

*The
Fairfield County
Chorale*



HAYDN
The Seasons

Oratorio (1801), sung in English

Johannes Somary
Conductor
AmorArtis Classical Orchestra
Period Instruments

Susanne Peck, soprano
Charles Reid, tenor
Jan Opalach, bass



2-CD Set

(LEMS 8071)

**THE SEASONS
A TWO CD SET**

Franz Josef Haydn (1732-1809)

**Baron Gottfried von Swieten, librettist (after
James Thomson). Modern English edition by
Alice Parker and Thomas Pyle**

**The Fairfield County Chorale
AmorArtis Classical Orchestra
Johannes Somary, Conductor**

**Susanne Peck, HANNE (Soprano)
Charles Reid, LUKAS (Tenor)
Jan Opalach, SIMON (Bass-Baritone)**

PROGRAM NOTES.....Stephen Somary

When the Austrian noble Baron Gottfried van Swieten approached Franz Joseph Haydn to set his new text to music for an oratorio entitled *The Seasons*, the composer was underwhelmed. Haydn had recently completed *The Creation*, in 1798, an oratorio which was immediately successful throughout Europe. For Haydn, the thought of setting aside a large block of his time to write about the daily activities of everyday life was a far cry from the broad deific themes pertaining to the beginning of the world—not to mention having to include entire movements about farm animals or drunken revelers!

But in the end the composer accepted the challenge, due in no small part to the text for what would become the final movement of the new oratorio, from which he was able to draw sacred inspiration for what was a largely secular libretto. He implored van Swieten to re-write earlier sections of the text to include divine references. Nonetheless, in Haydn's finished version of the work, it is the final "Amen," thunderously stated by the chorus and concluding the movement which passionately reflects on the pending life hereafter, where the entire oratorio ultimately comes together as a tightly knit, deeply devoted, religious statement of mankind's mortality.

Haydn and van Swieten worked together through many other passages of the libretto in an effort to make it more compatible for full dramatic treatment. It was also Haydn's intention that this work, as with *The Creation*, be accessible in both German and English. After the music for *The Seasons* was completed, van Swieten produced a full version of his text in English. His words were literal text and somewhat awkward, as he was not well-versed in the language to understand its nuances. Van Swieten's original German text had actually been drawn on excerpts from the Scottish poet James Thomson who had

Franz Josef Haydn Gottfried van Swieten died half a century earlier (Thomson's poetry will sound very familiar to a listener of this recording). But Van Swieten's own English version inhibited the popularity of *The Seasons* in English-language countries for the next 170 years. It was not until New York choral specialists Alice Parker and Thomas Pyle completely re-worked the old text in 1973 that this masterpiece has become fully appreciated by English-speaking audiences. This new edition was overseen by conductor Robert Shaw, and it is this version which this performance utilizes.

The Seasons, completed and premiered in 1801, is composed for chorus, three soloists and orchestra, and is divided into four equal parts: Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter. The four sections are set in a rural area of a pre-Industrial Age world, and deal with many of the life experiences inherent to such a setting: friendship and love, success and hardship, reaping the rewards of harvest after manual labor. Haydn's score is structured after the established Baroque oratorio model, with alternating recitatives, arias and dramatic choruses. But his treatment demonstrates the development Classical music was undergoing as it linked the past with the coming era of Romantic music. Haydn created many new tools in *The Seasons* which would be taken by future composers as models for descriptive writing. In particular, his usage of the orchestra as a primary storyteller in an oratorio, alongside the chorus and soloists, was an innovation which he had begun to explore in *The Creation* and brought to perfection in *The Seasons*. The orchestra's primary job in

an oratorio had previously been to provide harmonic and thematic accompaniment. In this work, the orchestra depicts animals—sheep, birds and hounds, among many others—as well as highly descriptive weather conditions, and is dominant throughout as the primary storyteller of this very human story.

