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This list includes gifts received between August 1, 2002 and November 1, 2002. While every effort has been made to ensure a complete and accurate listing of our valued patrons, we apologize for any errors. To report an error or omission, please call 206-682-5208 or send an email to ossc@osssc.org.

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**GEORGE SHANGRIL CHORALE**

**SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 2002 – 3:00 PM**

**ILLSLEY BALL NORTSTROM RECITAL HALL – BANAROYA HALL**

**GEORGE SHANGRIL CHORALE**

George Shangrel, conductor

**HEINRICH SCHÜTZ (1585-1672)**

"Cantate Domino" from *Cantiones sacrae*

**GIOVANNI PIERULI GIAPALESTRA (1525/6-1594)**

*Sicil cervus*

**JACOB HANDL (1550-1591)**

Ascento ad Patrum seum

**CLAUE DEBUSY (1862-1918)**

*Tres chansons de Charles d'Orléans*

Dieul qu'il la fait bon regarder!

*Quant'j oy le tabarun*

Yer, vous n'estes qu'un villain

**BENJAMIN BRITEN (1913-1976)**

*Choral Dances from Gloriana*


**CLAUDIO MONTEVERDI (1550-1643)**

*Four Madrigals*

Jo mi son jovinetta

Lasciate mi morir

Zefiro torna

St. ci v'io voar morire

**JOHANNES BRAHMS (1833-1897)**

*Fünf Gesänge*, Op. 104

*Wachtet auf* I

*Nachtwehe II*

Letztes Glück

Verlorenes Jugend

Im Herbst

**GUSTAV HOLST (1874-1934)**

"I Love My Love" from Six Choral Folk Songs, Op. 36b

**PARKER GRANGER (1882-1961)**

*Brigg Fair*, BM75

**RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS (1872-1958)**

*Arr. Arthur Somervell (1883-1937)*

*Linden Lea*

**ALEC ROWLEY (1892-1958)**

"Tune Thy Music to Thy Heart"

**RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS (1872-1958)**

*The Lover's Ghost* from Five English Folk Songs

Please disconnect signal watches, pages and cellular telephones. Thank you.

*Use of cameras and recording equipment is not permitted in the concert hall.*
SICIL CERVUS
Sicil cervus desideret ad fontes aquarum,
Ita desiderat anima mea ad te Deus.

ASCENDO AD PATREM MEUM
Ascendo ad Patrem meum et Patrem vestrum, Deum meum et Deum vestrum. Elevátis manibus benedictus eis, et ferebatur in coelum. Alleluia!

TROIS CHANSONS DE CHARLES D’ORLÉANS
Dieu qu’il fait bon regarde
La gracile bonne et belle
Pour les gros biens que sont en elle
Chacun est prest de la laide.
Quel se pouvoir d’elle lasser?
Tousjours sa beauté renouvelle.
Dieu qu’il la fait bon regarder
La gracile bonne et belle!
Par de ça ne de là, la mer
Ne say damne ne damaisonelle
Qui soit en tous bien parfaite fille.
Ces ung songe que dit Frensen:
Dieu qu’il la fait bon regarder!

Quant j’ai ouy la tabourin
Sonner, pour s’en aller au may,
En mon lit ’n est en fait affray
Ne veu mon chef du coisin;
En disant: il est trop matin
Ung peu je me rondomray.
Quant j’ai ouy la tabourin
Sonner pour s’en aller au may,
Jeunes gens parten leur butin;
De nonchalor ma concoire
A lui j’abandonne
Trouve l’ay plus prouchain voisin;
Quant j’ai ouy la tabourin
Sonner pour s’en aller au may,
En mon lit ’n est en fait affray
Ne veu mon chef du coisin.

Veer, vous n’estes qu’un vilain;’
Est en loisir et gentil
En témoin de may et d’avril
Qui l’accompagnent soir et main.
Est revêtu champs, bois et fleurs
De sa vivrée de verdure
Et de maintes autres couleurs
Par l’ordonnance de nature.
Mais vous, Veer, trop estes plein
De neige, vent, pluir et grêliz.
On vous deust banir en exil.
Sans point flater je parle plein.
Veer, vous n’estes qu’un vilain.

— Charles Duc d’Orléans (1394-1465)

O sing ye to the Lord, sing ye a new song; His praise is in the company of saints. Let all of Israel rejoice now in him who made us, let children of Zion rejoice now and praise Jehovah. Let them praise him forever, with timbrel and harp and dancing; let everything praise God.

