

summer fling  
VOCAL ENSEMBLE

presents

*Revolutionary Musick*

Choral Anthems of the American Revolution

Saturday, August 27, 2016 ~ 7:30pm  
St. Margaret's Episcopal Church, Bellevue

PROGRAM

Modern Musick..... William Billings  
Africa (“Now Shall My Inward Joys Arise”) ..... William Billings  
Euroclydon..... William Billings  
I Am the Rose of Sharon..... William Billings



Chester (“Let Tyrants Shake Their Iron Rods”) ..... William Billings  
Lamentation Over Boston ..... William Billings  
Warren ..... Abraham Wood  
Mount Vernon Hymn ..... Stephen Jenks



Summer..... Daniel Belknap  
The Power of Musick..... Supply Belcher  
Evening Hymn (“Our Moments Fly Apace”)..... Elisha West  
As the Hart Panteth ..... William Billings

# MODERN MUSICK

*The Psalm-Singer's Amusement*, 1781

Music: William Billings

Text: William Billings

*William Billings (1746–1800), today known as one of the great composers of the First New England School, was in his day a firm believer that music should not be governed by strict rules, but rather that Nature guided the way. He was clearly quite aware that many of his works did not conform to the European rules of composition, and he would often deliberately flaunt those rules in his music or allude to them as in this fun, self-referential piece.*

We are met for a concert of modern invention;  
To tickle the ear is our present intention.

The audience are seated expecting to be  
treated with a piece of best.  
And since we all agree to set the tune on E,  
The author's darling key he prefers to the rest,

Let the bass take the lead and firmly proceed,  
Till the parts are agreed to fuge away.  
Let the tenor succeed and follow the lead,  
Till the parts are agreed to fuge away.  
Let the counter inspire the rest of the choir,  
Inflam'd with desire to fuge away.  
Let the treble in the rear no longer forbear,  
But expressly declare for a fuge away.

Then change to brisker time  
And up the ladder climb, and down again;  
Then mount the second time and end the strain.

Then change the key to pensive tones  
And slow in treble time;  
The notes exceeding low keep down a while,  
Then rise by slow degrees;  
The process surely will not fail to please.

Thro' common and treble we jointly have run;  
We'll give you their essence compounded in one.  
Altho' we are strongly attach'd to the rest,  
Six-four is the movement that pleases us best.

And now we address you as friends to the cause;  
Performers are modest and write their own laws.  
Altho' we are sanguine and clap at the bars,  
'Tis the part of the hearers to clap their applause.

# AFRICA

*The Singing Master's Assistant*, 1778

Music: William Billings

Text: Isaac Watts

*Hymn tunes and hymn texts have traditionally been developed independently, which explains why the text attached to this hymn bears no obvious connection to its namesake continent. Rather, the words most commonly associated with this tune—quite possibly Billings' most well-known hymn—come from a poem by the Father of English Hymnody himself, Isaac Watts (1674–1748).*

Now shall my inward joys arise,  
And burst into a song;  
Almighty love inspires my heart,  
And pleasure tunes my tongue.

God on his thirsty Zion hill  
Some mercy drops has thrown,  
And solemn oaths have bound his love  
To shower salvation down.

Why do we then indulge our fears,  
Suspicious, and complaints?  
Is he a God, and shall his grace  
Grow weary of his saints?

Can a kind woman e'er forget  
The infant of her womb?  
And 'mongst a thousand tender thoughts  
Her suckling have no room?

"Yet," saith the Lord, "should nature change,  
And mothers monsters prove,  
Zion still dwells upon the heart  
Of everlasting love.

"Deep on the palms of both my hands  
I have engraved her name;  
My hands shall raise her ruined walls,  
And build her broken frame."

## EUROCLYDON

*The Psalm-Singer's Amusement, 1781*

Music: William Billings

Text: William Billings (from Psalm 107)

*Billings is well-regarded for his vivid text painting, which is strongly in evidence here in this maritime anthem. The title Euroclydon (pronounced yoo-ROK-li-don) refers to a tempestuous northeast wind which blows in the Mediterranean, mostly in autumn and winter. In this instance, it may specifically refer to the name of the Gregale wind from the Adriatic Gulf, described in the Acts of the Apostles, which wrecked Paul's ship on the coast of Malta on his way to Rome.*

They that go down to the sea in ships,  
And occupy their business in great waters:  
These men see God's wonders,  
His great and mighty wonders in the deep.

For he commanded the stormy winds to blow,  
And he lifted up with waves thereof.

