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With the Northwest Boychoir, Joseph Cnink, Conductor, and soloists Eleanor Stallicop-Horrox, Michael Drumheller & Wesley Rogers

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"strange friend" with the C#F sharp tritone. The baritone soloist sings quietly and without bitterness about how the two of them shared the same hopes and dreams, and the battlefield fanfares are echoed as the baritone sings about "the pity war distillist." Motifs from "The Next War" return, now grimmer than ironic, to Owen's description of the inexorable and futile activities of war.

This setting ends with the ultimate reconciliation when the baritone identifies himself to the tenor as "the enemy you killed, my friend." The World War I poet Ivor Gurney noted that among the English soldiers there was "absolutely no hate for the Germans, but a kind of brotherly though slightly contemptuous kindness—as if men who are going through a bad time as well as themselves...." Through this mutual suffering the two soloists are able to recognize a special bond as together they sing Owen's final line to a gentle pentatonic melody: "Let us sleep now...." The boys' choir enters from afar with the Latin text of the burial service, In paradisum, tenderly singing the soldiers into heaven (significantly, Britten omits the line from "Strange Meeting" that places the dead men in hell). All forces now join together: the tenor and baritone continue their duet with the chamber orchestra as the large orchestra and chorus enter with a great wash of benedictory sound, the soprano soloist eventually rising above them, and the boys continue to intone their benediction from above. But reconciliation is aborted with the tritone of the bells, and the boys chant the opening lines of the Missa pro defunctis as a stark reminder of what has come before.

Attempts to restart the In paradisum are abandoned as the chorus concludes the piece with the same a capella material that ended the first two movements. The music longs to fulfill the resolution that has just now seemed so achievable, but the overwhelming sorrow and suffering that have come before are indelibly seared into the listener's conscience. One does not need to have lived through battle or air raids for Britten's lamentation of human violence to have the same effect it had on its first audience in Coventry Cathedral. Britten realized that it was up to each of us individually to cope with this horror, and that the slow process of healing can only come when we confront it. Where that final F major chord may lead us is yet to be seen.

Dona nobis pacem.

OUR SOLOISTS

ELIANOR STALLCOP-HORROX, a Seattle native, studied at Central Washington State College and the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia. As a 1989 Bel Canto competition winner, she pursued advanced studies in Siena, Italy with Maestro Walter Baracchi of La Scala. She has been featured as a soloist with the Philadelphia Singers, Colorado Opera Festival, Colorado Springs Chorale, and locally with Seattle Opera, Orchestra Seattle and Portland's Bel Canto Northwest.

She is a student of Ellen Faull and has been a Seattle Opera Regular Chorister since 1997. She was most recently heard this past October as Giorgietta in Puccini's Il Tabarro with Willamette Concert Opera. She has most recently been heard with OSOSS in Beethoven's 9th Symphony, ending last year's season.

WESLEY ROGERS divides his busy singing career between opera and oratorio. Recent concert engagements have included performances of Mendelssohn's Elijah, Handel's Messiah, Bach's Magnificat, Haydn's Creation, Honegger's King David, Kurt Weill's Seven Deadly Sins, and the world premiere of Hawley's Seattle. Wesley has appeared with the Seattle Choral Company, the Meridian Symphony, the Casadi chose Chorale, the Bremerton Symphony, and Belle Arts Concerts. In March 2003, Wesley performed the role of Damo in Handel's Acis and Galatea with Santa Fe Pro Musica. On the operatic stage he was most recently seen in the role of Martin in Sun Valley Center for the Arts' production of Copland's The Tender Land. Summer 2003 found Wesley returning to the Lake Chelan Bach Festival where he performed the role of Bastien in Mozart's Bastien und Bastienne. He performed the role of Laurie in Mark Adamo's Little Women at the Cabrillo Festival of Contemporary Music in Santa Cruz, California. Shortly after moving to the Pacific Northwest, Wesley made his Seattle Opera debut in 2001 at Mainrop in Britten's Billy Budd. He returned the next season as the Fourth Jew in Strauss' Salome. Wesley has also performed roles with companies including Opera Memphis, Washington East Opera, Obsidian Opera, Seattle Community Outreach Productions, and the University of Washington Opera Theatre. He recently completed his Master of Music degree from the University of Washington.

MICHAEL DRUMHELLER is originally from Richland, Washington. A favorite baritone in the Northwest classical music scene, he has been a soloist with Boston Lyric Opera, Cleveland Orchestra, Philadelphia Philharmonic, Orchestra Seattle, Music of Remembrance, Seattle Opera Previews, Longwood Opera, and many other organizations, under the batons of renowned conductors such as Gerard Schwarz, Leonard Slatkin, and Robert Spano. Mr. Drumheller holds BS and MS degrees from MIT, as well as a Master of Music degree from Boston University, where he was a student of the singer and teacher Phyllis Curtin. He is also an alumnus of the Tanglewood Music Center. His diverse musical background includes playing tympani in symphony orchestras and drumming and singing for his own original rock band. Mr. Drumheller has been a featured performer in many productions of the late, distinguished conductor Hans Wolf and regularly volunteers as a soloist with the Northwest Chorale, which raises money for Northwest Harvest.

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= contra-bassoon
> English horn
I. Requiem aeternam

Chorus
Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine;
et lux perpetua lucet eis.

Boys
Te deum hymnus, Deus in Sion;
et libi reddetur votum in Jerusalem;
exaudi orationem meam,
ad te omnis caro veniet.

Chorus
Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine;
et lux perpetua lucet eis.

Tenor
What passing bells for these who die as cattle?
Only the monstrous anger of the guns,
Only the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle
Can pater out their hasty orisons
No mockery for them from prayers or bells,
Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs, --
The shrill, demented choirs of wailing shells;
And bugles calling for them from sad shires.
What candles may be held to speed them at all?
Not in the hands of boys, but in their eyes.
Shall shine the holy glimmers of good-byes.
The pallor of girls' brows shall be their pall;
Their flowers the tenderness of silent minds,
And each slow dusk a drawing-down of blinds.

Chorus
Kyrie eleison
Christe eleison
Kyrie eleison

II. Dies irae

Chorus
Dies irae, dies illa.
Solvet saeculum in favilla:
Te te Deum cum Sibylla.
Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando Juxta est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussuras!
Tuba mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulcrum regionum
Cogit omnes ante thorunm.
Mors stupebit et natura,
Cum resorgeret creatura.
Judicandae responsura.

Chorus
This day, this day of wrath
Shall consume the world in ashes,
As foretold by David and Sibyl.
What trembling there shall be
When the judge shall come.
To weigh everything straitly,
The trumpet, scattering its awful sound
Across the graves of all lands
Summons all before the throne.
Death and nature shall be stunned
When mankind arises
To render account before the judge.

Chorus
Lord, grant them eternal rest;
et let the perpetual light shine upon them.