As the deer longs for running water,
So longs my soul for Thee, Lord.

I ascend unto my Father and your Father, my God and your God. He lifted his hands, blessing them, and was carried into heaven. Alleluia!

God! But she is fair,
godly, graceful and beautiful.
All are ready to praise
her excellent qualities.
Who could tire of her?
Her beauty is ever new.
God! but she is fair,
godly, graceful and beautiful!
Nowhere does the sea look
so fair and perfect
a lady or maiden.
Thinking of her is but a dream.
God! but she is fair!

When I heard the tambourine
call us to go a-Maying,
I did not let it frighten me in my bed
or lift my head from my pillow,
saying, “It is too early,
I will go back to sleep.”

When I heard the tambourine
call us to go a-Maying,
young folks dividing their spoils,
I closed myself in nonchalance,
clinging to it
and finding the nearest neighbour.
When I heard the tambourine
call us to go a-Maying,
I did not let it frighten me in my bed
or lift my head from my pillow.

Winter, you’re naught but a rogue.
Summer is sweet and kind
as we see from May and April,
which accompany it evening and morn.
Summer, by nature’s order, clothes fields, woods and flowers
with its fruits and colours.

But you, Winter, are too full of snow, rain and sleet.
We must send you into exile.
I’m no flatterer and I speak my mind.
Winter, you’re naught but a rogue.

— English translation © 2001 Faith J. Coumier

and the Festival Te Deum. The outstanding opera, Peter Grimes, was completed in 1945. Britten continued to compose operas, and wrote many works for the Aldeburgh Festival, founded by him and Pears in 1948. Britten received many awards and honors over the next 28 years, before he married a Companion of Honour in 1952, and being named to the Order of Merit in 1956.

In 1968 Britten came down with sub-acute bacterial endocarditis, and this led to the discovery of a valvular heart lesion for which he underwent surgery in 1973. He was awarded a life peerage in the year of his death, the first musician to be so honored.

"People sometimes seem to think that, with a works now lying behind, one must be bursting with confidence," the prolific Britten once observed. "It is not so at all. I have not achieved the simplicity I should like in my music, and I am enormously aware that I haven't yet come up to the technical standards Bridge set me.

The opera Gloriana was Britten's first actual failure. In 1952 the composer decided to write a "national" opera in celebration of the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II. He based his work on the relationship between Elizabeth I and Lord Essex, as depicted in Lytton Strachey's book, Elizabeth and Essex. The result, Gloriana, was premiered at Covent Garden during Coronation Week, 1953. The new queen was "not amused," perhaps being offended as she observed the amorous escapades of the first Elizabeth. The general audience and the critics alike reacted to the work with boredom, scorn, and displeasure. Britten became quite despondent as a result. Although Gloriana remained Britten's least successful opera, a 1966 revival by Sadler's Wells commemorating Britten's 50th birthday was better received, indicating that the initial performance might have been less than fairly evaluated. In recent years, the opera has been more frequently performed and recorded, and is at last beginning to receive the recognition it deserves.

CLAUDIO MONTEVERDI
Four Madrigals

Monteverdi was baptized May 5, 1567, in Cremona, Italy, and died November 29, 1643, in Venice.

His contemporaries called Claudio Monteverdi a "prophet of music." One of the most powerful figures in the history of Western classical music, he stood astride the Renaissance and Baroque style periods. He was a master of the older polyphonic style of composition of the Renaissance. He was also significant as a proponent of the new musical style characteristic of the early Baroque period: the so-called seconda pratica that features single-line melodies with choral accompaniment, and that lent itself to word-painting, emotional nuance, and the depiction of personal feelings. He was an important pioneer in the development of the new musical form, opera, which arose from the combining of music and rhetoric. Using his outstanding gifts for bringing human personality and emotion to life, he produced what is generally considered the first "true opera," La Fina del’Oro, in 1607.

Monteverdi studied as a youth with the Director of Music at Cremona Cathedral. He had composed a book of madrigals by the time he was 17, and had published several books of motets and madrigals before he went to Mantua at age 24 to serve as a string player at the court of the Duke. In 1598 he married a court singer who bore him three children, and two years later he was appointed Mantua's Director of Music. He wrote madrigals, ballet music, and theater music, and with his mid-40s he was the most celebrated composer in Italy. In 1616 he succeeded Giovanni Gabrieli as Music Director at St. Mark's Cathedral in Venice, and he remained there for the rest of his life, writing music in all genres.

