

The Bounty of the Earth

Saturday, October 6, 2018 • 7:30 p.m.

First Free Methodist Church

Orchestra Seattle

Seattle Chamber Singers

William White, conductor and harpsichord



WILLIAM C. WHITE (*1983)

Acadia Fanfare

LILI BOULANGER (1893–1918)

Psalme XXIV (“La terre appartient à l’Eternel”)

AARON COPLAND (1900–1990)

Suite from *Appalachian Spring* (Ballet for Martha)

— intermission —

FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN (1732–1809)

“Der Herbst” from *Die Jahreszeiten*, Hob. XXI:3

Introduction and Recitative: *Was durch seine Blüte* (Hanne)

Recitative: *Den reichen Vorrat führt er nun* (Lukas)

Trio and Chorus: *So lohnet die Natur den Fleiß* (Simon, Hanne, Lukas)

Recitative: *Seht, wie zum Haselbusche dort* (Hanne, Simon, Lukas)

Duet: *Ihr Schönen aus der Stadt, kommt her* (Lukas, Hanne)

Recitative: *Nun zeigt das entblößte Feld* (Simon)

Aria: *Seht auf die breiten Wiesen hin* (Simon)

Recitative: *Hier treibt ein dichter Kreis die Hasen* (Lukas)

Chorus of Countryfolk and Hunters: *Hört das laute Getön*

Recitative: *Am Rebenstocke blinket jetzt* (Hanne)

Chorus: *Juchhe, juchhe! Der Wein ist da*

Catherine Haight, soprano

Brendan Tuohy, tenor

Ryan Bede, baritone

Please silence cell phones and other electronics, and refrain from the use of cameras and recording devices during the performance.

Special thanks to First Free Methodist Church and Ron Haight for all of their assistance in making OSSCS’s 49th season possible.

Refreshments will be available in the Fine Center during intermission.

Orchestra Seattle • Seattle Chamber Singers

William White, music director • George Shangrow, founder

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Maestro's Prelude

What can I say: I couldn't help myself. Tell me what composer wouldn't begin their first concert of their first season as music director of a great organization with their own music? *Acadia Fanfare* establishes the theme for this Earth-inspired concert, starting with the faintest of sounds, the gentle lapping of waves, and growing into a majestic play of light and water. There are many allusions to French music, making it a fitting lead-in to the work of Lili Boulanger.

Boulanger's setting of the 24th Psalm was the first piece of hers that I ever encountered. The taut, effervescent writing knocked my socks off, and since then my appreciation for her work has only deepened. One reason I think you should subscribe to our season is that we'll be unfolding the story of Lili's music like chapters in a book, and you'll all want to be around to hear what happens next.

Of course, Lili's sister Nadia would become the more famous of the two sisters, outliving Lili by six decades, and going on to teach some of the most prominent composers of the 20th century, including Aaron Copland (as well as my own composition teacher, Easley Blackwood). It's fascinating that Copland, who single-handedly invented the modern, Wide West American sound, grew up in Brooklyn and studied his craft in Paris. In *Appalachian Spring*, we have all the hallmarks of his work in a condensed format: the harmonies spaced out like a panoramic horizon, the buckaroo barn dances, and the inclusion of an authentic American folk tune, "Simple Gifts."

Speaking of barn dances, wait until you hear the final chorus of Haydn's "Autumn" from *The Seasons*, the one where the peasants are swilling and spilling untold quantities of wine after a day spent harvesting their fields. Let's just say, it gets pretty wild.

The Seasons was Haydn's last great work, and in it, more than in any other piece, he engages with Mozart's late operas. Haydn and Mozart had been close friends: although "Papa" Haydn was 24 years Mozart's senior, the two still used the affectionate *du* pronoun when addressing one another, and Haydn freely admitted dreaming about *The Marriage of Figaro*.

Haydn's oratorio combines the wit for which he is so rightfully celebrated with the sweetness and gusto of a Mozartean farce. To me, it's clear that Haydn decided that if he was going to set a second- (or third-) rate text, he might as well have fun doing it. I must admit that, as a vegan, I wish he had relished the parts about killing things slightly less, but it's impossible not to get caught up in his sadistic reenactments of the stag chase and the rabbit torture all the same.

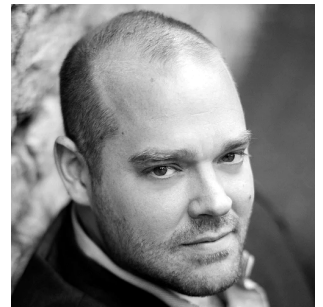


Solo Artists

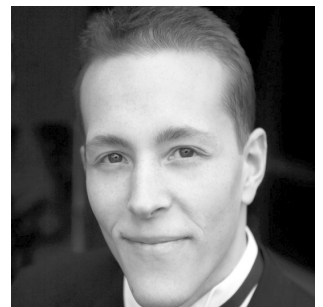
Soprano **Catherine Haight** appears frequently with the region's most prestigious musical organizations, regularly performing in Pacific Northwest Ballet's *Carmina Burana* and *The Nutcracker*. Reviewing PNB's world premiere of Christopher Stowell's *Zais*, *The Seattle Times* called her singing "flawless." She appears as soprano soloist on the OSSCS recording of *Messiah*, the Seattle Choral Company recording of *Carmina Burana*, and on many movie and video game soundtracks, including *Pirates of the Caribbean*, *Ghost Rider* and *World of Warcraft*. Recent concert performances include Dvořák's *Te Deum*, Handel's *Israel in Egypt*, and Bach's Mass in B Minor and *St. John Passion* with OSSCS, Barber's *Knoxville: Summer of 1915* with Seattle Collaborative Orchestra, and Richard Strauss' *Four Last Songs* at Seattle Pacific University, where she has served on the voice faculty since 1992.



Tenor **Brendan Tuohy** has been praised by *The Cincinnati Post* for his "big, bold tenor edged with silver." This summer he returned to the Grant Park Music Festival for Haydn's *Theresienmesse*, following a performance of Beethoven's Ninth in 2017. Recent engagements include Tony in *West Side Story*, Aeneas in *Dido and Aeneas* and Bénédict in *Béatrice et Bénédict*, all with Eugene Opera, Ferrando in *Così fan tutte* with City Opera Bellevue, the Chevalier in *Dialogues des Carmélites* with Vashon Opera, and Tamino in *Die Zauberflöte* with the Berlin Opera Academy. Mr. Tuohy completed his academic training at the University of Cincinnati College-Conservatory of Music with a master's degree in vocal performance. In 2008, he competed in the Metropolitan Opera National Council Semi-Finals in New York City.