Each section, each “season,” contains a movement which serves as a center point, a dramatic climax, around which the rest of the movements revolve. In Spring, it occurs with the glorious solo trio and chorus “Heav’n we pray thee” (CD ONE, TRACK 5), which passionately portrays the hope and joy which comes from warming temperatures and renewed friendships. In Summer, the central point arrives near the end, in the dramatic chorus “Ah! the thunderclouds draw near” (CD ONE, TRACK 14), which describes in vivid fashion both the awe and fear of the power of nature’s forces. In Autumn the climax is set towards the beginning with the solo trio and chorus, which begins “Thus harvest follows honest toil” (CD TWO, TRACK 2) and continues with the choral words “O toil, from thee all blessings flow.” This launches a series of episodic movements which includes some of Haydn’s most spectacular hunting music and culminates in a lusty party as all share in the bounty of the new harvest. The dramatic centerpiece of the bleak final section, Winter, comes in the form of an aria for bass near the end of the entire work: “Behold thyself, deluded man” (CD TWO, TRACK 13). Through the poetry Haydn finds himself questioning the bygone “days of pleasure” as the stark reality of mortality pervades the previously thriving world. It is this movement, combined with the passionate finale “The glorious morning dawns at last” (CD TWO, TRACK 15), where the composer pays tribute to the realization that after winter takes hold of all living things, a “new life” awaits those with faith.

Joseph Haydn was a man of deep faith; he was also a man with a delightful sense of humor. Moreover, Haydn is the master of gracious, elegant, shapely, and simply beautiful melodic ideas. For these reasons, he is perhaps my favorite composer. At Yale, I wrote a treatise analyzing the gorgeous melodic lines in the slow movements of his string quartets. Twenty years later, I had the honor to conduct all of the Haydn Masses, one more sumptuous than the other, in concerts at New York City’s Grace Church. With Martin Berinbaum and the English Chamber Orchestra, I recorded, in London, his Trumpet Concerto, the finest trumpet concerto in the history of Music. And more recently, with the Fairfield County Chorale, I recorded my desert-island piece: The Creation. Now, as we remember the two-hundredth anniversary of the death of this towering genius, it is a pleasure to record with the fine period-instrument orchestra of AmorArtis, the companion piece to The Creation—The Seasons. When he died on May 31, 1809 Haydn’s epitaph was NON MORIAR SED VIVAM, ET NARRABO OPERA DOMINI. (I shall not die but I shall live, and I shall tell of the works of the Lord.) He surely did. And he still does.

Johannes Somary

PRODUCER'S NOTE:

The superb Fairfield County Chorale has performed 200 choral works in its nearly 50-year history—at Carnegie Hall, Kennedy Center, throughout Europe and, of course, in Connecticut. In my early singing days, Maestro Somary engaged me for his first concert with the group, beginning a happy association of many decades. In my later guise as producer, I recorded their *The Creation* a few years back and we round things out nicely now with Haydn's glorious *The Seasons*. I'm proud to document the Parker/Pyle English version of the work for two reasons—it's far superior to the stilted original, and allows both Hannes and me to thank Alice Parker for a lifetime of fine work and for us to remember and salute Thomas Pyle. Tom assembled professional choruses in New York in the 70s and gave me my first jobs as an excited 20-year-old new to the City. Through the many doors he opened, I met Somary and countless others who have been responsible for so much in the music business. Thanks, Tommy. We still miss you.

John Ostendorf

The Seasons

Simon, a farmer (Bass-Baritone)

Hanne, his daughter (Soprano)

Lukas, a young countryman (Tenor)

Chorus of Country People and Hunters

SPRING

Introduction TRACK 1

Accompanied Recitative TRACK 2

SIMON

Behold the blustery winter flies! To polar regions he retreats. There follows at his call a stormy army, raging wild, with grumbling and crash.

LUKAS

Behold, how swiftly from the heights the rushing torrent bears the snow.

HANNE

Behold, from southern skies, with perfumed breezes, gently blows the warming breath of spring.

Chorus TRACK 3

Come, lovely Spring! O bounteous Goddess, come,
And from her wintry grave, awaken slumbering earth.