Boys
Thou shalt have praise in Zion, of God:
and homage shall be paid to thee in Jerusalem;
hear my prayer,
all flesh shall come before Thee.

Chorus
Lord, grant them eternal rest;
et let the perpetual light shine upon them.

Britten forgoes the comforting text of the Communio, the closing section of the Missa pro defunctis, and with the Mass now over turns to the Abolition (Libera me). This piteous plea for salvation at the Last Judgment is traditionally recited after the Mass and is frequently included in Requiem settings.

After an ominous duet between bass drum and tenor drum, the limping quintuplets of the first movement and string figures from “Anthem for Doomed Youth” return under abrupt chromatic whimpers of Libera me, Domine (“Free me, Lord”). This morbid masada seems to evoke the opening of Owen’s “Dulce et Decorum Est”:

Bent double, like old beggars under sacks,
Knock-kneed, coughing like hags, we cursed through sludge,
...Men marched asleep. Many had lost their boots,
But limped on, blood-shod. All went lame, all blind;
Drunken with fatigue...

The underlying march builds and accelerates throughout, eventually crystallizing two and then four measures of the orchestra into each measure of the chorus. Britten expands the percussion section to include the unsettling sounds of two snare drums, whip-cracks, temple block, and castanets. The initial plea of Libera me, Domine recurs after each section, a prayer tenacious in the face of its own futility, in turn bitter, fearful, and desperate.

After the soprano soloist’s nervous entrance, the music is propelled into a disarmingly bright C major, like an involuntary laugh in the face of disaster. The brass heralds the Apocalypse with the battlefields calls of the second movement and, after an intense build up of these fanfares, the G minor of the Dies irae returns. The chorus’s descending wails are punctuated by the explosion of crash cymbals as the soprano soars above like the town crier. Underlying this calamity is the primary melody of the Dies irae, blurred out by the entire brass section and piano. A hideous perversion of a dominant chord ushers in the culminating devastation, a tremendous G minor chord of obliteration. The overwhelming percussion forces include a death-blow of the tam-tam and the urgent alam-bell of the triangle, which quickly dissipates like a failed cry for help as the march rises up to engulf the staggered and irregular crotches of the chorus. The final line of Owen’s “A Tear Song” —“God hath no ears”— applies just as well to this horror and misery.

The G minor is held into the beginning of the final Owen setting, “Strange Meeting” (with Britten’s alterations). “It seemed that out of battle I escaped / Down some profound dull tunnel...” the tenor soloist sings over static and “cold” accompaniment, elucidating what we have just heard. The quintuplet battlefield march reappears in the double bass as a reminder of what is still going on above ground. The tenor is confronted by a fellow tormented soul, whom he greets as
Baritone
Bulgus sang, saddening the evening air;
And bagles answered, sorrowful to hear.
Voices of boys were by the river-side.
Shine mobiles, limbo the twilight sad.
The shadow of the morrow weighed on men.
Voices of old despondency resigned,
Bowed by the shadow of the morrow, slept.

Soprano
Libertinus proferetur,
In quo toton contineret,
Unde mundus judicerit.
Judex ergo cum sedebit
Quidquid latet, apparebit:
Nil imminent remanit.

Chorus
Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
Quem patronem rogaturus,
Cum vix justus sit securus?
Soprano and Chorus
Rex tremendae majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salve me, fons pietatis.

Tenor and Baritone
Out there, we've walked quite friendly up to Death:
Sacred to his feet with him, cool and bland-
Pardoned his spilling mess-tins in our hand.
We've sniffed the green thick odour of his breath,-
Our eyes wet, but our courage didn't wither.
Hope sat at his feet, but he's coughed Sharpnel.
We chorted when he sang aloft;
We whistled while he shaved us with his scythe.
Oh, Death was never enemy of ours;
We laughed at him, we laughed with him, old chum.
No soldier's paid to kick against his powers.
We laughed, knowing that better men would come,
And greater wars; when each proud fighter brag
He wars on Death - for Life, not men - for flage.

Chorus
Reconder Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuae vieae:
Ne me perdas illa die.
Quaerens me, sedisti lassus:
Redemisti cruentum passus:
Tantus labor non sit casus:
Ingenimso, tamquam reus:
Culpa rubet vultus meas:
Sufficiens pace Deus.
Qui Mariam absolvisti,
Et latronem exaudasti,
Mibi quoque spen dedisti.
Inter omnes ex turbis,
Et ab haedis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextra.
Confutatis maledictis,

Soprano
The written book shall be brought
In which all is contained
Whereby the world shall be judged.
When the judge takes his seat
All that is hidden shall appear:
Nothing will remain unavenged.

Chorus
What shall I, a wretch, say then?
To which protector shall I appeal
When even the just man is barely safe?

Soprano and Chorus
King of awful majesty,
Who freely saves those worthy of salvation,
Save me, found of pity.
Flammis acribus addictis,  
Voca me cum benedictis. 
Oro supplex et acclinis 
Cor concurrur quasi censis 
Gere curam mei finis. 

Baritone
Be slowly lifted up, thou long black arm, 
Great gun towering toward Heaven, about to curse; 
Reach at that arrogance which needs thy harm, 
And beat it down before its sins grow worse; 
But when thy spell be cast complete and whole, 
May God curse thee, and cut thee from our soul!

Chorus
Dies irae, dies illa, 
Solvit saeculum ex favilla: 
Te deat David cum Sibylla, 
Quartus tremor est futurus, 
Quando Juro ex venturus, 
Cuncta strictere discursurus?

Soprano and Chorus
Lacrimosa dies illa, 
Qua resurget ex favilla, 
Judicandus homo reus: 
Huic ergo parce Deus.

Tenor
Move him into the sun - 
Gently its touch awake him once, 
At home, whispering of fields unknown. 
Always it woke him, even in France, 
Until this morning and this snow. 
If anything might rouse him now, 
The kind old sun will know.

Soprano and Chorus
Lacrimosa dies illa... 

Tenor
Think how it wakes the seeds - 
Woke, once, the clay of a cold star. 
Are limbs, so dear-achieved, are sides, 
Full-nerved - still warm - too hard to stir? 
Was it for this the clay grew tall?

Soprano and Chorus
...Qua resurget ex favilla... 

Tenor
Was it for this the clay grew tall?

Soprano and Chorus
...Judicandus homo reus...

Tenor
- O what made fatuous sunbeams toll! 
To break earth's sleep at all?

Chorus
Pie Jesu Domine, dona eis requiem. 
Amen.

And consigned to the searing flames, 
Call me to be with the blessed. 
Bowed down in supplication I beg Thee, 
My heart as though ground to ashes: 
Help me in my last hour.

Chorus
This day, this day of wrath 
Shall consume the world in ashes, 
As foretold by David and Sibyl. 
What trembling there shall be 
When the judge shall come 
To weigh everything strictly. 
Soprano and Chorus
Oh this day full of tears 
When from the ashes arises 
Guilty man, to be judged: 
Oh Lord, have mercy upon him.