Baritone **Ryan Bede** made his Seattle Opera solo debut in May 2017 as the Second Priest in *The Magic Flute*, followed by Prince Yamadori in *Madama Butterfly*, Jim Crowley in *An American Dream* and Fiorello in *The Barber of Seville* during the 2017–2018 season. In May 2019, he returns as Moralés in *Carmen*. Other recent performances include engagements with Opera Idaho, Coeur d'Alene Opera and Tacoma Opera, as well as Spectrum Dance Theater's acclaimed production of *Carmina Burana* and Bach's *Christmas Oratorio* with Early Music Vancouver and Pacific Musicworks. He has frequently appeared as a soloist with OSSCS in such masterpieces as Fauré's *Requiem*, Duruflé's *Requiem* and Vaughan Williams' *Fantasia on Christmas Carols*.



OSSCS 2018–2019 Season Focus: The Music of Lili Boulanger

by Mary Moran

This season, OSSCS examines the works of Lili Boulanger, a French composer whose music has received little attention in the 100 years since her death at age 24. One of Boulanger's works will appear on each of five concerts, paired with music of composers who influenced her, were influenced by her, or who wrote upon similar themes.

During the course of her short but prominent career, the composer Lili Boulanger (1893–1918) was an icon of the entrance of women into French professional society in the early part of the 20th century. The Boulanger family was something like musical aristocracy in 19th-century Paris. Lili Boulanger's grandfather taught at the famed Paris Conservatory, and her father Ernest was a well-known opera composer in his time, as well as a winner of the prestigious Prix de Rome for composition — a competition also won by numerous other luminaries of the French classical-music world, including Hector Berlioz, Georges Bizet and Claude Debussy.

Lili Boulanger and her older sister Nadia both studied composition at the Paris Conservatory, a rare and notable undertaking for women at the time. In their careers, both sisters struggled against the constraints of gender expectations of the era. Nadia competed unsuccessfully for the Prix de Rome several times, but favoritism and noted misogyny of the judges thwarted her efforts. Lili later won the competition in 1913, the first woman to do so in the category of music composition. During the month-long competition and in subsequent press coverage, she took pains to present herself in a specifically feminine and non-threatening, even childlike, manner. This image, cultivated from the archetype of the *femme fragile* popular in art and literature of the time, would follow Boulanger through her short career, and be reinforced by music critics after her death in 1918 from complications of Crohn's Disease.

The legacy of Lili Boulanger is intertwined deeply with her sister's. Nadia herself gave up composing in 1922, but through her long career of teaching composition she arguably shaped the future of classical music more than any single person during the 20th century. Nadia was directly responsible for the performance and publication of her younger sister's compositions. She edited and occasionally transcribed manuscripts, and oversaw recordings of Lili's music, sharing her sister's work with the hundreds of composition students she taught until her death in 1979 — and with the larger public through annual concerts she organized in remembrance of Lili.



Boulanger's official portrait as winner of the 1913 Prix de Rome

Lili Boulanger composed predominantly for voice or choir, either with piano accompaniment or full orchestra, and she preferred the combination of vocal and instrumental forces over writing for orchestra alone. In much the same way that Mozart's music is frequently described as "operatic," Boulanger's music has a decidedly vocal quality to it, even the instrumental pieces. Boulanger was devoutly Catholic, but notably interested in other religions and spiritualism in general. She frequently chose to set biblical or religiously oriented texts, as well as texts by French symbolist writers that reflect themes of sadness and loss, and the inexpressible mysteries of the universe and of the human soul. Her music is thus both intimate and immense, centered in the physical world but also transcendent of it.

Boulanger deftly employed avant-garde techniques to capture the ineffable qualities of religious rites through

music in a way that few of her contemporaries did. Grounded in Catholic choral traditions, Boulanger often set text in a style similar to Gregorian chant, and her music always upholds the clarity of the words. Her musical language is comparable to Claude Debussy's, through her preference for traditional church modes over major or minor scale tones, voices moving in parallel motion, unresolved chords, and frequently repeated melodic and rhythmic motives. Boulanger was

a masterful orchestrator, combining vocal and instrumental lines to create ethereal and otherworldly tone colors. Her music never sounds atonal. Instead, she elicited a deeply felt religious sentiment, timeless and tinged with mysticism, a spiritual contrast to — and enhancement of — the symbolist aesthetic of her era.

The appeal of Boulanger's music, 100 years after her death, is still manifest. Her compositions hint at different possibilities for the future of classical music, beyond the coldly rational rigors of serialism and atonality that reigned for much of the 20th century. Her musical evocations of spiritual anxiety and uncertainty speak to the disconnection and dissonance of our modern world as much as they resonated in the decade of the First World War. The scope of her compositions is remarkable, demonstrating substantial skill and insight beyond the 24 years she lived.

Mary Moran is author of The Choral Psalm Settings of Lili Boulanger: A Cultural and Historical Perspective of Psaumes 24, 129 and 130.

For more information about the life and music of Lili Boulanger, please visit: www.ossacs.org/lili

Program Notes

William C. White

Acadia Fanfare

William Coleman White was born August 16, 1983, in Bethesda, Maryland. He composed this work from February through April of 2016 on a commission from the Pierre Montoux School with support from the Maine Arts Commission to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the founding of Acadia National Park. The composer conducted the first performance in Hancock, Maine, on July 17, 2016. The score calls for pairs of woodwinds (plus piccolo), 4 horns, 3 trumpets, 3 trombones, tuba, timpani, percussion and strings.

This evening's concert opens with an introduction to OSSCS music director as both composer and conductor. In fact, he found his way to the podium as a result of his early efforts writing orchestral music. "After I had begun to compose in high school," he recalls, "I was shocked — shocked — to find out that experienced conductors weren't champing at the bit to perform the works of random 15-year-old kids." To date his *oeuvre* includes numerous liturgical choral works (from an *a cappella* setting of the Nunc Dimittis to a large-scale oratorio, *Thy King Cometh*), two film scores, much chamber music, and a three-movement symphony (composed for the Cincinnati Symphony Youth Orchestra).