Come nearer now, o lovely spring!

That all may feel thy quickening touch,
That everything may live again.

Be joyful, yet remember still,

That deep in mist and fog concealed,

The winter walks the night

And touches tiny shoots with deadly frost.

Come, lovely Spring...
Descend, revive our fields again. O come, lovely Spring.
O come and bless the waiting world...

Recitative and Aria TRACK 4

SIMON

From heaven's vault, now shines the beaming sun on us
below. The chilling frost and damp are vanquished by a
gentle rain. The fallow earth now waits her time:
expectant, expectant is the air.
At dawn the eager plowman
Goes to till the waiting field.
The measured furrows follow
Where his joyous whistle sounds...
With swinging arm and steady step,
He sows the seed abroad.
The earth brings forth her fruit,
And flowers at last in golden grain...
At dawn...

Recitative and Trio with Chorus TRACK 5

LUKAS, SIMON, HANNE, ALL

The farmer now has done his work, and neither care nor
pains has spared. He waits his recompense from nature's
fickle hand, and praying, bows to heaven's will.
Heaven, we pray thee, smile upon us,
Opening, opening and showering blessings
Over waiting earth below...
Let gentle dew bedeck the morning,
Let torrents drench the open furrows,
Let warming air turn sudden soft,
And let thy sun resplendent shine!
Thy spring shall overflow,
Thy spring shall overflow therefore
With streams of goodness, thanks and praise...

Recitative and Trio with Chorus TRACK 6

HANNE

Our prayer is heard on high; a warming breeze arrives
and fills the air with freshening moisture.

HANNE

O how lovely is the morning of this welcome spring!
Come, sweet maidens,
Let us wander o'er the glowing fields...

LUKAS

O how lovely is the morning of this welcome spring!
Come, my friends, let us wander
Through the budding grove...

HANNE

See the lilies, see the roses, see, see the blossoms rare.

LUKAS

See the meadows, see the valleys, see the forest tall.

ALL

O how lovely is the morning of this welcome spring!

Let us wander...

HANNE

See the mountains see the ocean, see the sparkling air.

LUKAS

All reviving, all renewing, all creation breathes again.

HANNE

On the hillside lambs are bouncing.

LUKAS

Through the rivers flash the fishes.

HANNE

In the beehive all is swarming.

LUKAS

Through the heavens birds are soaring.

ALL

All reviving, all renewing...

New enchantments, new sensations rise in every heart.

Sweet emotions, gentle sighings tremble everywhere.

SIMON

What awakes you, what enchants you

Is your Maker, Creator: God!

ALL

Come and praise Him, come and laud Him,

Come and honor Him.

Let our singing in thanksgiving raise our voices high...

Chorus and Trio TRACK 7

ALL

Merciful, wonderful, bountiful God...!

LUKAS, SIMON, HANNE

From Thine abundant table hast Thou our hunger stayed.

From streams of living water has Thou our thirst allayed.

ALL

Glory, laud and praise be Thine,

Merciful, wonderful, bountiful God!

SUMMER

Trio and Chorus TRACK 8

It climbs aloft, ascending it climbs,
It nears, it comes, it beams, it shines.
It shines in heavenly power, aflame with majestic light.
Hail, O sun, all hail!
Of life and light the Giver, hail!
O Thou, the heaven's eye and soul,
Our Father's fairest star, be ever welcome here...
What tongue can tell of all the gladness
Thy gracious warmth inspires in us?
Who numbers them, the many blessings
That fall on us from thy bright rays...?
We thank the sun that lights the sky,
We thank the sun that warms the earth,
We thank the sun that shines on all,
But God above we thank the most,
Almighty Source of light!
Hail, O sun, all hail! Of light and life the Giver, hail!
With shouting and with singing all nature praises Thee...!

Accompanied Recitative TRACK 9

SIMON

The fields are alive with colorful crowds; with bustling
noise the harvesters come. The ripened crops are
bending now before the oncoming horde. The flashing
scythes behead the grain, but soon again it rises up, all
neatly tied in standing sheaves.