Soprano and Chorus
Oh this day full of tears...

Soprano and Chorus
...When from the ashes arises...

Soprano and Chorus
...Guilty man, to be judged.

Chorus
Gentle Lord Jesus, grant them rest. 
Amen.
III. Offertorium

Boys

Domine Jesu Christe, Rex gloriae, libera animas omnium fideliun defunctorum de pepej inferni, et de profundo lacu: libera eas de ore leonis, ne absorbet eas tauturus, ne cadant in obscurum.

Chorus

Sed signifer sanctus Michael praesentans eas in lucern sanctam: Quam olim Abrahami promissi, et semini eus.

Tenor and Baritone

So Abram rose, and clave the wood, and went, And took the fire with him, and a knife. And as they sojourned both of them together, Isaac the first-born spake and said, My Father, Behold the preparations, fire and iron, But where the lamb for this bounti-offering? Then Abram bound the youth with belts and straps, And built up parapets and trenched there, And stretched forth the knife to slay his son. When lo! and angel called him out of heaven, Saying, Lay not thy hand upon the lad, Neither do anything to him. Behold, A ram, caught in a thicket by its horns; Offer the Ram of Pride instead of him. But the old man would not so, but slew his son, And half the seed of Europe, one by one.

Boys

Hostias et preced tibi Domine laudis offerimus; tu suscipe pro animabus illis, quorum hodie memoriam facimus: fac eas, Domine, de morte transire ad vitam. Quam olim Abrahami promissi et semini eus.

Chorus

...Quam olim Abrahami promissi et semini eus.

Boys

Lord Jesus Christ, King of glory, deliver the souls of the faithful departed from the pains of hell, and the bottomless pit; deliver them from the jaws of the lion, lest hell engulf them, lest they be plunged into darkness.

Chorus

But let the holy standard-bearer Michael lead them into the holy light as Thou didst promise Abraham and his seed.

IV. Sanctus

Soprano and Chorus

Sapacns, sanctus, sanctus Dominus Deus Sabaoth.

Soprano and Chorus

Holy, holy, holy Lord God of hosts.

use of physical space is a trademark of Gustav Mahler, a composer dear to Britten as is the vast scale of the composition. Another major influence on Britten was Giuseppe Verdi's Requiem, which shares the operatic elements of Britten's work. Britten dedicated his War Requiem to four deceased friends who fought in World War II, three of whom were killed in combat while the other survived only later to commit suicide. For the premiere on May 30, 1962, Britten enlisted soloists from different countries involved in the war. From England he chose Peter Pears, and from Germany he recruited Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, who had been drafted into the Reich Army and spent two years as a prisoner of war, singing Lieder to console his fellow prisoners. The Soviet government would not allow Galina Vishnevskaya, wife of Britten's friend Mstislav Rostropovich, to sing the soprano solo, and so Heather Harper filled in at short notice. The work instantly captured the public imagination, garnering lavish praise even before its premiere. So emotionally charged was the first performance that at its conclusion Fischer-Dieskau found himself in tears, in his own words "completely undone."

The most compelling aspect of the War Requiem is the interplay between the Owen and liturgical texts. Owen himself was raised by a deeply religious mother but over his military career grew increasingly disaffected with religion and patriotism. Even before the War Owen expressed disillusionment with organized religion in his poem "Unto What Pinnacles" and in a letter to his sister, although he still professed an adherence to Christian principles. Poems such as "Maudy Thursday," "Soldier's Dream," and "A Tear Song" reflect these sentiments. Owen suggested that nonviolence, the overriding principle of Jesus Christ's teachings, "will never filter into the dogma of any national church...I think the pulpit professionals are ignoring it very skillfully and successfully indeed...Christ is literally in 'no man's land.' There men often hear His voice..." Britten's testimony to the London Tribunal expressed similar admiration for the teachings of Christ although, like Owen, he was disaffected with religious doctrine: "I do not believe in the Divinity of Christ, but I think his teaching is sound and his example should be followed."

The opening movement of the War Requiem is nominally in D minor, but that key is never truly established. The movement is built over a never-resolved dominant pedal (on the pitch A), ominously punctuated by the lowest note of the piano and tam-tam (the most common member of the gong family). The seated chorus sings its somber prayer for the dead with two notes, F-sharp and C, reinforced by tolling bells. These pitches form a tritone, traditionally considered the "devil in music," and this same interval underlies and haunts the entire War Requiem. By clinging to the three pitches of A, F-sharp, and C, Britten creates a sense of stasis: even though beneath the choruses the orchestra plays troubled figures constructed from uneven and disquieting quintuplets, it cannot escape these three notes.

From this brooding emerges the pure sound of the boys' choir, whose physical separation demonstrates how innocence lies out of reach. As a reminder that not even their heavenly sound is without blemish, Britten constructs their melody around the tritone, which is sustained by the violins of the orchestra. After a shortened recapitulation of the chorus's tenorous chants, the tenor soloist makes his first appearance with Owen's "Anthem for Doomed Youth." In contrast to the formality of the Missa pro defunctis, on the battlefield there are no "passing bells for those who die as cattle." The choir on stage is replaced by the "shril, demented choirs of wailing shells" (represented by woodwinds), mocking the solemnity of funeral obsequies. The boys' music returns in the chamber orchestra when Owen suggests the fittingly innocent idea that only human kindness can be true consolation. The chorus ends the movement a capella from the beginning with the sinister tritone, but the darkly dissonant music unexpectedly resolves to an ambiguous and tentatively hopeful F major chord.

The Dies irae, the largest movement of the War Requiem, opens with quiet solos from the brass section—tragic fanfares on a descending scale—that are to become important motifs of the battlefield. The 7/4 time signature creates an atmosphere of unsteadiness and anxiety. The horrors of the battlefield are linked to the sounds of the Apocalypse with timpani, tenor drum, and bass drum. In the clarion setting of Tuba mirum spargens sumum ("The wondrous trumpet, spreading its sound...") the Last Trump of the Apocalypse becomes a military bugle. The baritone soloist offers a lonelier view of the battlefield with part of Owen's fragmentary "But I was Looking at the Permanent Stars." In contrast to the previous dread and awe, bugles are now "suddening the evening air" and "sorrowful to hear." The subdued choral motive reiterates the brass's battlefield themes, and the baritone's melody is largely constructed from the same thematic material.

The soprano soloist makes her first appearance with a declamatory description of the Last Judgment, off-set by the entrance of the chorus. The heavy chromaticism (movement by half-steps) of the semi-coro's bemoaning lines illustrates "human wretchedness." From this abjection emerges a setting of Owen's "The Next War," a grotesquely sarcastic poem that bears a fitting epigraph (not set by Britten) from Owen's close friend Siegfried Sassoon: "War's a joke for me and you! / While we know such dreams are true." In an acrid criticism of how expendable human life becomes in wartime, both soloists sing that "Death was never enemy of ours." Britten emphasizes the twisted and bitter humor through chromatic shreds and cackles from high woodwinds and violins.
Ancient Scars: Benjamin Britten’s *War Requiem*, Opus 66

Andrew S. Köhler

“My subject is War, and the pity of War.  
The Poetry is in the pity...  
All a poet can do today is warn.”