"*Acadia Fanfare*," writes its composer, "was inspired by the natural beauty of and rugged landscape of Acadia National Park, and also by the musical tradition of the Pierre Montoux School, which sits in close proximity to the park itself. The work opens with a depiction of waves beating against the rocky shores of Mount Desert Island, musically, an homage to Debussy's *La Mer*. The squalls of seabirds sound in the distance as the day comes alive. The waves grow larger and larger as the musical texture builds to a breaking point, and finally the fanfare theme itself bursts forth in a blinding array of light and mist. The central section captures the magic and majesty of the park's interior, and gives the forest birds a turn to speak. The work concludes by once again evoking the rocky coastal shores of Acadia, as an accretion of birdsong and crashing waves usher in a recapitulation of the fanfare theme leading the work to its triumphant finale."

Lili Boulanger

Psaume XXIV

Marie-Juliette Olga ("Lili") Boulanger was born August 21, 1893, in Paris, and died at Mézy-sur-Seine on March 15, 1918. She composed this setting of Psalm 24 in Rome during 1916, scoring the choral accompaniment for 4 horns, 3 trumpets, 4 trombones, tuba, timpani, harp and organ.

As a result of her winning the Prix de Rome in 1913, Lili Boulanger was awarded an extended stay at the Villa Medici in Rome (along with a monthly stipend), but illness cut short her initial trip to Italy. Health issues and her efforts in support of students from the Paris Conservatoire fighting in World War I curtailed her composing efforts for a time, but during the first half of 1916 she was able to return

to Rome, where she composed settings of Psalm 24 (heard this evening) and Psalm 129 (to be performed by OSSCS in February). She completed a treatment of Psalm 130 (*Du fond de l'abîme*, which OSSCS listeners will hear in March) the following year.

Boulanger began sketching *Du fond de l'abîme* as early as 1913, and she may have been contemplating her other psalm settings simultaneously (including several that were never realized). She apparently never heard *Psalm 24* performed during her lifetime. Published in 1924, details of its first performance remain elusive.

Dedicated to Jules Griset, an industrialist director of Choral Guillot de Saint-Brice, *Psalm 24* opens with fanfares that call to mind the brilliant brass writing of Leoš Janáček's *Sinfonietta* (composed a decade later). The scoring for brass, organ and harp suggests, as Boulanger biographer Léonie Rosenstiel notes, "a consciously archaic and regal style," as does the Gregorian chant-style choral writing for male voices at the beginning of the work. The mood relaxes somewhat at the second verse, with a solo tenor singing the third.

"This is an assertive work," Rosenstiel continues. "Both the instruments and the voices are quite aggressive in declaring God's dominion over the earth. The women's voices appear to add both greater substance and a degree of word-painting to the composition, entering as they do for the first time on the words 'Gates, lift up your heads, eternal gates.'" The closing pages return to the work's opening material.

"Whereas the compositions written around the time of her Prix de Rome were impressionistic, characterized by polyharmonics, mixed sonorities, modal and whole-tone scales, and nature poetry" writes Michael Alber, "Boulanger developed a completely different and bold expressivity in *Psalm 24*."

Aaron Copland

Suite from Appalachian Spring

Copland was born in Brooklyn on November 14, 1900, and died in North Tarrytown, New York, on December 2, 1990. He composed the ballet *Appalachian Spring* during 1943 and 1944, scoring it for 13 instruments. After the premiere in Washington, D.C., on October 30, 1944, he condensed the half-hour work and expanded the orchestration to include pairs of woodwinds (with one flute doubling piccolo), horns, trumpets and trombones, timpani, percussion, harp, piano and strings. Arthur Rodzinski conducted the New York Philharmonic in the first performance of this suite on October 4, 1945, at Carnegie Hall.

Had she achieved nothing more during her long life than championing the music of her sister Lili, we would owe Nadia Boulanger a profound debt of gratitude. But she was also a composer in her own right and, perhaps more importantly, the single most influential composition teacher of the 20th century. Her students included Easley Blackwood (the composition teacher of William White), Elliott Carter, David Diamond, Philip Glass, Roy Harris, Walter Piston and Virgil Thomson, plus Burt Bacharach and Quincy Jones — and those are just some of the well-known *American* composers who benefited from her tutelage.

Undoubtedly the most famous Boulanger student was Aaron Copland, who studied with her for three years during the early 1920s. She “could always find the weak spot in a place you suspected was weak,” Copland recalled. “She could also tell you *why* it weak.” He described Boulanger as an “intellectual Amazon [who] is not only professor at the Conservatoire, is not only familiar with all music from Bach to Stravinsky, but is prepared for anything worse in the way of dissonance.”



Nadia Boulanger and Aaron Copland, Paris, 1923

Dissonance abounded in Copland’s music upon his return to the United States. After the January 1925 premiere of his *Symphony for Organ and Orchestra* (on a concert that also included the first American performance of Lili Boulanger’s *Pour les funérailles d’un soldat*), conductor Walter Damrosch famously told the audience, “If a young man can write a piece like that at the age of 24, in five years he will be ready to commit murder!”

“Composers differ greatly in their ideas about how American you ought to sound,” Copland said in 1985. “The main thing, of course, is to write music that you feel is great and that everybody wants to hear. But I had studied in France, where the composers were all distinctively French; it was their manner of composing. We had nothing like that here, and so it became important to me to try to establish a naturally American strain of so-called serious music.”

His first efforts in that direction involved incorporating jazz elements into works such as *Music for the Theater* and his piano concerto, but the four Mexican folk songs he wove into *El Salón México*, premiered in 1937, marked the beginning of his populist phase, which continued with the 1938 ballet *Billy the Kid* (making use of authentic cowboy songs) and his film score for *Our Town* (1944). Copland’s Americana style reached its apex with *Appalachian Spring*.

“The music of the ballet takes as its point of departure the personality of Martha Graham,” Copland wrote shortly

after the work’s premiere. “I have long been an admirer of Miss Graham’s work. She, in turn, must have felt a certain affinity for my music because in 1931 she chose my *Piano Variations* as background for a dance composition entitled *Dithyramb*. I remember my astonishment, after playing the *Variations* for the first time at a concert of the League of Composers, when Miss Graham told me she intended to use the composition for dance treatment. Surely only an artist with a close affinity for my work could have visualized dance material in so rhythmically complex and aesthetically abstruse a composition. I might add, as further testimony, that Miss Graham’s *Dithyramb* was considered by public and critics to be just as complex and abstruse as my music.