Madrigals are short, entertaining, secular compositions for four to six unaccompanied voice parts. This musical form was especially popular in Italy and England during the 16th century. These works often contain sections of music and text that are repeated, and feature contrasting passages of choral and imitative writing. Their texts often express the mirth and misery of love, and contain mythological references.

JOHANNES BRAHMS
Fünf Gesänge, Op. 104

Brahms was born in Hamburg on May 7, 1833, and died in Vienna on April 3, 1897.

The great German master of compositional craft, Johannes Brahms (1833-1897), gave the world A German Requiem, four symphonies, four concertos, and many songs, piano pieces, and chamber works. More than any other composer of the second half of the 19th century, Brahms was responsible for resurrecting "absolute" music—compositions meant to be heard simply as tapestries of sound and motion to use works that illustrate a scene or tell a story ("program music").

In Brahms' five partsongs for mixed chorus, Op. 104, all but one of which were composed in 1888, texts of nostalgic melancholy and resignation are set to music of a dark but ravishing richness as the composer faces his own mortality. The first three songs, for six-part choir, SATB, display the kind of imitative exchanges between the upper and lower sets of voices that Brahms usually employed only in his sacred choruses. In the fourth song, set for SATB, energetic sections featuring canonic writing representing the carefree days of youth, alternate with slower-paced, more romantically choral sections that lament youth's loss. The last partsong, for SATB chorus, was written two years earlier than the others. A chromatic, dark, and deeply depressive setting of Klaus Groth's gloomy text, it nonetheless represents the culmination of Brahms' secular choral writing.

— Lorette Knowles
CLAUDIA-AICHELL DEBussy
Trois chants de Charles d'Orléans
Debussy was born August 22, 1862, at Saint-Germain-en-Laye, near Paris, and died March 25, 1918, in Paris. Debussy’s family was not a musical one. His father kept a china shop and also worked as a traveling salesman, a printer’s assistant, and a clerk, and his mother was a seamstress. When Debussy’s piano teacher realized the extent of her student’s musical talent, she sent the ten-year-old boy to the Conservatory in Paris, where he studied from 1872 to 1884. Beginning in 1879, Debussy served as a tutor and musician to various wealthy families. From 1880 to 1881, he was in the household of Nadezhda von Meck, Tchaikovsky’s eccentric patroness, instructing her children and traveling across Europe as an accompanist in vocal and instrumental performances. While the young Debussy was becoming a virtuoso, he began in 1880 to study composition at the Conservatory, winning the second Prix de Rome in 1883 and the prestigious first prize the following year.

Not long after his return from the two years of musical study at the Villa Medici in Rome, which he undertook as a result of his winning the Prix de Rome, the penniless composer began a relationship with one Gabrielle Dupont, living with her in virtual poverty for the next nine years. While Debussy left her and the accomplished and dressmaker Rosalie Tesler, whom he married in 1899, Gabrielle attempted suicide. In 1903, Debussy met Emma Bardac, the wife of a banker and an amateur singer, and the composer soon abandoned Rosalie and moved with Fiona into an apartment rented with her money in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, where he spent the rest of his life. Rosalie in his turn attempted suicide, and some of Debussy’s friends turned away from him in revulsion. This relationship endured, however, and in the fall of 1909, a daughter, named Claude-Emma and nicknamed Chou-Chou, was born to the new couple, who married three years later.

After Emma Bardac was dishonored by her financier uncle, Debussy was forced to work for any hope of prosperity. Beginning in 1907, he found it financially necessary to make ten trips abroad to play the piano and conduct his works, neither of which activity he enjoyed. His success in England resulted, however, in international acclaim and he was appointed to the advisory board of the Paris Conservatory in 1909. He also wrote articles that established him as one of the withest critics of his day. But soon appeared the first symptoms of the racist cancer that diminished his energies during his remaining years and that would eventually take his life. His deepening melancholy as World War I progressed also contributed to the decline of his health. After a colostomy in December 1917, he was confined to bed, and he died in March 1918. His body was being bombarded by airships and long-distance guns during the last German offensive of World War I.