—Wilfred Owen, Preface to his poetry,  
used by Britten as the epigraph for his *War Requiem*

In 1940, a German bombing campaign (appallingly nicknamed Operation Moonlight Sonata) hit England’s Coventry Cathedral, leaving the walls of the structure roofless and empty of their stained glass. Two years later, at the height of the War, Benjamin Britten and his life partner, Peter Pears, returned to England from a sojourn in America and applied for conscientious objector status.

Britten’s pacifism was one of his most strongly held convictions and a recurrent theme in his works. In 1936 he provided the musical score for Paul Rotha’s brief anti-war film, *The Peace of Britain*. Britten told the New York Sun in 1940 that he was making his *Sinfonia da Requiem*, Opus 20, “just as anti-war as possible.” Though not without some difficulty, Britten and Pears were able to obtain conscientious objector status, which their society viewed with opprobrium. The resulting sense of isolation is reflected in Britten’s *Peter Grimes*, Opus 33, an opera written during the War about a man at odds with his town.

---

Pleni sunt coeli et terra gloria tua,  
Hosanna in excelsis.  
Sanctus.  
Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini.  
Hosanna in excelsis.  
Sanctus.  
Baritone  
After the blast of lightning from the East,  
The flourish of loud clouds, the Chariot Throne;  
After the drums of time have rolled and ceased,  
And by the bronze west long retrieves blown,  
Shall life renew these bodies? Of a truth  
All death will He annul, all tears assuage? -  
Fill the void veins of Life again with youth,  
And wash, with an immortal water, Age?  
When I do ask white Age he saith not so:  
“My head hangs weighed with snow.”  
And when I hearken to the Earth, she saith:  
“My fiery heart shrinks, aching. It is death.  
Mine ancient scars shall not be glorified,  
Nor my titanic tears, the sea, he dried.”

---

V. *Agnus Dei*

*Tenor*  
One ever hangs where shell-splashed roads part.
In this war He too lost a limb,
But His disciples hide apart;  
And now the Soldiers bear with Him.

*Chorus*  
*Agnus Dei*, qui tollis peccata mundi,  
dona eis requiem.

*Tenor*  
Near Golgotha strolls many a priest,
And in their faces there is pride  
That they were flesh-marked by the Beast  
By whom the gentle Christ’s denied.

*Chorus*  
*Agnus Dei*, qui tollis peccata mundi,  
dona eis requiem.

*Tenor*  
The scribes on all the people shove  
and bawl allegiance to the state,

*Chorus*  
*Agnus Dei*, qui tollis peccata mundi...  

*Tenor*  
But they who love the greater love  
Lay down their life; they do not hate.

*Chorus*  
...Dona eis requiem.

*Tenor*  
Dona nobis pacem.

---

Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory.  
Hosanna in the highest.  
Holy.  
Blessed is he who cometh in the name of the Lord.  
Hosanna in the highest.  
Holy.

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For text, Britten combines the Latin *Missa pro defunctis* (Mass for the Dead) with war poetry of Wilfred Owen, an English soldier killed in the trenches of World War I one week before Armistice. Like Britten, Owen had pacifist convictions, but his were not unwavering. Owen enthusiastically enlisted and scorned “shirkers” (as conscientious objectors were then called), but eventually came to call himself “a conscientious objector with a very seared conscience.”

To signify that the English poetry and Latin liturgy are of two different worlds, Britten assigns the Owen texts to tenor and baritone soloists with chamber orchestra and the Latin text to a chorus and soprano soloist with full orchestra. In addition to these forces, an angelic chorus of boys (singing the Latin) is placed in the distance with a chamber organ. This

Boys
Requiret aeternam dona eis, Domine: et lux perpetua luceat eis.

Chorus
In paradisum deducant etc.

Soprano
Chorus Angelorum, te suscipiat etc.

Tenor and Baritone
Let us sleep now.

Chorus
Requireant in pace. Amen.

at thy coming may the Martyrs receive thee, and bring thee into the holy city Jerusalem. May the Choir of Angels receive thee and with Lazarus, once poor, may thou have eternal rest.

Boys
Lord, grant them eternal rest, and let the perpetual light shine upon them.

Chorus
Into Paradise, etc.

Soprano
May the Choir of Angels, etc.

Chorus
Let them rest in peace. Amen.

VI. Libera me

Chorus
Libera me, Domine, de morte aeterna, in die illa tremenda:
Quando coeli movendi sunt et terra:
Dam veneris judicarem saeculum per ignem.

Soprano and Chorus
Tremens factor suum ego, et timeo
dum discussio venerit, atque ventura ira.
Libera me, Domine, de morte aeterna.

Soprano
Quando coeli movendi sunt i tera.

Tenor
Dies illa, dies irae, calamitatis et misericordiae, dies magnae et amarae valvae.
Libera me, Domine.

Soprano
I am seized with fear and trembling, until the trial shall be at hand and the wrath to come.
Deliver me, O Lord, from eternal death.

Baritone
"None," said the other, "save the undone years, The hopelessness. Whatever hope is yours, Was my life also; I went hunting wild After the wildest beauty in the world, For by my glee might many men have laughed, And of my weeping something had been left, Which must die now. I mean the truth untold, The pity of war, the pity war distilled.

Boys, then Chorus, then Soprano
When the heavens and earth shall be shaken. That day, that day of wrath, of calamity and misery, a great day and exceeding bitter. Deliver me, O Lord.

Boys, then Chorus, then Soprano
Into Paradise may the Angels lead thee:
The Northwest Boychoir

Northwest Boychoir

Steven Chen
Joseph Crisko
Joseph Crisko
Music Director
Jacob Winkler
Accompanist
Northwest Boychoir

Carson Fulmer
Members
Ryan Anderson
Alden Blatter
Nicholas Borkowski

Christian Kunz
George Chrysafis
Alex DeNovia
Adam Dopierała
Christopher Fertakis
Ben Flohr
Carson Fulmer
Benjamin Goldstein
Caleb Grapes
Alexander Jones
Samuel Kelly
Jonathan Lee
Jacob Martin
Douglas McCulloch
Joshua Morales
Michael Norman
Alexander Patton
Peter Perkins
Andrew Petersdorf
Bryce Pingul
Logan Potts

Noah Santiago
Keith Schendel
Craig Simpson
Jordan Smith
Logan Stillings
Nathan Stoltzus
Jeremy Swingle
Edward Wang

The Northwest Boychoir’s musical sophistication, rich tonal quality, and dedication to existing perfection have established its reputation as one of the nation’s premier boychoirs. Its 150 members, ages 6-13, come from all corners of the Puget Sound representing 115 diverse public and private schools. In its 36 years, the Northwest Choirs has trained thousands of young singers and more significantly, shaped the lives of its region's youth by teaching important lessons in personal commitment, and the value of teamwork and diligence.