“Ever since then, at long intervals, Miss Graham and I planned to collaborate on a stage work. Nothing might have come of our intentions if it were not for the lucky chance that brought Mrs. Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge to a Graham performance for the first time early in 1942. With typical energy, Mrs. Coolidge translated her enthusiasm into action. She invited Martha Graham to create three new ballets for the 1943 annual fall festival of the Coolidge Foundation in Washington, and commissioned three composers — Paul Hindemith, Darius Milhaud and myself — to compose scores especially for the occasion.

“After considerable delay Miss Graham sent me an untitled script. I suggested certain changes to which she made no serious objections. The premiere performance took place in Washington a year later than originally planned — in October 1944. Needless to say, Mrs. Coolidge sat in her customary seat in the first row, an unusually interested spectator. (She was celebrating her 80th birthday that night.)

“The title *Appalachian Spring* was chosen by Miss Graham. She borrowed it from . . . one of Hart Crane’s poems, though the ballet bears no relation to the text of the poem itself.” In fact, Copland had little knowledge of the ballet’s plot until he arrived in the nation’s capital for the dress rehearsal. (It was not unusual for Graham to modify the action of her ballets as she refined the choreography and rehearsed with her fellow dancers.)

Graham described the story as “a pioneer celebration in spring around a newly built farmhouse in the Pennsylvania hills in the early part of the last century. The bride-to-be and the young farmer-husband enact the emotions, joyful and apprehensive, their new domestic partnership invites. An older neighbor suggests now and then the rocky confidence of experience. A revivalist and his followers remind the new householders of the strange and terrible aspects of human fate. At the end the couple are left quiet and strong in their new house.”

The ballet was an immediate success — and so was Copland’s score, which won him the 1945 Pulitzer Prize for Music. Due to the limited space, Copland had scored the work for 13 instruments: flute, clarinet, bassoon, piano and strings. He subsequently set about creating a suite for a standard-sized orchestra, “a condensed version of the ballet, retaining all essential features but omitting those sections in which the interest is primarily choreographic.” For its pre-

miere by the New York Philharmonic in October 1945, Copland provided the following outline of the suite:

1. *Very slowly* Introduction of the characters, one by one, in a suffused light.
2. *Fast* Sudden burst of unison strings in A-major arpeggios starts the action. A sentiment both elated and religious gives the keynote to this scene.
3. *Moderate* Duo for the Bride and her Intended — scene of tenderness and passion.
4. *Quite fast* The Revivalist and his flock. Folksy feelings — suggestions of square dances and country fiddlers.
5. *Still faster* Solo dance of the Bride — Presentiment of motherhood. Extremes of joy and fear and wonder.
6. *Very slow (as at first)* Transition scenes reminiscent of the introduction.
7. *Calm and flowing* Scenes of daily activity for the Bride and her Farmer-husband. There are five variations on a Shaker theme. The theme — sung by a solo clarinet — was taken from a collection of Shaker melodies compiled by Edward D. Andrews, and published under the title *The Gift to Be Simple*. The melody I borrowed and used almost literally is called “Simple Gifts.” It has this text:

‘Tis the gift to be simple,
 ‘Tis the gift to be free,
 ‘Tis the gift to come down
 Where we ought to be.
 And when we find ourselves
 In the place just right
 ‘T will be in the valley
 Of love and delight.
 When true simplicity is gain’d,
 To bow and to bend we shan’t be asham’d.
 To turn, turn will be our delight,
 ‘Till by turning, turning we come round right.

8. *Moderate (Coda)* The Bride takes her place among her neighbors. At the end the couple are left “quiet and strong in their new house.” Muted strings intone a hushed, prayer-like passage. We hear a last echo of the principal theme sung by a flute and solo violin. The close is reminiscent of the opening music.

“In 1987,” conductor Leonard Slatkin remarked before a 2014 Detroit Symphony performance of *Appalachian Spring*, “several people went to visit Aaron Copland at his home in Peekskill, New York. . . . At this point, Copland was in the severe stages of Alzheimer’s disease. He would die a little over two years later, but he was unable to communicate verbally. Nonetheless, this group, as well as others, were constantly visiting, telling stories, talking about his music — about his influence and importance in this country. On that day, Copland suddenly rose out of his chair and he walked over to the piano, and he played these six notes:



“Those notes, those two chords, form the basis of *Appalachian Spring*. They’re heard at the beginning, throughout, and those chords are the last we hear in this piece. What was Copland trying to communicate? Perhaps it was simply to tell everyone he was still here. Or perhaps he was saying, “This is what I want you to remember of me.”

Franz Joseph Haydn

“Der Herbst” from *Die Jahreszeiten*, Hob. XXI:3

Haydn was born in Rohrau, Lower Austria, on March 31, 1732, and died in Vienna on May 31, 1809. He began work on his oratorio *The Seasons* in 1799, completing it in 1801 and conducting the first performance on April 24 of that year. In addition to chorus and soprano, tenor and baritone soloists, the “Autumn” section calls for pairs of woodwinds, 4 horns, 2 trumpets, 3 trombones, timpani, percussion, continuo and strings.

From 1762 until 1790, Franz Joseph Haydn served as kapellmeister to Prince Nicholas I of Esterházy, primarily at his Eszterháza palace 100 km southeast of Vienna. Upon the death of Nicholas, his successor reduced the size of the court orchestra (along with Haydn’s salary), but allowed the composer to travel abroad. At the behest of the impresario Johann Peter Salomon, Haydn made two lengthy visits (during 1791–1792 and 1794–1795) to England, where his music was exceedingly popular.

In London (where he composed some of the most famous of his hundred-plus symphonies), Haydn attended a Handel festival at Westminster Abbey. Haydn had first been introduced to Handel’s oratorios by Baron Gottfried van Swieten during the 1780s, but upon hearing *Messiah* in London he called Handel “the master of us all” and later proclaimed he felt “as if I had been put back to the beginning of my studies and had known nothing at that point.”

Before leaving England, Haydn received an anonymous libretto adapted from Genesis that had purportedly been intended for Handel. Back in Vienna, he entrusted van Swieten to adapt the libretto into a German text suitable for a grand oratorio in the style of Handel, resulting in one of Haydn’s greatest masterpieces, *The Creation*. Baron van Swieten subsequently pressured Haydn to tackle another oratorio, this one loosely based on *The Seasons*, an epic blank-verse poem by Englishman James Thomson. In four parts (one for each season), *Die Jahreszeiten* mixes choruses and ensemble numbers with recitatives and arias for bass, soprano and tenor in the roles of characters (invented by van Swieten) named Simon (a farmer), Hanne (his daughter) and Lukas (her suitor).