The famous 20th-century composer Igor Stravinsky once stated, “The musicians of my generation, and I myself, owe the most to Debussy.” One of the greatest of all French composers, Debussy wrote in 1902, “I wanted from music a freedom which it possesses perhaps to a greater degree than any other art, not being tied to a more or less exact reproduction of Nature but to the mysterious correspondences between Nature and Imagination.” In this way, he explained his art: “There is no theory. You have only to listen. Pleasure is the law. I love music practically. And because I love it, I try to free it from barren traditions that stifle it. It is a free art pushing forth, an open-air art boundless as the elements, the wind, the sky, the sea. It must never be shut in and become an academic art.”

Composed in part in 1898 and revised a decade later, the Trois Chansons are Debussy’s only published works for unaccompanied chorus. These settings of the lyrical poetry of Duke Charles of Orléans (1393-1465) are outstanding examples of the Debussy’s unique ability to create musical atmosphere.

BENJAMIN BRITTEN
Choral Dances from Gloriana

Britten was born November 22, 1916, at Lowestoft, England, and died December 4, 1976, at Aldeburgh.

The son of a dentist and an amateur singer, and the youngest of four children, Edward Benjamin Britten was born on the last day of St. Cecilia, the patron saint of music. He could be known as “the greatest English composer since Purcell.” Britten studied piano and then viola, and began a life of continuous musical composition at the age of five. When he was six, he wrote a play called The Royal Folly [sic] about Prince John, the fifth son of George V, who died in 1939 at the age of 13. The boy would compose before breakfast and then go to school, where he enjoyed mathematics and captained the cricket team. In his teens he became a private pupil of composer Frank Bridge, who provided the young Britten with a solid technical foundation upon which to construct his highly creative compositions. Britten entered the Royal College of Music in London at the age of 17, studying piano and composition and taking several prizes for his works. At 20, he completed the significant choral work A Boy Was Born, at a rehearsal for a broadcast performance of which he met tenor Peter Pears, with whom he developed a life-long personal and professional relationship.

Between 1935 the beginning of World War II, Britten wrote music for documentary films produced by the General Post Office Film Unit, for BBC Radio, and for London’s small theaters. In rising to meet television’s peculiar challenges he developed the tools he needed for the composition of some 15 operas over the course of his career.

Because they were conscientious objectors, Britten and Pears sailed for North America in the spring of 1939. Upon returning to England in 1940, Britten faced a conscientious objectors’ tribunal and was exempted from military service. During the early 1940s, Britten produced a number of important works, including the Hymn to St. Cecilia, A Ceremony of Carols, Seven Sonnets of Michelangelo, the Serenade for Tenor, Horn and Strings, Rejoice in the Lamb, from springs of bounty through this county streams abundant of thanks shall flow! Where life was scantly fruits of plenty swell resplendent from earth below! No Greek or Roman queenly woman knew such favor from Heaven’ above as she whose presence is our pleasure: Gloriana hath all our love. Sweet flag and cuckoo-flower, cowslip and columbine, king-cups and sops-in-wine, flower-de-luce and calamint, harebell and hyacinth, Zephyr returns and brings back good weather, flowers, grass — all his sweet family. Philemon delights in the Spring: the fields laugh, the sky is serene. Jove delights to see his daughter; the air, wind and birds be full of love. Everything thinks of love. But for me, only the heaviest sighs return. Sighs, which draws out of my innermost heart; She who took the keys to my heart to heaven To be among the birds and the beautiful flowers With other women of kindly and gentle arts. I am a desert; a bitter and savage beast. Yes, I should like to die, now that I kiss, o love. The beautiful mouth of my beloved one. Ah, dear sweet tongue. Give me such happiness that I should 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.
FÜNFGESänge
Leise Töne der Brust, geweckt vom Oden der Liebe,
Hauchet zitternd hinaus, ob sich euch öffnet ein Ohr,
Öffn’ ein lebendes Herz, und wenn seines euch öffnet,
Träg’ ein Nachthimmeln sehnsüchtig in meine zurück
Bähn’ siehet rufet das Horn des Wächters drüben aus Westen,
Und aus Osten das Horn rufet entgegen:Sie rührt!
Hörst du, zugendes Herz, die flüstrenden Stimmen der Engel?
Lösche die Lampen getrost, hölle in Frieden dich ein.
— Friedrich Rückert