Joseph Crisko, now in his 24th year as music director, leads the Choir’s staff of professional musicians and educators who are engaged in teaching a rigorous curriculum of music theory, voice production, sight-singing, and performance skills. This program produces singers who possess a passion for the musical arts, and the unique ability to perform great choral literature and contemporary works at the highest professional level.

In addition to serving as the “Singin Ambassador” of Washington State, the Northwest Boychoir maintains a long list of performance credits including singing for the nation’s Presidents, First Ladies, Senators, Mayors and international opera stars, including the late Luciano Pavarotti.

2007 brought to a close a highly successful performance season that saw the Northwest Boychoir on stage with the Seattle Symphony Orchestra in June in performances of Mahler’s Symphony No. 3 and again in July for Off’s Carmina Burana. The Boychoir stepped off the stage of Benaroya Hall in July and headed off to California for a two-week concert tour with performances in San Francisco, Fresno and Los Angeles expanding its audience base and sharing its unique music throughout the West Coast. Other 2007 season highlights included our well known A Festival of Lessons & Carols concert season and appearances with the Seattle Philharmonic and the Seattle Chamber Players.

In January, the Northwest Boychoir appeared with the Seattle Symphony in PLAY!, A Video Game Symphony. Upcoming performances include a May concert tour of eastern Washington and the United States premier of Victor Ullmann’s Choral Arrangements of Yiddish Songs with Seattle’s Music of Remembrance.

A complete concert schedule and information about the Northwest Choirs are found at www.nwchoirs.org.

VI. Libera me

Chorus
Libera me, Domine, de morte aeterna,
in die illa tremendae:

Quando coeli movendi sunt et terra:

Tremens factus sum ego, et timo
dum discusio venerit, atque ventura ira.

Libera me, Domine, de morte aeterna.

Chorus
Libera me, Domine, de morte aeterna.

Soprano and Chorus

Dies illa, dies irae, calamitates
et miseriae, dies magna et amara valde.

Libera me, Domine.

Tenor

It seems that out of battle I escaped

Downs some profound dull tunnel, long since scooped

Through granites which titanic waves had groined.

Yet also there encumbered sleepers groaned,

Too fast in thought or death to be bestirred.

Then, as I probed them, one sprang up, and stared

With piteous recognition in fixed eyes,

Lifting distressful hands as if to bless.

And no guns thumped, or down the flues made moan.

"Strange Friend," I said, "here is no cause to mourn."

Baritone

"None," said the other, "save the undone years,

The hopelessness. Whatever hope is yours,

Was my life also; I went hunting wild

After the wildest beauty in the world,

For by my glee might many men have laughed,

And of my weeping something had been left,

Which must die now. I mean the truth untold,

The pity of war, the pity war differed.

Now men will go content with what we spoiled.

Or, discontent, boil boldly, and be spilled.

They will be swift with swiftness of the tigress,

None will break ranks, though nations trek from progress.

Miss we the march of this retreating world

Into vain citadels that are not walled.

Then, when much blood had clogged their chariot-wheels

I would go up and wash them from sweet wells,

Even from wells we sunk too deep for war,

Even from the sweetest wells that ever were.

I am the enemy you killed, my friend.

I knew you in this dark; for so you frowned

Yesterday through me as you jabbed and killed.

I perished; but my hands were loath and cold.

Let us sleep now..."

Chorus

Deliver me, O Lord, from eternal death

in that awful day

when the heavens and earth shall be shaken.

when Thou shall come to judge the world by fire.

Soprano and Chorus

I am seized with fear and trembling,

until the trial shall be at hand and the wrath to come.

Deliver me, O Lord, from eternal death.

When the heavens and earth shall be shaken.

That day, that day of wrath, of calamity and misery, a great day and exceeding bitter.

Deliver me, O Lord.
Ancient Scars: Benjamin Britten’s War Requiem, Opus 66

Andrew S. Köhler

“My subject is War, and the pity of War.
The Poetry is in the pity...
All a poet can do today is warn.

—Wilfred Owen, Preface to his poetry,
used by Britten as the epigraph for his War Requiem

In 1940, a German bombing campaign (appallingly nicknamed Operation Moonlight Sonata) hit England’s Coventry Cathedral, leaving the walls of the structure roofless and empty of their stained glass. Two years later, at the height of the War, Benjamin Britten and his life partner, Peter Pears, returned to England from a sojourn in America and applied for conscientious objector status. Britten’s pacifism was one of his most strongly held convictions and a recurrent theme in his works. In 1936 he provided the musical score for Paul Rotha’s brief anti-war film, The Peace of Britain. Britten told the New York Sun in 1940 that he was making his Sinfonia da Requiem, Opus 20, “just as anti-war as possible.” Though not without some difficulty, both Britten and Pears were able to obtain conscientious objector status, which their society viewed with opprobrium. The resulting sense of isolation is reflected in Britten’s Peter Grimes, Opus 33, an opera written during the War about a man at odds with his town.

V. Agnus Dei

Tenor
One ever hangs where shell-holes part;
In this war He too lost a limb,
But His disciples hide apart;
And now the Soldiers bear with Him.

Chorus
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,
dona eis requiem.

Tenor
Near Golgotha strolls many a priest,
And in their faces there is pride
That they were flesh-marked by the Beast
By whom the gentle Christ’s denied.

Chorus
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,
dona eis requiem.

Tenor
The scribes on all the people shone
And bawl allegiance to the state,

Chorus
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi...

Tenor
But they who love the greater love
Lay down their life; they do not hate.

Chorus
...Dona eis requiem.

Tenor
Dona nobis pacem.

Pleni sunt coeli et terra gloria tua,
Hosanna in excelsis.
Sanctus.
Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini.
Hosanna in excelsis.
Sanctus.

Baritone
After the blast of lightning from the East,
The flourish of loud clouds, the Chariot Throne;
After the drums of time have rolled and ceased,
And by the bronze west long retread is blown,
Shall life renew these bodies? Of a truth
All death will He annul, all tears assuage?
Fill the void veins of Life again with youth,
And wash, with an immortal water. Age?
When I do ask white Age he saith not so:
“My head hangs weighted with snow.”
And when I hearken to the Earth, she saith:
“My fiery heart shrinks, aching. It is death.
Mine ancient scars shall not be glorified,
Nor my titanic tears, the sea, he dried.”

Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory.
Hosanna in the highest.
Holy.
Blessed is he who cometh in the name of the Lord.
Hosanna in the highest.
Holy.