LUKAS

The midday sun is blazing high with mighty power,
and from the cloudless sky above this merciless fire
attacks the earth.

Over the sweltering countryside, a blinding sea of
restless light reflects the dazzling rays.

Cavatina TRACK 10

LUKAS

The earth succumbs to parching drought.
Withered flowers, barren meadows, empty brooklets,
All betray the raging heat.
Exhausted, languish man and beast,
Outstretched on the ground.
The earth...

Accompanied Recitative TRACK 11

HANNE

How welcome, then, the shadowed grove
Where oaken branches arching high, give cool and
refreshing shade, and where the shaking aspen leaf
is endlessly whispering! O'er mossy boulders wanders
here the clear and sparkling brook, and lightly
darting in and out are brilliant butterflies. The
pungent scent of balsam trees moves gently through
the air, and from the valley sweetly sounds the reedy
shepherd's pipe.

Aria TRACK 12

HANNE

What a haven for the weary,
What enchantment for the soul!
Every sense at once finds pleasure,
And in every pulsing heart
There quickens new life.
What a haven...
The soul awakes and sings in happiness and peace...
New joy and strength arise,
By gentle calm inspired...

Accompanied Recitative TRACK 13

SIMON

Now see: arising in the sultry air, up to the
summit of the hills with surging strength, a towering
thunderhead. It climbs aloft, crowding the sky, and
closes off the heaven's light with blackest threatening.

LUKAS

Hear, in the valley, a muffled roar foretells the coming
storm. See in the evil sky, the somber cloud draws
slowly near, and dropping down, engulfs the plain.

HANNE

In dark foreboding now, all nature holds its breath.
No beast, no branch, no leaf can move and deathly
silence wraps the earth.

Chorus TRACK 14

Ah! The thunderclouds draw near. Heaven help us!
How the thunder rolls! O how the winds are raging!
Ah, where to hide?
Flame pointed lightning is splitting the sky,
While thunder is rolling, bursting the heavens
And torrents ravish the earth.

Where is refuge? Furious howls the storm.
The farthest sky is ablaze! Spare us sinners!
Smashing, crashing, blow on blow,
The deafening thunder shakes the air...!
Spare us! Save us...!
Embattled earth now trembles
Down to the ocean floor...

Trio with Chorus TRACK 15

LUKAS

The gloomy clouds now fade away,
And quiet follows after storm.

HANNE

With golden clouds surrounded,
The setting sun appears
And touches with his dying beams
The water pearls that deck the fields...

SIMON

With heavy, awkward footsteps,
All rounded and refreshed,
The cows move slowly home.

LUKAS

The gentle quail now calls her mate.

HANNE

The cricket chirps his happy note.

SIMON

And from the marshes croaks the frog.

HANNE, LUKAS, SIMON

Oh, hear the vesper bell...

In Heaven shines the evening star,
Inviting us to gentle rest.

ALL

Sisters, brothers, friends, now come
To enjoy a peaceful sleep.

The spotless heart, the toiling hand
Will find reward in slumber sweet.

Sisters, brothers, friends, now come!

We come, we follow you!

Oh, hear the vesper bell resound!

In Heaven shines the evening star,
Inviting us to gentle rest...

END CD ONE

AUTUMN

Introduction and Recitative CD TWO, TRACK 1

HANNE

What in springtime's blossom was promise, mutely
vowed; what in summer's radiance has ripened full and
fair. Now the happy farmer can harvest joyfully.

Trio with Chorus TRACK 2

SIMON

Thus harvest follows honest toil:
Hard work brings sure reward.
Thus Nature offers hope to him who helps her willingly,
And strengthens him with mighty power...

HANNE, LUKAS

From thee, O toil, all blessings flow.
The houses where we live, the clothing that we wear,
The good food that we eat
All come from thee, are all Thy gift...

ALL THREE

O toil, O noble toil, from thee all blessings flow.

HANNE

All virtue flowers in thee,
And rudeness soon by thee is calmed.

