



**THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY CHORAL SOCIETY  
AND ORCHESTRA**

Gretchen W. Welch, Conductor  
John W. Fast, Accompanist

R. Vaughan Williams:  
**Serenade To Music**

Gabriel Fauré:  
**Requiem**

Randall Thompson:  
**Frostiana**

Friday, April 22, 1994 at 8:00 p.m.  
Lehman Auditorium at EMC

# SERENADE TO MUSIC

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

*Kathryn Gardner, soprano    Beth Harter, alto*  
*Les Helmuth, tenor    Lawrence Evans, baritone*  
*Paul McEnderfer, violin*

The words come from Act V of Shakespeare's *The Merchant of Venice*, when Lorenzo and Jessica are at Belmont awaiting the return of Portia from Venice. The lovers sit listening to music, gazing at the stars and revelling in the magic of the night.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!  
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music  
Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night  
Become the touches of sweet harmony.  
...Look how the floor of heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:  
There's not the smallest orb that thou behold'st,  
But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins;  
Such harmony is in immortal souls;  
But, whilst the muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.  
Come ho! and wake Diana with a hymn;  
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,  
And draw her home with music.  
I am never merry when I hear sweet music,  
The reason is, your spirits are attentive:  
...The man that hath no music in himself  
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;  
The motions of his spirit are as dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus;  
Let no such man be trusted.  
Music! Hark! ...It is the music of the house.  
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.  
Silence bestows that virtue on it...  
How many things by season season'd are  
To their right praise and true perfection!  
Peace ho! The moon sleeps with Endymion,  
And would not be awak'd.  
...Soft stillness and the night  
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

*Kathryn Gardner, soprano   Lawrence Evans, baritone  
Joan Griffin, violin*

**Introit and Kyrie**

Requiem aeternam dona eis Domine:  
et lux perpetua luceat eis.  
Te decet hymnus Deus in Zion,  
et tibi redetur votum in Jerusalem:  
exaudi orationem meam,  
ad te omnis caro veniet.  
Kyrie eleison,  
Christe eleison,  
Kyrie eleison.

Rest eternal grant them, O Lord,  
and let light perpetual shine upon them.  
Thou, O God, art worshipped in Zion,  
and to thee a vow shall be fulfilled in  
Jerusalem. Hear my prayer,  
for unto thee all flesh shall come.  
Lord have mercy,  
Christ have mercy,  
Lord have mercy.

**Offertory**

O Domine Jesu Christe, Rex gloriae,  
libera animas defunctorum  
de poenis inferni,  
et de profundo lacu:  
O Domine Jesu Christe, Rex gloriae,  
libera animas defunctorum  
de ore leonis,  
ne absorbeat tartarus:  
O Domine Jesu Christe, Rex gloriae,  
ne cadant in obscurum.  
Hostias et preces tibi  
Domine laudis offerimus:  
tu sucipe pro animabus illis,  
quarum hodie memoriam facimus.  
Fac eas, Domine, de morte transire  
ad vitam,  
Quam olim Abrahae promisisti,  
et semini ejus.

O Lord Jesus Christ, King of glory,  
liberate the souls of thy faithful  
departed from the pains of hell,  
and from the fathomless waters:  
O Lord Jesus Christ, King of glory,  
liberate the souls of thy faithful  
departed from the lion's mouth,  
lest they drown in the depths of hell:  
O Lord Jesus Christ, King of glory,  
save them from utter darkness.  
We offer sacrifices and prayers  
to thee, O Lord:  
receive them for all the souls  
we remember today.  
Grant them, Lord, deliverance from  
death to life,  
which thou promised to Abraham  
and to his seed.

**Sanctus**

Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus,  
Dominus Deus Sabaoth.  
Pleni sunt coeli et terra gloria tua.  
Hosanna in excelsis.

Holy, holy, holy,  
Lord God of Hosts.  
Heaven and earth are full of thy glory.  
Hosanna in the highest.

### **Pie Jesu**

Pie Jesu Domine, dona eis requiem,  
sempiternam requiem.

Merciful Lord Jesus, grant them rest,  
everlasting rest.

### **Agnus Dei**

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

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

Lux aeterna luceat eis, Domine:

Cum sanctis tuis in aeternam,  
quia pius es.

Requiem aeternam dona eis Domine:  
et lux perpetua luceat eis. Amen.

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of  
the world, grant them rest.

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of  
the world, grant them everlasting rest.

Let eternal light shine on them, Lord,  
with your saints forever,

for you are merciful.

Grant them eternal rest, Lord,  
and eternal light shine upon them. Amen.

### **Libera Me**

Libera me, Domine, de morte aeterna,  
in die illa tremenda:

Quando coeli movendi sunt et terra:  
dum veneris judicare saeculum per ignem.

Tremens factus sum ego, et timeo  
dum discussio venerit, atque ventura ira.

Dies illa, dies irae,  
calamitatis et miseriae,  
dies magna et amar valde.

Requiem aeternam don eis, Domine:  
et lux perpetua luceat eis.

Deliver me, Lord, from eternal death  
on that day of terror:

when the heavens and the earth quake,  
when you come to judge the world by fire.

I tremble, and I fear  
until thy judgement and wrath appear.

Day of trial, day of judgement,  
of calamity and misery,  
great and exceedingly bitter day.

Grant them eternal rest, Lord,  
and eternal light shine upon them.

### **In Paradisum**

In paradisum deducant Angeli:  
in tuo adventu suscipiant te Martyres,  
et perducant te in civitatem  
sanctam Jerusalem.