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III. Offertorium

Boys
Domine Jesu Christe, Rex glorieae, 
libera animas omnium fidelium 
defunctorum de poenis inferni, 
et de profundo lacu: 
libera eas de ore leonis, ne absorbent eas 
tartarus, ne cadant in obscurum.

Chorus
Sed signdari sanctus Michael 
repreaesentet eas in lucern sanctam: 
Quam olim Abrahami promissi, 
et semini ejus.

Tenor and Baritone
So Abram rose, and clave the wood, and went, 
And took the fire with him, and a knife. 
And as they sojourned both of them together, 
Isaac the first-born spake and said, My Father, 
Behold the preparations, fire and iron, 
But where the lamb for this burnt-offering? 
Then Abram bound the youth with belts and straps, 
And built up parapets and trenched there, 
And streched forth the knife to slay his son. 
When lo! and angel called him out of heaven, 
Saying, Lay not thy hand upon the lad, 
Neither do any thing to him. Behold, 
A ram, caught in a thicket by its horns; 
Offer the Ram of Pride instead of him. 
But the old man would not so, 
but slew his son; 
And half the seed of Europe, one by one.

Boys
Hostias et preced tibi Domine 
laudis offerimus; tus suscipo pro 
animabus illis, quarum hodie 
memoriam facimus: fac eas, Domine, 
de morte transire ad vitam. 
Quam olim Abrahami promissi 
et semini ejus.

Chorus
...Quam olim Abrahami promissi 
et semini ejus.

IV. Sanctus

Soprano and Chorus

Boys
Lord Jesus Christ, King of glory, 
deliver the souls of the faithful 
departed from the pains of hell, 
et the bottomless pit; 
deliver them from the jaw of the lion, lest hell 
engulf them, lest they be plunged into darkness.

Chorus
But let the holy standard-bearer Michael 
lead them into the holy light 
as Thou didst promise Abraham 
et his seed.

Boys
Lord, in praise we offer to Thee 
sacrifices and prayers, do Thou receive them 
for the souls of those whom we remember 
this day: Lord, make them pass 
from death to life. 
As Thou didst promise Abraham 
et his seed.

Chorus
...As Thou didst promise Abraham 
et his seed.

Soprano and Chorus

Soprano and Chorus
Holy, holy, holy 
Lord God of hosts.
Flammis acribus additis,
Voca me cum benedictis.
Oro supplex et acelitis
Cor corintium quasi cenis
Gere curam mei finis.

Baritone
Be slowly lifted up, thou long black arm,
Great gun towering toward Heaven, about to curse;
Reach at that arrogance which needs thy harm,
And beat it down before its sins grow worse;
But when thy spell be cast complete and whole,
May God curse thee, and cut thee from our soul!

Chorus
Dies irae, dies illa,
Solvit saeculum ex favilla;
Teste David cum Sibylla,
Quartus tremor est futurus,
Quando Judex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus?

Soprano and Chorus
Lacrimosa dies illa,
Qua resurgens ex favilla,
Judicandus homo reus:
Huic ergo parce Deus.

Tenor
Move him into the sun -
Gently its touch awoke him once,
At home, whispering of fields unknown.
Always it woke him, even in France,
Until this morning and this snow.
If anything might rouse him now
The kind old sun will know.

Soprano and Chorus
Lacrimosa dies illa...

Tenor
Think now it wakes the seeds -
Woke, once, the clay of a cold star.
Are limbs, so dear-achieved, are sides,
Full-nerved - still warm - too hard to sit?
Was it for this the clay grew tall?

Soprano and Chorus
...Qua resurgat ex favilla...

Tenor
Was it for this the clay grew tall?

Soprano and Chorus
...Judicandus homo reus.

Tenor
O what made fatuous sunbeams toil
To break earth's sleep at all?

Chorus
Pie Jesu Domine, dona eis requiem.
Amen.

And consigned to the searing flames,
Call me to be with the blessed.
Bowed down in supplication I beg Thee,
May my heart as though ground to ashes:
Help me in my last hour.

Chorus
This day, this day of wrath
Shall consume the world in ashes,
As foretold by David and Sibyl.
What trembling there shall be
When the judge shall come
To weigh everything strictly.

Soprano and Chorus
Oh this day full of tears
When from the ashes arises
Guilty man, to be judged:
Oh Lord, have mercy upon him.

Soprano and Chorus
Oh this day full of tears...
off-kilter dissonance that seagulls to a fugue on the text *Quam olim Abrahamae promissi et semini eius* ("What you once promised to Abraham and seed"). The G minor of the second movement has now given way to a G major bordering on stridency, though tinged with unease and disturbed by offbeat accents.

The fugue subject is thrown to the chamber orchestra as the tenor and baritone soloists begin Owen’s “The Parable of the Old Man and the Young,” a retelling of the binding of Isaac. As biblical story with war imagery (Isaac is bound with “belts and straps” and “Abram” builds “trenches and parapets”), the orchestra quotes the waftings from “Anthem for Doomed Youth” and the battlefield themes of the *Dives iae* over dissonant percussion, but this is cut off by angelic intervention. The heavenly instruction to offer the Ram of Pride in place of Isaac is set to static C major (destabilized by the absence of the fifth of the chord) with quiet tam-tam. Owen, however, perverts the redemptive ending, depicting how arrogant ruling powers sacrifice young lives before history. But the old man would not so, but slew his son, / And half the seed of Europe, one by one.

Britten’s setting is James’s lively, a mordant mockery of the previous *Quam olim Abrahamae fugue*. The distant boys intone the second section of the offertory text: *Hostias et preces tibi, Domine, laudis offerimus...* ("Sacrifices and prayers we offer to you, Lord, with praise..."). Depicting a slaughter of innocents in which the victims are forced to celebrate their own slaying. In the recording of the *War Requiem*, Britten advised the boys: “Feel as if you’re going... to be sacrificed and you don’t like it. You’re going to have your throats cut.” Hannah Arendt’s description of the “banality of evil” is present in this listless music, which is sporadically interrupted by schizoid fragments of Owen’s final line. The choir restates the *Quam olim Abrahamae fugue*, but now that the “seed of Abraham” has been slain the theme is turned upside-down, the G major turned into its relative E minor, the dynamics suppressed, and the confident triangle and tenor drum replaced by quiet tambourine.

In 1956 Britten and Pears visited Bali, during which time Britten became enthralled by its gamelan tradition. The opening of the *Sanctus* emulates this sound as the piano and bells are combined with three instruments used nowhere else in the piece—instrument without fans, glockenspiel, and crotale (antique symbol). As this also invokes the Anglican church service, in which bells are rung at the *Sanctus*, Britten combines the austere tradition of the Mass with the exotic. Eastern imagery effectively sets this movement apart from the rest of the work, like an inner meditation. Cooke notes that in Britten’s music there is a “constant association... between gamelan sonorities and unattainable goals.” As a reminder that in lieu of the eyes of the storm is not to be in safety, Britten has the gamelan instruments play only two notes, the recurrent F-sharp and C, under the soprano soloist’s florid line.