Haydn repeatedly expressed his displeasure with van Swieten’s libretto, along with some of the baron’s suggested tone-painting, particularly the “wretched idea” to depict

croaking frogs near the end of the “Summer” segment: “This whole passage, with its imitation of the frogs, was not my idea: I was forced to write this Frenchified trash.” When van Swieten insisted upon translating his text into French and English himself, the results were rather unfortunate and may explain the cooler reception given *The Seasons* in non-German-speaking countries. (This program features a newly prepared English translation.)

The first (private) performances of *The Seasons* took place in Vienna on April 24 and 27, and May 1, 1801, at palace of Prince Johann Joseph Nepomuk Schwarzenberg (where *The Creation* had premiered in 1798). “Silent devotion, astonishment and loud enthusiasm relieved one another with the listeners,” wrote future Haydn biographer Georg August Griesinger in the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*, “for the most powerful penetration of colossal ideas, the immeasurable quantity of happy ideas surprised and overpowered even the most daring of imaginations. . . . From the beginning to the end, the spirit is swept along by emotions that range from the commonplace to the most sublime.” The empress Maria Theresa sang the soprano parts in back-to-back performances of *The Seasons* and *The Creation* at the Hofburg palace on May 24 and 25. The first public performance of *The Seasons* followed on May 29 at the Redoutensaal theater.

Haydn was a year short of his 70th birthday when *The Seasons* premiered. He would live another eight years, but the oratorio would be his last major work: he blamed his toils on *The Seasons* for “a weakness that grew ever greater.” Nevertheless, Carl Friedrich Zelter wrote to Haydn, “Your *Seasons* is a work youthful in power and old in mastery.” And Michael Steinberg asserts that it “ensure[s] Haydn’s premiere place with Titian, Michelangelo and Turner, Mann and Goethe, Verdi and Stravinsky, as one of the rare artists to whom old age brings the gift of ever bolder invention.”

Vocal Texts and Translations

Psaume XXIV

La terre appartient à l’Eternel et tout ce qui s’y trouve, la terre habitable et ceux qui l’habitent. Car il l’a fondé sur les mers, et l’a établi sur les fleuves.

Qui est-ce qui montera à la montagne de l’Eternel, et qui est-ce qui demeurera au lieu de sa sainteté? Ce sera l’homme qui a les mains pures et le coeur net, dont l’âme n’est point portée à la fausseté et qui ne jure point pour tromper.

Il recevra la bénédiction de l’Eternel et la justice de Dieu son sauveur. Telle est la génération de ceux qui le cherchent, qui cherchent ta face en Jacob.

Portes, élevez vos têtes, portes éternelles, haussez-vous, et le Roi de gloire entrera. Qui est ce Roi de gloire? C’est l’Eternel fort et puissant dans les combats.

Portes, élevez vos têtes, élevez-vous aussi, portes éternelles. Et le Roi de gloire entrera. Qui est ce Roi de gloire? C’est l’Eternel des armées, c’est lui qui est le Roi de gloire. Eternel!

Each section of *The Seasons* opens with a brief instrumental overture. A graceful minuet evoking “the peasant’s joyful feeling about the rich harvest” introduces the “Autumn” segment and leads directly to a recitative for Hanne. She joins Lukas and Simon in extolling the virtues of industry. (Haydn, in one of his frequent jabs at van Swieten, professed that he had “been an industrious man all his life but it had never occurred to him to set industry to music.”) The full chorus joins the trio in a vigorous (and quite industrious) fugue.

Hanne and Lukas then engage in a lengthy love duet that exemplifies the influence of *Singspiel* (a popular form of German folk opera, the most famous example of which is Mozart’s *The Magic Flute*) on Haydn’s musical approach.

Simon’s ensuing aria features a bassoon obbligato that depicts his hunting dogs tracking the scent of some avian prey. The tempo accelerates, pulls back, and presses forward again (listen for the gunshot). Lukas’ accompanied recitative, describing a hare hunt in quite graphic terms, gives way to a thrilling hunting chorus that, as Steinberg notes, displays Haydn’s “wonderful art of continuously unfolding and surprising variation. Beginning in D but ending in E \flat , it also revels in the reckless abandoning of the Classical harmonic tradition. All those hunting calls, blared lustily by four horns in unison, are real ones!”

A recitative for Hanne leads to the final scene of “Autumn,” which critic Karl Schumann described as “a feast of Bacchus in the Burgenland, painted by a musical Breughel.” As the countryfolk celebrate the harvest and drink the plentiful wine, they engage in a “drunken fugue” that David Humphreys calls “a riotous fugal chorus in which the voices drop the subject halfway through the entries (as in a drunken stupor) while the accompanying instruments are left to complete it.”

— Jeff Eldridge

Psalm 24

The earth belongs to the Eternal One, as do all who dwell thereupon, the habitable earth and those who inhabit it. He hath founded it on the seas, and established it upon the rivers.

Who shall ascend the mountain of the Eternal One, and who shall stand in the place of his holiness? It shall be he who has pure hands and a clean heart, whose soul has never taken to falsehood and who has never sworn to deceive.

He shall receive the benediction of the Eternal One and the justice of God, his savior. This is the generation of those who seek Him, who seek Your face in Jacob.

Gates, lift up your heads, eternal gates, lift ye up, and the King of glory shall enter in. Who is this King of glory? It is the Eternal One, strong and powerful in combat.

Gates, lift up your heads, lift ye up also, eternal gates. And the King of glory shall enter in. Who is this King of glory? It is the Eternal One of the armies, it is he who is the King of glory. Eternal!

Der Herbst

Der Einleitung Gegenstand ist des Landmanns freudiges Gefühl über die reiche Ernte.

Hanne

Was durch seine Blüte
Der Lenz zuerst versprach,
Was durch seine Wärme
Der Sommer reifen hieß,
Zeigt der Herbst in Fülle
Dem frohen Landmann jetzt.

Lukas

Den reichen Vorrat führt er nun
Auf hochbeladnen Wagen ein.
Kaum faßt der weiten Scheune Raum,
Was ihm sein Feld hervorgebracht.