Lebens gleitet Blatt um Blatt
Still und traurig von den Bäumen;
Seines Hoffens nimmer satt,
Lebt das Herz in Frühlingsträumen.
Noch versendet ein Sonnenblick
Bei den späten Hagenrosen,
Wie bei einem letzten Glück,
Einen süssen, hoffnungslosen.
— Max Kolbeck

Bräusten alle Begen,
Saustaufe rings der Wald,
Meine jungen Tage,
Wo sind sie so bald!
Jugend, teure Jugend,
Flohest 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 hinein.
Wendet sich der Stein auch
Um in tiefer Flu,
Weiss ich, dass die Jugend
Doch kein Gleiches thut.
— Josef Wenzig

Ernst ist der heilste,
Und wenn die Blätter fallen,
sinkt auch das Herz zu trüben Web herab.
Still ist der Flu,
und nach dem Süden walten die Sänger, stumm, wie nach dem Grab.
Bleng ist der Tag,
und blasse Nebel schleien die Sonne wie die Herzen, ein.
Früh kommt die Nacht:
denn alle Kühle fettern,
tief verschlossen ruht das Sein.
Sanft wird der Mensch.
Er sieht die Sonne sinken,
er ahnt das Lebens wie des Jahres Schluß.
Feucht wird das Auge,
doch in den Tränen Blinken
entströmt des Herzens seligster Ergruß.
— Klauss Gloth

Gentle vibration of the soul, awakened by love’s tender spirit, breathing tremulously forth, if you could but open an ear, open a loving heart—and should none open to thee, return, bonged upon an evening breeze, sighing, to me.
Do they rest? the watchman’s hum calls from the west, and from the east the horn calls again: they rest! Hear’s thou, trembling heart, the whispering voices of the angels? Put out the lamps in good faith, lay yourself peacefully down.

The mountains alive,
the woods ringing with life—
my days of youth,
where have you so soon departed?
Youth, dear youth,
flown away from me;
O precious youth, carefree was my soul!
I lost you easily
like a stone
carelessly tosses into a stream.
A stone can sometimes be chummed up
and returned from deep waters—
I know, though, that with youth
can that never happen.

Autumn is unsmiling,
and as the leaves fall
so sinks the heart down to melancholy grave.
The meadow is silent,
and off to the south
the songsters have silently flown as if to the grave.
The day is dreary
and pallid clouds veil
the sun as they do the heart.
Night comes on early:
all works fall失效,
and, deeply shuttered, all is at rest.
Men becomes tendere
he sees the sun sinking,
he sees that his life, as the end of the year, must close.
A tear comes to the eye,
yet shining through the tears
streams from the heart a blissful outpouring.
**PERFORMERS**

SOPRANO
Sue Cobb
Crisa Cugini
Dana Durasso
Ann Erickson
Ary Gerard
Catherine Haight
Jill Klaasko
Nancy Shasteen
ALTO
Emily Lunde
Adrienne McCoy
Suzi Meens
Laurie Medill
Julia Akoony Thiel
Kay Verelius
BASS
Brian Box
Andrew Danilich
Douglas Durasoff
Robert Keckley
Patrick McDonald
Phil Phillips
John Stenseth

**FÜNF GESÄNGE**

Leise Töne der Brust, geweckt vom Oden der Liebe,
Hauchet zitternd hinaus, ob sich euch öffnet ein Ohr,
Öffn' ein liebendes Herz, und wenn sich keines euch öffnet,
Trag' ein Nachtwind sein end an mein Ohr zurück!
Ruht sie? ruftet das Horn des Wächters drüben aus Westen,
Und aus Osten das Horn ruft entgegen: Sie ruht!
Hörst du, zugehendes Herz, die flüstrenden Stimmen der Engel?
Lösche die Lampen getrost, hüße in Frieden dich ein.

- Friedrich Rückert

Leidens gleitet Blatt um Blatt
Still und traurig von den Bäumen;
Seines Hoffens nimmer satt,
Lebt das Herz in Frühlingsräumen.

- Max Kolbeck

**BRIEF FAIR**

It was on the fifth of August
Or the weather fair and fair,
Unto Brigg Fair I did repair,
For love I was inclined.

I rose up with the lark in the morning,
With my heart set on a thing,
Of thinking there to meet my dear,
Long time I'd wished to see.

I took hold of her lilly-white hand,
O and мерритly was her heart:
"And now we're met together,
Hope we ne'er shall part.

