to stress suspensions and resolve chords. From the light, almost ethereal Rosemarin and Der Herzlein Mild to the lush, hymn-like Waldesnacht, O Wunderkühle, the Op. 62 songs are as satisfying to perform as they are to listen to.

Dein Herzlein (1859)

Johannes Brahms (1833–1897)
Choral Songs, Op. 62 No. 1-7

PROGRAM NOTES
by Kay Benningfield

Giacomo Carissimi (1665-1674)
Jephtha

Carissimi’s main position in Rome was that of Maestro di cappella at the Jesuit German College, a post he held from 1629 until his death in 1674. He not only wrote liturgical music for the college, but also much secular works. It is, however, for his oratorios that he is most remembered today. His oratorios were commissioned by the fraternity of the "Most Holy Crucifix", a brotherhood of educated noblemen. Every Friday during Lent a non-liturgical service would take place. Following a psalm, an Old Testament oratorio would be performed (followed by a sermon and another oratorio based on the gospels). In Carissimi’s oratorios, the narrative is often delivered by semi-choruses or by duos and trios. Soloists were also employed.

The scoring for voices in Carissimi’s Jephtha is diverse. The crowd scene choruses (turbae) are generally six-part. When specific groups are being depicted, such as the defeated Ammonites, the scoring is changed to three or two parts. One remarkable moment in the music is during the lament of Jephtha’s daughter. Her solo passages are echoed by a two-part chorus of her attendants.

Jephtha, is one of Carissimi’s longest oratorios, and many consider it his masterpiece. It presents the story in a series of tableaux, ending in a lament and final chorus. This final “scene” impressed Handel very deeply, and he adapted the music from Carissimi’s Jephtha for use in his own oratorio, Samson.

The story of Jephtha (sometimes spelled Jephthah) is in the Old Testament Book of Judges, Chapter 11: Jephtha, driven out by his half-brothers from Gilead, grows up in exile to be a god-fearing “mighty man of valor”. Meanwhile, Gilead is conquered by the Ammonites. After eighteen years of enslavement, the elders of Gilead send an appeal to Jephtha to deliver them from the Ammonites. Jephtha vows to Jehovah that, if he is victorious, he will make an offering to the Lord of the first born coming forth from the doors of his house to meet him upon his return. Jephtha wins his battle, but who should be the first to greet him upon his return but his beautiful young daughter! He deeply regrets his promise to God, but she accepts her fate, asking only two months time to go with her companions into the mountains to "beware her virginity."
Von alten Liebesliedern (1873/74)
aus "Des Knaben Wunderhorn"

Spazieren wollt' ich reiten
Der Liebsten vor die Tür,
Sie blickt' nach mir von weitem
Und sprach mit größer Freude:
"Seht dort mein's Herzens Zier,
Wie tragt er her zu mir!
Trab, Rößlein, trab,
Trab für und für."

Den Zaum, den lieb ich schießen
Und sprengte hin zu ihr,
Ich tät' sie freundlich grüßen
Und sprach mit Worten süß:
"Mein Schatz, mein höchste Zier,
Was macht ihr vor der Tür?
Trab, Rößlein, trab,
Trab her zu ihr."

Vom Rößlein mein ich sprange
Und band es an die Tür,
Tät' freundlich sie umfangen,
Die Zeit ward uns nicht lang,
Im Garten gingen wir
Mit liebender Begier;
Trab, Rößlein, trab,
Trab leis herför.

Wir setzten uns dannieder
Wohl in das grüne Gras
Und sangen her und wieder
Die alten Liebeslieder,
Bis uns die Auglein naß
Von weg'n der Kläffer Haß.
Trab, Rößlein, trab,
Trab, trab fürßaß.

Old Songs of Love

I went a-riding
before my loved one's door;
from afar she espied me
and cried with great joy,
"See there my heart's delight,
how he rides to me!
Trot, little horse, trot,
trot on, trot on.