LUKAS

Thy power keeps sin away,
And purifies the souls of men.

SIMON

From thee comes strength to act
As conscience and duty ask.

ALL THREE, ALL

O toil, O noble toil, from thee all blessings flow...

Recitative and Air TRACK 3

SIMON

Take time to note the new-mown fields where uninvited
tiny guests have come to feast on fallen grain, and far
and wide are scavenging. Such modest thieves can
scarcely steal the harvest, rob the farmer's toil; to guard
abundance carefully must be his first concern. He stores
the harvest safely, that all may benefit. But toil and labor
still leave time to lead the eager hound to hunt.

Look far across the meadows now.
See how the hound surveys the land,
And snooping low along the ground,
He roves in an unending quest...
His instinct drives him further on,
No call or shout distracts him now...
He hastens to conquest.
He stops stock still and stands, unmoving as a stone.

The startled bird now rises up,

Attempts to flee the watching foe,
But swiftest flight can't save it now.
A flash, a roar, as the shot finds its mark,
And flings it dead from the sky to earth...

Accompanied Recitative TRACK 4
LUKAS

The rabbits now and hares must flee from out their
hiding place. The hunt moves in from every side;
no flight can help them now. They tumble down and
soon they lie where hunters count them carefully.

Hunting Chorus TRACK 5

Hark! Hear the sound of the horn,
That sets the forest ringing!
Harken unto the sound that makes the forest ring!
It is the call of the sounding horn,
And hounds with their yapping and baying.
They find a swift and noble stag
And galloping horses and hounds pursue.
He flies, he flies. What frightening leaps!
And galloping horses and hounds pursue.
What mighty bounds! What frightening leaps!
From sheltered woods to the open he comes,
And runs through the field to the thicket beyond.
Now hunters and hounds are confused:
In vain they circle round about.
The hounds have lost the scent.
They wander here and there. Tally-ho...!
The hunter's cries, the shrilling horn
Assemble the pack again. Ho, ho! Tally-ho...! Ho, ho!
The pack has rejoined the hue and cry,
The chase is renewed with a view haloo!
His enemies surrounding him,
His strength and courage failing him,
The stag at bay gives up the fight.
Now hear the horns proclaim the kill;
The jubilant brasses victory call;
The conquering hunter's triumph shout. Halali!
The death is sounded joyfully.
The jubilant brasses victory call;
The conquering hunter's triumph shout. Halali...!

Recitative TRACK 6

HANNE

The heavy-laden vines rejoice in juicy grapes at fullest ripeness; they clearly call the harvester to come and gather them at once.

LUKAS

The work calls forth much laughing and joking, from morning till the eventide, when these fermenting spirits arise to celebrate their harvesting.

Chorus TRACK 7

Down-a, down-a, now drink it down!
The casks are brimming full, now join the merry band!
And down-a... Now let our voices ring...!
Lift your glasses! Drink, O brothers,
Join the merry band!
Sing and chant it! Sing, O sisters, join the merry band!
Down-a, down-a, down! A toast to the wine!
Now sing to the land whereon it grows! Down-a...
Now sing to the cask wherein it goes!...
Now sing to the jug whereout it flows!...
Come, O brothers, fill your beakers, lift your glasses,
Join the merry band!
Heida! Heida! Join the merry band and down-a...
Now let our voices ring! Down-a...
The pipes are a-piping, the drums are a-drumming...!
The fiddles are screeching, the hand organ's rasping...
The bagpipes are droning...
See joy-quicken'd children, all leaping and jumping!
See dewy-eyed maidens, each one with her loved one,
Afloat in the dance.
Heisa, hopsa, trip it lightly...! Come join the band!
Heisa, hopsa, step it sprightly! Refill the glass!
Heisa, hopsa, gaily dancing! Now drain it dry!
Heida, join the merry band!
Heida, and down-a...! Now let our voices ring!
Yelling, shouting! Down-a...
Leaping, dancing! Heisa... Laughing, singing!
Now join us in a final glass,
And sing with us in joyous strains
To praise the sparkling harvest here.
Heisa, hei, down-a, down!
A toast to the wine, the noble wine,
That keeps us from age and care!
Thy praises ring both loud and clear
In bacchanalian revelry!
Heida, join the merry band!...