They are mounted up as it were into Heav'n.  
And then down into the deep,  
And their souls melt away with trouble.

They reel and stagger to and fro, like a drunken man,  
And are at their wits end.

Then they cry unto God in their trouble,  
And he bringeth them out of their distresses.

He maketh the storm a calm so that the waves are still.

Then they are glad because they are quiet.  
And he bringeth the vessel into port. And all huzza.

Their friends assembl'd on the wharf  
To welcome them on shore. And all huzza.

Welcome here again, welcome home!

## I AM THE ROSE OF SHARON

*The Singing Master's Assistant, 1778*

Music: William Billings

Text: William Billings (from Song of Solomon)

*Showcasing his lighter side, this jaunty setting of the second chapter of the Song of Solomon also demonstrates Billings' mastery of word painting, but in a gentler, less dramatic way. The text is freely tossed back and forth between mens' and womens' voices throughout, representing a dialogue between the two lovers. The final section is repeated in its entirety, a pattern which is common to the time and demonstrated frequently throughout our program.*

I am the Rose of Sharon and the Lilly of the Vallies.

As the lilly among the thorns,  
So is my Love among the daughters.

As the apple tree among the trees of the wood,  
So is my Beloved among the sons.

I sat down under his shadow with great delight,  
And his fruit was sweet to my taste.

He brought me to the banqueting house,  
His banner over me was love.

Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples,  
for I am sick of love.

I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem,  
By the roes and by the hinds of the field,  
That you stir not up nor awake my Love till he please.

The voice of my Beloved, behold he cometh,  
Leaping upon the mountain, skipping upon the hills.

My Beloved spake, and said unto me,  
Rise up my Love, my fair one, and come away,  
For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone.

## CHESTER

*The Singing Master's Assistant, 1778*

Music: William Billings

Text: William Billings

*If you sense a certain march-like quality to this hymn tune, you would not be mistaken. Often cited as our budding nation's first national anthem, this song was sung by Revolutionary army regiments as they marched (the original version was first published in 1770). The second verse name-drops a host of British generals, including William Howe and Henry Clinton, commanders-in-chief of the British Army in North America, and Charles Cornwallis, who ultimately surrendered to American forces at Yorktown in 1781, effectively ending the Revolutionary War.*

Let tyrants shake their iron rod,  
And slav'ry clank her galling chains.  
We fear them not, we trust in God,  
New England's God forever reigns.

Howe and Burgoyne and Clinton too,  
With Prescot and Cornwallis join'd.  
Together plot our overthrow,  
In one infernal league combin'd.

When God inspir'd us for the fight,  
Their ranks were broke, their lines were forc'd,  
Their ships were shatter'd in our sight,  
Or swiftly driven from our coast.

The foe comes on with haughty stride.  
Our troops advance with martial noise,  
Their vet'rans flee before our youth.  
And gen'rals yield to beardless boys.

What grateful off'ring shall we bring?  
What shall we render to the Lord?  
Loud halleluiahs let us sing.  
And praise his name on ev'ry chord.

## LAMENTATION OVER BOSTON

*The Singing Master's Assistant, 1778*

Music: William Billings

Text: William Billings (from Psalm 137, Jeremiah)

*This anthem is Billings' lament over the British occupation of Boston, which lasted from the Battle of Bunker Hill in June 1775 until the evacuation in March 1776. The opening lines echo the well-known beginning of psalm 137 ("By the rivers of Babylon, we sat down and wept when we remembered Zion"), while the repeated ending section begs the listener in stirring terms to never forget the tragic circumstances that pit brother against brother.*

By the rivers of Watertown  
We sat down and wept,  
When we remembered thee, O Boston.

As for our friends, Lord God of Heaven,  
Preserve them, defend them,  
Deliver and restore them unto us.

For they that held them in bondage requir'd of them  
To take up arms against their brethren.

Forbid it Lord. God forbid!  
That those who have sucked Bostonian breasts  
Should thirst for American blood!

A voice was heard in Roxbury  
Which echo'd thro' the continent,  
Weeping for Boston because of their danger.

Is Boston my dear town, is it my native place?  
For since their calamity,  
I do earnestly remember it still.

If I forget thee, yea if I do not remember thee,  
Then let my numbers cease to flow,  
Then be my muse unkind;  
Then let my tongue forget to move and ever be confin'd.

Let horrid jargon split the air  
And rive my nerves asunder;  
Let hateful discord greet my ear,  
As terrible as thunder.

Let harmony be banish'd hence  
And consonance depart;  
Let dissonance erect her throne  
And reign within my heart.