For it's meeting is a pleasure,
And parting is a grief,
But an unconstant love is worse than any thief.
The green leaves they shall wither
And the branches they shall die
If ever I prove false to her,
To the girl that loves me.

**LINDEN LEA**

Within the woodlands, flow'r'd glazed,
By the oak trees' mossy mool,
The shining grass blades, timber-shaded,
Now do quiver underfoot;

And birds do whistle overhead,
And water's bubbling in its bed;
And there, for me, the apple tree
Do lean low in Linden Lea.

When leaves, that lately were a-springing,
Now do fade within the cope,
And painted birds do hush their singing,
Upon the tops of trees.
And brown-leaved fruits a-turning red,
In cloudless sunshine overhead,
With fruit for me, the apple tree
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

Let other folk make money faster
In the air of dark-roomed towns;
I don't dread a pennych mastert.
Though no man may heed my frowns.
I be free to go abroad,
Or take again my homeward road
To where, for me, the apple tree
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

- William Barnes

TUNE THY MUSIC TO THY HEART
Tune thy music to thy heart;
Sing thy joy with thanks, and so thy sorrow.
Though devotion needs not art,
Sometimes of the poor the rich may borrow.

Strive not yet for curious ways:
Concord please me more the less 'tis strained.
Zeal affects not outward praise,
Only strives to show a love unfigned.

Love can wondrous things effect,
Sweetest officile all wordly appearing.
Love the Highest doth respect,
Love alone to Him is ever pleasing.

THE LOVER'S GHOST
Well met, well met
de mein true love;
Long time I have been absent from thee.
I am lately come from the salt sea,
And 'tis all for the sake, my love, of thee.
I have three ships all on the salt sea,
And one of them must I leave to land.
I've four and twenty mariners on board;
You shall have music at your command.
The ship wherein my love shall sail
Is glorious for to behold;
The sails shall be of shining silk,
The mast shall be of the fine beaten gold.
I might have had a king's daughter,
And fair, she would have married me,
But I forsook her crown of gold,
And 'tis all for the sake, my love, of thee.

- Jost Wenzig

Ernst ist der Herbst,
Und wenn die Blätter fallen,
sinkt auch das Herz zu trüben Weh herab.
Still ist die Flur,
und nach dem Süden walten
die Sänger, stumm, wie nach dem Grab.

Gleich ist der Tag,
und blasse Nebel schleidet
die Sonne wie die Herzen, ein.

Früh kommt die Nacht:
denn alle Kälte feiert
und tief verschlossen ruht das Sein.

Sanft wird der Mensch.
Er sieht die Sonnen,
er ahnt des Lebens wie des Jahres Schluß.
Feucht wird das Aug,
doch in der Träne Blinken,
entströmt des Herzens seligster Erguß.

- Klaas Gollth

Gentle vibration of the soul, awakened by love's tender spirit,
breathing tremulously forth, if you could but open an ear,
open a loving heart — and should none open to thee,
return, bonged upon an evening breeze, sighing, to me.

Do they rest? the watchman's horn calls from the west,
and from the east the horn calls again: they rest!
Hear'st thou, trembling heart, the whispering voices of the angels?
Put out the lamps in good faith, lay yourself peaceful down.

The mountains alive,
the woods ringing with life —
my days of youth,
where have you so soon departed?
Youth, dear youth,
 flown away from me;
O precious youth,
carefree was my soul!
I lost you easily
like a stone
one carelessly tosses into a stream.

A stone can sometimes be chummed up
and returned from deep waters —
I know, though, that with youth
can never happen.

Autumn is unsmiling,
and as the leaves fall
so sinks the heart down to melancholy gripe.
The meadow is silent,
and off to the south
the songsters have silently flown as if to the grave.
The day is dreary
and pallid clouds veil
the sun as they do the heart.

Night comes on early:
al work all falls失效
and, deeply shuttered, all is at rest.

Men becomes tender,
he sees the sun sinking,
he sees that his life, as the end of the year, must close.
A tear comes to the eye,
yet shining through the tears
streams from the heart a blissful outpouring.
CHORAL DANCES FROM GLORIANA

Yes, he is Time,
lusty and lusty,
Time is at his apogee.
From springs of bounty
through this country
streams abundant of
thanks shall flow!
Where life was scanty
fruits of plenty
swell resplendent
from earth below!
No Greek or Roman
queenly woman
knew such favor
from Heaven above!
As she whose presence
is our pleasantness:
Gloriana
hath all our love.