Now down-a... Now let our voices ring...

WINTER

Introduction TRACK 8

Accompanied Recitative TRACK 9

SIMON

The year, now dying, sinks to rest, and falling mists
congeal the air. The hills are wrapped in leaden clouds
which settle down to hide the plains, and at the height
of the day the sun's weak rays are blotted out.

HANNE

From arctic icy caves arise the storms of gloomy
wintertime. By their approach benumbed, in anxious
stillness, nature waits.

Aria TRACK 10

LUKAS

A traveller stands there: he's lost and wandering;
In vain he treads the wilderness...
In vain he searches for a road.
No track nor path can guide him forth...
In vain he strives to move ahead,
Yet wading through the banks of snow
He wanders evermore astray.
His courage fails him now, and fears oppress his heart,
As day begins to fade away and weariness and cold
Have drained his every strength...
But suddenly his eyes behold
The shining gleam of lantern light.
Ah now he lives again, with joy his heart revives...
He walks, he runs to the shelter,
Where fright and cold find comfort sweet...

Recitative and Song with Chorus TRACK 11

LUKAS

As he comes near, his reddened ears, still deafened
by winter's howling winds, hear the welcome sounds
of home.

HANNE

The lighted window shows him with the neighbors
gathered there, all met in friendly circle to pass the
evening hours with busy hands and merry talk.

ALL

Whirling, purling, whirling, turning, ever turning!

HANNE, ALL

Spin this thread so soft and fine,
Let its length with beauty shine, fit for bridal veiling...
Whirling, purling...
Weave this veil, O weaver mine,
Let its folds with beauty shine at the feast day dancing...
Whirling...
Maidens sweet and pure within
Wear the veil the wheel doth spin with a grace disarming.
Whirling...

HANNE, ALL

Maidens sweet and pure within,
Cheerful, chaste and modest,
Win suitors brave and charming...!

Recitative and Air with Chorus TRACK 12

LUKAS

Now the flaxen thread is wound, the spinning wheels
are still. The circle closes in, and all the menfolk gather
‘round to listen to the merry tale that Hanne now will
sing to them.

HANNE

An innocent and lovely maid went walking out one day,
When up there rode a nobleman who unto her did say:
“I long have loved you from afar.
Come kiss me quick, my dear...!”
She cried in fear and trembling
“Why, why yes, my duty’s clear.”

ALL

Hey, hey, why not say nay?

HANNE

“Be calm,” he said, “my dearest child,
And say you love me true; no mockery or jest is this,
My heart belongs to you. I’ll make you happy!
Take my purse, my watch, my golden ring,
And if all this is not enough,
Just ask for anything!”

ALL

Hey, hey, live and be gay...!

HANNE

She said, “Oh no, my noble Lord,
My brother’s all-too-near,
And I should be quite lost if this
Should reach my father’s ear!
He’s plowing yonder field, and easily might see.
Go look and judge now for yourself

How dangerous it would be!”

ALL

Hey, hey, someone will pay...!

HANNE

Then while the squire went off to look,

The wise and nimble child

Jumped on his steed and rode away,

All safe and undefiled.

“Farewell,” she cried, “my gracious Lord:

Thus wrong by right is paid!”

And he stood all astonished by the trick

The maid had played.

ALL

Hey, hey, she got her way...!

Recitative and Air TRACK 13

SIMON

Now from the east a terrifying ice storm blusters forth,
Slashing wildly through the sky. It coats the earth with
glass and snatches at man’s very breath. The tyrant of the
year, the wintry King, has won the fight. By silent terror
bound, all nature dies beneath his hand.

Behold thyself, deluded man:

Behold and see your earthly life!

The Spring was filled with transient flowers,

The Summer’s strength has worn away...

The Autumn days fade steadily.