Simon

Sein heitres Auge blickt umher,
Es mißt den aufgetürmten Segen ab,
Und Freude strömt in seine Brust.

Simon

So lohnet die Natur den Fleiß,
Ihn ruft, ihn lacht sie an;
Ihn muntert sie durch Hoffnung auf,
Ihm steht sie willig bei;
Ihm wirkt sie mit voller Kraft.

Hanne, Lukas

Von dir, o Fleiß, kommt alles Heil.
Die Hütte, die uns schirmt,
Die Wolle, die uns deckt,
Die Speise, die uns nährt,
Ist deine Gab', ist dein Geschenk.

Hanne, Lukas, Simon

O Fleiß, o edler Fleiß!
Von dir kommt alles Heil.

Hanne

Du flößest Tugend ein,
Und rohe Sitten milderst du.

Lukas

Du wehrest Laster ab
Und reinigst der Menschen Herz.

Simon

Du stärkest Mut und Sinn
Zum Guten und zu jeder Pflicht.

Alle Drei und Chor

O Fleiß, o edler Fleiß!
Von dir kommt alles Heil.
Die Hütte, die uns schirmt,
Die Wolle, die uns deckt,
Die Speise, die uns nährt,
Ist deine Gab', ist dein Geschenk.

Hanne

Seht, wie zum Haselbusche dort
Die rasche Jugend eilt!
An jedem Aste schwinget sich
Der Kleinen lose Schar,
Und der bewegten Staud' entstürzt
Gleich Hagelschau'r die lockre Frucht.

"Autumn" from The Seasons

The introduction's subject is the peasant's joyful feeling about the rich harvest.

Jane

What through its leaves
The spring first promised,
What through its warmth
The summer called into ripeness,
Autumn shows in its fullness
To the happy peasant now.

Lucas

His rich stores he now drives
Piled high upon his wagons.
Scarcely has he room in his wide barn,
For what his field has brought forth.

Simon

His cheerful eye glances around,
Taking measure of the amassed blessings,
And joy streams through his breast.

Simon

Thus Nature rewards toil,
Calls to it, smiles upon it;
Cheers it on with hope,
Stands willingly by it,
Works upon it with all Her power.

Jane, Lucas

From you, o toil, comes all that is good.
The dwellings that protect us,
The wool that bedecks us,
The food that nourishes us,
Is your gift, is your favor.

Jane, Lucas, Simon

O toil, o noble toil!
From you comes all that is good.

Jane

You pour forth virtue,
And rough habits you soften.

Lucas

You hold back vice
And purify the heart of man.

Simon

You strengthen courage and sense
In every good and every duty.

All Three and Chorus

From you, o toil,
Comes all that is good.
The dwellings that protect us,
The wool that bedecks us,
The food that nourishes us,
Is your gift, is your favor.

Jane

See how to the hazel bush there
Those rascally youths rush forth!
Upon every branch swings
This merry little gang,
And the trembling shrub rains down
Like a hailstorm its loosened fruit.

Simon

Hier klimmt der junge Bau'r
Den hohen Stamm entlang
Die Leiter flink hinauf.
Vom Wipfel, der ihn deckt,
Sieht er sein Liebchen nah'n,
Und ihrem Tritt entgegen
Fliegt dann in traurem Scherze
Die runde Nuß herab.

Lukas

Im Garten stehn um jeden Baum
Die Mädchen groß und klein,
Dem Obste, das sie klauben,
An frischer Farbe gleich.

Lukas

Ihr Schönen aus der Stadt, kommt her!
Blickt an die Tochter der Natur,
Die weder Putz noch Schminke ziert.
Da seht mein Hannchen, seht!
Ihr blüht Gesundheit auf den Wangen,
Im Auge lacht Zufriedenheit,
Und aus dem Munde spricht das Herz,
Wenn sie mir Liebe schwört.

Hanne

Ihr Herrchen süß und fein, bleibt weg!
Hier schwinden eure Künste ganz,
Und glatte Worte wirken nicht;
Man gibt euch kein Gehör.
Nicht Gold, nicht Pracht kann uns verblenden.
Ein redlich Herz ist, was uns rührt,
Und meine Wünsche sind erfüllt,
Wenn treu mir Lukas ist.

Lukas

Blätter fallen ab,
Früchte welken hin,
Tag' und Jahr' vergehn,
Nur meine Liebe nicht.

Hanne

Schöner grünt das Blatt,
Süßer schmeckt die Frucht,
Heller glänzt der Tag,
Wenn deine Liebe spricht.

Hanne, Lukas

Welch ein Glück ist treue Liebe!
Uns're Herzen sind vereinet,
Trennen kann sie Tod allein.

Lukas

Liebste Hannchen!

Hanne

Bester Lukas!

Hanne, Lukas

Lieben und geliebet werden
Ist der Freuden höchster Gipfel,
Ist des Lebens Wonn' und Glück!

Simon

Nun zeigtet das entblößte Feld
Der ungebet'nen Gäste Zahl,
Die an den Halmen Nahrung fand,
Und irrend jetzt sie weiter sucht.

Simon

Here climbs the young farmhand
Up to the highest bough
Fleeting up the ladder.
From the treetop that hides him,
He sees his sweetheart near,
And toward her tread below
He lets fly a playful prank:
A round nut dropped down.

Lucas

In the garden stand round every tree
Maidens large and small,
Rosy like the fruits they pick
But even more freshly hued.

Lucas

You beauties from the town, come here!
Look upon the daughter of Nature, who
With neither plaster nor paint adorns herself.
There, see my little Hanne, see her!
Upon her cheeks health blooms,
Within her eyes, delight is laughing,
And from her mouth her heart is speaking,
When she swears her love to me.

Jane

You gents all sweet and fine, stay back!
Here dwindle all your skills,
And smooth words work not;
They'll get no hearing here.
No gold, no splendor can blind us.
An upright heart is what stirs us;
And my wishes are fulfilled,
When my Lukas is true to me.

Lucas

Leaves may gently fall,
Fruits may waste away,
Days and years go by,
Only my love remains.

Jane

Beauteous greener is the leaf,
Tasting sweeter is the fruit,
Brighter gleaming is the day,
When your love speaks forth.

Jane, Lucas

What contentment is true love,
Our hearts are united as one,
Parted by death alone.

Lucas

Most beloved Hannie!

Jane

Most exalted Lukas!

Jane, Lucas

To love and to be loved
Is the highest summit of joy,
Is life's delight and fortune.