## WARREN

*The Columbian Harmony*, 1793

Music: Abraham Wood

Text: Mather Byles

*Abraham Wood (1752–1804) was a colleague of Billings who served time as a drummer in the Revolutionary Army. At some point prior to its only publication in 1793, Wood composed this elegy to the fallen army officer Joseph Warren, who died courageously at the age of 34 in the Battle of Bunker Hill. The text that Wood chose for his lament is interesting in several respects, being taken from the opening lines of Mather Byles' poem "To the Memory of a Young Commander Slain in a Battle with the Indians, 1724." Byles (1706–1788) was a clergyman who sided with the British during the war and was eventually sentenced to deportation. For unknown reasons, Wood chose this poem to represent the fallen Warren. Its hero "Alpheus" is thought to perhaps be a reference to the Greek river god Alpheus who sacrificed himself to be with the nymph Arethusa.*

Descend, immortal Muse, inspire my song,  
Let mournful numbers gently flow along.  
And thou, my lyre, in solemn notes complain,  
And in sad accents speak thy pain.

Let melting music tremble on thy strings—  
While in concording sounds the goddess sings:  
Sings hapless Alpheus in the gloomy grave:  
Alpheus the gay, the beauteous and the brave,  
Who with the thirst of glory fir'd,  
Courageous in his country's cause expired.

## MOUNT VERNON HYMN

*Harmony of Harmony*, 1802

Music: Stephen Jenks

Text: Stephen Jenks

*While known today as the Mount Vernon Hymn, this elegy to George Washington was originally published under the more visceral title, "Death of Gen. Washington." It is the first example in our program of a fugging tune, a traditional style common in the First New England School that begins with a section in straight four-part harmony, followed by a repeated section where each voice enters independently. Its composer, Stephen Jenks (1772–1856) was a prolific compiler of songbooks, producing over ten collections between 1799 and 1810.*

What solemn sounds the ear invade,  
What wraps the land in sorrow's shade,  
From Heav'n the awful mandate flies,  
The father of his country dies.

Let ev'ry heart be fill'd with woe,  
Let ev'ry eye with tears o'erflow,  
Each form oppress'd with deepest gloom,  
Be clad in vestments of the tomb!

Behold that venerable band,  
The rulers of our mourning land;  
With grief proclaim, from shore to shore,  
Our guide, our Washington's no more!

Where shall Columbia turn its eye,  
What help remains beneath the sky?  
Our friend, protector, strength and trust,  
Lies low and mould'ring in the dust.

Almighty God, to Thee we fly,  
Before thy throne above the sky;  
In deep prostration humbly bow,  
And pour the penitential vow.

Hear, O Most High, our earnest pray'r,  
Our country take beneath thy care;  
When dangers press and foes draw near,  
May future Washingtons appear.

## SUMMER

*The Harmonist's Companion*, 1797

Music: Daniel Belknap

Text: Anonymous

*Daniel Belknap (1771–1815), of Framingham, Massachusetts, wrote this somber take on the end of summer as part of a four-part sequence of seasonal anthems. The first two—Spring and Summer—appeared in 1797, while the remaining two were published in 1800. All in all, Belknap published four sacred tunebooks, plus a book of secular songs, during his lifetime. As implied by the name of our ensemble and the time of year we are performing, it was deemed necessary to include this one in our repertoire. And check out that funny harmony on the word ‘clime’—this is why the altos are smiling!*

How soon, alas! must summer's sweets decay,  
And all her beauties fade, and die away!

The spicy shrub, and flow'r with head inclin'd,  
Must perish, leaving not a wreck behind!

Thus the rich growth of the most friendly clime  
Must fall a victim to devouring time.

## THE POWER OF MUSICK

*The Harmony of Maine*, 1794

Music: Supply Belcher

Text: Amos Stoddard

*After first serving as a private in the Revolutionary Army, and then eventually being promoted to Captain under Washington, composer Supply Belcher (1751–1836) moved with his family to Farmingham, Maine, where he published his first and only collection of works. Featured in that volume is this unique piece, which sets a text by Amos Stoddard containing copious references to Greek and Roman history and mythology. Some of the referenced figures include: Pindar, a Greek lyric poet from Thebes; Pythian, referring to the Oracle at Delphi; Jove, aka Jupiter, the Roman god of thunder; and A'te (Atē), the Greek goddess of mischief and delusion. What does it all mean? Your guess is as good as ours!*

Hark! some soft swell pants on the ev'ning breeze,  
The ocean smooths, and stills the rustling trees;  
'Tis Pindar's harp, in more than Pythian strain,  
Now strung to charm with song each mental pain.