Now Winter’s pallor seizes you,

And guides you to the open grave...

Where are they now, those high endeavors?

That yearning after joy, that search for earthly glory,

That heavy load of care? What are they now,

Those days of pleasure, but vain frivolity...?

And where those joyful evenings, but lost in revelry...?

They all are vanished as a dream. Only virtue lives!

Recitative TRACK 14

SIMON

Virtue alone can guide us all unceasingly through
passing months and seasons, through mourning or
rejoicing, up to the highest happiness.

Trio and Final Chorus TRACK 15

SIMON

The glorious morning dawns at last.

From Heaven sounds the trumpet call,

Awakening us to life, from pain and death forever free.

LUKAS, SIMON

The gates of Heaven open wide,

The holy mountain gleams:

The Lord's own dwelling place,

Where rest and peace abide...

ALL

What man may pass within these gates?

HANNE, LUKAS, SIMON

Who evil shuns, and doeth good.

ALL

What man may climb upon this height?

HANNE, LUKAS, SIMON

Whose lips embrace the truth alone.

ALL

What man may live within this dwelling?

HANNE, LUKAS, SIMON

Who loves his neighbor as himself.

ALL

What man deserves the peace of Heaven?

HANNE, LUKAS, SIMON

Whose arm is strong, whose heart is pure.

ALL

O see, the glorious morning dawns!

O see! The radiant light!

The gates of Heaven open wide,

The holy mountain gleams.

The end has come, those days are gone:

Our life of pain and sorrow,

Those stormy days of Winter.

An endless Springtime dawns;

And everlasting happiness

Will come to righteous man.

HANNE, LUKAS, SIMON

Let us as well find endless bliss!

Let us earn it, let us find it.

ALL

Let our struggle, let our labors

Win for us eternal grace.

Now guide us by thy hand, O God,

And grant Thy strength and hope.

Then shall we sing!

Then shall we rise into the highest blessedness!

Amen! Amen!

END CD TWO

THE FAIRFIELD COUNTY CHORALE

Johannes Somary, music director

Anne Somary, associate conductor

John Parkinson, executive director

Mary Filippelli, president

AMORARTIS CLASSICAL ORCHESTRA

Johannes Somary, conductor

Edward Brewer, contractor

This project is dedicated to the memory of Ludwig Pallat, whose generous contribution was the first of many that made this recording possible.

The Fairfield County Chorale

Soprano I: Louise Anderson, Glenda Atherton-Strother, Kathryn Atkin, Eve Averill, Susan Sperling Baiter, Kimberly Barry, Wanda Borges, Virginia Crawford, Teresa Derr, Diana Gray, Penny Haughwout, Diana Hoagland, Jana Janeway, Marian Knight, Suzanne Lucey, Susan Lyons, Jennifer Romano, Elisabeth Rose, Catherine Sementini, Ruth Sheahan, Holly Wolff.

Soprano II: Mary Attanasio, Patricia Cappalonga, Linda Cariri, Leah Fine, Jalna Jaeger, Shirley Johnson, Constance Keavney, Timea Kovach, Diane Millas, Lucille Parkinson, Terry Robinson, Rose Rudich, Linda Stones, Betty Tappan, Sarah T. Wheeler.

Alto I: Margaret Andrews, Elizabeth Baker, Jeanine Cariri, Ann Marie Carney, Susan Epstein, Susan Gardner, Peggy Gettig, Lisette Henrey, Loreta Juknaite, Anne Lampert, Veronica Pendleton, Agneta Smith, Eleanor Watts, Cindy Webber, Suzie Whelan, Marsha Whitman, Carolyn Wissinger.

Alto II: Cathy Andronik, Marge Brandt, Sue Carroll, Jane Celentano, Susan Cohen, Mary Filippelli, Charlotte Hanulik, Cindy Knuth, Barbara Kornfield, Claudine Krause, Ellen Kuroghlian, Jessie Linderoth, Karin Nicolet, Meg Collins Stoop, Nancy Sullivan, Holly Wheeler.