Sweet flag and cuckoo-flower,
cowslip and columbine,
king-cups and sops-in-wine,
flower-de-luce and calaminth,
harebell and hyacinth,
myrtle and bay, with rosemary between,
Norfolk’s own garlands for her Queen!

From fen and meadow
in ruddy baskets
they bring ensembles
of all they grow:
in earthen dishes
their deep-sea fishes;
yearning fleets,
woven blankets;
now cream and junkeis,
and rustic tinkets
on wicker flasketis,
their country largises —
the best they know!

These tokens of our love receiving,
O you take, Princess great and dear
From Norwich, city you are leaving,
that you afar may fear us less.
— William Plomer

Lasciate mi morire, Let me die.
Che vien, vien, Do you think there can be
che mi conforto In such torment and anguish?
In cosi dura sorte, Let me die!
Deh, gentil signore! Lasciate mi morire!
CANTATE DOMINO
Cantate Domino canticum novum; laus ejus in ecclesia sanctorum. Letetur Israel in eo quicquid eum, et filiae Sion exultent in se rege suo. Laudent nomen ejus in tympano et choro: in psalterio psaltem ei.

SICUT CERVUS
Sicut cervus desiderat ad fontes aquarum, ita desiderat anima mea ad te Deus.

ASCENDO AD PATREM MEUM
Ascendo ad Patrem meum et Patrem vestrum, Deum meum et Deum vestrum. Elevatis manibus beneficis eis, et ferebatur in coelum. Alleluia!

TROIS CHANSONS DE CHARLES D'ORLÉANS
Died qu'il la fait bon regarder
La gracieuse bonne et belle;
Pour les gens bien que sont en elle
Ils savent ce quil peut leur plaire.
Tousjours sa beauté renouvelle.
Died qu'il la fait bon regarder
La gracieuse bonne et belle!
Par de ce ne de, la mer
Ne sey dame ne dasoille.
Qui soit en tous bien parfait.
C'est ung songe que de penser:
Died qu'il la fait bon regarder!

Quant j'ai ouy la tabourin
Sonner pour s'en aller au may,
En mon lit il en y ait affray.
Ne levo mon chef du coisin;
En disant il est trop matin.

Quant j'ai ouy la tabourin
Sonner pour s'en aller au may,
Jeunes gens partent leur butin;
De nonchalor ma accointer.
A lui je n'abandonnay.
Trouve l'ay plus prouchaiz voisins;
Quant j'ai ouy la tabourin
Sonner pour s'en aller au may,
En mon lit il en y ait affray.
Ne levo mon chef du coisin.

Yver, vous estes qu'un vilain;
Est est plein et en tristesse.
En témoing de may et d'avril
Qui l'accompagnent soir et main.
Est revêt champs, bois et fleurs.
De sa livrée de verdure.
Et de maintes autres couleurs
Par l'ordonnance de nature.
Mais vous, Yver, trop estes plein
De neige, vent, pleur et ghezi.
On vous deust banir en exil.
Sans point flater je parle plein.
Yver, vous estes qu'un vilain!

— Charles Duc d'Orléans (1394-1465)

O sing ye to the Lord, sing ye a new song; His praise is in the company of saints. Let all of Israel rejoice now in him who made us, let children of Zion rejoice now and praise Jehovah. Let them praise Him forever, with timbrel and harp and dancing; let everything praise God.

As the deer longs for running water, So longs my soul for Thee, Lord.

I ascend unto my Father and your Father, my God and your God. He lifted his hands, blessing them, and was carried into heaven. Alleluia!

God! But she is fair, graceful, good and beautiful. All are ready to praise her excellent qualities. Who could tire of her? Her beauty is ever new. God! but she is fair, graceful, good and beautiful! Nowhere does the sea look on so fair and perfect a lady or maiden. Thinking here is but a dream. God! but she is fair!

When I heard the tambourine call us to go a-Maying, I did not let it frighten me in my bed or lift my head from my pillow, saying, "It is too early, I will go back to sleep."

When I heard the tambourine call us to go a-Maying, young folks dividing their spoils, I cloaked myself in nonchalance, clinging to it and finding the nearest neighbour. When I heard the tambourine call us to go a-Maying, I did not let it frighten me in my bed or lift my head from my pillow.