Thus musick's soft alarms can A'te's rage control.  
And lull in dreams of ecstasy the tortur'd soul.

Revolting at the sound, the savage sighs,  
And friendship sparkles in the tyger's eyes:  
Lo! Jove's fierce bolts, in rapid flight expire,  
While hissing serpents drop their vengeful ire.

Thus musick's soft alarms can A'te's rage control.  
And lull in dreams of ecstasy the tortur'd soul.

Pale sorrows die, alternate passions move,  
Awakes despair, or softens into love;  
In wild disorder haggard envy starts,  
And joy on sullen melancholy darts.

Thus musick's soft alarms can A'te's rage control.  
And lull in dreams of ecstasy the tortur'd soul.

## EVENING HYMN

*The Musical Concert, 1802*

Music: Elisha West

Text: Isaac Watts (from Psalm 90)

*Elisha West's (1756–1832) famous fusing tune is perhaps most commonly attached to the text of a poem by John Leland, which begins, "The day is past and gone, the evening shades appear | O may I ever keep in mind, the night of death is near." However, the tune's initial publication in 1802 used a different text, "Our Moments Fly Apace," taken from verse 3 of Isaac Watts' metrical setting of Psalm 90. The edition performed today reflects the original text, but also includes verses 4 and 5 of the psalm, as was commonly done by other hymns sharing the same text.*

Our moments fly apace,  
Nor will our moments stay;  
Just like a flood our hasty days  
Are sweeping us away.

Well, if our days must fly,  
We'll keep their end in sight,  
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,  
And let them speed their flight.

They'll waft us sooner o'er  
This life's tempestuous sea;  
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore  
Of blest eternity.

## AS THE HART PANTETH

*The New England Psalm Singer, 1770*

Music: William Billings

Text: William Billings (from Psalm 42)

*This epic work from William Billings is notable for its chantlike opening, its internal repeated major chorale section, and its extended final Hallelujah. Billings first published this anthem in "The New England Psalm Singer," his very first collection of hymn tunes, which was engraved and printed by fellow Bostonian and patriot Paul Revere. If you think the Hallelujahs at the end go on a bit, you may be relieved to know that we opted to cut one of the more controversial (and longer) repeats.*

As the hart panteth after the water brooks,  
So panteth my soul after thee O God.

My soul thirsteth for the Lord, for the living God,  
When shall I come and appear before God?

My tears have been my meat, day and night,  
While they say unto me, where is now thy God?

When I remember these things,  
I pour out my soul in me.

For I had gone with the multitude,  
I went with them into the house of God  
with the voice of joy and praise.  
With a multitude that keep holy day.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul,  
And why art thou disquieted within me?  
Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him  
For the help of his countenance.

O my God, my soul is cast down within me,  
Therefore will I remember thee.

And from the land of Jordan,  
And from the hill of Mizar,  
Deep called unto deep,  
All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul,  
And why art thou disquieted within me?  
Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him  
For the light of his countenance.

Hallelujah, Amen!

# A FEW WORDS....

Thank you for attending our inaugural concert!

Summer fling vocal ensemble is a group of community choir singers who have banded together for a month in the summer to sing new genres and gain small ensemble experience.

During the traditional choral year, our members participate in various local community choirs including the Seattle Bach Choir, Redmond Chorale, Cascadian Chorale, and Kirkland Choral Society, as well as several area church choirs.

We'd like to thank our coach and conductor, Laurie Betts Hughes, for helping us refine our sound as an ensemble. It has been a pleasure to have her experienced hand guiding us.

We also wish to thank St. Margaret's Episcopal Church for graciously supporting our efforts and hosting both our rehearsals and our concert.

Will we return next year? Quite possibly! Visit [summerfling.org](http://summerfling.org) for the latest news, or email [info@summerfling.org](mailto:info@summerfling.org) if you are interested in participating or supporting us in the future.

## WHO WE ARE

*Artistic Director*

Aaron Giles

*Coach & Conductor*

Laurie Betts Hughes

*Soprano*

Barb Erickson  
Vera Giles  
Heather Irwin  
Abigail Rausch

*Tenor*

Chris Fraley  
Aaron Giles  
John La Fond

*Alto*

Dawn Fosse Cook  
Gail Erickson  
Kathy Rausch

*Bass*

Zeke Chin  
Rick Commo  
Doug Wyatt



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