Chorus Angelorum te suscipiat,  
et cum Lazaro quondam paupere  
aeternam habeas requiem.

May the angels lead you to paradise:  
may saints receive you at journey's end,  
and lead you into the holy city  
of Jerusalem.

May choirs of angels sing you to your  
rest, and with Lazarus raised to eternal  
life, may you rest in peace.

**INTERMISSION**

## Seven Country Poems by Robert Frost

**The Road Not Taken**

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,  
 And sorry I could not travel both  
 And be one traveler, long I stood  
 And looked down one as far as I could  
 To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,  
 And having perhaps the better claim,  
 Because it was grassy and wanted wear;  
 Though as for that the passing there  
 Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay  
 In leaves no step had trodden black.  
 Oh, I kept the first for another day!  
 Yet knowing how way leads on to way,  
 I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh  
 Somewhere ages and ages hence:  
 Two roads diverged in a wood, and I--  
 I took the one less traveled by,  
 And that has made all the difference.

**The Pasture**

*Leslie Nicholas and Lynda Baber, clarinet*

I'm going out to clean the pasture spring;  
 I'll only stop to rake the leaves away  
 (And wait to watch the water clear, I may):  
 I sha'n't be gone long.--You come too.

I'm going out to fetch the little calf  
 That's standing by the mother.  
 It's so young it totters when she licks it  
 with her tongue.  
 I sha'n't be gone long.--You come too.

**Come In**

*Carol Noe, flute*

As I came to the edge of the woods,  
 Thrush music--hark!  
 Now if it was dusk outside,  
 Inside it was dark.

Too dark in the woods for a bird  
 By sleight of wing  
 To better its perch for the night,  
 Though it still could sing.

The last of the light of the sun  
 That had died in the west  
 Still lived for one song more  
 In a thrush's breast.

Far in the pillared dark  
 Thrush music went--  
 Almost like a call to come in  
 To the dark and lament.

But no, I was out for stars:  
 I would not come in.  
 I meant not even if asked,  
 And I hadn't been.

## The Telephone

'When I was just as far as I could walk  
From here today,  
There was an hour  
All still  
When leaning with my head against a flower  
I heard you talk.  
Don't say I didn't, for I heard you say--  
You spoke from that flower on your windowsill--  
Do you remember what it was you said?'

'First tell me what it was you thought you heard.'

'Having found the flower and driven a bee away,  
I leaned my head,  
And holding by the stalk,  
I listened and I thought I caught the word--  
What was it? Did you call me by my name?  
Or did you say--  
*Someone* said "Come"--I heard it as I bowed.'

'I may have thought as much, but not aloud.'

'Well, so I came.'

## A Girl's Garden

A neighbor of mine in the village  
Likes to tell how one spring  
When she was a girl on the farm, she did  
A childlike thing.

One day she asked her father  
To give her a garden plot  
To plant and tend and reap herself,  
And he said, 'Why not?'

In casting about for a corner  
He thought of an idle bit  
Of walled-off ground where a shop had stood,  
And he said, 'Just it.'

And he said, 'That ought to make you  
An ideal one-girl farm,  
And give you a chance to put some strength  
On your slim-jim arm.'

It was not enough of a garden,  
Her father said, to plow;  
So she had to work it all by hand,  
But she don't mind now.

She wheeled the dung in the wheelbarrow  
Along a stretch of road;  
But she always ran away and left  
Her not-nice load.

And hid from anyone passing,  
And then she begged the seed.  
She says she thinks she planted one  
Of all things but weed.

A hill each of potatoes,  
Radishes, lettuce, peas,  
Tomatoes, beets, beans, pumpkins, corn  
And even fruit trees.

And yes, she has long mistrusted  
That a cider apple tree  
In bearing there today is hers,  
Or at least may be.

Her crop was a miscellany  
When all was said and done,  
A little bit of everything,  
A great deal of none.

Now when she sees in the village  
How village things go,  
Just when it seems to come in right,  
She says, 'I know!

'It's as when I was a farmer--'  
Oh, never by way of advice!  
And she never sins by telling the tale  
To the same person twice.

## Stopping By Woods On A Snowy Evening

Whose woods these are I think I know.  
His house is in the village though;  
He will not see me stopping here  
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

He gives his harness bells a shake  
To ask if there is some mistake.  
The only other sound's the sweep  
Of easy wind and downy flake.

My little horse must think it queer  
To stop without a farmhouse near  
Between the woods and frozen lake  
The darkest evening of the year.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,  
But I have promises to keep,  
And miles to go before I sleep,  
And miles to go before I sleep.

## Choose Something Like A Star

O Star (the fairest one in sight),  
We grant your loftiness the right  
To some obscurity of cloud--  
It will not do to say of night,  
Since dark is what brings out your light.  
Some mystery becomes the proud.  
But to be wholly taciturn  
In your reserve is not allowed.  
Say something we can learn  
By heart and when alone repeat.  
Say something! And it says, 'I burn.'  
But say with what degree of heat.  
Talk Fahrenheit, talk Centigrade.  
Use language we can comprehend.  
Tell us what elements you blend.  
It gives us strangely little aid,  
But does tell something in the end.  
And steadfast as Keats' Eremite,  
Not even stooping from its sphere,  
It asks a little of us here.  
It asks of us a certain height,  
So when at times the mob is swayed  
To carry praise or blame too far,  
We may choose something like a star  
To stay our minds on, and be staid.