"I let fall the reins
and jumped down to her;
I greeted her tenderly
and said with loving words,
"My love, my sweet delight,
why do you stand at the door?
Trot, little horse, trot,
trot to her.

"From my horse I sprang,
tied it to the door,
and embraced her tenderly:
we had not long.
We went into the garden,
afire with love;
trot, little horse, trot,
trot softly away.

We sat down there
all in the green grass,
and sang to each other
the old songs of love
until our eyes grew moist
from the enmity of gossips.
Trot, little horse, trot,
trot forth, trot forth.
Rosmarin (1873/74) aus "Des Knaben Wunderhorn"

Es wollt' die Jungfrau früh aufstehn,
Wollt' in des Vaters Garten gehn.
Rot Röslein wollt' sie brechen ab,
Davon wollt' sie sich machen
Ein Kränzelein wohl schön.

Es sollt' ihr Hochzeitskränzlein sein:
"Dem feinen Knab', dem Knaben mein.
Ihr Röslein rot, ich brech' euch ab,
Davon will ich mir winden
Ein Kränzelein so schön."

Sie ging im Grünen her und hin,
Statt Röslein fand sie Rosmarin:
"So bist du, mein Getreuer, hin!
Kein Röslein ist zu finden,
Kein Kränzelein so schön!"

Sie ging im Garten her und hin,
Statt Röslein brach sie Rosmarin:
"Das nimm du, mein Getreuer, hin!
Lieg' bei dir unter Linden,
Mein Totenkränzlein schön."

---

Rosemary

A maid chose to rise up early
and go walking in her father's gardens
She wished to pluck red roses
and make of them
a lovely garland for herself.

It was to be her bridal wreath.
"Red roses, I pluck you
for the fine lad who is my lad,
and twine from you
a lovely garland for myself.

"Back and forth in the bushes she went,
but instead of roses found rosemary.
"So thou art lost, my own true love!
No roses can be found,
no lovely garland!

"Back and forth in the garden she went,
picking rosemary instead of roses.
"Accept thou this, my own true love!
I'll lay beside thee under the linden
my lovely funeral wreath.
Lieder aus der Märchensammlung “Der Jungbrunnen”
Paul Heyse

Waldenschnacht (1873/74)

Waldenschnacht, du wunderkühle,
Die ich tausend Male grüß,
Nach dem letzten Volkswunder,
O, wie entzückt sich die Welt!

Trümmerhoch die müden Glieder
Berg’ ich weich ins Moos,
Und mir ist, als wüste ich wieder
All der irren Qualen los.

Fernes Flötentönet, vertönt,
Das ein weites Sehnen rührt,
Die Gedenken in die schöne,
Ach, mißglühte Ferne führt.

Laßt die Waldenschnacht mich wiegen,
Stillen jede Pijn,
Und ein seliges Genüge,
Saug’ ich mit den Dünftlein ein.

In den heimlich engen Kreisen
Wird dir wohl, du wildes Herz,
Und ein Friede schwemmt mit leisen Flügelschlägen niederwärts.
Singet, holde Vögelieder,
Mich in Schummer saht!

Irre Qualen, löst euch wieder,
Wildes Herz, nun gute Nacht!

Dein Herzlein mild (1859)

Dein Herzlein mild, Du liebes Bild,
Das ist noch nicht erglommen,
Und drinnen ruht,
Verträumte Glut,
Wird bald zu Tage kommen.

Es hat die Nacht
Ein’t Tau gebracht
Den Knieplex all im Walde,
Und Morgens drauf,
Da blüht’s zahau
Und duftet durch die Halde.

Die Liebe sah’t
Hat über Nacht
Dir Tau ins Herz gezogen,
Und Morgens dann,
Man sieht dir’s an,
Das Kapselein ist erschlossen!