Winter, you're taught but a rogue. Summer, you're taught and kind as we see from May and April, which accompany it evening and morn. Summer, by nature's order, clothes fields, woods and flowers with its leaves and flowers and many other hues.

But you, Winter, are too full of snow, rain and sleet. We must send you into exile. I'm no flatterer and I speak my mind. Winter, you're taught but a rogue.

— English translation © 2001 Faith J. Connier

Monteverdi studied as a youth with the Director of Music at Cremona Cathedral. He had composed a book of madrigals by the time he was 17, and had published several books of motets and madrigals before he went to Mantua at age 24 to serve as a string player at the court of the Duke of Mantua. He married a court singer who bore him three children, and two years later he was appointed Mantua's Director of Music. He wrote madrigals, ballet music, and theater music, and was by his mid-40s he was the most celebrated composer in Italy. In 1616 he succeeded Giovanni Gabrieli as Music Director at St. Mark's Cathedral in Venice, and he remained there for the rest of his life, writing music in all genres.

Madrigals are short, entertaining, secular compositions for four to six unaccompanied voice parts. This musical form was especially popular in Italy and England during the 16th century. These works often contain sections of music and text that are repeated, and feature contrasting passages of choral and imitative writing. Their texts often express the mirth and misery of love, and contain mythological references.

Johannes Brahms

Fünf Gesänge, Op. 104

Brahms was born in Hamburg on May 7, 1833, and died in Vienna on April 3, 1897.

The great German master of compositional craft, Johannes Brahms (1833-1897) gave the world A German Requiem, four symphonies, four concertos, and many songs, piano pieces, and chamber works. More than any other composer of the second half of the 19th century, Brahms was responsible for resurrecting "absolute" music—compositions meant to be heard simply as masterpieces of sound and structure, and not to illustrate a scene or tell a story ("program music").

In Brahms' five part songs for mixed chorus, Op. 104, all but one of which were composed in 1888, texts of nostalgic melancholy and resignation are set to music of a dark but ravishing richness as the composer faces his own mortality. The first three songs, for six-part choir, SATB/B, display the kind of imitative exchanges between the upper and lower sets of voices that Brahms usually employed only in his sacred choruses. In the fourth song, set for SATB/B, energetic sections featuring canonic writing representing the carefree days of youth, alternate with slower-paced, more romantically choral sections that lament youth's loss. The last part song, for SATB chorus, was written two years earlier than the others. A chromatic, dark, and deeply depressive setting of Klaus Groth's gloomy text, it nonetheless represents the culmination of Brahms' secular choral writing.

— Lorette Knowles
GEORGE SHANGRALE CHORALE

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 2002 – 3:00 PM
ILLSLEY BALL NORTROM RECITAL HALL – BANAROYA HALL

GEORGE SHANGRALE CHORALE
George Shangrale, conductor

HENRICH SCHÜTZ (1585-1672)
“Cantate Domino” from Cantiones sacrae

GIOVANNI PIERLUIGI DA PALESTRINA (1525/6-1594)
Sicut cervus

JACOB HANDL (1550-1593)
Ascendo ad Patrem meum

CLAUD DEBussy (1862-1918)
Trots chansons de Charles d’Orléans

Diel qu’il la fait bon regater!
Quant’il ouye le tabouoin

Yer, vous n’estes qu’un villain

BENJAMIN BRITTEN (1913-1976)
Choral Dances from Gloriana


-intermission-

CLAUDIO MONTEVERDI (1550-1634)
Four Madrigals

Jo mi son jovinett
Lasciate mi morire
Zefiro torna
St. chio vor’ sole morire

JOHANNES BRAHMS (1833-1897)
Fünf Gesänge, Op. 104

Nachtwehe I
Nachtwehe II

Letztes Glück
Verlorene Jugend
Im Herbst

GUSTAV HOLST (1874-1934)
"I Love My Love" from Six Choral Folksongs, Op. 36b

arr. PERCY GUIRANGER (1882-1966)
“Brigg Fair,” BMS7

RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS (1872-1958)
arr. ARTHUR SOMERVELL (1863-1937)
“Linden Lea”

ALEC ROWLEY (1892-1958)
“Tune Thy Music to Thy Heart”

RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS (1872-1958)
“The Lover’s Ghost” from Five English Folksongs

Please disconnect signal watches, pages, and cellular telephones. Thank you.
Use of cameras and recording equipment is not permitted in the concert hall.