Tenor: Michael Bingham, David Callan, Willys DeVoll, Todd Faus, Whitney Janeway, Lewis Meriwether, John Olund, Gary Quigley, Robert Rowley, Gordon Tully, Bob Webber.

Bass: Dan Christianson, Alvin Epstein, Frank Estes, Robert Farley, Lee Forman, Anthony Grasso, Christopher Grundy, James Hisey II, Michael Kornfield, John Parkinson, David Rees, Charles Rosoff, Donald Shaver, Eric Stones, Graham Sultan, Rob Teicher.

AmorArtis Classical Orchestra

Violin I: Judson Griffin (concertmaster), Clarinet: Nina Stern, Ed Matthew

Linda Quan, Lisa Rautenberg, Theresa Salomon, Bassoon: Anna Marsh, James Kopp

Margaret Ziemnicka Contrabassoon: Thomas Sefcovic

Violin II: Nancy Wilson, Mark Rike, Nancy Reed, Horn: John Boden, Alex Cook, Paul Hopkins,
Aaron Brown Janet Lantz
Viola: Andrea Andros, Rachel Evans, Alissa Smith Trumpet: Louis Hanzlik, Kris Kwapis
Violoncello: Christine Gummere, Lindy Clarke Trombone: Greg Ingles, alto; Erik Schmalz, tenor;
Double Bass: Anne Trout Mack Ramsey, bass
Flute: Sandra Miller, Eve Friedman Tambourine: Daniel Curtis
Piccolo: Sandra Miller Timpani: Benjamin Harms
Oboe: Stephen Hammer, Sarah Davol Harpsichord: Edward Brewer

PRODUCTION CREDITS:

John Ostendorf, Producer
Daniel Curtis, Assistant Producer
Stephen J. Epstein, Recording Engineer
Recorded Norwalk Concert Hall
Norwalk, CT March 7-10, 2009

TRACKS:

CD ONE (65:30)

- 1 SPRING Overture (4:27)
- 2 Recitative "Behold the blustery winter" (2:14)
- 3 Chorus "Come, lovely spring" (4:11)
- 4 Recit/Air "From heaven's vault...At dawn" (4:36)
- 5 Recit/Chorus "The farmer...Heaven, we pray" (5:30)
- 6 Recit/Trio/Chorus "Our prayer...Ah how lovely" (6:32)
- 7 Chorus "Merciful God" (5:03)
- 8 SUMMER Trio/Chorus "It climbs aloft" (5:04)
- 9 Recitative "The fields are alive" (2:03)
- 10 Cavatina "The earth succumbs" (4:56)
- 11 Recitative "How welcome, then" (3:54)
- 12 Air "What a haven" (4:48)
- 13 Recitative "Now see" (2:01)
- 14 Chorus "Ah, the thunderclouds" (4:44)
- 15 Trio/Chorus "The gloomy clouds" (5:12)

CD TWO (57:25)

- 1 AUTUMN Opening (2:05)
- 2 Trio/Chorus "Thus harvest" (7:02)
- 3 Recit/Air "Take time...Look far" (4:32)
- 4 Recitative "the rabbits now" (0:46)
- 5 Hunting Chorus "Hark!" (4:38)
- 6 Recitative "The heavy-laden vines" (0:42)
- 7 Chorus "Down-a, down-a" (6:49)
- 8 WINTER Opening (3:05)
- 9 Recitative "The year now dying" (2:43)

- 10 Air “A traveller stands there” (4:31)
- 11 Recit/Chorus “As he comes..Whirling” (3:59)
- 12 Recit/Air “Now the flaxen...An innocent” (4:15)
- 13 Recit/Air “Now from the east...Behold” (5:33)
- 14 Recitative “Virtue alone” (0:24)
- 15 Finale “The glorious morning dawns” (6:08)



The Lyrichord Early Music Series

PO Box 1977 Old Chelsea Station

New York, NY 10011 Ph: 212 404 8290 Fax: 212 404 8291

email: nick@lyrichord.com Web: www.lyrichord.com

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