Songs from the collection of legends "Der Jungbrunnen"
Paul Heyse

Darkness of the woods (1873-4)

Darkness of the woods, wondrous cool,
I greet thee a thousandfold;
After the noisy turmoil of the world,
Oh how sweet is thy rustling!

Dreamily I rest my weary limbs
In the soft moss,
And it is as if I were freed
From all my doubts and fears.

Sound, distant flute song,
That stirs a vast longing
And leads my thoughts
Into the lovely distance, oh so envied.

Let the woods’ darkness dull me
And deaden my pain,
And with its fragrance let me
Breathe a blissful content.

In thy secret, close confines
You will recover, turbulent heart;
And peach floats downwards
On lightly beating wings.

Tender birdsongs,
Sing me to gentle sleep!
Doubts and fears, begone;
Restless heart, good night!

Thy gentle heart (1859)

Thy gentle heart,
O lovely creature,
Has not yet begun to glow,
But in it sleeps
A dreaming fire
That soon will see the light.

Night has brought
A dew upon
Every bud within the wood,
And in the morning
They bloom together
And perfume the hillside.

Overnight,
Love has lightly sprinkled
dew in thy heart,
And then in the morning,
As can be seen in thee,
The tender bud has opened.

Program Notes
by Kay Benningfield

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
Choral Songs, Op. 62 No. 1-7

Works for chorus form the second largest category in Brahms’ musical output; solo songs being the only larger classification. From the very beginning, Johannes Brahms routinely used the medium of choral music to try out new compositional techniques and structures before attempting to apply them to instrumental ensembles. Robert Schumann encouraged the young Brahms to study early classical choral music for lessons in form and to “get behind the spirit of song”. There was also a practical side to Brahms’ works for chorus. His first several jobs involved directing choirs, so it was natural for him to compose things for his own ensembles. Also, several of his friends in Germany and Austria had positions as choir directors, so there were opportunities to have his music performed “abroad”.

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Jephthah, is one of Carissimi’s longest oratorios, and many consider it his masterpiece. It presents the story in a series of tableaux, ending in a lament and final chorus. This final “scene” impressed Handel very deeply, and he adapted the music from Carissimi’s Jephthah for use in his own oratorio, Sismondo.

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THE SEATTLE CHAMBER SINGERS
George Shangrow, Conductor and Musical Director

May 13, 1994
University Congregational Church

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The Lover's Ghost ................................... Ralph Vaughan Williams
The Girl I left Behind Me .......................... John Rutter
Swansea Town ....................................... John Gardiner

All meine Herzedanken (1859)
All meine Herzedanken
Sind immerdar bei dir,
Das ist das stille Kronen,
Das innen zehrt an mir.
Da du mich einst umfangen hast,
Ist mir gewissen Ruh und Rast;
All meine Herzedanken
Sind immerdar bei dir.

Der Matthiob und der Rosen
Begehr' ich fuder nicht,
Wie kann ich Lust erlosen.
Wenn Liebe mir gebricht!
Seit du von mir gerne bist,
Hab' ich gelacht zu keiner Frist.
Der Matthiob und der Rosen
Begehr' ich fuder nicht.

Gott wolle die vereinen,
Die forleinander sind!
Von Grämen und von Weisen
Wird sonst das Auge blind.
Treu liebe steht in Himmelsblut,
Es wird noch alles, alles gut.
Gott wolle die vereinen,
Die forleinander sind.

Es geht ein Wehen (1859)
Es geht ein Wehen durch den Wald,
Die Windebrüste bist' ich singen.
Sie singt von einem Buhlen gut,
Und bis sie dem in Armen ruht,
Muß sie noch weit mit bangeem Mut
Sich durch die Lande schwingen.

Der Sang, der klingt so schauertlich,
Der klingt so wild, so trieb,
Das beide Sehnen ist erwacht,
Mein Schatz zu tausend gute Nacht!
Es Kimmt der Tag, oh' du's gedacht,
Der eint getreue Liebe!