After the chorus’s aleatory chanting, in which the staggered entrances build into a brilliant flurry of sound, the full orchestra plays a grand D major processional to the text *Hosanna in excelsis* ("Hosanna in the highest"), replete with trumpet fanfares and tam-tam (here with a distinctly Eastern construction). The processional feel continues through the reemergence of the soprano soloist in the Benedictus, its mood now dreamy and subdued. Britten yet again adds Eastern flavor through writing this entire section in parallel fifths, the antithesis of Western contrapuntal writing. This placid music gives way to a shortened restatement of the majestic *Hosanna*, which builds to its climax in a euphoric shout from the choir.

Britten quietly undermines this jubilation by following it with one of Owen’s most despairing poems, “The End.” Over a stark pedal-note the baritone soloist darkens D major into D minor. A quiet evocation of the Apocalypse gives way to agitation with the lines “Shall Life renew these bodies? Of a truth, / All death will be annul, all tears assuage?" The urgency of these questions is contrasted with the world-weary answers from “White Age” and the Earth: the horror of the world’s end (already evoked in the second movement) will not be followed by any renewal. The movement comes to a bleak and totally ambiguous conclusion following the answer from the Earth’s Fury heart shrinks, aching. It is death. / My ancient scars shall not be glorified, / Nor my titanic tears, the seas, be dried.”

The heart of the hauntingly brief *Agnus Dei* is Owen’s “At a Calvary Near the Ancre,” which uses the image of a roadside crucifix mutilated by warfare as a symbol of the desecration of Christ’s teachings. Britten’s pairing of this text with *Agnus Dei* ("O Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world") calls attention to Owen’s implication that the soldier is himself a sacrificial lamb. Owen scathingly criticizes church officials who choose patriotism over Christian principles: rather than adhering to Christ’s nonviolence, these “disciples hide apart.” The priests who “stroll” blithely past “Golgatha” are the chaplains who take pride in the minor wounds that they have sustained visiting soldiers in the trenches, which Owen links to bearing the mark of the Beast (Satan). Robert Graves noted that many soldiers despised the Anglican chaplains, whose Church did not allow them to endanger their lives.

The movement is built on an ostinato of cyclically repeated scalar figures alternating between descendent B minor (the home key) and ascending C major (the darkly haunting sound of the major chord a half step above). This ostinato emphasizes the omnipresent tritone, as the downbeats alternate between F-sharp and B. The tenor sings one of the most gentle and lyrical composition while the chorus, against a gentle line, sings the liturgical text to the ostinato scales. Once again Britten presents the contrast between the soldier’s experience and the emptiness and utilitarian. Owen’s concluding lines are the heart of his and Britten’s pacifism: “But they who love the greater love / Lay
I. Requiem aeternam

Chorus
Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine; et lux perpetua lucet eis.

Boys
Te decet hymnus, Deus in Sion; et in totum orbem genitrix.
Et exaudi orationem meam, ut te omnis caro venturi.

Chorus
Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine; et lux perpetua lucet eis.

Tenor
What passing bells for these who die as cattle?
Only the monstrous anger of the guns,
Only the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle.
Can patter out their hasty orisons.

No mockery for them from prayers or bells,
Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs,—
The shrill, demented choirs of waiting shells;
And bugles calling for them from sad shires.

What candles may be held to speed them at all?
Not in the hands of boys, but in their eyes.
Shall shine the holy glimmers of good-byes.

The pallor of girls' brows shall be their pall;
Their flowers the tenderness of silent minds,
And each slow dusk a drawing-down of blinds.

Chorus
Kyrie eleison
Christe eleison
Kyrie eleison

Chorus
Lord, have mercy upon them
Christ, have mercy upon them
Lord, have mercy upon them

II. Dies irae

Chorus
Dies irae, dies illa.
Soli vultus in faciis:—
Tene Dixit in Sibylla.
Quantus tremor futurus,
Vernade cinctus vestitus,
Tunica mirum aequor sonum
Per sepulchra regionum.
Coget omnes ante thronum.
Mors stupebit et natura,
Cum resurget creatura.
Judicantis responsa.

Chorus
This day, this day of wrath
Shall consume the world in ashes,
As foretold by David and Sibyl.

What trembling there shall be
When the judge shall come
To weigh everything strictly.

The trumpet, scattering its awful sound
Across the graves of all lands
Summons all before the throne.

Death and nature shall be stunned
When mankind arises
To render account before the judge.

Chorus
Lord, grant them eternal rest;
and let the perpetual light shine upon them.

Boys
Thou shalt have praise in Zion, of God;
and homage shall be paid to thee in Jerusalem;
hear my prayer,
all flesh shall come before Thee.

Chorus
Lord, grant them eternal rest;
and let the perpetual light shine upon them.

Britten forgorges the comforting text of the Communio, the closing section of the Missa pro defunctis, and with the Mass now over turns to the Absolution (Liberata me). This piteous plea for salvation at the Last Judgment is traditionally recited after the Mass and is frequently included in Requiem settings.

After an ominous duet between bass drum and tenor drum, the limping quintuplets of the first movement and string figures from “Anthem for Doomed Youth” return under abject chromatic whimpers of Liberata me, Domine (“Free me, Lord”). This morbid miseria seems to evoke the opening of Owen’s “ Dulce et Decorum Est”.

Bent double, like old beggars under sacks,
Knock-kneed, coughing like hags, we cursed through sludge,
...Men marched asleep. Many had lost their shoes,
But limped on, blood-shod. All went lame, all blind;
Drunken with fatigue...

The underlying march builds and accelerates throughout, eventually cramping two and then four measures of the orchestra into each measure of the chorus. Britten expands the percussion section to include the unsettling sounds of two snare drums, whip-cracks, temple block, and castanets. The initial plea of Liberata me, Domine recurs after each section, a prayer tenacious in the face of its own futility, in turn bitter, fearful, and desperate.

After the soprano soloist’s nervous entrance, the music is propelled into a disarmingly bright C major, like an involuntary laugh in the face of disaster. The brass heralds the Apocalypse with the battlefield calls of the second movement and, after an intense build up of these fanfares, the G minor of the Dies irae returns. The chorus’s descending wails are punctuated by the explosion of crash cymbals as the soprano soars above like the town crier. Underlying this calamity is the primary melody of the Dies irae, blared out by the entire brass section and piano. A hideous perversion of a dominant chord ushered in the culminating devastation, a tremendous G minor chord of obliteration. The overwhelming percussion forces include a death-blow of the tam-tam and the urgent alarm-bell of the triangle, which quickly dissipates like a failed cry for help as the march rises up to engulf the staggered and irregular cries of the chorus. The final line of Owen’s “A Tear Song”——“God hath no ears”——applies just as well to this horror and misery.