Simon

Now the rakèd field reveals
The unbidden hoard of guests, who
Have found nourishment among the stalks
And wander now more widely searching.

Des kleinen Raubes klaget nicht
Der Landmann, der ihn kaum bemerkt;
Dem Übermaße wünscht er doch
Nicht ausgestellt zu sein.
Was ihn dagegen sichern mag,
Sieht er als Wohltat an,
Und willig frönt er dann zur Jagd,
Die seinen guten Herrn ergötzt.

Simon

Seht auf die breiten Wiesen hin!
Seht, wie der Hund im Grase streift!
Am Boden sucht er die Spur
Und geht ihr unablässig nach.
Jetzt aber reißt Begierd' ihn fort;
Er horcht auf Ruf und Stimme nicht mehr;
Er eilet zu haschen — da stockt sein Lauf,
Nun steht er unbewegt wie Stein.
Dem nahen Feinde zu entgeh'n,
Erhebt der scheue Vogel sich;
Doch rettet ihn nicht schneller Flug.
Es blitzt, es knallt, ihn erreicht das Blei,
Und wirft ihn tot aus der Luft herab.

Lukas

Hier treibt ein dichter Kreis
Die Hasen aus dem Lager auf
Von allen Seiten hingedrängt
Hilft ihnen keine Flucht.
Schon fallen sie und liegen bald
In Reihen freudig hingeählt.

Landvolk und Jäger

Hört! Hört das laute Getön,
Das dort im Walde klinget!
Welch ein lautes Getön
Durchklingt den ganzen Wald!
Es ist der gellende Hörner Schall,
Der gierigen Hunde Gebelle.
Schon flieht der aufgesprengte Hirsch,
Ihm rennen die Doggen und Reiter nach.
Er flieht, er flieht. O wie er sich streckt!
Ihm rennen die Doggen und Reiter nach.
O wie er springt! O wie er sich streckt!
Da bricht er aus den Gesträuchen hervor
Und läuft über Feld in das Dickicht hinein.
Jetzt hat er die Hunde getäuscht;
Zerstreuet schwärmen sie umher.
Die Hunde sind zerstreut,
Sie schwärmen hin und her.
Tajo! Tajo! Tajo!
Der Jäger Ruf, der Hörner Klang
Versammelt auf's neue sie.
Ho! Ho! Tajo! Tajo!
Mit doppeltem Eifer stürzt nun
Der Haufe vereint auf die Fährte los.
Tajo! Tajo! Tajo!
Von seinen Feinden eingeholt,
An Mut und Kräften ganz erschöpft,
Erliegt nun das schnelle Tier.
Sein nahes Ende kündigt an
Des tönenden Erzes Jubellied,
Der freudigen Jäger Siegeslaut.

Over these little thieves weeps not
The farmer, who barely notices them;
Of his surplus yield he hardly wishes
To make a great display.
But on the other hand, securing against pests
He sees as a little treat [for his hound]
Who willingly indulges then in the hunt
That will give his master such delight.

Simon

Look out upon the broad meadows!
See how the hound patrols the grass!
Upon the ground he searches for the trail
And goes after it incessantly.
But now his eagerness has taken hold,
He hears no more the calls and voices.
He rushes forth and hastens — then stops in his
Tracks, now standing as unmoved as stone.
His nearby foe he charges forth to meet,
The terrified bird rises up at once;
But this quick ascent won't rescue him.
A flash, a pop — he's caught the lead,
And out of the sky he drops, shot dead.

Lucas

Here a closing circle drives
The hares out from their lair,
From every side pressed forth.
Fleeing will not help them.
Already they've fallen and soon will be
Laid out in rows joyously to be counted.

Countryfolk and Hunters

Hear! Hear the loud blaring,
That there in the woods resounds!
What a loud blaring
Rings throughout the entire wood!
It is the shrill ringing of the horn,
The greedy barking of the hounds.
Already in flight, the deer bursts forth,
After him run the hounds and the riders behind.
He flees, he flees. O how he stretches!
After him run the hounds and the riders behind.
O how he leaps! O how he stretches!
There he breaks through the brush,
And runs across the field into the thicket.
Now he's deceived the hounds;
Confused, they swarm all around.
The hounds are confounded,
They scatter here and there.
Tally ho! Tally ho! Tally ho!
The hunter's call, the horn's clang
Assemble them anew.
Ho! Ho! Tally ho! Tally ho!
With doubled zeal they rush now
The pack united upon the trail.
Tally ho! Tally ho! Tally ho!
By his enemies laid low,
Of courage and vigor completely drained,
Now succumbs the dashing creature.
His imminent end is announced
By the sounding brass's jubilant song,
By the joyous hunter's victory cry.

Halali, Halali, Halali!
Den Tod des Hirsches kündigt an
Des tönenden Erzes Jubellied,
Der freudigen Jäger Siegeslaut.
Halali, Halali, Halali!

Hanne

Am Rebenstocke blinket jetzt
Die helle Traub' in vollem Saft
Und ruft dem Winzer freundlich zu,
Daß er zu lesen sie nicht weile.

Simon

Schon werden Kuf' und Faß
Zum Hügel hingebacht,
Und aus den Hütten strömet
Zum frohen Tagewerke
Das muntre Volk herbei.

Hanne

Seht, wie den Berg hinan
Von Menschen alles wimmelt!
Hört, wie der Freudenton
Von jeder Seit' erschallet!

Lukas

Die Arbeit fördert lachender Scherz
Vom Morgen bis zum Abend hin,
Und dann erhebt der brausende Most
Die Fröhlichkeit zum Lustgeschrei.