All my inmost thoughts (1859)
All my inmost thoughts
are ever of you;
it is the silent sickness
that gnaws at my heart.
That once you embraced me
has sapped my peace and rest;
al my inmost thoughts
are ever of you.

No longer do I desire
the daisy and the rose;
how can I find pleasure
when love has left me?
Since you were parted from me
I have not smiled again.
No longer do I desire
the daisy and the rose.

May God unite those
who love each other!
Otherwise their eyes, from sorrows
and from weeping, will be blinded.
True love lies in heaven‘ keeping,
and everything will come right.
May God unite those
who love each other.

A lament runs through the wood (1859)
A lament runs through the wood,
I hear the wind‘ bride singing.
She sings of her true lover,
and till she rests with in his arms
she must range far and wide
through the land with anxious mien.

Her song rings out so fearfully,
it sounds so wild, so sad,
that ardent longing is aroused,
my love, for a thousand goodnights.
Before you know, the day will come
that unites true love!
Gone are my happiness and weal (1873-4)
Folksong

Gone are my happiness and weal
and every joy on earth;
Wretched am I, quite lost,
and never can recover.

Until I die
Grief will weigh me down
If I, my love, must lose you.
Also the day!
Woe is me!

From you I must be parted;
I languish, broken-hearted.

Surely I seek the pity
That comes from a beloved’s Favours;
It has brought me distress and woe,
But willingly I suffer.

For you alone,
My dearest dear,
No burden is too heavy.
However great the task,
You have but to ask;
In your service I will die,
And never count another love.

I cry for help, my dearest treasure;
Oh, hear my ardent plea!
Send me but a word, my love,
or I shall die of grief.

My heavy heart
Is full of woe,
How can I endure it?
I greatly fear
That death is near
And will end my lamentation
Unless you give me consolation.

Orchestra Seattle and Seattle Chamber Singers
George Shangrow, Music Director

Classically
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JEPTHE by Carissimi

Alto: When the king of the Ammonites called the Israelites to battle, and would not listen to the words of Jephth, the Spirit of the Lord came over Jephth, and he went out against the Ammonites and made a vow to the Lord, saying:

Jephth: If the Lord gives the Ammonites into my hands, whoever first comes to meet me from my house, him will I offer in sacrifice to the Lord.

Chorus: So Jephth went out against the Ammonites, to fight them with great courage and the strength of the Lord.

Two sopranos: And the trumpets sounded and the drums roared and battle was joined against the Ammonites.

Bass: Flee, yield, impious ones, perish you people, fall before the sword; the Lord has raised an army in battle and fights against you.

Chorus: Flee, yield, impious ones, collapse, and scatter at the fury of the sword.

Soprano: And Jephth struck twenty cities of Ammon with a terrible blow.

Two sopranos & alto: And the wailing Ammonites were humiliated in the face of Israel.

Bass: But when Jephth returned home, victorious, his only daughter ran out to meet him with drums and with dancing, singing:

Daughter: Strike up the drums, clash the cymbals. Let us sing a hymn to the Lord, and chant a song. Let us praise the king of heaven, let us praise the prince of battle who has brought back the captain of Israel victorious.

Two sopranos: Let us sing a hymn to the Lord, and chant a song, for he has given glory to us and victory to Israel.

Daughter: Sing to the Lord with me, sing all you people, praise the prince of battle who has given glory to us and victory to Israel.

Chorus: Let us all sing to the Lord, let us praise the prince of battle who has given glory to us and victory to Israel.

Alto: When Jephth, who had sworn an oath to the Lord, saw his daughter coming to meet him, he tore his clothes in grief and tears, and said:

Jephth: Wo, wo is me, my daughter, you have ensnared me, my only daughter, and you likewise, o my daughter, are ensnared.

Daughter: Why have I ensnared you, father, and why am I, your only daughter, ensnared?