The G minor is held into the beginning of the final Owen setting, “Strange Meeting” (with Britten’s alterations). “It seemed that out of battle I escaped / Down some profound dull tunnel...” the tenor soloist sings over static and “cold” accompaniment, elucidating what we have just heard. The quintuplet battlefield march reappears in the double bass as a reminder of what is still going on above ground. The tenor is confronted by a fellow tormented soul, whom he greets as
strange friend" with the C.F. sharp tritone. The baritone soloist sings quietly and without bitterness about how the two of them shared the same hopes and dreams, and the battlefield fanfares are echoed as the baritone sings about "the pity war distilled."

Motifs from "The Next War" return, now grim rather than ironic, to Owen's description of the inexorable and futile activities of war.

This setting ends with the ultimate reconciliation when the baritone identifies himself to the tenor as "the enemy you killed, my friend." The World War I poet Ivor Gurney noted that among the English soldiers there was "absolutely no hate for the Germans, but a kind of brotherly though slightly contemptuous kindness—as if men who are going through a bad time as well as themselves..." Through this mutual suffering the two soloists are able to recognize a special bond as together they sing Owen's final line to a gentle pentatonic melody: "If you sleep now...", "The boys' choir enters from afar with the Latin text of the burial service, In paradisum, tenderly singing the soldiers into heaven (significantly, Britten omits the line from "Strange Meeting" that places the dead men in hell). All forces now join together: the tenor and baritone continue their duet with the chamber orchestra as the large orchestra and chorus enter with a great wash of benevolent sound, the soprano soloist eventually rising above them, and the boys continue to intone their benediction from above. But reconciliation is abort with the tritone of the bells, and the boys chant the opening lines of the Missa pro defunctis as a stark reminder of what has come before.

Attempts to restart the In paradisum are abandoned as the chorus concludes the piece with the same a capella material that ended the first two movements. The music longs to fulfill the resolution that has just now seemed so achievable, but the overwhelming sorrow and suffering that have come before are indelibly seared into the listener's conscience. One does not need to have lived through battle or air raids for Britten's lamentation of human violence to have the same effect it had on its first audience in Coventry Cathedral. Britten realized that it was up to each of us individually to cope with this horror, and that the slow process of healing can only come when we confront it. Where that final F major chord may lead us is yet to be seen.

Donna nobis pacem.

OUR SOLOISTS

ELEANOR STALLCOP-HORROR, a Seattle native, studied at Central Washington State College and the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia. As a 1989 Bel Canto competition winner, she pursued advanced studies in Sienna, Italy with Maestro Walter Baracchi of La Scala.

She has been featured as a soloist with the Philadelphia Singers, Colorado Opera Festival, Colorado Springs Chorale, and locally with Seattle Opera, Orchestra Seattle and Portland's Bel Canto Northwest.

She is a student of Ellen Faul and has been a Seattle Opera Regular Chorister since 1997. She was most recently heard this past October as Giorgietta in Puccini's Il Tabarro with Willamette Concert Opera. She has most recently been heard with OSSCS in Beethoven's 9th Symphony, ending last year's season.

WESLEY ROGERS divides his busy singing career between opera and oratorio. Recent concert engagements have included performances of Mendelssohn's Elijah, Handel's Messiah, Bach's Magnificat, Haydn's Creation, Honegger's King David, Kurt Weill's Seven Deadly Sins, and the world premiere of Hawley's Seattle. Wesley has appeared with the Seattle Choral Company, the Meridian Symphony, the Casablanca Chorale, the Bremerton Symphony, and Belle Arte Concerts.

In March 2003, Wesley performed the role of Damon in Handel's Acis and Galatea with Santa Fe Pro Musica. On the operatic stage he was most recently seen in the role of Martin in Sun Valley Center for the Arts' production of Copland's The Tender Land. Summer 2002 found Wesley returning to the Lake Chelan Bach Festival where he performed the role of Basile in Mozart's Bastien und Bastienne. He performed the role of Laurie in Mark Adamo's Little Women at the Cabrillo Festival of Contemporary Music in Santa Cruz, California. Shortly after moving to the Pacific Northwest, Wesley made his Seattle Opera debut in 2001 at Mainstage in Britten's Billy Budd. He returned the next season as the Fourth Jew in Strauss' Salome. Wesley has also performed roles with companies including Opera Memphis, Washington East Opera, Obsidian Opera, Seattle Community Outreach Productions, and the University of Washington Opera Theatre. He recently completed his Master of Music degree from the University of Washington.

MICHAEL DRUMHELLER is originally from Richland, Washington. A favorite baritone in the Northwest classical music scene, he has been a soloist with Boston Lyric Opera, Cleveland Orchestra, Philadelphia Philharmonic, Orchestra Seattle, Music of Remembrance, Seattle Opera Previews, Longwood Opera, and many other organizations, under the batons of renowned conductors such as Gerard Schwarz, Leonard Slatkin, and Robert Spano. Mr. Drumheller holds BS and MS degrees from MIT, as well as a Master of Music degree from Boston University, where he was a student of the singer and teacher Phyllis Curtin.

He is also an alumnus of the Tanglewood Music Center. His diverse musical background includes playing tympani in symphony orchestras and drumming and singing for his own original rock band. Mr. Drumheller has been a featured performer in many productions of the late, distinguished conductor Hans Wolf and regularly volunteers as a soloist with the Northwest Chorale, which raises money for Northwest Harvest.

SEATTLE CHAMBER SINGERS

SOPRANO
Etika Chang
Olissa Cugini
Kyla Daeker
Cinda Freese
Lisa Hoffman
Kiti Hood
Kaye Koffford
Jill Kraaikom
Peggy Kurtz
Johny Mangan
Melissa Thriloway
Lilo Woodruff May
Pat Vetterlein

ALTO
Sharon Agnew
Julia Aktouy-Thiel
Carolyn Avery
Jane Blackwell
Ann Erickson
Deanna Fylyle
Courtney Fuller
Ellen Kaisse
Loreleiite Knowles
Theodora Leh
Suz Means
Laurie Medd
Annie Thompson

BARITONE
SOPHIE McCALL
Jim McCullough
Jean Blackwell
Ann Erickson
Deanna Fylyle
Courtney Fuller
Ellen Kaisse
Loreleiite Knowles
Theodora Leh
Suz Means
Laurie Medd
Annie Thompson

BRASS/PERCUSSION/TIMPANI
Kathie Flood
Kristofor Melroth
Dan Ole
* principal * concertmaster + chamber orch. + E-flat & bass * contra-bassoon > English horn

TENOR
Andrew Kohler
Doug Koffard
Alvin Kranz
Jon Lange
Timothy Lunde
Tom Nesbitt
Vic Royer
Jerry Sams
David Zapolsky

BASS
Stephen Brady
Andrew Danichik
Douglas Duraso
Paddy McDonald
Dennis Moore
Gary Oules
Jeff Thrivst
Richard Wyckoff