Chorus

Juchhe! Juchhe! Der Wein ist da, die Tonnen sind gefüllt.
Nun laßt uns fröhlich sein, und Juchhe, Juchhe, Juch!
Aus vollem Halse schrein.
Laßt uns trinken! Trinket, Brüder! Laßt uns fröhlich sein.
Laßt uns singen, Singet alle! Laßt uns fröhlich sein.
Juchhe, Juch! Es lebe der Wein!
Es lebe das Land, wo er uns reift!
Es lebe das Faß, das ihn verwahrt!
Es lebe der Krug, woraus er fließt!
Kommt, ihr Brüder, füllt die Kannen, leert die Becher!
Laßt uns fröhlich sein! Heida! Laßt uns fröhlich sein,
Und Juchhe, Juchhe, Juch! Aus vollem Halse schrein!
Nun tönen die Pfeifen und wirbelt die Trommel.
Hier kreischt die Fiedel, da schnarret die Leier,
Und dudelt der Bock.
Schon hüpfen die Kleinen, und springen die Knaben;
Dort fliegen die Mädchen, im Arme der Burschen
Den ländlichen Reih'n.
Heisa, hopsa, laßt uns hüpfen! Ihr Brüder, kommt!
Heisa, hopsa, laßt uns springen! Die Kannen füllt!
Heisa, hopsa, laßt uns tanzen! Die Becher leert!
Heida, laßt uns fröhlich sein!
Heida und Juchhe! Aus vollem Halse schrein!
Jauchzet, lärmet, springet, tanzet, lachtet, singet!
Nun fassen wir den letzten Krug!
Und singen dann im vollen Chor
Dem freudenreichen Rebensaft!
Heisa, hei Juchhe Juch! Es lebe der Wein, der edle Wein,
Der Grillen und Harm verscheucht!
Sein Lob ertöne laut und hoch
In tausendfachem Jubelschall!
Heida, lasst uns fröhlich sein!
Und Juchhe, Juchhe, Juch, aus vollem Halse schrein!

— Gottfried van Swieten

Huzzah! Huzzah! Huzzah!
The death of the stag is announced
By the sounding brass's jubilant song,
By the joyous hunter's victory cry.
Huzzah! Huzzah! Huzzah!

Jane

Upon the vines sparkle now
The bright grape clusters full of juice
And bid the winegrowers friendly come
That they should harvest now and wait no more.

Simon

Already the tubs and barrels
To the hill below have been brought,
And from their dwellings stream in,
To the happy day's work,
The lively village folk.

Jane

See how the mountain above
With crowds of people is teeming!
Hear how friendly sounds
From every side are echoing!

Lucas

The work is supported by humorous pranks,
From early morn till the evening,
And then the showering grape juice lifts
This merriment into a jolly cheer.

Chorus

Yo-ho! Yo-ho! The wine is here, the barrels are full.
Now let us be merry, and Yo-ho, Yo-ho, Yo!
With full throat shout it out.
Let us drink! Drink, brothers! Let's be merry.
Let us sing, Sing everyone! Let's be merry.
Yo-ho, Yo-ho, Yo! Long live the wine!
Long live the land, whereupon it ripens for us!
Long live the cask that preserves it!
Long live the jug whereout it flows!
Come, you brothers, fill the tankards, empty the mugs!
Let us be merry! Hooray! Let us be merry,
And Yo-ho, Yo-ho, Yo! With full throat shout it out!
Now the pipes are sounding and the drums are whirring.
Here the fiddle screeches, there the hurdy-gurdy rattles,
And the bagpipe drones.
Already the girls are hopping, and the boys are jumping;
There the maidens are flying, in the arms of their fellas
From the country ranks.
Heisa, hopsa, let us hop! You brothers, come!
Heisa, hopsa, let us jump! The tankards be full!
Heisa, hopsa, let us dance! The mugs be empty!
Hey ho, let us be merry!
Hey yo and yo-ho! With full throat shout it out!
Cheer, shout, jump, dance, laugh, sing!
Now we seize the last pitcher!
And sing then in full choir
Of the joy-rich juice of the vine!
Heisa, hei, Yo-ho, Yo! Long live the wine, the noble wine,
The pests and grief be set aside!
Its praise intone loud and high
In a thousandfold Jubilant shout!
Heida, let us be merry!
And Yo-ho, Yo-ho, Ho! With full throat shout it out!

— translation ©2018 William C. White

Soprano

Barb Anderson
 Lindsey Arrington
 Ann Bridges
 Sue Cobb
 Cinda Freece
 Rachel Johnson
 Peggy Kurtz §
 Veena Ramakrishnan
 Nancy Shasteen
 Gloria Tzuang
 Cassie Van Pay

Alto

Sharon Agnew
 Cheryl Blackburn
 Ivan Gonzalez
 Pamela Ivezić
 Ellen Kaisse
 Jan Kinney
 Lorelette Knowles
 Theodora Letz
 Lila Woodruff May
 Laurie Medill §
 Audrey Morin
 Valeria Riedemann

Tenor

Juan Pablo Bustos
 Ralph Cobb
 Tyler Freeman
 Tim Keller
 Aaron Keyt
 Jon Lange §
 Tom Nesbitt
 Jerry Sams
 Scott Shawcroft

Bass

Timothy Braun
 Andrew Danilchik
 Stephen Keeler
 Kevin Lam
 Pavle Mgeladze
 Byron Olivier
 Steven Tachell
 Skip Viau
 William Willaford
 Richard Wyckoff §

Violin

Susan Beals
 Azzurra Cox
 Dean Drescher
 Alexander Hawker
 Susan Herring
 Jason Hershey
 Manchung Ho
 Maria Hunt
 Fritz Klein**
 Pam Kummert
 Gregor Nitsche
 Stephen Provine*
 Theo Schaad
 Janet Showalter
 Kenna Smith-Shangrow

Viola

Deborah Daoust
 Grant Hanner
 Katherine McWilliams
 Lauren Lamont
 Stephanie Read
 Sam Williams*

Cello

Michelle Dodson
 Peter Ellis
 Christy Johnson
 Patricia Lyon
 Katie Sauter Messick
 Annie Roberts
 Valerie Ross
 Matthew Wyant*

Bass

Jo Hansen*
 Kevin McCarthy
 Steven Messick
 Chris Simison

Flute

Virginia Knight
 Shari Muller-Ho*

Piccolo

Melissa Underhill

Oboe

Rebecca Salmon*
 Margaret Siple

Clarinet

Steven Noffsinger*
 Chris Peterson

Bassoon

Aaron Chang
 Jeff Eldridge*

French Horn

Barney Blough
 Laurie Heidt*
 Jim Hendrickson
 Matthew Kruse

Trumpet

Rabi Lahiri*
 Sarah Weinberger
 Janet Young

Trombone

Cuauhtemoc Escobedo*
 Chad Kirby
 Jim Hattori
 Nicholas Mesler

Tuba

David Brewer

Keyboard

Sheila Bristow

Timpani

Dan Oie

Percussion

Ginny Bear
 Kathie Flood

Harp

Bethany Man

** *concertmaster*

* *principal*

§ *section leader*

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Rabi Lahiri

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